

The Girl CB 81

Chapter 81 Sheehan's bed was so comfortable to sleep.

"Oh." Nikita said coldly, even with some impatience, "so are you finished?"

"Huh?" Vemon was dazed.

"I'm not interested in your boss. You don't have to tell me this." Nikita looked like cold, obviously was really not

interested in his words just now, "Take breakfast away I don't need it"

"You can leave now."

Vemon:...

Was the little girl so cool?

She said directly that she was not interested to Mr. Lambert!

Oh my god, did she know how noble his boss was, and he was the man that many famous ladies in N City dreamed of?

She, she was not interested in him?

Besides, even if she didn't know the identity of Mr. Lambert, Mr. Lambert was definitely handsome, better than many

young stars.

However, when other women said so, Vernon would take it as a joke.

But this little girl named Nikita...

Looking at her cold and alienated expression, Vernon can felt that she really had no interest at all.

“Miss Swift, Mr. Lambert told me that breakfast must be handed over to you.” Vernon handed the bag in his hand. He

was

afraid that Nikita would refuse, so he said pitifully. “This is the task that Mr. Lambert gave me. If it is not completed, Mr. Lambert will deduct my salary.”

Nikita stared at him for a few seconds, frowning lightly: “Troublemaker.”

But she reached out and took the bag.

Vernon immediately breathed a sigh of relief and said with a grateful face, “Thank you, Miss Swift, then I won’t disturb

you.”

Vernon completed the task and left quickly.

He walked quickly into the elevator.

When the elevator door closed, he reached out and patted his chest, exhaling a long breath.

Oh my god.

This girl who was seventeen or eighteen years old was so cool.

Her powerful aura can be compared with Mr. Lambert.

He was not afraid of seeing anyone except Mr. Lambert, but now he was overwhelmed by the momentum of a little girl. This little girl that Mr. Lambert liked... was really unusual!

Nikita's cell phone was on mute when she was sleep.

Looking at the strange number displayed in the column of missed calls, she pressed her finger on it and clicked delete.

That's Margot's cell phone number.

Nikita didn't store it, but remembered that number.

She didn't go back last night and got into trouble at school again.

Margot must call to ask her for criticism.

Her WeChat showed several unread messages.

Nikita first opened the top one.

Hancock: Boss, that video footage of all the places you haunted last night had been deleted. I have arranged people to

stare at Dark Disney, and the Hamlin Organization had no action for the time being. I will put out a false clue, if he

will continue to look for you, then he won't find N City again.

Hancock. By the way, boss, those pharmaceutical stocks we bought before are really going up these days. Boss, you

can

predict so well. Whichever stock you bet on, it went up. It's only been three days, and it's already over \$50 million in net revenue. I will follow you for my whole life, hey, hey, hey.

Hancock: Boss, are you asleep? Well, good night.

These WeChat messages were sent at eleven o'clock last night.

Nikita went to sleep after ten o'clock last night. She thought she would sleep badly again like in the Swifts.

Unexpectedly, she rarely slept well. She fell asleep in less than ten minutes and slept until dawn.

She really didn't expect it.

Sheehan's bed was so comfortable to sleep.

She slept so well that she wanted to took his bed away.

Chapter 82 You must want something.

Hancock was one of the members of the Misty Organization and Nikita's assistants. He usually helped her deal with

some

trivial things.

When Nikita was away, he was responsible for all matters of the Misty Organization.

He only reported to Nikita some major events, which were being solved by Nikita personally.

Nikita replied: they have been hypnotized by me, and will not remember why they came to N City. No need to watch. The Hamlin Organization won't give up. You put out a few more false clues, and since he likes to find them, we give him

more.

Hancock: Boss, are you awake? Good, I will put twenty clues out at one time, and let him look for them all over the

world! Let's see if he still had the energy to pester you.

Nikita: Do you have a clue about that matter?

Hancock: Not yet. But boss, you rest assured that we will continue to find clues, I believe we should soon be able to

find some.

Nikita: Well, I have to go to school. I'll talk about it later.

Hancock... boss, come on. I will wait for you at T University.

Nikita quit WeChat.

She was just about to quit WeChat, and saw unread information from "Sheehan".

She stared at his all-black avatar for a few seconds and clicked in.

Four unread messages popped up.

Sheehan: Your clothes are dirty. I think you should change them. I asked my assistant to buy some and send them to

you.

