

## **Pregnant 811**

### **Chapter 811: Monica Committed Suicide (Not Dead)**

However, it still hurt; her heart still hurt.

It hurt so bad that she felt numb, and as Michael pulled her away, she left with him without any resistance.

In the airport, Finn and Nox walked through the special passageway and took a private plane to the South Hampshire region.

Edward had disappeared from that place.

He had not been in contact with them for an entire day. Even the signal source of the GPS on the watch he was wearing had completely disappeared.

Hence, they were going to find him now.

Other than the staff, only Finn and Nox were on the plane. The rest of them would head to their destination through other means and meet up with them there.

On the runway of South Hampton City Airport, the plane was taxiing and preparing to take off.

Nox looked out of the cabin and suddenly asked, "Do you want to get off the plane?"

Finn looked up at Nox, who turned his head. "Monica seems to be under Michael's control."

Although he had mocked Monica just now, he could tell at a glance what was going on between Monica and Michael.

Therefore, if Finn wanted to go back to save Monica, Nox would not stop him.

As for Edward, Nox could go to find him alone.

"No need," Finn immediately refused.

Nox said, "Don't you want to help Monica?"

"I have no reason to help her."

"She called me this morning and asked me to contact Jeanne for her," Nox said.

Finn did not respond and did not seem interested.

"If no one helps Monica, she and Michael will definitely get married."

"That's her business." Finn said bluntly, "It has nothing to do with me."

Nox smiled.

He had to admit that Finn was much colder than he and Edward. Perhaps it was because he was an orphan and had never received any love since he was young that he did not expect to be loved or was willing to love in return, which was why she could be so heartless.

In fact, when he saw Monica's tears falling, he was a little moved. However, because of Finn's indifference, he left.

Nox felt that he could not compare to Finn in terms of handling relationships.

He was a typical man with a sharp mouth but a soft heart, whereas Finn, who looked harmless, was actually very cruel.

Back then, Old Master Swan probably chose Finn because of Finn's indifference to things since he was a child and his special physique that allowed him to feel no pain. That was why he became such an important person by Edward's side.

However, Nox did not think too much about it. After all, the most important thing for them now was to find Edward.

Edward was their everything.

With that, the plane took off.

Meanwhile, Monica was sitting in Michael's car, watching a plane leaving from a distance in a daze.

She sat in the passenger seat, not crying, not making a fuss, and not saying a word. Even her tears were gone.

Michael also kept quiet as he drove seriously.

When the car stopped at the entrance of Monica's apartment, Monica turned her head to take a look.

Then, she opened the car door and was about to get out.

"Monica, I don't want to hurt you."

Monica could not even bring herself to sneer now, but she did not answer him.

"Finn doesn't love you."

Monica still chose to remain silent.

"But I love you very much."

"For using such a method to obtain love, aren't you afraid of being struck by lightning?" Monica faced Michael.

Her tone was calm as if nothing phased her anymore.

"For you, I'm not afraid."

Monica would not feel touched anymore.

It was true. No matter what Michael said, she would think that he was talking nonsense.

The moment she got out of the car, Michael said coldly, "The wedding next month will be held as scheduled. Don't even think of escaping because you can't."

Monica pretended not to hear him as she dragged her luggage and returned to her apartment.

She thought to herself, 'If I can't escape... Michael can't possibly marry my corpse, right?'

She stepped into her house and glanced at the empty room. Then, she put down her luggage and walked to the kitchen.

Fortunately, there were knives. Although she did not cook, the kitchen had everything, and from there, she found a suitable knife.

She heard that she just had to slit her wrist. Hence, she picked up the knife and slit her wrist.

'Ouch.' Monica frowned.

Then, she saw blood suddenly appear in front of her, and it was gushing out like crazy, looking very scary.

She was actually frightened by herself. She had never thought that she would one day choose such a method.

She realized that everything could be solved if she was not afraid of death.

However, that was not true. There were things that she could not solve and things that broke her heart so badly that living felt was more painful than dying.

Just as she was starting to feel a little dizzy, her phone suddenly rang.

She did not want to answer it, but she still managed to pick it up with her last bit of strength.

"Dad," she said.

"Monica, is it true about you and Michael? Why didn't you tell us that you're getting married? What are you—"

"Dad, save me..." Monica suddenly said in a weak voice.

Gary was shocked.

At that moment, Monica fell to the ground, her vision getting darker and darker.

It turned out this was what death felt like.

However, she did not want to die. She was afraid that if she died, her parents would not want to live as well.

As expected, she was impulsive, just like how she had divorced Finn to help Michael.

She had never considered the consequences of her actions, and all she knew was regret.

**Chapter 812: Edward and Jeanne's Standpoints**

Monica thought she had died.

Before she died, she was wondering if she was the only woman who regretted her suicide immediately.

She even looked down on herself.

She should have died a spectacular death. Otherwise, what would others think of her? What would her father think?

To think she had chosen to commit suicide, yet she asked her father to save her.

However... Now that she was dead, what about her parents?

She was indeed the most childish and irresponsible person in the world!

Those thoughts wandered through her mind silently.

