

You Just Got Exposed Dear Chapter 46

Chapter 46

Jennifer was the last to leave the meeting room.

When she walked out, she was surprised to see Mitchell still standing at the door. Juliet was right next to him, with a tight expression on her face.

Jennifer acknowledged them with a nod and was about to walk past them when Mitchell grabbed her arm and said, “Let’s have a chat.”

Jennifer cocked her brow when she heard that, as she remembered him saying the same thing to her previously. However, at that time, she had not assumed Sheryl’s identity yet.

“Mr. White, I’m in a rush to get back to the hotel. I don’t think you and I have much to talk about anyway,” Jennifer replied impatiently while glancing at her watch.

“Just one minute,” Mitchell said, looking at his watch as well, and he spoke quickly, “Let’s strike a deal. I’ll give you what you want. From what I’ve gathered, you’re pretty miserable in the Langford family...” *A deal?*

Jennifer was not interested in that. After all, she wasn’t Sheryl.

Just as she was about to shake her head and reject the man’s offer, she felt that it was a pity not to make use of the chance to tease him.

Inching a little closer to Mitchell, the woman smiled and said,
“Sure, but status is not what I’m after.”

“So, what is it that you want?”

“I want to be Mrs. White,” she said in an alluring manner.
“Would you consider that?”

Mitchell’s body stiffened that instant.

He did not understand the strange feeling he had whenever he was around Jennifer. It was as if he was inexplicably attracted to her.

“Sheryl Langford! How could you be so shameless!” Juliet bellowed suddenly.

Looking at Jennifer menacingly, she continued, “Even if that b*tch, Jennifer, is dead,

you will never get to be Mrs. White!”

Jennifer was speechless as she listened to Juliet cursing at her.

Losing interest in the conversation, Jennifer turned to leave.

Letting out a barely audible sigh of relief, Mitchell said, “Being Mrs. White is not possible, but I’ll offer you another option.”

“What is that?”

“You can marry into the Shapiro family instead.”

Jennifer was at a loss for words and cursed at Mitchell inwardly before leaving through the secret tunnel.

When she was back in the study, Penn walked over and greeted, “Ms. Langford.”

Jennifer nodded and scanned her surroundings quickly. When she caught a glimpse of Emmett, she paused for a moment as she recalled what Mitchell had said earlier on.

Immediately, Emmett limped across the room to welcome Mitchell when he saw the latter.

Mitchell shot a puzzled glance at his assistant and asked, “What happened to you?”

Gritting his teeth, Emmett looked at Penn begrudgingly but decided not to let Mitchell know about the embarrassing incident that had happened earlier. “I fell.”

When Mitchell heard that, he commented harshly, “You’re so useless.”

Just when Penn was about to seize the opportunity to mock Emmett as well, she was interrupted by someone knocking on the door. “Mr. Shapiro, there’s someone at the door claiming to be Ms. Sheryl from the Langford family.”

Everyone was stunned when they heard that, looking toward Jennifer instinctively.

Likewise, Jennifer was stupefied.

As there wasn't any mobile network signal in the secret chamber earlier on, she could not receive any texts from Alex.

Besides, Alex did not even text her.

Mitchell was the first to speak. He took a large stride toward Jennifer and asked, "Ms. Langford, aren't you going to give us an explanation?"

The man had specially emphasized the words "Ms. Langford" as if reminding Jennifer of her identity.

In response, Jennifer grinned awkwardly and replied, "She's definitely an impostor. People always want to be me. I guess that comes with fame and status."

"Ha!" Mitchell sneered. "I bet your earring is a communication device. You must be that woman from Azure." The man's tone was affirmative.

Since she was already exposed, Jennifer could no longer be bothered to keep up with the act. Besides, she had already achieved her objective.

The woman slowly took out a small pearl from her bag and said, breaking into a smile, "Congratulations! You've guessed it correctly. However, you won't be getting any prize for it. Mr. White, I'll see you next time!"

When she finished speaking, Jennifer hurled the pearl to the floor. Right away, smoke rose up in the air, blurring everyone's vision.

