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Larry had finished hanging all the wedding decorations. The somewhat dilapidated room, combined with the decorations Cecilia had mentioned earlier, gave the old house a somewhat bright feeling.

However, she had no interest in appreciating it. This house was going to become her grave, after all.

“Is anyone there?”

Suddenly, Cecilia heard a familiar voice. It was both familiar and unfamiliar at the same time.

It was Noel's voice.

She hadn't heard it in a long time.

Noel?!

Cecilia suddenly realized something, and her eyes lit up with anticipation as she looked towards the door.

Was he...here to save her?

Larry noticed Cecilia's unusual expression, and abruptly turned to her.

“Do you know the person outside?” His expression became even more menacing. “Just like Lulu, have you found another man?!”

Why were women so good at betrayal?

Larry was so angry that his chest trembled. He stopped what he was doing, pretending there was no one in the room.

Noel knocked a few times, but received no response.

He then said, "Is anyone there? I really need to use the bathroom, and I'm in a hurry. I can pay!"

This became even more peculiar.

Who would come to this floor to use the bathroom? Larry sneered; he continued to maintain silence with Cecilia, whose mouth was taped shut.

Only when there was no movement outside did he smile at Cecilia.

"Sorry. I didn't want to keep your mouth sealed all the time, but for the sake of our wedding, it's better this way. I want to avoid any complications."

If Cecilia could move, she would definitely use the vase to strike him.

She had never seen such a shameless man. When did she ever say she wanted to marry him?!

Cecilia was furious, but she also felt melancholic. She looked towards the now-silent door, the hope that had just ignited in her heart gradually extinguishing.

Noel had come-and he had left.

Cecilia couldn't express whether she felt happy or sad. She couldn't pinpoint her emotions; she wanted Noel to rescue her, but at the same time, she hoped it wasn't him. She didn't want to owe anyone a favor.

Noel didn't leave. He just walked to the corner of the staircase outside Larry's house, and lit a cigarette.

If Larry's house was a normal place with no secrets, he would surely come out and check when the door was knocked.

Yet, Larry didn't.

Noel became even more convinced that Cecilia was in this house. His gaze drifted, landing on the house upstairs in Larry's building.

The decorations outside the household were brand new, and Noel could smell the aroma of cooked food wafting out.

Knock! Knock!

A lady opened the door, and Noel took out a hundred dollars from his pocket, and said, "Hello, I'd like to borrow your bathroom to use. I'm really desperate, and the unit downstairs wasn't willing to let me in..."

Noel looked distressed, his face turning red. It seemed he had urgently sought a restroom all the way, and had been rejected at each stop.

"Don't worry about the money." The lady made way for Noel to enter. "Go on, then."

After Noel came out, the lady muttered, "Have you knocked on the door downstairs?"

Noel nodded. "I did, but no one answered." "That's strange," the lady said, confused. "Larry's usually very kind. I heard there were burglars in their house today. Could it be another break-in?"

Noel feigned surprise. "A break-in?!" "Yeah," the lady said. "Several people in black clothes came, breaking everything in Larry's house, I heard."

That was Larry breaking things himself!

Noel didn't reveal the truth, and said, "Based on what you said, something might really be wrong downstairs."

He took out his phone. "Shall we call the police?"

The lady shook her head. "No, we can't. What if it's not a robbery? We'd end up making a joke and wasting public resources. How about this? I won't take your money for using my bathroom, but could you accompany me downstairs to take a look?"

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Noel was waiting for this moment!

He dared not show too much joy, and even appeared somewhat embarrassed.

“Will others complain about US knocking on doors like this?” he asked, wearing a hesitant expression.

The lady chuckled at him. “I think you’ve developed some trauma from being rejected when asking to use the restroom. Don’t worry, young man. We’re all long-time neighbors here. Not many places are rented out, and everyone upstairs and downstairs is like family.”

She went to the kitchen, and brought out a rolling pin. She weighed it in her hand and then handed it to Noel, who appeared strong and robust.

“In case there’s a thief, just hit him.” “Alright...”

The two went downstairs.

Knock! Knock!

There was another rapid knocking on the door.

Larry furrowed his brow, sensing that today wasn’t going very smoothly.

