

Pregnant 631

Chapter 631: The Identity of Jeanne's Mother Exposed, Alexander's Tragic Ending

"In other words, she wanted to take Lawrence Enterprise as her own! Your mother could also give the company to you to give you a better life!" Alexander refuted Jeanne.

"My mother wasn't short of money." Jeanne said, "Where do you think my tens of billions came from?"

Alexander stared at her with wide eyes.

Half of it was what her mother left her, and the other half was... Kingsley's.

Jeanne said, "Moreover, with my mother's ability, if she wanted the Lawrence Enterprise, wouldn't she get her hands on Lawrence Enterprise's shares? Yet, she didn't take any of the company's shares, which showed that even though she was in charge of managing the company, it still belonged to the Lawrences."

Alexander clenched his fists.

He did not want to believe it.

He refused to believe that Penelope did not want Lawrence Enterprise for herself!

His expression was ugly as he said fiercely, "If she really didn't want Lawrence Enterprise, why did she refuse to let go of the company's management rights? Isn't that contradicting?"

"Of course not." Jeanne said, "It was because you guys were too stupid. If she didn't hold on to the management rights, you guys would try your best to stop her from making decisions. Then, how can she develop Lawrence Enterprise to greater heights? She only did it to prevent you guys from dragging her down."

Alexander still did not believe it. To be more precise, he did not want to believe that he had misunderstood Penelope.

Jeanne said, "If it weren't for you killing my mother back then, the current Lawrence Enterprise would probably be on par with the current Swan Enterprise. Then, why would you need to constantly curry favor with the Swans?"

"I won't believe your nonsense. I won't believe it!" Alexander said with certainty.

It was clear that he was starting to feel guilty.

Jeanne said, "It's fine if you don't believe it. I just wanted to explain everything to you before you die. At least now you know how stupid your decision to kill my mother back then was. Although you didn't have a wife who loved you very much, you could at least have unlimited wealth and glory. And although you couldn't disclose it, at least you had a family with two children. But unfortunately, you had to ruin such a good thing going for you."

"I didn't!" Alexander roared angrily as if it had hit his nerve. He raged on. "Your mother deserved to die for scheming against me like this! I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't do anything wrong!"

"That's right. Whether you regret it or not, that's your business. But let me tell you, the Lawrence Enterprise that originally belonged to the Lawrences will, just as you thought, fall into my hands, someone who isn't a Lawrence. I, who am not a Lawrence, will also tear your family with two children apart. They would wish they were dead!" Jeanne looked at Alexander going mad. "This is the retribution you received for choosing to kill my mother back then. Are you satisfied with this retribution?"

"Jeanne!" Alexander roared heart-wrenchingly.

Nevertheless, Jeanne kept her indifferent attitude toward him.

The truth was as such. If Alexander did not have the heart to kill her mother back then, he would not end up in the position he was today.

Unfortunately, Alexander was too cruel.

Her mother might not have thought that Alexander would be so cruel, or perhaps she did, but she did not think the Lawrences could touch her with their ability.

Jeanne suppressed her emotions.

All these years, she had endured it.

Ever since Kingsley told her about the cause of her mother's death, she had been harboring hatred deep inside her.

Now that Jonathan was dead, and Alexander was about to die, the Lawrences would be hers sooner or later.

Then, Jenifer and Joshua would probably seek their own death.

The entire Lawrence family would soon be in shambles.

Now, her revenge was half complete. As to the other half...

Jeanne's eyes narrowed.

One day, it would all be avenged!

With that, she got up and left the detention center.

For her, seeing Alexander with this ending was enough.

When she walked out of the detention center, Finn was leaning against the car and smoking.

Seeing Jeanne come out, he put out the cigarette and got into the car.

Finn drove Jeanne back, and the two of them did not talk much on the journey.

They were not that close even though they had two important people who were very close to each other.

The car soon arrived at Bamboo Garden.

However, Jeanne did not get out immediately, and Finn did not urge her to.

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He could tell that Jeanne's mood was low after she came out of the detention center.

It was probably because it was her father, so she would still be somewhat emotional.

However, she was just more tolerant than the average person.

Only after a long time did Jeanne open the car door.

The moment she got out of the car, she said, "Will you be following me for this period of time?"

Finn was startled, but he nodded slowly. "Yes. Fourth Master has told me to take good care of you."

"Does he really mean that?" Jeanne turned her head to look at Finn.

Both their gazes met, and Finn dodged her gaze.

At that moment, Jeanne's gaze made him feel a little overwhelmed, and he had a feeling that Jeanne knew a lot of things.

He said, "Fourth Master only told me to take good care of you."

Jeanne smiled and said, "And keep an eye on me in the meantime."

Finn pursed his lips.

He was not a person who was good at expressing himself.

There were some things that were hard for him to say, but at that moment, he managed to explain to Jeanne, "Fourth Master loves you very much."

Jeanne looked at Finn.

"He's worried about your safety," Finn added.

Jeanne smiled.

However, he would still be on guard against her.

She said, "Thank you for sending me back. Be careful on your way back."

