

No Chance 1991

[Chapter 1991](#)

Closing The Distance

After the call ended, Kaylee fiddled with the necklace she always wore.

The venomous insect was hidden inside this.

Originally, she was looking for an opportunity to slip it into Gareth's body.

That was also why she was so concerned about whether Gareth had been injured before.

The venomous insects were very fragile, but if they encountered a wound, they could sense the smell of blood.

Hence, there was no need to exert much effort.

However, she reckoned getting close to Gareth would still be a problem.

Perhaps that person was right. Julia was the one she should be targeting.

Kaylee tightly gripped the necklace in her hand.

In fact, it was not just a necklace, but also her trump card to defeat Elisa, and, perhaps, her future....

Lunchtime was the best opportunity for her.

Elisa, Gareth, and Bella were all absent, leaving only Julia by herself.

If not now, when would be the right time for me to get close?

Hence, Kaylee got dressed neatly and applied some makeup but deliberately did not cover up her complexion, nor did she put on lipstick. All this was done to show her frail side.

It would also make Julia feel awkward to kick her out.

At noon, in the dining room, even though Julia was the only one eating, there was still a balanced spread of over a dozen dishes.

That was perhaps the reason why Kaylee was willing to put in so much effort and time to marry into the prominent family.

Maria was the first to notice Kaylee, her expression somewhat displeased as she coughed twice.

Julia lifted her gaze, and just then, she saw Kaylee.

Looking elegant and indifferent, Julia simply said in a nonchalant tone, "Ms. Knapp, you're awake."

Kaylee nodded, walking somewhat unsteadily until she reached in front of Julia.

"I'm sorry, Madam Smith, for causing you trouble," Kaylee said, looking truly regretful and self-reproachful. As she spoke, her head dropped, no longer looking at Julia.

Or perhaps it was more accurate to say she didn't dare to look at her.

That was because Julia's eyes were so sharp that they seemed to be able to see through everything.

Kaylee couldn't help but always feel like any little scheme one had would be exposed when it came to

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Julia, giving other people an immense sense of oppression.

Julia put down her cutlery, and immediately, someone handed her a towel to wipe her mouth and hands, along with some water to rinse her mouth.

After she finished cleaning up, she finally spoke. "It's no trouble at all. Having an extra pair of cutlery at home is not a big deal. However..." Julia changed her tone. "I'm just wondering, Ms. Knapp, how long do you plan on staying here? Is it going to be a long stay or a short one?"

Kaylee could only feel her face burning up at that point.

The implication in Julia's words seemed to treat her more like a random stray that needed a place to stay rather than a human being.

Since that was the case, there was no need for Julia to consider the other woman's feelings or thoughts...

Moreover, although Julia verbally insisted she wasn't chasing anyone away, and there wasn't a hint of impatience in her words, she had managed to thoroughly humiliate Kaylee in a subtle, unspoken way.

Kaylee really found it hard to speak for a moment.

However, thinking of the words spoken by the mysterious person, she felt like her bright future was just a month away.

Therefore, she decided to put up with it all.

Kaylee responded, "Madam Smith, I have a request. I'd like it if you'd allow me to stay and keep you company."

Julia didn't expect Kaylee to be so straightforward, and she didn't immediately reject the idea. Instead, she expressed her curiosity, "What's your purpose for staying? To keep me company, or do you have another motive?"

Julia's words were quite blunt, leaving Kaylee feeling quite awkward for a moment.

Nonetheless, she bit the bullet.

"Of course, to accompany you, Madam Smith. Initially, I thought about going back to work at the company. But as you can see, it might not be the best fit for me... and they don't seem too keen on having me back."

Kaylee expressed herself very clearly and elegantly that she was not liked by Elisa.

[Chapter 1992](#)

She stood atop the steps, leisurely gazing at Bella. From her elevated perspective, her gaze seemed to carry a hint of disdain.

“Just hand over the stuff to me.” Her demeanor and tone would make one think that she was the matriarch of the household if they didn’t know better.

Bella was somewhat bewildered, unsure of how Kaylee could speak with such confidence.

When she saw Kaylee at the dinner table, she was still somewhat dissatisfied.

“So, Ms. Knapp, haven’t you recovered yet?”

