

## CHAPTER 174

Benjamin's POV:

It wasn't easy to not give my love the pizza when she was asking for it. I bought 3 round doughs baked with toppings of cheese and meat just so we could eat together, after all.

I hoped she would understand my feelings. I wasn't trying to chew up the food and then feed her like how birds feed their babies. She had two hands. She could easily grab a piece if she wanted, but only after I get some reward. The next moment, I saw her bringing her face closer to kiss me on the cheek. Yes. That was all I wanted. A little moment of love that couldn't be shown any simpler.

However, my ears caught the noise of wheels spinning and tires skidding before a blazing light flashed through the windshield.

My instinct screamed danger. Only the thought of saving Rebecca ran through my mind, and my body reacted as fast as I wanted.

In the blink of an eye, the front half of the car was utterly destroyed into a squashed mess. The shock stunned my body, so Rebecca could be feeling it a lot more, but it's okay. I shielded her just in time and took her to the back row of seats.

The truck still pushed its way through, trying to completely crush the car from the front to the back. I broke the door with an elbow strike and rolled out of the car, together with Rebecca.

Probably because of moving her at a high speed, or probably because of some amount of shock passing through her body, Rebecca fell unconscious. I knew she was fine, but my blood boiled, and rage brought redness into my eyes. I glared at the truck that was leaving without even slowing down.

"My lord, are you okay?" Mina appeared at the scene with an ice cream in her hand, but this wasn't the time to be scolding her.

"Take her to a safe place," I ordered Mina. "I will find out which bastard is behind this." I was so angry I stood on shaky legs and then chased the truck.

The truck traveled to the outskirts of the city and stopped at an old abandoned warehouse where a group of kids were camping outside. Some of them were smoking and some were drinking beer. Some little girls were coloring the walls, practicing their skills or perhaps just passing the time. Some were just staring at the night sky. They must be kids without parents or guardians, I thought.

The driver got out of the heavy truck and threw a bag of chocolates and biscuits at the kids as he entered the warehouse. I just waited as the kids emptied the bag pretty

fast.

I walked up to the entrance just like the driver did. I had the money I received through tips that day and put it on the ground. The oldest guy in the group came running to pick the money from the ground, and the oldest girl in the group came up to me and turned around before lifting her skirt almost up to her bum, shocking me. "Warm your hands before touching me," she said. The other kids were looking away, eyes solemn and wearing rigid expressions on their faces. One of them switched an old radio on, as though to mask any noise made.

My heart was already heavy when I arrived here, but it felt heavier all of a sudden. I stood frozen for a good few seconds.

"Hurry," she said, complaining.

I ignored her and headed into the warehouse.

The little girl wasn't expecting that, but she happily skipped back to the group, and they started sharing the money and food as equally as possible. I observed that from the corner of my sight. They weren't normal kids, for sure. After all, their situation didn't allow them to live normally. At first glance, it might look like they were living their life, sharing biscuits and chocolates as well as beer and cigarettes with each other, but I could tell just from the looks on their faces that they were all damaged, not the food but the young 'uns.

I felt for them, but I had to shift my focus back to the reason

for my visit to this creepy warehouse, which had holes in its ceiling, with moonlight eerily shooting about. Pallets were stacked everywhere. The tall racks were blocking my view. A choking smell of chemicals hung in the air. Maybe, this place used to store pharmaceuticals or cosmetics or some sort.

I kept looking around but couldn't find anyone. There was no living soul inside, but the driver definitely entered this warehouse, so where did he go?

I focused my sense of hearing, and I heard noises coming from under the ground. "A basement?" I looked for its entrance, and it took me a little while, but I managed to find it hidden in plain sight, under an empty bird cage. I should have tracked the sounds with my ears, and it would have taken a lot less time, I thought.

I kicked it to the side and rushed down the stairs without making any noise in the process.

There were more storage racks everywhere, blocking the view, but I could clearly hear the ongoing conversation now.

"We were never paid this much for a simple crash and run."

"Yeah. 250 grand advance for something so simple... we're really hit the jackpot."

"I wish we get more clients like this. Bell Fashions. If they give us some more tasks, we can settle for life. Working in this field isn't easy, after all."

"Haha. I feel you, but once we step into this line of work, we can't get out."

"I will leave the country or do whatever it takes and settle near a brothel or something."

"Good luck, then, for your future, you handsy bastard."

"Keke."

As they conversed around a polo table with a small lamp over their heads illuminating the place, I walked into the light.

"Bell Fashions, is it?" my voice made them jump.

One of them immediately took out his gun and shot at me, but the bullet stopped between my teeth. I spat the bullet to the side, and watched a look of disbelief take over their expressions. More bullets came flying at me, but none managed to hit me. I clench my fists and let my anger crush the bullets in my hand as I threw a punch in the guy's face, vicious enough, his head was blown to bits and pieces much worse than how a watermelon would break from eating a 20 mm Vulcan.

The smell of blood and bits of flesh added to the filthy smell lingering around in the basement. The three other men were still standing, but their bladders emptied against their will. They all ran toward the exit, desperate to keep their pathetic lives going. I took them out one after another, chopping their necks off with my hands. The last one was the driver.

“Who are you?” his face was taken over by fear after I caught his hair and made him turn to face. He seemingly had no idea why I was so mad at him, but I’m sure in the back of his mind he knew exactly why my hand now grabbed his face and squeezed the front half of his head into a pulp the same way he left Rebecca’s Porsche.

I still felt angry. My blood is still seething inside me, whereas the blood on my hands invited me for a lick, but I resisted and picked up the money bag and kept walking. I still had a job left to do. Bell Fashions. I won’t be able to sleep until that company is erased from existence.

On my way out, I dropped the bag at the entrance of the warehouse, where the kids were still chattering. That money wouldn’t be enough for their entire lives, but if it could keep them from hunger and from getting violated by the world in many other ways, I will consider it a win-win.

LIMITED OFFER: 50 BONUS FREE FOR YOU!

[Click to get it](#)

 [Comments](#)

 [Vote](#) (3.6K) 