Mitchell frowned and wanted to give chase, but it was too late.

Jennifer had disappeared again, leaving a note where she stood a moment ago. The note stated: *Oh, by the way, Mr. White, you have a really good figure. I was very satisfied.*

Everyone held their breaths after the smoke dissipated, looking at Mitchell. No one dared to make a sound, especially Emmett, who was contemplating his next move.

His boss had been teased by that woman again. *If this carries on, Mrs. White would be made a cuckquean!*

After some time, Tyler, who was boiling with anger, stomped his walking cane on the floor and bellowed, “Seal off the mansion at once! Not even a fly is allowed to get out!”

However, that did not stop Jennifer and Penn from freely roaming around the Shapiro residence.

The search for Jennifer continued till past midnight, but she was simply nowhere to be found.

Meanwhile, the real Sheryl Langford was sitting on the couch, with Mitchell sizing her up. “Right after I got off the plane, I was approached by a man who claimed to be sent by you. As such, I followed him without much thought, but I was drugged and knocked out the moment I got into his car. I only realized things were amiss when I woke up and managed to escape after much difficulty,” the woman explained.

Everyone had grim expressions on their faces, and no one was interested in how Sheryl had managed to escape.

Fixing his gaze on the woman before him who had a fair complexion and bright eyes, Mitchell suddenly felt a sense of frustration. Even though she was rather attractive, it was nothing as compared to Jennifer's beauty.

A moment later, with a frosty gaze that sent chills down Sheryl's spine, the man spoke solemnly, "Do you know where Jen is?"

"N-No, I don't," Sheryl stuttered.

"Get lost."

"What kind of attitude is that?" Sheryl felt a jolt of anger as she continued, "After all, I represent the Langford family."

When she first saw Mitchell earlier on, she was immediately attracted to the powerful and dashing man and was planning on getting her uncle to matchmake them when she got back.

However, she had not expected the man to be so rude.

"I don't wish to repeat myself." Mitchell tugged on his necktie impatiently. Looking annoyed, he said, "Get this woman out of my sight."

The man strode away after saying that.

Meanwhile, Jennifer and Penn had returned to their secret base. Once they entered the door, they started beating up Alex, who was sleeping soundly.

Although Alex felt rather aggrieved, he could only seethe in silence.

“When is Mitchell flying back to Kenfort?” Jennifer asked Penn after she was done beating up Alex.

“Six in the morning tomorrow,” Penn replied after checking her phone.

“I need to get back before him.”

With that, Jennifer quickly packed and briefed Penn on the remaining matters. She had also handled the issue with their IP address and made sure that Emmett would not be able to track them down.

You Just Got Exposed Dear Chapter 47

Chapter 47

Jennifer landed in Kenfort at eleven-thirty that night. When she arrived at the White residence, she climbed over the wall effortlessly, avoiding the surveillance cameras, and made her way back to her room.

After knocking on the door, she entered the room and saw someone lying on the couch while playing with his phone. It was a man who looked exactly like her, disguised as the dim-witted woman.

When the man saw her, he was stunned for a moment and said, “Your disguise skills are much better than mine.”

If the man didn’t know her true identity, he would never have been able to associate her with that dim-witted woman.

“Thanks for the compliment. Here’s your reward.” Jennifer took out a card from her bag and passed it to the man expressionlessly.

After taking over the card, the man said to her before leaving, “I can’t believe how simple this task is. Other than meal deliveries, no one looked for you in the past two days.”

There was a hint of mockery in his tone as if insinuating that no one in the family cared about the woman.

After the man left, Jennifer headed downstairs, feeling rather doubtful. As it was already past midnight, there was no one downstairs.

Did Mr. White not come to see me at all in the past two days?

The woman walked toward Montgomery’s room as she wondered. However, she suddenly halted in her tracks.

She had just reached a door with a few cartoon stickers on it, a huge contrast to the rest of the house’s modern and minimalist Scandinavian design style.

