

Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 11

Chapter 11 Revenge for the Murdered Children

Rachel had no doubt that the man was Jordan

But why did he say that he isn't? Rachel wondered.

She gave it a thought, and her face soon fell.

Could he have thought that I used Olive in order to get close to him? She was rather flabbergasted at the possibility of that.

Why would he live life so narcissistically?

As she quietly complained to herself, she let out an inelegant eye roll.

She then lowered her head to look at Olivia, only to find her little daughter's eyes still glued on Jordan's now-distant car.

Slightly surprised, she asked, "Olive, do you know who that man was?"

The little one stared on without giving a response.

It was until the car had disappeared from eye view that Olive shifted her gaze away and wrapped her arms around her mother's neck.

Then, Rachel swiftly turned to look at the driver's new injury inflicted by her little daughter. Feeling bad, she quickly said, "I'm so sorry! Olive sometimes bites people when she panics. Let me bring you to the hospital to get it treated—"

The driver waved her off mid-sentence. "Biting others is what kids do. My son bites me a lot, too! Please don't worry about it, Miss Rachel. Let's get in the car."

At that, Rachel could only let out a sigh.

She had been trying to fix Olivia's bad biting habit for the longest time, but the injury on the driver's hand was evident that there was still a long way to go before Olivia completely got rid of it.

After getting into the car again, they continued their journey and soon arrived at Sinclair Group.

Then, Rachel made sure to get both Casper and Olivia to the employee lounge before reminding her son to take care of his younger sister. It was only then did she feel reassured enough to leave them to meet her cousin, Caleb Sinclair, who was responsible for the implementation of Rachel's chip.

Caleb had left the country to study overseas when he was a mere eight-year-old boy. Rachel was never close with this cousin of hers who used to come back once every year.

However, it was an indisputable fact that Caleb was a man of endless potential. He wouldn't have been the one who stood out amongst the many members of the Sinclair Family otherwise.

Even though they had a personal relationship, Caleb didn't waste time on the pleasantries. The first thing he had brought up after he saw Rachel was work. "Rae, can you show me the chip's code first?"

Rachel, too, was quick to react. She took a seat in front of the computer and immediately started pressing her fingers on the keyboard

It didn't take long before she had completely typed out a full page of codes.

As someone who had learned to code before, Caleb couldn't help but feel surprised as he glanced over the set of complicated figures on the screen.

He couldn't believe that Rachel managed to come up with such an advanced program only with the use of the simplest computer programming language!

The products by Sinclair Group would definitely top those of their competitors if they were to optimize the chip with this code.

It was no wonder his father had been in a rush to sign the contract.

"Caleb, I have already keyed the optimization code into the system. All that is left is for your side's internal—"

Without missing a beat or detail, Rachel began to explain what the next steps were.

Caleb's gaze on her was gradually interlaced with hints of admiration. "If our new product turns out to be a hit," he suddenly said. "You are its biggest contributor."

A smile appeared on Rachel's face after she heard his words. "This chip would have stayed a dream if Uncle John and you hadn't believed in me, no?" she asked.

Caleb shook his head at that as he was sure that there would have been plenty of other companies that had gotten in contact with Rachel.

Even if the Sinclairs were out of the picture, the Wolfs, the Lowes, and many other companies would definitely still compete to get Rachel to sign a contract with them.

The only reason the Sinclairs had emerged as the victor was due to the fact that Rachel was their family's granddaughter.

As they were on their way to check out the product's prototype after talking, Caleb's secretary suddenly walked into the office.

"Young Master Caleb, Miss Yates has come to discuss the collaboration."

Rachel's eye unconsciously twitched at that

Miss Yates?

As in Shirley Yates?

Albeit unpleasant, it wasn't at all surprising for Shirley to be here. Yates Corporation did owe their success to the Sinclairs, after all.

History ran deep between the two families.

Though they might have gotten into a conflict four years ago, the line could be difficult to draw when it came to business.

At once, Rachel turned to look at Caleb. "Caleb, what are the current dealings the Sinclair Family have with the Yates?"

"The Yates wants to be involved in the production of our smart product. They have been persistent about collaborating with us, but my Dad has been hesitant to sign with them. The Yates has yet to show us what they have to offer in return for the collaboration after all."

Rachel's fingers began to lightly drum on the surface of the office table. "Caleb, would you mind letting me handle this?—that is if you trust me."

Her eyes were calm, but Caleb could only guess the kind of thoughts running through her mind when she had proposed to help.

He had heard about what had happened last night from Elizabeth. To Rachel, the Yates Family was her children's murderer.

The Sinclairs could have turned a blind eye and continued partnering up with the Yates, but the situation now was definitely different from before. Two lives were lost because of the Yates.

Even if he and Rachel didn't have a particularly strong bond, he couldn't ignore her pain for the sake of business profits.

In a low voice, Caleb answered her, "Rae, you are our technical contributor for this project. So, you have the right to decide anything. I'll leave it in your safe hands."

At that, Rachel let out a big breath of relief and thanked Caleb.

Meanwhile, Shirley was sitting on a couch in the reception area with a sour look on her face.

She had been waiting for twenty minutes, and yet no one had appeared to welcome her. She couldn't believe they would leave her unattended like this.

The Sinclairs! That b*tch Rachel's grandmother and her whole family! I never want to have anything to do with that stupid family! she fumed.

But she knew better than that.

As the heiress to the Yates Family, Yates Corporation was the priority of her every decision. Furthermore, the company had not been doing well as of late.

If only Jordan would make my identity known to the public, she sighed. I bet people will come flocking to me like bees to honey.

However, Jordan had warned her to not let anyone know about the children—he even specifically told her to not get acquainted with the Fords in any way!

In other words, even though she had succeeded in making Jordan think she was the mother of the children, she couldn't reap any benefit from the acknowledgment.

Just the thought of it pissed her off!

Chugging in her coffee like it was alcohol, she was suddenly distracted by the sounds of high heels clacking against the floor.