With that, Jeanne got out of the car and left without saying anything more.

Finn, on the other hand, stared at Jeanne's back.

He did not know what kind of relationship Fourth Master Swan and Jeanne had, but he knew very well that Jeanne would never be in danger by Fourth Master Swan's side.

At least, her life would not be in danger.

It would all depend on Jeanne's final choice!

...

Jeanne had just left in the detention center when Jenifer brought Joshua to see Alexander.

The moment Alexander saw Jenifer, he began to break down again.

He said, "Have you thought of a way to save me? Have you thought of a good way to save me?"

Although Jeanne had angered him until he was almost driven mad, what he cared about the most now was whether he would be sentenced to death — whether he would die immediately!

However, Jenifer was still putting on an act at this point. Back then, her so-called love for Alexander was only because she wanted to marry into a rich family. She was just greedy for vanity, and in terms of how much she really felt for Alexander... To her, she loved Alexander's wealth even more!

Yet now, she did not want to blow up the "relationship" with Alexander yet. After all, she still wanted Alexander to transfer all of his 5 percent shares to Joshua.

She said, "Don't worry. I'm already looking for a lawyer to settle it. I'll think of a way to get the court to deal with it as leniently as possible."

"You have to think of a way. I can't die like this!" Alexander ordered.

He could not die and refused to die like that.

He still had to kill Jeanne and avenge himself!

"Okay," Jenifer agreed immediately and said, "Alexander, I have something important to tell you."

"What is it?" Alexander looked at Jenifer fiercely.

At the thought of what Jeanne told him just now, he suppressed his anger.

He did not want to believe Jeanne at first, but his thoughts would inevitably guide him that way.

Especially when Jeanne said that with Penelope's ability, she would have taken Lawrence Enterprise for herself long ago if she wanted to. She would not have held the management rights for so many years and not taken any shares. According to common sense, he could not refute that theory. Thinking back, if it were not for him killing Penelope back then, perhaps it would really be like what Jeanne said. The Lawrences would be able to stand side by side with the Swans now, and he would still have a family with both children!

He would not have ended up where he was now!

His veins were popping in anger, but he held it in at that moment and did not say it out loud.

If he said it out loud, he would only humiliate himself and regret his actions even more.

"Now that Jeanne is threatening our family, I'm afraid she'll snatch Lawrence Enterprise from us. In that case, you should transfer your shares to Joshua first. Only once Joshua has more shares in his hands and becomes the chairman will he be able to go head to head with Jeanne," Jenifer said straightforwardly.

“Have you thought of how to deal with Jeanne?” Alexander asked.

“There will always be a way.” Jenifer did not want to explain so much to Alexander now.

He was about to die anyway, so it was useless for her to tell him more.

“You can’t win against Jeanne. Even if I give you all my shares, you can’t win!” Alexander gritted his teeth.

He finally understood why Jasmine and Joshua were so useless!

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It was because they were all his biological children, but Jeanne was not.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got!

“No matter what, the more shares we have, the more we have the right to speak in the family. Alexander, don’t think too much about it. Just transfer the shares first.” Jenifer did not want to waste more time, so she took out a transfer form and asked Alexander to sign it.

Alexander took a look at it.

No matter what the circumstances were, he was actually against transferring the shares to Joshua even though he planned to do it.

He said, “What’s the rush? I still have something to say.”

Alexander still held the poise of the head of the family. He wanted to tell them that Jeanne was not his daughter and that she was not qualified to inherit his and Jonathan’s inheritance.

However, before Jenifer could speak, Joshua could not hold it in any longer. “Dad, you’re going to die. Tell us! We’re in a rush!”

“Who says I’m going to die?” Alexander was furious.

“I’ve asked the police. You’re charged with intentional homicide, and it’s the worst in terms of severity. Once you go to court, the sentence will be immediate death! And if you die, your inheritance will be divided equally. So, before you die, transfer your shares to me!”

“Didn’t you promise to bring me a lawsuit?” Alexander’s face was pale.

He was frightened again after hearing Joshua’s words.

“Forget it. I’ll explain it to you clearly so you know the situation you’re in!” Joshua said fiercely. He did not care about the fact Joshua was his father. “About you killing my grandfather, they already have all witnesses and evidences. Even the Gods can’t help you anymore. My mother only agreed to it so that you wouldn’t be too sad, yet you’re still so naive to think you can live and even get out of this cell. Dad, now I finally understand why you haven’t achieved anything after so many years. It’s because you’re useless!”

“Joshua!” Alexander roared at Joshua.

He did not expect that after being ridiculed by Jeanne, he would also be scolded by Joshua.

“What I said is the truth! Anyway, we don’t want to waste our time on a dead person like you. We still have a lot of things to do! Hurry up and sign the document!” Joshua was ordering him.

Alexander was so angry that his body was trembling. “You’re going against me now, aren’t you?”

