

Pregnant 851

Chapter 851 Finn, Haven't You Lost Out With Monica Like This?

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In a luxurious European manor in the Delta Islands, Jeanne was finally back. There seemed to have been some changes since she left this place half a year ago. At the very least, there were new faces.

When she returned to her room, she found everything as she left it. Kingsley had not seen her once in the two days since he had come back. Jeanne felt like she had dragged him down and did not know how to face him.

It was sunny at the time Jeanne left her room. While she had many wounds on her body, they were nothing compared to Edward's. She did not even know if Edward was still alive. Though she dare not ask. She had not even contacted George yet since she had not decided on a way to tell him that she was leaving.

As she walked along the corridor, she saw an unfamiliar woman. When the woman saw her leaving, she was quick to greet her respectfully, "Eldest Young Lady Lawrence."

"Who are you?"

"My name's Melinda, a new assassin of the Hills. I'm now in charge of Mr. Hill's daily life," the woman quickly introduced herself.

Was she really in charge of his daily life, or were they just sleeping together?

Jeanne nodded slightly and asked, "Is Kingsley in his room?"

"He is."

"I'll go find him, then."

"Eldest Young Lady," Melinda called after her suddenly.

Jeanne turned around.

"Mr. Hill isn't feeling well and has only just fallen asleep. Try not to wake him up."

Jeanne sneered, ignoring Melinda. For some reason, she did not like this woman at all. Maybe it was because she still was holding on to Lucy. She knew that she would not be able to forget her for a long time.

Jeanne walked into Kingsley's room and pushed the door open.

She thought that she might see a naked man lying on the bed, but all she saw was Kingsley's pale sleeping face.

As she walked to his bed to have a look at him, She noticed how unusually pale his face was, even his lips. There was a thick bandage on his abdomen that had been stained by some blood. It seems he had probably just finished re-bandaging and had fallen asleep.

Her appearance instantly woke him up. Though all he did was glance at her and said nothing.

Jeanne went closer. "When did you get injured?"

Kingsley did not answer.

"In South Hampshire?"

"No," Kingsley said. He was clearly very weak, but he was still full of energy.

"Or..." Jeanne's eyes narrowed. "Was it the Sanders?"

Kingsley did nothing to deny it, which made Jeanne's expression change.

"There's nothing to be angry about," Kingsley said bluntly. "We have a mutually beneficial relationship with the Sanders. Since the project was unsuccessful, we should show a little sincerity."

"So your idea of sincerity was to hurt your body?" Jeanne suppressed her anger.

"You feel bad?"

"No. I just don't think it's worth it." Jeanne denied.

"Do you think the Sanders would believe me if I hadn't done this? They would've believed that we let Fourth Master Swan go on purpose. For now, we still need to rely on the Sanders," Kingsley said.

Jeanne was speechless.

"Don't worry. I'm not dying. I'll be fine after a few days of rest." Kingsley appeared very calm.

Jeanne's eyes turned reddened.

Kingsley smiled when he saw this. "I thought you only had eyes for Fourth Master Swan."

"Don't tell me that you're still jealous?" Jeanne was speechless.

"Who told me to only care about one person in my life, right?" Kingsley laughed.

Jeanne was truly touched by this old man. Sometimes, she wondered if Kingsley was deliberately letting her use her skills. He wanted her to be loyal and work for him without any regrets.

If Kingsley wanted to do this, she would not hold him back. However, she would not dare admit that Kingsley was good to her, as she was afraid the burden would be too heavy.

"Go on out. I'd like to get some sleep." Kingsley requested.

He closed his eyes.

"Is Melina your new pet?" Jeanne could not help but ask.

Kingsley did not answer. After all, he did not view it that way. To him, it was just to satisfy a man's needs.

"She's nothing compared to Lucy," Jeanne emphasized.

Even if no one noticed it, Kingsley was obviously stunned for a second.

He said, "Not that you'd understand, but men pursue novelty. Now get out."

"If I were Lucy, I would never let you go, even as a ghost." With that, Jeanne turned to leave.

"Jeanne." Kingsley suddenly called out to her.

Jeanne swiveled around to look at him.

"Lucy..." Kingsley suddenly mentioned.

Jeanne frowned at him.

"Isn't dead," Kingsley said.

Jeanne's eyes widened.

What was Kingsley saying?

"I didn't think I should tell you, but I was afraid you'd go off on a tangent. Get Melinda to bring you to her."

