

Meeting Her 18

Chapter 18 An Unexpected Guest “Fiona,” Joanie said as she squirmed from discomfort. Something was wrong with the words she had just said, but she had no idea what it was. Information about the Cloudington family had just been sent to Jensen’s phone. He looked through the information quickly. Joanie did have a biological sister named Fiona, who was the pride and joy of the Cloudington family. So far, she had been overseas joining the International Perfumery Competition. She had allegedly won the preliminary rounds. There was no news about it yet in the country, but it had already become big international news. Jensen looked at the pictures of Fiona that she had meticulously edited.

He didn’t know if it was a result of him getting used to looking at Little Mute’s face for so long, he couldn’t help but think that all of the other Cloudingtons looked incredibly ugly. “Send people to watch over that Fiona girl,” Jensen told Rocco as he left the basement and took off his mask. “Okay. By the way, how are you going to deal with that girl?” Jensen didn’t even look back as he said coldly, “Beat her up and toss her back where she came from.” “B-beat her up?” Rocco raised an eyebrow in confusion. Jensen may have been cold-hearted, but he never laid a hand on a woman. Could he be getting revenge for that Little Mute of his? Rocco suddenly called out after Jensen before he was about to walk out. “By the way, we found a syringe inside the car that was crashed. The information we found said that the driver had diabetes and needed to take insulin shots on a daily basis. The needle mark on his neck was probably an accident from when the car crashed.” “A syringe?” Jensen stopped walking and looked at him with a frown. Rocco wrapped an arm around his shoulder at the sight of his frown. “Maybe it’s time to stop being so suspicious of everything. You should go comfort Rachelle now. She’s probably scared out of her wits after something so severe happened.”

Rachelle’s mouth curled up in satisfaction at the sight of the interrogation room. Liam was pretty quick and managed to settle everything already. She sighed in relief and felt a weight lifted off her chest after realizing that Jensen and the others would no longer be investigating the driver. She happily went up to Lisette’s room and did some acupuncture for her once again. At that time, Lisette could stomach some solid food besides a liquid diet, but she still had some difficulty speaking. She would probably only recover after a few days. Rachelle fell into thought. By then, she could find an excuse to say her voice was back and she could finally ask Lisette about her mother. After that, she could finally leave that hellhole. That sicko hadn’t been an easy person to manipulate. Even with the emerald pendant in her hand, he would never believe that Joanie was the one who had attacked him. That man was like a ticking time bomb. Rachelle had to tread carefully and avoid getting on his bad side at all costs. After eating with Lisette, Rachelle returned to her room.

Solace had personally sent some new clothes over earlier. Rachelle picked out a satin nightgown from the lot and entered the bathroom. Jensen had rather good taste. She quite liked the way the bathroom

was decorated and there was even a huge bathtub. Jensen hadn't returned for the last few days and Rachelle felt more at ease. She took a warm, relaxing bath and put on the nightgown, ready to have a great night's rest on the comfortable bed. The moment she stepped out of the bathroom, she nearly tripped from shock. She immediately spotted Jensen's tall, lean figure sitting on the dark sofa, looking like a foreboding mountain. He looked at her coldly. She was dressed in a pale blue strappy nightgown and her long, wavy hair was clipped up at the back of her head. It showed off her beautiful features perfectly and the dress hung right to the middle of her thigh, displaying her long, fair legs endlessly. It was as if she had transformed into a little sprite. "So you really think you're Mrs. Hawk now?" Rachelle felt her scalp prickle under the man's burning gaze. She subconsciously clutched the corner of her dress. Jensen beckoned her over with his finger. "Come here."

Rachelle forced herself to calm down and walked over. She hadn't even reached when Jensen stretched his hand out and pulled her in by her waist before bending down and biting her shoulder harshly. Rachelle was completely unprepared and hissed in pain, frowning at the sudden sensation. Jensen's bite managed to draw blood and he flicked his tongue at the small bead of liquid forming on her shoulder. His large hand held onto her chin as he reveled in her silent defiance. "Does that hurt?" he pulled her face toward his forcefully and his onyx eyes stared at her dangerously. "Remember what that felt like. Stop thinking you can play your little games in front of me." Jensen purposely spoke slowly so that she could read every single word he was saying. "If you do it again, I won't need Lutz's help to tear you into pieces." His lips were still stained with her blood as if they were embedded with tiny rubies. The startling red of her blood contrasted against his pale skin and he looked like a dangerous vampire, giving off a strangely attractive aura. He's definitely a psychopath. Rachelle's heart sank. "Do you understand?" Jensen asked impatiently. Rachelle hurriedly nodded. He seemed to like the look of fear on her face and a cold smile appeared on his chiseled face. Jensen's cold fingertips hooked at the straps of her nightdress. "Is this a new nightgown you bought?"