

Not One, But Two Chapter 4

Not One, But Two Chapter 4 Crossed the Line

Troy then brought Emma to Greg, who was seated while he swirled his wine glass. He tipped his head back to take a sip of the wine, the ruby-red liquid sloshing in the glass somehow bringing out his finely-chiseled features. For a moment, Emma was stunned. He's gorgeous!

Greg, however, did not care for such enamored looks. There was a dark gleam in his hawk-like eyes, and the air in the room grew dense and cold as he drawled, "You did a great job hiding, so why did you stop?" His gaze was piercing as he regarded Emma steadily.

Emma shuddered. She couldn't help finding his gaze familiar, for it seemed like she had seen it somewhere before. Just as she scrambled to make a reply, she heard him order lazily, "Roll up your sleeves."

"Huh?" She gaped at him in surprise.

Troy grew terrified that Emma's sluggishness was going to get him into trouble too, especially since patience was not Greg's forte. Thus, he quickly stepped forward and grabbed her arm roughly before rolling up both her sleeves.

In a state of shock, Emma shrieked loudly, "What are you doing?"

Greg frowned at this, and the next moment, Troy stuffed Emma's mouth with a rag.

A strange look came into Greg's eyes as he stared at her bare arms. The air thickened with tension, and it grew more suffocating with each passing second. Emma's heart had leaped to her throat as she waited for the important man to say something, and her palms were sweaty.

Suddenly, Greg took a sip of his red wine and broke into a small smile. The tension in the room dissipated at once as he announced, "I'm done. Send Miss Kain back."

"Huh?" This time, it was Troy who was astonished. Are we just going to let her go like this? But when he met Greg's sharp and bemused gaze, he shivered and quickly released Emma. "Apologies for man-handling you earlier, Miss Kain. Follow me, please," he stated.

Emma couldn't even begin to understand what was going on. By the time she registered the fact that she would not be held captive, she was already escorted out of the Buckley family villa. Troy even chivalrously had someone drop her home.

She didn't snap out of her daze until she reached home and was greeted by Philip and Sasha. This was followed by a sense of excitement as she pondered upon the implication behind Greg's gestures.

Troy had told her that the ring was stolen, but judging by the affable way Greg treated her earlier, the ring might still have its uses. The thought of becoming Mrs. Buckley filled her with excitement that she couldn't fall asleep.

No! I must not allow Abigail to ruin an opportunity like this for me. If Greg believes me to be the real thing, then I have a good chance of bagging him! With that in mind, she hurried into her room and made a phone call.

"Hey, Nick—I want you to track down Abigail no matter what it takes! I want her to disappear from the face of the earth for good!"

The men who worked for Emma began to spread out all over the city in hopes of locating Abigail, but little did they know that she was already tucked away inside a smuggling ship, crying over a lab report she was holding in her hand.

I'm pregnant! If it hadn't been for the fact that the smuggling ship had strict requirements for passengers to produce a full health report, she would never have learned of her pregnancy. She thought back to the month when she was locked away in the basement, feeling all weak and nauseous then. Those were symptoms of pregnancy, but she had dismissed them as signs of malnutrition.

But I'm only nineteen! How can I be a mother now? I don't even know who the father is.

The frustration and helplessness followed her all the way out to sea.

Five years later, a little girl of about four or five years old marched down Sanchez Street in Newsbourne. She had delicate features and alabaster skin, looking like a walking porcelain doll who made everyone take a second glance. She was wearing a baseball cap and she had a lollipop in her mouth, but there was mud on her pretty dungarees. Presently, she walked haughtily into a villa.

"Hey there, Money!" The little girl whistled once, and when the mastiff in the villa heard the familiar sound, it quickly gave a soft whimper before it trembled and scurried into its cage. There was no mistaking the fear in its eyes.

She scoffed. "Stupid dog." She cast the dog a contemptuous look and flipped it off before pushing open the door into the living room. "Aria, I'm home!"

She kicked off her shoes habitually, only for them to land on Arianna, the little girl sitting in front of the computer.

"Alissa!" Arianna stood up huffily and turned to glower at the other girl.

They both shared the same face, though the only thing that set them apart was that Arianna had a pair of spectacles perched on her little nose bridge. When she saw the mud stains on Alissa's clothes, she frowned. "Did you get into a fight again, Allie?"

Alissa was cavalier as she walked over to her twin sister while barefooted. Then, she reached out to flick the latter on the forehead and snapped nonchalantly, "Those punks were asking for it! They knew they couldn't beat me in a fight, but they went on to call me a mongrel and made fun of me for not having a daddy like them. If I don't teach them a lesson and beat them up, I will never forgive myself!"

Arianna rubbed the spot where she had been flicked. She was about to say something when she heard the line about Alissa being a fatherless mongrel, which would by extension apply to her as well. She paused before sighing and pointed out in resignation, "You'll get an earful from Mommy when she gets back."

"In that case, go and fetch me some new clothes. Now!" Alissa impatiently shoved her sister away from the computer.

With an exasperated shake of her head, Arianna rose and headed into the bedroom.

Alissa stared at the computer Arianna had been using, and she could hear the little boys' mocking voices in her head. I am not a mongrel who doesn't have a dad, she told herself fiercely. Mommy still won't tell us who our daddy is, but where there's a will, there's a way, right?

With that in mind, Alissa scanned her face and began to cross-refer to the online database. She refused to believe that she couldn't find anyone who resembled her. Mommy's gorgeous, but neither Arianna nor myself inherited her good looks. This means that we must have taken after our father. She had a feeling that she could get a lead if she just ran a quick search and comparison.

Her little fingers flew across the keyboard, and it didn't take long for her to find a person whose face bore a striking resemblance to hers. Greg Buckley? CEO of Buckley Group in Zyrtonia?

The information rendered Alissa furious. You're telling me that he's that rich, yet he chose to abandon his family? What a piece of filth!

Her fingers flew over the keyboard once more as she grew angry at the thought, and before long, she had keyed in a code that allowed her to break into Buckley Group's internal system.

Meanwhile, Greg was in the middle of a meeting when he heard the faint beeping sound that came from the computer. "What's going on?"

Troy glanced at the computer and all the color drained from his face. "Mr. Buckley, our system has been hacked. I'll get the technicians on this right away!"

"Give it to me! The hacker has already broken through our firewall. By the time the tech team fixes this, the hacker will leave our system in tatters!" Greg took over the laptop impatiently and began keying in several complicated codes, but he was in the process of doing so when his brows drew together.

The laptop screen had turned black, and against the dark backdrop was written a word in crimson: 'Scumbag!' The word appeared only for a second, and a flash later, the screen turned blue.

Greg immediately keyed in a series of codes and began tracking down the hacker. He would like to see which idiot had been so bold as to break into their system just to taunt him and call him names. Scumbag? Now that crosses the line!