

Chapter 332 You Are Abandoned

Alick's face contorted with a tight frown as he stared at the audacious woman standing before him.

There was something haunting about her presence. He couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"Sticking plaster," Alick muttered impatiently.

"If I'm a sticking plaster, then you're a boot-licker," Annis retorted, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

Alick was left momentarily speechless, taken aback by her quick-witted comeback.

Rumor had it that Annis had spent her formative years abroad, but how did she become so adept at effortlessly dissing others in Azmar language?

Her proficiency was disconcerting. It even seemed as though she knew more than she let on.

Annis, seemingly sensing Alick's doubts, said, "Although I grew up here, both my parents are from Azmar. Is it so surprising that I can speak the language?"

As Annis mentioned her parents, her gaze involuntarily fell upon Isaac's face.

His expression remained cold and impassive, clearly indicating his impatience.

Annis's lips curled into a mischievous smirk. "So, I'm your long-lost half-sister, huh? Why do you always wear such a gloomy expression? Who wronged you? I know you don't want to see me. I can vanish from your sight as long as you reveal the location of my mother's grave," Annis

pleaded, her voice filled with desperation.

Isaac abruptly left, ignoring her plea.

Annis was determined to catch up with him, but Alick intervened, attempting to calm her down. "Hey, can you show a little more restraint? Remember, you're a woman," he advised.

Annis felt a surge of anger, and her irritation quickly escalated. "You talk about restraint, so are you still a virgin?" she retorted, hitting a sensitive nerve.

Alick was left speechless, taken aback by her audacity.

"Are you out of your mind?" he exclaimed, astounded by her shameless behavior in public.

He had never encountered such a brazen and ill-mannered woman before.

"Who do you think you're talking to?" Annis refused to back down. She firmly grabbed Alick's arm, demanding an explanation from him.

Alick was growing increasingly annoyed by her persistent actions. In a low voice, he warned, "Let go of me! Don't push me to the point where I have to be rude to you!"

Annis, however, doubted that he would dare to lay a hand on her.

"I won't let you go!" she stubbornly insisted.

"You!" Alick's frustration grew. He struggled to find the right words to respond.

Raising her head with an air of arrogance, Annis resembled a spoiled princess, determined to have her way.

Alick had reached his breaking point. He forcefully pushed her hand away and issued a warning. "Stay away from Mr. Johnston, or you'll regret it!"

With that, he marched towards the waiting car, leaving Annis stumbling and almost losing her balance. Consumed by anger, she quickly caught up to him, gripping Alick's waist and sinking her teeth into his flesh.

"Ah!" Alick exclaimed.

He turned around and found out it was Annis. He didn't dare to hit her, so he could only scold her, "How can you bite me? Are you a dog?"

Isaac glanced out of the car window and instructed the driver, "Let's go."

Realizing the car was about to drive away, Alick panicked, calling out, "Mr. Johnston, I haven't gotten in the car yet!"

Having impatiently waited, Isaac made the decision to leave Alick behind, no longer tolerating the delay caused by Annis's interference.

Relaxing her grip, Annis sneered, "Hmph, you've been abandoned."

Alick remained silent, his shirt lifted to reveal deep, purplish bite marks on his waist.

The corners of his mouth twitched in frustration. "Shrew."

"Who are you calling a shrew?" Annis retorted, her anger flaring.

No woman would take kindly to being labeled as such.

"You, Annis! You're a shrew!" Alick's behavior became increasingly unruly, having experienced a situation he had never encountered before.

He had never been relentlessly bothered and bitten by a woman.

Annis seethed with fury, her eyes turning red as tears threatened to spill.

To an outsider unaware of the situation, it would seem as though Alick was the one who had wronged her.

But in reality, it was Annis who had been tormenting Alick.

"Hey! Don't cry!" Alick panicked, unsure of how to handle a situation where a woman was in tears.

It didn't quite fit the stereotypical image of a man.

Sniffing, Annis spoke through her tears. "Tell me where my mother's grave is, and then I won't cry."

Alick was momentarily rendered speechless.

Once again, he turned away, ready to leave.

But Annis swiftly caught up with him, determined not to let him escape.

He issued a warning. "If you dare to follow me, I'll call the police!"

Annis froze in her tracks, considering her next move.

Isaac had always been cold and unyielding, making it nearly impossible to extract any information from him. However, Alick appeared more approachable and easier to connect with.

With that, she made up her mind to focus on Alick.

With that realization, Annis devised a cunning plan, confident that she had stumbled upon a promising approach.

