

Meeting Her 17

Chapter 17 A Furry Intervention “R-” Bang! Bang! Bang! Right as Rachelle’s name was about to leave Joanie’s mouth, someone began banging wildly on the door to the interrogation room. Jensen frowned and gestured for the bodyguard to open the door. The moment the door opened, a huge shadow crashed into the room. Joanie screamed in shock. A tiger! A f*cking tiger! Lutz turned around and glared at her fiercely as he roared. “H-help!” Joanie screeched before passing out. “Lutz!” Jensen called out coldly with a frown. “What do you think you’re doing?” If Jensen didn’t call him, there was no way Lutz would come and interrupt an interrogation like this. Lutz immediately ran to Jensen’s side and began purring loudly as his huge, soft head kept nudging against Jensen’s leg as if he were simply a greatly oversized cat. Jensen didn’t have time to play with Lutz though.

He glared at it, emanating a frosty aura. Lutz fell silent and decided to lay down, exposing his snow-white belly to Jensen as he began making weak noises. His eyes were droopy and he looked completely docile, even kneading his paws occasionally. Lutz had been trained very well and he had only gotten sick once when he was two years old. He had acted exactly how he was acting right now. That sickness had almost killed him. Jensen had raised Lutz singlehandedly, and there was no way he would simply treat it as any other random beast. He glanced at Joanie, who had already passed out. In a deep voice, he commanded, “Take Lutz out and call the vet.” Lutz’s tail was wrapped around Jensen’s leg and he simply wouldn’t let him go, so Jensen was forced to accompany Lutz on his trip to the vet. As Lutz was being carried out by a team of struggling bodyguards, he glanced at a cluster of bushes outside the door and sighed extra loudly, as if he were simply having the hardest life a tiger could have. Rachelle only emerged from the bushes once Jensen was completely gone. She couldn’t help but whisper, “Compared to that sicko, I’d rather call Lutz my sweetheart instead.” Her expression became serious and she quickly ran into the interrogation room.

Liam had already hacked into the surveillance cameras, so she had about ten minutes to get Joanie out of there. Jensen had always been a cautious man, so he had left two bodyguards to watch over Joanie. Rachelle quickly made the two bodyguards unconscious and walked toward Joanie. She smiled and knelt in front of Joanie as she hissed, “Idiot. The emerald pendant is going to be your family’s burden now.” Seven minutes later, Rachelle wiped off the sweat beading on her forehead and stood up. “Phew! That’s finally taken care of.” She had used hypnosis to change Joanie and the two bodyguards’ memories. Even though her hypnotism skills were nowhere as good as her mentor’s, it was more than enough against a weak-willed coward such as Joanie. Back in Grand View Manor’s garden, Jensen was staring at Lutz. His tiger was still lying down on the ground tiredly, looking absolutely worn out. “How dare you fake being sick?” Jensen said with a cold chuckle out of sheer fury. “It looks like tiger meat is on the menu tonight.”

Lutz's fur all stood on end as he blinked and approached Jensen, purring loudly in an attempt to placate his owner's anger. Jensen wasn't having any of it. "Are you finally feeling guilty? It's too late for that!" he scoffed. "One of you go and tell the kitchens that we're having an extra meal tonight." Is he serious? Lutz wasn't about to let his majestic life as the king of beasts end on a dining table. He roared once in denial and leaped nimbly over the fence and into the mountainside, disappearing before their very eyes. Jensen obviously wasn't about to actually serve his tiger for dinner. "Useless piece of sh*t" he hissed under his breath. Then, he went back to the interrogation room. Now, the most important thing was for him to find out where exactly Joanie had gotten that pendant. However, he hadn't noticed Lutz peeking out from behind a tree right after he left. Rachele's petite figure flitted to its side from the other side of the tree. She patted his large fluffy head and coddled patiently, "Don't worry, sweetie. I won't let your monster of a father eat you!" Lutz was still hanging his head so low that it was practically touching the ground. He swept his tail back and forth miserably. Rachele knew what it meant and sighed. "It wasn't like he would actually eat you and you should know that. He won't have the heart to do it." Lutz immediately cheered up at her reassuring statement and happily nudged against Rachele's small head. She giggled at the ticklish sensation of Lutz's fuzz against her skin before burying her face into its scruff and murmured, "Luckily you're here to help me. I don't know how I would be able to get past this without you." She didn't want to have anything to do with that disgusting man. Lutz stayed still and let her continue leaning against him as a faint breeze blew past. He didn't actually enjoy getting treated like a cat since it ate into his pride as a tiger, but she was basically his owner too. On that, Lutz just held it in. Jensen returned to the interrogation room soon enough and saw everything seemingly untouched. The bodyguards hurriedly asked, "Mr. Jensen, are you alright?" Jensen waved a hand. "I'm fine. No one came in while I was gone, right?"

"No. We've been keeping a close eye on everything," a bodyguard said with a nod. "Good." Jensen glanced at Joanie, who was still unconscious. "Wake her up." Another bucket of ice water rained down on Joanie and she woke up in shock. Jensen leaned down and grabbed her collar as he asked in a dangerous tone, "Where the hell did you find this? Tell me the truth now." Lutz's little stunt had ruined Jensen's mood completely, and his patience had run dry. Joanie shuddered before opening her mouth slowly. "My sister gave it to me." "Which sister?" Jensen asked as his gaze darkened.