

Meeting Her Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Scores of mangled bodies were strewn across the floor, almost none of them were intact. Their

gory forms twitched mechanically from time to time, with blood flowing out and coalescing until

the ground beneath them formed into pools of crimson. A gargantuan frost tiger lay prone on

the one side with its fangs and fur sopping and dripping with cruor. Its jaws chewed away at the

raw, bloodstained morsels that it had filled its maw with, making the observing Rachelle retch.

That spectacle was the very portrait of hell on earth. The eye sockets of the only surviving man

had been reduced to a pair of blood-filled crevices, and there was not one part of his body that

was left unblemished. To the surroundings that were devoid of life, he yelled a heart-wrenching

scream, "Why don't you just kill me, Jensen Hawk! Kill me right now!" Having walked the earth

for a good twenty years, Rachelle had thought that there was nothing else that could faze her.

However, the sight of that macabre carnage that greeted her when she turned, left her clammy

on her hands and feet. Reflexively, she shuffled in retreat but did not manage to take more than

two steps before she found herself bumping into a bulwark of muscle and sinew.

The man's

baritone inflection rang out with a melodic insidiousness. “Are you pleased by what you see?”

That caused Rachele’s scalp to crawl. Swiftly, she turned around to the sight of the man behind,

standing there regarding her with ambiguity. “I’d say, my little bride, you really do know your

way around...” Jensen then backed her into a corner, one step at a time. The collar of his black

bathrobe that had been left half tethered exposed his defined and chiseled chest. To Rachele’s

horror, she realized that she had seen those scars on the man’s chest before. As it was still fresh

in her memories, and coupled with the likeliness of that voice, Rachele could seemingly

conclude right away that that man was the b*stard who had tried to take advantage of her back

in the cave. To think that they were one and the same person! This psycho will surely not show

me any mercy had he recognized me... Her silence was only compounded by Jensen’s hostility.

“If you will not speak to me, then you can forget about ever speaking again!”

Jensen’s icy mitts

had already clasped around her throat. “Ahhh...” Rachele promptly opened her mouth to start

gurgling hoarsely. She gestured to her own throat and ear and followed up by waving her own

hands. That made Jensen pause, and cause his eyes to darken. “You are mute and unable to hear

as well?” Rachele nodded swiftly. Jensen’s somber eyes narrowed as they fixated upon her with

sinister intent. “How is that you are able to understand what I’m saying, then?”
Immediately,
Rachelle pointed to his lips. “Lip reading?” Rachelle nodded furiously. She was
somewhat
fortunate that her vocal cords were still a few more days away from a full recovery,
for that had
facilitated her cover. That way, she could not be expected to be able to tell anyone
about
whatever transpired there and therefore not be perceived by Jensen as a threat.
However, a
chilling derision arose within Jensen’s eyes. “Hmph. Sending me a piece of trash
that can neither
hear nor speak in exchange for my two hundred million worth of dowry? Do you
Cloudingtons
take me for a fool?” His lips curled up into an unsettling and ravenous smirk. “You
shall get to
eat well tonight, Lutz.” Growling cavernously, Lutz had already charged up to snuff
out whatever
life was left in that dying man between its teeth. She’s up next. Grabbing Rachelle
by her collar,
Jensen started dragging her toward that blood-soaked abyss. As she put up a
desperate struggle
in her feigned haplessness, Rachelle stealthily groped for the poisoned needle
hidden inside her
sleeves. Having borne witness to that man’s viciousness, she had to seize her chance
to do him
in on the very first attempt. She even began to regret being too soft-hearted in
choosing to
spare him back inside the cave earlier. Just as Rachelle was about to make her move,
the phone

that was inside Jensen's pocket started blaring asudden. He stopped in his tracks to pick up the call. From the other end of the line, came the butler Bram's overwrought voice. "Old Mrs. Hawk's head is working up again, Mr. Jensen!" Old Mrs. Hawk? Rachelle was taken aback. In the next second, she found herself discarded roughly onto the carpet by Jensen, who did not even take another glance at her. "Lutz, deal with this woman!" Opening up the secret passage, Jensen left them with that before he exited in a hurry. Pulling herself up from the blood-drenched carpet, Rachelle found herself coming face to face with the imposing-looking Lutz who was skulking her with murderous intent. The beast exuded an air of savagery, and then with a resonant roar, lunged itself toward her... Dodging that killing blow, the fear in Rachelle's eyes gradually rescinded while she set herself upright. Facing down the beast, she evoked an enigmatic smile and used her lips to mouth these silent words. Come on, Lutz. Let's play. Having lived in the countryside for eleven years, she had the chance to acquaint herself with numerous mentors, one of which was the finest animal tamer of all. It so happened that she became heir to that mentor's most profound insights.

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