After staring at the door for a few seconds, Jennifer suddenly recalled that Mitchell had stayed in the White family home until he was fifteen based on the information Penn had gathered.

Could this be his previous room?

Her eyes shining with interest, the woman removed her earring and was about to head into the room to take a look.

“What are you doing?” someone suddenly shouted behind her.

Jennifer hid her earring quietly and turned around, becoming the dumb-witted woman once again. “This room is so pretty! I want to go in!” she exclaimed in a silly manner.

It was a servant in the White family home who had caught her outside the room. The young lady replied arrogantly, “This room belongs to Mr. Mitchell. Not just anyone can enter it.”

Jennifer chuckled and said, “Since this is Hubby’s room, why can’t I go in? I want to go in and find Hubby!”

“Your hubby isn’t here. You’re such a shameless woman! Do you really think you’re Cinderella who has gone from rags to riches just by marrying Mr. Mitchell?” The servant sneered while sizing the woman up. “You’re just a retard who’s not even as pretty as me. Mr. Mitchell only married you out of kindness. Do you think that really makes you Mrs. White?”

Jennifer stared wide-eyed at the woman, looking clueless.

“You’re so bad! I want to find Hubby! Let me in!”

“Shut up! You have no right to call Mr. Mitchell your hubby!” the servant bellowed and pushed Jennifer away. With eyes brimming with stark hatred, she said, “Get lost! You’re a jinx!”

The servant had started working for the White family two years ago. Over the past two years, she had developed feelings for Mitchell, an outstanding man on all counts.

She truly believed that she was the only one who understood the man, and no other woman was good enough for him.

That was the reason why she hated Jennifer so much.

As Montgomery was not around for the past two days, the woman had conspired with the rest of the servants in the house to ignore Jennifer. Apart from bringing some simple food to her during mealtimes, no one had bothered to check up on her. That was the servants' way of humiliating her, the so-called Mrs. White.

However, the servant did not expect Jennifer to be so daring as to snoop around in Mitchell's room.

Hugging her arm, which was hurting after being pushed by the servant, Jennifer said as tears welled up in her eyes, "Bad woman! Pain, pain."

"What? How dare you scold me? You retard!" The servant widened her eyes in disbelief as her chest heaved fiercely with rage. "I'm the one calling the shots in the White household when Mr. Mitchell and Old Mr. White are not around. Just wait and see how I'll deal with you later!"

After she finished speaking, the woman raised her hand, intending to slap Jennifer.

Jennifer's expression darkened, and she got ready to protect herself when she suddenly heard footsteps approaching.

At once, she stiffened and gave up defending herself.

Slap!

A loud and crisp sound reverberated in the air, and a red palm mark appeared on Jennifer's porcelain face instantly.

As the servant had used up all her strength in that slap, Jennifer's face was swollen within seconds.

As if looking at a masterpiece she had created, the servant smiled menacingly and said, "This is more like it! This miserable look is perfect for a retard like you."

"I'll tell Hubby about this!" Jennifer said with reddened eyes after spitting out a mouthful of blood.

*F*ck! This hurts!*

"Don't you dare! If you tell him about it, I'll ask him to chase you out of the house!" the servant threatened, glaring at Jennifer in a hostile manner.

"Oh? Who are you chasing out of the house?" Suddenly, a frosty voice sounded from behind them.

The servant, who was looking smug, froze upon hearing that.

Turning around in disbelief, she saw Mitchell, dressed in a suit, standing right there. With an icy and stern expression, he was staring at her with a piercing gaze, sending chills down the servant's spine.

"Mr. Mit... Mitchell." Color had drained from the woman's face by then. Feeling horrified, she was trembling so badly and fell on her knees at once.

"Look at me," Mitchell ordered coldly. "Answer my question."

Forcing an awkward smile, the servant replied, “Mr. Mitchell, I was just joking with Mrs. White just now.”

“Oh, really?” Mitchell walked past her and stopped in front of Jennifer. When he saw the distinct red mark on the woman’s face, his eyes darkened further.

