

Chapter 811

Barbara thought of something before getting into the car, turned her head, and asserted herself to the camera. "I don't know what moral high ground you people think you're standing on when you're pointing your fingers at me. I seemingly look like the victim of this incident, don't I? Sure enough, the person who would have died back then would be me if I hadn't resisted and fought back. I've done nothing wrong when all I did was fight for my life. I don't need your sympathy, but at the same time, I won't allow you people to slander me."

Barbara Chase Accepted the Salvadores' Appeal# appeared on every single trending article list on the Internet, and all photos of the scene were posted on the Internet by reporters.

This time around, two groups of netizens with different points of view were formed on the Internet, and they debated and quarreled. Most women spoke up for Barbara and also argued against the comments that some netizens posted, saying that "that's the outcome

that those women deserve if they are the ones who seduced the men at first". As a result, an article and poll titled # Should Women Resist When They Are Being Violated?# was posted on the Internet, and it had collected tens of millions of surveys, comments, and likes.

At noon, Soul Jewelry took the lead to speak up for Barbara.

#Barbara Chase has Soul Jewelry's full support, a cassation appeal of her verdict is unacceptable.# Soul Jewelry's decision to stand up and show its support for Barbara at this juncture left everyone astonished.

After all, it was not advisable for companies to get themselves involved in such controversial topics as much as possible, but Soul Jewelry spoke out for Barbara. Soon, in addition to Soul Jewelry, the Blackgold Group responded to the topic too. Nolan even liked the post #Should Women Resist When They Are Being Violated?#. Helios also picked Barbara's side as the only popular artist in the entertainment industry who forwarded the article. #What Ms. Barbara Chase deserves is justice instead of a crusade against her.# was the title of his post. At Royal Crown Entertainment Co... "Helios Boucher, have you lost your mind!? You actually reposted this article? Aren't you afraid of netizens shredding you into pieces!?" Morgan broke into Helios' office and dashed up to his desk lividly. "What the hell were you thinking when you decided to join in the fun?" Helios scrolled through his Twitter feed without even lifting his eyelids. "I don't think I'm joining in the fun. I'm just doing what I think I need to do."

"What do you think you need to do?" Morgan was so furious that he was about to have a heart attack. He said earnestly, * Helios, you're an actor, and you have no idea just how influential you are. The matter related to the daughter of the Chases isn't something that you should take part in. If this matter were to come back to haunt you in the end, what would the public think of you?"

"I won't be the one who will be affected even if the matter backfires." Helios placed the tablet on the desk. "If Barbara Chase is truly a murderer, she wouldn't have accepted the appeal." Morgan was astounded and stood with his arms akimbo. "Helios, just don't blame me for not reminding you when things go south. Are you really not afraid of the risk?"

Helios got up, walked to the French window, and looked out at the scenery outside the window. He then turned to look at Morgan after a while. "If it's wrong for a woman to resist when being violated, then the world should be the thing that's gone really wrong."

Morgan was flustered.

Helios leaned languidly against the wall, with his back facing the window. His facial features were blackened by the sun that shone in through the window. "As a public figure, shouldn't I speak up for such issues?" Sure enough, after Helios spoke up for Barbara on the Internet, Helios' fans started supporting their idol and were willing to wait for the result of the appeal. At the same time, some of the fans were worried about Helios and were afraid that Helios would be implicated. And the application for an appeal submitted by Barbara was heard by the court on the third day. Barbara took the lawyer into the courtroom, and she saw Maisie and Ryleigh in the public gallery while Ryleigh waved to her and cheered her on.

The Salvadores sat on the plaintiff's seat, and they had hired a lawyer too. The lawyer then reiterated the Salvadores' words to the judge. "The defendant, Ms. Chase, caused the death of the aggressor due to excessive self-defense, so she should be sentenced to imprisonment for not less than three years and not more than seven years. An acquittal is unreasonable, and the plaintiff suspects that there was a misjudgment in the trial back then."

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Barbara's lawyer chuckled. "The family members of the offenders were also present when the verdict was being passed. Since the verdict didn't sit well with the family members of the offenders, why has it been delayed until today?" Mrs. Salvadore looked at the judge. "We were present at the time, but Ms. Chase's family background isn't something that ordinary families like us can compare to. We've always wanted to launch an appeal too, but Ms. Chase has changed her name and gone into hiding these few years. We couldn't locate her, so how did you expect us to launch an appeal for the case?"