Fortunately, he hadn’t stopped, and the house was now tidied up.

Even the wardrobe was adorned with joyful decorations, creating a festive atmosphere. However, seen through Cecilia’s eyes, the whole thing resembled the call of the grim reaper.

She now understood that Larry’s so-called being together, getting married, wasn’t what she understood as being together.

Instead, it meant killing her and keeping her with him forever. To experience such a calamity in life and then lack peace even in death, Cecilia's heart was filled with despair.

Larry approached her with a knife, and she slowly closed her eyes.

"I won't let you suffer." Larry approached to cut the rope on her feet. For safety reasons, he left the wrist restraints in place.

"Come."

Ignoring the commotion at the door, he pulled Cecilia towards the bathroom. He was about to crouch down to remove her pants.

Sensing his intentions, Cecilia's eyes widened, and her hairs stood on end.

"Mmph! Mmph!!!"

What was he going to do to her? What the hell was he doing?!

Larry told her not to panic. "Cooperate with me, and you'll suffer less."

He sighed, finding Cecilia's current behavior incomprehensible.

"We're going to be husband and wife. Shouldn't I tidy you up and make you look pretty when we get married? If you act this way, I'll have to tie you up even after taking off your pants."

While speaking, he continued his forceful downward pull at her waist.

A tremendous sense of shame overwhelmed her, surpassing even her will to survive.

Cecilia began to struggle with even greater force. In the midst of her frantic flailing, she accidentally knocked over a plastic basin.

Bang!

The basin hit the floor with a muffled sound.

Larry's face grew darker and darker, but he didn't stop. Cecilia's pants were already half undone, revealing a section of her fair skin.

For a moment, he stared at her. Suddenly, an idea struck him.

"Since we're a married couple, we should do things that couples do."

He considered himself even more wise.

"I should keep your whole body. Only then can you truly accompany me every day."

Cecilia sensed the nauseating implications in his words.

This man... This man actually didn't even intend to let her go in death!

Fury surged within her. She bit her lip fiercely, causing blood to flow. When hot water from the shower head mixed with the blood, the smell of blood filled the air.

The neighbor noticed that Larry hadn't opened the door yet, and there were still sounds coming from inside. "What's going on?"

Worried, she asked Noel to wait at the door while she went to call more neighbors.

As soon as she left, Noel's eyes narrowed.

He immediately raised his hand, took out a lock-picking tool he had prepared in advance, and skillfully unlocked Larry's door.

Something was amiss inside.

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Something was seriously wrong.

Not only was there a damp, bloody scent, but there also seemed to be someone crying—a suppressed, subtle sobbing.

If Noel hadn't undergone special training before, he wouldn't be able to discern it at all.

At this moment, the neighbor had returned with many other neighbors.

“Oh my!” Although she didn't know why Larry's door was already open, she assumed he was taking a shower when she heard the sound of water. “No thieves here! I made a big deal out of nothing.”

She was about to pull Noel out, muttering, “Next time I see Larry, I'll have to apologize to him.”

However, Noel refused to budge.

“Hey, what's going on?” The lady tugged a few times, and found that the young man she brought along was unmoving, rooted to the spot.

“I'm here to save someone,” Noel declared. His aura at that moment could rival Julian's, and he appeared very intimidating.

While the lady was about to say something, Noel broke free from her grasp.

Without waiting for the others to react, he picked up a rolling pin and smashed the bathroom window.

Bang!

Crash!

Sounds echoed as the glass shattered, and Noel promptly took off his own clothes to shield Cecilia.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Cecilia had no idea how all of this had happened or how Noel had come to her side, shielding her from the broken glass and covering her exposed legs.

However, his suit was short and was unable to cover Cecilia's legs entirely. The more exposed they were, the more chilling it was for those standing outside.

The lady from upstairs was the first to react.

"What's going on here?" She shouted for a few people to help lift Larry, who was now surrounded by broken glass.

She kept asking, "Larry, is this your fiancée?"

When Larry's parents moved away, they had told the old neighbors that they were making room for the child's marriage.

Seeing Cecilia now, they naturally assumed the young couple was having fun in the bathroom.

But this woman was now cradled in Noel's arms, displaying a face of both terror and anger, along with a kind of post-traumatic exhaustion.