Jennifer looked at the man teary-eyed while fidgeting with her fingers. With a pitiful expression, she said, “Hubby, what took you so long to come home? This bad woman wanted to chase me out...”

Jennifer had a conflicted look on her face, seemingly happy to see Mitchell but still fearful that he would chase her out of the house.

Mitchell had keenly noticed that, unlike in the past, the woman did not rush into his arms when she saw him. Hence, he attributed it to the fact that she had grown distant from him after not seeing him for two days.

However, Mitchell was inexplicably frustrated because of that.

Venting his frustrations on the servant, he said, “Get lost and don’t ever let me see you again!”

Since she had already been exposed, and there was no way she could turn the situation around, the woman knew she had nothing to lose and blurted, “Mr. Mitchell, I just think it’s really unfair for an outstanding man like you to marry a retard!”

“I don’t think you understand what I said. Since this is the case..” Mitchell paused and sneered before grabbing Jennifer’s hand and pulling her toward the servant.

Fixing his domineering gaze on the servant, he said to Jennifer, “Return the slap she gave you.”

A flash of surprise flittered across Jennifer’s eyes, but she quickly regained her composure.

The woman knew that Mitchell was not fond of her, so she was rather surprised that he was defending her right then.

“Yay! Hubby is standing up for me!”

Jennifer was not about to let go of this golden opportunity to avenge herself.

Without hesitation, Jennifer gave the servant a tight slap on her face. A feeling of immense satisfaction rose within her as she saw the woman’s cheek swell up.

“Scram,” Mitchell said before grabbing Jennifer’s hand and heading toward her room.

When they were inside the room, Mitchell pinned Jennifer against the wall and stared at her with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

Jennifer gulped instinctively.

You Just Got Exposed Dear Chapter 48

Chapter 48

“Come here.” Mitchell sat on the sofa and waved Jennifer over.

Fidgeting with her fingers nervously, Jennifer said uncertainly, “Hubby...”

The moment she started speaking, Mitchell reached out and pulled the woman toward him. Caught unaware, Jennifer tripped and fell into a warm embrace, the faint tobacco smell on the man’s clothes rushing into her nostrils.

Mitchell steadied her before taking out a cotton swab from the first aid kit and applied some medicine on the woman’s swollen face.

“Ouch,” Jennifer let out a muffled grunt in pain, looking at the man with tears in her eyes.

Feeling rather amused, Mitchell poked her face twice and asked, “Why didn’t you hit her back if it’s so painful?”

“She was so fierce! I’m no match for her.”

“How would you know if you didn’t even try?”

“When you were not around yesterday, she didn’t give me any meat to eat. I tried to snatch it from her, but I wasn’t able to.” Jennifer made up something on the spot.

Mitchell stilled when he heard that.

“Hubby,” Jennifer said. Looking at the man cautiously, she continued, “Where were you the past few days? Why did you leave me here? No one likes me, and everyone bullies me.”

Faced with the woman's innocent questioning, a weird feeling surged within Mitchell.

As he fell into a daze, the man moved his hand, which was holding the cotton swab, from the swollen area on Jennifer's face toward her ear.

Jennifer, who had her full attention on the man, sensed something amiss. At once, she distanced herself from him and snatched the cotton swab from his hand.

“What are you doing?” Mitchell frowned in displeasure, snapping out of his daze.

Thinking on her feet, the woman replied, “I discovered an interesting room just now.

Do you want me to bring you there to play?”

Jennifer tossed the cotton swab on the floor after saying that and ran out of the room, pulling Mitchell along with her.

When they arrived at the door with the cartoon stickers on it, Jennifer pointed to the room and said, “Look, Hubby! This is a fun place. Look at these pretty stickers on the door. I'm sure there will be more pretty stuff inside. Can you open the door and let me take a look inside?”

While looking at Mitchell expectantly, the woman noticed that his expression had darkened.

“You can’t go in there,” the man said curtly and took the woman back to her room before shutting the door and leaving without looking back.

