

Chasing After My Beloved Wife

- Chapter 74 He Shouldn't Have Brought It Up

The healed wound on her wrist suddenly felt itchy, as if it was deliberately reminding her of the incident that day.

When she was contemplating about whether to pretend that she didn't see him, Connor had already made his way in front of her. Then, he grabbed her wrist and said, "Come with me."

Being forcefully dragged out of the bar, the embarrassment in Janina was replaced by anger. She forcefully shrugged his hand away and him, who was right in front of her. "Are you mad?"

"Even if I'm mad, it's still better than you getting all drunk and committing suicide."

Connor was used to speak whatever was on his mind. But after seeing her face paled upon his words, his heart ached and he regretted his actions.

He shouldn't have brought it up.

He was a man. But it felt like a nightmare to him every single time he thought about her suicidal attempt. It was already distressing and suffocating for him, let alone the person concerned.

"Well... I want to tell you that there are many perverts in the bar. Don't come here alone in the future."

Even if he avoided the topic of suicide, the damage was already done. Janine was hurt by his words. Lifting her head up, her eyes evinced the tenacity despite being hurt.

Connor gulped as he got goosebumps with her staring at him like that. He was flustered and averted his eyes, as if he had done something wrong.

Why did it turn out like this?

He was the great hero who saved someone. It's not like he forced her to
kill herself.

"You... don't look at me like that. I'm... I'm your saviour."

Stuttering for the first time in his life, he was frustrated. But then, Janina
suddenly smiled.

She took off the diamond-studded watch on her wrist. The three deep
wounds on her pale wrist were appalling, and she approached him closer
and closer.

"Do you think it's easy to commit suicide?"

"The fear when death is approaching. Do you know how it feels like?"

"..."

Connor kept stepping back. Until the luxurious suit brushed against the tree trunk, which was by the road, his steps came to a halt. The panic in his eyes gradually took over by calmness. He looked very serious.

"Since you can overcome the fear of death, why can't you face the past?"

"I'm trying!"

Janina growled as her eyes reddened. In the past five years, she kept reminded herself every day before going to bed, that she must live happier and better than yesterday when the sun rose the next day.

She thought she had done it, but the recent wound on her wrist deemed her deceptive success in convincing herself. She was still weak subconsciously.

Strange enough, it broke Connor's heart to see her like this.

Reaching out the diamond watch in her hand, he wanted to cover the wounds on her wrist. But she shoved it away.

"You scumbag only knows how to splurge money and hook up with women. You know nothing! And you don't have the right to teach me a lesson!"

He remained riveted, as if someone had pressed the "pause" button on him. Blankly, he watched the slender and stubborn figure crossing the road and disappear.

"Mr. Turner, long time no see."

A mellifluous voice resounded. Connor came to his senses, only to see an attractive woman in revealing clothes winking at him.

"You..."

"Mr. Turner, don't tell me that you don't remember me. We had so much fun in the hotel last time. I was thinking about you every day."

As she spoke, she leaned against him. Her soft chest pressed against his. Obviously, she knew men's preferences very well.

Having a woman of his taste coming up to him willingly, there's no way for him to refuse. However, for some reason, he felt not a single interest in her. Besides, he was sickened by the strong scent of perfume on her.

"Mr. Turner? Don't you miss me?"

Since he was unresponsive, she pressed against him harder only to be pulled aside by him. "What's your name?"

"Mr. Turner, you're so bad. How could you possibly forgotten my name?"

I'm Lily."

Lily?

Connor's lips pursed tightly together. He couldn't even remember how many women he had slept with, let alone their names and looks.

No wonder Janina would say that he was a scumbag who only knew splurging and debauchery.

"Mr. Turner? What's going on?"

She did not want to let go of this chance of coincidence. When she was ready to wrap her arms around him again, she got a cold feet by the change of glint in his eyes.

"Get lost. Don't let me repeat the second time."

Eventually, she withdrew her hand awkwardly. His current attitude was too unfamiliar to her. Though she was reluctant to give up the opportunity, she did not dare to provoke him rashly. In the end, she left despite her unwillingness.

The strong smell of perfume wafted away along the breeze. Looking down at the diamond watch in his hand, his brows furrowed.

He took out his phone and quickly dialed Shawn's number. Soon, a man's deep and sexy voice resounded. "What's the matter?"

"Am I really a bastard who only knows how to splurge money and play with women?"

Shawn's hand paused while leafing through the documents. His brows arched, as if he had heard something interesting.

"Did something happen? Is your family besieging you again?"

The Turner family had been known for being strict for several generations. The two sons were famous as well. Blake Turner was renowned for being a workaholic and stern, whereas Connor seemed to be an adopted child.

"It seems that you think the same too, that I am a trash who only knows how to spend money and play with women."

"I didn't..."

The call hung up before Shawn could finish his words. Speechless, he looked at the phone screen and said, "Just what's wrong with him?"

"Dong dong dong."

"Come in."

A knock resounded on the door. He put down his phone as Salmon came in from the outside.

"Boss, something had happened on the 13th floor just now."

"The 13th floor?"

He frowned at the mention of number "13". Vivian was on the 13th floor.

"What's happened?"

"Miss Hilary received a delivery, which contained... a dead rat that was cut into pieces."

Scaring someone with a bloody carcass was no longer a simple prank, but a straightforward threat.

"Find out where the delivery came from."

"Understood."

Salmon turned around and was about to leave, but Shawn stopped him.

"Ask the previous people to keep an eye on Leonard Group."

"Oh, okay."

The boss was talking about Leonard Group, but was in fact telling him
to keep an eye on Joye.

Did the boss suspect that it had something to do with Joye?

The office door closed again, and Shawn threw the folder aside.

"Joye Leonard, just what are you hiding from me?"

Since it was the peak hour, the road was congested. In the Rolls-Royce
was Vivian, sitting quietly in the passenger seat, so quiet as if she wasn't
actually there.

"Is everything going well at work today?"

Shawn turned his head and only took a glance of her before withdrawing
his gaze.

"It went well as usual."

Vivian immediately put on a smile, but her fingers tightened uneasily, as if she was trying her best to hide her fear.