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Chapter 7 Vandalizing the office

Jack had been in a sour mood since they returned home. He had not been talking much. He kept himself locked in his room.

Natasha wanted to make him happy. She prepared Jack's favorite chicken noodle soup with a lot of scallions for supper.

"Yummy soup is ready," she said as she put the bowl of soup on the table. "Come and have it before it gets cold."

...

She cast a sidelong glance at his room and called him, "Jack... I am waiting."

...

"Jack..." She turned to his room. "Are you coming?"

She walked over there and raised her hand to knock on the door. Her hand froze in the air as she heard him talking. It sounded like he was conversing with someone else. Her eyebrows knitted as she leaned forward and put her ear to the door.

"Yes... I want specifically that one," she heard him say.

"Jack..." She knocked on the door.

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"What are you doing? Open the door!" Natasha pounded on the door harder this time.

"Coming, mommy."

Creak...

Jack opened the door after some time. "Yes, mommy." He smiled at her.

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Natasha went into the room and looked around.

"Mommy..." Jack's smile faded as he called her. "What are you looking at?"

Natasha went into the bathroom and looked inside, completely ignoring his question.

"Mommy..." Jack walked over to her.

Natasha closed the bathroom door and scowled at him. "Who are you talking to?" she asked.

"No one..." Jack replied promptly, shaking his head.

Natasha's eyebrows furrowed even more as she studied him. "I heard you talking to someone."

"No, mommy. I was playing with my dino." He picked up his stuffed green dinosaur from the bed and showed it to her.

Natasha stared at him skeptically. She then thought he might be talking to his dino. "Hmm... Your soup is getting cold. Come and have it quickly." She went out, holding his hand.

Jack began to drink his chicken noodle soup. "Mm... It's yummy."

Natasha smiled, looking at his joy.

"Where is your soup?" he asked.

"I am already full."

"Oh..." Jack pulled his chin down. "Try some. It's super tasty." He had a grin on his face when he lifted his head. He scooped up a spoonful of soup and stretched his hand towards her.

Natasha drank it. "Yes. It's good. Finish it."

"Have some more."

"Do you want to make me fat?"

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"Hahaha..." Jack burst out laughing.

"Finish it quickly." Natasha ruffled his hair before going into her room.

The next morning...

After dropping him off at the school, Natasha came to her office. She was a few minutes late, and there was already a stack of files on her desk.

"Phew..." She sat down, shoving her bag into the drawer.

She picked up a file and opened it to check.

Thump...

A large hand with prominent blue veins slammed on her desk.

She cringed and looked up, only to meet a pair of fiery black eyes.

"Is this the time to show up at the office?" The owner of those two eyes said in his deep voice.

"I..."

"No excuse..." He slammed his hand on the table once more, interrupting her. "Sort all the data and send it to me by the end of the day. You can't leave before you finish your work."

Natasha nodded frantically.

Clang-Clang-Clang...

"Ah... Ah..."

The smashing of the glasses and the screaming of the employees shook the entire office.

Natasha jumped to her feet to see what was happening. Her hair sprang on her back when she saw three sturdy masked men with hockey sticks in their hands vandalizing the office.

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The heavy glass door at the entrance had already broken into pieces. The tables, computers, and printers were broken too. The files are strewn on the floor. People were running away for their lives.

Natasha stood there speechless, gaping at them in shock.

"Hey..." Her boss ran over to them. "Stop, stop, stop... Don't break anything. I will give you whatever you want. Just don't break anything."

"Who is Natasha Moore?" One of the hooligans asked.

"Natasha Moore!" The boss exclaimed, stunned. He turned back to Natasha, wrinkles appearing on his brow.

Natasha trembled, looking at his pissed-off look. She feared that he would fire her.

'I can't lose this job.'

She hurried over to them. "I-I am Natasha Moore." She tried to be bold, but her faltering voice betrayed her.

"Oh... Is it you who have not paid your debt to Madam Nia?"

'Nia!' A frown flashed across her face as she realized that her aunt and cousin hired these goons to trouble her. She felt a flash of anger.

"I owe nothing to her," she snapped.

"Eyes down," the man roared, making her cringe. "Pay back right now. Or else, you will bear the consequences."

"Please believe me. I don't owe any money to her." She desperately tried to convince them.

"Pay back the money right away or we will break the entire office."

"Wait, wait, wait..." The boss interjected. "This is her problem. She is not related to my office. I have already fired her. She shamelessly comes here every day and begs for a job. I am begging you. Don't vandalize my office because of her."

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Natasha peered at him with a gaping mouth, shocked. "How can you fire me? They are lying."

"Get out," the boss shouted, pointing at the door. "Get the fuck out of my office."

"But..."

"Out..."

Natasha felt as if the ground beneath her feet was crumbling. She ultimately lost the job.

How was she going to manage the medical expenses of her son?

"Please, don't fire me," she pleaded. "Let me work here."

"I said out."

Natasha hung her head down in defeat. She knew her boss wouldn't keep her after all this. She went back to her desk. After taking her bag, she walked out of the office, the thugs closely following her.

"Give us the money," demanded the same man who spoke earlier.

Natasha was already pissed. She became enraged after hearing his demand. She spun around and snapped, "Which money? What money? I won't pay a dime to you. Go ask your Madam Nia." She dashed away.

The man yanked her arm and drew her back before she could go two steps.

"Hey, woman... Don't show your temper to me," he growled ferociously.

Natasha shuddered and tried to flee, but she couldn't break free from his grip.

"Pay us right now. If not, we will go to your son's school and take him away."

"No..." Natasha shook her head frantically. "Don't touch him." Fear

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gripped her heart, turning her expression bleak. "I will pay."

"Good."

The man dragged her to an ATM.

Natasha had no choice but to withdraw the amount they had asked to pay. She burst into tears while the three men went away in a happy mood.

She had saved the money for her son's surgery, but those thugs had drained half of her savings just like that. On top of that, she lost her only source of income.

Buzz...

Her ears were buzzing. Her brain lost the ability to think properly. Tears blurred her vision.

She strode absentmindedly down the road. She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't notice a luxurious car approaching speedily towards her.

Screech...

"Ouch..."

She fell on the asphalt road. Her elbows turned red.

"Hiss..." She winched as she tried to get up.

"Are you alright, Miss?" A deep male voice rang out over her head.

"I am fine," she said as she got to her feet. "Sorry, I was not paying attention." She kept her head down the entire time, not looking at the man in front of her. After brushing the dirt off her black skirt, she tried to walk past him.

"You are hurt," the man spoke again in his deep voice. "Let me take you to the hospital first."

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"Thank you for being generous." She bowed to him. "I can manage." She limped away, clutching her bag.

The man's dark green eyes sparkled with an uncanny light as he stared at her departing form. Two vertical lines appeared between his brows as he took his phone out of his pocket and dialed a number.

He put the phone on his ear, his other hand inside his pocket. "Find out what my surrogate has been doing recently," he said as soon as the call logged in. "I need all her details."



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