Seeing the drastic change in Mitchell’s attitude, Jennifer’s curiosity about that mysterious room grew.

Meanwhile, the servant who was chased out of the White residence by Mitchell headed to the Young residence the next morning.

Answering the door after hearing a knock, Liza’s expression changed after seeing the servant, and she ushered the latter inside the house immediately.

“Mrs. Young, Ms. Juliet, you have to help me!” The servant proceeded to narrate the events of the previous day to the two of them, exaggerating some parts while she did so.

Juliet had just returned from Yaleview. Upset about being neglected by Mitchell, the woman was looking for an outlet to vent her frustration.

“So you’re saying that Mitchell chased you out of the White residence because of that retard?” Juliet asked, frowning.

That servant was, in fact, a spy whom Juliet had planted in the White family. If she was chased out, it would be a significant loss to Juliet.

“Yup, that retard is so manipulative. I suspect that she might even be pretending to be dumb,” the servant said through sobs.

An unfathomable look appeared in Juliet's eyes at once as she said, "Don't worry, I have a way to find out if she's faking it or not..."

In a blink of an eye, it was already Friday. After dropping Jennifer off at the miracle doctor's mansion in the morning, Mitchell drove off to work.

As soon as he arrived at the office, Emmett said to him secretively, "Mr. White, I've found the person you wanted to see."

"Where is he?"

"In your office."

Mitchell nodded and headed to his office.

When he opened the door, he saw a man, who was wearing gold-rimmed glasses and impeccably dressed in a neatly pressed shirt and well-fitted suit pants.

"Mr. White." The man stood up and reached out to shake Mitchell's hand with a detached yet gentle smile on his face.

After sizing him up, Mitchell asked, "So, you're Stanley Sullivan?"

The handsome man nodded slowly.

"Have a seat." Mitchell lifted his chin.

After Stanley sat down, Mitchell went straight to the point, saying, "It is rumored that there's a master who is not only exceptionally skilled at disguising but is also able to see through every

disguising technique used by anyone. I heard that the master is you, Mr. Sullivan.”

Stanley smirked when he heard that and nodded proudly. “Well, I wouldn’t call myself a master. After all, I have learned my skills from our leader.”

“The leader of the Griffin Organization has always been very secretive about her whereabouts, so you don’t have to compare yourself to her,” Mitchell replied placidly. “I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Sullivan. I’ll reward you handsomely after the job is completed.”

“Please go ahead.”

“I’ll take you to see someone. I need you to tell me if she has disguised herself.”

Feeling shocked, Stanley raised his brows and replied, “Someone dared to deceive you by employing the disguising technique? Who’s that conceited fool?”

At the same time, the “conceited fool” who had deceived Mitchell had just changed into another set of clothes and removed her disguise.

Tying her hair into a high ponytail, the woman’s attractive facial features were made even more distinct.

While changing, Jennifer had her eyes fixed on her tablet as she observed the two red dots on the screen, which represented Juliet and Liza, moving toward the suburbs of Kenfort.

After grabbing her car keys, the woman hopped into her car and drove off.

She arrived at an abandoned factory after driving for more than an hour.

The factory, which was originally supposed to be a school, had been shut down due to excessive levels of toxic substances detected in its materials.

It would not be easy to find someone in the factory, which was as huge as a school compound

Observing her tablet screen closely, Jennifer opened the rusted metal gate carefully and slipped in.

Meanwhile, Juliet and Liza, who were hiding in the shadows and keeping a lookout on the entrance to the factory, saw a figure approaching and froze for a moment. “Indeed! Jennifer has been keeping us under surveillance. She won’t be able to escape this time around!”

“But we should still be careful. Have you forgotten what happened previously?” Liza reminded softly.

When Juliet heard that, she grinned viciously and took out an extremely thin silver needle from her bag. At first look, it looked no different from a strand of hair.

“Of course I’ve made preparations. I’ll make sure that this will be a one-way trip for her!” Juliet stared at the moving figure with a menacing look in her eyes.