"She's here?" Jeanne said expressively.

She did not hide her excitement at this knowledge. She really thought that Lucy had been shot dead by Edward. She did not expect Edward would show her any mercy under such circumstances.

She ran out of Kingsley's room to find Melinda. As she escorted Jeanne to see Lucy, Jeanne noticed that the place they were where the Hills was imprisoned. It was clearly somewhere for punishment when the killer had made a mistake.

Her expression changed slightly.

Melinda pushed open an iron door. Lucy laid on the ground, covered in wounds. For a moment, Jeanne thought that Kingsley had asked her to meet Lucy's corpse.

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In a damp room in the cold and gloomy basement, Lucy laid still on the ground, unmoving. She had bloodstains littered all over her body, making her look like a corpse.

Jeanne's suppressed emotions finally exploded. "Who did this?!" Her voice filled with irrepressible anger.

The woman lying on the ground seemed to have a slight reaction to her exclamation. Melinda, who was beside Jeanne, was also a little afraid of her anger.

Before, Melinda had already become the closest person to Kingsley. Though now, she had everyone in the Delta Islands eagerly attentive and fawning over her. The only person she ever feared was Jeanne. However, as Jeanne never returned, she was content living a carefree life! What she did not expect was Jeanne to return so suddenly. So she could not help but feel tense and careful around her.

"Speak!" Jeanne's face darkened as she glared at Melinda.

"It was Mr. Hill..." Melinda answered quickly.

She did not mention that she was the one who had injured Lucy. Kingsley had only ordered her to interrogate Lucy, not torture her. However, she just could not stand Lucy.

She had always thought Lucy was dead, so it was to her surprise that she suddenly returned half a month later. Her return had seriously affected Melinda's position by Kingsley's side. It caused her to be in a state of unease. However, when Kingsley suddenly locked her up here, it made her secretly happy. She couldn't wait for her to die in this place.

"Is he crazy?!" Jeanne's voice was slightly loud.

Melinda did not dare to speak.

Lucy, who was lying on the ground, moved her body. She forced herself to slowly get up from the ground. Seeing her reaction, Jeanne hurriedly went over to support her.

As Lucy's body was covered in so many injuries, she did not even know where to help her so that she would not be in more pain. With Jeanne's help, Lucy leaned against the wall.

"I'll get you out," Jeanne said bluntly.

"Monica," Lucy called out to her.

"Why would Kingsley do this to you?" Jeanne was agitated, and overcome by it, did not bother to think deeper as to why.

Lucy's body was so weak that she spoke in a very low voice. "Send Melinda out first."

Jeanne nodded and turned to Melinda. "Wait for me outside."

Melinda's expression turned ugly.

She knew that Lucy and Jeanne were close, and she was afraid that Lucy would complain about her abusing her power. However, at that moment under Jeanne's imposing manner, she had no choice but to just grit her teeth and leave.

Once Melinda had left, Lucy said, "Don't blame Kingsley."

"You're still speaking up for him?" Jeanne was a little sarcastic.

Kingsley was indeed not a good person, and it seemed he was terrifyingly cruel to everyone other than her.

"I came back from the ancient area. I should have died, but I didn't. So of course, Kingsley has his concerns."

"What's he worried about?" Jeanne asked. The next second, she suddenly thought of something. "Does he suspect that you're in cahoots with Edward?"

Lucy nodded her head. "Edward had no reason not to kill me."

"Yes," Jeanne paused after every word. "There was."

It was because of her. Jeanne's heart skipped a beat. She had always thought that Edward had killed Lucy.

Lucy smiled faintly. "Indeed. It was because of you."

Jeanne looked at her.

"There was another reason. I really didn't see what the descendant of the Duncans looked like, so he spare my life," Lucy said slowly. "However, the people of the Hills found that hard to believe. They felt that I had to have either died at the hands of Fourth Master Swan or colluded with him. From Fourth Master Swan's perspective, regardless of whether or not I saw the Duncans' descendant, Fourth Master Yan and I are enemies. He would never have left me alive. More importantly, under the Hills' interrogation, I couldn't tell them what the Duncans' descendant looked like. So he's certain that Fourth Master Yan and I are colluding."

Jeanne nodded. She knew that, but Kingsley would never suspect Lucy. Even if the others did not believe her, was Kingsley that stupid?