Noel, on the other hand, was furious. He looked as if he could devour Larry alive.

Larry didn't speak, but Noel did. "She's not his fiancée. She's my girlfriend."

Cecilia's face twitched, and she instinctively wanted to retort. But with so many people watching, she didn't dare. She just wanted to get out of here.

Noel's hands wrapped Cecilia tightly in his suit, enclosing not only her body but also her dignity.

Deep down, the gratitude Cecilia felt, though unspoken, was undeniable.

She lowered her head, her gaze lingering on Noel's hands around her waist.

When Larry touched her earlier, it felt like a fate worse than death. Yet now, with Noel's hands in the same spot, she had a peculiar illusion of finally becoming clean.

It was as if his touch was a rescue, a rebirth.

Noel was uninterested in wasting time with the crowd. He had already instructed his bodyguards to come here before picking the lock.

Now, with a cold expression, he simply carried Cecilia away from this neighborhood. They didn't exchange a word the entire way, remaining silent until they reached a fork in the road.

That was when Noel let her go. "Can you find your way home from here?"

He hadn't dealt with Larry directly earlier to avoid showing Cecilia excessively bloody scenes that might make her physically uncomfortable.

Now that he had brought her to a safe place, he had to return.

Cecilia was taken aback, and shot him an incredulous look.

"Noel, how much does it take?"

Noel hadn't quite grasped her meaning yet. Before he could ask, she continued, "How much does it take to send me home?"

Her eyes were filled with disdain.

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Is that enough?"

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Noel's face turned cold.

He came to rescue her, never intending to ask for money. It wasn't because of her identity, but because she was a human being-just a young woman.

"Even if it wasn't you, I would've come rushing over as soon as I sensed something wrong," Noel said before exiting the car.

A few seconds later, the sound of the passenger door opening echoed in the car.

He had put some distance between them.

Throughout the journey, all she could see was the back of his head-pitch black, with thick hair resembling a forest.

She stared for a long time, and her eyes finally welled up with tears.

Bastard!

She clenched her teeth tightly, forbidding herself to cry out loud.

Wake up already!

She admonished herself. Noel had never liked her. Otherwise, why would he take money from her family and now speak such words when she was so vulnerable?

The car remained silent until it was time to disembark. Only then did Noel turn his head, looking at her.

"Cecilia."

He stared into her eyes and called her name again when she didn't respond the first time.

Cecilia quickly lifted her head to meet his gaze. Noel breathed a sigh of relief, as if nothing had happened, and gestured for her to leave the car.

Cecilia felt even more ashamed and angry.

Now she understood why Noel had changed his mind, not leaving the car but instead seeing her all the way home.

He thought that after what happened today, she might have a breakdown.

Her heart clenched painfully, and embarrassment overwhelmed her.

She had once trusted him completely, revealing her vulnerable side during her moments of illness, which he had clearly witnessed.

Now, that vulnerability had become a weapon he used to stab her heart, causing discomfort and a suffocating feeling.

She clutched her clothes tightly.

The clothes protecting her legs belonged to Noel.

In front of everyone, she discarded that piece of clothing, exposing her fair thighs. With a sorrowful expression, she looked at Noel.

He despised her.

So, she insisted on making him take her back home.

To her bed.

She wanted him to feel ashamed and humiliated when he saw her mother.

The driver didn't understand what was happening. Seeing the two in a tense situation, he quickly got out of the car. As soon as he caught sight of Cecilia's exposed legs, his face turned crimson.

On her legs were Larry's fingerprints. He had pressed down harshly, leaving behind a bruise that appeared even more ambiguous.

It easily led people's imaginations to run wild.

"Are you crazy?!" Noel shouted.

He got out of the car. This time, he took off his shirt and wrapped her securely in it.

Cecilia nestled in his embrace, her eyes filled with a bitter emotion she couldn't quite understand. She had to admit that his embrace made her feel secure.

She knew this man wasn't good for her, and wasn't her suitable match. But after the humiliation from Larry, she still wanted to stay in his arms for a while longer.

However, he refused to get close to her.

"Yeah, I'm crazy." Cecilia's eyes were fixed on him as she spoke, nestled in his embrace.