The judge dropped the gavel, and the courtroom filled with constant chatter became dead silent in an instant. "Can I have the defendant explain this situation to me?"

Barbara's lawyer stood up and motioned for someone to hand him a laptop. "It just so happens that I have a piece of evidence of the incident in my possession. Why don't we let the plaintiff take a look at it?"

The staff put the laptop on the plaintiff's desk, and the video on the screen recorded the whole struggle between the victim and the aggressor.

The Salvadores' expressions changed when they saw the video. "This... How is this possible!?"

Barbara's lawyer looked at them and continued. "After watching the video, we don't believe that Ms. Chase killed the aggressor due to excessive self-defense. Firstly, the aggressor was the one who threatened Ms. Chase's life with a knife first, forcing Ms. Chase to engage in sexual intercourse with him,

"Secondly, when Ms. Chase was being pushed, she resisted regardless of the knife that the aggressor had in his possession. The video shows that the whole process had severely threatened Ms. Chase's safety. Hence, Ms. Chase's action of grabbing the knife to protect herself and killing the offender by

mistake is a legitimate self-defense act. Which means the law should acquit Ms. Chase.” Mrs. Salvadore stood up. “This video must be fake! This video wasn’t even presented in the previous trial!”

The judge solemnly interrupted her,” Please be quiet.” After saying so, he glanced at the defendant. “How did you get your hands on the video?” Barbara slowly opened her mouth. “This video was recorded by a camera that was installed in the room by someone else back then. They originally wanted to record the process of me being violated by Mr. Salvadore, which would lead to my disgrace. The person who took the video then moved on to blackmailing my father and me with the video recording for many years. As for why I’ve changed my name, it’s because my father wanted me to shake off my past and start over.”

Barbara’s lawyer handed over a document to the court’s staff. “This piece of evidence shows that someone has been blackmailing Ms. Chase and the Chases with the video over the years.”

The staff submitted the documents to the judge. After going through the evidence, the judge then turned to ask the plaintiff, “Is there anything else that you would like to add?”

The plaintiff’s lawyer sat down. “No.”

Mrs. Salvadore grabbed the hem of his collar and became extremely agitated.” Why aren’t you saying anything? Didn’t you promise me that you would help us win this appeal!?”

The lawyer pushed her hand away. “The video that the defendant presented is already a very favorable piece of evidence. You can no longer win the lawsuit now, no matter who’s representing you.”

Mrs. Salvadore froze in place, while Mr. Salvadore did not say a thing. The judge announced the adjournment of the court.

Soon, Barbara’s lawyer posted the video that had been presented as evidence and the result of the appeal on the Internet.

#The victim’s actions in the video have been deemed as proper self-defense and thus, don’t constitute a criminal offense. The law has once again found Ms. Chase to be innocent today. So, please don’t spread rumors and slander Ms. Chase anymore. Thank you.#

#The fingers of those keyboard warriors are even more terrifying than those of a murderer.#

#Doesn’t anyone think it’s weird? Why was the video recorded in the first place?#

#According to some of the comments, if this video weren’t presented during the trial, Ms. Chase’s reputation would’ve been dragged through the mud by you sh*tbags already!# #Ms. Chase’s life was being threatened, and the knife was already on her neck, making the offender’s action a criminal felony. So why should the incident survivor take another beating from you douchebags? LOL, nowadays , women who almost got raped get all the finger pointings. So, are you saying that what all the men did is correct and that they’re innocent? Are beautiful women who wear skirts an excuse for men to commit crimes?

Chapter 813

#Seamless fruits won’t attract flies # #Sir, with all due respect, are you admitting that men are all flies? I bet flies are all feeling extremely aggrieved as your statement misrepresents them as a species. #

#1 only heard that flies grow up eating sh*t. Does that mean that's the reason you're able to utter pure bullsh*t!?!?#

At a hotpot restaurant... Barbara and Maisie were eating beef slices while scooping more out of the pot of spicy broth. Both of them were sweating buckets from the spices.

Ryleigh scrolled through the comments on the Internet and laughed out loud." Netizens nowadays have great potential when it comes to becoming stand-up comedians. Each one of them sounds more bizarre than the other. They would cling to their keyboard and come up with a thesis as if they were the embodiment of justice whenever something happened, but they're also pros in playing dumb as soon as the victims of the incident manage to clarify themselves."