"Kingsley also needed an explanation to give to the other members of the Hills." Lucy continued, "His current status isn't what we thought. He can't do whatever he wants. His every move is being watched, like a tiger watching its prey. He can't make any mistakes. At least, mistakes for significant people anyway."

Lucy laughed at herself when she said that.

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Jeanne bit her lip.

Except for her, they were all unimportant to Kingsley.

Lucy said, "I swear I didn't see the descendant of the Duncans. While I did take off his mask and injured his face, I didn't get to see his face at all."

"I believe you." Jeanne nodded.

If she had seen it, Lucy would definitely not have lived to tell the tale. It was because she didn't see it that Edward spared Lucy's life for her.

"Why didn't you leave, then?" Jeanne asked her.

Lucy did not answer.

"You knew that you might have to face this when you came back. So why didn't you leave?"

Lucy smiled.

She did not know how to reply. If she said that she could not bear to leave, would she sound ironic?

She had indeed anticipated the consequences of her return and made all the necessary preparations. Perhaps, she was also holding onto a trace of luck. Hoping that Kingsley might still be able to bear with her, but it was obvious she thought too highly of herself.

In Kingsley's heart, she was just a useful pawn. An assassin. Occasionally, she could accompany him to bed, but he didn't miss it. He had so many women, there was no need to miss any of them.

"You like Kingsley, don't you?" Jeanne was almost certain of it.

"Isn't liking someone a luxury for people like us?" Lucy smiled faintly. "Maybe I just didn't know where else to go."

The world was huge. How could there not be a place to go?!

"I've followed Kingsley since I was twenty-five years old. Though it's been seven years, it feels more like seventy. It's been so long that I thought the Hills would be my final home. If I had to die, it'd be here. That's why I never thought of leaving."

"You've never thought of leaving Kingsley, have you?" This was not about the Hills.

"No matter what." Lucy did not refute.

"Is it worth it?" Jeanne asked her.

Was it worth it for the heartless Kingsley?

In this world, only she would treat Kingsley with her life. He didn't need it from anyone else, nor did they owe him anything.

"I've never been calculative about gains and losses, so there's no such thing as worth to me," Lucy said.

Jeanne bit her lip and just stared at Lucy.

The feelings she had for him could just be very faint. However, if she did not really love him, why would she come back to suffer? She had such a good opportunity to leave this bloody place, but she chose to return anyway. With Lucy's skill and strategy, she could live anywhere she wanted to. No one would be able to find her.

"Come on. I'll take you out." Jeanne supported Lucy.

"No need. I don't want to cause a conflict between you and Kingsley."

"I'll deal with the elders of the Hills if they come looking for trouble. I won't make things difficult for Kingsley."

"I didn't mean it that way."

"If Kingsley comes to question me, I'll explain it to him."

"Jeanne...."

However, Jeanne was already helping Lucy up and leaving for the basement.

Melinda was waiting for them at the door. When she saw Jeanne taking Lucy away, her expression changed. She blocked their path and said, "No one is to take her away. These are Mr. Hill's orders."

There had actually been many people in the Hills who supported Lucy and pleaded for Kingsley's mercy. However, Kingsley had rejected each and every one of them, sometimes even cruelly. In the end, no one dared say anything. Now Jeanne wanted to take Lucy away.

Melinda could not let Lucy leave ever again. If she did, it would affect her status.

"Move!" Jeanne shouted. Her face turned cold, looking very imposing.

Melinda gritted her teeth. Mr. Hill said that Lucy could not leave this place without his permission.

"I said, move!" Jeanne's tone became more and more serious, and the aura she exuded was rather intense.

Melinda looked at her. Since Kingsley could not do anything to Jeanne, she would not dare to either. With Jeanne already so angry, Melinda said nothing more.

She bit her lip and backed away.

Jeanne helped Lucy back to her previous room, Melinda trailing behind them.

"Open the door," Jeanne instructed Melinda.

Melinda hesitated.

"Open the door!" Jeanne demanded.

Melinda mustered up her courage. "This is my room now."

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Jeanne's expression darkened.

Melinda explained, "I thought Lucy was dead. Since this room was the closest to Mr. Hill's, I moved in. It was more convenient for me to take care of him this way, and Mr. Hill agreed."

The truth was that once, when they were in bed, she had said she wanted to stay in a room closer to him. Even though she did not state it was Lucy's room she was hoping for, Kingsley had responded with it.

Jeanne really felt that Kingsley was a scumbag. He was the worst scum among men to everyone other than her in this world.