“So what if we are? I really hate you to the core. I hate having such an incompetent father that has caused us to suffer for so many years. If only you were capable enough, our family wouldn’t have ended up like this!” Joshua looked at Alexander without the slightest bit of respect for the latter anymore. Instead, his words were deliberately said to hurt Alexander, and he said fiercely, “I want you to sign it. Sign it right now!”

“I won’t sign it!” Alexander was also so angry that he wanted to slap Joshua to death.

“In that case, don’t blame me for being rude.” Joshua gave the two prison guards beside him a look.

Suddenly, the prison guards restrained Alexander.

Alexander looked at Joshua in disbelief. He could not believe that his son, whom he had always valued, would treat him like that.

“Eden has done some arrangements and bribed the police here, so you’d better sign it honestly. Otherwise... don’t blame me for being rude to you!” Joshua threatened.

“How dare you! How dare— Ah!” Alexander suddenly screamed.

Then, countless fists kept landing on his body.

He was in so much pain that he lay on the ground, screaming non-stop.

It went on for a long time until Joshua finally made the police stop. He squatted down and pulled his father’s head. “Are you going to sign it now?”

Alexander looked at Joshua fiercely.

He never imagined there would come a day when Joshua would treat him like that!

“Fortunately, my mother expected you would be reluctant to give up your shares. Hence, she told us to prepare in advance so that you would have to sign,” Joshua said mercilessly.

Alexander endured the pain in his body and looked at Joshua. “I’ve always treated you so well, yet how dare you treat me like this now? Y-Y-You... You unfilial son.”

“No matter how bad I am, I learned it from you. At least I wasn’t cruel enough to kill you, who mercilessly killed my grandpa. Dad, you put yourself in this situation. If I didn’t see how cruel you could be to grandpa, I wouldn’t treat you like this! You deserve it!”

“Y-Y-you...” Alexander was so angry that he could not speak.

At that moment, he was on the verge of breaking down, and his expression was ferocious.

“Sign It!” Joshua was starting to get impatient.

He believed his father’s incompetence was the reason why he had to go through all this.

If his father were not so incompetent, the family would not have been crushed by Jeanne at every turn!

“Don’t waste any more time. Sign it.” Jenifer did not seem to have much patience either.

Alexander’s bloodshot eyes glared at Jenifer.

“How can you let him treat me like this?” Alexander asked her fiercely.

“At this time, why do you have to make yourself suffer?” Jenifer still looked kind.

“Jenifer, haven’t I been good enough to you all these years?”

“That’s what I deserve!” Jenifer could no longer keep up with the act.

“What did you say?”

“I’ve worked so hard all these years. I deserved everything I got!” Jenifer shed all pretense of cordiality with Alexander. “Do you think I like you? I just want your money. Now that you’re useless, I don’t have to please you anymore. Alexander, you’d better sign it right now, or don’t blame us for being rude to you!”

Alexander simply stared at Jenifer and Joshua.

He could not believe he would end up in this situation.

It was karma!

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In the detention center, Alexander glared at Jenifer and Joshua. He finally saw how cold-blooded they were toward him.

To think he would end up in this situation in the end.

His entire body was in excruciating pain, and he seemed to have lost consciousness.

He said fiercely, “I won’t sign it!”

“Alexander, you don’t want to live anymore, do you?” Jenifer’s disguise had disappeared, and her tone was threatening.

“Either I won’t be sentenced to death, or you’ll wait for me to die and for the inheritance to be evenly distributed!” Alexander raised his voice. He was probably fuming.

Although he had not achieved anything in his life, he had never thought he would live such a miserable life!

He had been raising someone else's daughter, the woman whom he had thought like him only coveted his money, the son he had always wanted to nurture was actually an ingrate, and now, he was about to be sentenced to death.

"Hahahaha..." Alexander suddenly laughed crazily.

That was the life he thought was good!

His craziness made Jenifer and Joshua's faces extremely ugly.

Fortunately, they had expected Alexander to threaten them with the shares.

With Alexander, a person who would not take responsibility for things and only choose to run away, he definitely would not give them his only bargaining chip so easily. He would definitely use the bargaining chip to ask them to do a lot of things, but now, they did not want to waste time dealing with him.

Jenifer gave Joshua a look, which Joshua immediately understood.

He grabbed Alexander's hand fiercely and placed the share-transfer document in front of Alexander. Then, he handed Alexander a pen. "Dad, if you don't want to suffer any more physical pain, I advise you to sign it immediately. I don't have the patience to wait any longer!"

"I said I won't sign... Ah!" Alexander screamed again.

Due to Alexander's refusal, Joshua stabbed the tip of the pen into the back of Alexander's hand.

Alexander was instantly in so much pain that it was unbearable to look at.

Joshua stabbed the pen into the back of Alexander's hand harder and harder. At the same time, he threatened Alexander again in his ear. "Dad, I have 10,000 ways to torture you!"

"You unfilial son! One day, God will... Ah!" Alexander screamed even louder.

Joshua said, "It's none of your business what happens to me. You won't be able to see it in your lifetime anyway! Sign it right now!"

Joshua inserted more force into the stab.