Sheehan: Does the clothes fit?

Sheehan: Is breakfast still good for your appetite?

Sheehan: When I go to the company, I can pass your apartment. How about I drop you off to school?

The first two were sent last night.

The last two were sent ten minutes ago.

Looking at the four WeChat messages sent by him, Nikita picked her eyebrows, and her dark eyes narrowed.

From last night to now....

Sheehan's hospitality was obvious.

And kind of frequent.

He seemed to have no plan to hide his interest in her.

But Nikita didn't think Sheehan really liked her.

He had approached intentionally many times, so he must want something from her.

But no matter what he wanted, it can't be her.

As the ruler of the Lamberts, the youngest president of Lambert's companies, he was impossible to be a man easily moved

by women.

This man showed his love so blatantly, which made Nikita interested in his real purpose.

She was curious to know.

Standing at the top of the power, Sheehan Lambert approached her again and again, and even followed her, trying to

get

something from her everywhere.

Although Nikita didn't like to contact with this man, she politely replied.

Nikita: Thank you. Mr. Lambert. Don't bother. I'll take a taxi to school by myself.

After replying, she threw her mobile phone on the sofa and went to the bathroom to wash.

Nikita really can't wear her clothes due to last night's fight, so she changed the clothes that Sheehan sent to her.

She had to say.

Sheehan's assistant had a good taste. The clothes he bought were not only fit, but also simple. Nikita picked a white

skirt and put it on, and her hair was tied with a meatball head, which looked refreshing and simple.

Breakfast is oatmeal and several stacks of dishes.

Nikita seemed casual, but in fact she was very picky.

Especially when she was eating.

After eating an appetizing breakfast, she was in a good mood.

After eating, she also looked at the name of the store on the packaging bag, and decided that after she moved out, she

could order more takeout from this store.

Chapter 83 This skirt suited Miss Swift very well.

Nikita just walked into the elevator, and her mobile phone rang.

She lowered her eyes and looked at the information. After a few seconds, the girl's porcelain white face showed a trace of irritability

Her delicate eyebrow also frowned up.

Sheehan: I've already arrived downstairs, waiting for you to come down,

Nikita felt that Sheehan was so annoying.

If he really wanted something from her, he could just say it.

No need to do these things.

She hated beating around the bush.

She got out of the apartment.

Nikita saw a silver-gray Rolls-Royce parked by the side of the road at a glance.

The license plate number was more conspicuous than the car, N A8888.

No matter that car, or the license plate number of the four eights, symbolized the noble and extraordinary identity of

the owner.

Nikita glanced at the brand-new silver-gray Rolls-Royce, with a cold face.

As soon as she approached, the door opened, and the man sitting in the car bent down and got off the car.

A man dressed in black pants, his facial features stereoscopic, who looked cold and alienated.

The buttons on the shirt were tied all the way to the neck.

The formal dress was neat, meticulous and full of abstinence.

He walked to the front of Nikita with his long legs.

His cold eyes fell on the girl wearing a long white dress and a meatball head, and the bottom of her eyes flashed

different colors.

He slightly lowered his head, and his deep eyes fell on Nikita for a long time.

His dark cold eyes also had some heat.

“It seems that Vernon had a good taste.” Moments later, the man slowly looked back and fell on the girl’s porcelain

white delicate little face. There was a little dull in his always cold voice. “This skirt is very suitable for Miss

Swift.

The neckline of the white skirt was slightly low.

It revealed the girl's delicate collarbone and bright white swan neck.

The skirt was a girdle and tight-fitting style, which perfectly showed the excellent figure of a young girl.

Swan neck, bee waist, hips, straight and beautiful long legs, and white skin as crystal clear as snow.

When Sheehan met Nikita several times, she was wearing very loose clothes, either a wide shirt or a wide school

uniform.

In short, he couldn't see her figure.

But at the moment.

Looking at the beautiful girl with a beautiful figure, Sheehan can no longer say that she was just a child.

He was thinking.

Last night, he should have told him Vernon not to buy clothes like skirts.

It's not that she didn't look good.

But too good-looking, too eye-catching.

She's so ostentatious in this outfit, and he didn't know how many men would look at her.

A man's compliment, or a man's compliment like Sheehan, did not get Nikita a good face.