"Monica." A familiar voice sounded beside her ears.

'Wait a minute.' Monica was stunned for two seconds.

Why was she still having thoughts? Did the so-called soul exist after a person died?

Suddenly, she opened her eyes. It was a little blurry at first, but they quickly focused.

Then, she caught the scent of the medicine.

"Monica, you're finally awake." A slightly emotional and choked voice sounded in her ears again.

With that, she turned around and saw a familiar face.

Was she dead or not?

"Monica, you child! What happened that made you take things so hard? Tell me, what would happen to your mom and me if something happened to you?" As he said that, tears welled up in his eyes.

Monica's eyes reddened.

It turned out she was not dead.

She moved her fingers, feeling weak.

Gary seemed to have noticed Monica's small action, so he hurriedly held his daughter's hand. "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? I'll get the doctor."

"Dad," Monica called out to him weakly. "Am I not dead?"

"Silly girl!" Gary caressed her head lovingly.

It had been a long time since her father had been so gentle to her.

A faint smile appeared on her face.

"Monica, how are you feeling?" Ruby quickly asked.

When she heard that her daughter had committed suicide, she was in disbelief.

Her daughter had never been better than anyone since she was young, but she had a good attitude. she had never thought that her daughter would commit suicide.

However, when she rushed to the hospital and saw her daughter's pale face, she was really frightened.

She blamed herself for not caring enough about her daughter.

Ever since Monica's divorce from Finn, all everyone seemed to do was blame her. They had never comforted her, never listened to her inner thoughts, and never approved of everything she did. If it were not for the timely rescue, it would have led to a tragedy.

At the thought of that, Ruby was shocked, and her eyes instantly turned red.

"Mom, I just feel a little weak now," Monica replied.

In fact, she was really weak.

"The doctor said you've lost a lot of blood, so it's normal that you feel weak. However, the doctor said that your life is no longer in danger and that you'll be fine after a few more days of rest. From now on, I will always be by your side. Don't do stupid things again, okay?" Ruby's tone was extremely gentle.

Monica smiled.

Her actions this time must have given them a huge scare.

Not only them but she was also scared out of her wits.

How could she have committed suicide?

She still could not believe that she had slit her wrist with a knife.

Where did she find the courage to do that? Did Michael really force her into a corner? Or... did Finn's indifference make her feel like she had nothing to live for?

Anyway, since she was given another chance, she probably would not do it again.

She moved her body and tried to sit up.

At that moment, her eyes narrowed.

She looked straight at the door of the ward to see Michael pushing the door open and walking in.

His appearance made her originally pale face even paler.

"Michael, aren't you going to get more rest?" Gary quickly asked. His attitude toward Michael was different from before.

Michael was also very polite toward Gary. He said, "I was worried about Monica, so I came to see if she was awake."

His voice was a little weak, and his face also looked a little pale.

"She just woke up," Gary said.

Ruby also brought a chair over for Michael to sit by Monica's bed.

She swallowed the words that she was about to say.

Monica's throat moved.

She stared coldly at Michael.

"It's all thanks to Michael this time." Ruby said, "If he hadn't rushed to your house and saved you, you would've been dead. The doctor also said that if we were a minute late, they might not have been able to save you."

### **Chapter 813: Edward and Jeanne's Standpoints**

Gary chimed in, "You wanted me to save you, but I was so far away from you. Fortunately, I called Michael, and he happened to be near your house. Otherwise... the consequences would've been unimaginable. Monica, why do you have to force yourself to this point for Finn?"

Monica looked straight at Michael, who had made up another lie to deceive her parents.

She really did not know how dark human nature could be or how sinister Michael could be.

She bit her lip, not saying anything.

"It was my fault for not noticing what Monica was going through that led to such an outcome. If I had, I wouldn't have left her alone at home." Michael seemed to blame himself.

Monica just stared at him. She really wanted to know how far he could go to disguise himself and why on earth would he do such a thing.

"It's not your fault." Gary said, "In fact, I have to thank you. Monica lost too much blood, and the hospital's blood bank is tight. If you didn't have the same blood type as Monica and transfused blood to Monica, the consequences would've been... Even I dare not think about it."

It turned out Michael had transfused blood to her, and that was why he looked so weak.

Monica really wanted to dig out all the blood and return it to him because the thought of having his blood in her body made her nauseous.

Michael saw the emotions in her eyes, but he pretended that he did not see anything. He maintained his gentlemanly manners and continued to converse with her parents.

He said, "Uncle, Auntie, can I have a few words with Monica alone?"

Gary quickly agreed. "Of course. Ruby, let's step out first."

Ruby let go of Monica's hand and happily left with Gary.

In the ward, only Michael and Monica were left.

When their eyes met, Michael put away all the expressions on his face.

Monica said, "It turns out you're really good at acting."

She sneered at him contemptuously.

However, Michael pretended not to see it.

Instead, he said bluntly, "I told your parents that you took the initiative to ask to marry me after you repeatedly tried to get back together with Finn but were rejected by him. However, Finn still didn't change his mind after you announced your marriage, so you couldn't think straight and committed suicide."

Monica snorted.