Even though there was no one else around and it was eerily quiet, Jennifer was still rather tensed up.

Holding her breath, she stared at the two stationary red dots on the screen, her expression turning grim.

Something doesn't feel right.

Jennifer had an uneasy feeling as things seemed to be going too smoothly.

You Just Got Exposed Dear Chapter 49

Chapter 49

“Mr. White, something is wrong,” Emmett urgently informed as he observed the GPS tracker on his wrist.

“What’s wrong?”

“If you look here, Mrs. White’s position is moving. It seems she’s heading toward the outskirts.” Emmett showed Mitchell the GPS.

After returning from Yaleview the other night, Mitchell had subtly planted a tracking device on Jennifer.

She probably didn’t even realize it.

“Let’s see what she’s up to,” Mitchell said somberly.

I’ve almost dispelled my doubts about her, but it seems like they were sensible. If she’s proven to be suspicious, I won’t allow such a dangerous person to be near Grandpa.

Meanwhile, in the factory, Jennifer's steps faltered.

She raised her head and scanned the entire factory, finally landing on a specific block.

Her gaze was fixed intently on a specific point despite the blocks of buildings.

“Mom, do you think she realized something is off?” Juliet asked worriedly at Jennifer's unwavering gaze.

Liza frowned into the binoculars. “Why do I feel there's something weird with that girl?”

“To hell with her! I want her dead! I'm going to activate the trap.” Juliet reached to the side.

“Wait!” Liza yelled.

However, Juliet was faster than her. Before Liza could stop her, Juliet had already initiated the mechanism.

Still observing her surroundings, Jennifer suddenly felt a rush of air coming toward her. She narrowed her eyes at the origin as she instinctively took a few steps back.

She discovered a bunch of needles was flying toward her from a specific point in the building right in front of her. They were difficult to spot due to their hair-like width.

Having learned her skills from Raccoon, evading the needles was merely child's play to her.

Despite her proficient skills, her body began to tire from the steady stream of never ending attacks.

When lethargy started to set in, she heard the sound of a vehicle's tires crushing the gravel outside.

Someone's coming

The split-second interruption broke her concentration. A new wave of needles was aimed at her when she regained her focus.

Inhaling a deep breath to prepare herself, she then twisted her body into a difficult posture to avoid the onslaught. Alas, the brief loss of concentration cost her. A few needles managed to graze her cheeks.

Almost immediately, a wave of dizziness set in. She dropped to the ground as the strength within her legs started to drain away.

Her body was immune to ingested poisons, but if the poison entered her bloodstream directly, there was no saving her.

Not long after she fell to the ground, two sets of footsteps sounded. She lifted her head with much difficulty and saw it was indeed Juliet and Liza. Victorious smiles hung on their lips.

“Like I said. That trash Jennifer can't possibly avoid my trap.” Juliet triumphantly lifted her chin.

However, the glee froze on her face when she saw Jennifer's face.

“Who are you?”

Liza felt something wasn't right. She was sure the beautiful girl in front of her was not of that b**ch, Jennifer.

Jennifer spoke through gritted teeth. "I suggest you let me go."

"You're not Jennifer. What are you doing here?" Juliet stared at her cautiously.

"Even if she's not Jennifer, she must have been sent by her. We'll let you go on the condition that you testify Jennifer isn't a retard, and she has been lying to the White family all this while."

Jennifer gave them an innocent look. "I don't understand a single word you've just said. I'm here to settle my own set of problems. My partner is almost here."

Juliet simply gazed at her warily.

At that moment, a vehicle screeching to a stop sounded from outside.

"Mom, she was telling the truth. What are we going to do now?"

"What else? Run!"

Liza and Juliet shot furious glares at Jennifer then dashed for the back door.

Jennifer stared at their backs as they left in a flurry. She gritted her teeth, attempting to stand, but her body had been weakened by the poison, leaving her immobile.

Soon, the metal gate of the abandoned factory opened from the outside.

She turned her head in the direction of the sound. A man in a black jacket, a pair of gray long pants, and military boots was standing there against the light. He was exuding a casual vibe.

