

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle 2691-2700

Mr. Bennet already believed what Oswald said was true when they told him about the burglary at Pierre's office.

However, he erred on the side of caution and asked them to tell him more about the details.

Oswald looked at him. He hesitated whether or not he should tell Mr. Bennet more about it.

If he told Mr. Bennet the burglary he committed in detail, he would be in deep trouble in case Mr. Bennet called the police.

Mr. Bennet noticed that Oswald had been quiet. He knew what Oswald was worried about. He said, "Don't worry. I just want to make sure that you're telling the truth. If what you said is true, then we know you're working for Mr. Pierre. We won't call the police if you're Mr. Pierre's men. You only have to tell me the details of the burglary."

"Well, we broke into Mr. Pierre's office that night, and we stole everything he kept in the safebox— documents, cash, and stuff he kept in the drawers. We were afraid that the police would suspect something was wrong, so we stole something from the financial department too. Most of them were cash. I didn't steal the phones the employees left in the office. We left after that. Oh, the one who led the way for us was Mr. Pierre's secretary. She can prove it. She met Mr. Pierre at my house back then," explained Oswald. He clenched his teeth angrily at the thought of the pretty secretary whom Leroy took along with him.

"Come in." Mr. Bennet immediately invited him into the house.

There was no difference between the police's investigation results and what Oswald told him.

There were only two rooms that had been broken into at Pierre's office. One of them was the president's office, and another one was the financial department.

Pierre was not at the office. That was why no one knew what he kept there. The police reported that the sealed safebox was violently pried open and the burglar stole everything kept in it.

Also, the employees working at the financial department stated that the company's cash had been stolen too.

The details Oswald gave him were the same as the police's report.

Oswald and Flynn exchanged glances with each other and followed Mr. Bennet into the house.

Mr. Bennet told them to wait in the living room. Then, he went up the stairs in a hurry.

Oswald looked at the luxurious living room of Mallory Manor. He could not help but exclaim, "So, this is what a rich man's house looks like. There's a world of difference between his place and that pigpen of mine."

"Yes. Mr. Pierre's family is extremely rich." Flynn could not help but exclaim, "Mr. Oswald, why isn't Mr. Pierre hiding here when he lives in such a big house? The police officers wouldn't be able to find him if he hides in one of the corners. He doesn't have to go as far as staying at our shabby house."

Oswald lifted his hand and hit Flynn on his head. "Use your brain. Would Old Master Mallory be happy to find out what Mr. Pierre had done? Are there any other places he can go other than our place?"

Flynn bared his teeth in a grimace and stroked his head. "Will they be able to find out where Mr. Pierre is if we tell them that he's been kidnapped?"

"I have no idea, but we have to tell them about it. At the very least, Mr. Pierre's mother cares about him," replied Oswald. He had heard Pierre talking to his mother on the phone before.

Other than telling Pierre how things were going on there, Oswald could see how much she cared for Pierre.

Hence, Oswald reckoned that Madam Mallory would not give up on Pierre.

She was not a heartless person.

"Oh." Flynn nodded. Now that he was here, he had no choice but to listen to Oswald.

"I've been standing for a long time. I'm tired," complained Flynn as he stared at the expensive sofa in the living room. It was completely different from the one in their house.

He had never sat on such an expensive sofa before, and he wanted to try how it felt like sitting on it.

"Look at yourself. You're a complete mess. Don't sit on it. What are we going to do if we dirty the sofa and we're asked to compensate for it?" reminded Oswald. He dared not to sit on that sofa.

After all, he could not afford to pay the price of a single piece of furniture in Pierre's house.

“It's not that serious. We took Mr. Pierre in, and we're telling them that he's been kidnapped. They should thank us.” Flynn thought they were Pierre's savior.

No matter how low their status was, the Mallory family should not treat Pierre's savior that way.

“Hah, we're like sinners to them now. We broke into Mr. Pierre's office and failed to protect him. It'd be kind of them not to blame us for what happened. What benefit are you trying to gain from them?” Oswald was not as positive as Flynn was.

Flynn pursed his lips, not knowing what to say.

Half a minute later, Karen made her way down the stairs in a hurry.

Her hair was messy, and she looked a little drowsy. It was obvious that she had been woken up.

“You're the one who took Pierre in?” Karen sized Oswald and Flynn up.

When Mr. Bennet knocked on Karen's bedroom door, he told her about the situation. After knowing that Pierre had been kidnapped, she could not be bothered to freshen herself up. She put on a coat and hurried downstairs.

“Yes, Mrs. Mallory. Mr. Pierre has been staying at our place after the incident.” Oswald's heart skipped a beat when he met Karen's sharp gaze.

Women like Karen were well-known entrepreneurs in the business world, and they had a powerful, compelling aura around them. Oswald could not help but act humbly in front of her.

“Mr. Bennet verified your identities, but I still have my doubts.” Even though Karen was worried about Pierre, she thought it would be better for her to be more careful and not be fooled by the two of them.

Oswald was startled for a moment. He did not expect Karen to be so cautious. A string of numbers flashed across Oswald's mind, and he said, “Mrs. Mallory, Mr. Pierre called you on the landline before. The phone number is 223****.”

Karen took her phone out and checked her recent call history.

It was just like what Oswald said. She sat on the sofa with a stern expression on her face. “Take a seat.”

Oswald and Flynn patted the dust off their clothes and carefully sat on the sofa.

"As you said, Pierre has been staying at your house. What happened?" Karen stared at the two of them with a serious expression on her face.

Oswald told Karen what really happened.

"Give me your home address." There was a hint of anxiety in Karen's voice. She was worried about Pierre.

Oswald dared not to slight her and immediately replied, "13, District 15."

Karen shot a glance at Mr. Bennet, who stood beside her.

Mr. Bennet said in a low voice, "Madam Mallory, I've noted it down."

"Has anyone come to your house in the past few days?" asked Karen. She was worried that it was one of Pierre's enemies who took him away.

His enemies included Luke Crawford, and her eldest son, Percy.

"Yes. A man named Leroy came and asked Mr. Pierre about something. He broke down my door and was hard on Mr. Pierre. He even threatened Mr. Pierre and said that he would call the police and ask them to arrest him if he refused to tell him the truth," replied Oswald. It had been quiet for the past few days other than the incident that happened last night.

"Do you know who Leroy works for?" Karen immediately asked.

"Mr. Pierre said he's one of Luke's men. They didn't take Mr. Pierre along with him after they asked him some questions..." Oswald recalled. He knew who Luke Crawford was. That was why he remembered it.

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"Luke Crawford..." Karen's eyes darkened. She gnashed her teeth with frustration when she uttered Luke's name.

Oswald added, "It's the only thing that has happened in the past few days. No one else has come to look for Mr. Pierre until now.."

"Can you guarantee that what you said is true?" Karen stared at the two men in front of her.

They dressed like street thugs, and they were embarrassingly obsequious when they faced her. It did not seem like they were lying to her.

"It's true! Mr. Pierre called you on my landline before. I know you'd find out that Mr. Pierre was gone sooner or later. If we didn't inform you immediately, we'd be in trouble next time. That's why we don't dare to lie to you." Oswald immediately gave her a clear indication.

If it were not for Pierre using his landline to call Karen, he might not have come this far.

After all, if Karen suspected him, he would be in deep sh*t.

Once Karen noticed that something was wrong, she would send someone to the telecommunication company to look into it. Then, she would be able to find out where he lived.

Hence, Oswald did not make any false claims. It was because he knew how easy it was for Karen to find out where Pierre was once she knew the landline number.

However, she did not look for Pierre through the telephone number. She intended to let Pierre continue to stay in his house.

Oswald knew about it. He did not want Pierre to feel like he had betrayed him. That was why he did not call the police and did not tell Karen about it to claim the reward from her.

Oswald knew Karen's order was just something she did to show the others that she had no idea where Pierre was either. That way, the police officers would not continue to look for her.