Maisie looked at her. "Aren't you going to dig into the hotpot that you've been struggling to get off your mind over the past few days? Why are you still scrolling through your Twitter feed?"

"Oh, I'm just browsing through my feed casually," Ryleigh put down her phone immediately, thought of something, and stared at Barbara

"By the way, Helios actually spoke up for you." –

Barbara grabbed her glass of fruit juice and took a sip. "He only spoke for me because I helped him in the past."

"You helped him?" Maisie turned to look at her. "When did that happen?"

Barbara replied calmly, "I once ran into him at the Glitz Club back then. He was a little drunk and was pestered by a woman who — mistook him for a bar boy. I went over and helped him when I saw paparazzi."

Ryleigh pouted. "Wow, that must be a nightmare for Helios."

Barbara dipped her meat slice in the sauce. "Yeah, I'm afraid that Helios would have gone down in flames if I hadn't approached him that night."

Maisie was drinking water and asked Barbara all of a sudden, "By the way, do you go to the Glitz Club very frequently?"

Barbara froze in place for a split second, put down her cutlery, and explained slowly, "You might not believe what I'm about to say. I've been in the Glitz Club for so long, yet I haven't seen the owner of the club in person so far." Maisie was bewildered. "You haven't met the owner of the Glitz Club before this, so you..."

Barbara lowered her gaze. "To be honest, when I first returned to Zlokova, someone told me about the extramarital affair between Katrina and Eugene. He knew who I was and what Katrina had done to me before that. I only found out later that the mysterious man is the owner of the Glitz Club. That's why I often go to the club."

Ryleigh was stunned for a short moment and then asked in a low voice, "Would the owner of the Glitz Club have ulterior motives when he chose to help you out?"

“I wish to know that too.” Barbara propped her chin against her arm. “That’s why I go to the club very frequently, but those people who have been receiving me are all managers. The owner will only tell me something that I want to know in the form of text messages.”

Maisie squinted her eyes.

‘It’s said that the person behind the Glitz Club isn’t someone to be trifled with. Not only does no one dare to create any stir in the club, but even if something were to happen, the club wouldn’t even face closure.

‘The owner of the Glitz Club helped Barbara without asking for anything in return, but he’s never shown his face, which makes him an extremely mysterious person.’ Ryleigh snapped her fingers. “Could it be that the boss of the Glitz Club has a crush on you?”

The corners of Barbara’s lips twitched slightly as they were pulled toward the side of her face, and she covered her forehead with her palm. “He could be a man of the same age as my father, or he could even be older than my father. So, if you’re saying that he has a crush on me, how have I stayed safe while in the club?”

Ryleigh really could not understand it.” Then why is he helping you? He’s neither doing it for the money nor for your beauty and body. Are you telling me that he’s doing this as a form of charity because his sense of kindness is overflowing?”

Barbara looked at Maisie all of a sudden, “Do you still remember the issue with Peter Zhivkov?”

Maisie nodded. “Yeah.”

She pursed her lips. “I usually turn to the owner of the Glitz Club for help whenever I need it, and he’ll indeed help me at the end of the day. But he wouldn’t let me intervene in any matter related to Peter Zhivkov no matter what, and I don’t know why.”

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Maisie looked at her. “So, are you suspecting something?” Barbara looked out the window. “I suspect that the owner of the Glitz Club may have something to do with the forces behind Peter Zhivkov, but I’m not sure if they’re on the same side.”

Barbara added upon thinking of something, “The manager that received me on the night when Katrina offended Peter Zhivkov obviously hid something from me.”

Later that night, at the Blue Bay villa...

“Do you know who’s the owner behind the Glitz Club?”

Nolan’s hand, which was flipped through the documents in front of him, stopped abruptly, and he looked up at Maisie, who was sitting in front of the dressing table and applying her night cream.

“The owner of the Glitz Club?”

Maisie looked at him through the mirror.’ Yes.”.

Nolan narrowed his eyes. “Why would you want to know about him?”

After Maisie was done, she walked over to Nolan and sat down. "I'm just curious. It's said that the owner of the Glitz Club is a very enigmatic man. Barbara has been to the club so many times, but the owner has only contacted her by text messages and has never shown his face. Aren't you curious too?" Nolan placed the documents on the bedside table and took her into his arms. 'Actually, I don't know much about the behind-the-scenes affairs of the Glitz Club, but someone else knows.'

"Who's that?"