She was in a bad mood, and her tone was somewhat unhappy: "Mr. Lambert seems to be very idle?"

"Hmm?" Sheehan recognized that her tone was wrong, lifted his eyes, and saw her cold face. He was dazed and picked

the

eyebrow. "Why do you say that, Miss Swift?"

Nikita glanced at him coldly: "If you are not idle, do you have time to pick up people specially?"

Sheehan: "..."

The little girl seemed to be angry?

Why?

Sheehan had no experience in getting along with little girl, so even if he sensed that Nikita was in a bad mood, he

can't guess why.

He only guessed that she probably met something that made her unhappy.

She was just a child after all.

So even if she had a little temper, Sheehan can understand.

He also was willing to tolerate her.

Chapter 84 Mr. Lambert, was your WeChat hacked?

The man's thin lips slowly evoked, and his smile was clear and faint. 'I am also very busy at ordinary times. However, I

always have time to pick up Miss Swift'

This sounded somewhat ambiguous.

At least somewhat provocative

Any ordinary woman can't stand such sweet words.

He was Sheehan Lambert.

The first celebrity who was attracted by many famous ladies in N City

It was a great honor for many women to be looked at by him.

But Nikita looked indifferent, and was not interested in this dreamed boyfriend. In her eyes, except Sheehan's handsome

appearance, there was no other advantages to attract her.

Besides, no matter how handsome he was, it will be bored after watching him for a long time.

Therefore, for Nikita, men was nothing compared to making money.

After getting on the car, Nikita turned her head to one side, looked out of the window, and ignored the man beside her

thoroughly.

She didn't mean to communicate with him.

The little girl was cold and proud, and her face was defiant, full of wild spirit.

Like an undisciplined wolf.

All of a sudden, she may stretch out her sharp claws to people.

In the driver's seat.

The driver peeked at the rear view mirror and took the picture of the trunk into his eyes.

The driver was astounded: It was the first time to see someone dare to put a cold face on Mr. Lambert and ignore Mr.

Lambert.

Even Master Felton was not to be so presumptuous in front of Mr. Lambert.

Who was she exactly?

Mr. Lambert always treated her specially.

If it was not because Mr. Lambert had a crush on her, he can't think of any other reasons.

Although the little girl seemed to have a bad temper, she was really beautiful.

He can't find the second one who looked so unique from the upper class circle in N City.

Sheehan felt Nikita's deliberate coldness and alienation to him.

But he didn't mind.

He turned his head and looked at the girl who had not given him a look since getting on the bus. His slender fingers

untied a button on his shirt, and his voice was low. "What do you think of the temperature in the car? Is it

appropriate?"

Nikita didn't watch him and said coldly, "Not bad."

"If you feel stuffy, you can open the window." Sheehan said again.

Nikita didn't even have a response this time.

It's clear that she didn't want to talk to him.

Even the driver felt that she was deliberate.

However, Sheehan didn't care. He smiled and continues to find a topic: "Do you sleep well last night?"

Nikita didn't speak.

Nikita continued to refuse to communicate.

Sheehan was so ignored for the first time in his life.

She not only ignored him, but even had a trace of impatience on her beautiful side face.

Sheehan Lambert, who had been the focus of the crowd since childhood, doubted his charm when he was ignored. completely.

He took out his mobile phone, frowned slightly and sent a WeChat message.

Soon, the other party replied.

Harrell:??? Mr. Lambert, have your WeChat been hacked???

The next second, Harrell called him.

Sheehan picked up.

The man's voice was cold: "It's me, I didn't get hacked."

Harrell on the other side of the phone:".

"That message was really sent by you? Are you serious?"

Sheehan narrowed his eyes: "Why?"

“Nothing, nothing.” Harrell laughed and said, “Mr. Lambert, you just found the right person for that question. When it

comes to doing business and making money, I can never compare with you, but when it comes to women, I can confidently

say that you are far inferior to me.”

Chapter 85 Rich men can do anything.

Sheehan’s mobile phone was not hands-free

However, Harrell’s voice was a bit loud. He glanced at the girl who was still alienated from him. His deep eyes squinted

and he lowered his voice “Ti chat with you with WeChat, hang up.”

Then he hung up the phone.

The cell phone vibrated several times.

Sheehan looked at the messages His handsome face was stiff for a moment.

It was Harrell who sent him several WeChat messages in succession.

