

Madam Winters's Fight For Her Children

Madam Winters's Fight For Her Children Chapter 1171

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Chapter 1171 Just as Zayn's guard was raised, Everett's gaze refocused, as if he had gradually returned to his senses. Even so, he still maintained an icy cold expression. "What do you think?"

Zayn let out a sigh of relief when he heard Everett speak.

'Luckily, he suppressed his emotions.

'Regardless of whether the medicine is working, or it's Ms. Winters' influence over him during this period of time, he's able to rapidly suppress his emotions and control his mind when he encounters something that crosses his boundaries.

This is a strategic breakthrough.' Zayn relaxed as he said, "The Whittle family's company was attacked by the Craig family, and things aren't looking well for them. If we were to act rashly once again, I don't think we'll be able to conceal your relationship with Ms. Winters."

Everett pursed his lips. A dark look appeared in his eyes.

“Their goal for harming the Whittle family is most definitely due to an important reason, but it’s for a trivial goal that they hurt Paul,” Zayn reminded him. “Paul Whittle.” Everett sneered and produced a smile that did not reach his eyes, “Beat him to a pulp and throw him to a secluded place. I want him to disappear from Ninian’s world forever.”

“Noted, sir,” Zayn responded, this time without the slightest hesitation.

After he treated Everett’s wound, he excused himself and left the room. Everett then stood up and picked up the bottle of medicine on the table.

He clutched it tightly. He had a fleetingly vicious gaze in his eyes as blood oozed through the bandage on his palm again.

Even so, his expression remained indifferent.

“Paul Whittle...” He gritted his teeth as he emitted a murderous aura.

The next day, by the time Ninian woke up, the sun was shining outside her window, and the sky was clear. She gave herself a good stretch before spreading a yoga mat on the carpet and began to exercise.

Soon, her forehead was drenched in sweat, and her eyes shone brightly, looking full of vigor and vitality.

After she was done exercising, she took a look at the time. It was just half-past seven in the morning. Lana knocked on her door

and called out, “Ninian, breakfast is ready.”

“Okay.”

She stood up and got changed before heading to the dining hall. A delicious breakfast was already served on the table.

Her eyes lit up and exclaimed, “Wow, the waffles and sausages smell so good! They’re my favorite!”

She instantly took out her phone and took a few pictures.

She then sent them to Everett.

“Hey, that’s enough.” Nerola, who was wearing an apron, emerged from the kitchen with a saucer as she fake -glared at her with

a grin on her face. “It’s too early for this lovey-dovey act of yours. This is unacceptable.”

“That’s right!” Lana nodded vigorously like a chicken bobbing its head. “I refuse to see this sickeningly cute scene so early in the morning!”

“Hehe, go find your own boyfriend, then!” Ninian said happily. “Lana, Harold has had a pretty good impression of you previously.”

Why don't you consider dating him?"

"Harold? No, thanks!" Lana rejected. "He's too unreliable. He looks like someone who flirts with women a lot!"

"He's unreliable?" Ninian scrunched up her nose and said, dissatisfied. "He resolved Paul's incident in a matter of minutes, hasn't he?"

"Oh, did he?" At that moment, Lana's eyes lit up. "Will that bastard stop harassing you?"

"Well, most probably." Ninian said, "I need to ask him about this to know for sure."

"What are you guys talking about?" Nerola sat at the table, feeling puzzled. "Ninian, did Paul harass you? Does what happened to him have something to do with you?"

"Did something happen to Paul?" Lana became curious. "I woke up pretty late and haven't read the news yet. What happened to him?"

Ninian looked at Nerola as well, looking puzzled.

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