Karen nodded and replied, "I'll send someone to your place and see if there are any traces left behind that can lead us to Pierre. You must have taken a lot of money to take Pierre in. Now that you've failed to protect him, all of you are responsible for this."

Oswald and Flynn lowered their heads and remained silent.

Karen added, "But as long as you keep quiet about this, I'll not hold you accountable for this. Also, to make sure that you're telling the truth, I'll ask someone to take you to the hospital for a blood test. If you were drugged before Pierre was taken away, I'll let it slide. But if it isn't like what you've said, I'll hold you accountable for this. After all, you've received a large sum of money after breaking into Pierre's office. You took the money but you didn't do your job well. It's your fault."

Oswald and Flynn exchanged glances with each other. They were uncertain about being drugged last night.

However, only being drugged could explain why they did not hear anything last night.

"Mr. Bennet, ask the chauffeur to send them to the hospital," instructed Karen.

"Yes, Madam," replied Mr. Bennet as he immediately picked up his phone and made arrangements for the chauffeur to send Oswald and Flynn to the hospital.

"We don't know who took Pierre away now, so keep this to yourself. Head to the address they've given us and check the surveillance cameras on the street nearby. I have to find out who took Pierre away today!" Karen clenched her fists. She was worried the person who took Pierre away would take his life.

Pierre had offended so many people before.

"Yes, Madam." Mr. Bennet immediately made arrangements for it.

Before Oswald and Flynn could realize it, they were taken to the hospital by the chauffeur.

Karen sat on the sofa and glanced at the time. Then, she asked Mr. Bennet, "Did you get everything ready?"

"Madam, our men are on their way to 13, District 15," replied Mr. Bennet, "It'll take some time as it's located on the outskirts of the city."

Karen shot a glance at the clock on the wall again. She had to tell Old Master Mallory about this.

Pierre could be killed if this was not handled properly. "What time does Father wake up?"

"Old Master Mallory usually wakes up at 6:30 in the morning," answered Mr. Bennet. He dared not to disturb Old Master Mallory. He was still mad at Pierre for the ridiculous things that he had done before.

The reputation and prestige of the family that the past generation had built almost got destroyed by Pierre's capricious behavior. Old Master Mallory lost his reputation in front of everyone.

Even though those people appeared to be respectful to him, they were already laughing at him for failing to educate his descendants behind his back.

It might seem that Percy's and Pierre's father was responsible for international business, but the truth was, he refused to return because he was having an affair and had another family living abroad. There was nothing Old Master Mallory could do about it. He had no choice but to let him continue to be in charge of the businesses abroad.

However, Old Master Mallory also said that Karen was the only daughter-in-law he acknowledged.

That was why Karen had been helping Old Master Mallory manage Mallory Corporation.

Now, Percy was in a relationship with a woman who had skeletons in her closet despite his family's opposition. He even turned his back on his family and his brother because of that woman.

Everyone in the upper-class society knew about this, and rumors had been flying all over the city.

The ridiculous things that Pierre had done in the past also made Old Master Mallory lose his dignity. That was why it took such a long time for him to calm down.

"It's almost six o'clock now. Can't you wake him up?" Karen was so anxious that she could not sit still. She stood up and paced back and forth in front of the sofa.

"Madam, Old Master Mallory is still mad. It'd be better to tell him about this after he gets up." Mr. Bennet knew what she meant. She wanted him to wake Old Master Mallory up and inform him that Pierre had been kidnapped.

However, he did not want to tread on Old Master Mallory's toes either.

"Pierre has been kidnapped. His life could be in danger now!" Karen could not help but snap at him.

Mr. Bennet kept his eyes cast down. He had already followed Karen's instructions. Then, he said, "Madam, if they wanted Mr. Pierre's life, they wouldn't have kidnapped him. I'm afraid it's not just about taking him away. There has to be some ulterior motive."

"What can it be?" Karen knew Mr. Bennet was reluctant to wake Old Master Mallory up, but she dared not to do so either.

Percy's and Pierre's affairs had caused her to be scolded by Old Master Mallory lately.

Karen even thought Old Master Mallory might refuse to acknowledge the three of them if they caused any trouble again. Perhaps he would take notice of her husband's illegitimate children who lived

abroad.

Mr. Bennet looked down. It was difficult for him to guess what the kidnapper was up to.

"Argh! You..." Karen hesitated. "You, find someone to keep an eye on Luke. Let me know as soon as they see any signs of Pierre."

"Yes, Madam." Even though Mr. Bennet did not think it was Luke who took Pierre away, he listened to her and did what he was told.

Luke's men had already gotten the information they wanted from Pierre. Even though the information given to them was fake, it was unlikely that Luke would kidnap Pierre.

Those men who said that they were Luke's subordinates did not take Pierre away that day. They did not tell the police where Pierre was either. Even though the information they obtained was fake, there was no way they could have kidnapped him.

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If Luke really intended to kidnap Pierre, the previous incident would not have happened.

One would not suspect Luke if one was able to think this through calmly. After all, someone who managed T Corporation would not go as far as giving himself the chance to dirty his hands.

However, Karen was worried about Pierre's situation now. She cared about him, and that was why she suspected it was Luke who did it.

Mr. Bennet thought it would be better not to remind Karen about this. He had no choice but to follow her instructions.

In the hospital.

Oswald and Flynn were brought to the outpatient clinic at the hospital by the chauffeur. The chauffeur used the Mallory family's status to request the doctor to do a blood test for the two of them.

After they drew their blood and tested it, the two of them followed behind the chauffeur and sat down on the chairs outside the corridor of the hospital while waiting for the blood test result.

"Brother Oswald, if the blood test result turns out to be normal, are we screwed?" asked Flynn. The doctor said that even though the drugs could be metabolized quickly, they had not drunk any water or gone to the washroom after they woke up in the morning. Therefore, no matter how fast the drug could be metabolized, they would be able to detect it in their system.

Flynn was worried that they made an incorrect prediction.

What if they were deeply asleep because they were drunk and they simply did not wake up when Pierre got kidnapped? The Mallory family would hold them accountable for this.

Oswald bit the bullet and said, "We've made it this far. Getting anxious isn't going to help you. We're not the ones who kidnapped him. Besides..."

He lowered his voice, "We were only following Mr. Pierre's order to break into his office. If it weren't for us, the Mallory family wouldn't have known what Mr. Pierre did."

The soundproofing between the rooms was bad. Oswald could hear the conversation Pierre had with his mother when they talked on the phone.

If it were not for the stolen documents, Pierre would not be able to come clean with his mother about everything he had done in the past.

There was no way Madam Mallory could help Pierre to clean up the mess he had made if it were not for them.

Flynn nodded and turned to look at the chauffeur beside him. Then, he asked, "Can I head to the washroom?"

Flynn had been holding it back for a long time.

"Go," replied the chauffeur. Mr. Bennet did not say he had to keep an eye on the two of them. Hence, he did not make things difficult for Flynn.

It would take some time for the blood test results to come out. More and more people came to the outpatient department while they waited.

Johann yawned as he came to the outpatient department downstairs. He would have to spend half of the day here working today.

Johann noticed the Mallory family's chauffeur sitting there when he walked down the corridor.

The chauffeur had come to pick Madam Mallory up when she got discharged from the hospital. It turned out Johann had a knack for remembering faces. He walked straight up to him and asked, "You're the Mallory family's chauffeur, right?"

"Yes, Dr. Park. Good morning. Are you on duty today?" The chauffeur was polite to Johann. He did not expect him to be able to recognize him.

He knew how popular Johann was in the city, and he wanted to get to know him badly. That way, he would be able to make an appointment with Johann if any of his family members fell sick.

"Yes. Is anyone from the Mallory family sick?" asked Johann even though he already thought that it had nothing to do with the Mallory family.

After all, his superior did not inform him anything about it.