Even though Jennifer couldn't discern the expression on his face, she could feel the pressure from his imposing presence.

She could sense his displeasure emanating from his entire body.

“It's you! What are you doing here?” Both spoke in unison.

Mitchell sneered as he approached Jennifer. Lowering himself to her eye level, he sized her up with suspicion. “Where's Jennifer?”

Jennifer was bewildered at his question. Her brain started churning as she wondered why he was there and what excuse she should give him.

She quickly understood after a few seconds.

*He must have planted a tracking device on me then followed me here. Da*n my recklessness for allowing such a rookie mistake to happen.*

“Mr. White, you sure are paranoid. Planting a tracking device on your wife?” Jennifer teased. “I found the device interesting, so I borrowed it.”

Mitchell's expression darkened.

“So you stole the tracking device?”

“How else could it be? Don’t tell me you thought I’m your retard of a wife?”

Jennifer looked at him coolly.

Truthfully, Mitchell really thought so when he saw the scene.

“Why would you steal it?” he questioned chillingly.

“Because..” Jennifer gave him a secretive smile. “I miss you. I wondered if you would chase me if I stole the tracking device. Lo and behold, I guess I won the bet.”

Mitchell was staring at her as if she was a piece of a complex puzzle.

His heart skipped a beat at the bright and lovely smile she gave.

Rising to his feet hastily, he averted his gaze in vexation. *This woman has always been good at sweet-talking. How can I let her words delude me?*

“So the reason you lured me here was to see you in such a sorry state?” He couldn’t help the amusement he felt at her lying flat on the ground.

Jennifer averted her gaze with embarrassment. “Um... There was a slight accident. I Before she could finish, she caught the sharp tang of gasoline.

“Something’s wrong!” Jennifer’s pupils constricted. She shouted, “Mitchell, run!”

Unfortunately, it was too late. A series of explosions erupted from the factories behind her.

One by one, the connecting factories exploded and were engulfed by roaring flames.

Mitchell had acted quickly. At the first explosion, he had instantly bent down and gathered Jennifer into his arms, rushing for his vehicle.

You Just Got Exposed Dear Chapter 50

Chapter 50

Thanks to Mitchell’s quick reaction, Jennifer was unharmed in his arms.

However, the explosions were faster. Jennifer could feel the searing heat from the licking flames. All she could smell was gasoline and the acrid smell of something burning

“Mitchell, your back!”

Catching a whiff of blood, she narrowed her eyes suspiciously at his back and saw an injury. The jacket he had on had a hole burned into it. His burned skin was where the smell originated.

Mitchell’s face was devoid of any emotions as though the one injured wasn’t him. He

quicken his pace and soon reached his SUV.

He smoothly opened the door and set Jennifer in it. He then got in the driver's seat and started the engine.

Just as the SUV's engine roared to life, the factory nearest to them erupted in flames accompanied by a loud explosion.

Boom!

The menacing flames swept toward them. All they could see was red.

Juliet and Liza had wanted to ensure there were no survivors to tell the tale, so they resorted to such a ruthless tactic.

The shockwave from the explosion lifted the SUV's tires from the ground before slamming it into a tree, killing its engine.

Jennifer felt queasy in her stomach from the impact. Her head started to spin, and her vision began to blur. She gritted her teeth and breathed deeply to get herself in order.

Unfortunately, Mitchell didn't have the same luck she did.

After his head hit the windshield, his injured back then hit the seat from the rebound. A thin sheen of cold sweat had broken out on his face at the two major injuries, rendering him unconscious from the pain.

Jennifer rested in the car for a while as she tried to get her breathing back under control

Most of the poison in her body seemed to have dissipated, and her strength was also slowly recovering. She deduced it could be from the strong impact before.

She found a hammer and smashed the window. From the broken window, she squeezed her way out of the SUV.

After a short break, she used her remaining strength to drag Mitchell out from the SUV as well.

Jennifer took out his phone from his pocket and unlocked it with a few tries. After that, she sent a message and a location to Emmett.

