

Chapter 22 She didn't go anywhere

Sirens resounded throughout Preston's estate.

Robert never thought he would be in the police hall and was sent in by his beloved woman herself.

There's new material for the media out there.

The president of the Ace went crazy and broke into Preston's villa at night, molested a virtuous woman, and was taken away by the police instead.

And the comments below would be:

"Robert Adams really opened up my mind toward man, stupid and dumb."

"You think you are so rich that you can break the law and get away with it?"

Robert's assistant went to bail him out, wearing a mask and sunglasses.

He thought, his boss got really carried away, and he felt that if he now resigned, maybe no one would be willing to hire him as an assistant.

After all, he is really disgraced following his boss this half-year.

He drove on, and the man in the back seat with a somber look on his face murmured a place: "Provence."

The assistant's eyes moved and he hurriedly booked a flight ticket to France.

The following day.

Julia took an early morning flight to France with Dave to prepare for the wedding.

Outside the window, white clouds rolled, the sunset scattered in the sky, Julia looked out of breath.

Dave held her hand: "Did you get scared last night?"

Julia looked back at him and smiled lightly: "I didn't. I knew that he was not trying to hurt me."

Dave's gentle gaze cooled slightly. He pulled her over, kissed her forehead, and said in a deep voice: "Promise me that if you ever meet him again, you will stay away from him."

Julia nodded slowly.

She was a little confused as to why both her sister and Dave did not tell her about Robert Adams, but they all told her to stay away from him.

She thought of Robert's words yesterday. He said he liked her.

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Dave arranged everything for them and bought a small villa in Provence as their new house.

All wedding matters were done.

Julia stood in front of the full-length mirror,

looking at herself in a white wedding gown. She couldn't believe that she was getting married.

If only her parents were still there. Her head ached and she could barely remember what happened before they passed away.

Dave, in a white suit, stood handsomely and upright behind her, holding her tightly in his arms.

"We're getting married tomorrow, so you should stay at home and not go anywhere today, okay?"

"Well, okay."

Julia nodded obediently, and from the time they came here, Dave told her not to walk around.

He said it was for the surprise he prepared for her.

She was obedient and didn't go anywhere except around the villa.

Dave let go of her and left the villa to prepare for the wedding, when he left, a black sedan was following his car.

He looked indifferently at the car in the rearview mirror, a flash of impatience under his eyes.

Alston sent people to follow him for five days.
The other side.

Robert stood on the balcony of a European-style mansion, and outside were fields of lavender.

"Well? Did you find the lady?"

"Dave is too cautious, he seems to know that our people are following him and has thrown us off a few times." His assistant said cautiously.

Robert clenched his fist.

Dave is indeed a difficult role to deal with, otherwise, he could not have arranged for Julia's fake death without a flaw.

"Tomorrow, they are going to have a wedding." His assistant reminded him.

He thought his boss would not think of robbing the bride, right?

Robert's eyes suddenly darkened, he thought of something, eyebrows raised: "Since we can't find Julia, then we should send someone to kidnap Dave."

Anyway, his purpose is to stop the wedding, since he can't find Julia, kidnapping Dave is the same.

He has long regarded Dave as an eyesore. With no groom, there's no way of holding this wedding!