"Yael Boucher."

Maisie was stunned and looked at him. "Does Mr. Boucher know the owner?" Nolan hugged her, leaned against the head of the bed, and looked at her. "There are people from the higher-ups behind the Glitz Club, and Mr. Boucher has gotten the chance to form connections with them. Do you still remember when we were in the Glitz Club the other day when Mr. Boucher asked me to help him with something?"

Maisie surely remembered that. "But didn't you say it's related to Helios?"

He smiled. "That's me making a fool out of you."

Maisie stopped talking.

Seeing her puffed cheeks, Nolan rubbed her cheek lovingly. "But if I continue to hide it from you, you'll definitely be livid with me when you find out."

He then sighed helplessly. "Just take care of me alone. Why must you take care of someone else's affairs too? Sometimes I really wish I could put you in my pocket and keep you by my side all the time."

Maisie frowned. "But I can't just sit idly at the side when something has happened to my friends."

He pecked her forehead lightly. "That's why I can only heave a sigh of relief when I get to keep you by my side all the time."

Knowing that he was worried about her, Maisie felt a hint of warmth filling her up. She then leaned against Nolan's chest. "Is it something about the higher-ups?"

Nolan chuckled softly. "You've already guessed it."

"It's not very difficult to get that." Maisie's eyelashes drooped. "The car accident that Barbara's uncle got into is definitely not an accident, and the owner of the Glitz Club wouldn't let her intervene in the investigation of Peter Zhivkov. Obviously, the people behind Peter have something to do with the accident."

'Peter seemed to respect the Chases to a certain extent on the surface the other night when we were at the Glitz Club, but he then brought his men into our private room and created a stir immediately. And Barbara's uncle ran into an accident a few days later.'

'If he hadn't known that Barbara's father was about to bring his retirement forward and his younger brother was going to take his place in only a few days, Peter wouldn't have dared to do anything.'

'All these might've been premeditated.'

Nolan continued indifferently. "Michael once forced Peter's sauna business into temporary closure, but the person behind the sauna premises isn't Peter. Peter is only the official owner of the business."

Maisie was slightly startled, and she raised her head. "So, are the people behind Peter coming after the Chases for that?"

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"Yes." Nolan let go of her, and Maisie sat aside, only to see him pick up the two documents lying beside him. "The people behind Michael and Peter are political rivals, and Mr. Boucher is the middleman who's stuck in between both parties."

Maisie was silent.

"Once no one else in the Chases can take over Michael's position, Mr. Boucher will no longer be able to contain the forces behind Peter.

After listening to Nolan's words, Maisie finally understood the reason Mr. Boucher was looking for Nolan that night.

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Michael had already stepped down from his position, and the person behind Peter held the same position as Michael. Mr.

Boucher would be left in a dilemma once that person managed to get his own man to take over Michael's position.

When Michael was there, he was on the same side as Mr. Boucher. That was why the person behind Peter did not dare to act too blatantly,

She then asked, "So what did Mr. Boucher want you to do?"

Nolan rubbed the top of her head gently and with a profound smile. "What an entrepreneur is best at. As far as I know, Peter has a batch of red wine that urgently needs to be distributed on the black market. It's said to be a batch of red wine, but in fact, it's a batch of stolen goods."

Maisie was astonished. "SO, Mr. Boucher wants you to purchase that batch of red wine?"

Nolan leaned back in his chair. "Mr.

Boucher doesn't have any connections in the black market, but I happen to have a few of them. That's why he needs me to join forces with him. Another requirement for the plan to work is that the people that I introduce to Peter must have nothing to do with anyone in the higher-ups so that Peter won't be suspicious."

He then stared at Maisie. "However, I'll need someone's help, someone that Peter has never met."

Maisie blinked. "Who's that?" Nolan responded instantly, "Saydie.

East of Bassburgh, at the port...

“Mr. Zhivkov, Mr. Gerald Cane has arrived.” A well-built man brought a man who was leaning on a cane onto Peter’s yacht.

Peter quickly pushed the two women beside him away and got up to greet him with a smile. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Cane. Your reputation in the black market is unprecedented by anyone in Bassburgh, and I can see the reason now that I’ve finally met you in person.”

Gerald waved his hand, motioning his subordinates to wait for him at the door, sat on the couch, and placed the cane beside him. “No matter how influential a man in the black market, I’m nowhere as near as how close you are with the people up there.”

