

## **Sweet love 1471**

### **Chapter 1471**

The guard replied, "The two of them are playing Go inside."

Otis' eyes widened, "Chess?"

"Huh." He sneered, "Ralph even had the heart to play chess, his grandson was already in my hands, he was calm."

During this period of house arrest, he tried everything he could, but Ralph never relented and refused to sign the decree he wanted. He signed only some insignificant documents, which made him very passive, but he could not do anything to Ralph.

Killing Ralph would be tantamount to breaking his own back, and it can't be done.

So, something must be done to make Ralph submit.

Ralph agrees to the decree, kills Luther and forces Joyce to remarry so that he can complete his plan step by step.

And right now, the hostages are sent to Ralph, and Ralph is actually in the mood to play chess.

This knowledge made him incredibly angry.

Otis waved his sleeve and left, "Keep an eye on them, take Anderson in another hour, and keep me posted."

"Yes." The guards saluted respectfully.

Inside the house.

The game had been scorching for an hour, and Ralph was in a dilemma, holding his chin in agony.

By definition, there is an advantage in the first hand, and Anderson has given him a hand.

But right now, on the chessboard, the world is doubly divided and surrounded everywhere.

It seems that there are air openings and opportunities everywhere, but when you think about it, there are traps everywhere. The black and white pieces are burning, penetrating each other, and can eat a large part of each other at any time.

Playing chess is a hobby for Ralph.

I didn't expect to meet my opponent today, who is only a four-year-old grandson.

He frowned, uncertain of where to land.

"Grandpa, you're taking too long to think about this." Anderson prodded.

Ralph was rushed and scrambled to land a piece.

"Hey, hey, sorry, you're welcome." Anderson followed by dropping a piece, forming a combined position as he collected a large chunk of Ralph's black pieces.

"Andres, who did you learn to play chess from?" Ralph couldn't help but ask. This kid is too good.

It is said that the character of a person can be seen in the game of chess, and Anderson plays with determination, without hesitation, and with a sense of momentum. When he is at a disadvantage, he doesn't panic, he is patient, and he comes back little by little.

Talent ah.

"No one plays with me, I play with the computer. The computers are pretty good now, too." Anderson said back.

A few more moves were played.

Anderson asked, "Grandpa, you're going to lose. Aren't you in a hurry?"

Anderson's question was actually a pun.

### **Chapter 1472**

Anderson points to the board, a vacancy.

"Grandpa, you're leaving this place empty, are you trying to put in a long line to catch a big fish?"

"Hmm. Do not look at this piece of chess has died, do not die once, how do you know where the life is? Some pieces, need to be sacrificed later, to see clearly the other pieces, what kind of position above."

Ralph meant what he said, and he felt Anderson should have understood.

Although the grandson in front of him is only four years old. But intelligence as well as emotional intelligence is already far beyond age.

"Grandpa, it seems too late to finish this game today." Anderson looked out the window, and the guards who had been standing seemed to stir.

Someone pushed the door in, and listening to the footsteps, there were two people.

"It doesn't matter, I'm sure I'll have a chance to finish the game later. I'll make a good note of this game." The corners of Ralph's lips pulled up in a smile.

"Here, Grandpa is giving you something." Ralph got up, went to the drawer, took out a silver cross-like pendant, and put it into Anderson's hand.

"Thank you, Grandpa." Anderson's voice was childish and smiling.

The guard came into the hall and saluted Ralph, then said to Anderson, "Time to go."

Anderson got up and waved his hand at Ralph, "Bye Grandpa."

After being shown out the door by the guards.

Otis was already waiting for him in the front yard.

The guard reported truthfully, "Mr. Robertson, the general just gave him a silver pendant."

Otis held out his hand, "Let me show you."

Anderson knew for sure that he was going to be inspected, and he cooperated by handing over the silver pendant that his grandfather had just given him.

Otis pawed it in his hand and examined it inside and out several times, a very ordinary pendant, neither a totem of the Xia family, nor related to the Qin family. Nor could any mechanism be found.

He caught in his heart for a moment, Ralph knew he would certainly check, should not play tricks.

