

## **Pregnant 1091**

Chapter 1091 Neither of Them Needed The Other Anymore

Could it be that she knew Finn was coming, so she came?

“You’re here because of me, so I came and pick you up.”

Nox was speechless and thought he was overthinking it.

“Are you done with the procedures?” Finn asked, directly changing the topic.

“It’s done. We can go now.” Nox quickly said, “I don’t want to stay in this place for a second longer!”

“In that case, let’s go,” Finn urged.

With that, Nox left with Finn.

Monica, on the other hand, followed behind them calmly.

When they arrived at the parking lot, Monica got into the car and watched Nox and Finn leave together.

In fact, from the moment she saw Finn’s car, she knew that Nox did not need her to pick him up. She just wanted to feel reassured that at least Nox was in a good state of mind and did not lose an arm or a leg.

She started the engine, stepped on the accelerator, and was about to drive away when she saw Finn leaving and Nox walking over.

Monica frowned and pressed the unlock button.

Nox casually sat in the passenger seat of Monica’s car.

A little surprised, Monica turned to look at Nox. “Do you want me to send you back?”

“Didn’t you come to send me back?” Nox was speechless.

Monica was at a loss for words.

“Let’s go. Send me home. The days inside are really unbearable.” Nox despised it a lot.

Monica was really amused by Nox sometimes.

With that, she smiled and nodded.

At the same time, a smile appeared on Finn’s face again.

When he drove away from Monica’s car, he saw Monica smiling at Nox.

Monica, of course, did not notice that Finn had left as she drove Nox back seriously.

As the car drove on the road, Nox said, “I heard Michael has been sentenced to death.”

“Yes.” Monica nodded emotionlessly.

“He was executed this morning.”

“And Reese jumped off the building,” Monica added.

Nox was still a little surprised.

However, at that moment, Monica was extremely calm.

“I’ll return the 1 billion you gave me later.” Monica said, “Thank Fourth Master for me.”

“Do you think that money belongs to Edward?” Nox smiled.

“Isn’t it?” Monica mumbled, “If not, it’s Jeanne’s.”

Nox thought that it would be better for her to find that out herself.

“I still need the 1 billion now, so I’ll pay it back later with interest.”

“As you wish.” Nox did not care.

It was not his money anyway.

The two of them chatted along the way. Then, Monica drove into Nox’s neighborhood. When they were at the traffic light in front of the neighborhood, Monica did not seem to notice the change in the traffic light. She was about to run the red light and hit a little girl running on the pedestrian road when Nox shouted at her, “Monica! Brake!”

Monica suddenly came back to her senses and slammed her foot on the brakes.

There was a loud screech as the car braked, and at that moment, Monica saw the little girl standing in front of her car. If she were to go any further, she would definitely crash into the girl.

The little girl’s parents hurriedly held her tightly in their arms. The moment they held her, they scolded Monica.

Monica also seemed afraid at that moment.

However, she took a deep breath, and instead of responding to the couple cursing her, she silently accepted their accusations.

Fortunately, the traffic light was fast, and they were on the main road. The little girl’s parents cursed for a while before they carried the little girl away. Monica also restarted the car and left.

Nox looked at Monica and saw that her expression did not change.

Finally, they arrived at the entrance of his neighborhood.

“When are you free to have dinner together? It’s my treat,” Monica asked him.

However, Nox just stared at her.

“What’s wrong?” Monica frowned. “Why are you so against me treating you to a meal?”

“Monica, don’t take depression lightly.” Nox enunciated each word.

Monica pursed her lips.

It turned out that Nox knew.

Hence, she said, "Alright."

"Taking medicine alone is useless. I suggest you go to a proper hospital and find a proper doctor for treatment."

"Okay."

"I'm not joking with you." Nox was serious.

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"I know." Monica nodded.

Nox still wanted to say something, but he felt that whatever he said, Monica would agree. He did not know if she really agreed, but he felt like he might be wasting his breath.

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With that, he opened the car door and left.

Monica watched as Nox disappeared from her sight before she slowly drove away.

Nox's words rang in her ears. "Don't take depression lightly."

She drove to the hospital.

She had not been to the hospital for two days because she had to attend court and deal with some urgent matters at Cardellini Pharmaceutical.

Once she parked the car, she went to her father's intensive care unit first.

She did not know when he would wake up or if he could still wake up. However, she seemed to have accepted everything.

She stood outside the intensive care unit and stayed with her father for a long time before she went to the ward.

The moment she pushed open the door to the ward, her eyes narrowed.

She saw Richie, the man who had set up the trap with Michael and almost caused her to be raped by Michael.

She remained silent as she looked at him. He seemed to have brought a lot of gifts and was talking enthusiastically to her mother. He kept talking about how well her father had treated him in the past, but because he had been busy with work all these years, he had not been able to visit her father more than a few times. Now that he was back, he did not expect to see the old man in that state. He was very sad.

Monica just watched his performance. Instead of interrupting or stopping him, she sat on the sofa and listened to him.

At that moment, he seemed to realize that Monica had arrived, so he hurriedly said, "Monica, look at how big you've grown. When I first saw you, you were only four or five years old. You were only this tall. I even carried you in my arms to buy lollipops. Do you remember?"

"That was such a long time ago, but I remember very clearly that we had a dinner party a few days ago." Monica smiled without revealing too much emotion.

