

Meeting Her Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Seconds later, Rachele was squatting on the ground, rubbing Lutz over as though the latter was a domesticated kitten. “Come, Lutz. Take me to Old Mrs. Hawk.” When it heard her, Lutz wagged its tail and docilely led the way. Though the encounter with that sicko Jensen was pure happenstance, Lisette was her true reason for coming to the Hawk residence. Hang in there, Old Mrs. Hawk... The interior of the bedroom, colored with an old-world charm, was at that moment permeated by a fog of deathly silence. All the housekeepers throughout the abode had their hearts in their throats, wary of breathing too loudly. With her silvery mane nestled in the bed, Lisette appeared emaciated and feeble. Her lips were devoid of luster, and her consciousness was overwhelmed by her agony. Lisette was singularly the one person Jensen cared for. Turning to regard the housekeepers with his piercing glare, he raged, “What are you lot standing around for? Go and fetch me Remus Lambert!” In her perturbation, Lisette’s personal attendant, Solace, was on the verge of tearing up. “Dr. Lambert is away on his travels, Mr. Jensen. We weren’t able to get in touch with him...” Lisette’s headache was an ailment that had blighted her for ages and

would become the source of her torment whenever it was triggered. Many a famous doctor of various disciplines had been consulted but none were able to offer her relief, save Remus, who was currently unreachable. With his lips tensed up ever so slightly, Jensen cut a mortifying figure.

“Prep the car. We are sending Old Mrs. Hawk to the hospital!” Just as his voice faded out, his keen ears picked up on a peculiar disturbance outside the doors. Growl! Beyond the doors, Rachelle froze in her tracks, flabbergasted at the remains of the passing frog that got smote to death at the claws of the frost tiger Lutz. Quietly blinking its large, ebony orbs innocuously at her, Lutz conveniently swept the dead frog out of view with a flick of its tail and acted as though nothing happened. Rachelle let out a little sigh and the next thing she knew, the door to the room in front of her burst outward asudden. From there, came a black shadowy figure, storming out with blistering speed. Without being given any chance to react whatsoever, Rachelle then felt Jensen’s massive, frigid hands snaring like a vice around her throat. “It’s you?” While he stared at the woman before him, a rarely seen look of confoundment glinted across his intense gaze. How was it that this woman had not been torn apart by Lutz? “You’re pretty capable, coming away alive the way you did.” Within Jensen’s dark eyes was a bone-chilling bloodlust. “I’d

like to see how you'd manage to escape me for a second time!" Inch by inch, his fingers constricted around her neck as he spoke. Awooo! To the side, the fretting Lutz bit down onto the hem of Jensen's pants in an attempt to pull the latter away. However, an icy glare shot its way by its master caused the hair of the beast to stand on ends, prompting it to shruggingly relinquish its grip. Past the open doors to the room, Rachelle was able to spot the bedridden Lisette inside. Since she was unable to speak, she hastened to gesticulate with her hands. Being able to understand sign language, Jensen quivered. "Are you saying that my grandma's in a precarious situation and her life could be in danger if she went another ten minutes without treatment... But you can save her?" Rachelle nodded vigorously. Jensen's eyes locked upon her with solemn guardedness. "Why should I trust you?" Enormously pressurizing, the man's gaze stabbed like shards of icicles, and the intensity of the grip that throttled her did not diminish. Seizing upon that lifeline, Rachelle rapidly responded in sign language. Should I be unable to cure Old Mrs. Hawk, I'd gladly pay for it with my own life! Obviously, Jensen understood what she meant to communicate. His blackish eyes continue to train upon her as though he was mulling over it. Before he was able to speak, an agitated voice of a woman interjected. "Oh no, you won't!" the

one who spoke up was Solace Biafore, Lisette's personal attendant. She understood sign language and had quickly figured out who Rachelle was by inferring from the wedding garb the latter had on. A dumb and mute fool here for the purpose of masquerading as a good luck charm having the gall to attempt to treat Old Mrs. Hawk? You don't seem to know your own place! "How could we surrender the fate of someone as esteemed Old Mrs. Hawk to a ratty wench like her? A life for a life? Hers isn't worth as much as a finger on Old Mrs. Hawk!" Rachelle held her silence as she could not be bothered to deal with her. That was when she noticed Lisette hyperventilating on the bed. The latter had gone blue in the face and was on the verge of dying. Though alarmed, all she could do was gesture fervently at Jensen. Let me through! We're running out of time! "Who the heck do you think you are! You have no business treating... Old Mrs. Hawk!" Solace howled. In the midst of her unfinished sentence, the neck of the elderly Lisette suddenly fell slump on the bed, and from her mouth came a spurt of crimson. All who were present were shell-shocked, and that sentiment was doubly apparent upon Jensen's face. Taking the opportunity to slip out of his grasp, Rachelle pulled out her acupuncture kit and made a mad dash for the bedside. In response, Solace swiftly shielded the bedridden Lisette behind

her. "What are you trying to do? Keep your hands off Old Mrs. Hawk..." "Let her have a crack at it!" barked Jensen at that juncture. Though he did not vocalize himself at his loudest, it was sufficiently intimidating to get Solace shuddering. Digging her heels in, she said, "Mr. Jensen..."

"That's enough!" Jensen did not even look directly at her. His eyes remained on Rachelle with an indecipherable expression on his face. This girl's thoughts seem to be quite focused on Old Mrs. Hawk behind him, and her anxiousness and concern for her don't appear to be insincere...

Striding up close, he suddenly shot out his hand and grabbed Rachelle by the back of her skull to face her toward himself in a way that had her furrowing and wincing in pain. Da*n it. Can't this jerk even make an effort to be civil? "Your life cannot be staked for this wager because it already belongs to me." Leaning his devilishly beautiful face of his within a hair's breadth away, Jensen's thin lips enunciated his warning to her, word by word, "Now, listen up, and listen well. Should you fail to treat my grandma, I'd make you watch every single member of the Cloudingtons die in excruciating agony!" Would you really do that? It'd be a cause for celebration if all of them were to die in my face! In spite of that, Rachelle dared not let her true sentiments show, and responded by nodding in feigned fearfulness. Once Jensen had loosened his grip, she

immediately rushed over to the bedside to attend to Lisette, for should there be any further delay in administering treatment, even the gods would not be able to save her. With extreme concentration, Rachelle embarked on her lifesaving procedure. Retrieving an assortment of silver needles in various lengths and girths, she inserted them individually into an array of acupoints on Lisette's head. The entire flow was smooth and methodical. Meanwhile, Jensen observed her at work, silently and unflinchingly at the side. This woman's application of the needles is coordinated and effortless... Unsure whether it was his own imagination or otherwise, Jensen kept having the gnawing feeling as to how much the girl's silhouette seemed to resemble that of the woman from the cave. Jensen's gaze then turned frigid. That woman also utilized needles when she ambushed me!

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