Harrell “Cheats of Picking Up Girls”, “A Green Tea Art Class Every Day”, “Mastering these tricks, any woman can be

gotten by hand”, “Love Story Book”.

Harrell: Mr. Lambert, please read these books I sent you first. When you finish reading it, you will naturally know how.

to get along with women.

Harrell: If you don't understand anything, you can always ask me.

Sheehan looked at this string of titles, and his eyebrows wrinkled a little hard.

What kind of shit Harrell sent?

Before arriving at the main entrance of the Middle School, Nikita let the driver stop.

Ten meters away from the gate, the driver stopped the car slowly.

Just stopped, Nikita stretched out her hand and opened the door, leaving a perfunctory and careless sentence: "Mr.

Lambert, thank you for taking me to school. Goodbye."

After that, she got off the car.

"Miss Swift, wait a minute." A man's low magnetic voice came from her back.

Nikita endured impatience and irritability: "Is there anything else, Mr. Lambert?"

"Miss Swift." The man hooked his lips and said in a warm and pleasant way. "Don't forget our appointment tonight. I've

booked a Chinese restaurant. Do you like Chinese food? Or whatever you want to eat, you can tell me."

Nikita suddenly turned her head.

With her red lips lifted, the girl looked at the man beside her with her black eyes and raised her eyebrows. "What you

just said serious?"

"Hmm?" Sheehan also picked his eyebrows, and his tone was low and slow. He sounded sexy. "What do you mean?"

"I'll pick the place to eat tonight."

"Of course."

"Well, since Mr. Lambert is so sincere to invite me to dinner, I can't just casually choose a place. Let's go to Germy

Hall. Is that OK? Mr. Lambert?"

Germy Hall was a private restaurant.

The boss was rich and willful, and opened a shop only for his hobby, not for making money.

So in other places, customers chose places to eat.

But the boss of Germy Hall picked customers.

If the boss was in a good mood and had a customer he liked, he would take the order.

But if he was in a bad mood...

It was common to not take orders for a month, two months or even years.

Anyway, rich men can do everything..

It is said that the last list received by the boss of Gerny Hall was a year and a half ago.

That means, in this year and a half, he didn't take over people's orders.

Nikita was clear about this matter, so she put forward to go to Gerny Hall.

She was planning to embarrass him on purpose.

"Gerny Hall?" Sheehan was stunned.

"Yeah." Nikita watched his face, and said "you let me pick the place? What's the problem?"

The girl's eyebrows were slight, the end of her eyes were also upward, her red lips curled in a little arc, and the

smile in her eyes was so bad.

She narrowed her black eyes, and she looked like a cunning fox.

Sheehan felt that she was not eighteen years old from the first meeting of Nikita.

She was much more mature than her peers.

Except the little porcelain white face with some childishness, she hadn't anything else that an eighteen-year-old girl should have.

Chapter 86 The boys were all stunned.

But right now.

Sheehan felt that the person in front of him was really a girl who was only eighteen years old.

She also had a playful and charming side.

Sheehan naturally knew that Nikita was intentionally embarrassed him to choose Germy Hall....

The man's handsome face did not change, with a faint smile on his lips, and his deep eyes shining on the girl's

porcelain white face, his voice was warm and moist: "Of course there is no problem. Then we'll meet in Germy Hall. Are you sure you don't need me to pick you up?"

He promised so quickly, so Nikita was surprised.

"Mr. Lambert, do you know the ordering rules of Germy Hall?"

He just agreed with her?

He didn't think that Germy Hall, like other places, can be eaten at any time when he went, did he?

"Yes." Sheehan smiled and nodded. "Private restaurant, the boss has a strange temper. He takes orders based on mood and

customers. Miss Swift, do you mean this one?"

Nikita: "... Yes."

"Let's make it at seven o'clock in the evening, will you?"

Nikita: "... OK."

"OK, seven o'clock in the evening. See you tonight, Miss Swift."

Nikita stared at the man's handsome face, looked at it for a few seconds, nodded, and then turned to leave.

Sheehan smiled, until he saw Nikita into the school gate, he ordered the driver to drive away.

School gate.

Yvonne's white and delicate little face showed a stunned expression. She looked at the silver-gray Rolls-Royce that had entered the vast traffic flow in disbelief.

She just... actually saw Nikita get off that Rolls-Royce.