As the entire tip of the pen sank into Alexander's flesh, the pain was so painful that Alexander could no longer bear it.

He had no choice but to compromise with the mother and son. "I'll sign it."

Joshua smiled coldly.

Jenifer, on the other hand, was unmoved by what Alexander was experiencing.

Joshua took the pen from the back of his hand and handed it to Alexander.

Alexander's hands were trembling as he looked at the black-and-white words in front of him.

His vision was blurry.

He was so old that he had long forgotten what it felt like to cry. At that moment, he could not control the tears from welling up in his aged eyes.

It was probably not just from the pain in his body, but he was also grieving for his life.

He signed his name, and after Joshua received the signed document, he did not look at Alexander again.

He said to his mother happily, "It's done."

Jenifer took a look at it and nodded before they both left. They were not reluctant to part with Alexander at all.

After all, he would be useless to them once he signed it.

Alexander was thrown back into the cell by the prison guards.

There, he lay on the cold hard bed and looked at the tiny room surrounded by wild roses. Suddenly, he knew that his life had come to an end.

Thinking back on his life, he had never succeeded in anything.

His grades had been bad since he was young, and his father constantly beat and scolded him.

He liked Penelope, but she only wanted his "family assets". Now he finally knew that Penelope did not want his family property and only wanted to give her child a reasonable reason to be born, he regretted killing her back then. If she had not died, he would not be so sad now.

He would not be sad to know that Jenifer was the one coveting his money or that his son could be so cruel to him. He, too, would not use his extreme methods to kill his biological father and end up in this situation.

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Forget it.

Now that he had seen what the world was made of, Alexander felt relieved instead.

The knot in his heart... Suddenly, he seemed to have let go of the fact that Jeanne was not his daughter.

Now that he had nothing, he actually had a sliver of conscience. He felt that he owed Jeanne a lot.

Regardless of whether Jeanne was his daughter or not, she was innocent in the feud between him and Penelope, and she had been suffering from his unfair treatment.

The only thing he could do to make up for Jeanne now was to not tell anyone that she was not his biological daughter.

If no one knew, Jeanne still had the right to inherit Alexander's inheritance.

That was it!

Alexander suddenly laughed out loud like a maniac.

At that moment, he did not seem to feel any pain.

He laughed madly until he suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood and could not laugh anymore.

He had bitten his tongue and committed suicide.

When that news came out, Jeanne was lying on Edward's big bed by herself. She did not sleep and just stared blankly at the ceiling above her head.

Her mood was very low, and her mind was filled with the conversation she had with Alexander today.

Of course, she was not pitying Alexander, for he did not deserve any pity.

She was just trying to imagine the scene of her mother's death from what Alexander told her. As she did that, she became sadder, and it showed on her face.

Just then, the phone rang.

Jeanne took a look at the caller and just watched as the phone rang.

A second before the call ended, she picked it up and answered it.

Her voice was low and hoarse.

She was not crying, but she suddenly could not make any sound.

She said, "Kingsley."

Kingsley, on the other end of the phone, suddenly paused.

He swallowed the words that were at the tip of his tongue and asked, "Does it hurt?"

"Probably."

"Are you soft-hearted toward Alexander?"

"No." Jeanne's eyes moved slightly. "I was trying to imagine how my mother looked when she died. She didn't leave any last words. When she died, her face was disfigured."

Kingsley said, "Don't think about it."

"So, what you said is true," Jeanne muttered.

Kingsley's throat bobbed.

"I actually doubted you for a while," Jeanne said calmly. Her depressed mood was obvious.

"I know."

"I thought you just wanted to use me."

Kingsley listened quietly.

"However, it's true. Jonathan and Alexander really did kill my mother," Jeanne said. As she said that, tears flowed down from the corners of her eyes.

“Although you can’t bring your mother back from the dead, at least now, the two culprits who killed your mother have received their retribution,” Kingsley said. “Alexander is also dead.”

Jeanne was stunned.

For a second, she thought she had heard wrongly.

“He committed suicide in prison by biting his tongue!”

Jeanne’s hand that was holding the phone tightened unconsciously.

She did not think Alexander would choose such a method.

She even thought Alexander did not have the courage to die, but she never thought he would choose the cruelest way to end his life.

“So, don’t be too sad. I believe your mother can finally rest in peace. At least, she has rested for half of her life!” Kingsley comforted her.

When Jeanne was really sad, he would try his best to lift her up.

Actually, she was not feeling too bad.

She was definitely not sad to hear news of Alexander’s death. She was just not as happy as she had imagined!

She felt that it was a matter of course.

On second thought, Alexander most likely felt miserable toward the end of his life.

However, she would not be the only one to feel indifferent to his death as Jenifer, Jasmine, and Joshua probably would not feel sad too.

“I’m fine,” Jeanne told Kingsley.

She was fine and could quickly adjust her state of mind.

After all, her mother would not want to see her so depressed, and taking revenge on the Lawrences was just the tip of the iceberg in the matter of her mother’s death.

What she really needed to deal with was still to come!

“It’s good that you’re fine. If there’s anything, you can call me anytime.”