Probably just ordinary gadgets to coax children.

If he confiscated it, it would be too petty.

So, he returned the silver pendant to Anderson.

Anderson pocketed the pendant.

Otis ordered, "Send him to Base 47 with more men and keep him under close guard."

After a pause, Otis glanced at Anderson, deliberately care, "Remember, do not let him touch any electronic devices." As far as he knows, Anderson is familiar with electronic products.

"Yes." The guard led the order.

Anderson was once again taken on board.

This time, he was blindfolded and could no longer see out of the car window.

Because it is daytime, it seems that the other side does not want him to notice, the road above where exactly passed.

Anderson's heart sank, and he didn't know where he would be sent, closer to his mommy or farther away. He was a little confused, but knew there was nothing he could do.

## **Chapter 1473**

On the other hand, in the hospital.

Early morning.

Julia had a very restful sleep.

At seven o'clock, the doctor came in to check on her, and she woke up in a daze for a while and then fell back asleep.

It was nine o'clock when I woke up again.

Karl stayed by and explained to him when the doctor checked in.

Everything is in good condition, and all the extra tubes were removed. From today onwards, she just needs to recuperate and wait for her wounds to recover well before she can be discharged normally.

Karl's heart fell with relief as he walked to the door, at the end of the hallway, to make sure no one could hear him. Then he called the Special Investigation Unit and asked for an update on the Anderson matter.

Unfortunately, there is absolutely no clue, and the other side is doing a particularly good job of keeping secrets.

He was in the corridor, holding his forehead with one hand, looking perplexed and irritable.

But he had to adapt, not to be seen by Julia.

I have to say, Otis timed it really well, taking advantage of Julia's surgery and diverting everyone's attention.

At the same time, it is also known that he is now divided.

He would love to smoke a cigarette to relieve stress, but unfortunately he is not in the habit of doing so and does not carry it with him.

He walked around the corridor repeatedly, his long, tightly furrowed brow never relaxing.

Anderson is missing, you can imagine how anxious Joyce will be, not to mention Joyce is now pregnant, adding insult to injury.

He took out his phone and sent a message to Joyce.

"Don't worry, I've already set up control, I'll let you know as soon as there's any news. Don't come to the hospital today, I'll stay with Julia for a while longer, around ten o'clock, I'll go to the Special Investigation Unit."

He looked at his phone.

After a long time, Joyce did not return the message.

He tilted his head and let out a deep sigh.

He returned to the hospital room and saw Julia still sleeping peacefully, her face quiet, and he sat beside her, his heart filled with emotion.

Fate has always tormented them in this way, Julia had an accident, Anderson was unharmed, and now Julia woke up, but Anderson had an accident. When will it all end?

He took her arm and crouched on her side, closing his eyes for a short nap.

Julia woke up with a gentle movement, and he followed.

When she opened her eyes, he asked with concern, "Are you awake? How do you feel?"

Julia looked at his handsome face and smiled faintly, "It feels like it's healed. I can go shopping tomorrow, I'm bored to death of growing hair."

Karl "puffed" and laughed.

With her, the mood is always easy to get better, she is always so optimistic.

"As per medical advice, you can have three porridge portions today." Karl helped Julia wash up and then took the breakfast delivered by the nutritionist, stretched the bed frame and placed it on top of the small tabletop.

## **Chapter 1474**

Karl stiffened.

He stared back, trying desperately to hide the panic in his eyes, "What did you say? How is that possible?"

He tried to think back, he should not reveal the flaw, she was asleep during the phone call, and could not have heard, how did she know?

Julia looked at him seriously.

"Don't you lie to me, I can feel it." She sighed.

"I noticed that something was wrong last night, and Joyce looked very tense, and Luther kept quietly holding her hand. I saw that Joyce's hand had been shaking and intuited that something was wrong. You all do not mention it, I can not ask more."

"These are all figments of your imagination, you just woke up. It's too sensitive." Karl denies it.

"I'm not stupid. If Anderson was safe and sound, he would have come to see me this morning. Joyce would have brought him. The fact that he didn't come means there must be something wrong. You tell me, what's wrong?" Julia said with a straight face.