Whenever someone from families like the Mallory family got admitted to the hospital, they would inform Johann about it just to be on the safe side.

Even if it was just the flu...

However, Johann did not receive any special notice from the hospital.

"No. I'm just doing what the butler told me to do," the chauffeur smiled and said nothing more about it.

Johann shot a glance at Oswald, who was sitting down, and shifted his gaze at the outpatient department opposite them. He noticed the doctor in the department nodded. Johann stopped asking questions.

Then, he headed to the doctor/s office.

He closed the door behind him after he entered the office. Then, he immediately asked the doctor, "What's wrong with the person he brought here?"

"Do you mean the two men who look like street thugs?" replied the doctor.

Two men?

Johann raised his brows. He only saw one of them just now, but he was sure the doctor was referring to the same person due to the way that person dressed. "Yes."

"They came for a blood test. They claimed that they were drugged, so they needed to do a blood test." The doctor did not hide anything from Johann.

After all, Johann would be able to find out through the hospital's patient records if he looked into it. There was no point in hiding the patient's condition from him.

"I see." replied Johann. He could sense that something was wrong.

Why would the chauffeur of the Mallory family bring two street thugs here to do a blood test? Besides, they wanted to know if there were any drugs in their blood.

Johann immediately opened the group chat on his phone. There was only Luke, Jim, Percy, and Johann in the group chat.

[I saw something interesting at the outpatient department today.] He tapped the send button on the phone.

No one replied after a while.

Johann could not help but click his tongue with a disapproving tsk at the thought of Luke and Jim cuddling with their wives in bed. He was unknowingly mocking himself for being single when he thought

of it.

[The Mallory family's chauffeur brought two street thugs to the hospital today. They said they came to do a blood test, but they're actually trying to find out if there's any drug in their system.] After Johann finished typing, he sent the message and tagged Luke.

Johann put his phone aside and leaned against the chair. He mumbled to himself, "Perhaps I should start looking for one."

After a person like him who had always enjoyed being single got singled out by his friends who put their families ahead of him, he suddenly realized that being single was not as nice as he thought.

Luke's villa.

Luke woke up and noticed that Luca had already woken up, but she did not get out of bed right away. She was looking at her phone.

Luke frowned. Luca seemed to have a lot on her mind when they were about to sleep last night.

Even though Luke tried to make her pay attention to him, he could feel that Luca was a little distracted.

After that, Luke was satisfied, while Luca was sleepy and tired. However, Luca still picked up her phone and glanced at it.

Luca did not say anything when he asked her what she was looking at. She turned off her phone screen and put her phone on the bedside table.

It was as though she was waiting for an important message.

"Good morning." Luke lifted his hands and wrapped her in his arms.

Luca was startled, and she immediately turned off her phone screen. She did not realize Luke had woken up when she was staring blankly at her phone screen a moment ago.

"Good morning." There was a slight tremble in Luca's voice.

"What's wrong?" Luke touched Luca's forehead. Her body temperature was normal. "Are you feeling unwell?"

"No. I'm just tired," replied Luca. Amur had yet to reply to her message after she sent the message to him last night.

Luke woke up when she was about to send another message to Amur.

"I'm sorry, I lost control of myself last night." Luke could see the panic that flashed across her eyes. He bent his head and gently kissed her cheek. "Take a day off if you feel tired."

"It's okay. I'd better get out of bed now." Luca sat up on the bed, took her phone, and jumped off the bed.

Luke's eyes darkened as he saw Luca bring her phone into the washroom.

Luca seemed preoccupied since last night. Luke did not know what had happened...

Luke picked up his phone and opened his messages. Then, he saw the two messages Johann sent in the group chat.

He raised his eyebrows and asked: [Do you have their personal information?]

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Upon hearing about moving, Susan's entire demeanor turned sluggish and weary. "There's not much to pack anyway. I can just buy the things I need."

Old Master Crawford frowned and reminded her, "As a mother, can you be more considerate toward Louis? Do you know how expensive the things you use are? Can't you help him save some money?"

"Father, you can't say that to me. Think about it, I'll just be living there for a few months. I'll move back here once Thea is on summer break. I can still use all of my things here. Why would it be a waste?" Susan leaned on the sofa while showing her reluctance.

However, no matter how reluctant she was, she would still have no choice but to move.

If it were not for the fear that Old Master Crawford and Luke would get too close, she would not have agreed to move.

Although Louis' place was a new mansion, how could it compare to Crawford Manor?

The Crawford family's manor was the property that cost the most.

Susan wondered what in the world Louis and his wife were thinking.

As they said, first come, first served. If they continued to live at the manor, they might be able to get more things once Old Master Crawford passed away.

Old Master Crawford was left speechless by her words, so he had no choice but to say, "I don't know much about you women, but as a mother, you shouldn't always just think about your ego. You should think about your son and your granddaughter."

After listening to Old Master Crawford's words, Susan knew that he just did not want her to spend so much.

However, as the daughter-in-law of the Crawford family, she had the financial resources to do so. If she did not spend the money, who would?

When she went outside, she was carrying the name of the Crawford family.

"Father, what nonsense are you talking about? Louis is my son. Of course, I care about him. I've already spent much less on this move, and I've definitely saved Louis a lot of money," Susan shouted. She had a huge allowance, but everything she bought for this move was with Louis' money.

This was one of the reasons she agreed to move in the first place.

Louis was willing to let her spend the money, and she could buy a lot of things to make herself look good without having to spend her own money. Of course, she was pleased with the arrangement.

Old Master Crawford was not that easily fooled by her. He rolled his eyes and said, "If you really cared about him, you wouldn't be clamoring for jewelry!"

Susan was stunned as she did not think that Old Master Crawford would bring this up after two months.

She shouted, "It's all for the sake of upholding the Crawford family's image. It's just like how I'm dressed up so elegantly right now. It's to protect the image of the Crawford family in front of the Mallory family!"

The jewelry Louis bought her helped her steal the limelight at the birthday party.

Thus, Susan thought that it was worth it regardless of how much it cost.

The jewelry also signified her status in the Crawford family.

"Louis hosted such a lavish banquet for you and got you such an expensive necklace. Why can't you be more grateful? Now, you even want him to pay for your other expenses!" Old Master Crawford may

not pay much attention to Louis' career, but he still had a rough idea of his situation.

Louis's company was doing well, but not to the extent that he could afford Susan's extravagance.

Although he received dividends from T Corporation, he still had a child to raise.

Louis would easily be overwhelmed by Susan's spending habits.

Susan was disdainful after hearing Old Master Crawford's stern words.

"Father, Louis is filial, so he gives me whatever I want. Besides, he has the ability to make money," she said.

She had originally hoped that Louis would have a position in the company, but he was busy with his so- called dream job right now.

Naturally, Susan was not content with it. She was the eldest daughter-in-law of the Crawford family, yet her son started a separate business. How did that make sense?

Therefore, she changed her consumption habits.

It was a matter of course that Louis would have to support her when she was older. If there was something she wanted, she would tell Louis right away.

"Don't you have that ability too? I don't see you earning money," Old Master Crawford asked before standing up.

As the saying went, out of sight, out of mind. He chose not to look at Susan, who was decked out in jewelry, so he turned to leave.

Susan leaned on the sofa while pretending to be elegant as she tucked her hair behind her ears. "I don't have the ability to earn money, and didn't I raise Louis so that he could take care of me? Besides,

if he can't bear the cost, he still has T Corporation. He can choose to go back to T Corporation anytime, so why should I be worried?"

Old Master Crawford looked back at her.

The reason for her extravagance was to force Louis back to T Corporation?

How cunning of her.

Old Master Crawford left with his cane in his hands.

In order to start his own business at that time, Louis left T Corporation regardless of his family's opposition and began to look for office buildings and partners.

His company's business had nothing to do with T Corporation, so even if Luke wanted to help him, there was nothing he could do.