She saw that car in a magazine before.

It costs tens of millions.

Moreover, there were only ten this kind of vehicles in the world.

Only people with extremely prominent status can be qualified to buy it.

The Swift family was also a giant.

But even if the Swift family can come up with tens of millions, they can't buy that car because they didn't have enough

status.

Nikita was just a hillbilly who grew up in a poor ravine. How could she get on such a car?

Nikita didn't wear school uniform.

The girl, wearing a white dress, walked leisurely in the campus. People are staring at her everywhere she went.

Especially a group of boys whose eyes are almost out.

"Damn it, do I see a fairy? Holy shit, this face, this figure, fucking hot."

"Oh my gosh, I only felt that she was beautiful. I didn't expect she is so hot!"

"She was my school babe. Compared with her, Yvonne is nothing. No suspense in the next school babe selection."

Early reading.

The classroom was still noisy.

But as soon as Nikita appeared, all the voices disappeared in an instant, and everyone just became silent in an instant.

The boys were all stunned.

The sound of inhaling one after another.

Girls seemed angry, especially those fans of Felton.

“Nikita, a hillbilly, is really shameless. Dressing like this, does she want to seduce master Felton?”

“She doesn’t really think master Felton has a crush on her, does she? master Felton wouldn’t have such bad taste. He

wouldn’t like a hillbilly. What else has she but pretty?”

“Oh, she still dares to come to school. I heard that parents have found President Dylan and asked him to hand her over.” Nikita ignored the eyes and discussion around, straight to the last row to sit down.

“Ni...Nikita.” She had just sat down when a voice came from the next position.

Chapter 87 One must bear acts.

Nikita turned her head and saw a fat boy talking to her.

The boy had a baby face and looked very lovable.

“What’s matter?” Nikita watched at him indifferently.

The fat boy’s face suddenly turned red.

He shrank his neck, buried his head and didn’t dare to look at her again.

His voice was the same as that of girls, "Nikita, you, you shouldn't have come to school. The parents of their vocational high school students all came to school, saying that they wanted President Dylan to hand you over."

"They also said they would send you to the police station and put you, put you in jail."

"Nikita, you'd better run now. Find a place to hide and don't come to school."

Nikita listened to the fat boy's words, her expression remained unchanged.

"Oh, thanks for reminding me."

She thanked politely, but still sat, and didn't mean to leave.

When the fat boy saw her like this, he was a little anxious: "Nikita, won't you leave?"

"Why should I go?" Nikita raised eyebrows, asked.

The fat boy was dazed: "..."

Of course to avoid those parents.

"Do they want me to go to jail?" Nikita's slender and beautiful fingers rubbed her chin, her eyes were half narrowed,

and her voice was wrapped in some chill. "I didn't plan to dispute with them anymore, but since they rush to die, then I

will help them."

The girl's voice was light.

Her words let the fat boy next to her shocked.

The fat boys was wondering if he misheard.

Nikita stood up.

Under the surprised gaze of a group of people, she walked out of the classroom.

Go downstairs, Nikita met Felton and Samuel.

"Nikita!" When Samuel saw her, he shone at the moment, and his stunning eyes fell on the girl's beautiful figure. After

watching for a few seconds, his ears suddenly turned red.

Damn it.

Nikita was so beautiful today!

He was nearly drunk.

Sheehan had no expression on his cold white handsome face. He also glanced at Nikita with his beautiful eyes, and his expression did not change, but his eyes had indescribable emotion.

"Nikita." Tobin also took the initiative to say hello to his new classmates.

A few powerful dudes was rarely so active.

Nikita nodded her head, which was to say hello.

Then she walked past Felton.

“Nikita, where are you going? Why did you come to school?” Samuel saw Nikita was about to go, and quickly stopped

her.

“To the principal’s office.” Nikita stopped.

“Why are you going to the principal’s office? Don’t you know that the parents of the students in the vocational high

school are in Talbot Dylon’s office now? They are clamoring to see you.” Samuel listened to her, and became even more

anxious.

“I know.” Nikita’s voice was faint.

“And you are still going?” Samuel opened his eyes and was surprised. “Those women are bitches and will tear you up!”

Especially Jake’s mother.

“I am responsible for what I cause. Don’t bother the school.”

“But...”

Samuel was about to say, but was stopped by Felton's look.