Peter poured a glass of wine. “That’s very humorous of you, Mr. Cane. The entire black market is yours to own, while I’m only a man who runs errands for others.”

Gerald took the wine glass from him. “I’m not very into businesses that are not worth my effort. Taking such a big order from you is also a big risk for me. And when—”

Peter interrupted him instantly, “Don’t worry, Mr. Cane. Nothing bad will happen to this shipment. My boss is longing to dispatch this batch of goods. It’s just that he hasn’t been able to find a suitable person to help him do so. Since you’re the local mob boss, my boss will definitely make it worth your effort as long as you’re willing to help distribute the goods.

Gerald drank the wine and put the glass down. “So, it won’t implicate my men, right?”

Peter gave off a pregnant smirk, “You’re well aware of my connections with the higher-ups, so how can your men be implicated in any way?”

Gerald asked his men to bring the suitcase in, and a very stern-looking woman and a thug came in, each carrying two suitcases full of money.

Peter looked at the woman and smiled. “Mr. Cane, you actually hired a female employee to work so closely with you?”

“Mr. Zhivkov, don’t underestimate others. None of the people on your yacht are competent enough to go against her, including those I brought along. I bought her from the black market in Morwich. I can only rest assured knowing that she’s delivering the goods.”

Peter did not doubt her. “No wonder she doesn’t look like she’s from Zlokova. You’re definitely a very resourceful man, Mr.

Cane.

He waved his hand. “Isn’t that the most important quality that you look for in a man who works for a mafia or mob?”

Having said so, he opened the suitcases. “There is \$6,500,000 here. You can get your men to count them on the spot if you’re worried.”

Peter asked someone to receive the suitcases. “I have faith in your character, Mr. Cane.”

“Then when do you plan to release the goods, Mr. Zhivkov?” Peter replied, “Within a few days.”

Gerald nodded and picked up his cane." Nice, then I'll go back and wait for your good news, Mr. Zhivkov."

Peter smiled as he sent Gerald away, but

the smile on his face gradually disappeared as soon as the other party got into the car.

He then asked for the man standing next to him and whispered something into his ear.

Saydie walked right behind Gerald. Because she was very cautious, she deliberately took out a mirror to look at the things happening on the yacht. She happened to see Peter talking to one of his subordinates from an oblique angle.

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When she got into the car, Saydie said, "Go straight to the black market. They might still be suspicious."

Gerald asked the driver to drive and got a call from Nolan. "Mr. Goldmann, yes, Mr. Zhivkov has taken the money, alright.

Okay."

At Blackgold...

Nolan put down his phone, and Quincy, who was standing at one side, asked, "Did Mr. Zhivkov suspect anything?"

"He wouldn't suspect Gerald, but he has to believe that no one is behind Gerald to be safe." Quincy scoffed. "He's actually quite smart."

Nolan chuckled. "If he weren't smart, he wouldn't be where he is today. This batch of goods had to change hands quickly because he didn't want to be caught. The people behind him wouldn't take such a risk."

Quincy understood. The Bouchers wanted the goods to get into an accident before it was pushed into the black market so that they could get Zhivkov and the people behind him. Once Zhivkov was investigated, the people behind him wouldn't be able to get away either

Quincy remembered something. "If Mr.

Zhivkov took all the blame to stay alive, wouldn't Mr. Boucher's efforts be wasted then?"

Nolan squinted his eyes. "Let Mr. Boucher handle that. We just need to make sure that the goods get into an accident on the way."

At Glitz, the manager saw Barbara walk over from the side door and went to welcome her. "Mr. Chase, you're here again at this hour."

Barbara asked, "Do you know where Katrina is?"

The manager paused, then nodded and smiled. "Katrina hasn't been working for the past few days. I don't have a clue."

Barbara knew that he was lying. She couldn't get a hold of her and remembered that voice the other day. It sounded like they had her.

"What's wrong, Ms. Chase?" She snapped out of her thoughts and explained, "I have a bone to pick with her. I thought she was hiding from me because I haven't seen her for a few days. Is the boss here?"

The manager smiled again. "He left and will be back at night."

Barbara didn't press on and left the club that was closed.

The manager went upstairs and knocked on one of the office doors, then walked in when he got permission. The room was dimly lit, and a man leaning back on a chair had his back facing the door, hidden in the shadows.

"Sir, Ms. Chase came to ask about Katrina. She probably heard us the other day and thinks we have Katrina."

