

Meeting Her 29

Chapter 29 The Crowded Bathroom As it turned out, the large trucks were there to not only deliver the new furniture but also to remove the old set Lisette had been using for decades. Personally lending a hand with the arrangements, Rachelle was soon drenched in sweat from her exertions. Though the pain on her leg bothered her, she was careful not to let Lisette see her limp. After joining Lisette for dinner at the old lady's insistence, Rachelle massaged her sore hands as she retired to her bedroom for a long-awaited bath. She could then treat her wound, which was beginning to sear with pain again. Though Jensen was nowhere near, Rachelle locked the door preemptively. Sighing noiselessly as her entire body sank at last into the warm embrace of the bath she carefully drew for herself, Rachelle could not quite relax as her brow was set in a permanent frown. Right now, the contract is still in the hands of that pervert Jensen. I have to find a way to get it back. As she was mulling, the bathroom door suddenly clicked open from the outside. Rachelle was instantly alert.

On the verge of grabbing her clothes and getting dressed, the door flew open with a deafening bang that shook the entire bathroom. In the next instant, Jensen came barging in. The man's ghastly pale complexion was only exacerbated by his entirely black attire and the mop of dark hair framing his face. Stepping into the bathroom, he appeared very different from his usual unfazed self. At that moment, the aura surrounding him was positively bloodthirsty. Rachelle detected a strong scent of blood as he got closer. Her fingers tightened uneasily around the edge of the bathtub. She noticed Jensen's pale and slender hands, like works of art, covered with dried blood. As if that was not bad enough, the edge of his black shirt was soaked in blood to such a degree that it dripped onto the bathroom tiles. With a start, Rachelle was unpleasantly reminded of the secret room where she met Jensen for the first time. This is purgatory on earth. He is the devil incarnate! Rachelle squeezed the sides of the bathtub tightly, clearly traumatized by Jensen. Jensen let out a low, mirthless laugh that made his chest heave. His pupils, dark as the night, reflected her scared and pale face. "Are you afraid of me?" he rasped as he forced her chin upward and stared into her eyes like a hunter tormenting his cornered prey. "I've heard that deaf and mute people have a very developed sense of smell. Can you tell just how many people's blood are on me?"

Rachelle trembled in his grip. Not a drop of blood is Jensen's own. "Remember this smell, Little Mute." The fingers holding her chin tightened menacingly while his eyes flashed with murderous intent. "I will personally drain you of every drop of blood if you ever dare deceive and betray me." Lunatic! Rachelle's face turned several shades paler. Jensen seemed to enjoy witnessing her terror. A grotesque smile spread across his lips at her compliance. "Good girl." The noise of a scuffle sounded from the outside at that moment. "Where's that b*tch Rachelle? Have her come out this instant!" Cecilia's piercing order rang clearly in the bathroom. Jensen looked at the door coldly as the killing intent that had previously melted away surged again, but only for an instant. It then disappeared as noiselessly as it appeared. "Please, Ms. Hawk—" "Stand aside! My father will hear of this if you dare stand in my way!" Cecilia had already rushed into the bedroom. The sound of her heels paused momentarily before commencing

again toward the bathroom that still had its door open. Jensen's eyes flashed before he leaped into action. Tearing off his black shirt, he dived into the bathtub, much to Rachelle's horror.

Though the bathtub was filled to the brim with dense foam, she was naked underneath. "What are you two doing?" Cecilia, who had stormed in by then, was caught off-guard by the scene before her eyes. "Jensen!" she cried with a scandalized grimace. "How can you get involved with scum like her?" After bending over backward for so long, I've never even touched Jensen's hand! Jensen's muscular arms rested on the edge of the bathtub. At Cecilia's outburst, he glanced lazily up at her. "Watch your mouth." The coldness in his powerful gaze made Cecilia shiver. What is that look? This b*tch must have Jensen under her spell! Cecilia stared at Rachelle with jealous rage as if wanting nothing more than to swallow her alive. "Don't be deceived by this mute girl, Jensen! She's not as innocent as she looks. In fact, she's a heartless b*tch with a vicious heart! Look at me! She was behind this beating I received!" Furious, Cecilia wrenched off her coat to reveal an alarming number of bruises all over her body. "They threw a bag over my head and pummeled me all over when I came out of the bar that night. They even warned me against offending somebody I should not have!" Rachelle was the last person Cecilia had offended though she did not even succeed in her endeavor. Not only had she lost a spy, but she was also beaten for it.

Despite wanting to avenge herself ever since Liam found out that the driver was Cecilia's man, Rachelle truly had not ordered Cecilia's beating. She turned to Jensen and shook her head innocently. Jensen knew she was telling the truth as he was the one who had ordered the beating. Naturally, he was not going to admit to it. Jensen's eyes narrowed slightly as a disdainful chuckle rumbled from his chest. "I never knew my little bride was capable of something like this," he remarked brazenly.