Richie was not embarrassed, and he quickly echoed, "Yes, yes, yes. Oh, what is my memory? There were so many people that night that I almost forgot."

Of course, Monica did not believe his nonsense.

"I remember I said I wanted to visit your father. Look, this delay has dragged on for another two days."

"That's right, and I said that business is more important. Mr. Sanchez, you're so busy. It doesn't really matter if you come or not." Monica said bluntly.

"How could I not come? No matter how busy I am, I will come," Richie said eagerly.

Monica smiled. "In that case, my dad's ward is in the intensive care unit, not here."

Richie felt a little awkward. Of course, he knew that Monica was being sarcastic, so he hurriedly said, "I just went over to take a look and thought that your mom must be very sad, so I wanted to come and see her. I believe that Mr. Cardellini will wake up sooner or later."

"My mom and I have heard a lot of these words," Monica said.

It was so satirical that Richie was really embarrassed at that moment.

After all, he was 20 years older than Monica and had been in the business world for many years. However, he had never been embarrassed by a little girl.

Monica naturally refused to show Richie any shred of respect. She said, "We appreciate your kind intentions, Mr. Sanchez, but it's getting late. You should head back."

It was obvious that she was telling him to leave.

Richie also knew that Monica would not be dismissed like that, so he smiled apologetically and said, "Actually, I came here this time because I have a small matter to discuss with Monica."

He finally revealed his true colors.

"Mr. Sanchez, if it's a private matter, you can speak now. If it's a business matter, I'm sorry. I don't talk about business after work. If you have anything to discuss, you can make an appointment with my secretary. I'll see you when I have time."

"Look, you're treating me as an outsider. Your father and I had a great friendship back then. Won't you hurt our relationship by doing things in such a formal manner?" Richie said with a fawning smile.

Monica shot him a glance.

She really did not want her mother to see how dark the business world was.

As such, she said, "Let's talk outside."

"Sure, sure." Richie quickly agreed.

Monica said to Ruby, "Mom, you can order dinner first. I'll come back to eat with you after I'm done talking with Mr. Sanchez."

"Alright." Ruby nodded.

Her mood was a lot more stable the past few days, probably because she had accepted Gary's condition.

Monica led Gary out of the hospital ward and walked straight to a balcony in the ward area.

Occasionally, there would be one or two family members of patients, doctors, and nurses who would come to take a breather or smoke.

However, it was mealtime now, so it was very empty up there.

"Mr. Sanchez, if you have something to say, just say it." Monica brought Richie here and went straight to the point.

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Richie no longer tried to hide it. "I believe you should know why I'm looking for you."

Steve was indeed efficient. In just a short while, the news of them refusing to supply to some pharmaceutical companies had been spread.

"Mr. Sanchez, if you have something to say, just say it. I really don't have that much time to waste with you." Monica's face darkened.

Her poise surprised Richie a little.

That night, although Monica's performance did not match her youthful maturity, she was still lacking in confidence. Moreover, he had always thought that Monica was only 25 years old. How could she really have the ability to manage tens of billions of assets? Now, Monica seemed to have convinced him a little.

He said, "Sunny Pharmaceutical isn't selling their products now, but we have a few billion in our inventory and want to return it to Sunny Pharmaceutical. Sunny Pharmaceutical has accepted it, but because they've declared bankruptcy, we can't get back the money. Of course, if a business investment fails, so be it. I, Richie, am not someone who can't afford the loss. However, now that the products in Sunny Pharmaceutical have been seized and Cardellini Pharmaceutical won't provide us with any drugs, it really is forcing companies like us to die."

"So, Mr. Sanchez, do you think Cardellini Enterprise is in the wrong for not supplying you with the goods?"

"Monica, you're still young—"

"When at work, please call me Ms. Cardellini," Monica interrupted him.

Richie held it in. “Ms. Cardellini, you’re still young. Profits are the most important in the commodity market, and everyone just wants money. I know I didn’t help Cardellini Enterprise out back then and you’re upset about that. So, I’m here to apologize to you. Now that it’s over, let’s not get too involved in personal emotions.”

“What right do you have to say it’s over?!” Monica sneered, “Do you think really think that’s enough after you’ve done something wrong?! If that’s the case, did Michael need to pay the price of death?”

Richie’s face turned red from Monica’s mocking.

“Mr. Sanchez, I, Monica, have my own principles when it comes to doing things, and I don’t think I can live my life knowing that I crossed it. As for the matter of Cardellini Enterprise not supplying you with products, I can tell you clearly again that if we don’t supply the products to you now, we won’t do so in the future! Your name has been removed from Cardellini Pharmaceutical’s trading list, so I hope you don’t waste your breath and waste my time. My time is very precious, and I don’t want to waste it on people like you.”

Her words made the other party feel embarrassed.

Moreover, she did not even give Richie a chance to speak. After she said that, she turned around and left.

“Monica!” Richie, who was obviously provoked, grabbed Monica.

Monica’s expression was extremely ugly, and she suddenly pushed Richie away.

She hated anyone touching her, and it was obvious that she was angered.

Richie did not expect Monica to burst like that, but he did not back down. Instead, he shouted at Monica, “If you refuse to supply us now, do you think Cardellini Enterprise can develop? If your products can’t be sold, can Cardellini Enterprise still survive in the future?”

“You don’t have to worry about that, Mr. Sanchez. I know how to solve the Cardellini Enterprise’s problem.”