Kaylee paused just as she was picking up some vegetables, appearing somewhat awkward.

She then shook her head slightly, flashing a weak smile. “It’s probably my chronic illness that had developed way before in the mountains acting up again. The new injuries, coupled with the old ones, have taken a toll on my internal organs, so...”

Bella nodded slightly. Her next question was straightforward. “So when are you leaving?”

Kaylee felt a bit embarrassed. She glanced at Julia, but the latter seemed to have no intention of standing up for herself.

All she could do was swallow the bitterness in her mouth and force a smile onto her face.

“I... I’ll stay and keep Madam Smith company.”

[Chapter 1993](#)

When Bella went to work the next day, she told Elisa about the matter.

This is to prevent Elisa from being caught off guard the next time she returns to Wickam Manor.

Also, Kaylee might even have a chance to act like the matriarch again when the time comes.

I won’t let something like this happen.

Upon hearing this, Elisa furrowed her brows and asked, “Is this what Grandma wants?”

“Yes. I really don’t know what’s gotten into Grandma, keeping someone around who’s clearly got their sights set on Gareth... It’s a good thing he doesn’t come back often.”

Meanwhile, Elisa understood Julia’s intentions quite clearly. All she wants is to keep Kaylee under her watchful” eye so that she won’t be able to stir up any trouble.

At first, Elisa thought the same way.

However, the facts proved that she was wrong.

Moreover, things were fine at the company. Whatever Kaylee wanted to do, it was in the public gaze.

Yet, she was genuinely a bit worried about living and eating together.

[Chapter 1994](#)

Social Engagement

Since the situation is now set in stone, it wouldn't be right to drive her away. All we can do is hope that Grandma will be more cautious.

"What I said before about Kaylee seeming a bit eccentric wasn't without basis. I've thoroughly investigated. and found out that she is a Wyrithian, a clan known for their expertise in casting curses and using poison... Even newborns have to be immersed in jars filled with poisonous snakes and scorpions for three days and three nights."

Of course, these are just hearsay.

As for whether Kaylee really has these skills, that's another matter.

But it's true that I didn't like Keke at first sight. Caution is the parent of safety.

Bella nodded, indicating that she would handle this matter with caution.

"By the way, is everything ready for tonight's social engagement?" Elisa asked.

Bella smiled and replied. "Everything is ready."

Elisa stood up from her seat, ready to leave as she packed her things. While doing so, she said, "We can go ahead, then. Mr. Matthams doesn't like people who are late."

This was a major deal, a tough nut to crack that had been unyielding all along. Bella spent three to four sleepless nights, heading straight to the opposing company to confront their boss. With just ten minutes, he managed to get them to accept their company's proposal.

That led to the opportunity for this meeting.

However, Clusians, especially self-made entrepreneurs, preferred to discuss business over meals, which inevitably involved drinking.

Elisa rarely drank alcohol, a fact that Bella was well aware of.

It wasn't that she couldn't drink, as her liver's alcohol processing function was quite good.

The truth was she just did not feel like drinking most of the time.

Only when one drank warm alcohol could it truly warm one's insides, and it would evaporate quickly, too.

On the contrary, downing bottles of cold drinks was considered harmful to the body.

However, it wouldn't cause much harm to do that once in a while.

Bella gently pushed Elisa back into her chair. "Just sit here. Gareth has already given me a heads-up. How could I possibly let you go?"

Elisa blinked her eyes. "What do you mean?"

Bella responded with a smile, "I know you don't like drinking, and you're not fond of these types of functions either. So, I've already made arrangements. It will be enough for me to go with the project.

team.”

Elisa’s face didn’t look too good. How could she possibly let Bella face all this alone?

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“Then you need to negotiate with them right away. I’m leaving now.” Elisa’s words were almost a command, a rare attitude for her. Bella knew this was a sign of her being in a bad mood.

Bella was stunned for a moment; then she shook her head. “Don’t you trust me?”

Elisa stared at her and responded, “Don’t twist my words. It’s not that I don’t trust you, but do you think it’s possible for me not to be involved in such a big matter? Do you think it’s possible for you to take the project team out for drinks alone?”