Karl sighed, knowing that he couldn't hide it, "Anderson was kidnapped. I didn't say anything because I was afraid it would affect your recovery."

"I'm awake, what can it hurt? I want to know the situation, and I'm worried. Instead of making me worry, let me know the truth." Julia took Karl's hand, her voice earnest, "Tell me the whole story."

"While you were in surgery, Anderson was tricked out of the kindergarten and was carjacked by a car in front of the kindergarten. All the identity information of the other party is all fake, and no trace can be found so far."

Karl hastened to hold Julia's hand tightly, "Don't feel any burden. It's not your responsibility. Any time, Otis will find a way to seize it."

"At the time, the truck crashed over and you did the best you could. It was clear to everyone."

"I know." Julia smiled reluctantly, "Don't worry, I'll pretend I don't know about it."

She gripped Karl's hands firmly.

"I will recuperate and recover as soon as possible. The only thing I can do is not to hold you back. So, you don't have to take care of me, you hurry back to the Special Investigation Unit." She nodded solemnly.

Karl had a twinkle in his eye.

He gently opened his lips, "All this time, I have given too little to you. I know that a lot of my energy has been focused on Joyce. I ..."

Julia gently covered his lips as she shook her head.

"We have a lifetime. Now is when she needs you the most."

Her eyes sparkled with crystal, "You underestimate me, how can I be such a petty person. Besides, Joyce and Anderson are just as important to me as you are. You go on."

Karl's thin lips trembled lightly, she was so understanding, how fortunate he was.

"I will not fail you." He stood up, leaned down gently, and planted a kiss on her forehead.

After a pause, he gently moved down.

Finally initiating a kiss on her lips. A shallow taste.

## **Chapter 1475**

Next time.

Joyce has been with Karl's Special Investigation Unit.

Helping to line up surveillance information from all over the world, they were like looking for a needle in

a haystack, searching aimlessly.

Luther ran both ways, sometimes to the Military Staff House to communicate with Cecelia, and sometimes back to the Special Investigation Unit, involved in the search.

That night he had a meeting with Mr. Moore at 2 a. m.

He used a coded box filled with cash in the largest denominations. Of course this was just a meet and greet.

The actual price to pay is much higher than a box of cash.

The location was not confirmed until twelve o'clock.

Once that was determined, Luther called Cecelia as he had previously agreed with her.

"Mom, the location has just been sent by Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore seems very cautious, I think there is hope, he should agree to exchange information."

Cecelia looked at the satellite map while answering the phone, "Hold on while I check the terrain."

A few moments later, Cecelia returned, "This position is fine. You remember to sit by the window, facing southwest. You go ahead, I will protect you. Just in case, you don't want to tear your face off."

Luther responded, "Good."

Luther gets up and gets ready.

This matter, Joyce and Karl both do not know.

Tonight Joyce is sleeping in the safe room of the Special Investigation Unit and does not plan to return home.

That's why he was able to move behind her back.

He didn't want to worry her. He felt that a needle in a haystack search would not yield results at the moment. It would be most straightforward to find Mr. Moore.

He sat on the couch and kept looking at the clock.

Drink espresso after espresso to give yourself a boost.

The time was particularly difficult.

It was hard to wait until it was almost time.

Carrying his suitcase, he drove, alone, to the agreed location on Qinglong Road.

In the early hours of the morning, there were almost no cars on the road, and only the streetlights were lit in silence, a weak light that seemed to be swallowed by the great darkness.

Meanwhile, Cecelia left ahead of schedule.

She went to the TV station's high tower near Qinglong Road.

The location was pinpointed by positioning, by night vision, by high magnification. The room was lit with a faint light, which was enough for her.

Finding the best positioning, she hadn't sniped long distances in a long time.

She gently stroked the AWM sniper rifle that had accompanied her at her most glorious moment. She set up the gun and settled down, as if she could no longer hear any movement around her, just immersed.

Luther came into that room.

He knocks on the door.

"Come in." Inside was Mr. Moore's voice.