“Monica, I’m not threatening you. But since you’re so ruthless now, I can also unite all the pharmaceutical companies in Harken to boycott your drugs. Then, we’ll just fight to the death. Who’s afraid of who?”

“Sure.” Monica gave the other party a definite answer. “Coincidentally, I’m still investigating which medicinal material suppliers hit us when we were down. You’d better form an alliance immediately. Then, I’ll know that those people can’t be traded with.”

“You!” Seeing that he could not threaten Monica at all, Richie’s face turned red.

“Mr. Sanchez, take care.” Monica really did not want to waste time with such a person.

With that, she left.

“Monica, since you want to force me to my death, I’ll take you down with me!” Richie was probably forced to the limit.

The fall of Sunny Pharmaceutical had already caused him to lose a large sum of money. Now, his only chance to come back from the dead was the supply from Cardellini Pharmaceutical, but Monica had directly rejected him.

He was furious.

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Richie went forward and grabbed Monica's body. He strangled her neck and brought her to the railing on the rooftop.

Although the railing was very high, she could be pushed down by force.

Monica kept resisting, but in the end, there was a huge difference in strength between her and the man.

She gritted her teeth and looked coldly at Richie, who had lost control of himself.

"If you want to kill me, we can die together. Anyway, I've lived for a long time, and I'm old enough. It's just a pity that you're in your prime!" Richie said viciously.

At that moment, he used all his strength to push Monica out of the railing.

Monica kept resisting, with both her hands grabbing the railing. However, Richie's grip on her neck was so painful that she almost fainted.

The moment she thought that she might really die here, the pain in her neck suddenly disappeared, and Richie left her in an instant.

He was thrown to the ground.

Monica gasped for air.

At that moment, she saw a man in a white coat beating Richie to the ground as if he might beat him to death.

"Finn." Monica suddenly went forward and pulled him back.

Finn paused for a moment. Then, he clenched his fists tightly and punched Richie's face again.

The latter had no strength to resist. His face was already bruised and swollen, and his nose was bleeding.

"Stop fighting," Monica shouted at him.

Finn held himself back and let go of Richie, who was lying on the ground and could not move.

Monica glanced at Richie, whom she did not feel any sympathy for his miserable state. She said, "Let's go."

She was speaking to Finn.

Finn's throat moved slightly, and he left the rooftop with Monica.

If he had not come out for a smoke just now, Monica might really have been pushed off the roof by that man.

Monica's expression after she was rescued was too cold.

She did not seem excited at all about being revived from the dead. She just calmly accepted that fact.

Suddenly, Finn remembered what Nox had said about Monica's depression.

At that moment, his eyes suddenly narrowed.

He stretched out his hand to pull Monica, who seemed to be walking a little fast.

The moment he touched Monica, she shook him off without any hesitation, just like she did to Richie.

Finn's fingers moved slightly before he put it down and said, "Let me take a look at your neck."

There were some strangulation marks on her neck, which was obviously the result of being strangled by one's hand.

"No need." Monica said, "It's nothing serious."

"Monica—"

"Thank you for just now." Monica interrupted him and said very politely.

Finn's expression changed slightly, and Monica did not say anything else.

In fact, she was not very touched.

She felt that if it were anyone else he met who was going to be killed, Finn would definitely lend a helping hand if he encountered that situation.

"Nox said you have depression." The moment Monica left, Finn suddenly spoke.

Nox really had a big mouth.

Monica replied, "Yes."

"Do you know how dangerous depression can be?" Finn asked her.

Monica did not answer, and she did not want to answer either. Right now, all she wanted was to keep her distance from Finn.

"I can help you contact the best doctor to treat you—"

"Dr. Jones," Monica interrupted him.

Finn subconsciously clenched his fists.

Monica's indifference toward him and distance from him was really obvious.

"You're a cardiologist, and your duty is to treat patients in the cardiology department, including my father. I hope you can spend more time and energy on my father. As for me, I'm not your responsibility. In fact, I'm a burden to you. I hope you can understand that," Monica said firmly and politely to Finn.



She really did not want to have too much interaction with Finn; she did not even want to feel his warmth.

She knew that he was a doctor with a kind heart, but she did not care.

She bowed to Finn. "Please take care of my father."

After that, she turned around and left determinedly.

Finn stared at Monica's back and thought that was probably the best for them.

Neither of them needed the other anymore.

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In the Delta Islands, Jeanne was grounded for a long time, without any television or cell phone. For the first time, she was suffering.

She was standing on Lucy's balcony.

To be honest, Lucy had become her only pastime here.

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However, Lucy did not belong to her alone.

At that moment, Lucy had changed into a khaki-colored windbreaker. If not for the cocoon-like scar on her face, she could really charm everyone.

"Are you going to fool around with Kerby again?" Jeanne could not help but tease her.

Lucy chuckled and said, "Are you jealous?"

"I'm not." Jeanne smiled.

She wondered if a certain person would be jealous.

"I have good news for you." Lucy deliberately acted mysterious.

"You slept with Kerby?" Jeanne raised her eyebrows.

Sometimes, Lucy was really speechless with Jeanne. She said, "Monica, whom you're most worried about, has won."

"What?" Jeanne's interest was piqued.

She was also a little excited.

