

WILL THE ALOOF BILLIONAIRE DIVORCE TODAY?

Chapter 2: Are those people from the Seymour Consortium?

She was forcibly thrown into the spacious back seat.

Once the car windows were locked, her desperate cries for help were also trapped inside.

In an instant, the striking Bugatti Veyron vanished from outside the gates of Sacred Glow University.

Everything happened too quickly.

Before anyone could react, it seemed Scarlett Yates had been "kidnapped."

"In broad daylight, they dare to snatch a female college student. This group is utterly reckless and lawless!"

Someone wanted to call the police, but before dialing, they were stopped.

"Are you crazy? Do you still want to fit in?" The person stopping him was Jimmy Scott, Scarlett Yates's fellow senior.

He was once Scarlett Yates's suitor.

He was one of the witnesses to Scarlett Yates's "kidnapping" incident.

"What? Didn't you like her? Are you just going to watch as she's abducted without doing anything?" The person attempting to call the police was confused.

Jimmy Scott's face was heavy, he slowly relaxed his grip, pursed his lips, and after a while said, "Do you know who took Scarlett away?"

The person trying to report the incident was indignantly agitated, "No one can be above the law, especially not in today's society!"

Jimmy Scott let out a cold laugh, as if mocking him, "Do you dare interfere with the Saxon Family's affairs?"

The young man who was previously fervent and righteous had a sudden change of expression, his attitude switching instantly, "Is it someone from the Seymour Consortium?"

"Otherwise, why do you think nobody dares to intervene?"

If the Saxon Family is involved, Jimmy Scott is rather unconcerned.

The Seymour Consortium highly values its reputation. Roy Saxon personally founded numerous charitable organizations, considered a great philanthropist by the public.

The Saxon Family members would never openly engage in any illegal activities, Scarlett Yates's safety would not be in jeopardy.

But...

How would Scarlett Yates, an orphan with nothing and no family, have any connection with the illustrious Saxon Family?

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"Let me go! You bunch of thugs, hooligans, bastards, capturing a civilian girl in broad daylight, I'll report you, I'll have the police arrest each of you!! Let me go!! Help!!!"

From the moment Scarlett Yates got into the car, her sharp curses and cries for help never stopped.

In the passenger seat, George dug at his ear, his mouth twitching, a black line appearing on his forehead once again.

He didn't expect that the future Young Madam, despite her slender build, could have such explosive power and endurance!

She had been shouting for half an hour with still some energy to scream.

"Who are you, and what do you want from me?"

Scarlett Yates was wedged between two burly men.

Clad in all black, their faces hidden behind large sunglasses, they'd been motionless like two statues since getting in the car, not uttering a sound, seeming indeed petrified.

Scarlett Yates, exasperated, drove a fist towards one of the bodyguards' chest, "I'm asking you, are you a blockhead? Not even a bit of reaction!"

Damn it!

How could she be so unlucky!

She, a simple person who never stirs trouble, who only buries her head in books, is being kidnapped!

And by someone who can afford a Bugatti.

She seriously suspects they've grabbed the wrong person.

Her tiny fist pounded away, not only failing to cause any harm but rebounding off muscle firm as stone, making her grimace in pain, her face scrunching up, quickly pulling her hand back.

George caught her little action through the rearview mirror and almost couldn't hold back his laughter.

Actually, this little girl who has a betrothal agreement with the Young Master is quite adorable.