All this while, the only person Louis could rely on was himself. All that hard work allowed his company to become stable in the past two years.

However, Susan seemed to be committed to destroying everything Louis had built.

Old Master Crawford understood where Susan was coming from, so he did not say anything.

Susan leaned on the sofa as she watched Old Master Crawford leave, and she sneered.

There was nobody in the living room, so she could freely say what was on her mind, "I know that you favor Luke so much that you're okay with Louis setting up his own little company, but Louis is your grandson too. How could you be so biased?"

There was no one else in the living room, so no one replied to her.

Susan put her arms on the armrest and rested her chin on her hands with a dull look on her face as she recalled the past few years.

Although Old Master Crawford was impartial to her and Allison, and they both got the same allowance every month, she was still not happy.

If Allison wanted more money, she could ask Luke for it. It could be millions of dollars.

What about her?

In the first few years, she was worried that Louis did not have enough money, so she would often ask him if he had enough. If he did not, she could give him some.

However, Luke was still giving Allison large amounts of money for her to spend.

That woman underwent cosmetic surgery and beauty treatments in Seoul, and each session was a huge expense.

Even so, Luke did not even bat an eye.

As for Louis, he asked to split the cost in half when buying her a limited edition jewelry set, and he even had to find other alternatives.

The difference was becoming starker, so she was getting increasingly dissatisfied.

If it were not for that b*tch, Allison, Louis would have been the CEO of T Corporation by now. He would have been rich.

As for her, she would have been what everyone wished to be—the mother of T Corporation's CEO.

"How can someone be this biased?" Susan asked again slowly.

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One of the men dragged Pierre out of the car.

Thump! Pierre knelt on the ground.

The man frowned and asked, "What's the matter with him?"

"He fought back, so I did something to him." Amur shot a glance at Pierre's weak legs and casually explained.

"Ugh!" The man dragged Pierre and walked toward the house.

Amur followed behind them.

When they entered the house, the man tied Pierre to a chair and took the piece of cloth stuffed in his mouth out.

"I'm gonna kill you!" Pierre yelled angrily at Amur the moment the gag in his mouth was taken off.

The stabbing pain in his right leg made him realize what Amur did to him after he drugged him.

Pierre tried to lift his leg, but he soon realized he could not.

He knew his leg was broken.

Amur looked at the twisted and ferocious expression on Pierre's face coldly. He asked for it.

He chose to mess with Luca and Abel instead of living his comfortable life as the second young master of the Mallory family. It served him right for ending up like this today.

"Shut up." The man who took the piece of cloth out of his mouth thought Pierre was noisy. He grabbed Pierre's jaw and stuffed the cloth into his mouth again.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!" Pierre shook his head crazily.

The other man who stood and leaned against the wall asked in a lazy tone, "He's still noisy. Can't you just knock him out?"

"Boss will be here to talk to him soon. Will he let you off if you knock him out?" replied the man. He slapped Pierre hard across the face and warned him, "Don't you cause any trouble. Otherwise, I'll poison you and make you lose your voice after this!"

Pierre stopped making noises and quieted down.

He was worried that these men would do what he said. If they said they would poison him and make him permanently lose his voice, perhaps they would truly do so...

Not only was Pierre trying to stay alive, but he also had to get himself together to deal with them.

The man sneered when he noticed that Pierre was no longer making any noises. "Such a coward."

Pierre kept his mouth shut, but his venomous eyes glowered as he studied the three of them.

The man noticed that and bent down to make a gesture, showing Pierre that he would gorge his eyes out. "You're Pierre Mallory, right? Do you have any idea those who glare at me that way will end up getting their eyes gouged out?"

Pierre immediately looked down.

It was as though the man's fingers would poke into his eyes and gorge them out the next second.

"You're still unconvinced even if I call you a coward. You're trash," mocked the man.

"Hah, how could the second young master of the Mallory family be a coward?" Abel piped in. There was a hint of laziness and mockery in his voice.

"Boss."

"Boss." The two men immediately stood up straight, turned to look in Abel's direction, and greeted him.

Even though Amur was not happy to see Abel, he showed respect and greeted him like how the two men did. "Boss."

Abel gave Amur a dirty look and asked, "What took you so long?"

Amur sent Abel a message after he successfully kidnapped Pierre.

It took longer than he expected for Amur to arrive here.

"I drove all around the city to avoid the security cameras in the city center. I took the road on the outskirts of the city," explained Amur.

Abel did not say anything. He did not compliment Amur either. He only lifted his head and said to one of the men, "Why did you gag Mr. Pierre? How am I supposed to talk to him like this?"

"Yes, Boss!" The man immediately removed the piece of cloth from Pierre's mouth.

As Pierre looked at Abel, who had put on a mask on his face, he mocked, "Haven't we met last time? Why are you still wearing a mask?"

Abel touched his mask that revealed his eyes. He stared at Pierre disdainfully and said, "Mr. Pierre, are you really that innocent? If that was how I looked when I went to meet you last time, why couldn't you find me when you've been investigating me for such a long time?"

Pierre was dumbfounded for a moment as he met the pair of eyes behind the mask.

His eyes glowed with malice and mockery...

Pierre finally found out the reason why no one was able to find out who he was. It was because he had changed his appearance.

Pierre had seen people with special abilities after staying with Percy for so many years. Some knew how to disguise themselves and change their appearances. That was why he knew about ways to change one's appearance. However, he knew they were only using different kinds of materials and special makeup effects to disguise as someone else.

If one looked carefully at their faces, one would still be able to notice it.

When Pierre was in doubt, he recalled the time when he met Abel and had a closer look at him. He did not notice any flaws on his face. Hence, Pierre was willing to believe that it was his real face. It was just that he was good at hiding his identity.

However, Pierre did not expect Abel to have changed his appearance at that time...

Abel touched his mask and said, "If I wasn't in a hurry, I could show you some of my other faces."

"What the hell do you want from me?" Pierre asked unhappily. Even though he was in such a situation, he still wished to rip the man in front of him apart.

He had been fooled once, and now twice.

The man in front of him was as detestable as Percy and Luke!

Pierre was well aware that the man in front of him was much scarier than Percy and Luke.

"Nothing. It's just that I heard you've been trying to find out my identity. Didn't I tell you not to investigate me? Otherwise, you'll have to suffer the consequences." Abel lowered his voice and leaned forward all of a sudden.

A ghost mask suddenly came close to him.

Pierre could feel his heart skip a beat.

He was frightened by Abel's sudden movement.

The hideous expression on the ghost mask and the fangs that looked real almost made Pierre think that he had run into a devil.

After Pierre came back to his senses, he could not help but feel annoyed for being startled by such a trick. He was not a three-year-old kid!

"Haha." Abel laughed recklessly as he caught a glimpse of the fear that flashed across Pierre's eyes. "The second young master of the Mallory family was startled by my mask. Is my mask that scary?"

No one answered.

Pierre looked down. All he had in mind was anger, resentment, and chagrin.

"Is it that scary?" Abel turned around and looked at his subordinates.

"Not at all, Boss. He wasn't frightened by the ghost mask, he was overwhelmed by your aura." One of the men sucked up to Abel.

Abel enjoyed being praised that way.

Then, he turned around and looked at Pierre. "Do you still remember?"

"Yes." Pierre shut his eyes. Even though his eyes were shut, some images in his head became even clearer when he was unable to see.

If he could go back in time, perhaps he would not have lost. He would never have started investigating Abel at this critical moment either.

Everything was messed up at the time.

If it were not for Percy, he would not have to hide at Oswald's place. Given the high security at Mallory Manor, there was no way the man in front of him would have kidnapped him.

Everything happened at the same time, and it was all messed up. He was in dire straits, and he was out of luck.

"Then why are you still investigating me?" Abel deliberately asked. Then, he answered the question, "Oh, I know why. You're the second young master of the Mallory family. Whom have you lost to? You must be mad at me for taking such a large sum of money, but that's how business works. How can I refund the money to you since we've made a deal?"