Bella chuckled. “What’s impossible about that? How about I make a military pledge to you? If I don’t secure this contract, I won’t come back.” With that, she blinked her eyes and used Gareth as her shield. “Isn’t this mainly Gareth’s idea?”

Elisa wasn’t joking around with her. She stated solemnly, “Bella, you are now working at Benett Corporation, and your only boss is me, Elisa. What others say doesn’t matter. Otherwise, you can go ahead. and work at Wickam Group.”

Upon hearing that, Bella knew that Elisa was truly angry, as she had even resorted to saying such things.

A jolt of surprise hit her, and with a touch of sadness, she realized that Elisa was being genuinely serious.

[Chapter 1995](#)

Dissatisfaction

The only thing Bella could say was, “Gareth isn’t feeling well and wants you to hav

a look, but he was afraid of disturbing your work. He knows you don’t like people interfering with your decisions and company matters, so how could he possibly stick his nose in it? It’s all my own doing. If you want to blame someone, blame me...”

Bella’s words were half-true. Gareth was indeed feeling a bit unwell, but he had no intention of using this as an excuse to bring Elisa back and disrupt her work.

Upon hearing this, Elisa did not relax her stance but instead furrowed her brows even more.

When she heard Gareth was having health issues, she decided not to persist any further.

All she could do then was advise Bella not to force herself to consume too much alcohol.

“And most importantly... always prioritize safety and avoid getting drunk. Bring along the guys from the project team when socializing.”

With a light-hearted smile, Bella agreed to everything Elisa said, then promptly left the office.

Mike found it quite peculiar to see Bella leaving the company with a group of people before the end of the workday.

When Bella passed by, he stood up and glanced at her.

Despite that, Bella stared straight ahead and left.

Immediately after that, Mike couldn't help but try to find out where Bella was heading.

A girl who liked Mike couldn't help but say shyly, "She must be... She must be out socializing, right?"

Mike, with his handsome features and pleasant demeanor, had won the hearts of many young ladies just a few days into his new job.

Mike didn't really care about that, nor did he deliberately distance himself or get too close to them. He just continued to keep others at arm's length.

After all, those people might be of use to him in the future...

Mike nodded. Looking as if he had thought of something, he asked, "Does Ms. Wickam often go out for social engagements?"

The young girl blushed and shook her head, unable to articulate her words properly under the gaze of the person she liked.

"No... that's not it. It's only occasionally. Most of the time, it's people from the project team. But this project is quite important, so Ms. Wickam decided to go personally."

Mike asked again, "Why doesn't the manager go, then? Why does she make her subordinates do all the hard work?"

"Huh?" The young girl probably didn't expect Mike to say such a thing, let alone harbor such resentment toward Elisa. For a moment, she didn't know how to respond.

Mike also realized that his remarks were a bit presumptuous, so he casually switched to another topic.

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The young girl didn't pay much attention to this matter.

Mike seemed a bit distracted all afternoon. He wanted to send a message to Bella, but he wasn't sure how he should do so.

In the end, he had no choice but to let go of that plan. Instead, he casually asked where the social engagement was.

After finding out the address, Mike was weighed down with worries.

Especially after seeing Elisa leave straight after work, he felt even more upset. He muttered to himself, "She gets off work so early and lets those under her work their guts out. Yet, there are still fools willing to do that. I really don't know what they're thinking."

When Elisa left the company, she sneezed several times in a row. She couldn't shake off the feeling that someone was cursing her behind her back.

When she drove home, it was already around six o'clock. The house was quiet, and the lights were off. Elisa thought that Gareth hadn't returned yet.

As she pushed the door open, a figure fainted right at the doorstep.

Even Elisa didn't know where she got the Herculean strength from, but she managed to move the person onto the couch.

All she knew was that, despite Gareth's slender appearance, he was far from light. He was practically crushing her.

[Chapter 1996](#)

Taking Advantage

There's no way I can help him into bed.

Elisa could only resort to the next best thing. With great difficulty, she managed to help the person onto the couch. Then, Gareth started to move again.

The couch was simply too small to accommodate him. It looked like he was about to roll off after barely settling down.

Left with no other choice, Elisa could only sleep next to Gareth for now.

The couch, which was originally quite spacious, seemed cramped once Gareth lay down on it.

