

## NO ESCAPE FROM MR. CEO'S DANGEROUS LOVE

### Chapter 13 Lola's Husband

"Hey, brat! Do you know who I am?" The youngest son of deputy mayor was so scared that he wanted to defend himself by telling others his family.

Turning a deaf ear to him, the others tussled with each other soon.

It was getting dark.

Joey drove his Boss home, running the black Maybach in the night. When the car swept past the SOHO Bar, Joey paid special attention to it, as the bar was owned by their company.

"Eh? Boss, there is a Maserati like yours. Wait. The license plate number is also the same... Boss, is your car stolen?" Joey slowed down to look at that car clearly.

"No, I gave it to my wife." Harry said emotionlessly, which made Joey mistake the accelerator for the brake. The car rushed forward. Luckily, it didn't result in a collision as he kept driving straight.

"Boss, you get married?" Joey could feel that he asked the question in a very weak voice. Why didn't he know such an important thing?

"Yes." Harry admitted directly. Joey headed up involuntarily to check whether red rain was falling. Boss always hated his fiancée. Why did he get married secretly?

"Where did you see that car?" Something was not right. It was so late and that woman still stayed outside?

"Outside our bar, SOHO Bar."

The car, which went straight, turned round at an intersection, and headed for SOHO.

Joey parked the car beside Maserati. Harry got off the car, and lit a cigarette while leaning on the door of the car. He then instructed Joey to check the photo on the passport and look for that woman in the bar.

Two minutes later, Joey ran out, "Boss, a group of people are exchanging blows outside the toilet. I see your wife there. It seems that she is going to... kill a man."

"Show me the way!" Harry strode towards the bar with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Stop it!" All of them were scared by the cold voice from the man, and stopped fighting involuntarily.

They saw a man in a white shirt standing with one hand in the pocket of suit pants and the other holding a half smoked cigarette under the dim light not far away, whose face could not be seen clearly.

He was like a messenger of the dark night, mysterious, cold-blooded and aggressive, chilling people even at a distance. The bystanders in the corridor scattered immediately, and none of them dared to make a sound. Only the DJ music kept playing.

"Who is that? How dare you intervene?" The youngest son of deputy mayor mustered up enough courage to shout, which sounded less arrogant than before at the moment.

"Lola, come here." Only these words made people feel a little warm.

Lola didn't feel pleasantly surprised when she saw Harry here at first sight, but a little bit scared. She was very drunk, when she went to the toilet. Encountering Mike sobered her up a little, while seeing this man sobered her completely, because she remembered that the man hated troubles, and she happened to get some...

Lola walked towards him naturally. The closer they got, the indescribably safer she felt. She obediently stood beside him with fingers moving in a circle. Mike and Zoe looked at her, slack-jawed with disbelief, and forgot their pain.

They had never seen Lola behave in such an obedient way.

"Boss, I have contacted Ben Arnold." Joey said with a low voice, but everyone present heard what he said. Ben Arnold? That well-known mafia boss in Dreles?

This man could even summon Ben so randomly. Who on earth was he?

Nobody spoke then.

Three minutes.

Within just three minutes, Ben, in his pajamas, got here from the bed of a woman, followed by a gang of men.

"Boss, what brought you here?" After composing himself, Ben remembered to make his pajamas neat. Not until then did he realized he put his slippers on the wrong feet.

He dared not offend this boss. If it weren't for Harry, he could not be crowned the Don in Dreles.

The others stood rooted to the ground with fear. Who

on earth was this man? Even Ben called him boss.

Harry's eyes were overcast with displeasure, as he smelt alcohol on Lola's breath and looked at Zoe, who was drunk obviously.

"Let Zoe's friends go. Break one of their arms, and force them out in Dreles, except Zoe and Mike. As for Zoe..."

"No!" Everyone was listening to the sentences, as if Harry was the King of Hell. When he mentioned Zoe, Lola interrupted him immediately and stepped forward like she was protecting her own child. She knew that Harry got angry because she drank with Zoe, but she must protect Zoe, her bestie.





Ben and Joey got nervous. How dared this woman interrupt Harry, and even defy him to protect another man. They really looked forward to seeing her ending.

Harry glanced at Lola with sharp eyes. Lola flinched, "Em, I forced Zoe to accompany me here. Don't hurt him, or..."

Or what? Bargain with him? Threaten him? She was asking for trouble! Joey rubbed his eyes, and stared at Harry's wife with desperate daring.

"Or what? Hum?" Harry pinched her chin and looked at her, sending a warning signal.

"Let's go home, OK?" Lola tried to replace stick with carrot.

Eh. It worked. Looking at the man walking out, Lola followed him excitedly.

Ben was about to talk to Joey, but almost choked on his saliva. Oh, my god. Was he dreaming? It was unexpected that Harry would listen to somebody.

Joey also made a step and mended his pace to follow Harry out.

After Harry left, the room temperature rose quickly. Ben came to his sense, made a gesture to his subordinates behind, and left. Whines and cries for help came behind then.

Zoe and Mike went blank while watching others being beaten, with their brains failing to react to what just happened. Nor did they know who that man was, who appeared suddenly and behaved like a devil. Was he Lola's husband? Both of them figured out who he was at the same time, and looked at each other with a nervous expression.

Mike knew why that man let him and Zoe go - Lola interceded for Zoe, and... He guessed that that man would deal with him personally.

Regardless of the whines behind, Mike drove home in a rush to investigate that man.

In the Crescent Manor.

Lola went home with Harry in the car driven by Joey. As to her Maserati, it was left outside the bar. Harry

closed his eyes for rest without saying a word on their way home, while Lola felt embarrassed to say anything with Joey in the car.

After arriving at the villa, Lola changed her shoes, rushed to her room upstairs, and vomited into the toilet heavily.

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