Felton stepped forward, lowered his head, looked at the cool girl in front of him, thought for a moment, and said, "Things are not as simple as you think. Those parents are going to sue you, and they want you to go to jail."

"If you need my help, I can..."

"If you need my help, I can help you."

Behind him.

Chapter 88 I am Nikita, here I come.

Samuel and Tobin both showed a surprised look on their faces.

Felton Lambert would take the initiative to offer help.

This was somewhat beyond their expectation.

Samuel looked at Felton like his rival in love, but he was relieved.

As long as Felton was willing to help, Nikita's affairs will not be difficult to solve.

But he never thought.

He rarely took the initiative once, but was rejected,

"No, thank you." Nikita's voice was indifferent and somewhat alienated. "I can solve my own affairs."

Felton was dazed and frowned.

They almost know the background of Nikita.

Living in a remote mountainous area since childhood, she was a poor child supported by the Swift Family. This year, because her family died, she was left alone. She was taken by the Swift family to N City to study and accepted as an adopted daughter.

She was just the adopted daughter of the Swift family out of kindness.

The Swift family may not attach importance to her.

If such a thing happened, they may not solve for her.

She was an orphan girl with no background. If someone really wanted to sue her, she will definitely lose.

Nikita then left.

Felton looked at the thin and tall white figure gradually away, and the expression on his face was gloomy.

Samuel and Tobin walked up to him and frowned: "Nikita is too proud. She has no strong family background and is sure

to

suffer. Bro, do we really leave her alone?"

"What if those women really want her to go to jail?"

Felton sipped his lips, his narrow phoenix eyes half narrowed, and said coldly, "Since she doesn't need help, then leave

her alone."

The Lambert's young master also had a temper.

Nikita walked to Talbot's office, and heard the fierce quarrel inside.

The woman's voice was sharp and harsh: "President Dylan, you must hand over the transfer student today! Otherwise,

we

will take this matter to the Education Bureau."

"That's right. She should take responsibility for hitting someone. You are so protective of her, is she some kind of

relative of yours? Isn't your school a century-old school? The president is openly protecting a punk. Shame on you! "Give her to us! Otherwise, we will team up to go to the Education Bureau!"

"Hand over Nikita!"

"Hand over Nikita!"

The people in the office got emotional

“Everybody calm down Talbot’s hoarse and tired voice sounded. “It’s not that I don’t hand over her, Nikita didn’t come

to school, and I don’t know where she is.”

But a group of emotional women didn’t care what he said.

They still indignantly roared: “Hand over the transfer student named Nikita!”

“She wounded our child, and she must go to jail!”

“Yes, let her go to jail!”

Nikita stood outside the door and listened for a while, sipped her lips, stretched out her hand and pushed open the door.

In the office, there were more than ten women standing.

Talbot was surrounded by this group of women. His clothes were wrinkled, his face was scratched, and his hair was torn.

He looked like a mess.

“The person you are looking for is me, so you don’t have to besiege an innocent man. I am Nikita, I am coming, you can settle accounts with me.”

The sudden sound made the noisy office quiet at once.

Chapter 89 Figure them out clearly.

A group of angry women turned around.

They saw Nikita standing behind them.

The girl had white skin and stunning features. She was dressed in a white dress and stood quietly, looking demure and

sweet.

However, those black and cold eyes reveal puffed up and unruly, and their eyes are cold and proud, and they are still somewhat ruthless.

And with that cynical, casual look on her face, she's a problem girl!

"You are Nikita? You put my son into the hospital?"

A leading woman stared at Nikita maliciously, and raised her hand to fight Nikita's face: "You are so young, but so

vicious. Since your parents didn't teach you well, let me teach you well!"

Talbot Dylan saw Nikita unexpectedly came, stunned and anxious.

He told her not to come to school these days!

Saw Jake's mother was about to beat Nikita, Talbot was anxious to stop her.

Nikita made a big trouble.

But no matter what, this was his little master.

He can't watch his master being beaten and be indifferent.

The teacher told him again and again that he must take good care of his little master, and he promised.

However,

before Talbot stopped her, the woman's hand was pinched by Nikita.

The girl half narrowed her eyes, and the corner of her eyes was full of evil red, and her whole body was full of chill. "No one deserves to teach me a lesson except my grandmother. You are nothing!" The girl said slowly.