“Okay.”

“In that case, I’ll hang up now,” Kingsley said.

“Uncle,” Jeanne suddenly called out to him.

Kingsley could feel his heart beating at an unusually fast rate, but he tried his best to seem as calm as possible.

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After that, he heard Jeanne say, “I never called you that before because I was always afraid you were lying to me.”

Kingsley smiled.

In fact, he understood her very well.

Anyone who encountered such a thing would have doubts.

“I’m hanging up.”

Jeanne took the initiative to hang up the call.

Since Kingsley, other than George, was her only family member in this world, she needed to personally acknowledge his identity as her biological uncle or her mother’s biological brother.

The so-called Delta Islands’ mafia and the best of the mafia families, the Hills were the most outstanding mafia in the Delta Islands and were famous all around the world. They mainly trained and exported top-notch killers who could complete many tasks that ordinary people could not complete. The Hills not only had business dealings with underground organizations but also politicians in certain countries. They would negotiate one deal after another with them, and the Sanders of Harken was one of them.

Such a family that did incriminating things would naturally make countless enemies when they obtained a large amount of wealth! After all, how many people had died under the blades and spears of the Hills for no reason? How many people were hiding, painstakingly looking for an opportunity to take revenge?

Therefore, the Hills had to maintain their own strength, and there was no other way out. However, as the various forces began to expand, the Hills needed to rope in more forces to ensure their safety. Otherwise, they might be massacred overnight! That was why the Hills and the Sanders started getting closer and closer over the years. Almost all the problems the Sanders could not solve were secretly cleaned up by the Hills!

The Hills may seem powerful and brilliant, but in fact, they were born with a fatal flaw — they had very few children! Over the generations, the family had been passed down from one generation to the next. Their ancestors were worried that if anything happened to the one child, such as being born with low intelligence or being assassinated the day after tomorrow, the Hills would be doomed! Her mother, Penelope, and her uncle, Kingsley, were the two rare heirs of the Hills. Even though the age gap between the two siblings was big — Penelope was 12 years older than Kingsley, and Kingsley was born when his mother was older, there were still two of them.

Unfortunately, her mother had no interest in the Hills from the moment she was born. She even scoffed at the Hills’ actions, accused the Hills of being a bloody and tragic family, and threatened to leave the Hills!

When she was 22 years old, she succeeded!

That year, in order to gain more power, her parents forced her to marry a man she had never met before. As such, she chose to run away from home. When she left home, Kingsley was only ten years old. He watched helplessly as her sister finally escaped from the Hills under the torture of his parents. Of

course, it was not easy to truly leave. She was caught by her parents on a ship, but she would rather jump into the sea to commit suicide than return to the Hills. Under such pressure, her parents finally compromised and made her promise that from now on, she would not be allowed to be part of the family again, regardless if she were dead or alive. They would also never admit they had a daughter like her. From then on, her parents cut all ties with her!

However, her mother did not hesitate at all. She swore she would never have anything to do with the Hills again.

From the moment she left the Hills, Kingsley was to become the heir of the family.

Kingsley had witnessed how cruel his family was to Jeanne's mother, and it was not that he did not resist, but he knew that he did not have the power to resist. With her sister gone, at least he could still inherit the Hills. If he left... the Hills would have no descendants, so unless he died, there was no way he could escape.

As such, he endured it and grew up in the Hills.

For a long time, the so-called Penelope Thorn seemed to be the only name that existed in his world.

He would often remember that when he was undergoing intense training at a young age, the person called Penelope Thorn would be the only one in the world to give him warmth. She would ask him if he was in pain, pick him up after he fell, and give him the sweetest chocolate...

He wanted to look for that person called Penelope Thorn one day.

When he took over the Hills, he would not ask her to come back. He only needed to know if she was doing well.

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On that day, when he finally found her, all he saw was her desolate tombstone and her daughter, almost dying from dystocia.

Kingsley drank some wine.

After he ended the phone call with Jeanne, he held a glass of red wine and looked at everything in the Delta Islands.

In fact, he had once wondered for what reason the Hills existed. To kill people and kill more people? To make all the descendants of the Hills become heartless killers?

His eyes moved slightly.

Lucy walked in from outside and caught a waft of the smell of alcohol.

The man was quite the alcoholic.

Most of the time, he had a habit of having a few drinks and would not usually get drunk.

She went up to him respectfully and reported, "I've finally found Edward's whereabouts."

Kingsley looked at her.

“It’s in an ancient area of the Harken and considered a relatively remote town in the Harken. We’ve been following Edward since he left South Hampton City, but he managed to shake us off a few times. We didn’t expect him to move around a few cities and eventually settle down in that city,” Lucy reported.

“Do you have any important clues?”

“Not at the moment. We haven’t found anyone suspicious either. It seems Edward is only going to negotiate a deal that can’t be done openly.”

“Get someone to keep an eye on him.”

“Yes,” Lucy replied respectfully.

After that, she turned around and was about to leave.

“How long has it been since we last had sex?” Kingsley suddenly asked her from behind.

