

Chapter 101 Getting Beaten

The kick was so intense that Jacob ended up slumping to the ground. He instantly broke out in cold sweats and could not even stand up.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. Even Michaela could not quite grasp the situation.

The middle-aged man walked up to Michaela and asked in a deep voice, “Are you all right?”

Clad in an exquisite suit, the man was tall and had a pair of deep-set eyes. He exuded an intimidating aura that seemed to warn people to keep a distance from him.

Michaela glanced at the man and felt he looked familiar, but she quickly shook her head and straightened her messy hair.

Her swollen cheek was apparent, and the middle-aged man saw it. In a fit of anger, he turned around and walked toward Jacob.

He grabbed Jacob up by his collar and swung a punch at his face.

Jacob clenched his jaw in pain, but the middle-aged man was not ready to let him off just yet. He picked Jacob up once again and punched him twice.

More and more onlookers gathered around, and some even called the cops and told them about the brawl in the hospital.

Jacob, who had been arrogant from the start, was beaten to a pulp in just minutes. He panted heavily and could no longer speak properly.

Just then, a younger-looking man walked up and whispered a reminder, “That’s enough, sir.”

The middle-aged man finally stopped attacking Jacob. Despite several rounds of aggressive kicking and punching, he showed no signs of fatigue. He picked Jacob up and threw him at a wall as if he was tossing a bag of garbage.

The young man, who was his assistant, gave him a handkerchief. The middle-aged man gracefully wiped his fingers one after another and watched as Jacob collapsed to the ground after hitting the wall. With a grim expression, he walked over and stepped on Jacob’s hand.

With a condescending voice, he asked, “Do you know who I am?”

All the kicks and punches had nearly knocked Jacob out. Agonizing pain coursed through his body, and he could not even lift his hands, let alone answer the man’s question.

“I’m Hanson Sydell from Norham. You said you’re admitted to the hospital because you’re ill, right? So I thought of swinging by to give you a more legitimate reason to stay here for a few more days. How is it? Do you like what I did to you earlier?”

The man dressed in a black suit stared down at Jacob as if he was a worthless critter.

He introduced himself in a deep, calm voice, but everyone present drew a sharp breath upon hearing his answer.

Even Jacob’s eyes widened in shock when he heard the name. A look of fear crept across his face, and he stifled a gasp.

The Sydell family from Norham?

Rumors had it that the Sydells had monopolized the country’s export logistics, including air and ocean freight. They were also involved in customs clearance, inspection, insurance, and cargo canvassing.

Apart from that, the transport ministry had also permitted the Sydells’ company, Signet Corporation, to operate an international shipping agency. Hence, Signet Corporation was a well-known corporation in the country, and its influence was on par with the Xanders’ family business.

However, the two powerful families did not interfere in each other’s affairs, as they came from different regions of the country.

Michaela was stunned when Hanson stepped in to teach Jacob a lesson. Not only was he ruthless, but he was also sharp-tongued. After finding out his identity, her jaw dropped even further.

He even revealed his identity as if he was not afraid Jacob might take revenge against him. How could this man remain so steady after beating someone up?

What an interesting man!

At that moment, two uniformed men arrived. Upon noticing Jacob lying on the ground, they quickened their pace and walked toward Hanson. “Greetings, we’re from Sunny Boulevard Police Station. We received a report about a brawl that broke out in the hospital. Please come with us to the police station to assist with investigations.”

Hanson glanced at the cops’ identity card and nodded. After tossing the handkerchief at Jacob, he said with a deadpan expression, “I understand we citizens must cooperate with the cops but get this right—we didn’t fight. I beat him up.”

The middle-aged man said it assertively.

His remark rendered the cops speechless for a moment as they seldom encounter such a calm and steady aggressor.

When the cops were about to take Hanson away, Michaela started panicking. The cops are arresting him because of me. I must do something about it!

Just when she was about to talk to the cops, Hanson came over and spoke in a low voice. “I’ll be fine, don’t worry. You should leave the hospital. Don’t stay here any longer.”

Michaela was utterly disappointed in Jacob. A stranger cares more deeply for me than my father did. How ironic.

Without hesitation, she left the ward and caught up with the cops and Hanson.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had arrived at the hospital. His forehead could not help but start twitching when he noticed a patrol car at the entrance.

He had a bad feeling about it. Instead of waiting for Gary to open the door, he got off the car and entered the building in a hurry.

While he was on his way to the hospital, he read about the rumors of how Jacob caused a commotion in the hospital because he was enraged by Michaela when she forced him to divorce her mother.

Jonathan’s face darkened when he read through all the rumors on social media. He quickened his steps and walked toward the elevator.

When the elevator’s door opened, he saw a middle-aged gentleman standing in the middle, flanked by two uniformed men.

Hanson? Hanson Sydell? What is he doing here?

Jonathan knitted his brows. When he was trying to figure out what Hanson was doing in the hospital, he saw Michaela walking out of the elevator.

Michaela, who was grabbing her phone and did not know who to call for help, lifted her eyes and noticed Jonathan from a stone’s throw away.

The moment she looked into Jonathan’s eyes, tears started rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably.

Jonathan felt his heart ache for Michaela and he approached her, only to see her tilting her head to the side and covering one side of her cheek with her hand.

“Mich...” Jonathan could tell right away she was hiding something from him. He coaxed, “Put your hand down, and show me your face.”

At first, Michaela refused, but she eventually succumbed to his intense gaze and gradually put down her hand.

Jonathan noticed her cheek was swollen, and there were even bruises on it. Upon seeing that, he felt as if someone had ripped his heart apart. He asked icily, “Jacob did this to you?”

Remaining silent, Michaela lowered her eyes and started fidgeting. Jonathan grabbed her hand and said, “Come on. Let’s go and teach him a lesson!”

It was as if a pair of invisible hands were strangling Jonathan, and he could not help but shiver in rage.

Did Jacob not take my words to heart? How dare he lay his fingers on my woman?

The furrow between Jonathan’s brows deepened as a towering rage was brewing inside him. Just when he was about to enter the elevator with Michaela, the latter stopped him and cast a worried look at the cops.

“That gentleman has taught my dad a lesson, but someone reported him to the police. Jonathan, could you please help him?”

Jonathan looked at Hanson’s back, and his expression turned grim. Seconds later, he replied, “All right.” Before leaving, he exchanged a glance with Walter.