When he didn't get a reply, the manager looked at the man in the chair. "Sir, Zhivkov framed Katrina for Caleb's accident. If Zhivkov finds out that we have her, he might start suspecting us." "He's just a pawn. What could he do?" the man said in a deep voice, his hand holding green marble rosaries. "Doesn't Zhivkov have a son?"

The manager paused. He knew that Peter had a son, and the son had the same temper as his father. Peter had already been paving a path for his son and introduced him to the higher-ups.

The manager speculated, "You mean..."

The man laughed. "If a cup of water is dirty, just get a new one."

At that moment, a man in black walked in. "Sir, Peter has traded with the black market's people." The man calmly asked, "What was the trade for?"

The man in black said, "I heard that it's a batch of red wine which will be sold in the black market after a few days. The buyer is Gerald Cane."

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The manager raised his head. "I heard that Zhivkov did try to push a batch of wine. If he was rushing, there must be something going on."

The man's hand that was playing with the rosary paused and spoke after a short while. "Observe quietly for any changes."

At Soul...

Barbara went to see Maisie and told her she had visited the Glitz Club but didn't find out about Katrina's whereabouts.

Maisie thought of something and said, "If they really have Katrina, what could they gain by controlling her?" Barbara shook her head. I'm afraid it could be something bad for my father. Something has already happened to my uncle. I can't sit and watch that happen to my dad too.

Maisie turned to face her. "I don't think so. If they wanted to do anything to the Chases, they would take you instead of Katrina."

She paused.

Maisie looked serious. "You don't know why the owner of Glitz would help you, and he hasn't shown his motive after such a long time. Even if they wanted to take you to threaten the Chases, they have no reason not to do it yet."

Barbara didn't say anything. The unknown was the reason for concern because they still couldn't tell if the owner of Glitz was a friend or foe. Maisie put her hand on her shoulder. "Nolan said Mr. Boucher might know who the owner of Glitz is. Do you want to ask him if you're still worried?"

Barbara paused and pondered. "Alright, I'll go see Mr. Boucher when I have time."

Not long after Barbara left, Saydie showed up and told Maisie about Peter's goods being delivered to the black market the day after the next. Once they got there, the undercover police officers would move in. Maisie was worried for Saydie. "You be careful when that happens."

Saydie nodded. Two days later, Peter decided to get the delivery done at night for safety purposes. Gerald sent a few people for the handover with Peter. Even though he was rushing to get it out, he was meticulous to avoid mistakes, so he followed along personally the entire journey.

Saydie stood in front of the car playing

with her switchblade while watching the people move the crates off the truck.

She could hear a woman's voice.

"Mr. Zhivkov, having a delivery so late at night?" Peter had a cigarette between his lips while his underling lit it up. "How can I afford you if I don't make money?" The woman with curls holding onto Peter's arm was Meg from Glitz. She wore a gold camisole with leopard-printed platform heels and a wine-red mini skirt. She was twisting her waist, looking seductive.

The men next to them stared at her every once in a while.

Meg saw Saydie and was surprised. "Why is a woman here?"

Peter blew out some smoke but didn't reply. At that moment, a Land Rover parked next to Peter. He threw the cigarette to the ground and walked to the car.

The window was half-opened, and it was dark, so the man sitting inside was hidden. All that could be seen was that he wore a golden branded watch.

He said something to Peter, who spoke courteously and in a low voice.

Saydie took a peek at the license plate before taking out her phone and sending a photo of the license plate to Quincy.

After sending that, she turned and spoke to the movers. "Hurry, Gerald is waiting."

Peter looked over as the man in the car asked something. Then he smiled and answered, "Gerald sent this woman to oversee the delivery. I heard that she's a good fighter and that Gerald trusts her a lot."

Peter suddenly asked Saydie to approach. She frowned, put away her switchblade, and walked over with no change in her expression. "Yes, Mr. Zhivkov?"

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Peter rubbed his hands with a smile on his face. "My boss asks if you want to work for him. Do you want to? I can speak to Gerald after this."

Saydie was expressionless. "I don't switch employers."

Peter tried to lure her. "What if our boss double what Gerald is paying?"

Saydie looked into the car. The man's face was hidden in the shadows. He wore a suit, and the veins on the back of his hands were obvious. She guessed that he was between his 40s and 50s.