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"I've read the latest news report from Harken. Michael was executed this morning, and the biggest competitor of the Cardellini Enterprise, Sunny Pharmaceutical, has declared bankruptcy. At the same time, all the drugs produced by Sunny Pharmaceutical have been banned from being sold. It's only a matter of time before Cardellini Enterprise re-develops." Lucy explained, "I told you, you need to give Monica a stage to perform, and she'll surprise you."

“Yes.” Jeanne nodded.

She was indeed a little surprised.

Most importantly, it took much less time than she had expected.

“I believe Kingsley will return your phone to you very soon.” Lucy looked in the mirror to make sure she was dressed properly. Then, she opened the door and said, “I’m going out– Mr. Thorn.”

In an instant, she was extremely respectful.

Jeanne also turned to look in that direction and saw Kingsley, whose expression was dark.

He seemed to think that Lucy was a little too excessive and gorgeously dressed.

After all, she was wearing some perfume.

“I’m looking for Jeanne,” Kingsley said bluntly.

He did not react to Lucy.

Chapter 1095 Lucy’s Resistance

“I’m looking for Jeanne,” Kingsley said coldly.

Lucy was very respectful. “She’s inside.”

Kingsley nodded and walked past Lucy with his long legs.

Lucy turned to look at Kingsley’s back before she left silently.

Jeanne watched Lucy leave before turning to look at Kingsley, who was standing in front of her.

Kingsley handed her her phone.

Jeanne took a look at the phone and took it. “So, it makes no difference whether I’m there or not.”

“Don’t think I don’t know how much of a role you played in this matter.” Kingsley’s expression darkened.

Jeanne ignored Kingsley.

She sat on the sofa in Lucy’s room and turned on her phone. She had not turned on her phone for a long time, so she did not know if anyone had contacted her.

She looked nonchalant.

Kingsley sat beside Jeanne and looked at her. “We’re going to South Hampton City next Wednesday.”

Jeanne’s fingers that were tapping on her phone paused.

Then, she raised her head and looked at Kingsley.

“For Stacey’s wedding.” Kingsley said, “The Sanders will invite the Swans to their wedding that day.”

“And?” Jeanne looked at Kingsley.

“Then, we’ll have to kill Old Master Swan.” Kingsley looked at Jeanne and said, “And Fourth Master Swan.

There was a change in Jeanne’s emotions.

Kingsley saw that, but he did not show any other expression. He said, “The Sanders have suffered a great loss in Harken during this period of time. Michael’s death sentence and Sunny Pharmaceutical’s bankruptcy have caused the Sanders to lose both wealth and manpower. On top of that, the Sanders has not been able to find the descendant of the Duncans for a long time, so the Sanders can’t wait any longer.”

“You mean, the Sanders has decided to risk everything?”

“Actually, it’s understandable. The Sanders and the Swans have secretly fought many times, but they have never won. Seeing that Warren no longer has absolute control, he naturally won’t let the Swans become stronger under his nose.”

“Isn’t Warren afraid of failure?” Jeanne was still a little surprised. “Logically speaking, even if the Sanders were forced into a corner, they wouldn’t be so eager for quick success. In case of failure, the Sanders can’t afford to pay such a huge price. To put it bluntly, they will lose the country.”

“But there’s no other way. If he allows the Swans to continue developing, the outcome will be the same. The Sanders are already in a difficult position.”

Jeanne nodded.

In fact, Kingsley was right.

The Sanders had no choice but to attack the Swans.

During this period of time, the Sanders suffered a lot of losses, and they also discovered that their control over the Harken was getting weaker and weaker. If they did not take the initiative to attack, they might become more passive in the future.

However, Jeanne did not think that the Sanders had a 100 percent chance of winning against the Swans.

By now, Jeanne was almost certain that the Swans or, to be precise, the descendant of the Duncans that the Swans supported was already very powerful.

If the Sanders were not careful, they might really be defeated.

Jeanne pursed her lips. “Who’s Stacey getting married to?”

“William Gates.” Kingsley enunciated each word clearly.

“As expected, it’s him!” Jeanne sneered. “I can’t believe the Sanders is making Stacey marry someone twice her age.”

“In the royal family, marriage is never a child’s play.” Kingsley looked at Jeanne. “Aren’t you the same?”

Jeanne pursed her lips.

Was she not forced to marry Edward? If the Sanders had not forced her, she would not have married Edward.

"When are we leaving?" she asked.

"In three days."

"Alright."

"Let me remind you." Kingsley's eyes turned cold. "If you show mercy this time, no one can save you."

He was probably still brooding over the fact that Jeanne almost died to save Edward and was instead threatened by Edward.

Jeanne did not answer, and Kingsley did not say much either. In any case, he would stop when it was necessary.

As he got to leave, Jeanne suddenly called out to him, "Kingsley."

Kingsley stopped in his tracks.

"It's going to be very dangerous this time," Jeanne asked him.

"Yes," Kingsley responded.

This time, a war would break out.

Once the Sanders started to make a move on the Swans, especially on Old Master Swan and Fourth Master Swan, who was the head of the Swans, it meant that the Sanders no longer cared. The Swans and the Duncans that the Swans supported no longer had to put on a disguise. The two families' power would instantly explode, and it would be a matter of time before a fight broke out.

Chapter 1096 Lucy's Resistance

"Have you ever thought that you would die?" Jeanne suddenly asked.

"Anyone can die." Kingsley said bluntly, "I never thought that I would live like this until I die."

"So, do you have any regrets?" Jeanne asked him.