Noel was puzzled. Cecilia had always been meticulous and thoughtful in her actions and words, like a young lady raised in a wealthy family.

However, seeing her in her current state deeply unsettled him, and he felt uncomfortable with her reactions.

Noel didn't say anything more.

The two walked toward the Jarvis residence together.

Sue liked to tend to flowers and plants in the yard during the day. When Noel entered, she noticed him at a glance.

And then, she saw Cecilia in his embrace. Everything seemed to blur before her eyes.

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Her vision darkened, and her head felt dizzy.

Looking at them like this, they seem to have reconciled. If that was the case, Cecilia would have known that Sue had lied to her!

Sue didn't want to have any rift between her and Cecilia, so she was panicked for a moment.

After calming down, she walked towards Noel and asked, "Cecilia, what's going on?"

There were tears running down Cecilia's cheeks. In fact, she didn't know why she was crying. She had no urge to cry on the entire way back to her home.

She just kept staring at the back of Noel's head, greedily breathing the air in the same space as him.

At that moment, she seemed to have forgotten Larry and how he had forcibly taken off her clothes in the bathroom. She had even forgotten how the man had placed his hands on her lap and rubbed it.

She had felt nauseous. She had wanted to throw up. There was also a suffocating feeling that made her heart ache terribly.

So, she could only cry.

Seeing her daughter crying like this, Sue panicked.

She was already feeling guilty. This time, she didn't hesitate anymore. She stepped aside for Noel, and said politely, "Thank you."

Noel walked ahead while Sue followed behind.

She probably saw Cecilia's exposed legs.

In this season, some young women had already started wearing skirts.

However, Cecilia always said she would wear pants for a while longer to protect her knees.

At that time, Sue laughed at her for not feeling hot.

But now, Cecilia had nothing on her legs, with only Noel's shirt wrapped around her.

Sue's heart grew colder at the implication.

When they arrived at Cecilia's room, Sue wanted to ask something, but Cecilia held Noel's hand.

"Don't leave, okay?"

Her eyes were wide and innocent, and Noel's heart skipped a beat.

Quickly, he looked away and politely pulled the blanket over her. "Me staying here won't help."

He still needed to deal with that bastard Larry.

After a moment of thought, Noel changed his mind.

He looked at Sue. "Mrs. Jarvis. Can we have a word?"

Cecilia was still crying. She held Noel's hand, and refused to let go.

"Sure."

Sue first crouched down, whispering a few words to Cecilia. Whatever Cecilia said to Sue caused the latter's expression to change. When Sue stood again, she couldn't maintain her usual graceful smile.

"Noel." Just as they stepped out, Sue grabbed Noel's arm, and pleaded, "Please don't tell anyone what happened with Cecilia today."

Cecilia's previous illness was already too much to handle.

And this time...

Thinking about what Cecilia had just whispered in her ear, Sue felt uncomfortable. She handed a check to Noel, shaking.

"Here is one hundred and fifty thousand. Please, don't tell anyone."

Noel chuckled as he accepted it. “You’re quite generous, Mrs. Jarvis. Whether I accept it or not, I’ll be seen as taking the money in the end anyway.”

He sneered. “Since that’s the case, I’ll take this money.”

Sue couldn’t hide the embarrassment on her face.

She approached Noel. “Before... When you didn’t take the money, you didn’t tell Cecilia, did you?”

Noel shook his head. “No.”

She didn’t believe him. Whether he said it or not was now meaningless.

Sue spoke with uncertainty, “Mr. Carter...”

Before she could continue, Noel interrupted her, “Mrs. Jarvis, the person who harassed Cecilia is still at his own home. Here’s his address. You can send someone over and handle it as you wish.”

He waved the check in his hand. “As for this money, consider it my reward for saving her today.”

After saying that, he turned to leave.

Sue became anxious. “No, you can’t!”

She held onto Noel, clearly unsure how to articulate her request.

“Mr. Carter.”

She had never begged anyone like this in her life, especially not someone she had humiliated not long ago.

Noel raised an eyebrow, waiting for her to continue.

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For a moment, Sue couldn't bring herself to speak.

But Cecilia was now in her room, having faced yet another unfortunate event.

Sue dared not think about how bad the situation had been.