"I'm fine staying anywhere," Lucy said.

Now that Melinda was taking care of Kingsley's daily needs, it was understandable she was staying next door to him. She had nothing to fight for anyway. Kingsley was not someone they could snatch.

Jeanne gave Melinda a cold look before helping Lucy to the next empty room.

After assisting Lucy onto the bed, she asked the Hills' private doctor to treat Lucy's wounds. As Jeanne watched on from the side, she noticed there were many more traces of blood on her scarred body.

Kingsley really was cruel. How could he hurt Lucy, who had been so loyal to him, to this extent?

Lucy fell into a deep sleep once her wounds had been treated. Perhaps it was because she was too weak.

Jeanne left her room and went straight to Kingsley's room.

When she knocked on the door and entered, Melinda was in Kingsley's room, carefully feeding him.

Jeanne took a look and said bluntly, "I took Lucy out."

"Mm," Kingsley replied as if he knew.

"If the elders of the Hills want to hold you accountable, I'll take responsibility."

"No need," Kingsley said. "I'll explain to them."

"If you were willing to explain, then why were you still torturing Yu Jiayi?!" Jeanne was a little angry.

Clearly, Kingsley could do it. Even though it went against his principles, it would not have been difficult for him. However, he had no feelings for Lucy.

"Jeanne, remember this. We're a family of assassins. A life is as cheap as grass to us. I don't have to break my principles for anyone. The reason why I allowed you to bring Lucy out was because we didn't find any clues even after interrogating her for half a month. So we can now temporarily believe that Lucy didn't betray us." Kingsley said indifferently, "It's not that I've turned soft."

"You really are the greatest leader of the Hills." Jeanne gritted her teeth.

"Thank you for your high praise."

Kingsley stared at Jeanne's back as she turned to leave, his expression still a little unsightly.

Melinda, who stood beside him, chimed in, "Eldest Young Lady seems to be on good terms with Lucy. She even taught me a lesson just now."

Kingsley's face turned cold. "If Jeanne wants to teach you a lesson, you'd better listen!"

"I didn't mean it that way. I only meant..." Melinda was horrified. "I didn't mean to blame Eldest Young Lady."

"Get out!" Kingsley did not seem in a good mood.

Melinda gritted her teeth. Now she knew that Jeanne was untouchable. She was clearly Kingsley's soft spot, and it was the kind that should not be provoked at all.

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South Hampton City.

Monica felt that she needed to work harder. While the tolerance of the modern population might be very high, there had to be a bottom line. She picked up her phone and dialed a number. "Elsa."

"What's wrong? Are you going out again? It just so happens that everyone was left unsatisfied last night. My five young hunks were extremely disappointed after you left yesterday. Shall we continue tonight?"

“See you there at 8 p.m. as usual,” Monica promised.

“Alright,” Elsa said excitedly.

Monica hung up the phone. She really had to give her all tonight!

As darkness fell onto the city, Monica and Elsa were drinking in a corner of the hall once more. Elsa had been urging Monica to dance, but Monica ignored her.

“Why are you so quiet today? Go on!” Elsa shouted. “Get on that stage and show them your charm.”

“No thanks.”

“Then what are you here for?” Elsa frowned. “Wasn’t it for someone to expose your dance in front of everyone again? You may not know, but the video of you dancing yesterday has spread throughout Harken. I heard so many people talking about you in the pantry at work today, saying how explosive your body was, or that your body was simply too soft. I swear they even drooled. I think that any man would be very lucky to sleep with you.”

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Monica glanced at Elsa.

Elsa looked serious. “For someone like you, with your chest, waist, buttocks, long legs, and fair and tender skin...”

She was even shameless enough to touch Monica.

“After your touch, which man would still fall for another woman? Which man would be able to leave your bed after sleeping with you? You’re simply the best.”

Monica sneered.

If she told Elsa that there was not only such a person but had made her so nauseous she vomited the next day after they slept together, would Elsa doubt her life?

“Leave one of your young hunks for me tonight,” Monica said.

“What?” Elsa was still admiring Monica’s figure. Even as a woman, she was a little seduced.

“Him. The one with the best figure.” Jeanne pointed at one of the men dancing on the dance floor.

“What are you going to do with him?” Elsa was baffled.

“Just give him to me.”

“I’ll give you whatever you want, but are you sure? You’re getting married next month. Dancing is just testing the waters on the edge of being a good woman. If you get caught doing something immoral by someone, you’d really be drowned in a pig cage!”