He was born into an assassin family, so his life and death had always been up to the heavens, not fate.

No one knew when they would really die. Even Kingsley could not guarantee it.

"No, I don't," Kingsley replied firmly. "I don't have any regrets."

There was no need for any regrets. He shouldered his own responsibility and led the development of the Hills. He had nothing to regret.

Of course, if he died, the Hills would also face extinction. However, that was not his regret. That was just the survival of the fittest.

That was how the world evolved.

The Hills did not rise up out of thin air. They, too, killed a lot of people to get to where they were today.

If someone did the same to them one day, it would all be... normal.

Kingsley understood the life he had to live very well, and the only thing that had changed in his life was his sister leaving Jeanne behind.

He was originally emotionless and was even too numb to the world, but he developed a trace of emotion.

The blood ties between family members were difficult to abandon.

“Lucy will become your regret.” In response to Kingsley’s answer, Jeanne retorted.

Kingsley looked at Jeanne.

“Never,” Kingsley said firmly.

After saying that, he strode away.

Jeanne looked at Kingsley’s back.

Kingsley probably had never realized that he would get angry every time Lucy was mentioned.

Jeanne retracted her gaze and looked at her phone.

Apart from Monica calling her a few times and sending her a few messages asking where she was, she did not receive any messages from anyone else.

Jeanne wondered that after she went back on her words and hurt him that day, would they still be husband and wife the next time they met?

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Kingsley returned to his room and stood on the large balcony, smoking.

Naturally, his high-level assassins were by his side. However, they did not even dare to breathe loudly during this period of time, for fear of provoking Kingsley.

They were afraid that if Kingsley suddenly raged, they would be implicated.

Kingsley smoked one cigarette after another.

Finally, Kingsley ordered, “Arrange for a woman to come in.”

The high-level assassins were stunned and a little dumbfounded. Getting a woman for Kingsley had never been within the scope of their duties.

It had been Lucy before, and later, it was Millie.

Ever since Millie’s death, Mr. Thorn had been abstinent for a long time, and that abstinence frightened them.

Now that he had finally returned to normal, that instruction was too difficult for them to carry out.

“Why? Don’t you know how to do it?” Kingsley’s eyes narrowed.

Since when did they know how to do that? However, they could only bite the bullet and say, "Yes."

Then, one of the high-level assassins left.

He left and went to find Lucy.

It could not be helped. They did not know Mr. Thorn's preference for women and which assassin was qualified to sleep with Kingsley. He was afraid that if he made a wrong arrangement and caused an internal conflict, he would not be able to bear the responsibility.

Being by Kingsley's side was like being with a tiger. He might not even know how he died.

When the high-level assassin found Lucy, she was planning to leave the manor with Kerby. It seemed like they were going to the town on the Delta Islands to have some fun.

"Ms. Harmon," The high-level assassin was very respectful.

Lucy looked at the high-level assassin who had never left Kingsley's side and wondered, "Kingsley is looking for me?"

"No." The assassin quickly shook his head.

"In that case, why are you looking for me?" No matter what, she found it a little strange.

After all, Kingsley's closest assassins usually paid no attention to the outside world and only focused on protecting Kingsley.

"Mr. Thorn told me to find him a woman, and I really don't know who to look for." The assassin was in a difficult position.

Only then did Lucy understand the situation.

She had heard that Kingsley had been abstinent for a period of time after Millie's death.

Of course, she did not think that Kingsley still had any feelings for Millie. He must have been so angry with Jeanne that he lost his sexual desire. Now that Kingsley and Jeanne had reconciled, he had let go of his emotions, hence his physical needs.

Chapter 1097 Lucy's Resistance

She said, "A new batch of assassins came in a few days ago. Go and ask K01. He's in charge of the overall planning. Ask him to give you some advice."

"Thank you, Ms. Harmon."

"We're all working for Mr. Thorn anyway, so you're welcome."

The high-level assassin thanked her again before he quickly left.

At the same time, Lucy also left the manor with Kerby in his car.

In the manor, the high-level assassin returned quickly to Kingsley's room, followed by a somewhat unfamiliar face.

At that time, Kingsley had just taken a shower. When he came out of the bathroom, he had a bath towel wrapped around his body, revealing his good figure.

That was the first time the new female assassin saw the head of the Hills, Kingsley.

She thought that he would have a ferocious face covered in scars, but he was a hundred times more handsome than she had imagined. At that moment, she saw Kingsley, and although there were still some scars on his body, they did not affect the look of his muscles at all. As he had just finished showering, his muscles were still dripping with water, and he looked unreal.

The female assassin did not dare to size him up boldly.

After all, she knew that even though he looked good, he was the head of the Hills, and she did not dare to cross the line.

The news of Millie's death had spread widely among the assassins of the Hills. Therefore, no one dared to push their luck in front of Kingsley.

"Have you taken a shower?" Kingsley asked.

He did not ask who the assassin was.

He had heard that a new batch of people had come, so perhaps she was one of them.

"Yes." When K01 told her to go to Kingsley's room, he reminded her to wash up before going.

"Come here," Kingsley ordered.

As the assassin walked over obediently, the high-level assassin left and closed the door for them.

Then, the two assassins stood at the door, smoking.

They knew very well how long Mr. Thorn would take, and that was probably the most relaxing moment of their day.

Moreover, it had been a long time since Mr. Thorn gave them time to relax.

Hence, they figured it should take a long time this time. After all, he needed to vent his long-held lust.