All she knew was that her daughter was ruined-truly ruined this time.

Sue clenched her fists, looking at Noel. "It's simple. Do you still like Cecilia?"

Noel remained silent.

From his silence, Sue detected a glimmer of encouragement.

"Noel, marry Cecilia. Someone will come over shortly, and I'll announce your wedding date."

Noel's eyes widened, and there was mockery in his eyes.

"Mrs. Jarvis, have you forgotten that I took money from your family? Aren't I just a greedy man who was interested in money, and wanted a woman who could care for me?"

In reality, he never took that money.

Sue had lied about it to encourage Cecilia to break up with him. Facing Noel's scorn in person, she felt as if someone had slapped her in the face. She was so ashamed, she couldn't say a word.

But for the sake of her daughter, she still spoke, "Mr. Carter, I apologize. You saw the state Cecilia was in. She's really not suitable to meet anyone. Also, a prospective marriage candidate arranged I have arranged for is coming over soon, rt It would be easier if it were just the young man.

Unfortunately, she had also invited the young man's mother to show extravagance.

Normally, the wealthy ladies would gather to play cards. Now, the young man's mother had brought him along.

It would be difficult to explain if Cecilia didn't come down to meet them. They might even come upstairs to check on her if she claimed Cecilia was ill.

And in Cecilia's current state, it wasn't appropriate for her to meet anyone.

However, Sue had already made an appointment, and the agreed-upon time was just a few minutes away.

If they found out about Cecilia's current situation...

Sue dared not think about it.

Originally, Cecilia's previous bout of madness had already been a touchy subject.

Now, with her current situation...

Sue thought of the red marks on Cecilia's legs when Noel had carried her over earlier, and her heart clenched painfully.

"Noel, I'm begging you. Whatever amount of money you want, we'll give it to you." Sue looked at him. "Please marry her."

Noel did think about marrying Cecilia before. However, he had never imagined it would happen under these circumstances.

Noel looked at Sue. "With Ms. Jarvis's current condition, it's not an appropriate time to talk about marriage. My men have the scum who hurt her under control in his own home. If you rush over now and make a scene..."

"Absolutely not!"

Sue suddenly became agitated. She had always prided herself on being dignified, but now, she had lost even that. All that remained was panic and reluctance.

“A woman’s reputation is very important! Cecilia has come to this point largely because she didn’t cherish herself.”

In a short period, Sue had already planned out Cecilia’s future.

“The celebrities and the wealthy in Richburgh wouldn’t dare to accept her now.

Even if someone wanted to marry her, I wouldn’t dare let her go.”

Cecilia’s illness and this recent incident would explode into a scandal if either of them became known.

Sue had to make a difficult decision for her daughter amid these considerations.

She sighed. “I love her very much! I’m the only one truly looking out for her.”

Noel was angered by Sue’s words, and retorted, “You love her so much that you won’t even hold that scumbag accountable? You love her so much that now you’re in a hurry to dispose of your daughter like you’re taking out the trash?”

Suddenly, Noel understood now.

“No wonder when Cecilia was in trouble, she called me first. It turns out that even if you called her, you wouldn’t have helped!”

Sue couldn’t focus on these details now. She could also sense the sarcasm in Noel’s words, but she was more concerned about the Jarvises’ reputation.

“Our families are different.”

Sue found her justification, and continued, “Noel, there are many times when the reputation of families like ours is more important than anything else.”

If Cecilia had behaved and hadn't fallen for Julian...

If she hadn't hooked up with Noel...

If she had followed Sue's advice immediately after realizing she had chosen the wrong match on the blind date and never met with Larry...

Cecilia wouldn't be in this state right now!

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Sue didn't want a daughter like this!

“I'm sadder than any of you about Cecilia's current situation, ” she said. But the important thing now is to solve the problem.”

Noel sneered. “So instead of dealing with that scumbag, the plan now is to get rid of Cecilia from the Jarvis family?

Because she's no longer the pampered, obedient, and perfect young lady you used to cherish? Because she's now a woman who has suffered from madness, one who has just experienced sexual harassment?”

Sue couldn't bear it any longer. “Shut up! You don't understand!”

He simply didn't understand her love for Cecilia.