“Don’t ask so many questions. Get him to come with me at 10 p.m.”

“...”

After drinking for quite some time, Monica was not in the mood to dance anymore. At 10 p.m., she left with the young hunk.

He was flattered that Monica picked him and followed her into a car. As soon as they got in, Monica said the name of a certain hotel. The young hunk was even more excited now. His blood surged at the thought of Monica's touch on his body while they were dancing last night.

When the car arrived at its destination, Monica got out of the car, the young hunk trailing behind her.

Monica looked left and right. After confirming that all the people she was looking for were there, she brought the young man to the side of the hotel entrance. It was a little dark, but one would still be able to clearly see their faces.

"Corner me against the wall," Monica instructed.

"Of course." The hunk smiled handsomely.

He immediately pushed Monica against the wall outside the hotel, tightly pressing her petite body against him. Then, the young hunk lowered his head and leaned over.

"If you dare kiss me on the lips, I'll beat you to death." Monica threatened.

The young hunk froze.

"Don't you know how to act?" Monica whispered in the young hunk's ear.

"...It's a little difficult." The hunk said bluntly. The feeling of not being able to taste a sexy stunner right in his grasp was simply terrible.

Monica took out a stack of money she had prepared earlier from her clothes, placing it between their bodies.

The hunk's eyes lit up. For people like them who came out to play with rich women, money was their main priority.

"Do well, and I'll double it."

As she spoke, she reached down and put the stack of money into the young hunk's pocket. It was dark, and the two of them were very close. Monica's actions made it look as if she had put her hand into the pants of a young hunk.

"Oh my God." The hands of the reporter who took a video of Monica yesterday were trembling.

Monica was going overboard, so far as to ask him to take pictures of her in public. So he flashed many photos and recorded a few more videos.

At this moment, on his camera screen, the man on top of Monica was kissing her impatiently from her face all the way to her neck. His hand had even reached into Monica's windbreaker unruly, and it looked like...

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

The two of them canoodled outside for a long time before Monica pulled the young hunk into the hotel.

The reporter sat in the dark, looking at the content he had taken in a daze.

If it were anyone else, it would definitely be big news. However, for Monica... it was just a little too tame.

He reluctantly placed the memory card at the front desk of the hotel. This was what he had previously agreed with Monica. Once he was done, he would hand the memory card to the front desk, and Monica would get it herself.

Sure enough, Monica came down from the hotel room half an hour later. After taking the memory card from the front desk, she took a taxi back to the Cardellini villa.

She excitedly turned on the computer and inserted the memory card.

“...”

Monica was dumbfounded. Did those two scam her?!

Although the young hunk's lips never touched her throughout the whole process, his hand only reached into her windbreaker and had not touched her at all. While she was only putting money in the hunk's hand, the photos and videos made it look like...

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She finally understood that while technology had developed to a certain level, seeing is not necessarily believing. She took a deep breath and sent the video to George.

She reminded George not to look at it and to put it in the headlines tomorrow morning.

Okay, George replied coolly.

Monica took a deep breath. Her eyes narrowed. There was no way Michael would be able to tolerate this.

The next morning, Monica was trending.

Yesterday, there were still people who praised Monicas dance moves and figure, but today, they were all criticizing her. All of them were vicious comments about her being shameless, cheap, and a slut.

Monica hid under the blanket and took a few glances.

Although she had expected this, she did not expect peoples words to be so harsh. If she had not been prepared, she would have jumped off a building in anger.

She just stared at the comments for a long time when the phone suddenly rang. She took a look at the caller ID and hung up. The phone kept ringing, so Monica turned off her phone instead.

This time, Michael probably could not take it anymore.

Monica hid herself at home and slept for the whole day. Although her mother knew what she was up to, she still looked at her with a meaningful gaze.

She had done so much for Michael.

Monica was on the verge of a breakdown. However, such a method was the most direct and effective method that she could think of. Even if everything was not going as smoothly as she had expected.

It was on the news for the entire day.

A day later, the news website was blocked. The official statement said it had suffered an unknown virus attack, causing the website to collapse completely. It was currently under emergency maintenance and would be up at a later notice.

Then, all the entertainment websites were shut down.

When Monica saw it, she was completely dumbfounded. She never expected Michael's power to be so great. Her hands shook as she called Michael.

The other side was unusually calm. All he said was, You can't win against me.