Lucy stopped in her tracks.

Kingsley had many women. Most of them were socialites, but there was also no guarantee that he would occasionally sleep with a few female assassins, and she was one of them.

Actually, all female assassins had undergone special training in the area of sex. Therefore, Kingsley was able to enjoy those women’s skills.

However, there was a taboo in having sex with Kingsley, which was he would never accept any woman getting pregnant with his child.

There was once a female assassin who wanted to rely on her son to climb up the ladder, but Kingsley kicked her in the stomach in front of everyone. From then on, no one dared to cross Kingsley’s line!

“Do it with me once,” Kingsley ordered.

To anyone, it was an order.

Lucy could be considered an assassin who had been with Kingsley for a long time.

Ever since he brought her back to the Delta Islands that year, she had been following him. She was also closest to him among all the assassins.

She had seen Kingsley’s many cruel looks.

For a long time, she had even thought that Kingsley was heartless. He was just a tool for killing or a powerful killing machine that was numb to killing.

In this world, there was no one he could not kill and no one he did not want to kill!

However, a person like him, who had no heart at all, had someone he would go mad to protect, and that person was Jeanne, his biological niece.

Jeanne could do whatever she wanted to him, and he could die for Jeanne.

However, what Jeanne did not know was that when she was brought back to the Hills seven years ago, Kingsley used his own life to protect her and let her stay in the Hills.

At first, Lucy was not too sure why Jeanne could not get the Hills' recognition even though she was a member of the Hills. It only later did she realize how important Jeanne was to Kingsley.

That was why she would make sure to treat Jeanne very well.

A person had no choice but to lower his head under the eaves, so she also had to learn how to survive.

Fortunately, Jeanne was not difficult to get along with.

She did not put on the airs of a young lady at all. She did not even think her identity was any different from other assassins, other than the fact she could resist Kingsley.

"Come over!" Kingsley was a little impatient that Lucy did not take the initiative immediately.

In the past, as long as he wanted it, she would definitely give it to him at any time.

In other words, assassins did not have the right to reject the boss's orders.

They carried out the orders they received, and it was the same for sleeping with him.

Yet now... She did not know when it started, but she rejected the idea of sleeping with Kingsley.

She said, "It's not a good time for me today, but Millie doesn't have a mission today. Do you want me to call her over to accompany you?"

"You seem to have rejected me many times." Kingsley's face darkened, and he gulped down the glass of red wine.

Lucy pondered for a moment before saying, "Including this time, it has only been three times, and it's all because of the special period."

Seemingly believing in her words, he said, "Tell Millie to come in."

"Yes," Lucy answered respectfully.

Chapter 638: Monica Was Drunk and Walked Into the Wrong Door

As she walked out of the room, Kingsley's cold voice came from inside the room. "I heard you and K06 have been very close lately."

Lucy stopped in her steps.

"You know what happens to assassins who have feelings for each other," Kingsley reminded her.

Of course, she knew.

Once they had feelings for each other, they would definitely die.

Kingsley had dealt with quite a number of such assassins.

Once Lucy left, she called the rookie assassin, Millie, to Kingsley's room.

She actually did not know why she would have feelings for him.

She even found it ironic!

...

In Harken, Monica looked at her phone in a daze.

She had just attended Jonathan's funeral today, and now, it was suddenly revealed that Alexander had committed suicide by biting his tongue in prison.

So many things had happened to the Lawrences lately.

When Jeannie found out about this news, was she sad?

However, Monica did not dare to disturb her now.

She was actually the last few people to leave the cemetery. Harken had an unwritten rule that on the day of the deceased's burial, one could not greet the owner and would leave after the burial. She had originally wanted to accompany Jeanne more. After all, she thought Jeanne was part of the Lawrences no matter what, so Jeanne would still be somewhat emotional about the death of a family member. However, because Michael had come with her and told her to leave, she went with him in the end.

When she left, she could not resist a glance at Jeanne. At the same time, she also saw Finn not far away.

Finn seemed to have been by Jeanne's side over the last few days.

She knew it must be Fourth Master Swan's orders, but she wondered how Finn's body was recovering.

It had not been long since he had been discharged from the hospital, and the doctor had specifically instructed him to rest well, especially in bed. However, he seemed fine.

At the thought of Finn, Monica could feel her heart aching again.

She remembered how cold Finn had been to her that night — how he threw her out of the car and left.

She, too, had been going to Jonathan's funeral from time to time over the last few days, so she saw Finn every time. However, Finn had never so much as spare a glance at her.

It made her feel miserable.

In fact, she hoped Finn could understand for once that she had no choice but to make that decision.

Why could he not trust her?

Her throat bobbed, and she wanted to cry again.

Finn was too indifferent to her, and it gave her a feeling that it would be difficult for her to reconcile with Finn in the future. She was really afraid that Finn would part ways with her just like that!

However, she could not give up halfway with Michael.

Michael had finally managed to get on the right track. If she left him now, the media might think they were just acting, which would naturally make it worse for Michael.