Michael really knew how to put down others while making himself seem great.

What a sinister man he was. How was she so blind back then to think that he treated her the best?

"I saved you and gave you a blood transfusion. Your parents are completely touched by me." Michael looked at Monica.

He saw all the expressions on her face, but he was indifferent to them; he did not care.

He said, "You can tell your parents that you committed suicide because I forced you to marry me, and I believe your parents will believe you and not me. I don't care if you have a fallout with me, but I'm sure that I'll marry you, and your parents won't be able to do anything about it. If you want them to know that you're living a hard life, that's fine with me. However, you should know that when your dad found out that you committed suicide, he almost had a heart attack. If I hadn't comforted him and even guaranteed that you would be fine, you might not have been able to see your dad when you opened your eyes."

"Michael, how can you be so despicable?" Monica gritted her teeth. At that moment, no matter how much she tried to hold it on, she could not tolerate it anymore.

How could he use her parents to threaten her?

"Whether you want your parents to worry about you is up to you." Michael said coldly, "Of course, if you still want to die, I can't watch over you 24 hours a day. However, I can tell you that unless you're dead, you'll definitely marry me."

"Michael, you will be punished by the Gods one day!" Monica cursed him viciously.

She wished he would meet with an accident and die as soon as he exited the hospital.

Michael said, "As I said before, for you, I'm not afraid."

"Do you love me, Michael? Have you ever loved me?" Monica asked him fiercely.

If he loved her, why would he make her life so miserable that she would commit suicide?

"I do love you." Michael's tone was firm. "In this world, I've never loved any other woman except you."

**Chapter 814: Edward and Jeanne's Standpoints**

“Hah!” Monica sneered.

Should she feel touched and honored to be the only one loved by a demon?

“But compared to my career and future, love is nothing.” Michael shed all pretense of cordiality with Monica.

Monica looked at him coldly.

At that moment, she could not find the words to say. She was so shocked by Michael’s true colors, which had been exposed in the past few days, that it overturned her worldview.

“So, don’t force me to use a crueler method on you. Once my interests clash, I’ll do many things you can’t imagine.” Michael threatened, “It’s a hundred times more painful than what you’re going through right now.”

“What are you doing?” Monica screamed.

She finally broke down.

Her scream made Gary and Ruby, who were waiting at the door, push open the door.

“Monica, what’s wrong?” Gary and Ruby were worried when they saw how emotional Monica was at that moment.

“I tried to contact Finn, but he didn’t pick up. Monica couldn’t accept it, so…” Michael hesitated, and his expression instantly changed.

Monica laughed so hard that she was in tears. She never realized how good he was at acting!

Gary also got a little angry at that moment. He looked at Monica and said, “Enough, Monica! Your relationship with Finn is over. Don’t think about him anymore! Your mother and I have also thought it through and realized that nothing can be forced. You and Finn’s relationship have been on and off for so many years that we should’ve known you two are not suitable for each other! Although Finn is indeed a good man who can be trusted, your relationship with him is broken. Even if you mend it again, there will be cracks, and you won’t be happy! Your mom and I were too naive back then, but we understand it now!”

Therefore, her parents were really touched by Michael.

Monica bit her lips so hard that they turned white.

She really wanted to kill Michael.

“You should be with Michael now. Your mother and I can see how well Michael treats you. We’ve also agreed to the wedding on the 15th of next month. You should take good care of yourself and marry Michael.” Gary’s voice was a little loud as he was obviously a little angry.

Monica looked at her father and saw that his face was red with anger.

What would her father think if she told him now that everything was orchestrated by Michael?



Her father would probably do everything he could to stop her from being with Michael. However, Michael had ten thousand ways to force her to be with him.

She did not dare to imagine what Michael would do to her parents when the time came. Would she lose her family?

Her eyes were red.

For the first time, she felt incompetent. She was so useless that she did not even know how to resist.

How should she resist?

“Monica.” Ruby’s heart ached when she saw her daughter’s silent and aggrieved expression. Her tone became gentler as she said, “Your father and I watched Finn grow up, so we know he’s filial and capable. He’s outstanding in all aspects, and your father and I both like him. However, we overlooked one thing, and that is Finn is an orphan. We originally thought that with your carefree personality, you wouldn’t be liked by the elders, so you definitely wouldn’t be able to handle your mother-in-law after you get married. If you marry Finn, you’ll be able to save yourself from these troubles, but we also forgot that an orphan won’t put much effort into relationships. Finn may like you, but the fact that he can leave the relationship whenever he wants to means that he’s better at protecting himself than most people. If you’re with him, you’ll be the one who gets hurt in the end.”

No, Finn was not like that.

In fact, his heart was broken by her, and he thought that she was hopelessly stupid.

Her eyes were red, and tears flowed down from the corners of her eyes.

Ruby’s heart ached as she wiped Monica’s tears. She said, “Michael treats you very well. Your father and I used to be prejudiced against him, but this time, your father and I finally see it. When something happened to you, he was really scared that his face turned pale. He really likes you, so don’t let him down again.”

Monica really admired Michael.

