Chapter 13

"That's correct, theoretically."

Wendell tried hard to hold back his urge to mock Sally. "If you obediently take off my shirt and give me a kiss, maybe I'll lose interest in you."

A hint of cunning flashed in Sally's eyes.

However, she nodded earnestly. "Alright, I'll listen to everything you say."

Wendell could not hold it back anymore. While laughing, he waved at the two men in black who were holding her down. "Let her go!"

He wanted to see how silly this country girl was!

The men in black did as they were told.

"You're not going to pull any tricks, right?"

Wendell said with a smile as Sally walked close to him.

"There are three of you. What can I possibly do?"

Sally smiled earnestly and walked up next to him. "This is what you said. I'll take off your shirt and give you a kiss.

"Keep your hands away from me."

Sally tried to hold back her disgust. She pushed away his hands that were gripping her body, and slowly undid the buttons on his shirt.

One button, two buttons...

Wendell's heart burned with desire as he watched the side profile of the young woman who was focusing on taking off the buttons of his shirt.

However, he really wanted to see Sally when she was pliant, so he had to restrain himself.

She was too slow.

Every time she undid a button, she would carefully straighten the wrinkles of his shirt.

Wendell did not have the patience.

He was just about to ask Sally to hurry up when suddenly, he realized something cold and hard was pressing against his heart.

He lowered his head to look. Panic flashed in his eyes.

Sally was holding a small folding knife and was aiming it at his chest.

"I haven't introduced myself. I'm a medical student, and I major in cardiac surgery."

Sally's chirpy voice had a dangerous edge to it. "If I stick the knife in from this spot, your heart will be sliced into two neat halves. Don't believe me? I'm at the top of my class."

Cold sweat broke out on Wendell's forehead.

He had never been threatened with a knife before.

He gritted his teeth. He wanted to pull away but realized that his jacket had somehow been fastened tightly.

He could not get away. He was utterly helpless.

"Sister-in-Law...."

Wendell squeezed a meek smile on his face and began to beg. "No matter what you think of me, I'm Elijah's cousin after all. If you do anything to me, how would you explain it to the family...

"Just calm down..."

"So, you still remember that I'm your sister-in-law?" Sally smirked. "Are you going to explain to the family what you did to me earlier?"

Wendell went pale. "I..."

"Did you think that just because Elijah's presence is negligible in the Moses family, that you can do whatever you want to me?"

"Do you think that Elijah can't do anything to you just because he is blind and powerless? Hm?"

Wendell lowered his head, looked at the shiny silver blade pointed at his chest, and nodded. "Yes..."

Sally's heart sank.

She recalled the scene in the Moses house from yesterday. Her husband had turned his unseeing eyes to the moon and said that he did not have any relatives.

Her heart ached every time she was reminded of that forlorn, lonesome voice.

"From now on, I will protect Elijah."

She took a deep breath and opened her mouth again. "I might be a little silly, and you might think that I'm not at the same level as you.

"But I can promise you that I'm an ace medical student."

She deliberately twisted the knife in her hand. "I've learned about how to slice a heart in two equal halves. I can equally split it in three too."

Wendell's body started shaking.

He could see the cruelty in Sally's eyes.

He did not expect that the young woman, who had been obediently and innocently taking off his shirt earlier, would be looking at him with those eyes in the next moment!

He could tell that she was dead serious.

He knew that if he crossed Elijah again, she would stab that knife into his heart without any hesitation!

'Scary...

'Ace medical students are too scary...'

Sally took another deep breath.

She had said what she wanted to say. Wendell was intimidated, but how was she going to get away?

Wendell had stationed his minions on the corridor outside.

She might have subdued Wendell, but his minions still had Evonne in their hands.

They could use Evonne to threaten her to let Wendell go.

Without Wendell as her hostage, the two defenseless girls would not be able to fight against Wendell and his minions.

Wendell would definitely return the favor tenfold.

However, she could not ignore Evonne either...

Sally, deep in thought, did not notice that the hand holding the knife against Wendell's chest was wavering.

Wendell was drenched in cold sweat.

Was Sally looking for the correct spot to plunge the knife into his body?

His legs started shaking.

Wendell's parents had always spoiled him. Thanks to Daniel Moses and Lucille Horn, he had never faced any hardships in life, even though he was already thirty years old.

He was almost reduced to tears when the knife was held to his chest.

"Bang!"

The study room was kicked open.

Outside the door stood Ol' Joe and Pierre the butler.

In front of Pierre was Elijah in a wheelchair.

Sunlight shone in through the window onto Elijah's back. He looked like he was a hero enveloped in a golden aura.

Sally's heart thumped violently when he saw the man with a black silk ribbon around his eyes.

'Is... he here to save me?'

"Waaaah! Save me! I'm dying!" Wendell shrieked suddenly.

Sally furrowed her brows. When she came to her senses, she realized that the knife in her hand had ripped Wendell's shirt.

A smudge of blood seeped out from beneath Wendell's white shirt. Wendell pressed on his chest and wailed pathetically.

The veins on Sally's forehead bulged.

Judging from the amount of blood on his shirt, the knife had only drawn a superficial gash. Was there a need for him to overreact?

Moreover, she did not even move...

"Send him to the hospital," Elijah said coldly.

Pierre nodded. He turned to comfort Sally, "It is not your fault, Madam.

"He wanted to sneak away while you were not looking, but misjudged the distance and inflicted the wound upon himself."

Sally was speechless.

'Is Wendell Moses that stupid?'

A minute later, Ol' Joe carried the whimpering Wendell into the car and drove to the hospital.

"The wound doesn't seem deep, looking at the amount of blood."

Sally bit her lip. "I didn't touch his vital organs. I'm sure of that."

She carefully walked over and stood behind Elijah. "I've accidentally hurt him... will Grandpa blame me?"

"Are you afraid?"

She shook her head. "I'm not afraid. I did nothing wrong."

Elijah smiled. "Then, are you OK?"

"I'm fine," Sally said as she kept her knife. "When did you come?"

"When you said that you will protect Elijah."

She coughed lightly, then picked up her backpack and went to the corridor to tidy up the things that she managed to salvage from the burning brazier.

"Are you OK, Sal?"

Evonne helped her tidy up. Her eyes were red with tears. "I was so afraid that he might..."