She thought about it. Their “relationship” would last for at least half a year.

However, would Finn still be there half a year later?

She felt a lump in her throat.

The thing she found most difficult in her life was probably relationships.

She took a deep breath and glanced at the phone that was ringing.

She forced herself to adjust her emotions and answered the call.

“Monica, where are you?” A friend’s excited voice came from the other end of the phone.

“What’s the matter?” Monica answered with a lack of interest.

“You haven’t gone on a night out with your girlfriends for a long time, and we miss you. We’re having a drinking party tonight. Come out and have some fun.”

“I’m not interested.” Monica refused flatly.

“What’s the matter? Has spending time with Director Ross tired you out?” her friend teased.

“What are you talking about?” Monica started to get angry.

There was nothing going on between Michael and her.

In fact, she was angry that people were teasing her like that.

“Okay, okay, okay. I won’t say anymore. I know you’re embarrassed. But seriously, Monica, you’ve been going to nightclubs for many years, but you’ve always kept yourself clean. For that, all of us think you’re a legend. Look at us. Which one of us hasn’t done something stupid in secret?” Her friend continued to tease.

It was not that she did not want to do it, but she had never been single.

She was either with Finn or Michael.

She had never been single before, so she could not do something like have an affair.

“Come on, let’s go out and let loose. Everyone has been quite busy recently with their own lives. It’s been a long time since we’ve gathered.” Her friend tried persuading her.

Monica was actually not very interested.

However, when she thought about how she had been suffering from insomnia lately, she felt she should indulge herself. Should she really numb herself with alcohol?

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She hesitated for a long time before agreeing.

She said, "Is it still the same place?"

"The same place at 7 p.m. I'll see you."

After that, Monica hung up the phone. In the end, she was still a little uninterested.

'Whatever,' she thought.

Then, she got up and went to the dressing room to get changed and put on some makeup.

She assumed she was the only person in Harken to be dancing in the nightclub with her crutches.

Anyway, she was going.

It was really a long-lost nightclub feeling.

The group of them did not like to sit in private rooms either because the private rooms were not as lively and happening as the main hall. Hence, they chose a place where most people were seated and then drank non-stop while making explicit comments to all the men and women there.

At first, Monica thought she was not interested. However, she did not know if it was because of the loud music inside, but when the alcohol got to her, she suddenly felt high, like she had taken stimulants. She even went to the dance floor with her crutches and shook her head, dancing.

She had quite a lot of fun that night.

When she left, it was 2 a.m.

The one who was the most unwilling to come became the one who was the most reluctant to leave.

As expected, the nightclub was where she belonged.

She wondered if she was in a bad mood recently because she did not have an environment like that to go crazy.

She dragged her girlfriends, who could not get on their feet anymore. "You're not allowed to leave. I haven't had enough fun yet!"

"Girl, it's 2 a.m. in the morning. Do you still want us to live? I still have to go to work tomorrow. Damn it!" The woman began to curse.

She could curse at anyone when she was drunk.

"Let's go. We really can't take it anymore!" The others staggered away one after another.

Everyone drank quite a lot and had all forgotten that Monica was still crippled.

She was limping and drunk, so she could not walk properly.

In a daze, Monica watched as all her friends left.

Since not many people were left in the nightclub, Monica felt bored and was about to leave with crutches.

However, as soon as she got up, she sat back down.

Damn. She felt dizzy and could not even walk on her own.

As such, she took out her phone. Her mind was still clear enough for her to know she had to find someone to pick her up.

She then made a call, but it did not connect even after a long time.

That damned Finn was not picking up her call again. It made her so angry that she wanted to throw her phone away.

Nevertheless, she said to the waiter beside her, "Come here."

The waiter quickly went over. "Miss, do you need any help?"

"Send me back."

"Miss, please wait a moment," the waiter replied.

It was a higher-end nightclub, so there were all kinds of services to send guests away.

The staff helped Monica into one of the nightclub's cars, and Monica gave the address to the driver.

Then, in a daze, she arrived at her destination, where she casually handed a handful of money to the driver from her bag. "Keep the change."

Frightened by the amount, the driver hurriedly asked, "Miss, do you need me to send you upstairs?"

Monica wanted to refuse.

However, she could not even walk properly or see clearly, so she did not refuse. "Alright, sure."

The driver hurriedly got out of the car and helped Monica into the residential area before going up to the elevator.

"Miss, do you have the key to the house?" the driver asked.

"No, no. That *sshole Finn has deleted the fingerprint and changed the password." Monica leaned against the wall and said angrily with her eyes half-closed.

Feeling helpless, the driver had to ring the doorbell.

After a while, a man in pajamas and with smart black-framed glasses appeared at the door. When he looked at the driver, he was a little surprised. "What do you..."

'Want?' He wanted to say.

However, before he could finish his sentence, he saw the drunk Monica standing at the side in a daze.

Finn's expression darkened.

The driver quickly explained, "This young lady is drunk, and I sent her back. Since she's back, I'll head off now."

He could see that the man in front of him did not look to be in a good mood.