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Pierre knew that his investigation had upset the man in front of him, so he said, "What would it take for you to let me go?"

"Haha. Mr. Pierre, do you think I went through all of that to kidnap you just so that I could let you go?" Abel laughed out loud as if he had just heard a joke.

The men behind him started laughing too.

"You're simply delusional to be thinking of escaping the clutches of our boss." They laughed out loud again after hearing that comment.

Pierre scanned the room to see that the only person in the house who did not laugh was the person who kidnapped him.

"Shut up," Abel immediately reprimanded his laughing subordinates.

The sound of laughter came to an abrupt stop.

Abel put a halt to the banter and said with a straight face, "How could you say that he's delusional?"

Nothing is impossible."

Pierre was stunned to find out that he still had a chance.

However, he knew that getting this chance from Abel was not going to be easy and that he might have to pay a big price.

Seeing that he had nothing to say, Abel then pointed at Amur and said, "Mr. Pierre, when I first found out that you were investigating me, I was so upset that I even sent him to kill you. Do you know why I suddenly had a change of heart?"

Pierre glanced at the man next to him before staring into the eyes of the man in the mask. "What do you want?"

"Tsk tsk tsk, how can you be so impatient when it comes to business?" Abel did not appreciate his attitude very much.

Pierre did not say a word.

He knew that the man in front of him would not kill him that easily right now, so he did not continue the conversation.

Abel said, "Fine. If you don't have anything to say, I'll continue, then. I heard that you've encountered some trouble, so I was thinking that perhaps we could work together."

Pierre looked at his ghastly mask and sneered. "Is this how you show your sincerity in cooperating?" "Yes, you're right. Don't forget that I was trying to kill you before this. If we do end up working together, you have to remember that you can only submit to me," reminded Abel.

Pierre wanted to tell him to dream on, but his life was in the hands of Abel right now, so he could not say those words out loud.

"What on earth do you want?" Pierre grew more and more impatient as he tried to figure out the reason he kidnapped him here.

Abel pulled the chair behind him before sitting down and crossing his legs.

Compared to how tense Pierre was, Abel's posture was infinitely more relaxed.

"I've been thinking of starting a booming business lately, but I need money. That's why I want to ask you for some, Mr. Pierre," said Abel, emphasizing his last point.

He was neither asking for a loan nor an investment.

Pierre frowned. "So, this is your idea of working together!"

"Yes, and if it seems unfair to you, just think of it as the money you're paying in exchange for your life. How does that sound? It seems like a fair deal if you think of it that way, right?" Abel said with a chuckle as he drew out a cigar from his pocket.

He then remembered that he was wearing a mask, so he could not smoke the cigar.

"That's robbery." Pierre blatantly exposed him.

"You're right, it is a robbery! Well said! I never intended to rob you in the first place, but you gave me the chance to. I heard that you've been facing some trouble lately, and I bet that you're low on money too. It's fine if you don't have money because the Mallory family does. Since you're the precious son of the Mallory family, it shouldn't be a problem for them to spend a bit of money to spare your life, right?"

"How much do you want?" Pierre knew that if he refused, he could die at any moment.

The only way he could survive under these circumstances was if he agreed to Abel's request.

"You can't give me what I want, so I'll ask your family for it, and the only thing you can do is cooperate with me." Abel was very pleased. All he had to do was hold Pierre hostage for the next two days, then everything will fall into place.

As cruel as the Mallory family may be, they would not just stand by and watch Pierre die.

Not to mention, the Mallory family had a huge family business, so taking that bit of money was nothing to them.

Pierre glared at him. "What do you want me to do?"

"Stay here for two more days and I'll tell you. I'm afraid that if you talk to them too soon, they're not going to panic. Only after they haven't been able to reach you for long enough will they comply with my request and spare your life." Abel's sinister smile hinted that everything was going according to plan. He was determined to get his hands on this business, but he did not want to pay for it himself.

Therefore, he dumped the responsibility onto Pierre's lap.

He was the one who refused to stop investigating, so he deserved it!

"I can't wait until that day," said Pierre directly.

"Oh?" Abel looked at him with raised eyebrows.

"Your subordinate crippled my leg, so I need to go to the hospital to receive treatment immediately," said Pierre.

Abel turned to look at Amur.

Although Amur could not see his expression, he knew what he wanted to ask, so he explained, "Boss, I only did it because he resisted."

"Oh, really? I was already unconscious at that time. You clearly did it on purpose!" Pierre started to get bolder after learning that Abel would not kill him.

Although he could not return yet, he would not let the man in front of him go for injuring his leg.

"You resisted, so I crippled your leg," said Amur as he did cripple his leg.

"Huh, I see." Abel then turned to tell Pierre, "My apologies, Mr. Pierre. My men are rather heavy-handed as they're all professionally trained and are very strong. I'm sorry that you got injured, but why did you resist? If you hadn't resisted, you wouldn't have gotten injured. Am I not right?"

"You..." Pierre was left speechless by his logic.

"No need to worry, Mr. Pierre. It's just a broken leg. It's curable as long as the broken bone is treated and operated on within a week, so relax. As long as your family cooperates, I'll make sure that you're admitted to the hospital within a week. As for now, I'll have someone help you fix your leg first."

Abel then made a gesture.

A man behind him said, "Boss, let me find some equipment first."

"Find good equipment so that Mr. Pierre can stay here comfortably for the next two days." Abel smiled as he thought that Amur crippling his leg like this was not a bad idea.

That way, Pierre would not be able to escape even if he wanted to.

"Yes, Boss." The man left.

Abel rubbed his hands together and said, "Well, that's all. I look forward to our cooperation. I just need you to bear staying in this small house of mine for two days, Mr. Pierre. I'll send you back to A City on the third day as long as your family is cooperative."

"Wait." Pierre withdrew his sullen gaze from Amur.

"Hm?" Abel had already stood up, but he sat back down after hearing what he said. "What do you want?"

"I want to work with you," said Pierre through gritted teeth.

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"Oh?" Abel crossed his legs again to listen to what he had to offer.

"I'll give you money, and you'll help me deal with Luke and Percy. I want them to disappear off the face of the earth," Pierre said relentlessly.

He knew that the person sitting in front of him could accomplish that.

He was equally as powerful as Luke and Percy.

"Luke? Percy?" Abel sneered and asked, "Do you have money?"

"The Mallory family does," replied Pierre. He knew that the Mallory family would never pay someone to get rid of Percy, so the only thing he could do was to make a deal with the man in a mask in front of him.

"How naive. Do you really think that the Mallory family will agree to let me get rid of Percy?" Abel asked as he had heard stuff about the Mallory family thanks to Pierre.

He looked Pierre in the eye. If he were not a member of the Mallory family, he might have even taken pity on him and let him onto the Island of Despair.

As someone who was cruel enough to want to kill his own brother, he was the perfect candidate to become an assassin on the Island of Despair as he could carry out missions without any emotion.

"You never know. With my life, Percy's life, and Luke's life on the line, you can just ask the Mallory family for however much you want." Pierre smiled savagely as he thought that Abel would agree to his deal for money.

He did not tell Abel that he had shared some of his findings with Luke in order to hide from the Department of Homeland Security.

He knew that he would have it much worse if he were to tell him the truth.

Thus, Pierre did not intend to tell him that Luke was also investigating him.

"Luke, Percy.." Abel frowned. The person who helped Luke take the lead in destroying on the Island of Despair was Percy, right?

He remembered them saying that Percy shot at least ten men with a machine gun, causing the island's defense system to collapse in an instant.

Therefore, he would neither let Luke nor Percy get away with it.

However, now was not the right time, and he was not going to join hands with Pierre either.

Abel leaned forward to pat Pierre's face and ridicule him, "Look at you. How could you still be so naive under these circumstances? I'll get my money with your life, but we're never working together."