All Elisa could do was to rest her hands on her own abdomen in a proper manner. Otherwise, she would have nowhere to lie down.

No one knew if it was intentional, but after Elisa lay down, Gareth's hand led her into his embrace.

Elisa was stunned for a moment, unable to react. By the time she came to her senses and tried to push him away, his strength was surprisingly great. He firmly held Elisa captive in his arms, rendering her unable to

move.

After struggling two or three times without success, Elisa simply resigned herself and lay flat.

Gareth was murmuring something under his breath, a satisfied smile plastered on his face. Elisa couldn't quite catch what he was saying.

One thing was certain; he had been drinking, and quite a lot at that. The smell of alcohol was overwhelming, and his words were somewhat incoherent.

"You're really asking for trouble, drinking so much when you're not in good health," Elisa chided with a chuckle, venting her frustration by playfully poking Gareth's forehead with her finger.

"Stop messing around," Gareth mumbled, gripping Elisa's hand before falling back asleep.

Elisa's face turned crimson. She wanted to push away but couldn't.

I'll just go with the flow. Elisa found a comfortable position and eventually fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Bella arrived at the hotel with the project team.

Immediately, a very polite waiter led the group upstairs.

However, Bella appeared very solemn, twitching at the door for a long time without going in.

Lowering her voice, she advised the people behind her. "Mr. Matthams can really hold his liquor, and he's a fairly upright person. But Mr. Macdonald, who's with him, is a different story. He's not exactly clean-handed and likes to play by unwritten rules. So, if something feels off, stop drinking immediately. Don't force yourself. Especially for the girls, you must take care of yourselves, understand?"

Bella brought along two men and two women, paired up in twos, so they could look out for each other.

The hushed voices of four people came through. "Understood."

Bella gave each of them a hangover remedy before she finally pushed the door open and walked in.

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As for herself, she was confident that she wouldn't get drunk.

Immediately after, Brian Macdonald went forward to greet them, his hand casually holding onto Bella, yet his face was full of righteousness.

"You're here at last. We've been waiting for you, Ms. Wickam. You won't believe how long we have been waiting here for you. When I heard that Ms. Bennett couldn't make it, I was quite disappointed... But thankfully, thankfully, you're here, yes?"

Without revealing the slightest emotion on her face, Bella naturally withdrew her hand and then, promptly took her seat.

A hint of embarrassment crossed Brian's face, but he quickly sat down as well.

His seat was right next to Bella, so naturally, he made some subtle moves on her.

For example, his hand would accidentally touch hers while making a toast.

Otherwise, his hand would somehow end up on Bella's thigh.

Bella had to muster a great deal of strength to keep her temper in check, managing not to lose her cool on the spot.

The people who were brought along couldn't stand Brian's behavior anymore. They started to mingle, offering toasts here and there in an attempt to create some distance between the two.

And so, Bella was able to catch her breath, distancing herself a bit.

Otherwise, no one knew what might happen.

[Chapter 1997](#)

Making A Move

“What happened to Ms. Benett? Is there any way I can be of a*sistance?” Terence Matthams chimed in. His question seemed caring, but in reality, it sounded like an interrogation.

He wanted to know where Elisa had gone and why she did not turn up.

Is she looking down on this function, or is she looking down on me?

Knowing that Terence had previously served in the military, was straightforward, and cared about his reputation, Bella knew she had to come up with a suitable reason. Otherwise, he wouldn't let it slide.

She smiled and responded, “It's something related to Ms. Benett's family. I hear that her boyfriend is feeling unwell, so she has to accompany him to the hospital.”

Her words dispelled Brian's thoughts and also conveyed to Terence that she didn't mean to disrespect him. Elisa just had an urgent matter at hand.

Sure enough, Terence's expression softened considerably. At that moment, the staff responsible for advancing the project began to propose toasts, finally making their move.

Brian, seemingly a bit unwilling to accept how things were progressing, asked, “When did Ms. Benett get a boyfriend? I've never heard of it.”

If it weren't for the setting they were in, Bella really wanted to dump the food in front of her directly onto Brian's head and then say, “Whether she has a boyfriend or not is none of your business. You're certainly not in the running.”