Just these five words caused Monica to explode.

Well see about that, Michael! Monica abruptly hung up the phone.

He would not win. She still had fight left in her.

Michael looked at the words call ended, his expression extremely ugly.

He did not actually have that much power. He had gone to the leader and expressed his determination to marry Monica. His purpose was, of course, to marry Monica. The more Monica resisted, the more he wanted to let her know that she was vulnerable in front of him. On the other hand, it was also to let the leader know that he really loved Monica, lower the leader's guard against him, and let the leader think he was not ambitious and would do many things for a woman. After all, a person with too much ambition would not be recognized by his family.

His eyes narrowed. Monica, you'd better not challenge my limits!

At this moment, Monica picked up the phone and called Elsa.

Elsa trembled with fear. Sister, don't harm me! Now both you and the young hunk I introduced to you are being scolded by the entire internet. I heard that if Director Ross hadn't used his connections to shut down the websites, your life would have been over! So I'm going out to lay low for a while. If someone in your family finds out about me, who knows how I'd die.

Before you leave, pass me the phone numbers of those young hunks of yours.

Monica, are you crazy? Possessed, even? When we asked you to play with us in the past, you said that you were a married woman, and those handsome men couldn't even touch you. What's going on with you now?

Just give them to me.

Monica must have lost her mind, Elsa thought. In the end, to not offend Monica, she gave her their phone numbers.

Before she hung up, she did not forget to say, I'm going abroad to lie low. Don't look for me, or expose me.

Monica ignored her and immediately called one of the young hunks.

Let's talk about the price first, then we'll decide on the location.

Those who came out to play would never refuse the temptation of money.

Monica changed her clothes and went out. It was already 10 p.m.

Monica's action of leaving the room completely stunned Ruby. Monica.

Mom, I know what to do. She ran off after saying that.

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Gary stared at Monica's back as she left. He was so angry that he was turning red from holding it in.

"You talk about how Monica... your daughter... You say that she's..." Gary struggled to get his words out coherently.

Ruby took a deep breath and said, "Let her be. She's our only daughter."

"It's because of you that Monica's like this. You indulged her too much."

"Yes, it's all my fault. It's my fault as well that I married you." Hearing her husband's words, Ruby felt even more aggrieved. "I shouldn't have married you in the first place."

"Why are you saying such things again?"

"Isn't that what you meant? How I didn't take good care of this family? I shouldn't have stayed at home, took care of my husband, and raised my children. I shouldn't have trapped myself in this house for the rest of my life. I shouldn't have given up on my interests, hobbies, and ambitions back then. All I had to be was a housewife for you, Gary. Isn't that right?"

"I didn't mean it that way." Seeing how angry his wife was, Gary lowered his voice back down.

"Then what did you mean by that? Come on! Tell me!" Ruby said, agitated and her eyes red.

"Yes. It's all my fault. I'm sorry. I said the wrong thing." Chi Cheng instantly softened.

He had been bullied by these two women his entire life.

"Then, who do you think is at fault for Monica's current state?"

"It's mine. I was too busy with work and didn't spend time with her as she was growing up. It's my fault." Gary had no choice but to admit his mistake.

"Since it's all your fault, what right do you have to speak ill of Monica?!" Ruby questioned him.

Gary's eyes almost popped out. How had all the blame been put on him?!

Women... They really were the most unreasonable animal in the world.

...

Monica booked a room with the young hunks at the agreed location. She had even got someone to take a photo of her in bed. However, this time, she did not send it to George.

With news and entertainment websites shut down and the entire country's netizens reorganized, there was simply nowhere to post it. She did not want to poison George, either. After all, the scale was getting bigger and bigger.

Once the photos had been taken, Monica sent them directly to Michael.

She did not believe that he would not mind. There was just no way that, as a man, he could remain indifferent after seeing those pictures.

However, Michael did not reply. He even hung up on her without saying a word when she called.

Monica gritted her teeth. Michael would not be able to endure it forever.

So it continued for a week.

She found a new young hunk every day and sent different bed photos to Michael each time. She even threatened Michael that she would continue if he did not give up on marrying her. After the country lifted the internet ban, she would still let people post it on the internet every day. She did not believe that Michael could tolerate it.

While he could tolerate her sleeping with other men, he definitely would not be able to tolerate her smearing his name like this. With their current relationship, her indecent media were a personal attack on Michael.

