

NO ESCAPE FROM MR. CEO'S DANGEROUS LOVE

Chapter 5 I Can Help You Revenge

His had aquiline nose, thin lips, and skin kinda fair probably because he studied medicine indoor all the year round.

Chuck Bennet, 26 years old, had inherited the superior medical skill from his family, and was known as a medical genius at a young age. Without seeking help from his family, he invested his own deposits in and established Zoria Private Hospital jointly with Harry.

However, he was cold and eccentric. He seldom made friends with others, except those who he admired.

"I'm done." Chuck took his eyes off the medical equipment, and frowned when he noticed that Lola was looking at him.

With hands in the suit pants pockets, Harry nodded at him. Chuck left with his assistants with no more talking.

The ward fell silent. Harry went back to the desk to check documents in the laptop.

"Hey ..., hello." Lola said after thinking about what to say for a long time.

She wanted to continue but stopped on a second thought. Harry was just looking at her without a word.

"What's wrong with me? Did you send me here?"

"You are sick, and I sent you here." Harry gave her a simple answer and focused on his laptop again.

"Thank you. When can I leave hospital?"

"Tomorrow."

The question was, where could she go after leaving hospital? Her grandfather's home? No, it was too far from here in the countryside. How about Wendy's home? Not likely, as her bed was not big enough for both of them to sleep on it.

She could only turn to Zoe. His apartment with two bedrooms was appropriate. She could live there for the moment, and find a job.

Lola then decided to make a phone call to Zoe. But her phone was lost at her evening birthday party.

"Excuse me, sir, can I borrow your phone?" "Though cold, he may be warmhearted since he has saved me" Lola thought.

"Harry Lewis." She was so noisy that he couldn't concentrate on his work. Hence, he shut his laptop down and told her his name.

"What? Hungry?" Lola heard that word indistinctly and blurted them out when her mind wandered, not knowing what he meant.

Harry's face froze a little more with the eyebrows wrinkling very tightly.

He reached Lola in only two or three strides.

"Woman! Remember your husband's name is Harry. Do I need to teach you how to spell it?" Harry announced, gnashing his teeth and bending down with arms on the bed.

"Nonsense. Do you even know me? How dare you call yourself as my husband. We don't even know

each other." Lola was a little angry. She would cry that "My man was Mike, not Harry" if it were several days ago.

But then she was accompanied by nobody, but herself.

"Lola, Gemini, graduated from the University of Southern California last month, celebrated her 22nd birthday a few days ago, and slept with her man in Room 888 on the 8th floor of the Peninsula Hotel on the same day..."

"Stop, stop, stop!" Lola almost screamed. Who was this guy? Why did he even know she slept with a man?

"You should not interrupt me." He wanted to continue, "You are B-cup, waist size is 70cm, and you have a black mark on your body ..." It didn't look like a born

mole, but was made...

Lola sealed his month with her hand mightily, "Can you just shut up? How did you know? Tell me! Did you peep at me while I was bathing?" She glared at him, which was so cute in his eyes.

After Harry gestured towards her hands on his lips, Lola snatched her hands away and

rubbed them on the quilt as if his lips were not clean.

Harry disdainfully looked at this childish yet stubborn woman, went back to the table, took out pieces of paper from the file, and handed to her.

"A prenuptial agreement?" Lola was confused when she saw the words on the cover and raised her head, while Harry showed a casual and easy facial

expression.

"Yes. You robbed me of virginity. You must take responsibility." Harry threw a heavy bomb at her with ease, which made Lola choke on her saliva.

Oh, my god! He was the man in that night! Take responsibility for him? "You took my virginity too, OK? You stole my lines!" Her eyes almost popped out as she could hardly believe that this man was the one she slept with that night! Yes, it was him! Mr. Escort! She really should get out of bed to beat him to death now!

"All right. Such being the case, sign the agreement!" Harry put one hand in the pants pocket, and passed a high-end fountain pen to her with the other hand wearing a name-brand watch.

"No!" First, though they had sex, they were just

strangers to each other. Second, she was so unfortunate at the moment that she was in no mood to marry. Third, what if he was a human trafficker? It is true that we cannot judge others by their looks. He must be joking!

Harry rubbed between his eyebrows, and his temple was a little bit sore, as it was the first time that he had got rejected by a woman. What's worse, that woman refused to marry him!

"I can help you revenge! Jacob Braxton? Mike Braxton? Howard Ellsworth? Sara Ellsworth? I can take all of them down." His confidence made Lola look him up and down three times curiously.

"And I can help you find your father or your biological parents, whoever you want." Harry never regretted. But he somewhat realized what regret mean at the moment because he felt that he was striving for an

unprofitable business!

"How ungrateful she is! Let's wait and see. I will conquer you and swallow your pride," thought Harry.

"What's your name?" She asked seriously this time.

"... Harry Lewis." Very well! This woman had made him set many new records, including repeating telling the same person his name. It seemed that he should teach her a good lesson after marriage.

Harry Lewis? She remembered! She had heard a lot of this person - a legendary figure in the business world, mysterious, low-profile about personal life, extremely powerful, having lived abroad for a long time. "How can you prove your identity. ID card is useless, as it can be forged."

How to prove? Harry raised eyebrows and leaned

forward to kiss her on the lips. "If you don't believe me, I can repeat our first night here, OK?"

His lips were a little cold, and his pleasant smell made Lola giddy.

"... Hum! I will not marry you. You are so good at hitting on a girl. You must be a pickup artist."

"Pickup artist?" Harry raised his thick eyebrows. The words sounded familiar.

"You have no choice but to marry me." According to the information, she had only two reliable friends - Wendy Hobbes who had saved her life, and Zoe, her buddy. Hm ..., he must guard against Zoe in the future.

Pure friendship ever exists between a man and a woman? Hum, he didn't believe that.

"OK, I will sign the agreement, after you promise me something." Lola gritted her teeth, and made a decision, which will determine her destiny.

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