

Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 17

Chapter 17

Jordan's mood dropped a notch at that.

As he held the wet pieces of paper in his hand, a cold smile began to appear on his face.

This was the first time in his life that he had cash thrown at him.

D*mn woman who doesn't know any better, he thought.

He wouldn't have taken his jacket off for her if he hadn't met her yesterday!

Jordan let out a humorless laugh and as he lifted his gaze, he was greeted by the sight of Rachel being surrounded by his friends.

As he saw that, his frown deepened as he took hurried steps to follow after her.

Rachel didn't seem embarrassed nor panicked even when she was surrounded by the men.

Instead, her eyes began to scan their faces, one by one.

Young Master Howard from the Sutton Family.

The successor of the Wolf Family, Quentin Wolf.

The Young Master from the Chester Family...

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They were all elites from the noblest families in Seaview City.

Four years ago... No, she had met them briefly five years ago before the series of tragedies had happened.

The only thing was—they all thought that she, Rachel Yates, had passed away.

I bet none of them would ever guess that I'm that Young Miss from the Yates Family, she mused.

"Pretty lady, why were you in the river?" Howard immediately began to flirt. "Even your clothes are wet! Why don't I bring you to get some fresh new ones from the mall?"

Seeing how Jordan seemed to have been rejected earlier, Howard was the first one among the rest of them to approach her.

He was confident in his skills as he had never been rejected by a woman before. And

yet, the woman in question didn't even spare him a glance. "Piss off," she spat.

"But we were the ones who booked this place! How am I the one who is supposed to piss off?" Howard teased with a mischievous glint in his eyes. He suddenly leaned closer to her and continued, "I'll let you go if you give me your name and contact."

A pained howl could be heard across the area the next second.

No one saw what had happened, but her attack was evident as Howard was now lying on the ground in a pathetic state.

She patted imaginary dust off her palms and nonchalantly said, "Young Master Howard, you are still as indecent as you once were."

She then kicked him out of her way before walking out of the crowd.

Caught off-guard, no one went forward to stop her from leaving.

"Are you okay, Howard?" one of the men asked.

Howard scrambled to get up from the ground as the pain still lingered, but his voice was rather joyous when he spoke next. "I— I'm fine! Did you guys hear that? She said that I'm as indecent as I used to be! Which means that she knows me! That is why I said that she looked really familiar! I just can't recall who she is at the moment."

Quentin's eyes rolled at that. "Tell me, is there anyone in Seaview City who doesn't know of your reputation? You are the infamous Casanova from the Suttons, after all."

His eyes then landed on Jordan, who was striding toward them.

"And also, Jordan was interested in her first. Why don't you give up on her? It's for your own good," Quentin continued as he pulled Howard up.

Upon hearing that, Howard uninhibitedly demanded, "Interested in her first? My ass. Jordan, are you going to get a stepmother for your two brats at home?"

Jordan let out a cold 'hmp' at that.

How could he bring a step-mom into the family for his boys when he didn't even have plans to marry the biological mother of his sons?

Furthermore, that woman seems to have a daughter...

Just as he was about to warn Howard to not touch a married woman, who also had a child, his phone started to buzz fervently.

He quickly recognized the Ford Family's bodyguard's caller ID when his eyes swept across the screen. A panicked voice soon came through the phone.

"Mr. Ford, Young Master Damian has slipped out again!"

After Rachel had left Riverside Estate, she decided to not retrieve her car from the cemetery and went straight to the main road to grab a taxi.

With her top-notch looks and banging body that the black jacket could hardly conceal, the taxi driver kept checking her out through the rearview mirror.

However, he could tell from the cold expression on her face that she was not one to be trifled with

Not having the guts to do more than that, the driver finally dropped her off at the villa area by the lakeside.

Then, Rachel paid him the fees, got out of the car, and started walking into the neighborhood when a soft voice rang out from behind, instantly stopping her in her tracks.

“Stop right there, woman.”

What a familiar voice...

She turned around, only to see a child who looked like a steamed bun standing there, looking at her.

Isn't this the child from the airport the day before?

“What are you doing here?” she asked, slightly weirded out by the coincidence. Damian kept his greedy eyes on her as he slowly approached her.

He had come here right after his bodyguard located Rachel's whereabouts.

He didn't know why he did what he did, but he knew that he wanted to see her no matter what!

Rachel lifted her gaze to peek behind Damian and a frown immediately appeared when she realized that the child was alone. “You,” she warned. “Did you sneak out again?”

“No I didn't!”

Damian denied it without hesitating, which made it sound even more suspicious,

His small pink lips pressed into a line, “I lost my kitty, I came here to look for her, Can you help me look for her as well, please?”

Rachel couldn't say no to a four-year-old child, so she asked in a gentle tone, “What color is your kitty? How old is she?”

At that, the two of them went on to look for the missing cat. Meanwhile, the Ford family had fallen into an utter mess from searching for their missing young master...