

Meeting Her Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Liam pulled out a small bottle from his pocket and offered it to Rachelle. After Rachelle emptied the contents, he asked hastily, “Boss, is it working?” The warm liquid trickled down her throat. It was a comfortable sensation. Rachelle gave him a look. “Done.” Her initial hoarse voice was replaced by a crisp and clear voice. “Boss, where are we going now? Are we going to teach the foolish Cloudingtons a lesson?” Liam asked earnestly. Rachelle replied calmly, “There’s no rush. Let’s go to the black market to sell the stuff in the trunk.” She wasn’t about to expose herself before finding her mother. Thus, she refused to let the beasts in the Cloudington family receive any gifts from the Hawk family. Suddenly, something occurred to Rachelle. She searched herself hastily. “Boss, what’s wrong?” Liam got curious. “I forgot something. Ugh, forget it.” Rachelle let out a sigh. Today should be the best opportunity to get rid of the emerald pendant Jensen gave me! It’s a pity I left home in a rush and left it in the room. I’ll have to do it the next time... Back in the Cloudington residence, Joanie had just woken up. She rubbed her eyes sleepily as she descended the stairs. “Mom, isn’t the mute girl supposed to pay us a visit today? Why isn’t she

here yet?" she grumbled. Pamela glanced at the clock hanging on the wall and snorted icily. "I heard that Jensen is not only ill, he is also abusive. I think he tortured her to her death on their wedding night. She will not return today!" Joanie's eyes lit up at the news. "If she dies in Grand View Manor, will we receive compensation? Mom, my birthday is coming soon. I'd like to hold a grand party and invite all my friends!" She tugged Pamela's hand and acted all cute. Pamela assured her, "Don't worry. Previously, your dad saved his company using the two hundred million the Hawk family gave us. He's in a good mood now, so he'll definitely fulfill your wish. We shall pay the Hawk family a visit tomorrow. Even if she isn't dead, I believe she's half dead from the brute's actions. The Hawk family is a prominent family, so they won't want such news to leak out. We can use the chance to demand more money." My plan is perfect! Pamela was pleased with the plan she came out with. "She's still an asset even when she's dead..." As she was speaking, the housekeeper rushed in briskly. "Madam, the gifts have arrived," she reported. Gifts? Curious, Pamela led Joanie out of the door to see five luxurious cars parked outside. A bunch of bodyguards clad in black suits were busy removing boxes of gifts out of the car trunks. The boxes consisted of branded items and expensive jewelry! The Cloudington family might be

at the bottom of the upper-class society in Beshya and was still considered wealthy, but Pamela had never seen something that grand in her life, ever. Joanie's eyes had widened in shock. "Are these for us?" "Yes. These are gifts for Mrs. Hawk's visit this time. She worked hard to take care of Old Mrs. Hawk back in Grand View Manor," the leader of the bodyguards replied politely but coldly. He glanced around and asked, "Where is Mrs. Hawk? She should've arrived earlier than us." Are these all from Rachelle? Jealousy and hatred overwhelmed Joanie as she gritted her teeth. How could that b*tch lead such a lavish life? She blurted out, "The b*tch-" Pamela promptly covered her lips and flashed a smile. "Rach is having coffee with her father in the study. Thanks for the gifts. Please move them into the house," she responded hastily. The bodyguard shot Pamela and Joanie a look. He didn't comment on their unusual actions and told his subordinates to move the stuff into the house. He then strode to a corner to make a call. "Mr. Jensen, I think Mrs. Hawk didn't come home today. The car from Grand View Manor isn't parked here." "She didn't go home?" Jensen stiffened at the unexpected news. After Little Mute went out this morning, Bram came to me immediately and informed me of her departure. She should've arrived at the Cloudington residence ages ago. Unless something happened on the

way there... Did the old geezer take action as a warning? “Find her,” Jensen ordered coldly.

Twenty minutes later, Jensen received a call in the car. “Mr. Jensen, the driver who was tasked to

send Mrs. Hawk back home was found. He fell off a cliff in his car, and he’s dead.

Mrs. Hawk has

gone missing!” Jensen’s expression grew as dark as thunder. Recalling Rachelle’s innocent face,

he felt strangely irritated. “Find her no matter what. If you fail, don’t bother coming back!” he

commanded. Even if he wasn’t fond of Rachelle, she was still his wife in name.

There was no way

he’d stand by and watch as someone lay a hand on her.

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