

My Villainous Wife

Chapter 113 - Alexander is a Cutie?

Alexander came out of the room without being hindered. His back was straight and his steps were deliberate and confident as he walked to the living room.

Without turning around, he said to Yellow Owl who was following behind him. "Get someone to clean up the mess in the room. Make sure that Mr. Pei finds his way to his daughter and family as a warning."

"Yes, Boss."

"Ah, that's right." Alexander suddenly paused in his tracks and as if he had a good idea in his mind, he added on, "Cut a lock of his hair and send it at the same address. I'm sure with my little gift, that person would know better than to make a move now."

Without further ado, Yellow Owl nodded his head like a prim and proper butler from an aristocratic family. He turned around and disappeared behind the doors where they first emerged.

Looking at his wristwatch, Alexander saw that it was almost past three in the afternoon. He had a lot of things to do today as a certain frustrated creature, namely, Long Jie, will lose his mind and dig himself a grave.

...

Walking toward the papers spread across his desk, Alexander didn't waste his time and started to work on his business.

He fixed his onyx eyes on the written words in the paper and flipped the pages before signing. He repeated these actions until Yellow Owl came back with a cup of coffee.

"Boss, why don't you take a rest first? You can just send the remaining files to sir Long Jie." Yellow Owl suggested.

"That won't be necessary. I don't want Long Jie to turn into a criminal. Who knows if I were to return and he stabs me with a kitchen knife."

"I wouldn't doubt that happening." Yellow Owl answered without any hesitation. His boss has been working Long Jie like a slave in his office, buried under the heaps of papers.

A knock came from the door.

Both men turned their heads to look at it cautiously, and a young man stuck his head inside "Er... Boss. May I come in?"

Alexander stared at the young man before he waved his hand to indicate that he could enter.

"What is it?"

Walking to the center of the room, the young man named, Carl cleared his throat. "Uhm... a Mr. Somei wishes to speak to you."

"Don't answer it."

"But... the man said that it's urgent."

"Still, don't answer it." Came Alexander's firm reply.

However, instead of cowering like the others and stepping out of the room, Carl gulped down. "Of course, boss. I won't answer the call."

"Oh... then, what are you still doing here?"

"That... I remembered that Mr. Somei told me to tell you that he is on his way to meet your wife."

Suddenly, the room got colder.

A minute passed.

Two minutes.

Three minutes.

And the young man and Yellow Owl felt cold sweat dripping down their temples. No one dared to open their mouths as if they did as much as make a tiny sound, Alexander's attention would fall in their figures.

Breathing in to calm him down, Alexander then stood up from his seat. The chair screeched loudly inside the room as he pushed it back.

"Where are you going boss?" Yellow Owl asked, ready to follow his employer anywhere he wants to go.

"To stop that old fart." Alexander spat as he coldly walked out of the room.

Mr. Somei or Somei Hiroki is Alexander's grandfather who was also the previous Yakuza leader of the Somei group until Alexander took his position.

He was a great leader and a ruthless one at that. He never showed any mercy against his enemies and as if he was a wrecking ball, he destroyed everything while keeping all the mess still in the place where his violent attacks happened.

Taking his phone out, Alexander searched 'Old Fart that needs to be eviscerated' in his contact list and unblocked.

Soon after he unblocked it, Alexander put the phone next to his ears. With a controlled voice, he said, "Grandpa, where are you right now?"

"At the salon."

Salon? Alexander frowned and his pace slowed down. He could hear the sound of a song being played, the splashing noise coming from the water, and the buzzing noise in the background.

There were some murmurs that he could also hear amongst the sea of noises and concluded that he wasn't inside Yan Xiaoran's office or home.

"Done with your soundcheck?"

Sighing, Alexander's cheek twitched and said, "Yes... But why did you made one of my men tell those words to me?"

Alexander still didn't get rid of his suspicions that his grandfather found his way to land in London.

"Well, my grandson got married without telling me or inviting any of us to the wedding, and even blocked my number. What do you think a grandfather should do in this situation?"

"Sleep and stay away from troubles." Alexander didn't hold his tongue.

Behind him, Yellow Owl had a calm expression on his face. He was used to how Alexander and his grandfather would usually talk to each other. They might sound harsh and appeared as if they were on their periods, their bosses were in actually very close and take care of each other.

And what Alexander had said just now wasn't mere talks but it was purely from his heart.

Somei Hiroki was already in his eighties and with his body almost folding half because of his spine growing older, he can't do the same things he wanted to do.

Actually, during the funeral of Alexander's parents, Somei Hiroki was unable to attend as he was put into a coma at the news of his daughter's passing. He was aggrieved and with his old age, he couldn't take the pain and shock and collapse immediately.

Worried with his grandfather's health, Alexander wanted to remind him to take his pills on time when his grandfather said...

"Aww... Isn't my grandson such a cutie, Xiaoran?"