She said, "Gerald saved my life, so I won't betray him no matter how much the pay is." Meg scoffed and walked forward to slap Saydie's face gently. "Gerald is just a small boss in the black market. You should appreciate that Mr. Grant is letting you work for him, little girl, do you get it- Ah!"

Saydie grabbed Meg's wrist and bent it.

Meg was in so much pain she couldn't even stand, so she yelled, "Mr. Zhivkov, help me ... This b*tch... It hurts!" Everyone looked over. Peter was going to say something when Saydie put in more force and dislocated Meg's entire arm, then pushed the screaming woman aside.

"I'm just in charge of this trade. I don't want anything to do with you. Gerald is waiting, and it's getting late. Stop delaying." Peter kicked Meg. "Get out of the way. Why did you jump in?" Meg was tongue-tied and could only leave crying in pain.

Peter turned to speak to the man in the car. "I'm sorry you had to see that, Mr. Grant."

The man in the car spoke. "Alright, send the goods out."

He rolled up the window and got the driver to drive away.

Peter looked at Saydie, probably annoyed that she didn't entertain him, snorted, and left.

The truck slowly drove out of the port warehouse once all the crates had been moved to the truck. Saydie got into the car, sent a message to Quincy, and drove behind the truck. Quincy stood in front of his car, waiting. He got a call from Nolan. "Mr. Goldmann, the police have set up an ambush at the intersection. Saydie says they're on the way."

Nolan calmly said, "Alright, let Saydie help the police with the investigation and get Gerald's men to say that all the goods belong to Zhivkov in their statements."

Quincy nodded. "Yes, sir."

Nolan stood on the balcony in his bathrobe and looked at the license plate that Quincy had forwarded to him. The license plate that began with AE meant it was a car from Asperia.

Maisie, who had just finished showering, walked out to the balcony.

“Do you think it’ll go smoothly?” Maisie asked, concerned. Her eyes kept twitching, and she was agitated.

Nolan put his phone away and pulled her into his arms, then rested his chin on the top of her head. “Saydie is agile. Even if something happens, she will be able to get out of it.”

Maisie pressed her lips together. “She’s agile but not made of steel.”

Strix had told her about Saydie. She had a sad past—abandoned by her parents, sold to labor at the black market, and had suffered a lot. She had been very badly beaten when she escaped but recaptured. She hadn’t wanted just to keep quiet, so she fought them with a knife. She had been around 13 or 14 years old when she got blood on her hands for the first time.

She understood that the only way she could survive was if she could be strong and vicious enough. Strix had realized that she had fierce eyes, unlike her peers, so he recruited her into Metropolis. She was hungry for knowledge in Metropolis and was a tough cookie. She was a great fighter too because she was naturally strong. She had talent, so in a few years, she had become a more vicious fighter than the fighters, and because she dared and would go all out, everyone was afraid of her.

Chapter 819

However, in Maisie’s eyes, Saydie was just a young 22-year-old girl. She had no regard for her life, so Strix let her stay with him, letting her escape the unstable lifestyle she had.

Nolan knew that everyone around Maisie was kind. He kissed her forehead. “Don’t worry. If I let her help, I won’t let her die.” At that moment, Quincy called. Nolan picked up, and Quincy anxiously said, “Mr. Goldmann, something has happened. The goods weren’t delivered.

Someone intercepted them on the way, and I’m rushing over. We’ve been exposed.”

Nolan frowned. “What about Saydie and the men?”

Quincy answered, “I can’t get in touch with her or Gerald’s men. The police are tracking the goods.” Nolan calmed down and said, “I’ll head over now. Inform Gerald and ask him to be alert.”

Maisie frowned as her worries had come true.

Nolan walked back into the house and changed while she asked, “Are you going out?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll come with you,” Maisie held his hand, “I’m worried.” Nolan couldn’t argue, so he helplessly said, “Alright.” Quincy got there when the police were taping up the place. From the marks on the road, something had happened there because there were heavy skid marks and glass fragments. A small car had crashed on the side of the road with the hood opened up and white smoke coming out. There was gasoline on the road too.

The windshield had a few cracks, and there were bullet holes. The passenger seat's window was rolled down, and the man seated there had been shot in the head. He had probably been shot when he was firing his weapon.

However, the driver was nowhere to be found. They had probably escaped.

Nolan parked his car by the road, and Quincy ran toward them.

He lowered the window, and Quincy said, "Mr. Goldmann, we only saw a body and an abandoned car. The deceased is one of

Gerald's men.