With that thought in mind, the two assassins seemed rather relaxed as they smoked their cigarette slowly.

However, at that moment, the door was suddenly pulled open.

The two assassins' hands that were holding the cigarettes stiffened. Then, they extinguished it at an astonishing speed, threw it on the ground, and stepped on it.

They watched as the female assassin walked out.

It had only been a few minutes! Was it ten or five minutes? It should have taken at least two hours.

How was it so fast? Could it be that Mr. Thorn really was old?

The female assassin did not dare to stay and ran away as quickly as she could.

The two high-level assassins looked at each other and then quickly entered the room.

In the room, Kingsley's expression was extremely cold as he sat on the bed. Even a powerful man like him seemed to have his unspeakable secrets.

Of course, the two assassins did not say anything. They just stood there respectfully.

"Where's Lucy?" Kingsley suddenly snapped.

The high-level assassin paused for two seconds before he quickly replied, "I just saw Ms. Harmon and Kerby leave the manor together."

Kingsley glared at him, and the high-level assassin was terrified

"I'll give her a call immediately," the assassin said immediately.

"No need." Kingsley's face was ashen. "Get out!"

"Yes." The two assassins left in a hurry.

They did not dare to delay even half a second.

During this period of time, Mr. Thorn's temper was bad enough. Coupled with his dignity as a man, he would burst like an atomic bomb at that moment!

Lucy and Kerby came back a little late at night.

Lately, Lucy had indeed been close to Kerby, but of course, she did not sleep with Kerby that night.

Kerby was almost castrated because of her last time, so he did not dare to touch Lucy. However, because of Lucy's special care, the two of them grew closer. On top of that, Lucy also wanted to train Kerby, so she spent more time and effort on him. Today, the two of them left the manor together to take Kerby to do some extreme training.

She had a feeling that the war that the Hills was about to face could break out at any time, and Kerby could become a very important member.

When the two of them returned to the manor, Kerby sent Lucy back to her room.

At the door, Kerby suddenly said, "Ms. Harmon."

"Yes?" Lucy looked at him.

Chapter 1098 Lucy's Resistance

"Maybe we can give it a try," Kerby said.

Lucy frowned, but the smile on her lips was charming.

"Do you think you can do it?" Lucy asked.

"I don't know, but if Ms. Harmon can't do it, no other woman can."

"When you've thought it through, come and find me." Lucy said, "I'm a little tired tonight."



“Alright.”

“Good night.”

“Good night.”

Lucy returned to her room and casually turned on the light in the room.

At that moment, she had even unbuttoned her trench coat. Under the trench coat was a red high-quality silk camisole dress, which faintly outlined her figure.

In that second, Lucy instantly tensed up.

Just as she was about to throw the trench coat that she had taken off onto the sofa, her hand froze.

It was because she saw the man on her balcony, Kingsley. He stood there, looking at her with hostility.

At that moment, Lucy was even glad that she did not let Kerby sleep with her tonight. If she did, Kingsley would have had a live broadcast of the action.

Next time, before entering the room, she must first see if there were other people inside.

Most importantly, Kingsley had never appeared in her room like that before. He did not even turn on the lights and just looked at her with a sinister expression.

However, Lucy was a calm and collected person, so she could handle the situation with ease.

She suppressed her emotions and looked very calm. She put on the trench coat that she had taken off, and as she put it on, she said respectfully, “Mr. Thorn, is there something you need from me?”

“Where did you go?” Kingsley said coldly.

His eyes were fixed on her movements. He watched as she put on her trench coat and even put on a belt. That way, everything on her body was covered up tightly.

She said, “I took Kerby for some extreme training.”

“Who said you could go?” It was obvious from Kingsley’s voice that he was suppressing his anger.

Lucy really did not know what she had done to provoke that man today. Or did someone else provoke him?

Could it be that K01 did not arrange a woman for Kingsley?

Many scenarios flashed through Lucy’s mind, but she still appeared respectful on the surface.

“Mr. Thorn, you were the one who told me to train Kerby well. On top of that, the Hills will be in urgent need of manpower in the near future, so I’ve spent more time and effort nurturing him,” Lucy replied, trying not to look too strange.

“Have you both slept together yet?” Kingsley asked.

Lucy’s heart trembled.

She pursed her lips.

“Have you both slept together?” Kingsley was furious.

“I’m sorry.” Lucy quickly apologized. “Kerby is a little repulsed by me, but I’ve been getting closer to him recently. It should be within the next two days.”

Kingsley’s expression was still unsightly.

“We can do it tonight too,” Lucy said.

Kingsley clenched his fists unconsciously.

Lucy gritted her teeth. She had a feeling that Kingsley might tear her apart.

Regardless of whether she had provoked Kingsley today or not, it was obvious that she would be punished for not completing the task Kingsley had given her.

She endured Kingsley’s approach as he walked closer to her.

Kingsley’s entire body gave off a hint of cold air.

She did not know if it was because he had been on the balcony for too long and that it was too cold or... However, she felt an oppressive aura from him that made her shiver.

“Look up at me!” Kingsley suddenly ordered.

Lucy felt that she was in the wrong, so she kept her head down. However, when she heard Kingsley’s order, she quickly raised her head.

As soon as he raised his head, the hideous scar on her face appeared in front of Kingsley’s eyes.

His fingers moved slightly as he stared at the ugly scar.