### **Chapter 815: From Edward and Jeanne’s Standpoints**

She was really impressed.

Her parents did not like Michael at first and were so against her being with Michael, but now, they had changed sides.

“Uncle, auntie, don’t force Monica. She needs time to think it through.” Michael pretended to be a good person.

Monica suddenly thought that if she could one day expose what kind of person Michael was in front of the whole world like how Jeannie tore Eden apart, how great would that be!

With that, she said, “Dad, mom, I don’t want to be with Finn anymore.”

She would not disgust him anymore.

“And I won’t kill myself again.”

It was not worth it to commit suicide for someone like Michael.

“But I hope you won’t interfere in my marriage and relationship with Michael.” Monica made it clear.

“You child—” Gary wanted to scold Monica, but Ruby stopped him.

At that moment, Michael said, “I respect Monica’s choice.”

Gary waved his hand. He looked a little disappointed but had no choice but to give up.

“You can go first,” Monica said coldly.

Michael nodded.

In front of outsiders, he was polite.

Now, she finally understood what people meant by birds of a feather flocked together.

She had always thought that Eden was a sc\*mbag and that it was a pity that Michael and Eden were friends. Hence, she thought that Michael valued relationships, but now she knew that the two of them were the same type of people.

What a joke.

Back then, she had mocked Jeannie for meeting a bad person, but what right did she have to mock others?

She watched Michael leave after he politely bid her parents farewell.

Gary looked at Michael’s back before turning to his daughter and saying sincerely, “Michael treats you very well.”

No. One day, she would let everyone know what kind of person Michael was!

...

When Finn and Nox landed in South Hampshire in the evening, they went straight to M Underground Organization.

The GPS signal on Edward’s watch had appeared in that place, so they went to check out the situation there. From their deduction, they suspected that Jeanne’s disappearance was related to that person, and Edward had come here to save her.

However, when they arrived at M Underground Organization’s base, they were shocked by the tragic scene.

Corpses and blood were everywhere.

Finn and Nox led a group of people to investigate the place and look for Edward.

“Nox.” Among a pile of corpses, Finn suddenly called out to Nox.

Nox's body froze.

They were moving separately, so when he heard Finn calling out to him from afar, he felt a chill run down his spine.

It was not because he was frightened by the scene filled with dead people. Rather, he was afraid that Finn had found Edward's corpse.

Nevertheless, he hurried over.

Finn was squatting on the ground and looking at the corpse in front of him.

Nox calmed his heart while looking over.

Fortunately, it was not Edward.

"Fourth Master killed them," Finn confirmed.

Only then did Nox notice how the person in front of him had died.

The gruesome sight was what Edward did when his body was at its limit.

It was not just one, but there were many casualties in front of them, and he had killed them all by himself.

"So he took the pill again." Nox looked at the corpse in front of him and concluded.

Finn nodded. Then, he got up and asked, "Did you find anything on your side?"

"They're all corpses, and none of them are alive." Nox said, "It's really pretty brutal."

"It was the Hills," Finn said bluntly.

"But I don't see a single of the Hills' corpses."

"The Hills have their own rules. After an assassin dies, they will take the body away. On one hand, it's to give them a final resting place after they die, and on the other, they don't want anyone to find out the identity of their killer. Therefore, they will make sure to handle it carefully."

"Yes, I know. I just didn't expect Kingsley to raze such a large organization to the ground overnight. Not a single person was left alive." Nox sighed.

That was his first time seeing the true power of the Hills, and as expected, it could not be underestimated.

"It seems that Jeanne has a special place in Kingsley's heart. "

"Yes." Nox agreed.

"Judging from the current situation, M Underground Organization suffered a crushing defeat, and Kingsley must have rescued Jeanne. Since we haven't found Fourth Master's body, he should still be alive." Finn analyzed, "After Fourth Master has taken the pill, it would usually take his body two days to recover, so he should still be in a coma right now. There are only two possibilities for his whereabouts. Either he left after the pill took effect and is now lying somewhere, or he was taken away by the Hills."

## Chapter 816: From Edward and Jeanne's Standpoints

"If he's just unconscious somewhere, there's no way for his watch to have lost its GPS signal. The only possibility is..." Nox looked at Finn.

Finn nodded. "That's right. There's a 90 percent chance that he was taken away by the Hills.

"Let's go to the Delta Islands." Nox made a prompt decision.

"Let's wait for a moment." Finn said, "Have you forgotten that we have spies in the Delta Islands? Let's ask them first if they saw Kingsley return. Don't act rashly." Finn reminded Nox.

Nox smacked his forehead. He was a little too excited.

With that, he quickly contacted the other party.

After receiving a reply, he said to Finn, "They said some of the assassins have returned, and they brought back a lot of corpses. However, they didn't see Edward and Jeanne."

Finn heaved a sigh of relief.

Although they did not find Edward's body here, it didn't mean that he was not taken away by the Hills.

Who knew if Jeanne might have taken Edward's body away?

Nox continued, "They said Kingsley also hasn't returned yet."

Finn frowned.

Logically speaking, Kingsley should have returned by now. If he had not, where did he go?

Was he here?