If Cecilia had called him first when she was in trouble, it proved she still loved him.

Since Cecilia loved him, then why not marry him?

Sue wasn't stopping them now!

The only way to divert attention from the pre-arranged blind date was to announce Cecilia and Noel's engagement, claiming that the couple was deeply in love and perfect for each other.

Sue didn't want to waste more time talking with Noel. Her long-standing high position had made her very authoritarian and decisive.

"I'll buy you a house for a wedding gift, and the date is set for next month. I will also inform Julian about this."

In other words, Noel's opinion was irrelevant.

Why would it be?

The Jarvises were great, and allowing Noel to become their family's son-in-law was already a high honor.

Yet, Sue didn't offer to explain to Cecilia how she had accused Noel of taking money from the Jarvis family.

Moreover...

She treated Noel like Julian's dog. It was as if Noel had no room for opposition as long as Julian agreed.

Fortunately, Noel was loyal to Julian.

Noel closed his eyes, and sighed. He stood outside the door, peering into the room through the window.

Cecilia was looking outside eagerly. When her gaze met his, surprise appeared on her face.

She had just asked him not to leave.

Noel's heart was in a mess.

He thought the Jarvises would take care of everything, since they cared so much for her. He didn't expect Sue to treat Cecilia as a hot potato and throw her to his side.

He wondered if Cecilia had heard their conversation just now.

Noel suddenly felt sorry for her.

Sue had already gone downstairs, and he could still hear her talking to the servants. It seemed she was asking someone to change her clothes and put on light makeup.

Even when her daughter was in such a state, Sue was still more concerned about maintaining her proper and dignified image.

For the first time, Noel realized that terms like "proper" and "dignified" could be so ironic.

The longer Noel stayed outside the room, the dimmer Cecilia's eyes became.

She was already humble enough.

Even disregarding past frustration and expressing her plea for him to stay, Noel crushed her feelings underfoot.

She recalled the scene at Larry's house-his hand on her body, his mouth...like a nauseating, sticky insect crawling over her legs.

"Ugh!"

Cecilia sat up abruptly, vomiting. The trauma she had experienced this time had only just begun.

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Noel thought about entering the room to check on her, but he didn't know what identity to assume while doing so.

Was he a friend? Or fiancé, based on Sue's words?

Cecilia lay on the bed, her face pale. Desolation flickered in her eyes.

"Do you find me disgusting?"

Noel had hesitated, but he hadn't meant for Cecilia to interpret his actions that way. "I'll go call someone for help."

He didn't explain further, and turned to leave the room.

Soon, a servant came upstairs. Cecilia looked behind the servant but found no sign of Noel.

He had left.

Even if her mother had agreed to her request and brought up the marriage with Noel, he didn't agree.

Sue sat downstairs, still feeling uneasy. As she dressed and applied makeup, she used the time to calm her panicked heart.

However, Cecilia's words lingered in her ears. "Mom, I've been violated. If you don't let Noel marry me, I'll kill myself!"

"Madam," the servant reminded her as she seemed lost in thought. "Mrs.

Lambert, whom you're scheduled to meet, is already here..."

"Alright." Sue picked her favorite blue ice crystal from her jewelry, and quickly went out to meet Mrs. Lambert.

She handed the crystal to her with a smile and said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Lambert."

Cecilia... has already fallen in love with someone. I invited you over without considering it thoroughly and didn't understand my daughter's feelings..."

Before she could finish, Mrs. Lambert's expression changed drastically. She didn't accept Sue's friendly gesture.

"Which family is this young man from?"

Sue knew Mrs. Lambert would ask this question.

Reluctantly, she had to answer, "It's not..."

A trace of embarrassment flashed across her face, and she changed her mind.

"It's the Fulchers..."

"The Fulcher family?!"

Mrs. Lambert didn't wait for Sue to finish her sentence. Her eyes widened. "I've heard that the Fulchers have an illegitimate son. Could this person be the one your daughter likes?"

The Fulcher family had an illegitimate child?!

Doubt flashed in Sue's eyes, but she concealed it well. "Yes, exactly."

Sue hastily agreed. She didn't want others to look down on them because of Noel's identity.

