

Chapter 169

The four remaining people froze. Why was this absolute beauty looking for Matthew?

Even James couldn't take his eyes off her.

"W-Why are you looking for Matthew? Liam stuttered out.

"Oh, I owe Mr. Larson a huge favor. I just wanted to thank him personally!" The woman laughed softly.

"He helped you out?" Helen snapped, "What could that useless idiot possibly help you out with? Did you get the wrong person?"

The woman's delicate brows furrowed slightly. "Please be mindful of your words. The day before yesterday, I had a car accident, and it was because of Mr. Larson that my daughter was rescued. He even sent her to the hospital just in time to save her life."

Realization dawned upon them. So this was the woman who was involved in the car accident that night.

Demi felt jealousy building within when she saw Liam’s gaze fixated on the woman.

"Oh, so that was you. Hmph, who are you to tell me to watch the way I'm talking? I’ll speak however I want. It's my business, after all. What are you going to do about it?"

The woman frowned, for she had no idea why Demi was so angry.

"When will Mr. Larson be arriving?" she asked.

"Why are you looking for him?" Demi countered.

"Well, everything was a mess when Mr. Larson saved my daughter. I never even had the chance to thank him. I heard that he will be eating here today, so I came over here especially to thank him!"

"Don't bother thanking him," Demi replied with a pout. “Matthew won't be coming anytime soon. You should just leave."

"But I was told that Mr. Larson was here already," said the woman in surprise. "Isn’t he here? Otherwise, can you please give him a call and invite him over?"

Demi replied furiously, "Don’t you understand what I'm saying? I said he won’t be coming. We’re not close to him, so don't bother asking us to give him a call."

"You’re... not close?" the woman asked, bemused. "Aren’t you his relatives?"

"Relatives?" Demi spat. "Who told you that? Matthew will be divorcing my sister soon. We are not his relatives! We have nothing to do with him!"

The woman frowned again and gave Demi a withering look. "Well, since you don't know him, then so be it. I was going to entrust this card to you to pass to Mr. Larson, but it seems like I will have to go find Mr. Larson myself."

In the woman’s hands was a bank card.

Demi’s eyes lit up. "What’s up with that card?" she asked.

"Well, since Mr. Larson saved my daughter, the money in this card is just a small token of my appreciation!" the woman replied.

"How much money is in there?" Demi asked hastily. "It would only take about 100,000 to fix that car of yours, but ours would cost over 300,000. The money in the card probably isn’t enough to fix the car..." she trailed off.

Suddenly, Liam pulled at Demi’s shirt. "Demi, I think there's quite a bit of money in that card!" he whispered. “It looks like a diamond card. There’s got to be at least 100 million in there!"

"R-Really?" Demi's eyes widened.

Liam nodded his head impatiently, staring at the woman with a slightly shocked expression.

Regular people wouldn’t own cards like this.

This woman's identity was definitely not ordinary!

Demi smiled awkwardly. "Well, actually... We... can help you pass it along... You can pass the card to me, and I can give it to him in a bit."

The woman glanced at Demi. "Didn't you say you have nothing to do with him?" she asked.

"Who said that? I happened to be his sister-in-law!" Demi announced.

"Didn't you say he was going to divorce your sister?" the woman jeered.

Upon hearing that, Demi’s face flushed red with embarrassment. "I-I was just joking..."

The woman’s face turned cold at once. "I’m sorry then. I don’t enjoy jokes! Since you’re not close with Mr. Larson, then I will give this card to him myself!" she snapped. “You are not worthy of this card!"

