

## Meeting Her 26

Chapter 26 Supernatural Her accusation came in the form of a shrill shout. However, Joanie was stunned upon the first clear sighting of the man's face. She fell silent so suddenly that the wild thumping of her heart was audible. Oh my god! How could such a perfect man exist? I have to get him! Pretty boy? Is she referring to Jensen? Rachelle looked up to examine his reaction. Though there was no discernible change in expression on the man's handsome face, she detected a susceptible drop in the air pressure around her. Joanie did not notice the hint of danger as she leered at him with her hands on her hips.

"Hey, handsome, I'm sure you can find a better woman than her if you want a sugar mommy! The woman you have in your arms isn't just deaf and mute but also a divorcee. She's used goods!" Jensen glared at her. "Really? Then what does that make you?" Despite the harsh retort, Joanie could not help secretly rejoicing because such a handsome man had taken notice of her. Not to mention how pleasant his voice is! "Have you heard of Cloudington Group?" She raised her chin proudly. "I am the youngest daughter of the Cloudington family!" Jensen sneered. "I will remember who you are." Without another word, he strode quickly past Joanie on his slender, powerful legs. Placing Rachelle into his car, he buckled her in before racing off. Joanie was a little confused. What does that mean? Is he planning to dump Rachelle and come back for me? Excited by the prospect, Joanie recalled something else upon returning to her senses. I must gather evidence of Rachelle's infidelity and show the Hawks. Once that little b\*tch gets sent packing, that handsome guy will be mine! Startled to find his car already far ahead in the distance, Joanie hurriedly got into her own with the intent of catching up.

However, before she managed to start her engine, a black sedan suddenly rushed out from the side and crashed into her hood. "Ah!" Joanie screamed as she hugged her head in fear. The crash was deafening. Smoke billowed out of the dented metal that crumpled like a tin can. Jensen witnessed the proceedings from the rear view mirror. As scheduled, Mike's respectful voice sounded from the Bluetooth headset in his ear. "Shall we proceed with phase two, Mr. Jensen?" "No need to waste any more time on that stupid woman." Rachelle glanced surreptitiously at Jensen from the passenger seat. Though Joanie deserved it, the lengths this man would go to are simply terrifying. Meanwhile, Pamela was in for an unpleasant surprise at that very moment upstairs at the banquet hall. "How did she get away?" she demanded incredulously of the row of despondent bodyguards before her.

She was so consumed with fury that her visage turned dangerously pale. "Imbeciles! With all the money spent on training you, eight large men as yourselves, and you can't even handle a mute girl?" "A man with a gun suddenly appeared to rescue her, Mrs. Cloudington," the bodyguards explained in despair. Pamela glared at them in disbelief. "Nonsense. How would that little mute have a man protecting her?" "It's true, Mom!" Joanie stomped in as she clutched her bruised and swollen head. "That little b\*tch has a man on the side!" she seethed through gritted teeth. "I saw him with my own eyes! She was carried

into a car by a handsome guy, a pretty boy! I tried to follow them but was hit by a car that came out of nowhere!” What awful luck today! Rachelle’s appearance always means a series of misfortune for me! In her anger, Joanie showed Pamela and Casey the photos she had taken. Although the man’s vast and upright back dominated most of the photograph, the side profile of the figure in his arms was unmistakably Rachelle. Also photographed was the license plate of the car they were in. Pamela recognized the license plate at once. “That’s the Hawk family’s car!” In preparation for the future of marrying away her daughters, she had already done her homework on the most influential families in Beshya. The realization was like a refreshing gust of wind that swept away the cloud of uncertainty in Pamela’s heart. She sneered triumphantly, “I can’t believe how that little b\*tch is brazen enough to dip her hand in the Hawk family’s coffers to fund her affair with a pretty boy! Death would be preferable if Jensen found out what she did!” “Madam!” Sam, the hotel manager, marched smartly in with a gift box in his hands. Before he could say another word, Pamela slapped him across the face. “Madam!” Sam cried, aghast. “Just in time, you traitor! How dare you collude with that little mute against me?”

Pamela glared at him with such ferocity as if she wanted nothing more than to tear him apart. “Since when did I have you invite that little slut here?” Sam gazed with bewildered fright at his employer. “You sent me an email, madam!” he answered, scrambling for his phone to prove his innocence. Though Pamela refused to believe him at first, a look at Sam’s phone struck her speechless with astonishment. It was sent from her email address as he had claimed. The content of the message was to inform Sam that Rachelle was to be introduced that day. Pamela still refused to concede in the face of overwhelming evidence. “I-Impossible! How could I have written something like this? Some funny business is afoot! Could there be supernatural involvement?” At that alarming thought, Pamela willed herself to calm down. Instead, she took a step back to consider the matter more rationally. Of course it couldn’t be a ghost! We have all underestimated that little b\*tch Rachelle. Everything at the birthday banquet today might have even been arranged by her long ago! Upon careful review of the birthday banquet, Pamela was struck by the sudden realization that all of them had been manipulated by Rachelle since her appearance. Throughout the entire event, my role was just to stand there and do nothing! For the first time, a trace of doubt flashed across Pamela’s eyes. Could the little b\*tch be acting deaf and mute?