

Chapter 207 Defending My Side

When I looked up, I felt a chill run down my spine.

Somewhere nearby, there was a man in dark blue casual sportswear walking towards us. It was Alvaro. The moment he came over, he placed his hand on Denzel's shoulder, who gave him a casual punch on the shoulder.

I could tell that they were on good terms.

And the second I saw Alvaro, I was in such a bad mood that I even felt the urge to run away.

I could never forget how he held a dagger against my waist, and even forced Derek to sign an unfair contract.

"I treat every student equally, and you're often absent. It kind of made me think that I recruited a fake student."

Based on what Denzel was saying, Alvaro seemed to be here to learn driving.

But it didn't seem like he was incapable of driving.

For a man like him, driving was a fundamental skill. How could he act like such a show-off if he didn't even know how to drive?

"Curse me all you want. I'm a thick-skinned man, so I can take it. But women aren't like us. You need to treat them with respect and kindness."

I couldn't believe it. Was he defending my side?

"Let's just go. Get in the car now."

Denzel opened the door of the training car beside him and sat in the passenger seat. Afterwards, Alvaro sat in the driver's seat.

I thought Denzel wasn't asking me to get in the car, so I just stood in place.

"I said get in the car!" he growled while glaring at me.

I bit on my lip, reluctant to do as he said. However, his sharp gaze made me compromise. I opened the back door and got in.

I comforted myself with the fact that Denzel was with us, so things wouldn't go bad. I believed that Alvaro wouldn't do anything to me for the time being.

And so, Denzel asked him to drive along the road for practice.

As I sat in the back seat, I began to feel nervous. Not long after, I found him staring at me through the rearview mirror, and he had a wicked smile on his lips.

In my eyes, this man was a criminal, so I was very wary of him. ①

After a while, Denzel asked Alvaro to pull over and got out of the car.

"I need to go home and see my son. You guys, continue practicing how to drive. Alvaro, give Eveline a chance to practice her driving skills later. She's not very proficient in driving, so I'd appreciate it if you can give her some pointers."

The last thing I wanted to do right now was to be alone in the car with Alvaro.

After Denzel got out of the car, I wanted to open the door and leave, too. However, I found that the door had been locked. It was then that Alvaro stepped on the gas, causing the car to rush forward.

"Hey! Let me get out of the car," I shouted as I desperately tried to open the door.

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"Hey! Let me get out of the car," I shouted as I desperately tried to open the door.

But Alvaro just chuckled at me, lit a cigarette, and put it into his mouth.

"What's the matter, beauty? Are you afraid of me?"

How could I not be afraid of the man who kidnapped me and pressed a dagger against me?

I decided not to respond to his question.

He stared at me through the rearview mirror again and smiled. "I think fate brought us together by making us have the same driving instructor. Denzel told me that I should give you some pointers. Don't worry. I'll do my best to help you out." ①

Within minutes, Alvaro had driven the car out of the urban area and reached the mountain road. I could tell from his driving skills that he was certainly not a novice.

Many terrible ideas flooded my head. And the more I thought about them, the more they filled my heart with terror. ②

Halfway up the mountain, he suddenly stopped the car. He then turned around and said, "Come here and sit in the passenger seat. I'll teach you."

I refused his offer, because I'd rather not fall for his trickeries.

He wasn't in a hurry, so he just waited for me while smoking.

After a while, I scoffed at him and said, "You're a driving student as well. Do you actually think you can teach me?"

Alvaro was stunned for a moment before breaking into laughter.

"You're one hilarious lady! Are you afraid of me because of what happened last time? Look, I'll be honest. My driving skills are no less than our instructor's. I even had a professional driver's license."

"Liar!" I rolled my eyes at him.

In the end, I still didn't sit in the front. Once he was finished smoking, he threw the cigarette butt out and started the car again.

"I used to have a professional driver's license, but two years ago, it was revoked because of a minor

mishap. To me, you're nothing but a greenhorn," said Alvaro.

I just rolled my eyes at him, because I had no desire to converse with him anymore.

Chapter 208 Pure And Innocent

Alvaro drove to the top of the mountain and stopped where the road ended.

I had been to this viewing platform before. Derek had taken me here by bike back then. This was where he had made love to me for the first time.

"Aren't you tired from sitting all this time? Come on. Let's get out of the car and get some fresh air." He didn't wait for me to respond, and just got out of the car in the next second. ①

I held back and just sat there for a while, observing his every move and trying to gauge his thoughts.

Alvaro slowly walked to the platform and leaned over the railing, surveying the view beneath.

He seemed cold and ruthless the last time I saw him, but he was all smiles today. Even his signature cruel look was gone. I believed that he wouldn't harm me until his brother's matter was resolved. After all, he was still counting on Derek to get Raul out of prison.

Taking comfort in my reasoning, I opened the back door and gingerly followed him.

I made sure to maintain some distance, though. I couldn't afford to let my guard down. For all I knew, he just might push me over the cliff.

He turned and flashed me a wide smile. I had no way of telling what was running inside his head. In any case, a kidnapper could never be a good person, no matter their motives. ①

Alvaro reached into his pocket and fumbled around, his smile still in place. Then, with a loud click, he brandished a knife, its blade gleaming in the sun.