Amur, who was standing in the corner, frowned upon listening to Abel's words.

He could not help but wonder what Abel had in mind.

After hearing what Pierre had to say, Amur assumed that Abel would agree, since his actual target was Luke.

However, Abel unexpectedly rejected Pierre's offer to work together.

It was surprising, but it also made him wonder how he planned to get rid of Luke.

"Aren't you in need of money?" As he turned to leave, Pierre hurriedly said, "I have money!"

"It's your family that has money, and I'll never work with anyone when it comes to dealing with people because I don't trust anyone." Abel sneered and looked at Amur. "You, come with me."

"Yes, Boss," Amur said calmly as he followed Abel into a room.

"Close the door," ordered Abel.

Amur turned around to close the door, and when he turned back around to face Abel, he was slapped across the face.

A loud slap sounded when his palm met his face.

"Don't think I don't know what you're doing. Did I ask you to break Pierre's leg?" Abel took off his mask, revealing his sinister face.

His sullenness was written all over his face.

Amur responded, "He was the one who resisted."

"You broke his leg because he resisted?" Abel sneered and continued, "Or did you break his leg on purpose to avenge Luca?"

Amur replied, "Boss, I completed the mission."

"Very well." Seeing how he would not admit his mistake and even insist that he had done as he was told, Abel clapped his hands and said, "Amur, I can't say that you're my most loyal servant, but you sure are loyal to Ivana."

Amur did not say a word as one side of his face started to swell.

"But is doing all of this for Ivana worth it? Now that she has climbed onto Luke's bed and become his woman once again, will she appreciate what you do for her? Will she sacrifice herself for you?" Abel's words were sharp enough to pierce through Amur's heart.

Abel noticed his tightly clenched fists and taunted, "You're still willing to go against me for her, but what for? You can't even get a strand of her hair. Amur, you'd better think twice about who your real master is."

"It's you." Amur lowered his head and clenched his fists so tightly that his nails dug deep into his palms.

"Very well. It's a good thing you're still aware of this. Otherwise, I might have to consider sending you back to the Island of Despair to receive training again." Abel raised both his hands and patted his face, gradually adding more force each time.

After about ten pats, Amur still did not dodge, nor did he shout in pain. Abel stopped and gave him another order, "Go back to A City and prepare to ask the Mallory family for money."

"Boss, do you need it in cash?" Amur was a little taken aback.

Cash was the hardest to deal with.

Abel had several Swiss bank accounts, so if he had the Mallory family transfer the money to his account and he transferred it to a different account, he would not get caught.

That would not be the case if he asked the Mallory family for cash.

"I'll need some of it in cash, and you'll have to get the job done for me when the time comes. You know what will happen if you don't," warned Abel.

"Yes." Amur nodded. His face was stinging, but he could hide the redness that Abel caused with the mask on.

"Get out." Abel took out a cigar and the lighter next to him to light it up.

Amur turned around to open the door and leave.

He had to pass through the living room he came from in order to leave. When he was there, he noticed that the man had already fixed Pierre's right leg.

"I'll never let you get away with this." Upon seeing Amur approaching, Pierre lowered his voice and issued a warning to him in a deep beast-like voice.

Beads of sweat trickled down his face from his forehead as getting his leg fixed without anesthesia was excruciating.

Before Amur could respond, the man fixing his leg for him said, "Hey, how dare you still seek revenge on our people? Watch out or I'll break your left leg too!"

"How dare you?!" Pierre glared menacingly at the guy who was fixing his leg.

"Of course not. You're still useful to us for now. Mr. Pierre, oh, Mr. Pierre. You should know that if you ever give us trouble once you return after the Mallory family has given

us the money, your right leg isn't going to be the only thing that's broken. Please wise up and realize that we're not people you should mess with." The man fixed another metal plate inside of his leg.

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Amur walked past him and warned him in a low voice, "You should be grateful that Boss needs the money for investment at the moment. Otherwise, he wouldn't have let you stay alive in exchange for money."

Pierre listened to Amur's threat. He could not help but shiver in fear.

The man who set Pierre's broken leg could not help but mock him. "Weren't you trying to get rid of us? Why are you afraid now?"

"Shut up!" Pierre warned spitefully.

"Tsk. What he said was true. You should be glad that our boss is making some investments. Otherwise, you would've been dead yesterday." The man shot a glance at Amur.

Amur was a man who would kill someone without blinking an eye. Basically, he was able to complete all the missions assigned to him.

Hence, if he was assigned to kill Pierre yesterday, Pierre would not have just gotten a broken leg.

Amur pressed his hand on Pierre's shoulder and said, "Be careful next time. Offending us won't do you any good."

Pierre grimaced in pain when he was pressed on the spot where it hurt. "Let go of me."

Amur lifted his hand and said to the man, "Mr. Pierre's shoulder is injured too. Take a look at it if you have the time to do so."

"I'm busy. Boss told me to set his leg. He didn't ask me to treat his shoulder." The man shook his head.

Amur could not be bothered that much and immediately left.

Pierre listened as Amur's footsteps faded away as he walked further. He turned to look at the man in front of him and asked, "Who's that man?"

The man would certainly not answer him. He gave Pierre a dirty look as though he was laughing at his ignorance. "Do you even deserve to know his name?"

Pierre could not help but feel aggrieved. That man could not be more than just a killer carrying out his missions.

How could the second young master of the Mallory family not deserve to know who he was?

"How do you place an order?" asked Pierre. Even though Abel refused to accept his offer to work together, he could still put a hit on Luke and Percy.

He would request them to send the man who left a moment ago to murder them.

It did not matter to him if he and Luke ended up in a lose-lose situation.

"Mr. Pierre, I thought you were investigating us, no? Stop wasting your time. We're not going to do business with you. Get your sh*t together." After the man set his leg, he did what Amur did and patted his right shoulder.

"Ouch. You!" Pierre lifted his head angrily.

The man shrugged his hands and mocked him, "Oops, I'm sorry. I forgot you were injured."

Before Pierre lost his temper, the man picked up the piece of cloth beside him and stuffed it into his mouth.

"Boss doesn't like it when it's loud. Mr. Pierre, keep it down."

Pierre indignantly watched the man leave. He was tied to a chair, unable to move, with a piece of cloth stuffed into his mouth.

He had never been humiliated like this!

The seeds of hatred in Pierre's heart began to grow and sprout.

Not only did they want his money, but they even tried to trample on his dignity!

That was not going to happen!

Pierre would take revenge on everyone here if he could get out of here alive. He would punish the man who kidnapped him, the man who asked him for money, and the man who stuffed the piece of cloth into his mouth!

He would not let those who mocked him and looked down on him get away with it!

Pierre swore to himself as he watched the man leave from behind.

On the other hand.

Amur drove in the direction of A City after he left the stronghold.

Meanwhile, in A City, the Mallory family was in chaos after they confirmed that Pierre had been kidnapped.

The Mallory family's chauffeur was at the hospital. He sent a message to Mr. Bennet, telling him that triazolam and ketamine were found in Oswald's and Flynn's blood samples. They were some of the ingredients contained in drugs to make one lose consciousness and put one to sleep.

Thus, it proved that Oswald and Flynn were not lying. They did not realize Pierre was taken away because they were drugged.

They were a hundred percent sure that Pierre had been kidnapped.

Madam Mallory almost lost her balance and fell onto the ground when she found out about it. The maid beside her immediately came forward to help her and said in a low voice, "Madam, please take a seat. Don't worry. Perhaps it's not a kidnapping."

"Where can Pierre go if he wasn't kidnapped? He's a free man. There's no need to drug the other two men even if he wanted to go out." Madam Mallory sat on the sofa with one of her hands propping up her temple.

Her temples were pounding and hurting as her blood pressure rose.

"Get me my antihypertensive pills," instructed Madam Mallory. She knew she might pass out if she did not take the medicine now.

