

WILL THE ALOOF BILLIONAIRE DIVORCE TODAY?

Chapter 1: Kidnapping?

Inside the luxurious and grand dining room.

The chandelier hanging above was dazzling and splendid, with layers upon layers of crystals cascading down, sparkling with radiant lights.

Outside the window, there was a neat lawn, a beautiful garden, and several lush French sycamores blocking out large patches of sunlight.

Thin beams of light penetrated through the floor-to-ceiling windows, spilling over the white carved dining table.

"Dad, are you joking?"

After a brief moment of shock, Matthew Saxon threw the photo in his hand aside, instantly losing his appetite.

On the standard red-background ID photo, the girl had bright eyes and white teeth, smiling gently.

At the other end of the dining table, Roy Saxon took the napkin handed over by a servant, "The business world is like a battlefield; keeping your word is the most powerful weapon. Her parents are deceased, and she doesn't have any reliable relatives. I will arrange for someone to bring her over first, and after she graduates, you will officially have the wedding."

The chairman of Seymour Consortium had always been decisive and swift in his actions.

He behaved the same in business as he did in life.

In just a few words, everything was arranged.

Nobody had ever dared to say no to Roy Saxon.

Matthew Saxon's face darkened, without a moment of hesitation, he directly said, "Dad, I refuse."

What a ridiculous joke, to marry a woman he hadn't even met before was utterly absurd!

Roy Saxon didn't even lift an eyelid, stood up, while the servant swiftly bowed to pull out the chair, then stood respectfully aside.

"You don't get to refuse." Roy couldn't be bothered with nonsense, directly pressing his weak point, "Don't force me to take action against that girl."

Matthew's expression suddenly changed, standing up abruptly, flames of anger flaring in his eyes, "Alice is innocent, you can't harm her!"

Roy merely gave a cold smile.

A faint smell of gunpowder filled the air, and the atmosphere immediately became icy, tense, with a war on the verge of breaking out...

At this moment, Roy's assistant walked over with a hurried expression.

Upon seeing Matthew, he habitually ignored his fire-red angry eyes and respectfully addressed him, "Young Master."

Then turned his head and whispered a few words into Roy's ear.

If it weren't for something urgent, the assistant would never have shown up at this moment.

Sure enough, Roy's expression subtly changed, disregarding personal matters, he turned and strode away.

As soon as Roy left, George, who had been so frightened he dared not even breathe, let out a long sigh of relief, stepped forward, and secretly glanced at the photo on the table.

Hmm, charming and lovely, her beautiful eyes looked lively, a true little beauty.

This was George's first impression of the future Young Madam.

"Young Master, with the chairman's decision set, no one can change it. What do you plan to... do?"

On the dining table.

When the girl in the photo smiled, her cheeks showed two shallow dimples, appearing playful and cute.

Especially those shining eyes, clear and lively, as if they could talk.

Matthew picked up the photo, his fingers gradually tightening, his eyes fixed fiercely on the girl, surging with a stormy fury, he gritted his teeth, "Scarlett Yates, don't think I'll marry you!"

For 25 whole years, the extremely precious young master of the Saxon Family, Matthew, suddenly found out that he actually had a childhood betrothal.

His betrothed was a girl three years younger than him.

In this era that advocates freedom of love, it was simply absurd, laughable, and unbelievable.

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"Help, robbery, rape, murder!!"

Scarlett Yates never thought that a kidnapping could happen to her.

Two tall and burly men were dragging her, screaming hoarsely, like picking up a chick, and carried her into the car.