## **Chapter 1476**

Mr. Moore smiled old-fashionedly, "It's the rules of our business, Mr. Warner don't mind."

He stood up, fished out his pockets, and turned around again, "I left all my electronic devices at the

door, too."

Luther glanced at two of Mr. Moore's subordinates.

"The less people know about what we talked about, the better."

Mr. Moore understood, waved his hand and ordered, "You wait outside the door."

"Yes." The two subordinates walked to the door and closed it.

Luther brought the box up and opened it for Mr. Moore to look at, "Just a meet and greet."

Then he closed the box, placed it on the floor, gave it a little kick, and handed it to Mr. Moore's feet.

Mr. Moore squinted down, "Mr. Warner is really generous."

"It's just a small thing, it's an overseas account." Luther took out an envelope and handed it to Mr.

Moore, "The account has been opened and this much has been deposited in it."

He held out a hand and shook it to indicate half a billion.

Mr. Moore's eyes lit up and the corners of his lips curled up in a smile, only that smile was not as good as the bottom of his eyes.

Luther paused as he pushed the envelope to Mr. Moore, "Here's the account, but the withdrawal code. What do you think, Mr. Moore?"

Mr. Moore's eyes narrowed slightly, "Mr. Warner is quite thoughtful. The amount is 300 million more than what was agreed upon, does Mr. Warner have other demands?"

I don't want to beat around the bush," Luther said. You should know that Otis took my son. I'll give you 300 million for my son's whereabouts."

Mr. Moore's expression was slightly cold, "Mr. Warner, you want something, you go through it first."

After that, Mr. Moore handed over a file bag with thick papers inside.

"This is a part of it, the rest of the details, all exist in the flash drive."

Luther opened the file and looked through it carefully, the more he looked at it, the deeper his frown became, it was all some unpleasant information, not even hitting Otis's main point.

He couldn't help but wonder how much sincerity the Mr. Moore in front of him had for cooperation.

He looked up, "Mr. Moore, do you know where Otis is hiding my son? And, where Ralph is under house arrest? You have to show some sincerity, with this information now, I can't do anything."

Mr. Moore shrugged, "That's all I can find out, Mr. Warner, but aren't you satisfied?"

Luther asked rhetorically, "Is Mr. Moore dissatisfied with the amount I'm offering? Name your price, I'll meet it for any amount. I need useful information, not this perfunctory material."

"Huh." Mr. Moore's smile was even colder, "Mr. Warner is very rich. Mr. Warner has given me a problem, and I'm in a bind."

## **Chapter 1477**

Luther's eyes darkened, and Mr. Moore was now certain that they had no chance of winning.

It seems that the negotiations will not be fruitful today.

He clenched his fist, trying to get information about Anderson from Mr. Moore, but I'm afraid he couldn't do it.

"Since Mr. Moore's words are so clear. I also understand." Luther shrugged his shoulders, "The sale is not benevolent, please accept the meeting gift, and we will work together again when there is a chance."

Cecelia made it a point to tell him to try not to tear his face off if the deal didn't work out.

Right now, more is better than less.

It's just a shame that Joyce is still anxiously awaiting news about Anderson. And there was nothing he

could do about it.

Just as he was trying to get up.

Mr. Moore's sinister voice suddenly rang out.

The light in the room is yellow, reflecting his face cold.

"Mr. Warner, I have the best of both worlds, would you like to hear about it?"

Luther's breath tightened and his instincts were bad.

When he entered the house, in fact, he had sensed that something was wrong, a long time in the business world, he always maintained the proper acumen.

Today, both the atmosphere and the people revealed that something was wrong. But for Anderson's sake, for Joyce's sake, he entered the room and entered the territory controlled by Mr. Moore. It was a dangerous thing.

Luther pretended to be calm, "Mr. Moore tell us?"

Mr. Moore took out a cigarette, held it to his lips, and did not light it, but only played with the lighter.

"Mr. Warner, I have the easiest way out." Mr. Moore sneered, but his eyes leaked murderous intent, "As long as Mr. Warner can't walk out of this room today, things will be much simpler."

