

Chapter 5 Did Greyson Want Her Dead

Candice found it hard to breathe.

The darkness heightened her anxiety.

What did Madilyn mean?

Did Greyson want her dead? She was raped, divorced, and had her family's formula taken away.

Now, he wanted her dead?

Was Madilyn not the only one who wanted to hurt her? Was Greyson in cahoots with her?

She couldn't believe it.

She heard Madilyn's mad laughter getting further away from her. It seemed she was leaving.

She was left alone with the hooligans, and they dragged her away. She didn't know where they were taking her.

Candice had been dragged around for about half an hour.

She took a deep breath and forced herself to calm down. The place where she and Madilyn met was near the residential area about to be demolished in the south of the city. Many residents had already moved away.

No one would be here at night.

"This girl is hot. How about we have some fun with her first?"

"Don't risk it. Just kill her and throw her into the basement. When the demolishers come and destroy the place tomorrow, no one will know how she died."

"That will be a pity! She's really hot. Let's enjoy ourselves first. There is no rush anyway."

"Yeah, I'm aroused just by looking at her."

"Fine, but be careful. Don't give her a chance to get away."

The hooligans eyed Candice lewdly as they laughed.

Candice was in despair when she heard their plan. She struggled and kicked with every last ounce of strength she had left, leaving red marks on her wrists where she was tied.

"Damn it!" cried one of the hooligans as he kicked her hard.

Candice bent over from the pain.

Suddenly, another hooligan shouted, "Who is there? I'm warning you. Mind your own business and get out of here!"

Was someone around?

Sure enough, Candice heard footsteps approaching.

It was her opportunity to be saved! She tried her best to break free from the hooligans and rush to that person. As she fell down on the ground, she held on firmly to one of his legs.

She couldn't see anything, but that was the least of her concern.

With a hoarse voice, she whispered, "Help me!"

The man frowned as he looked at the woman on the ground. Her head was covered with a black sack, and her clothes were dirty.

He took a step back in disdain.

However, Candice tightened her grip and refused to let go.

One of the hooligans got annoyed and lunged over. "Fuck off! Or I'll beat you two up!" he scowled.

The man frowned harder and kicked the hooligan away.

The hooligan fell to the ground and couldn't get up again.

Then, Candice heard all the hooligans screaming. She fumbled around for some broken glass and quickly cut the rope around her wrists. When her hands were finally freed, she hurriedly took off the sack on her head.

She was greeted by the sight of the hooligans struggling painfully on the ground.

The man who helped her was already leaving. She could only see his back.

Maybe it was because he rescued her, or maybe due to some other reason, she vaguely felt a sense of familiarity with him, as if they had crossed paths before.

This man helped her knock down the hooligans but left her behind. He didn't even untie her and just left without saying a word. So, did he intend to save her or not?

Nevertheless, it didn't matter as she was saved.

Candice left the area in a hurry. She kept running until she arrived at the main road.

She couldn't help trembling when she recalled what had happened earlier.

She trudged numbly forward aimlessly.

Just then, a black Benz pulled over beside her, and Greyson got out of the car.

She didn't know how he found her.

However, Candice was suddenly frightened. Her face turned pale, and she took a step back instinctively.

Did he know that she was still alive, so he came to settle the matter in person? Was it necessary for him to kill her?

Greyson gazed at Candice's alarmed expression and realized she had her guard up. He wore a long face and took a step closer.

Candice took another step back and said in a terrified tone, "Are you disappointed that I'm still alive?"

"What?" he asked with a frown.

She sneered in disdain, "Don't you want me dead?"

"What are you talking about?" Greyson asked in confusion. He glared at her and continued suspiciously, "Why are you inching away? Are you feeling guilty?"

Seeing that Candice was not replying, he demanded impatiently, "Madilyn has been kidnapped. Are you involved in it?"

Candice was stunned. Madilyn had been kidnapped? How was that possible? Did Madilyn learn about her escape, and now she wanted to frame her?

As Candice continued remaining silent, Greyson looked at her in contempt.

"I'm warning you, Candice. You'd better not pull any tricks. If anything happens to her, I will kill you!" he warned disdainfully.