Every word seemed to be wrapped in the coldest and biting ice and snow on the top of the snow-capped mountains, and the

surrounding temperature seemed to drop by tens of degrees instantly. A group of women who were just shouting incessantly

felt the chill coming to them, and looked at the girl's red and strange eyes, and the fear came out from the bottom of my heart uncontrollably.

At that moment, everyone had a creepy feeling.

The girl in front of them was really evil.

"You, you let go of me!" Helen's face was wrinkled with pain, and began to turn white.

Nikita had no expression on her face, tightened her fingers, and looked cold and ruthless at others: "Your sons have not learned well at a young age. How many ugly things have they done? Since you didn't teach them well and let them endanger

their classmates and even people from other schools, I will help you discipline them.”

“I didn’t ask you for discipline fees. You should thank me, but you are not afraid of death and take the initiative to come to me.”

“OK, do you want to ask for explanations?” The girl smiled, and her voice was freezing. “Then I’ll figure them out

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clearly. If you don’t give the money in place today, none of you will want to go out from here.”

Nikita loosened her hands, her slender straight legs kicked behind the door, then the solid wood door tightly shut..

She stood at the door with her arms folded, and her cold eyes swept to everyone.

“What, what?!” A group of women who made trouble stared and stunned. “You, you beat our son, and you want to ask us for disciplinary fees?”

“God, today’s students are simply lawless!”

Helen shouted angrily: “You little bitch without parents. You dare to attack me, I will call the police and arrest you! I want you to go to jail!”

Helen’s wrist was red and still hurt.

Chapter 90 They were threaten by Nikita in turn.

She was always overbearing at ordinary times, and had never suffered losses in anyone’s hands.

In front of so many people, she was beaten by a little girl, so she was angry and hated that little bitch to the bones.

Nikita look at her

The girl's eyes were slightly bloodshot, her eyes were cold, and she didn't say a word, but she scared Helen to shrink her head. Helen took two steps back with fear in her eyes and hid behind a woman next to her.

Helen was the backbone of this group of women,

She was so scared that other women didn't dare to be as arrogant as before.

The office was quiet again.

A group of middle-aged women whose sons and daughters were as big as Nikita were blocked at the door and looked at this

cold little girls.

No one believed it.

Even Talbot felt amazing.

He broke his throat, but nobody listened to him, but only a look of Nikita scared a

It seemed that sometimes it was useless to just talk.

You have to do it.

up of old ladies.

“Trying to discipline your sons has not only wasted my valuable time and energy, but also seriously affected my mood. I

regret it now. You will not only give me the discipline fee, but also compensate me for emotional distress.”

“Five million each, starting with you.” Nikita stretched out her hand and pointed to Helen. “Put the money into the

account of Angel Fund Charity Association. Anyone giving money can leave here...

Nikita stretched out her hand, and her slender and beautiful fingers held into fists. She hit the wooden door with one

punch.

There was a “bang” .

In everyone’s astonished eyes, the wooden door made of solid wood was smashed out of a small pit.

But the girl seemed to feel no pain, the expression on her face did not change at all, and she took her hand back

slowly.

A group of rioting women looked at her in shock and fear.

Talbot Dylan stare eyes, unbelievably looked at the fist mark, and then looked up at Nikita, also surprised and afraid.

Was his little master a normal human being?

She was so terrible.

“You, you, you threaten us.” Helen had been scared to lose her blood on her face. A person who was so arrogant at

ordinary times was shaking her voice. “Five million, you, why don’t you grab it?”

“So, you won’t give it?” Nikita pinched her fist, her finger joints pinched the crackling ring, and she walked step by

step towards Helen.

“You, what do you want?” Helen looked at her in horror.

Nikita sneered. “I am in a bad mood now. If you don’t want to give me money, I’ll give each of you a beating to vent my

anger. When I’m done, I’ll let you go.”

“Give money or be beaten, you can choose for yourself.”

Seeing Nikita getting closer and closer.

A group of women shivered with fear, covering their heads for fear that they would be beaten.

“Give money, give money, we give money!”

Talbot Dylan looked at this scene, shocked and didn't know what to say

This group of women came to the school to make trouble, in order to threaten Nikita:

But now

They were in turn threaten by Nikita?

In half an hour.

Someone in the opposite teaching building saw the closed door of the president's office open.

A group of women with pale and frightened faces rushed out of the office.