"Did you think of something?" Nox was a little excited.

"Tell them to keep an eye on when Kingsley returns while we search here first. I think since Kingsley hasn't returned to the Delta Islands, it's highly possible that he's still here. Perhaps something has delayed him."

Nox nodded. "But where are we going to find them?"

"This place is rather remote, so most people won't come here. Kingsley couldn't have left by walking. Let's go and see if there are any tire marks. If we follow them, it shouldn't be hard to find them."

"You're still the smarter one," Nox said bluntly.

Finn was just calmer.

Most of the time, Nox would let his emotions get the better of him.

"Order our men to search for Fourth Master. If they find anything, don't alert the enemy. I suspect that even if the Fourth Master was taken away by the Hills, he might not be safe." Finn's expression was serious.

“You mean to say that the Hills didn’t save but kidnapped Edward?”

“Otherwise, Jeanne would have contacted us,” Finn said confidently. “Furthermore, Fourth Master’s watch has disappeared.”

“F\*ck.” Nox cursed. “I knew that Edward would be killed by Jeanne one day.”

“Don’t jump to conclusions before we find out the truth. We’ll talk about it after we find him.” Finn did not want to speculate too much for the time being.

As for Jeanne, he really could not figure her out, and he did not want to waste time thinking about it.

Nox was not one to dwell on something, so he quickly ordered everyone to search for Edward.

After that, they returned to the car and left M Underground Organization’s base.

They had just gotten into the car when Finn’s phone suddenly rang.

Finn glanced at the caller ID, and Nox also took a look.

“F\*ck. I thought it was that heartless Jeanne,” Nox cursed.

At that moment, she probably really wanted to receive Jeanne’s call.

Finn answered the call, “Director.”

“How’s your recovery?” The other person seemed very friendly.

“Very good,” he replied.

“Then, you can decide when you want to come back to work at the hospital.” the hospital director said in a friendly tone.

Did that mean the negative press about him previously was considered over?

He said, “I have some personal matters to settle these few days, but I’ll come to work after I’m done.

“How long will it take?” the other party asked.

“About a week.”

“That long?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, alright then.” The other party was also helpless. “In that case, hurry back to work after you’re done. There are many patients waiting for you.” The hospital director did not make things difficult for him.

Moreover, he could not make things difficult for Finn either.

With Finn’s medical skills, he could go anywhere.

“Yes,” Finn responded before he hung up.

At that moment, he opened Whatsapp, thinking there would be some updates about the hospital in the department's staff group.

Since the hospital director had called him, the department should be pretty busy.

He planned to ask about how they were doing. However, when he saw the group message, he paused.

Having noticed his strange behavior, Nox asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen at the hospital?"

Finn returned to his senses. "No."

At that moment, he immediately closed the group chat.

"You have a lot of money, so why do you want to be a doctor? Don't you find it tiring?" Nox complained.

Finn did not answer.

"I really don't understand you," Nox muttered.

Finn looked out of the car window.

### **Chapter 817: Edward and Jeanne's Standpoints**

At that moment, the sky in South Hampshire was already dark, and it seemed even more difficult to find traces of car tires on the floor.

Finn tried to divert his attention to stop himself from thinking about it.

He did not want to think about the message he just read. "I heard Monica committed suicide and has just been rescued in the hospital."

Whether she was dead or not had nothing to do with him.

...

The night was peaceful.

In the forest, under the cover of the grass and trees, there was a medium-sized building!

That was the small base that the Hills had set up in South Hampshire.

In fact, the Hills had been making plans since the rise of M Underground Organization. Therefore, they had set up a base here and sent people to infiltrate M Underground Organization's base to obtain all their information. Their goal was to get rid of any future trouble. However, because Jeanne was kidnapped, it was brought forward.

At that moment, in the dark basement of the building, it was humid.

As the house was built with wood, it was very humid, so the basement was even more humid. At night, there were some water stains on the floor.

To be precise, it was water stains mixed with some blood.

In the basement, the sound of whipping rang out. However, due to the excellent soundproofing, the sound only echoed in the basement and could not be transmitted outside.

The whipping sound continued for a long time before it stopped.

After it stopped, the whip was covered in blood that dripped onto the floor and flowed to Jeanne's feet.

She was in the basement at the moment, watching as Edward was being whipped over and over again.

He was beaten until his flesh split open.

After his body had finally stabilized, he was supposed to rest for a few days. However, he was whipped awake, and now, he was extremely weak.

His wrists were tied up with iron chains, and he sat on the ground, without any strength in his body. Blood soaked his entire body.

"Who is the Duncans' descendant?"

In the quiet basement, a cold voice asked him.

It was Kingsley interrogating him.

After coming up empty-handed, they could only find out the whereabouts of that person from Edward.

However, Edward did not say a word since the beginning. He did not even complain as he endured Kingsley's endless torture.

Meanwhile, Jeanne stood not far away and watched coldly.

"Fourth Master." Kingsley squatted down and approached him.

Edward's entire body reeked of blood.

He pinched Edward's chin, forcing the latter to look up at him

With that, Edward looked at Kingsley. Although his body was weak, the sharpness in his eyes was still there.

