

Chapter 47

Helen was lightning-fast in her movements. She was so quick that the man was downed before the rest could even react.

"You bitch, just wait till I get my hands on you," one of them threatened as he advanced.

Helen was quick and agile. She dodged to the side and delivered a swift kick to his crotch.

A scream pierced the air as the man clutched a certain body part in agony, his face turning bright red.

Seeing that, his companions lost their nerve to confront Helen any further.

Helen swiftly chased after the man who had taken Yelena away with him. She spotted them just as the man was about to put his hands on Yelena.

Her pupils dilated in anger.

Helen rushed up to them and pulled Yelena toward her. At the same time, she landed a solid punch on the man's face.

The pain made him release his hold on Yelena.

He cursed loudly, intent on retaliating against Helen.

As Helen had an arm around Yelena to protect her, she momentarily lost focus in the fight.

When she came back to her senses, the man's fist was already hurtling towards her. Just when she thought it would

hit her, a sharp crack resounded, followed by an agonized scream.

The man was then violently flung aside.

"Get lost!" An unknown, male voice snapped out.

The man scrambled up from the ground and fled in utter disarray.

"Are you okay?" A deep, almost magnetic voice asked.

Snapping out of her daze, Helen faced the unfamiliar man and instinctively nodded her head. "Thank you."

The man smiled. "You're welcome. Is she alright?"

Helen paused and glanced at Yelena who was in her arms.

Did this man know Yelena? No, something was off about the way he looked at her.

Clearing her throat, Helen asked, "Um... If I may be so rude, who you are?"

The man didn't explain but took Yelena from Helen's arms in a bridal carry.

Helen wanted to intervene, but a tipsy Yelena winked at her. Helen immediately understood that Yelena wasn't being taken away against her will.

"Please take good care of my aunt," Helen requested.

The man glanced back at her. "I will, little niece."

His reference to her as "little niece" was a bold assertion of familial ties, almost like an official stamp of his place by

Yelena's side.

Helen watched their departing figures and murmured, "So, he's the man who'll be my future uncle?"

After they left, Helen checked the time. It was getting late, and she needed to head back.

Just as she reached the door, a familiar figure blocked her path. "Helen?"

Helen blinked in disbelief. Why was Chandler here?

Chandler's deep gaze scrutinized her. He had noticed Helen as soon as she stepped into the bar and witnessed the entire ordeal.

To think the usually timid girl could dance so seductively and handle herself so well in a fight. Those moves she had used in the fight were clearly not the moves of an amateur.

"What a coincidence that you're here too," Helen said calmly.

Chandler hummed in response and asked, "Care for a drink?"

"No, I need to get going," Helen declined.

Her intuition warned her that Chandler was somewhat dangerous tonight. It was better not to provoke him.

"Then I'll drive you home."

"No need—" Helen began.

Chandler interrupted, "Grandpa said taking care of you is our duty as the Newton brothers. You wouldn't want me to fail in my task, would you?"

Helen had no choice but to agree to his suggestion now that he used Esmond's instructions as an excuse.

On the way home, Helen wound down the car window to let in the cool night breeze. This helped her to sober up considerably.

Chandler watched her. He increasingly felt that the more he found out about Helen, the more mysterious she appeared.

He thought he could see right through someone like her, but now he realized he only saw what Helen chose to show.

Helen was a woman with secrets.

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