She scanned the surrounding area once done.

There were mountains at the back of the abandoned factory. Medicinal herbs could easily be found in the mountains.

It will take an hour and a half for the travel from Kenfort city to our location, so I might as well help him with his injury while waiting. He did save my life, after all.

On that thought, she trekked into the mountains. Not long after, she found some mint leaves to neutralize the remaining poison in her body.

She then searched for some more medicinal herbs from her memory while also picking out a few clean rocks along the way. Using the rock to smash the herbs, she gathered the paste in some leaves and brought it back to Mitchell,

However, she was stunned when she saw Mitchell wasn't there when she got back.

Where's Mitchell? His injuries were severe. He probably has a concussion too, so he couldn't have gotten up and run away, could he? Only thirty minutes have passed, which means it wasn't Emmett.

Jennifer frowned as she bent down to pick up a pinch of soil and rubbed it between her fingers.

The soil is fresh, as though a vehicle's tire recently churned it up.

Her eyes were cold as she stared toward the direction of the tracks.

Someone was here just a while ago.

Checking the paste to ensure it was wrapped in the leaves nicely, she placed the bundle into her pocket. She quickly gave chase along the fresh tire tracks on the ground.

Her strength had recovered, so she could keep a steady pace chasing the vehicle. It was having a difficult time maneuvering the mountainous terrain, thereby slowing it down. About an hour later, Jennifer could see a green truck from afar.

She huffed out a breath, wiping away the sweat on her face, not realizing the sweat and dirt on her hand had made a mess of it.

She wasn't aware that she looked like a refugee at that moment.

Not long after, the green truck halted.

Jennifer quickly hid behind the shrub beside her, successfully concealing herself.

There was a rest stop right in front of her. Four men climbed down from the cabin of the truck.

The four men were burly and huge, all wearing white tank tops. Their hair and faces were glowing from their sweat and oil.

Two of the men stayed as guards while the other two went inside.

Jennifer silently approached them and stopped when she was about three meters away from them.

“It looks like our luck is finally turning around. I can’t believe we managed to get a good one on the way.”

“You’re right. That guy looked pretty strong. He could probably sell for a good price.”

“Let’s hope so. The weather is getting warmer. I’m going to the beach for a vacation once this is over.”

“You’re thinking about the babes, aren’t you?”

The duo joked and chatted as they stood guard.

Jennifer arched her brow at their words.

Mitchell’s quite unlucky to have encountered human traffickers.

Such human traffickers had only appeared in recent years. They mainly trafficked muscular men and beautiful women instead of children. They would usually sell them to the borders for mining work, where the latter would slave their life away.

The traffickers were cruel. They had no care for the life and death of others.

After taking in her surroundings, she planned to knock the two men unconscious to rescue Mitchell

But before she could get up, ten men strode out from the rest stop. Each of them was burly and tough-looking.

She immediately retreated.

“Where are the goods I wanted?” a rotund man asked the two men standing guard.

“All of them are in the bed of the truck. Relax. We got a surprise this time, but he’s injured. Nevertheless, I assure you he’s worth a lot.”

The pudgy man simply frowned and rounded to the back of the truck.

“Open the doors.”

The two men hurriedly headed to the back and opened the doors.

Jennifer gasped at the sight.

Including Mitchell, there was a total of sixteen people in there. Ten of them were men, and six were women. All of them were drugged and lying haphazardly.

The ten burly men roughly dragged all the victims from the truck into the rest stop.

When it was Mitchell's turn, she noticed the barely perceptible frown that creased his face.

Is Mitchell awake?

“Why is this one injured so severely? Are you pulling my leg?”
The man dragging Mitchell was furious.

“We picked him up on the way. His body looked tough, so he must be strong. He will be worth a lot of money once he's treated.”

“Shut the f**k up! He's half dead. Are you willing to pitch in money for his medical bill?”

He quickly added, “Hold that thought. There's no need to treat him. Just drag him to the back and finish him off.”