What a pity. These two have such a good relationship. Otherwise, Mr. Matthams wouldn't have brought Mr. Macdonald along.

Therefore, Bella just smiled faintly without saying much.”

After the previous intervention, Brian didn't want to appear too conspicuous, so Bella mainly focused on discussing the matter of the collaboration.

When they were almost finished discussing business, Terence had also had quite a bit to drink.

His speech was somewhat incoherent, but the intention to collaborate could still be vaguely discerned.

“Your company... is quite impressive. Collaboration, let's sign contracts... Excuse me.”

At that moment, Bella couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

The people she brought along, including herself, weren't really drunk.

One of the girls couldn't stand it anymore, so she went out for some fresh air.

The other three people were all right.

Seeing that it was almost time, Bella was about to leave.

It was at this moment that Brian called out to her.

“Ms. Wickam, I noticed you haven’t drunk much throughout the event. What’s the matter? Are you disrespecting us, or do you find the wine here not to your taste?”

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Bella stiffened all over, turning around to see Brian holding a wine gla*s. With a smug smile, he suggested, “How about drinking this gla*s of wine before you leave?”

Naturally, Bella instinctively wanted to refuse, but Brian was relentless, even bringing up their partnership as leverage.

Bella had no choice but to arrange for one of the guys to go and find the girl in the restroom. Immediately after, she had the other guy take another girl and leave first.

She needed to take on the responsibility of wrapping things up, which was to confirm the signing of the contract.

After watching several people leave, Bella was left alone to deal with Brian.

She picked up the gla*s of wine and, under the expectant gaze of Brian, downed it in one gulp. Then, she “accidentally” dropped the gla*s on the floor.

The wine gla*s shattered into pieces with a loud sound.

Brian raised an eyebrow, his interest in Bella growing even more.

With a nonchalant air, Bella casually said, “I’m sorry,” then quickly followed up with, “Now, may I leave?”

Brian nodded and made a gentlemanly gesture. However, his words conveyed a different message. “It’s a pity. I’m afraid you won’t be able to leave.”

Before Bella had a chance to fully comprehend the meaning of his words, she felt the world spin around her. Her vision blurred into darkness, and she promptly fainted.

The only thought before she completely lost consciousness was that the drink Brian handed her must have been spiked.

No wonder he was pushing her for a toast.

[Chapter 1998](#)

Drugged

Watching Bella down her drink in one gulp, Brian couldn’t help but smile.

With a swift hand and keen eye, he caught onto her. Thus, Bella narrowly avoided an intimate encounter with the ground.

As the man held onto the dainty Bella, he instantly felt restless.

He gently caressed Bella's cheek. She is truly soft and tender.

Immediately, he couldn't wait to bring her to the couple's suite in the hotel that had been arranged prior to the function.

Inside, there was a guy who had been waiting for a long time.

Seeing Brian had returned, he quickly stepped forward to assist him.

He was the same person who was ordered by Bella to go and check on the girl who had left earlier.

At that very moment, his true colors were revealed. His face was adorned with flattery and appeasement as he asked, "Mr. Macdonald, did I do a good job on this?"

Brian revealed a smile. "Very good, very good. Well done."

The person was extremely excited, rubbing his hands together. Then, he quickly asked, "So, what do you think about me taking the position of director at your esteemed company..."

Brian waved his hand generously. "No problem. Everything will be arranged."

The man was so thrilled he could almost jump for joy. He glanced at Bella, who was lying in Brian's arms, and couldn't help but drool. He spoke with a hint of regret. "If she hadn't held me back, preventing me from climbing higher, I wouldn't have betrayed her. It's her own fault for not being able to discern who the real talents are..."

The man suddenly changed the topic, his tone becoming somewhat sleazy. "But I really wonder what Ms. Wickam tastes like. I'd love to give it a try."

Upon hearing this, Brian burst into hearty laughter. With his free hand, he patted the man on the shoulder. "Good lad, you remind me of my younger self. Here's the plan. You'll stand guard at the door. Once I'm done, I'll call you in. Sounds good?"

The guy's face lit up with surprise and joy, and he immediately went to the door to get some fresh air. As he was leaving, he didn't forget to close the door behind him.

