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What else could it be? There's no need to hear her explanation. Rune scowled angrily.

Nancy Barrymore, I can't believe you're this despicable.

"No, you've gotten it wrong. Listen to me." Nancy ran out and grabbed his arm uneasily.

"What else could it be?" Rune shoved her away forcefully.

That b*tch!

"I didn't lie to you, right? The recorder is proof." Gabriella seemed proud of herself.

Nancy promptly retorted, "Gabriella, you've gone too far. You know I didn't do it on purpose! Stop exaggerating things!"

What a joke. I have a thousand ways to make you suffer.

Meanwhile, there was a black vehicle speeding down the street. It had already run several red lights.

His heart tight with worry, Jory called Nancy again.

Yet, Nancy couldn't answer her phone right now.

"Who is it? Larry? Or Joan?" Rune demanded.

"Someone on their side, obviously. You should deal with her now as Larry had already heard our conversation," said Gabriella mockingly.

There was a tiny spy camera in the recorder which was hidden inside the cap of the pen. None of them knew Gabriella was smart enough to discover it.

"Do you think I won't look further after discovering the recorder? Ha!" With that, Gabriella crushed the spy camera without hesitation.

She's so cruel!

"Nancy Barrymore, I didn't harm you or yell at you today. Our friendship is over. This is the last time we'll ever meet. Scram! Get out of my sight!" Rune declared vehemently.

That's it? Gabriella's curious gaze landed on Rune.

Indeed, that was all Rune had in mind. There was nothing else he could do. Rune and Nancy were just friends, so she didn't actually betray him.

He could only stop being friends with her.

"Rune, what the heck? She lied to you! Shouldn't you take revenge? Why did you choose to forgive her and let her leave? You're such a coward!" Gabriella felt rage pulsing through her veins.

I've never seen someone as sissy as him! What the heck? How could he choose to forgive her?

"What do you want, Gabriella?" Nancy held her stomach and queried weakly. She seemed to be in pain.

"What's wrong?" Rune knelt down and gazed at her worriedly.

He knew how painful it was to lose one's child. Nancy did something wrong, but he didn't want her to suffer from the same agony.

"My stomach hurts. Rune, send me to the hospital, can you? It hurts," Nancy pleaded, her expression contorting in anguish.

It was hurting too much for her to speak out loud, hence her soft whisper.

"Alright. Come on, I'll bring you there." Rune stretched his hands out to help her up.

"Hey, what are you doing? You've never treated me this way. Do you really believe her stomach is hurting? Rune, are you a fool? Why do you trust her? I feel unwell, too. Do you believe me?" Gabriella pushed his arms away from Nancy.

Rune stood still as Nancy was pregnant. Besides, her due date was close.

"She is clearly in pain," Rune explained.

Good riddance! Let her suffer. Disdain flashed across Gabriella's eyes.

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She deserves it for being friends with that b*tch, Joan! They are all b*tches!

"Rune, my stomach is hurting for real. I need to go to the hospital," moaned Nancy.

Soon, she slumped to the ground as the color drained from her face.

"I need to send her-"

"No need to trouble you. I can do it!" Gabriella pulled Nancy to her feet.

How troublesome! I was also pregnant previously, but I wasn't as fussy as her!

"Hey, are you alright?" Gabriella slapped Nancy's shoulder forcefully.

All she wanted to do was to throw Nancy into the river. Still, as this was Rune's fashion boutique which he had opened with her money, she hesitated. No matter what, Nancy had to leave this store.

"It hurts ... "

Ugh, she's still putting on an act!

"I'll help you out and hail a cab for you to take you to the hospital!" Gabriella proceeded to help Nancy out of the boutique.

She wasn't that kind or free to bring Nancy to the hospital.

They were about to exit the fashion boutique when her phone rang.

Oh, that's fast. He's getting impatient, huh? What a shame.

"I need to take this." Gabriella took out her phone and headed to the washroom.

"Gabriella, keep your hands off Nancy. Otherwise, there'll be hell to pay!" Jory warned.

What did he say? I have proof, though. Gabriella never thought of harming Nancy. It was Nancy who came to her.

"Mr. Synder, what did you say? What can I do? I did nothing," came her deliberate reply.

"That had better be the truth. I don't care about your rivalry with others. You can do whatever you want, but you can't harm Nancy!"

Gabriella thought he was being manly, but Nancy had gotten herself involved.

There was no way she'd let Nancy off easily.

"Mr. Synder, I've always respected you. I had no intention to be your enemy. Yet, Mrs. Synder seems to think otherwise."

Gabriella twiddled her fingers as fury flashed across her gaze.

How dare you order me around? She then hung up and stalked out.

"Help her out and hail a cab for her. Send her off and don't get yourself into trouble," she ordered Rune in a low voice.

Rune thought she was going to let Nancy go, so he immediately helped Nancy out.

After Nancy entered a cab safely, she was wondering why Gabriella allowed her to leave when the cab suddenly slowed down and stopped.

"What's wrong?" Nancy demanded restlessly.

"Miss, I think they are here for you." The cabbie's voice was trembling in fear.

What is going on?

Nancy gazed out of the window in shock. Indeed, a bunch of men had alighted from the vehicle in front of them and were marching over threateningly.

Who are they? What are they going to do to me? Instantly, terror appeared in her gaze. She caressed her belly slowly as an ominous feeling overwhelmed her.

"Get down!" The men came to the cab and knocked on the window.

The cabbie hurriedly wound his window down carefully.

"Hello, can I help you?"

"Didn't you hear me? Get down! If you don't want to die, get down now."

Ah, forget it. My life is more important than this cab.

The cabbie hurriedly got off his cab and stood aside silently with his head hung low.

The men got into the cab, seemingly annoyed.

"What are you doing?" Nancy inquired in a low voice.

Isn't it obvious what we're going to do? The men exchanged glances and guffawed out loud.

"Ms. Barrymore, what do you think we will do?" The man in the passenger's seat turned at his shoulder and gazed at her in amusement.