"Okay." The maid immediately opened the drawer beside the TV cabinet and took the antihypertensive pills before handing them to her. "Madam, place a pill under your tongue."

It was not Madam Mallory's first time taking such medicine. She took the pill the maid handed to her and placed it under her tongue to dissolve it.

The medicine worked fast. Madam Mallory could feel her body lighter half an hour later. She was not feeling drowsy anymore.

Madam Mallory knew she had to keep a cool head if she wanted Pierre to return safely.

"Madam, are you feeling better now?" The maid was attentive enough to notice the changes in her appearance.

"Yes." Madam Mallory regulated her breath and asked Mr. Bennet, "Did those men who were sent to District 15 find anything?"

"Madam, our men reported that the house is in a mess. Other than the knife on the floor, there's no sign of a violent struggle," reported Mr. Bennet.

Old Master Mallory sat there, listening to their conversation. However, he had not spoken a word about it since he found out that Pierre had been kidnapped.

He would not make a move to look for Pierre either.

Mr. Bennet reckoned that the old master was still upset.

It was understandable if Old Master Mallory was still mad at Pierre. Still, Pierre's life mattered more than anything else now. Mr. Bennet thought the old master should not let anger take over him at this moment.

No one knew what was wrong with Old Master Mallory. He listened to their conversation, but he said nothing.

"Is there any blood at the scene?" Madam Mallory's heart jolted for a moment when she heard that there was a knife. She was worried that Pierre was injured.

"No. Oswald said that Mr. Pierre used that knife to defend himself. He always kept it under his pillow, but it was on the floor this time. That was how he knew that Mr. Pierre was in trouble," answered Mr. Bennet.

"Then what about the security cameras? Did they find anything?" Madam Mallory immediately asked. Even though she had no idea who took Pierre away, she had to know where those men took Pierre.

Mr. Bennet replied with an awkward look on his face, "Madam, it's an old street, and it's near the outskirts of the city. There aren't many security cameras installed there. Our men have already asked for permission from the relevant department to get the surveillance footage, but some of the surveillance footage belongs to the shops nearby. That place is nothing more than a wretched hive of scum and villainy. They do shady businesses at night. I'm afraid we'll have to wait until nighttime to get the surveillance footage from them."

Their subordinates were not familiar with the area there. That was why they had no idea who the owners of the shops were and how to contact them.

The residents staying in the area did not know about it either. They said it was normal for the owners of the shops to close their businesses and sell them to others due to the business slump.

They had no idea who were the current owners as it was something that happened quite often.

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With the way things turned out, there was no doubt that it was more difficult for them to look into the case.

Hence, those men who were sent there could only watch the surveillance footage provided by the relevant department while they waited for nightfall. They could only ask for the rest of the surveillance footage when the shops were opened.

That was the only way to find out where Pierre had been taken to.

"No way! That's too inefficient!" Madam Mallory shook her head and instructed Mr. Bennet, "Ask them to check with the state secretary and find out who owns those businesses. We have to get the surveillance footage as soon as possible."

"Yes, Madam." Mr. Bennet had no choice but to follow her instructions.

Mr. Bennet picked up his phone and gave his orders. He received a message from his subordinates at the same time.

He was startled for a moment when he saw the message. He pondered for a moment and decided to inform Madam Mallory. "Madam, I've got some news for you. Our men reported that they saw Luke's men wandering near the house like they're keeping watch."

"Luke's men!" Madam Mallory immediately leaped to her feet. "It must be him who took Pierre away. That's why he sent his subordinates to take a look at the scene and find out what's going on now."

"Madam, it's hard to tell who actually took Master Pierre away," reminded Mr. Bennet. However, he thought it would be better for him not to explain it to Madam Mallory when he saw how anxious she was.

Luke would not have sent his men to be on a stakeout outside the building if he was behind this.

Luke would never make a move that would so easily expose him.

"It must be him. Who else could it be? He sent his men to question Pierre back then. Then, he kidnapped Pierre and even sent his men back there to see what's going on now. He doesn't want to make it a big deal. I'm going to see him and ask him to let Pierre go," said Madam Mallory as she picked up the coat beside her and walked toward the door.

"Enough!" Old Master Mallory's voice was full of majesty, and it stopped Madam Mallory from leaving.

"Father, I'm not doing anything wrong. Pierre's life might be in danger now. I have to meet Luke and ask him to let Pierre go." Madam Mallory clenched her teeth.

"Are you sure that he's the one who did it?" Old Master Mallory's eyes were blazing with anger. He had the same thought as Mr. Bennet.

If Luke was the one who kidnapped Pierre, there was no need for him to let his men wander around and expose himself. Luke would have known better.

"He looked for Pierre and questioned him back then. That makes him a suspect. Besides, no one knows about this yet. Why are his subordinates hanging around nearby if it wasn't Luke who sent someone to kidnap Pierre?" Madam Mallory blindly thought that Luke had something to do with this.

When Old Master Mallory saw how obsessed Karen was with the idea that Luke had something to do with it, he questioned her, "Do you have to ruin the relationship between the Mallory family and the Crawford family today?"

Madam Mallory bit her lip. She did not expect Old Master Mallory to say that the situation would take a turn for the worse.

However, there was no way she would compromise this time. Pierre would have to continue suffering if she could not find out where he was now. "Father, it's Luke who doesn't care about the relationship between the Mallory family and the Crawford family. He kidnapped Pierre. You're saying that I'm ruining the relationship between the families, but it's not me who started it."

"Hmph. Of course, it didn't start with you. It was your son who ruined it first!" Old Master Mallory snapped.

Old Master Mallory had been mad at Pierre for the past few days. He had been recalling what he had done to clean up Pierre's mess in the past few years.

He initially thought that Pierre was the best of the best. However, he finally realized that Pierre was not as good as Percy at this point.

It was just that he was unable to control Percy. That was why he chose Pierre instead.

Old Master Mallory was disappointed in Pierre now.

Madam Mallory was dumbfounded for a moment. She simply put on her coat and said something harsh, "Father, Pierre is your grandson. He broke your heart and disappointed you after everything he did. Even so, he's still related to you. How can you be so

heartless? Why do you still care about the relationship between the two families? Why are you stopping me?

"Oh, I know you're not short of grandchildren. Other than Percy and Pierre, you still have a few mixed- race illegitimate grandchildren out there. You can give up on Percy and cast Pierre out of the family. Then, you can take them home and kick me out of the Mallory family."

"Damn you!" Old Master Mallory did not expect her to say something like that.

Old Master Mallory's son had an affair with another woman abroad and had a family there. He knew all about it.

However, the old master did not compromise just because it was his son and grandchildren.

After all, he only acknowledged Percy and Pierre's mother as his daughter-in-law.

Hence, he let Percy and Pierre's father stay abroad and made him busy by leaving the businesses abroad that were not so important to him. It was to stop him and his illegitimate children from coming back home.

What Madam Mallory just said to him hit him where it hurt. It made him feel bitterly disappointed.

"Madam, Old Master Mallory has always seen you as his daughter-in-law. How could you say something like that?!" Mr. Bennet stood beside the old master with a surprised look on his face.

Madam Mallory's eyes reddened as she said with determination, "I'm going to meet Luke today no matter what it takes. And I'll bring Pierre back here. Father, you can do whatever you want to punish me, but please let me find Pierre. We'll talk about this later."

She immediately left the living room after that.

"Old Master Mallory, what should we do?" asked Mr. Bennet.

Madam Mallory would question Luke aggressively when she met him.

The friendship between the Mallory family and the Crawford family might get worse.

"Let her go. She doesn't even reflect on herself for spoiling Pierre. Now, she's acting recklessly because of that little brat. Let's see if she'll regret it when she realizes that she has made a big

mistake!" Old Master Mallory said in a loud voice. Madam Mallory, who had not gone far, could hear what he said.

Madam Mallory convinced herself that what she was doing was right. She thought Old Master Mallory wanted to teach Pierre a lesson this time, and that was why he refused to go.

