

Chapter 269

"It's almost time for the hearing. Don't tell me your lawyer's standing you up?"

"If I remember correctly, you were awfully arrogant at the entrance just now. What's the matter, can't act tough anymore?"

With Ace still nowhere in sight, it seemed certain he wouldn't be coming. The thought that Autumn had no chance of winning filled Sienna with delight.

So, the rumors were true—Autumn really had fallen out with Keith.

After suppressing her resentment for so long, she could finally feel triumphant.

Perfect.

This time, she would make sure Autumn received a lesson she'd never forget—one that would nail her to a pillar of shame for life.

Autumn's lips curved coldly. "The session hasn't even started yet. You're already jumping to conclusions? When you get slapped in the face later, don't cry about it.

"After all, you're the one shoving your face over. If I don't slap it, I'd be letting myself down."

This fool loved showing off—well, she'd be the one to bring her down.

Autumn trusted Ace; he would come.

She had seen enough of the Carters' true colors these past years. If



not for the fact that her reputation was on the line, she wouldn't even bother dealing with them.

Sienna scoffed. "Still mouthing off at the brink of ruin. I'll enjoy watching how long you can keep that up."

Throwing that over her shoulder, she turned to greet Julian and Luna.

"Hello, Mr. Foster. Brother, Luna—you're here too," Sienna said warmly as she greeted each of them.

Will Foster shook her hand and replied, "Hello, your brother has explained your case to me. I'm confident we can win this trial."

Julian cast a glance at Autumn. Seeing her standing alone, he withdrew his gaze.

This lawsuit would surely end in their favor—Ace probably wasn't coming at all.

Meanwhile, Ace had packed up all his evidence and was driving toward the courthouse.

But at a traffic light, an e-bike suddenly shot through the intersection and slammed into him.

He saw it clearly—it was the rider who had run the red light. He'd been driving normally when the e-bike came crashing into him.

When Ace pushed the door open and got out, the man on the e-bike was already covered in blood and unconscious.

Ace froze for a moment, then glanced at his watch—it was eight-



thirty.

Ten minutes to the courthouse. He could still make it.

But now he had hit someone. If he stayed to handle this, there was no way he'd arrive on time.

As he was thinking it through, a man came running from a distance.

The moment he saw the bloodied figure lying on the ground, he wailed. "You ran over my brother! Pay up right now, or I'll call the cops and have you arrested!"

The man's first concern wasn't the victim's injuries or whether he would survive, but how to squeeze money out of him.

It wasn't Ace's first time dealing with this kind of scam, but the situation was urgent, and he couldn't waste time.

He quickly pulled a notepad and pen from his pocket, scribbled down his contact information, and handed it to the man.

"I have something urgent I need to attend to. Take him to the hospital first. I promise every cent of the compensation will be paid later, all right?"

The man snatched the paper, tore it to pieces, and sneered. "How do I know you're not lying? I don't know you—why should I believe a word you say?"

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