He looked straight at Kingsley and was not afraid at all.

"You don't have to suffer so much." Kingsley's tone was cold. "Just tell me who he is and where he is, and I'll let you go."

Edward smiled.

With his face covered in blood, his smile looked terrifying.

Due to his current physical condition, his voice was very low and deep. The two days after his physical outburst was when his body was at its weakest. He said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You do know." Kingsley was very certain.

All Edward did was shake his head.

"I can kill you." Kingsley enunciated each word clearly.

"Yes," Edward replied.

He really did not have the strength to resist now.

In fact, he had made all the preparations before he went with Kingsley. It even crossed his mind Kingsley would use this opportunity to get rid of him.

After all, the Hills and the Sanders were in cahoots, and the latter could not wait to get rid of him.

He had taken the pill that night and pushed Jeanne away because, for one, he was afraid that he would lose control and kill her. However, on the other hand, he also wanted to escape.

If he did not escape, with so many of Kingsley's men surrounding him, he might die.

As expected, he did not manage to leave.

At that moment, he suddenly turned his head and glanced at Jeanne. He saw that she had already changed into clean clothes, and the wounds on his body had been bandaged.

He watched as she stood there indifferently.

Having seen the look in Edward's eyes, Jeanne pursed her lips tightly and did not show any expression.

When their eyes met, Edward looked away, for he had no intention of asking her for help.

It was probably because he was too aware of their purpose to say such meaningless words.

Kingsley naturally noticed their gazes.

With that, he let go of Edward, and as he stood up, the assassin beside him handed him a white handkerchief.

Kingsley wiped Edward's blood off his hand and threw the handkerchief on the ground. He said, "I'll give you one more day to consider."

After saying that, he got up and left the basement.

Everyone in the basement left with Kingsley, including Jeanne, who was the last to leave.

Jeanne turned to look at Edward and watched as he leaned against the wall, motionless.

In the end, she left with Kingsley and returned to her warm room.

The temperature difference between morning and night in South Hampshire was huge. At that time of the night, it was probably around 0 degrees.

She was wearing a lot of layers, but even in the basement, she still felt cold, not to mention Edward, who was only wearing a thin layer of clothes and was covered in blood.

Kingsley and Jeanne sat on the sofa.

He casually lit a cigarette and turned to look at Jeanne, who looked back at him.



Kingsley said bluntly, "The Sanders have made it very clear that they either want Fourth Master Swan's life or find out the whereabouts of the Duncans' descendant."

"He won't tell you." Jeanne was very certain that Edward would not say it even if he was beaten to death.

"In that case, he will die." Kingsley enunciated each word.

Jeanne pursed her lips. "I'll give it a try."

As she spoke, she got up and was prepared to leave when Kingsley called out to her, "Jeanne."

Jeanne stopped in her tracks.

"You need to know where you stand."

"I know,"

After that, she left and returned to the basement, where two assassins were standing guard at the entrance.

They looked at Jeanne and greeted her respectfully, "Eldest Young Lady."

Jeanne nodded and instructed, "Bring me a first aid kit."

"Yes." One of the assassins left.

"Give me a cigarette," Jeanne said to the other assassin.

The assassin quickly took out a cigarette and handed it to her respectfully. Then, he took out a lighter and lit it for her.

Jeanne took two deep puffs.

At that moment, the assassin who left quickly returned with a first aid kit.

Jeanne took a look at it.

Following that, she put out the cigarette after taking a few puffs and took the first aid kit. "Give me the cigarette and lighter."

The assassin handed it over to her respectfully.

"Open the door," she ordered.

The assassin opened the door for her.

As soon as the door opened, a gust of cold air hit her in the face.

Jeanne looked at Edward, who was lying on the ground as if he was dead.

**Chapter 818: Edward, My Abilities Are Limited. I Can't Save You.**

In the basement, Jeanne walked in with the first aid kit.

Both of Edward's wrists were bound by chains, and his entire body was leaning against the wall. His head was low, which gave the illusion that his entire body was so weak that he did not even have the strength to raise his head.

Jeanne walked over and squatted in front of him.

However, he did not seem to sense her presence because there was no reaction from him.

Jeanne looked at him pensively.

"Edward," she said.

There seemed to be a slight reaction from Edward's body, but it also seemed like there was none.

Jeanne called out to him and reached out to unbutton his white shirt.

Rather than calling it white, it was more appropriate to say that it was now all red — blood red.

She was careful not to touch his body.

Under his tattered shirt, whip wounds were all over his body. There were also some soft tissue abrasions and bruises from jumping off the 50-meter-high platform last night.

Falling from such a high platform last night, she was unharmed, yet he was covered in injuries.

After Jeanne took off his clothes, she opened the first aid kit, took out disinfectant iodophor, and approached his body.

The moment she saw his bloody marks, she paused and said softly, "Bear with it. There's no anesthetic."

Edward did not answer her. It was as if he was already dead and would never speak again.

Jeanne applied the iodophor on his wound.

Instinctively, Edward's body trembled uncontrollably from the intense pain. However, he did not make a sound or a groan.