Nolan coldly asked, "Where are Saydie and the rest?": Quincy shook his head. "They're not here. The police suspect the truck was hijacked, and they were kidnapped." Nolan was silent for a moment before saying, "Inform Mr. Boucher." Quincy nodded.

Maisie, sitting in the passenger seat, looked out and saw woods surrounding them. If they were hijacked, they might have turned around. They definitely didn't drive into town.

"Nolan, if they knew that the police were planning an ambush in the city, they wouldn't take the freeway because there's surveillance there. Where does this road lead to?"

Nolan looked at her. "The border of Asperia."

Quincy walked over. "Mr. Goldmann, they've looked into all the freeways, and the hijackers weren't on any of them. Mr. Boucher has been informed, and the police have blocked all roads leading to Asperia."

Nolan looked out the window, half of his face hidden in the shadows. "Find a way to contact Saydie."

At Glitz...

"The goods have been hijacked?" The man stood in front of the window with his hands behind his back, running his fingers over the rosary.

The bodyguard who came to report nodded. "Yes, it was brought to Asperia. We don't know who did it."

The man laughed. "They might not trust Gerald or might have gotten some intel."

"The police showing up was too much of a coincidence. It seems like someone really wanted this batch of goods. Zhivkov immediately left the port once he got the news, probably to avoid getting dragged into it."

Chapter 820

The man chuckled. "He is just a pawn, so he has to bear the consequences when something happens. I guess he wants to run away."

The bodyguard asked, "We-" "Get Katrina to trick the man to the club. We have his son, so he won't run away."

The truck drove to the border of Asperia with Saydie and the men trapped at the back with the goods. The few men were Gerald's and had different degrees of injury. Only Saydie had a scratch that wasn't deep or shallow. She quickly got out of the ropes that bound her and turned on her phone, which had a weak signal in the dark, "Are you all alright?" she asked.

They all answered.

Saydie got up. "Does anyone have a flashlight?"

"Yes," One man answered weakly and passed the flashlight to her.

Saydie held it in her hand and then walked in front of the goods. The crates were for wine. She pulled out her switchblade and cracked one open.

A man with short hair who was not severely injured walked next to her and helped her shine the light. "What are these?"

"No idea," Saydie answered. When she opened up the crate, the man gasped. They were all artifacts!

The man's voice broke. "That's why they were so anxious. They were making a shady trade. These are all smuggled goods."

Once these were sold, the profit would be tens of millions of dollars. They had sent them to the black market to distract the police.

However, they might have suspected something, so they hijacked the truck and changed the route. Instead of going into Bassburgh, they went to Asperia.

Saydie had a weak signal on her phone, so she walked to the locked doors of the truck.

Although the signal was still weak, she got the message that Quincy had sent.

Unfortunately, she lost the signal, so she couldn't reply.

At the Blue Bay villa...

Maisie hadn't slept the entire night because she was too worried about Saydie while Nolan waited for news in the study. When dawn broke, he tiredly rubbed his forehead, walked out of the study, and saw Maisie sleeping on the couch. Nolan walked toward her and gently carried her upstairs. Maisie had a dream where Saydie collapsed in front of her covered in blood, and she jolted up, then calmed down. It was just a dream.

Nolan walked out of the shower with a towel around his waist while he dried his hair with another. When he saw Maisie awake and sweating as if she was scared, he tossed the towel onto the counter.

"What's wrong?" He walked to the edge of the bed and sat down, moving the hair that was stuck to her lips away.

Maisie put her forehead on his shoulder. "I had a nightmare. We didn't get news the entire night. I dreamt that Saydie was covered in blood."

Nolan smiled and kissed her crown. "It's just a dream. Quincy got in touch with Saydie. She's fine." She looked up. "Really?"

Nolan pinched her nose. "Would I lie to you about this?"

Maisie suddenly remembered something and grabbed around for her phone. "What time is it?"

He calmly said, "10:00 a m."

He then got up and changed into his pants.

Maisie switched her phone on and realized there were two messages, one from Quincy and the other from Barbara.

Quincy had left a voice message, saying he had gotten in touch with Saydie and that she was fine and told her not to worry.

Barbara needed help urgently and asked to meet her at a cafe at noon.

She replied to Quincy's message.

At 11:00 a m., Maisie drove to the cafe and walked to the loft, where she saw Barbara and two bodyguards waiting outside.