I was so terrified that I took several steps back. My knees felt weak.

"What are you doing?"

He looked pleased by my reaction, and his grin grew even broader.

He walked back to the car and opened the trunk, humming a tune under his breath as he went. He took out two apples and sat on a stone step.

Oh, so he was going to peel apples, then?

The fact that I flinched and almost fled at the sight of the knife annoyed me greatly.

Hadn't I just rationalized with myself that he wouldn't hurt me? Why was I acting like a pathetic little coward?

"Would you like some?" Alvaro asked, holding up a peeled apple.

I refused and looked away.

But that only made him stand and approach me. His smile had never left his lips.

This time, however, I stood my ground.

Thankfully, he continued past me and back to the railing. "Don't worry," he said as he turned to me.

"These aren't some queen's poisoned apples or anything."

Ha! I couldn't help but sneer.

"Don't you feel ashamed, referencing a fairy tale like you're some pure and innocent guy?"

He said nothing but took a bite of the apple. His sharp eyes never left my face, and his smile gradually faded.

It was replaced by a meaningful smirk.

"No one is born evil. In the beginning, we are all pure and innocent. We only become monsters when the world turns its back against us and deals us a brutal fate. The truth is, every cold-blooded person is forced to become that way."

His words struck me, and I could tell there was a depth to them that nobody knew of.

It would appear that he had been subjected to this brutal life he was talking about, which had probably contributed to his current vicious nature.

I kept silent while he settled in a more comfortable position and continued eating. Then, he threw the two apples over the railing without even finishing them, as if he had suddenly lost his appetite.

A long silence followed.

Despite my prejudices against him, I could clearly see that something tumultuous was brewing inside him, especially when he was quiet like this.

"Do you not like me?"

His question was so abrupt and unexpected. It jolted me out of my musings, and I was met with that pleasant smile again.

I snorted and rolled my eyes. "You kidnapped me! How do you expect me to like you? Were you perhaps expecting me to thank you for what you did?"

Alvaro didn't reply.

This prompted me to forge ahead and rage on him. "How shameless of you! I can't believe you asked Derek to give you one million dollars if he couldn't save your brother. He doesn't owe you anything."

That seemed to have an effect on Alvaro. He blinked then, and his smile deepened even more.

"Is that what he told you?"

I shot him a sardonic look that said I didn't need to be told to see through his greed.

All of a sudden, he began to stride in my direction. As he got closer and closer, I found myself stumbling back until I was against the railing myself.

He braced his hands on either side of me, trapping me effectively.

Even so, I put on a brave front. "Get away from me," I said in a calm but firm tone.

Alvaro stared down at me, his eyes glinting. "I'm afraid you were wrong about one thing. Did you just say that he doesn't owe me anything? Well, let me tell you this. The debt that the Sullivan family owes me is not something that can be settled with a million dollars."

Chapter 209 Just The Beginning

I was too stunned to speak.

Alvaro's smile turned sinister. "What, are you finally feeling scared? I'm afraid this is just the beginning, though."

Indeed, I had gotten the impression that he had come seeking retribution. Little did I know then that there were debts that simply couldn't be paid off.

We stayed on the viewing platform for a while more before Alvaro said he wanted to go back. I felt relieved, until he told me I was driving.

"Denzel asked you to practice, right? You can't just return without having sat behind the wheel as you were instructed."

Before I could even think of a retort, he was already sliding into the passenger seat.

I gaped at him and wrestled with the decision before grudgingly getting into the driver's side of the car.

I had learned how to drive, and I knew the basics one needed to know to be out on traffic. It wasn't purely theories, either—I had driven out on the streets before, under the supervision of the driving instructor. There might not be anyone to guide me this time, but I took comfort in the fact that we were going downhill, which meant that I had to maintain a slow speed.

I resolved there and then that once we were back in the city, I would run away and hide from this horrible man for as long as I could.

I never wanted to see him again.

Alvaro turned on the music in the car and leaned back against his seat, looking like a teenager about to embark on a joyride. He even had his arms crossed behind his head.

Miffed by his blatant arrogance, I asked him, "Aren't you worried about my lack of driving experience? I just might send us rolling down to the foot of the mountain."

He smirked before replying, "In that case, I'll be glad to spend my last moments with a beautiful woman. Are you sure that's going to happen, though? I know my life isn't worth much, but the same certainly can't be said about the wife of Dere International's CEO."

I gritted my teeth and said nothing more. I started the car and began to maneuver it down the road.

Alvaro might not care whether he lived or died, but I did. I was terrified of death. If I had a choice, I would definitely refuse having to risk my life, and in such a stupid way, too.

As we made some good distance, my nerves gradually settled down. Our pace was sure and steady.

And then my phone suddenly rang.

"Keep your eyes on the road and make sure you don't switch lanes," Alvaro said almost instantly, his tone commanding.

Nevertheless, I fished out my phone to look who was calling. It was Derek. I wasn't brave enough to take a call while driving. I was still debating whether to answer or not, when Alvaro rudely snatched my phone from my hand.

