

# Meeting Her Chapter 6

## Chapter 6

Her heart throbbed, and in response, she quickly averted her gaze and withdrew herself from Jensen's arms. Snatching up the acupuncture kit, she then poured her entire being into the administering of the second round of acupuncture on Lisette. Upon the conclusion of that round of treatment, the hues of ruddiness started to return to Lisette's visage. Her breath had stabilized too, as though she had merely awoken from a sound slumber. Rachelle used sign language to explain the situation. Old Mrs. Hawk is currently very weak and needs to be nursed back to health. I'd write you a list of medications. Coupled with daily acupunctural sessions, she should soon be on the road to recovery. Jensen regarded her passively, voicing neither his conviction nor skepticism; thus, Rachelle simply went ahead to write down her list which she passed along to Solace to do the needful. Solace briefly looked in Jensen's direction, then turned to exit after she obtained his silent consent. The other housekeepers also filed out as well, leaving the spacious bedroom falling into a sudden respite. Yet, the atmosphere only became more oppressive. "Are you adept at using needles?" asked Jensen, to Rachelle's surprise. Echoes of her

ambush on him inside the cave reverberated inside Rachele's mind, and a chill ran down her spine. Before she knew it, Jensen was already in her face. His smile was skin-deep and his thoughts, indecipherable. "What a coincidence it should be that I came across a woman not that long ago whose mastery of the needle bordered on the uncanny... Whenever I should find her, I'd be sure to repay her in kind!" He had purposefully put an emphasis on the word "repay."

Feigning ignorance, Rachele blinked, all wide-eyed. She thought to herself that she could not afford to let that sicko find out that she was that woman in the cave. Apart from all the problems she would invite upon herself, it would definitely throw a wrench into her plans. Grabbing the pen and paper next to her, Rachele blitzed out a couple of lines of writing which she shoved out in front of Jensen. Being a differently abled person who can neither speak nor hear, Mr. Jensen, I am aware of my own unworthiness. Hence, I would humbly request that you annul our marriage. As I am somewhat versed in the art of healing, I would be willing to stay on to care for Old Mrs. Hawk. In exchange, I ask only for the provision of sustenance. Rachele also mustered up a tear or two, just to enhance her own piteousness. Jensen, however, broke into a cold chortle once he had read what was conveyed to him in ink. "There's no need for you to be ashamed of who you

are,” he replied amidst a fit of hysterics. “You might be deaf and dumb, but flaws are exactly what I am drawn to. Besides, how could I possibly bear to divorce from a Mrs. Hawk as “talented” as yourself?” The dumb-stricken Rachelle damn near regurgitated her breakfast. While she was about to continue writing something else, Jensen suddenly thrust out his hand and pinned her against the wall. The muscles in Rachelle’s body suddenly tightened all over. “Are you afraid of me?” he asked nonchalantly. Gasping, Rachelle was hurting so much that she silently cursed at all of Jensen’s ancestors. She looked up, but only to regard him with hapless, moistened eyes and the meekness of a bunny. Jensen, however, had not the slightest inclination to conduct himself in a gentlemanly manner. He withdrew that frosty smirk from the corner of his lips and regarded her with his gloomy and malicious gaze. “I’m only going to state this once. Make sure you take good care of my grandma and don’t let me find you harboring any ulterior motives. Or else, I have you wishing that you’re dead, every single day for the rest of your life! Do you understand?” Gripped in the throes of fear, Rachelle nodded and then scrambled out of the door the second Jensen dropped her. Jensen’s menacing eyes narrowed to a slit as his gaze trailed after her from the rear. Pulling out his phone, he dialed Rocco’s number. “Go and run a

background check on that woman who was married here for auspicious reasons.”  
“Noted.”

Rubbing his fingertips against one other, it felt as though the bodily warmth of that  
Little Mute

had been left behind on them. Pausing briefly, he then asked in a low voice, “Any  
updates on  
that woman from the cave?” “Not as yet, Jensen. Shall we expand our parameters of  
search?”

“That won’t be necessary. Understanding the terrain as well as she does, she must  
be local, and

shouldn’t be far!” Jensen’s inflection was steeped in frigidity. “Apart from that,  
keep tabs on the

whereabouts of my emerald pendant. That woman is in possession of it, so capture  
her as soon

as the pendant surfaces!” “Understood!” After he ended the call, Jensen put the  
phone away. His

eyes hinted at all the thoughts he kept close to his breast. The emerald pendant that  
that

woman snatched from him in the cave was a gift from his grandmother. As such, it  
was the only

one of its kind in existence. If my new bride were actually that woman in the cave,  
then things

could become very interesting indeed.

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