

Chapter 3

"Ah..." The blood collection room was instantly filled with cries of agony, echoing throughout the entire room.

Meanwhile, Dorothy Rogers was oblivious to it.

She was enraged, looking at her younger brother in her arms, who fell into a coma due to excessive blood loss.

How dare they hurt her people?

If something happened to her brother, she would have them make up for it!

None of them could escape!

Dorothy held her brother in her arms gently and swiftly pulled out the needle on his arm. She then placed the blood into the processor and inserted a new transfusion tube for him so that the blood was transfused to him.

The bright red blood slowly returned to Frederick's body.

When she slowly raised her head, everyone in the room couldn't help but tremble. Their blood ran cold, and some even found it difficult to breathe.

Her rage was so enormous and terrifying.

It was the director who first regained composure. He pointed at Dorothy angrily and reprimanded her, "Who are you? Do you know where you are? Get lost!"

"Ah!"

Before the director could finish speaking, he was kicked to the wall and bounced back to fall in front of Dorothy.

No one could even see how exactly she had done it.

Dorothy stomped on the director's face mercilessly and kicked him away with disgust, as if she had stepped in dog feces.

Her eyes were cold and indifferent throughout the whole process.

There was only a momentary warmth in her eyes when she looked down at Frederick.

"D... Dorothy?"

There was finally a trace of blood on Frederick's delicate face as the blood returned to his body, and his voice was soft.

His vision gradually became clear as well.

The person in front of him seemed to be his elder sister!

Although she was different from his grandmother's description, and he had only seen her in photos, he was certain she was his elder sister!

"Yes?" Dorothy answered softly.

She rubbed his little head sweetly, and her once icy gaze softened like a warm ray of sunshine.

Standing at the doorway were Dorothy's three subordinates of many years. They looked at each other, confused, when they saw what had happened.

Was this still the same Dorothy they knew?

Although she always greeted everyone with a smile, it was all an illusion of deception.

Who would have imagined that the Female Devil, who was called a wolf in sheep's clothing, would have such a warm and friendly side?

All of a sudden, a group of well-built bodyguards in black surrounded the door to the blood collection room.

And immediately after, the men in black moved aside to make way.

Howard stepped out from behind. His face turned gloomy when he saw the blood return to Frederick's body and said, "Very well!"

These people were simply seeking death to think that it would be fine to mess with him in his territory!

He gestured and said coldly, "Get rid of them all!"

The group of bodyguards all entered at the same time.

They rubbed their hands and walked towards Dorothy and the others.

Dorothy didn't even bother to look. Her three subordinates behind her raised their eyebrows in disdain and made their move.

"Ahhhh!"

"Ah!! My hand is broken!"

"My leg... Help!"

Half a minute later, the room was steeped in chaos. The originally arrogant bodyguards were all lying on the ground, screaming in agony.

A flicker of surprise swept through Howard's gloomy eyes. He didn't expect the three people to be this capable of fighting.

He looked at the three calmly and said lightly, "You guys have impressive skills. It's a waste to be following that woman. You may work as my bodyguards from now on!"

"I'll pay you 10 million a year. What do you think?"

The three of them exchanged looks and sneered, as if they had heard the biggest joke.

Even Dorothy, who had been focused on her younger brother, couldn't help but frown slightly and look at him.

Her gaze was as if she were looking at an idiot.

Among the three, there was a man who was about twenty-three years old. He had beautiful phoenix-shaped eyes with a stern vibe.

He was one of Dorothy's three trusted subordinates from The Guardian, known as the Celestine Todd!

He parted his lips slightly, revealing an evil and unruly smile.

"10 million a year? Who do you think you're talking to?"