He peered at the name flashing on the screen, his lips slowly stretching into a wicked smile.

I was afraid he might answer the call and cause another misunderstanding, so I reached out and made a grab for my phone. At that moment of poor judgment, the car veered toward the cliff.

By the time I realized what was happening, I was so panicked, I didn't know what to do.

"Damn it!" Alvaro exclaimed as he tossed my phone aside. Then he leaned over and took hold of the steering wheel, forcefully turning it to get us back on track.

Just when I thought we were a few seconds from flying off the edge, I heard the tires screech and found that we were thankfully steering away from the cliff.

Because of the sudden change in direction, however, the car was now rushing straight into the mountain wall on the other side of the road.

"Loosen the accelerator and step on the brake!" Alvaro roared beside me. "Hurry and step on it!"

Unfortunately, the more distressed I was, the slower my reactions were. My first instinct was to close my eyes as the mountain loomed before us. But then his words registered, and I managed to slam my foot on the brake at the last minute.

We were both thrown forward by the abrupt break in momentum. The car had stopped.

A pregnant silence came over us.

I was still shocked and glazed over, quite unable to comprehend what had just happened.

I had felt the front tires of the vehicle teeter ever so slightly at the edge of the cliff. If Alvaro had been just a second too late, we might be toppling down the sharp rocks right now.

"If you were driving a train, you'll probably lead it off the tracks too, won't you?" Alvaro teased.

I turned to look at him, and I knew I looked stricken. He, on the other hand, had his elbow braced on the dashboard as his hand cupped his cheek. He was still smiling, the bastard!

There was something strange about the way he was acting. It took a while for me to realize that he was pleased about the fact that I had been frightened half to death just now.

This man surely had an impressive mental fortitude. How could he laugh when he had just been in mortal danger?

"We had better switch seats," he suggested. "For both our sakes."

I needed no further encouragement. I plucked my phone from the floor and opened the door, then rounded the car to sit on the passenger side.

Once tucked behind the safety of my seatbelt, I checked my call logs. After missing that first call, Derek didn't call again.

With Alvaro behind the wheel, the rest of our trip downhill was smooth and uneventful.

I had no choice but to swallow the bitter truth that he was a much better driver than I was.

Chapter 210 Someone Is Following Us

When we almost reached the gate of the driving school, I immediately recognized the car parked at the gate. It was Derek's.

Did he know that I was here to practice driving? It looked like he was waiting for me.

I was ready to get out of the car, but Alvaro suddenly stepped on the gas and sped off.

"What are you doing? Stop the car!" I was flustered and angry.

Alvaro didn't listen to me; he continued to speed up. His eyes were fixed on the road as a small smile tugged at the corners of his lips.

"Do you want Derek to see the photos of you and me?"

I was stunned for a few seconds and later realized what he meant.

"Is someone following us?"

He looked at me and smiled. "You are smart."

I looked at the rearview mirror and saw a black car following us.

The car looked familiar, but I couldn't recall where I had seen it before.

Alvaro drove at full speed, trying to get rid of the car behind us. But the driver of that car was equally skillful. He continued to follow us closely.

Alvaro looked solemn, different from his playful look. He looked exactly the same as he had been on the night he kidnapped me—calm and confident.

Since we couldn't escape from the car following us, he drove us to the abandoned airport. Aaron had brought me here to practice driving before.

However, the black car followed us into the airport as well. It looked like the person driving the car didn't mind getting caught.

Alvaro drove toward a narrow lane at the corner of the airport that was lined up with a row of abandoned houses on either side.

"Get out of the car!" he ordered.

Then, he opened the door and got out.

I didn't know what was going on. Therefore, I, too, got out of the car.

The black car skidded to a halt.

"Let's go." Alvaro took me to a narrow alley between the houses nearby.

He strode so fast that I quickened my pace to catch up with him.

"Where are we going?" I asked breathlessly.

He grabbed my hand, pulled me to a corner, and listened intently. I pursed my lips and dared not make any sound.

Since no one lived here, the place was quiet. The approaching footsteps echoed across the place.

Alvaro and I were standing against the wall. I was not as calm as him; my stomach was churning with unease. I didn't know the motive of the person trailing us. Besides, even though Alvaro and I were on the same side, at least for the time being, he was not my people. I couldn't trust him.

As soon as the shadow emerged, Alvaro leaped out of our hiding place and kicked the person. He was a

young man. He wasn't prepared, so Alvaro caught him off guard and kicked him to the ground.

Seeing the ferocious look on Alvaro's face, the man tried getting up to run away but couldn't, perhaps because he was injured.

I noticed the camera slung across his neck.

Alvaro rudely pulled the camera off his neck and smashed it to the ground. The expensive camera broke into pieces.

The young man shrank back in horror. Alvaro kicked him twice and shouted, "Fuck off!"

The man fled from the alley.

"You didn't ask who he was and why he was following us."

Alvaro turned around and sneered at me with his hands akimbo.

"Why bother asking? Woman, I just praised you for being smart. But it looks like you are still stupid." ①

He pointed at an old staircase nearby and said, "Go up and have a look."

Then, he began climbing the stairs and I quickly followed him.