

Meeting Her 27

Chapter 27 Pastry Run “Madam, Ms. Joanie,” Sam said timidly as he handed over the gift box in his hand. “Rachelle wanted me to pass you this gift.” Joanie did not even bother looking at it. “Throw it away! She might have cursed it!” Pamela put up a hand. “Wait a minute. I want to see what that b*tch gave me.” She was taken aback upon opening the lid. “Is this a bracelet made of enhydro agate?” If there was one thing Pamela knew inside out, it was jewelry. Enhydro agate was the most premium of the agates. The specimen in her trembling hands happened to be the best she had ever seen in terms of purity and luster. Costing millions at the very least, it was nearly impossible to obtain from the market. “How could that b*tch afford such an expensive gift?” Initially amazed, comprehension dawned on Joanie’s face a second later. She announced with great confidence, “She must have stolen it from the Hawk family! It’s her way of showing off to us!” Only a country bumpkin would dare steal from the Hawks just for a fleeting moment of vanity. Pamela gave a sinister leer.

“Stealing from the Hawk family is nothing; she’s spending their money on a pretty boy! I can’t wait to see how that little b*tch is going to explain her way out of this one!” A black Maybach sped down the highway on the other side of town. Seated on the passenger seat, all of Rachelle’s thoughts were on the contract that Jensen had casually dropped on the back seat of the car. Not even the entire Cloudington Group meant anything to him, so the sliver of shares promised by the contract would be far less significant. It was, however, very important to Rachelle. It’s the first phase of my plan! A glance at Jensen told her that his attention was wholly fixated on the road. Confident of his lapse in vigilance, she quietly reached for the coveted bundle of papers on the back seat. Pursing his lips in cruel amusement, Jensen waited for the perfect moment before slamming on the brakes. Rachelle was thrown back violently against her seat with a startled cry. The contract that had grazed her fingertips tantalizingly slipped out of her grasp as she glared at him in accusation. He must have done it on purpose! “Cursing at me, are you?” Jensen placed one hand on the steering wheel and turned to look at her. His seemingly casual and indifferent gaze gave her the uncanny feeling that he could see through her. Rachelle swallowed her anger. Shaking her head in denial, she forced an innocent smile. I’m finding it difficult to even muster up this smile. Jensen did not expose her. Instead, he stretched out a long arm and took the contract that Rachelle so badly wanted. “Did I say I was going to let you have it?” He looked past Rachelle at a pastry shop called Vegan Confectionery by the road and indicated with his chin.

“The pineapple tarts from that shop are Grandma’s favorite. Go get some.” With the contract in his hands, Rachelle had no choice but to do as she was told. Though the sprain on her leg was less severe by then, it still hurt her to walk. Rachelle mopped her brow as she stood under the relentless heat. Fortunately, the queue was not long. Her turn arrived before she knew it. Jensen stared at the woman’s slender back suspiciously from the car before pressing the Bluetooth headset firmly against his ear with one finger. “Run her down, Mike.” “Yes, sir.” Mike had no choice but to obey. Rachelle had already turned around with the purchased tarts in hand by that point. She limped even slower than before upon

returning to the car as the pain in her leg started becoming unbearable. After several steps, the hairs at the back of Rachelle's neck suddenly tingled as she heard the whistle of a car's engine. The vehicle screeched with reckless abandon from her right, plainly having her in its sights. Several meters before her, Jensen had already wound down the car window. With a faint smile on his usually stern face, he gazed calmly in her direction as if awaiting a good show. As she was deaf, it would have been impossible for her to hear the engine's roar as it accelerated to change lanes. As a result, she would not have known to move out of the way. She would be killed on the spot if she did not move out of the way or if the driver did not stop. The passers-by were already screaming though Rachelle did not notice them. Her pace toward Jensen was as languid as her limp allowed. She even looked up to smile ingratiatingly at him. Can she seriously not hear it? Jensen's eyes narrowed. He pressed the headset against his ear once more.

"That's enough. Stop the car!" The black sedan ground to a dead halt several inches behind Rachelle with an ear-splitting screech. The onlookers gasped at the proximity which separated the would-be victim from her potential death. Feeling the rush of wind at her ankles, Rachelle spun around only to have her jaw drop in horror. The black car backed away hastily. Darting nimbly through the obstacles in reverse, it quickly became lost in traffic. Rachelle felt her heart nearly beating out of her chest by the ordeal. Pouting in a towering temper, she entered the car and swung a vicious hand at Jensen's cheek as she had read his lips when he had ordered Mike to run her down. Even if he did not tell the driver to stop earlier, I have another way to save myself. Relishing the long-awaited opportunity to lay her hands on the man before her, Rachelle did not hold back. Jensen was not going to take her slap. His large palm caught her easily by the wrist before he gave her a menacing squeeze. Rachelle glared at him. Does he have a guilty conscience at all? He could have killed me! And after he rescued me earlier, no less! The journey after that passed in complete silence. Rachelle stared out the window the entire time with the box of tarts on her lap. Jensen shot occasional glances at her and was amused to discover that the girl's resentment even emanated from the back of her head.

Not long after, the car pulled up at Grand View Manor. Rachelle immediately pushed the door to exit the vehicle but found it locked. She turned back and met Jensen's gaze. "Imagine my surprise when I found a deficit of nine million in my bank account by lunchtime." He rested his forehead in one hand. "Where are the items you spent the money on?"