"Oh?" Luther smiled slightly, "I'd like to hear more about it."

"Joyce became a widow and married Otis instead. The warlords naturally merge, and as for Anderson, he becomes Otis's righteous son, and Ralph remains Otis's righteous father. It was logical, don't you see how much simpler things were." Mr. Moore laughed.

Luther's body stiffened slightly and remained calm.

"Well, it sounds like that's what happened. So, Mr. Moore is trying to kill me? Now?"

Mr. Moore glanced at the envelope on the desk.

"In fact, Mr. Warner can also use the code, in exchange for a chance to live. Mr. Warner want to consider it."

Luther sneered in his heart.

A good Mr. Moore, both wanting money and his life.

After he said the password, there were two other people outside the door, and he had neither a gun nor the ability to call for emergency backup, so I'm afraid he couldn't even get out of the building.

The other side.

Cecelia with a sniper rifle on a TV tower.

## **Chapter 1478**

Mr. Moore smiles pleasantly.

Today he was victorious and Luther was already in the jar.

Get the money, and then kill Luther, Otis side, owes him a big favor, later want to pinch Otis is not impossible.

He is not stupid, only money, even if Otis fell, he fled abroad, then his favorite power, is not no longer. Power and money, he wants both.

That's why he agreed to Luther's request for an exchange.

Today, the benefits of both ends, he wants to take all.

He has checked all the surrounding areas, there are no unusual people, the Special Investigation Unit simply did not deploy manpower.

It looks like Luther is acting completely alone.

At times like this, falling alone is the scariest thing of all.

It's also the easiest time to get down and dirty.

The corners of his lips were wickedly hooked up, feeling that everything was under control.

Luther wrapped his arms around his chest and smiled.

"Mr. Moore, your calculations are very good. Tell you the password of your overseas account, you check the balance on the spot and confirm it later. Are you sure you will let me go?"

Mr. Moore flattened his lips, "Mr. Warner has no choice but to trust me now."

"Well, that's right too." Luther nodded.

From Mr. Moore's eyes, he saw through, this person simply can not be trusted, but also no use of value. Today only to tear the face, there is no other way. Moreover, keeping Mr. Moore will pose a greater threat to him and Joyce in the future.

What is gained is not lost, and he does not do it.

Luther knew that Cecelia was at the top of a tower a few hundred meters away.

He looked around and felt that the ambient light was a little weak. Thinking within the heart, he originally did not know anything about shooting, and with Joyce for a long time, was inculcated, also understand a lot.

Light is important for snipers.

There was only one chance, unless Mr. Moore was killed in one blow. Otherwise, the two men outside the door barged in and he remained passive.

Mr. Moore, with a cigarette in his mouth, handed a pen to Luther, "Would Mr. Warner please write the password on this."

Luther smiled, "Good."

He did not take the pen, but suddenly took the lighter Mr. Moore was playing with.

Long fingers twirled nimbly and the lighter spun a few times in his hand.

He leaned back, his body sideways, and, reaching over, "There's no rush, it's not too late to write to you when you're done with this cigarette."

Mr. Moore froze, but did not doubt it.

Seeing Luther with a lighter in his hand, he subconsciously leaned his head over.

"Snap."

Luther pressed the lighter and scarlet flames sprang up.

Before the cigarette was lit, the next moment, Mr. Moore's eyes suddenly opened round, and then, he fell heavily to the ground.

## **Chapter 1479**

The two men looked at each other with a relieved expression.

Luther's voice was even colder, "Besides, you are no match for me." He said, he threw hard, and the man he had just pinned down, was flung away by him and crashed heavily into the man who was coming in at the door.

The two men fell in a heap, all wounded.

And Luther had already picked up the papers Mr. Moore had given him, as well as his own cell phone at the door. He paused, his eyes flashing slightly, and took Mr. Moore's cell phone with him by the way.

Then, stepped over them.

Two subordinates, looking at the interior of the fallen Mr. Moore, clearly Luther did not have a gun, the window has broken, indicating that the bullet came in from the outside.