While he stood at the doorway, he occasionally felt the chill of the wind. Instinctively, he rubbed his hand together. As explicit S**ual images flashed in his mind, it made him feel as if his body temperature had risen significantly.

Inside the room, Bella began to feel a wave of heat consuming her body.

The last drink she consumed contained only a drug that left her powerless, while the aphrodisiac was slipped in by her company employee.

In fact, the two men had reached an agreement earlier that day. They would trade Bella for a position as the director of Brian's company.

This was also why Brian didn't mind when the distance between him and Bella was deliberately increased by others.

Because he knew that she would end up becoming his in the end.

Bella lay on the bed, her hair cascading like a waterfall. Her skin was as smooth as porcelain and so supple. Her face bore a hint of flush from the wine, and her lips moved in a soft murmur. To the man watching, it seemed like an invitation, a deadly temptation...

Brian rubbed his hands together, murmuring to Bella. "I've had my fun with plenty of women, but this is the first time I'm playing with a woman in power." After a strange chuckle, he reached out to undress Bella.

Though unconscious, Bella could still sense someone touching her clothes, prompting her to struggle.

Groggily opening her eyes, she found someone straddling her.

At first, she thought she was dreaming. But when she took a closer look, it was no dream. The man was clearly Brian, the potential business partner.

Seeing Bella open her eyes, Brian didn't show the slightest hint of panic. Instead, he quickened his movements, undressing Bella while asking, "Awake now, Ms. Wickam?"

After realizing the situation at hand, Bella tried to push Brian away.

[Chapter 1999](#)

Trying To Gain Sympathy

Surprisingly, Brian, despite his skinny appearance, possessed quite a strength.

Perhaps it was because the strength between men and women was inherently different, coupled with the fact that the effects of the drug hadn't completely worn off yet.

Meanwhile, Bella was having some difficulty breaking free.

All she could do was watch, wide-eyed, as Brian approached her with his greasy, thick tongue, ready to kiss.

In a fit of urgency, Bella slapped Brian hard.

Her force was substantial, enough to knock his head sideways.

Perhaps it was just like that, which left a sense of resentment in Brian's heart, as he immediately wanted to retaliate.

Bang!

The door was kicked open, followed immediately by a man's cry in pain.

Before Brian could react, he was flipped over, falling directly onto the ground. He accidentally hit his head on the bedside table.

He clutched his head, crying out in pain continuously. Fresh blood was trickling down from his forehead.

Bella felt quite a heavy load lifted from her body. Seeing the fresh blood on Brian's forehead, she sobered. up instantly. She then stared blankly at the newcomer, somewhat unable to react.

Mike directly hoisted Bella around the waist, unable to resist reprimanding in a voice only the two of them could hear, "Why did you let the others leave first? Don't you know you're a girl too?"

Bella parted her lips slightly. Everything had happened so suddenly, and she didn't even know how to begin.

From her perspective, Bella could only see his chiseled side profile and the determined look on his face, accentuated by his prominent eyebrows.

Mike was still holding Bella and hadn't left the room when Brian started to threaten, "Hey, hey, hey. Don't you dare leave. You owe me an explanation. And you, Bella, you've been drugged. Do you know what kind. of drug it is? It's an aphrodisiac from the black market-the kind that can turn even the most virtuous. woman into a wh*re. I'm telling you the truth. If you don't obediently lie beneath me today, you can forget about signing this contract!"

The more Brian spoke, the more smug he became. Toward the end, he even started to bask in his own glory.

Mike originally didn't want to bother, as he just wanted to leave directly.

However, Bella patted his shoulder, signaling him to put her down.

Mike refused, his eyebrows knitted in disapproval. "Do you really intend to lie beneath that old man? If the contract is lost, you can collaborate with others. If the money is gone, you can earn it again... Don't sell yourself."

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Listening to Mike earnestly preaching these profound truths, she simply didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Suddenly, she was a bit curious. What kind of person am I in his c

Intelligent or stupid? Sophisticated or vulgar?

eyes?

Bella spoke in a volume only the two of them could hear. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing... Besides, if it weren't for your timely arrival, this old man would have succeeded. Can't I go and teach him a lesson?"

Upon hearing that, Mike cast a probing glance at Bella, seemingly doubting the truthfulness of her words.

