

Meeting Her 25

Chapter 25 Flirting With Pretty Boy Rachele arrived at the elevator and saw the out-of-order sign. She pressed the button and realized it was not working. Well, well, well. Talk about coincidence. Arching her brows, she walked toward the stairs. She put her guard up and took out a few silver needles in case she needed to use them. As expected, after two floors down, a group of bodyguards employed by the Cloudingtons cornered her in the stairway. "Give us the agreement!" The head of the bodyguards raised his voice. The seemingly helpless Rachele held the agreement closer to her chest and staggered back in fear. "Ms. Cloudington said we can kill her if we have to. Let's do this!"

The head of the bodyguards charged in Rachele's direction. Rachele tightened her grip on the silver needles in her palm. Just when she was about to retaliate, someone with an aura of indifference appeared behind her. Before Rachele could react, the man wrapped his arm around her slender waist and pulled her into his chest. She tilted her head and realized the man was Jensen. Instead of looking at her, Jensen sent the bodyguard in a black suit flying with a kick. The bodyguard slammed against the wall behind him and passed out. "Sh*t! Where did this pretty boy come from?" The rest of the enraged bodyguards started surrounding him. Jensen did not want to deal with these small fries and dirty his hands.

He flapped his coat outward, drew a gun from his waist, and aimed the weapon at the bodyguard standing before him. "P-Please don't!" The bodyguard chickened out and nearly peed in his pants. A corner of Jensen's lips quirked up. He warned them icily, "Get lost!" His domineering presence, alongside the gun in his hand, scared the daylights out of the bodyguards. No one in their right mind would dare to challenge this man! The remaining bodyguards immediately fled the scene in fear. Jensen sneaked a glance at the woman leaning on his chest. "Haven't you had enough yet?" His words rendered Rachele speechless. She immediately steadied herself and stood up. Looking around, she noticed something was missing. When she lifted her head, she realized Jensen was flipping through the pages of the agreement. "You did all these just to get your hands on fifteen percent of shares from the Cloudingtons?" Jensen sneered and gave her a disdainful look.

To him, this shareholder agreement meant nothing. In fact, he could care less about the entire Cloudington Group. Yet, it meant the world to Rachele. The Cloudington family had kept her biological mother Ruth away. To locate her whereabouts, Rachele needed to accumulate as many resources as possible and use them as leverage. Rachele extended her hand and stared at the man with a pair of lustrous yet authoritative eyes. Jensen was amused by the woman. "Little Mute." He inched closer and gazed at Rachele with his deep, dark eyes. "Why don't you beg me? If you do, I might even be able to help you get your hands on the entire Cloudington Group." Rachele was speechless. I've never come

across someone as arrogant as him. Instead of wasting time on him, Rachele decided to snatch the agreement over. Yet, Jensen rolled the document up, turned around, and walked away. Rage throbbed in Rachele like a heartbeat. She had no choice but to run after him.

Regardless, the man, who had a tall build and long legs, strode away quickly. He did not seem to have any intention of waiting for her. In her panic, Rachele accidentally twisted her ankle. After distracting herself by biting her lower lip, she leaped forward and wrapped her arms around Jensen's waist. The man stumbled as he was caught off guard. After steadying his steps, Jensen lowered his head and stared at the woman's arms. He tried to pull himself away from her but to no avail. How can this petite woman be so strong? Jensen brushed the tip of his tongue against his lower gum ridge, gathered his strength, and pulled her in front of him. "You tired of living, huh?" Rachele knew she would be at a disadvantage if she were to confront him head-on. She regained her composure and decided to change her strategy. Pouting, she looked at the man with a pair of puppy eyes that started to redden. "Don't you dare cry!" This trick was not going to work on Jensen. He glared at her and exuded a threatening aura. "Just so you know, the last woman who teared up in front of me is now lying in her grave." Damn it! Rachele had no choice but to force back her tears. She gradually lifted her skirt with one hand, revealing her injured ankle and silky smooth calf, and grabbed his sleeve with her other hand. The woman then lifted her head and stared at him, trying to gain his sympathy with an innocent and pitiful look in her eyes.

A few men who walked past Rachele could not turn their attention away from her, their gazes greedy. Jensen's expression darkened. He pulled her skirt down and reprimanded her, "I think you need to be taught a lesson!" Before Rachele could react, Jensen swiftly swept her into his arms and walked toward the black Maybach parked nearby. Joanie, who had just walked out of the hotel's entrance, saw how intimate they were. "Rachele Cloudington, how dare you flirt with a pretty boy behind the Hawk family's back!"