There was fear in all their eyes. How is it possible? It was clear that they had all checked the



neighborhood and there was no external deployment at all.

Where's the sniper?

Unless it comes from very far away.

Is it possible? Is there such a sniper master now?

But apparently, there really was, and Mr. Moore was dead. The sniper's gun was probably aimed right at them.

The two men looked at each other once again, forget it, the director was dead, what was the need for them to fight for their lives? What's more, Luther had left a lot of cash for them.

They just pretend that it didn't happen.

They watched Luther leave and go down the fire stairs, and they didn't stop again.

Immediately after Luther left, he returned to his car and drove out some distance before calling Cecelia.

"Mom, I've left."

Cecelia put down her sniper rifle, "Okay, you pick me up under the TV tower."

"Hmm." Luther responded and hung up.

He drove to the bottom of the TV tower, where Cecelia had already packed her equipment and was waiting for him.

As soon as he saw his car arrive, he hurriedly opened the door and sat in it.

Luther drove away.

On the way, he handed Cecelia the material given by Mr. Moore, "Sure enough, he's backtracked. You were not wrong in your expectations."

He turned his head slightly, "Mom, thank you for tonight."

Cecelia turned on her headlights and flipped through the material, "Family, how can you talk about family."

"Mr. Moore was clearly perfunctory, he was too shady and wanted both the money and my life." Luther smashed the steering wheel in anger, in fact, he was most angry that did not get the information about Anderson.

Joyce must be very anxious, and so is he. But right now, Mr. Moore is dead.

They couldn't even find a breakthrough.

What should I do next?

## **Chapter 1480**

The night was dark and deep in the early morning.

The car sped along, and many intersections had flashing yellow lights, allowing direct access.

Luther asks as he drives.

"Mom, we did not previously agree to light the lighter as a signal. How did you know that I was in danger and that lighting the lighter was a signal to you to ask for help?"

Cecelia sat in the back seat, wiping the gun with a professional cloth. She looked down at the gun in her hand and the corners of her lips curled up.

"The heart is in the right place. You're a sharp guy, and if you're done talking, you should leave right away and not have the leisure to smoke a cigarette with Mr. Moore. And you don't smoke either. So when the lighter was lit, I knew that you must be stalling, and, being as smart as you are, must have used the lighter to help me fill the light, and I pulled the trigger right then and there."

Luther praised, "Mom, your marksmanship is really out of this world. It's almost unimaginable to be able to shoot a head shot from so far away, it's so divine."

Cecelia smiled, "I'm getting old and rusty. As a precaution, I brought a wind speed meter with me today. If I were twenty years younger, I could feel it all. You are the most important family member to me, and I have to make all the plans."

Luther looked back at Cecelia, "Joyce's talent all comes from you."

"Not really, the difference between her and me in terms of marksmanship is still quite big. What is the same is that someone who can shoot accurately needs a strong heart, to be able to sink his or her teeth into the situation, and nothing should cause the mind to fluctuate, otherwise, the loss will be a thousand miles."

As we speak, we have arrived at the Special Investigation Unit building.

Cecelia left her equipment on the Luther.

The Special Investigation Unit manning the unit already knew them and gave them immediate clearance.

Come to the Special Investigation Unit safe house and push the door inside.

Just see Joyce reclining on the sofa, she has fallen asleep, long eyes tightly closed, the corners of her lips slightly drooping, her look slightly tired.

Luther walked up, picked her up gently and laid her flat on the couch to sleep.

Unexpectedly, the slightest movement woke her up.

Joyce opened her eyes and saw Luther in a daze, she subconsciously put her arms around his neck,

"Where have you been? What time is it?"

Luther lowered his head and gently dropped a kiss on her lips, "It's after four, you can sleep a little longer."

Joyce was mostly awake when she saw Cecelia standing in the doorway behind Luther.

She was completely awake, "Mom, what are you doing here?"

Looking around, it was dark and only one light was on.

"Mom, why aren't you asleep in the middle of the night, what's going on?"

Cecelia pressed against the door with a gentle smile, "It's nothing, don't you worry."