Lucy was also a little... frightened by Kingsley’s gaze. It even felt... humiliating.

After all, she was a woman who cared about her appearance, and someone staring at her ugly face like that made her feel ashamed.

However, when facing Kingsley, there was nothing she could do; she could not act out of character.

In the room, the air was a little tense.

“Mm.” Lucy’s eyes suddenly widened.

She saw Kingsley suddenly approach her and kiss her on the lips roughly. It was so painful that Lucy’s entire body subconsciously tensed up.

That was probably the most brutal experience Lucy had ever experienced.

Although Kingsley had always been a little domineering in bed, at least it was not to the point of abuse.

Chapter 1099 Lucy’s Resistance

That night, Lucy suffered everything from Kingsley. She even felt that she might die in bed.

At that moment, Kingsley stopped and lay on top of her, motionless.

Lucy did not dare to act rashly.

Even though her body was in pain, she really wanted to get up and check if... However, she did not dare to move.

As long as Kingsley was here, she could not move. She endured it painfully for a long time until Kingsley finally left her.

The moment he left, Kingsley seemed to have touched a sore spot for her, forcing her to endure it and not cry out.

Her face was really pale, but Kingsley did not notice as he got off her bed.

Lucy loved red so much that even her bed sheets were bright red.

Hence, if Kingsley had not looked down at his lower body when he was putting on his clothes, he might not have known that Lucy... was covered in blood.

Upon closer inspection, Lucy's lower body was wet.

He thought it was...

His expression sank.

At that moment, he finally realized that Lucy's face, which she had been trying so hard to hide, was completely drained of blood.

However, Kingsley did not react to it.

He just stared at Lucy intently — at her body that was trembling from the pain, and it was becoming increasingly obvious in his eyes.

Then, Kingsley turned around and left without looking back.

Thank goodness he left because what Lucy had hoped for the most now was for Kingsley to leave. Only after he left could she ask for help.

With that, she made herself get out of bed.

Her legs were covered in blood, and she forced herself to stand on the ground. However, an excruciating pain caused her to fall to the ground.

Fortunately, her room was carpeted. In terms of enjoyment in that sense, she had never mistreated herself.

She fell to the ground and lay there for a second, not getting up again.

After all, her lower body was in great pain, and she did not want to put more pressure on it. She used her elbows to support her body until she was in a crawling position.

She crawled to the corner of the room and picked up the trench coat on the ground.

Her phone was inside, and she needed to make a call now.

She instinctively wanted to give Jeanne a call, but she held back. If Jeanne found out that her body had been abused by Kingsley, she would probably have a fight with him again.

She really did not want to cause any conflict between them.

Hence, at that moment, she called the doctor directly. "Mike, I think I'm injured... Come to my room for a moment."

"Alright, I'll be there right away." The other party immediately agreed.

Lucy put down her phone, and the moment she let go, she just lay there on the ground. The crawling position did not look good, and she might as well just wait for help.

Therefore, she just lay there and waited for Mike's arrival.

She waited for quite a while.

Logically speaking, it took Mike at most two minutes to get from his room to hers. Even if he went to prepare some medical equipment, it would only take five minutes at most. However, she seemed to have waited for more than that.

She picked up the phone and dialed again. The phone rang a few times before it was connected.

"Ms. Harmon," he said respectfully.

"Why aren't you here yet?"

"I'm at the door."

"Come in. The door is unlocked."

"Mr. Thorn is here." The other party was even more respectful when he said that.

Lucy's finger moved slightly.

It turned out that Kingsley had stopped him.

Lucy's heart still ached a little. Even if she could not arouse a trace of pity from him, he should at least let her take care of her body.

Was it all because she did not complete her task that he was punishing her like that?

Lucy pondered over it for a moment.

She could not afford to offend Kingsley, and since Kingsley wanted to teach her a lesson, she could only silently accept it.

She said, "In that case, you can go back."

Then, she put her phone down and forced herself to calm down. After that, she thought about how to heal herself.

There was a first aid kit in every room. If she used a mirror, she should be able to apply medicine on her wound or even stitch the wound up.

At that thought, she mustered her courage.

Just as she was about to continue crawling forward, a man's tall figure stood in front of her, blocking her way.

In fact, she did not need to think to know who it was. Other than Kingsley, who else would dare to enter her room so brazenly?

He looked coldly at her sorry state.

She clenched her fists. Suddenly, she felt that perhaps death was nothing more than that.

She said, "Why don't you just kill me?"

She made it very clear to Kingsley.

...

Sometimes, living was really tiring. Her body and mind were so exhausted that she would rather be dead.

She had seen too many deaths in the Hills that she did not think it was scary.

Kingsley's expression turned cold, and his ruthlessness could be felt.

At that moment, Lucy was no longer afraid. After all, she was not even afraid of death. What was there to be afraid of?

At most, she would be tortured again. No matter how cruel the method was, how cruel could it be?

"Lucy, are you going to beg me for mercy?" Kingsley asked her coldly.

She would not admit defeat or beg for mercy. It was even more unlikely that she would ask him for help.

Lucy really wanted to laugh sarcastically.

If begging for mercy worked on Kingsley, did it not mean that the assassins of the Hills who had died at his hands had died unjustly?

Kingsley suddenly squatted down and grabbed Lucy's chin, forcing her to look up at him and his angry face.

"Speak!"

...

