

# Wife is a Lawyer

## Chapter 3 A Boy Locked in the Car

• • •

“What? A son?”

“Hey, stop!” Theresa gestured to hush, “stop yelling!”

“Theresa, what’s wrong with you? Are you gonna be a stepmom?” Adriana was shocked to hear that.

“Hey, listen, he knew I was infertile a few years ago. So he adopted a son.”

Hearing that, Adriana breathed a sigh of relief,

“Come on, you are scaring me to death! But at least he is nice to you. Girl, you must be blessed!”

Adriana somehow felt a bit jealous.

“Hey, you look so happy. What are you talking about?”

A husky voice sounded at this moment.

“Peter, come over here. Let me introduce my best friend to you, Adriana Hale. I bet you’ve heard her name from me for a

thousand times.” Theresa wrapped her arms around his and her face leaned against his shoulder, on which a smile appeared.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Alston.”

Adriana raised her head to look at this man in sapphire tailor-made suit.

He stood upright, with a serious but charming-looking face. His blue eyes glowed with glamor. Wherever he stood, he looked like a Prince Charming but also crowned to be the king of all, looking down from above with his proud face.

Peter frowned while looking at Adriana, “Ms. Alston, you seem a bit familiar to me.”

“Mr. Alston, you must be mistaken. I just return from LA.” Adriana smiled to reply.

“Well, perhaps it was because I always showed you her pictures before.” Theresa appeared a bit distraught. So she hurried to explained that Adriana had been staying abroad for all these years. It was impossible that they met before.

Adriana then stayed in the hotel till she finished dinner with Theresa.

“Mr. Alston, Theresa got really drunk. Please take her home.”

Actually, both Adriana and Theresa had been drinking during the dinner tonight. But Adriana had been accustomed to drinking after all these years of social experience. So she still stayed sober.

Peter walked over and put down the glass of wine. He held up Theresa into his arms, “Girl, you are so drunk...Ms. Hale, I am

sorry I gotta go.”

Then he turned around to leave.

“Mr. Alston.” Adriana suddenly stopped him.

Peter looked back at her in silence.

Adriana walked over with her eyes fixed on Theresa.

She uttered with a worried face, “Please be nice to

her. Theresa is a good

girl. She deserves your love.”

Peter nodded and left.

He walked out of the hotel and drove Theresa back to the villa.

He put her onto the bed, “Have a sleep. I will tell my servant to get you changed.”

“Peter...Peter...don't leave me...” Theresa grabbed his hand. Peter stumbled down onto the bed because of that.

Driven by drunkenness, she took the chance to mount on him, “Peter...we are engaged...I...I wanna...” while speaking, she leaned forward to kiss him.

Frowning, Peter felt like struggling. But indeed, they had been engaged. He tried to convince himself to do as Theresa wished.

So he stayed still.

However, when her lips were about to touch his, Peter suddenly struggled up and pinned her down, “Theresa, time to sleep.”

He stood up and left. As soon as he closed the door, he punched hard on the wall and pulled loose his tie. Restlessness was burning him all over.

During the past four years, he found that all women had been repellent to him.

He stayed away from ladies. Nor had he allowed any ladies to approach him. He even found it sick to get close to Theresa.

He had been wondering if he was a gay.

However, that woman he made a deal with seemed to be an exception.

Meanwhile, he didn't notice the twisted face of Theresa.

She clenched the necklace so hard that her palm started to go pale.

It was because of this necklace that Peter chose to marry her.

However, the necklace actually belonged to Adriana.

But the fact was that Adriana owed her everything, she believed. If it weren't because of Adriana, she wouldn't have been hit by

the car and lost the ability to conceive her own baby.

Meanwhile, Theresa was about to leave the hotel as the banquet came to an end.

She walked to the parking lot.

But suddenly, she heard someone knocking the window.

Confused, she looked around but she saw nobody.  
“What was that?”

But again, a few knocks sounded again. This time it sounded much louder.

Adriana walked toward the sound. Then she saw a kid in a limousine knocking the window from the inside.

“Little boy, where is my parents?” she stood beside and asked.

But the little boy seemed weak. He kept gasping while shaking his head.

“No, the oxygen inside is running out.” Adriana suddenly noticed that.

“Help!” she ran back to the hotel, “Security! I need security! Help! I need your help! Come over here.” She shouted at a security guard.

“Miss, what happens?”

“There is a little boy locked inside the car. The oxygen inside is running out. Just open the door!” while speaking, they walked over to the car.

The security guard soon noticed the plate number.

“It...it belongs to Mr. Alston...” the guard had seen this number for many times.

“You mean Peter Alston?” Adriana was confused.

Then she deemed that he must be an irresponsible man. How could he leave

his son inside the car alone? Just because it was an adoptive son?

What a jerk!

“Why are you standing still? Smash the window!” she shouted when seeing that the guard remained unmoved.

“Smash it? Come on, we’d better call Mr. Alston...It’s a Rolls-Royce of limited edition! Even a window will cost my total income

for the following three years.” The guard refused.

“Peter has just gone home! His son will be dead when he arrives!” staring at the little boy lying on the back seat, she couldn’t help getting much worried.

She picked up a brick from the roadside and smashed the window.

“Hey, no!” the guard was about to stop her. But he failed.

The window was smashed open.

“Little boy, come over here.” She dropped the brick and said to the boy. Then she handed the guard her card, “Tell him to call me.”

She brought the boy out of the car. Looking at his face sweating all over, she gently cleaned his face with her handkerchief.

“Little boy, are you okay?”

The boy was wearing a silver-gray suit with white shirt beneath the jacket, on the collar of which there was a bow tie. His face looked cute with fair skin. His short hair had gone all wet by sweat.

He blinked weakly while looking at Adriana. But then he fainted.

“Hey, little boy!” Adriana patted on his face. Then she brought him into her car and put him onto the passenger seat. After buckling the safety belt, she drove to hospital. □

• • •