"Oh my..." As soon as Mrs. Lambert heard that the young man Cecilia had fallen in love with was related to the Fulcher family, her complexion changed slightly.

However, she quickly changed her unpleasant expression from entering the door and started chatting with Sue. Facing her enthusiasm, Sue was truly surprised that the Fulcher family could still have such influence.

Originally...

Because of Jim, Sue didn't want to have any connection with the Fulchers.

However, with Cecilia in such a situation, avoiding involvement was no longer an option.

At Larry's house, Noel had already broken ten of Larry's fingers. Since Sue wouldn't step up to play the villain, he had to do it himself.

"You said you didn't touch her?"

Larry cried in pain, thinking that Cecilia was just a girl from the slums who would be infatuated with him for some benefits.

Who knew she had such a powerful background?!

When the men rushed in, Larry was scared silly. This time, the neighbors, sensing that something was wrong, didn't intervene. Larry was forced to call the police, but the line was busy.

Then, he was tied up and pressed to the ground. Next came the man who had taken Cecilia away.

He returned like a demon, full of anger. As soon as he entered, he demanded all ten of Larry's fingers.

Larry was in pain, and cold sweat dripped down his forehead. He was still trying to defend himself through gritted teeth.

"I didn't! I really didn't do anything to her. I just wanted to marry her. She agreed, and even came to my house. She..."

Snap!

Noel didn't want to hear him babble too much. "Tell me everything that happened after you and Cecilia came here without missing a detail, or I'll cut off your tongue!"

When Noel mentioned cutting off his tongue, Larry really believed Noel. He started to feel afraid.

After thinking about it, he told Noel everything.

Then, he said, “Can’t you see she was interested in me?”

Noel and the group of bodyguards listened with great incredulity. They now understood that Larry was a man with serious psychological issues.

After Larry’s ex-girlfriend had upset him deeply, he wanted to get married and find someone not inferior to Lulu.

He also interpreted others’ kindness and goodwill as indulgence toward him, and permission for him to harm them.

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“You can tell your story to the police at the police station,” Noel said to Larry as a final command.

After dismissing the bodyguards, he whispered a few words into Larry’s ear.

When he came out, his complexion had improved significantly.

Cecilia’s ordeal was much less severe than he had anticipated. Larry had indeed harassed her, but he hadn’t committed any substantial offenses.

It was fortunate that Noel arrived early.

Otherwise, Cecilia...

Noel didn’t let his thoughts delve any further, because he realized he would have the urge to kill Larry if he continued.

The situation in the Fulcher family had been tumultuous recently. Julian was alone in the Jacroaof, and Noel didn’t know what the situation over

there was like. So, Noel couldn't afford to leave any weakness here in Richburgh.

After the bodyguards took Larry to the police station, Noel smoked a cigarette downstairs to calm his nerves. He quickly dialed Julian's number.

No one answered.

Noel thought for a moment, decided not to redial, and instead headed to the Fulcher Inc. According to the programmers, they had identified the IP address of the company that caused them trouble this time.

No news was the best news. If Julian couldn't be reached right now, it meant he was still handling things.

Having followed Julian for so many years, Noel had confidence in his boss.

While Julian fought on the front lines, Noel would hold the fort in the rear.

They had done this many times before, and their coordination was seamless.

In the training camp, Sean was still confined to a small, dark room.

Lucas had visited once and praised him for doing well, but hadn't appeared in the two days since.

The more Sean thought about it, the more suspicious it seemed. He was afraid that Lucas had intercepted Diana's signal, and it might put her in danger.

So, he used Morse code to contact Julian.

With time running out, Sean couldn't convey much information. He simply asked about Diana's situation.

Julian, however, guessed his identity and replied using Morse code, “Sean, did you have a hand in the company’s affairs?”

He urged Sean to prioritize his safety, and assured the boy that he and Diana were fine. With these few words, Julian made Sean realize that he had been deceived.

He couldn’t continue assisting these people in wrong-doings!

That was when he deliberately sabotaged the hacker program attacking Fulcher Inc. As long as there were capable technicians on the other side, they would quickly crack this challenge, find the IP address, and extract him from this place, i Once he left, he wouldn’t come back.

It wasn’t out of fear, nor did he believe he lacked the courage to continue staying there. He felt that this place didn’t deserve the reputation of training a special team.