Bella blinked at him, probably in a silent attempt to make the other party believe in her.

Mike then decided to put Bella down.

The moment Bella stood on her own two feet, she felt a wave of dizziness. She couldn't help but marvel at the potency of the drug.

Mike quickly rushed to her side, his face filled with worry.

Bella smiled, indicating that she was fine.

Stumbling along, she made his way toward Brian. Seeing Bella approaching, the man had a smug look on his face.

Relying on contracts, he had not slipped up in all these years.

I said it himself, didn't I? No matter how capable a young girl might be, she couldn't possibly surpa*s me, no?

Ultimately, she has no choice but to try to gain sympathy, no?

[Chapter 2000](#)

Blacklist

With this in mind, Brian shook his head and said, "That's more like it. Those who have tact are wise... Ah

Before Brian could finish his words, his bloodcurdling screams filled the room.

That was the kind of scream that came from the depths of the heart, almost piercing through one's eardrums.

Upon hearing this, the man lying on the ground swallowed nervously, trying his best to make himself less noticeable, fearing he might be the next one.

Mike, standing to one side with his arms crossed before his chest, showed a momentary crack in his expression.

His facial features contorted instantly, all because of Bella's swift, accurate, and ruthless kick. It landed directly on Brian's groin. Just by watching it, Mike could feel a sympathetic twinge, his hands instinctively covering his own crotch.

While doing so, he couldn't help but marvel. Bella is truly ruthless...

But it's only to be expected. In the business world, who isn't ruthless and decisive?

Those who are kind-hearted are not suited to cause harm to others.

After receiving Bella's kick, Brian rolled on the ground while clutching his groin. Blood trickled down from his forehead, spreading across his face, making him look extremely ghastly.

It seemed that Bella was still not satisfied. She glanced at the project team guy, who had been kicked away, and walked over.

The man, seeing the high-heeled shoes getting closer and closer, quickly covered his crotch and begged for mercy, "I'm sorry, Ms. Wickam. I was momentarily misguided and made a mistake. Please give me another chance. At the very least, don't target my precious body part..."

The man spoke pitifully. However, Bella raised her foot and was about to step on him.

The person didn't even have the courage to keep watching. All he could do was close his eyes.

However, the anticipated pain never came.

The man opened his eyes, only to be met with Bella's playful smirk. It was then that he realized he had been made a fool of

A whirlwind of emotions swept over him all at once. There was a sense of relief, like a survivor after a disaster. There was also fear, a lingering dread of the unknown punishment and the consequences of his reckless actions. And, of course, there was regret.

Who would have known that Bella had such a trick up her sleeve?

Who would have thought that this so-called Casanova, Brian, who boasted of having countless encounters with women, would turn out to be so useless?

Bella was not in a hurry to deal with him. She just smiled, acting as if nothing had happened.

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The man also forced out a chuckle, squeezing out a smile that looked worse than crying.

"Ms... Ms. Wickam."

"I'm curious. You're shaking like a leaf now. Where did you get the nerve to work with Mr. Macdonald?"

"I... I..."

The person hemmed and hawed for quite a while, unable to articulate a coherent explanation, probably finding it difficult to broach the subject.

However, everything was clear to Bella.

It seems that Mr. Macdonald, who has been with countless women, guaranteed to provide some sort of financial power in exchange. Then, he indicates that he often engages in such activities.

There were also girls who initially disagreed, but as time went on, they got used to it.

They wouldn't even think about calling the police or anything like that.

Besides, he'll have video recordings, which can be used to threaten the other party.

So there's absolutely no need for him to worry about repercussions.

What he did not expect was that Bella would be such a tough nut to crack.

He never imagined that someone would be there to protect her.

He had truly miscalculated the situation.

With a dismissive scoff, Bella decided not to waste her words on such a person who only bullied the weak and feared the strong.

“You’ve been let go, consider switching careers.”

Just one sentence and all the possibilities for that person were severed.

Being dismissed from Benett Corporation was tantamount to being blacklisted in the industry.

The industries that Benett Corporation was involved in were extensive, and they were influential as well. It was equivalent to directly sentencing that guy to a future without the possibility of engaging in any respectable profession.

The guy’s face turned pale as he sat dejectedly on the ground.