

Only For Her 20

Chapter 20 Kidnapped

Queenie had this strong urge to ruin Sophie's life completely; nothing could make that idea vanish from her head.

She wanted Sophie to meet a fate worse than death, and she would make Cyro see the latter's true color.

Queenie phoned her elder cousin, who was involved in the underworld.

"Hey, you've always fancied Sophie, right? She's back."

When it was time for physics class, Carrie, their teacher, slammed the pile of test papers on the table the moment she entered the classroom.

"What is going on with this class? The questions are so simple, yet your answers are absolutely absurd! Out of all thirty classes in this grade, this class is at the very bottom!"

"Well, that's to be expected, Mrs. Fletcher, given somebody here got a zero," commented Queenie coldly.

At her words, Carrie glared at Sophie. Her eyes became increasingly malicious.

“Sophie, you can be a failure all you want, but don’t bring other people with you.”

Raising her head, Sophie retorted, “I’ve never disturbed you while you’re teaching, have I, Mrs.

Fletcher?”

“What do you mean by that? Are you expecting a thank you from me?”

“Of course not.”

“People like you are useless to society. I don’t even know why you exist in this world.”

“Don’t you think you’re too much, Mrs. Fletcher?” uttered Ysabelle, as she could not stand it any longer.

“Do people with bad grades deserve to be insulted like this? As a teacher, you’re supposed to have morals.”

“You aren’t that good either, Ysabelle. Look at your grade. It’s trash.”

Carrie could not control her emotion. She had a fight with her husband at home, and she vented her anger out on her students.

Hearing what she said, Ysabelle was enraged. “You—”

“If we manage to get good grades, would you apologize?” questioned Sophie icily.

“You? Good grades?” An outcast like you?

"I hope you'll apologize to the whole class after the monthly test, Mrs. Fletcher."

"Fine. I don't expect much. I'll apologize as long as you pass this subject, but if you don't, leave the school. Don't be a drag to everyone else."

Carrie had no faith that Sophie would pass at all.

Even so, Sophie ignored her. I can't believe there's such a teacher in high school.

After the class, Ysabelle worriedly ran to Sophie and sat beside her.

"Soph, you were so impulsive. Physics is tough." Although she was serious about her studies, physics was just too difficult a subject. Moreover, Sophie had never paid attention in class before, so how could she pass?

"Don't worry about that."

After the incident, Sophie listened to the lectures mindlessly, but at least she never dozed off.

"Does Sophie think she's a genius or something? How would a failure like her become a top student?"

"She's overestimating herself. It's only a matter of time till it backfires on her."

"Yeah, and she even provoked Carrie. She's doomed."

Everyone in the class disliked Carrie, for she was too emotional—she was always in a bad mood with the class for no reason at all.

However, they also scorned Sophie, although she never did anything to them. It was just that she was too beautiful for their liking.

When it was half-past six, Ysabelle returned to the school to self-study. Arriving at the school entrance, she spotted the pale Queenie crouching there.

Initially, Ysabelle wanted to ignore her, but Queenie seemed to be in pain, so she retreated.

“Are you all right, Queenie?”

“My tummy hurts, Ysabelle. Please take me to the hospital.”

Seeing the state Queenie was in, Ysabelle helped her.

As she did not make an appearance in the class until seven o’clock, Sophie went out and dialed her number.

“Where are you, Ysabelle? Why aren’t you here yet?”

“Hello, Sophie. It’s me. If you want nothing to happen to Ysabelle, come over here immediately.”

Upon hearing Queenie’s voice, Sophie frowned.

“Queenie, I swear, if there’s even a scratch found on Ysabelle, I will beat you to death.”

Not replying to that, Queenie only sneered. Now that I have Ysabelle, she’d better watch her attitude.

“Come alone. If you dare call the police, I’ll ruin Ysabelle’s face.”

With that, Queenie hung up and sent an address to Sophie using Ysabelle’s phone.

“Queenie, do you know who I am? How dare you kidnap me!”

“You can’t blame me for doing this, Ysabelle. Blame Sophie instead. If it weren’t for her, you wouldn’t have ended up like this.”

“You’re f*cking ill, Queenie!” I seriously wish I could slap this b*tch!

Not wanting to hear Ysabelle’s nonsense any longer, Queenie ordered, “Tape her mouth.”

Right after her words fell, a thug came forward from behind and taped Ysabelle’s mouth with duct tape, which enraged the latter even more.

D*mn it! I’m going to teach these thugs a lesson!

“Queenie, will Sophie really come here?” asked Harvey Lane, Queenie’s cousin. He had fancied

Sophie in the past. Even after years passed by, he still could not forget about Sophie.

“Yes, she’ll definitely come.”

Harvey’s involved in the underworld. There’s no way Sophie can escape tonight.

Just then, Sophie arrived.

They were at an abandoned factory. Once she opened the door, she immediately spotted Queenie and the others.

Sweeping her gaze around the surrounding, she then noticed Ysabelle tied to a chair.

With a tight frown, Sophie approached Queenie step by step.

“How dare you, Queenie!”

Queenie merely scoffed, unaware of what was to come.

“Let her go.”

“Let her go? Are you kidding me?”

“Don’t you know what you’re doing is against the law, Queenie?”

“Stop trying to scare me, Sophie. I’m not frightened. Harvey, you’ve liked her for a long time, so go tie her up. She’s all yours tonight.”

Harvey stared at Sophie. It’s been five years, and she’s even more attractive. I can’t look away.

Sophie was also staring at him.

In awe, Harvey asked, "Sophie, do you remember me?"

"Tie her up, Harvey," uttered Queenie impatiently. No matter what, I have to teach this ignorant woman a lesson tonight.

With the way Harvey was staring at her, Sophie could not help but smile.

"You like me?"

"Yes," replied Harvey, not trying to hide his feelings at all.

"Then help me tie Queenie up."

"What?" Harvey asked in uncertainty.

"You said you like me, right? So help me tie Queenie up. What? You can't even do something as small as this for me? Are you sure you like me?"

Sophie sounded nonchalant, but it was exactly this attitude, coupled with her godly appearance, that made people attracted to her. She was like a witch.

Seeing Harvey remaining motionless, Queenie began to panic. "What are you waiting for, Harvey?"

Don't you want her?"

"This is your so-called 'like'? Forget it. Many people like me, anyway. What's the point of dwelling on this matter with you for this long?"

"Don't listen to her, Harvey." Queenie was panicking by now. How can Sophie remain like this even at such a moment? There's not even a trace of worry on her face. I have to tear down her facade.