In fact, in their line of work, they often sent guests back. They had even seen couples fighting in front of their house.

To avoid awkwardness, they would usually leave right after sending the guest to their doorstep.

At that moment, the driver had already pressed the button for the elevator and left.

Finn simply glanced at the drunk Monica before deciding to close the door.

That was when Monica suddenly pounced on him.

The moment Finn closed the door, she pounced on Finn.

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Finn's expression darkened.

The door that was supposed to close on Monica stopped for a moment.

"Are you at the wrong door?" Finn asked her.

Monica hugged Finn tightly like an octopus. "That's right."

"Let go of me." Finn's voice was cold.

Even though she could not see his expression, she knew it was terrifying.

However, rather than letting go, Monica hugged him tighter and tighter.

"I'll count to three." Finn's voice sounded scary. "One, two..."

Monica suddenly let go of Finn but did not leave his house. Instead, she limped straight into his living room.

Finn's expression was extremely ugly.

He held it in for a second, but the next, he turned around and grabbed Monica's arm, wanting to throw her out.

"Barf..." Monica suddenly vomited all over Finn's body.

Finn kept putting more force on Monica's arm that he was pulling

However, Monica did not seem to feel any pain.

After she vomited once, she vomited twice in a row. Only then did she feel better, and she looked up at Finn and said, "Much better."

Finn sneered.

That smile could really kill Monica.

Then, he let go of Monica and returned to his room.

Monica looked at his silhouette before limping to the sofa beside her and collapsing on it.

Her world was spinning.

How long had she not drunk? Why was she so dizzy?

She looked at the ceiling above her head with a lifeless gaze and saw that the ceiling was spinning non-stop.

Suddenly, she did not know where she was.

Why was it so familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time?

However, her current physical condition made her not want to move.

She swore she would never drink so much again in the future. No matter how much she wanted to drink, she had to control herself.

With that, she silently set a goal for herself

Then, she suddenly felt her body yanked up by someone.

“Ugh.”

She felt terrible.

‘Don’t touch me,’ she thought.

Monica’s small face was scrunched up due to the discomfort.

“Don’t move. I’m not feeling well. Ugh...”

Monica looked at the person in front of her, who had water droplets falling off his hair and on his body. He also smelled nice.

It was a very pleasant smell, and it made her want to get closer.

However, her body was shackled by something, and she could not move, no matter what.

“Monica, don’t challenge my limits!”

Monica looked at him and his furious expression.

In the next second, she felt as though her body was floating, like someone was carrying her.

As she was carried, she was closer to the pleasant smell on his body, so she reached out and hugged his neck.

Finn’s throat bobbed as he carried Monica out of the house.

Meanwhile, Monica buried her head in his exposed neck.

She did not know why, but she wanted to take a bite of it. Hence, she opened her mouth.

Finn's eyes narrowed as Monica took a bite and even licked his neck.

Then, just as she was about to touch it, her body was suddenly thrown into the backseat of a car.

The sudden movement almost made her vomit again.

She held her stomach and felt the car speeding on the road for some time.

Anyway, Monica was asleep.

For a drunk person, falling asleep was as easy as getting high on energy.

When Finn parked the car at the entrance of Monica's residential area, he opened the back seat to see that Monica was fast asleep.

He called out to her, "Monica."

Even so, Monica did not move.

Finn stared at Monica for a while before picking up his phone and making a call.

After a while, someone picked up the call. "Finn?"

"It's me. Monica is drunk and is now downstairs. Please come down and get her." Finn's tone was cold.

Michael was stunned for a second.

However, Finn had hung up the phone by then.

Michael looked at his phone with a dark expression. Then, he put down his phone, changed his clothes, and drove to the entrance of Monica's residential area.

That was when he saw Finn leaning against the car and smoking on the street near the entrance.

Michael got out of the car and walked over.

Finn glanced at Michael but did not say anything.

Meanwhile, Michael turned his head to look at Monica, who was sleeping soundly in the backseat. He turned around and asked Finn, "Why is she here?"

"Ask her," Finn put out the cigarette and said coldly, "Take her away."

Michael gritted his teeth and picked up Monica, who was sleeping in the backseat.

Just as Finn was about to get into the car and leave, Michael called out to him, "Finn."

Finn turned around.

"You'd better stay away from her."

"You should tell Monica that."

"What do you mean?" Michael's expression was a little ugly.

"Since you've used all means to keep her by your side, you'd better watch her closely," Finn said coldly.

Michael just looked at Finn.

Monica did not know what he was up to, but Finn knew!

In that case, he did not need to refute that statement.

Finn sat in the driver's seat and left.

Michael glared in the direction Finn left before lowering his head to look at Monica.

He suppressed his emotions and carried Monica upstairs to her house, where he placed her on her bed.

Monica twisted and turned on the bed as she was not feeling well.

Hence, Michael made a hot towel to wipe her face with it, and as he did, he gulped.

Suddenly, an impulse popped up in his mind.

If he took her virginity... would Monica still want to return to Finn's side?

At that moment, his entire body tensed up.