As Jeanne cleaned his wound and disinfected it, she said, "The assassins from the Hills can't use anesthetics because it will paralyze the body. Assassins are in danger their entire lives, so in order to stay alive, they can't lose control of their own bodies."

She was explaining why they had no anesthetic, and he just listened without reacting.

She carefully cleaned all the wounds on his body before she started to apply the ointment to his wounds.

The medicinal properties of the ointment were very strong, so it could cause bad irritation on the skin.

Just as she rubbed it on, Edward's body trembled violently again. It was as if his entire skin was trembling uncontrollably.

Jeanne pursed her lips tightly but did not stop. Instead, she sped up and applied it all over his body.

After applying it, Edward's body was covered in a layer of sweat, despite the cold weather. He was in so much pain that he was sweating.

Jeanne wiped him down with a clean handkerchief. Then, she wrapped his wounds with gauze and bandages.

With his upper body cleaned and bandaged, Jeanne took off her thick coat that was still warm from being on her body and draped it over Edward's body.

As usual, Edward did not react much. His body was so weak that he probably only felt pain.

Jeanne lowered her head and continued to treat the wound on his lower body.

She used a pair of scissors to cut open his pants. Under his pants, his thighs, waist, and abdomen were covered in wounds.

Bit by bit, she disinfected, applied medicine, and bandaged his wounds.

After a long time, she finally cleaned up all his wounds. However, he was sitting in a pool of blood. Even if he was treated, he would still be infected by the blood.

As such, she had no choice but to take off another piece of clothing.

Then, she helped Edward sit on the ground.

"Aren't you cold?" Edward suddenly said.

Jeanne had just placed the clothes under him when she heard Edward's words, and her fingers stiffened.

For a moment, she really thought that Edward had fainted.

In fact, he should not be conscious at all. Otherwise, how could he have endured it and not made a single sound?

However, she said, "I won't be cold in a while."

It would not be cold when she returned to her warm room in a while.

Edward did not say anything more.

After Jeanne had treated the wounds on his upper and lower body, Edward's entire body was wrapped up like a mummy.

Then, she turned to look at his right palm, where his injuries were the most serious. She felt that if she allowed it to fester, his right hand would be crippled.

She looked at the bloody palm, lowered her head, and picked up the cigarette that she had just taken from the assassin. She asked, "Do you want to smoke?"

Edward's lowered head seemed to move, and he raised his head to look at Jeanne.

Jeanne said, "I'll light a cigarette for you. You can distract yourself for a while."

Edward's body and head were leaning against the wall as he looked up at her.

## Chapter 819: Edward, My Abilities Are Limited. I Can't Save You.

His face was covered in blood, but it was obvious that his face was pale. Even his lips were frighteningly pale.

She did not look at his face for long. She lowered her head and lit a cigarette before placing it beside Edward's mouth. "Let me help you clean your right palm."

Edward took a puff of his cigarette and could still feel the warmth from the area Jeanne put her lips on.

He simply looked at Jeanne.

His eyes were deathly still, and they were not as sharp as when he met Kingsley's gaze earlier, probably because he did not want to pretend in front of Jeanne.

Moreover, he was really weak now.

At that moment, Jeanne's attention was on his right hand. She said, "The abrasions are very serious, and there are metal fragments in the palm. It's already inflamed and starting to fester. I have to clean up the rotten part first and then do a deep disinfection before applying medicine and bandaging it. It might be very painful."

It was not a 'might'; it would definitely be very painful.

Edward did not reply, but the burning cigarette was still propped against his mouth. It was as if he was trying to warm up his cold body.

Jeanne took out the half-smoked cigarette from his mouth and put it out.

She said, "I'll let you smoke again after I'm done."

Edward did not refuse.

As Jeanne spoke, she had already taken out a clean towel and placed it by Edward's mouth. "Bite it."

If he did not bite it, he would most likely bite his own tongue.

Edward opened his mouth, seemingly obedient to Jeanne's arrangements.

Jeanne looked at him deep in the eyes before turning around, lifting his arm that was chained, and placing his palm on her thigh.

A bloody hand appeared in front of her.

In fact, it was not as if she had never seen such a gory scene before.

No matter how special Kingsley treated her in the Hills, she had seen many cruel and brutal scenes.

That was why she could look indifferent to it.

She took out a pair of medical pliers and a pair of scissors. After a simple disinfection, she began to clean his rotten flesh bit by bit.

Just as she touched his palm, Edward's entire body tensed up.

It was obvious that he could not suppress his body's reaction. However, his palm in front of her did not move at all. Even his fingers did not bend.

Jeanne did not look up to see his reaction. She forced herself to focus all her attention on his palm. After making sure that all the festering parts had been cleaned, she disinfected them with iodophor. During the disinfection, she really put the iodophor into his flesh. She was afraid that if she did not disinfect it thoroughly, the wounds on his palm would fester again from the inside, and the remaining flesh left on his palm would not be able to withstand repeated cleaning.

Once the disinfection was completed, Jeanne applied the highly irritating ointment again.

"Ah!" Even though he tried his best to endure it, he still made a sound in the end.