Madam Mallory was determined to ask Luke to let Pierre go this time!

Madam Mallory drove to T Corporation right away.

After she parked the car, she immediately headed to the lobby on the first floor.

"Good morning, Madam. May I know who you're looking for?" The receptionist in the lobby saw Madam Mallory walking toward her and asked.

"I'm looking for Mr. Crawford. Is he in his office?" Madam Mallory asked directly.

"Did you make an appointment with him?" asked the receptionist.

"I don't have to make an appointment to see him. Please tell Jason that I'm Percy Mallory's mother." Madam Mallory took off her sunglasses and came on strong.

No matter how ignorant the receptionist was, she would realize who the person in front of her was when she heard Pierre's name. Thus, she immediately called Jason's intercom phone number.

"Mr. Doyle, we have a woman who claims to be Mr. Mallory's mother looking for Mr. Crawford. She didn't make any appointment, though." Madam Mallory snatched the handset from the receptionist the moment she was done talking.

Madam Mallory was usually polite, but she would do whatever she had to do to save Pierre.

"Jason, I'm Percy and Pierre's mother. I don't care whether Luke is available or not now. I have to see him. Tell him to meet me now if he doesn't want things to turn ugly and Old Master Crawford to find out about it."

Twins in Her Womb: Sir President, Please be Gentle

Jason, who was on the other end of the line, remained calm after listening to what she said. Then, he replied calmly, "Alright, Madam Mallory. I'll pass your message on to him. Just a moment, please."

After that, he hung up the call. He stood up and walked toward Luke's office. Then, he knocked on the door.

"Come in." Luke's voice came from inside the office.

Jason pushed the door open and immediately reported to him, "Boss, Madam Mallory is downstairs. She'd like to see you."

"Aunt Karen?" Luke put down his pen and turned to look at him.

"Yes, it's Mr. Mallory's mother. She told me that she has to see you. She'll go look for Old Master Crawford if you don't make time for her," said Jason. Everyone knew how tough Madam Mallory was.

However, it was strange that Madam Mallory came looking for Luke now.

Jason could not help but wonder if she came to ask for Luke's help to clean up Pierre's mess.

Still, Madam Mallory knew that Luke sided with Percy, and there was no way he would help Pierre.

"Let her in," replied Luke. He was not planning to let Madam Mallory disturb Old Master Mallory.

"Yes, Boss." Jason returned to his office and called the front desk.

After the receptionist confirmed it with him, she led Madam Mallory to the elevator. Then, she swiped the card and let her enter the elevator.

Madam Mallory was distraught as she looked at the numbers that gradually went up as the elevator rose. She pursed her lips and made up her mind that she must ask Luke to let Pierre go.

Even though this would cause a misunderstanding between the two families, she insisted on doing so.

Percy had been seduced by Nina and was crazy about her. There was no way she could accept Nina who was born into such a family. Therefore, she might not be able to mend her broken relationship with Percy.

Pierre was the only one she could depend on when she grew older.

Madam Mallory thought that she was not doing anything wrong as she was doing it for herself, the Mallory family, and their future.

The elevator door opened. Madam Mallory walked out of the elevator and saw Jason. "Take me to Luke." "Yes, Madam Mallory. This way, please." Jason frowned. Madam Mallory sounded aggressive.

He knew she was not to be messed with.

Jason could not help but heave a sigh. She came with ill intentions.

Luke would have to deal with her on his own.

Jason led Madam Mallory to Luke's office. He gently knocked on the door, telling Luke that Madam Mallory had arrived. Then, he pushed the door open and said, "Madam Mallory, the boss is inside."

Madam Mallory walked into Luke's office with a cold expression on her face.

"Aunt Karen." Luke dropped everything and turned around, giving her a cold-eyed stare.

Madam Mallory sneered and sat right opposite him. "Luke, I'm one of the people who watched you grow up. You're not a bad person. So, let go of Pierre and hand him over to me. If you do that, I won't get to the bottom of this."

"Pierre?" Luke raised his brows. Did she come here to ask him to hand Pierre over to her?

Gale had only confirmed that Pierre was kidnapped 15 minutes ago.

However, Gale did not investigate who kidnapped him. Luke did not ask Gale to look into it either.

He had nothing to do with the person who kidnapped Pierre, after all.

Yet, Madam Mallory was asking him to hand Pierre over to her now.

"My men saw your subordinates wandering around house number 13 in District 15. Are you scoping out the area? Or are you just inspecting the crime scene? Anyway, I won't hold you accountable for this if you hand Pierre over to me." Madam Mallory went straight to the point. She would do anything for Pierre.

She would also use an elder's dignified demeanor to pressure Luke.

"Pierre's not here." After Luke found out her intention, he continued to turn the pages of the work documents. His voice was cold, and he could not be bothered to explain to her.

It was because once Madam Mallory suspected it was him, she would continue to think that he was the one who did it. There was no way he could overcome the suspicion no matter how hard he tried to explain to the woman in front of him.

"Your men went looking for Pierre a few days ago, and Pierre was kidnapped today. Your men showed up at the scene after that happened. And you're saying that Pierre's not here?"

Luke, I've been through more than you can ever imagine. Stop fooling me." Madam Mallory refused to believe him.

Luke knew she would not believe in him. He took out his phone and called 110, then he said, "Aunt Karen, you've got a point there, but you can't just suspect me. I won't repeat what I'm going to say again."

He paused for a moment. If the woman in front of him was not Percy's biological mother, he would not have been bothered to show any respect to her.

"My men went to look for Pierre to find out where he bought my company's bidding document at that time."

Before Luke could finish talking, Madam Mallory interrupted him, "Nonsense. The police had made it very clear. Pierre has nothing to do with it."

Luke immediately leaned back on his chair with his hands resting on the armrests. There was an unbothered look on his face. Then, he answered with a question of his own, "Do you believe that?"

Madam Mallory was startled for a moment.

"Aunt Karen, you know very well whether Pierre has something to do with the bidding document or not. You also know how the Mallory family has cleaned up his mess for him. I chose to let it slide for Percy's sake. If I'm asked to provide more evidence... Well, I just found a lot of evidence recently," Luke said unmindfully.

Madam Mallory would have known that if Pierre had anything to do with this.

She immediately changed the topic of the conversation. "You're admitting that you kidnapped Pierre because he stole your company's bidding document!"

"I didn't say that," replied Luke. If it were not for her being an elder, Luke would not even be bothered to talk to her. Besides, she would make it a big deal and inform Old Master Crawford about this if they did not get this straight.

Luke would have to deal with the problem if Old Master Crawford found out about this.

Luke added, "I only wanted to find out who sold the document to him. That's why I sent my men to coerce him into giving the information."

"As for the reason why my subordinates showed up in front of that house, it's because I know your chauffeur took Oswald and another guy to the hospital for a blood test to check if there are any traces of drugs in their blood."

"I don't know the results, but I knew that Pierre must be in trouble. That's why I sent my men there, but you think I kidnapped Pierre. I can call the police for you."

After that, Luke pointed at the emergency call shown on his phone screen.

Madam Mallory's eyes darkened. She refused to believe what Luke said, but she did not want to call the police.

If she called the police, the police officers would arrest Pierre even if they found him.

Pierre hid in that shabby house to not get caught by the police. He could deal with the matter that way, and he did not have to be sent to prison and suffer.

"Do you think I'll believe you even if you do this? Luke, kidnapping is illegal!" Madam Mallory refused to let him get away with it.

"I know you don't. That's why I'll leave it to the police." Luke pressed the call button.

Madam Mallory leaped out of her chair and warned him, "I'll find the evidence to prove that you're the one who kidnapped Pierre. You'd better hand him over to me. Otherwise, things aren't going to be easy for you when I find the evidence! I'll have a hold over you and send you to prison!"

After she jumped down his throat, she turned around and left.