

## Chapter 32 She's back

In the hall, Julia felt Robert's whole body pressed against her so she tried to push him away.

Instead of being pushed away, Robert held her tighter and pinned her down on the sofa.

Then, his thin lips fiercely blocked hers, and his large hands wandered all over her body.

With the pungent smell of alcohol, Julia's lips were forcibly pried open, and her mouth was filled with the spicy smell of alcohol.

Her eyes were red, she raised her hand and slapped him.

Robert's cheeks hurt and sobered a little before he could look at the person underneath him.

Then, a glass of cold water was poured over his face.

"You bastard!" Julia wiped her mouth and straightened her messy clothes.

Robert was completely sober, face full of water, looking at Julia not far away.

He was not dreaming or hallucinating.

It was really her!

She was really back.

Robert's eyes suddenly reddened as he stood up and walked over to Julia.

Julia was forced to a corner, there was no way to run.

"Robert, what exactly do you want?!"

Since the last time she saw Robert, Julia fainted and after she woke up, she moved in with Dave.

She knew it was because of Robert, so she didn't ask Dave why.

They didn't have long to live in peace when a group of people suddenly broke into her home the day before yesterday and brought her here.

This place, is full of pictures of her.

In the evening, she saw Robert come back drunk and realized that this is his home.

Robert looked at her with a wary face, and when he heard her words, his heart ached.

She still doesn't remember him; she didn't come back with him.

"Julia..."

Just as he opened his mouth, he was interrupted by Julia: "Please call me Miss. Smith."

Julia does not like strangers to call her so intimately, and even less so with Robert.

The smell of alcohol in her mouth was still there, and she wiped her mouth hard, wondering why she had married such an alcoholic in the first

place.

Robert's eyes did not change, he slowly spoke:  
"Lady... Smith!"

His voice was magnetic and nice, and his burning breath heated her cheeks, Julia's ears couldn't help but redden, and she scrambled to avoid his gazes.

"Mr. Adams, this is very ungentlemanly and rude of you, please send me back immediately." She spoke.

Robert listened to her polite and detached words and pressed against her a little closer.

Julia's complexion changed and she covered her lips in a panic.

"It's too late, I'll send you back tomorrow, now allow me to walk you to your room, and you can rest."

Julia's wary nerves slowly relaxed, and then followed him upstairs.

Robert had never been a gentleman, but seeing Julia follow him without guard, he knew he had to be slow with her.

He opened her old room: "It's your room, I always have your room tidied up."

Julia nodded, rushed into the room, and locked the room behind her.

Robert watched her actions, the corners of his mouth raised, he never knew she had such a cute side.

He knew that Julia's vision was not good, especially in the dark, so he turned on all the lights in the villa.

After that, he was relieved to go to sleep. Although this night they were separated by a wall, he slept particularly well.

The following day. Julia woke up early. When she walked downstairs, Robert had already waited for her in the hall.

He looked as if he had deliberately dressed up, with not a single crease on his suit, and his hair well-groomed, standing straight and waiting for her to come downstairs.

Although Julia did not understand why Robert kidnapped her here, she could let it go as long as he was willing to send her back.