A location truly capable of training people didn’t necessarily have to be so dark.

This wasn’t the ideal place for him to hone his skills.

After leaving this place, Sean planned to find Oliver and discuss his thoughts on the current state of the training camp.

Oliver was currently hosting a funeral. In just one week, he had ‘bid farewell’ to his wife and now, his father.

To outsiders, this man had experienced too much sorrow. Many who approached him for condolences found it hard to speak. Seeing Oliver made them feel uneasy.

The sky was dark. Yesterday was bright and sunny, but today, the weather signaled an impending storm.

Oliver stood in front of the tombstone. Just like a few days ago, he bowed to each guest individually, thanking them for attending his father’s funeral.

Kenneth had departed the world too quickly, catching the doctors in the office off guard. When they heard the call bell from the ward, they rushed over. However, they found that Kenneth had already passed away when they arrived.

There were traces of other people in the room.

At that time, Oliver was busy handling both the online public opinion and his father's affairs, with little time to think.

Now, upon reflection, he realized that his father's death was somehow related to Fanny.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 1500

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When Julian turned fierce, he resembled a demon straight from hell.

His menacing presence frightened Jim's mother, who was already terrified. Even Jim himself felt the powerful pressure from afar.

When Jim saw Julian back in Richburgh, he seemed so gentle when standing beside Diana. He appeared to have no lethality whatsoever. At that time, Jim even thought that the legendary Julian was nothing special.

But now, he deeply regretted that thought.

Was he still just a romantic rival?

However, the experiment had reached this stage. Jim only needed to wait a few more months, and they could extract the child from Diana's belly to see if the drugs she had taken would have any genetic impact.

This would validate whether their medicine could become the genetic code to control humans.

Now, they couldn't afford to fail! Even his mother couldn't become an obstacle on this path!

Taking advantage of Julian's attention on his mother, Jim signaled to the butler and whispered a few words in his ear. The butler's eyes flashed with grim seriousness.

"Sir, must it be this way?"

Jim nodded, looking at Julian with a triumphant smile. "Yes."

Initially, when Diana brought Betty over, he considered the child a burden. She even tried to hit him with a broom at the hotel. He didn't like children, especially those who were useless to him.

But now, Betty could become useful.

"Julian boasts of being a good husband and father. Let's see whom he will choose between his wife and daughter!"

In the laboratory, Diana held Betty tightly and refused to let go. She was afraid that if something dangerous happened, she wouldn't be able to handle it.

The security here was very strict, and Diana had already experienced it when she entered. Fortunately, it wasn't like the place was empty. Someone dressed in lab attire was taking care of her.

She asked, "Did Jim instruct you to lock me up here?"

The person was momentarily stunned, seemingly genuinely unaware.

"Are you talking about Professor Hughes? He didn't lock you up. He just said you might be in danger outside, so he asked me to stay with you. Oh, right..."

The person scratched his head, as if recalling something. Suddenly, he turned and quickly brought someone else over from the laboratory.

Instantly, Diana's face turned pale.

It was Kate.

Diana had anticipated their meeting for a long time, ever since she was a child.

She thought that meeting Kate would make everything better, and that Kate would be a loving mother to her.

However, Kate had repeatedly chosen Kayla over Diana, and hurt her own biological daughter again and again.

Now, Jim told her that Kate's mistreatment was not as straightforward as it seemed. It seemed that Kate was, in fact, a victim who had suffered more than Diana.

Meeting again under these circumstances was unexpected. Diana hadn't sorted out her emotions, and seeing Kate now stirred a mix of feelings.

Before she even realized it, tears welled up in her eyes.

"Miss?" Kate said, shocked.

Diana's tears startled Kate, who quickly brought tissues and gently wiped away Diana's tears.

"Don't cry! You're so beautiful. If your family sees you crying like this, they'll surely feel heartbroken."

Kate's tone was gentle, and her movements were delicate. Even when interacting with Betty, she displayed unparalleled tenderness. Her large hands rested on Betty's shoulders, comforting her with a reassuring smile and telling her not to be nervous.

Seeing Kate's caring demeanor, Diana felt even sadder. Her tears flowed more freely