Lucy took in Kingsley's rage and watched as he stood in front of her, looking like he might kill her.

She bit her lips tightly and remained silent.

She finally figured it out and was fine with dying. If she was dead, she would not have to face all the cruelty the man had shown her.

Then, she would not have to endure the intense pain in her heart.

If she was dead, everything would be over.

“Lucy! I told you to speak!” Kingsley shouted at her fiercely.

The expression on his face turned crueler at her resistance to him.

According to Lucy’s analysis of Kingsley, that was the prelude to a murder.

She had accepted that she was going to die, and once one was truly unafraid of death, one would be fearless.

“Lucy!” Kingsley clenched his teeth and stared at Lucy’s lips. He watched as she bit her lips and refused to say anything.

With a ferocious expression on his face, he forcefully pried open Lucy’s mouth.

Lucy bit her lips even harder.

However, Kingsley was also very strong.

Lucy felt waves of pain, but she did not open her lips.

Right before she died, she wanted to go against Kingsley just that once.

She would not do anything Kingsley asked her to as she wanted Kingsley to experience the feeling of not being respected and not being cared for.

She just kept resisting with all her might and persisted for a long time, so long that Kingsley finally compromised.

Just when Lucy thought that Kingsley’s brute force was going to break her jaw, Kingsley let go.

He looked at the blood flowing from her lips and her teeth and then at the burning hatred in Lucy’s eyes.

He got up abruptly.

After letting go of Lucy, he turned around and left, slamming the door behind him. He slammed it so hard that the door shook.

Lucy leaned her face against the thick carpet. She had no more strength left!

However, an emotionless smile appeared on her face.

Finally, for once, she went against Kingsley. Even if it might not have ended well, it was the most satisfying thing she had done before she died!

Chapter 1100 Announcing Jeanne’s Identity As The Princess of the Sanders

Lucy was sprawled on the ground.

She had really prepared herself mentally for Kingsley to kill her.

It made her think that was probably how a person’s life was.

To most assassins, although they were afraid of death, they understood life and death.

However, seconds ticked by, and no one came into the room. There were no so-called assassins to carry out Kingsley's orders. It was as if Kingsley had forgotten about her.

The room was eerily quiet. Lucy felt her body turn cold, but no one appeared.

She thought that Kingsley might not kill her anymore, and it was okay if he did not kill her. To her, death was insignificant, so she would not shed tears of gratitude anymore.

She forced herself to stand up from the ground. It still hurt, but she was feeling much better than before.

She walked into the bathroom with difficulty and lay in the bathtub.

As a human, she still had the desire to live. Moreover, Lucy had always thought things through.

As long as she was alive, she should enjoy herself as much as she could.

She soaked her body in the bathtub to warm it up and then washed out the blood on her body, dyeing the bathtub red.

Of course, she would not stay in the bathtub for too long. In her situation, her wounds would get infected easily.

The moment she got out of the bathtub, she even took a shower to wash herself off before putting on a thick bathrobe and returning to the room.

There were many bloodstains in the room.

She made a phone call and told the servant from the maids to come and replace her bedsheets. She thought that since Kingsley did not kill her, she could still exercise her rights.

However, as for the doctors, she did not ring them up anymore.

After all, Kingsley had tried to stop the doctor. If she continued to call for them, she would be disobeying his orders.

After being in the Hills for so many years, she had always abided by her duties and knew her limits; she had never crossed the line.

To this day, she still did not quite understand when she had provoked Kingsley to that extent.

Was it because of Millie?

She really could not understand.

In the future, she would have to live a difficult life.

The maid quickly changed the carpet and bed sheets for Lucy. In the Hills, even the servants were used to blood.

After changing, Lucy went to find the first aid kit. Then, she cleaned her wound in front of the large mirror.

The bleeding had stopped, and there was no need for stitches. Hence, she just applied some ointment to prevent the wound from being infected and for it to heal faster.

After Lucy was done, she went back to lying on the clean bed.

She needed sleep to heal her wounds.

His heart and body were recovering at the same time.

...

Under the night sky, Kingsley stood on the balcony of his room, smoking.

The ground was full of cigarette butts, indicating the mania of the smoker at the moment who was suppressing his emotions.

His mind was filled with Lucy, the image of her stubborn look that she would rather die than compromise with him.

He really had the urge to kill her.

In this world, no one could threaten him like that except Jeanne, and no one could resist him in his territory unless they were dead.

However, he wanted to do it several times but could not bring himself to do it. At that moment, he still had not made up his mind whether to kill Lucy or not.

Should he kill that woman, who was obviously starting to rebel against him?

Again, only the cigarette butt was left.

In fact, even if Lucy admitted her mistake, he would... forgive her. Then, he would treat her and...

Kingsley's expression turned even uglier at the thought of Lucy's bloodied body and how she was trembling from the pain.

He clenched his fists. His expression was extremely unsightly.

At that moment, he did not even know what the root cause of his anger was!

Moreover, why would that woman have such a huge impact on him?

Why did he not kill her?

...

Three days later, Kingsley brought Jeanne and all the top assassins of the Hills back to South Hampton City.

Ultimately, Lucy was one of them. After all, Lucy was very useful as she could give him a lot of advice during the mission.

Over the last three days, Lucy had not shown herself in front of Kingsley.

He did not know what she was up to, or perhaps she was just lying in bed and recuperating.



Anyway, when he saw her again, her body seemed to have recovered.