It was a suppressed, dull, controlled, and painful sound.

Upon hearing that, Jeanne's hands trembled. She, too, found it hard to bear to hear him in pain.

She knew all too well how painful the process would be.

She even wondered if ordinary people would also find it unbearable and if they would have died from the pain.

However, she gritted her teeth and did not stop. After applying the ointment, she wrapped the gauze gently around his hand.

After tidying up, Jeanne raised her head and looked at Edward, who was drenched in sweat.

She watched as he leaned weakly against the wall. His eyes were on her, but they seemed to be out of focus. He was just staring at one place blankly, so weak that he could not react at all.

Jeanne removed the towel from his mouth and said, "The wound has been treated."

There was still no reaction from Edward.

Jeanne stood up and gave some instructions to the door. Then, she returned to Edward's side and took out a few pills from the first aid kit.

After a while, the assassin at the door brought Jeanne a cup of warm water.

"Take two anti-inflammatory pills," Jeanne said.

Edward seemed to look up, but he did not respond.

Jeanne placed the cup of warm water by his dry lips. However, his lips did not move.

It meant that he had no intention of drinking water.

Hence, Jeanne waited for a while before saying, "You don't even have the strength to drink water?"

Edward did not reply. All he did was look at her indifferently.

"I'll help you," Jeanne said.

As she said that, she stuffed the pill into Edward's mouth.

### **Chapter 820: Edward, My Abilities Are Limited. I Can't Save You.**

When it entered Edward's mouth, he did not even have the ability to swallow.

Hence, Jeanne took a sip of warm water and kissed him on the lips. Then, bit by bit, she sent the water into his mouth.

She did not send it too quickly because she was afraid that he would choke when he could not swallow properly.

In his current condition, he was likely to choke to death.

She fed the water into his mouth, bit by bit, and then stuck out her tongue to touch the pill that had begun to melt. The bitter taste was obvious on the tip of her tongue. With that, she moved the pill down his throat with the tip of her tongue before withdrawing it to take another sip of warm water and feed the water down his throat.

His body swallowed instinctively.

Jeanne used her tongue to make sure that he had swallowed the medicine before leaving his lips.

After that, she used the same method to feed Edward the next few pills.

"Do you still need some warm water?" Jeanne asked him.

"Give me a cigarette," Edward said.

He was so weak that he could not even drink water, but every time he spoke, he could still speak clearly.

Jeanne nodded and lit another cigarette.

As soon as she placed it on his lips, he take a long, slow drag.

Jeanne helped him smoke, and the smoke slowly rose from his mouth.

When Edward finished a cigarette, he seemed to have regained some of his consciousness.

Even though his body was so weak that he might die in the next second, she could clearly see that his vision had a slight focus.

He was looking at her, and they looked at each other.

After some time, Jeanne said, "I'm the Hills' eldest daughter, and Kingsley is my uncle."

She was starting to lay her cards on the table and reveal her identity.

Edward looked at her and listened quietly.

"The Sanders and the Hills have always had dealings. Back then, the Hills and the Sanders overthrew the Duncans together, and all these years, they have maintained close contact with each other. It could be

considered a mutual partnership, but we are also considered a killing tool of the Sanders," Jeanne said bluntly.

She had nothing to hide. In fact, he could not hide anything from Edward. After all, he might already know.

Nevertheless, she still decided to tell him everything.

"Now, the Sanders wants us to find the descendant of the Duncans. However, after so long, we still haven't found any clues. We don't know where you've hidden this person, and we've never seen this person's true face. I've also been by your side for so long, but I don't have a clue who that person is." Jeanne said, "And the only one who might have seen this person was Lucy, but you killed her..."

Jeanne paused.

She maintained her flat tone and said, "So, we can only use this method to get you to tell us who this person is and where this person is!"

Edward continued to look at Jeanne.

If he had not said those few words just now, Jeanne would have thought that he had lost his ability to speak.

She continued, "Edward, tell me who this person is, and I will let you go."

"I can't leave," Edward said.

Finally, he said another sentence.

Even though it was only three words, Jeanne knew what he meant.

"The Sanders has given us an order. If you don't tell us who this person is and where this person is, we'll have to exchange your life for it. Of course, you may suspect that even if you tell us who this person is, we will still kill you to silence you. Perhaps the Sanders will also want us to do so, but I promise that as long as you tell us who this person is, I will protect you with my life and make sure you leave." Jeanne was very serious in her attempt to persuade him.

However, Edward shook his head in silence.

"Kingsley will really kill you," Jeanne told him calmly.

He knew.

"Kingsley won't show any mercy. He has never failed in anything he wants to do. The Hills have made countless enemies over the years, and those who seek revenge on Kingsley will come one after another. M Underground Organization is just one of the many. Kingsley has destroyed too many such organizations, and there are many more that are stronger and bigger than us. That's why he won't show mercy to anyone. If you can't satisfy his requirements, he will kill you."

Edward knew that very well because he had secretly investigated Kingsley a lot.

He knew that Kingsley was powerful enough, which was why he approached the latter to work with him as soon as Jeanne was in trouble.