Monica was really pushing herself to the extreme. Even if it would be a struggle between life and death, she was determined to break up with Michael.

It was a new day, which meant a new young hunk and room. The two of them had pretended for the photos and were now preparing to leave.

The young hunk blocked her at the door. "Were you really not planning on sleeping with me tonight?"

"Get out of my way."

"I can make you feel like you're drunk."

"Get lost," she said. Monica had no time to pay attention to him.

It had been a week, and Michael remained unmoved.

F*ck. Her patience was running thin.

"Believe me. I'll make it worth your while." As he spoke, the young hunk approached her.

Monica's face was full of disgust. She opened the door and prepared to leave.

Seeing that she was about to go, the young hunk hurriedly picked her up and carried her over.

Monica gritted her teeth.

“I’ll cut you if you don’t let me go!” Monica threatened.

“Don’t you think it’s a pity since you’ve spent so much money?” The hunk did not let go of her.

“You want to get your money’s worth, don’t you?!”

“Let go!” Monica shouted.

The young hunks had never dared offend her before.

It was just that he had a good impression of Monica, and he had served rich women for many years. His skills were first-class, and no rich woman had ever given him money and not slept with him. He felt that his self-esteem had been trampled on, so he could not help but ask her to stay. However, seeing Monica’s firm attitude, he did not dare convince her otherwise.

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He finally let go of Monica.

“Ah!” screamed Monica as she stood up to leave.

The young hunk was shocked to see her hair hanging on the buttons of his open white shirt.

“Don’t move. Your hair is tangled in my clothes,” the young man said quickly.

“F*ck. Hurry up and get me off.”

“Don’t be anxious.” The young hunk aided her.

It did not help that Monica was afraid of pain. Just a slight pull and she would cry out. So, during the process of the two of them pushing and pulling, they had gotten even more tangled up than before.

The two of them stood at the door, “flirting” for a long time until someone walked past them.

As the door was open, the man could see them in their entangled state. He glanced at them and walked past without a word.

Monica’s heart tightened. She did not expect to meet Finn in such a place. What was he doing here?

“Done.” The young hunk had finally untangled her hair.

Chi Mumu stood up straight and moved her head away from his bare body. She glared at him before exiting the room and walked toward the elevator. Finn was still standing there.

Upon closer inspection, she noticed that he was wearing a white coat. Did he come here to save a patient?

Why was he here alone, then? Were there no other doctors, assistants, or nurses accompanying him?

She pursed her lips tightly and walked over. Finn turned to look, sensing someone beside him.

Although Monica was wearing a windbreaker, the skimpy outfit she wore underneath was still visible, as was the hickey on her neck.

Finn turned his gaze away indifferently and waited for the elevator. Monica did not speak either and stood quietly beside him.

She wondered if she should stand beside him. Would he hate her for it? Before she could think any further, the elevator arrived.

The two of them walked in one after another. At the exact moment that Monica reached out to press the button for the first floor, Finn also reached out his hand.

Their fingers brushed.

The illusion broke as Finn pulled his hand away as quickly as it happened. His movement was very fast as if he had touched something dirty.

Monica pursed her lips.

As the elevator doors started closing, the young hunk who was with Monica suddenly ran over and stopped the elevator from closing using his hand.

“Sister,” he said, still panting.

Monica looked at him. It was so awkward with Finn standing there.

“What is it?”

The young hunk panted. “You forgot your phone. The photos of us in bed are inside. What if someone saw them?”

At that moment, Monica really wanted to vomit blood. She could not believe she had forgotten to take her phone when the purpose of capturing them was to let people see.

She snatched it from him.

“Call me.” The young hunk was very enthusiastic.

Monica really wanted to kick him.

“Take care.” The fresh meat smiled ingratiatingly.

The elevator door finally closed.

It took longer than usual to descend the building. After all, they were on the twenty-ninth floor. Monica wished she could just dig a hole in the ground at this moment. She had secretly glanced at Finn a few times, but he remained indifferent.

Perhaps she was overthinking it. What effect could she have on him? They were two strangers to Finn. At most, in Finn’s mind, she was just a woman who did not know how to behave herself.

When the elevator reached the first floor, Monica rushed to get out, wanting to leave as soon as possible. She could not bear to be in the same space as Finn, especially after the young hunk had said those explicit words.

Due to her messy footsteps, the heel of her high heels became unstable. She instinctively grabbed Finn to prevent herself from falling flat on her face. However, she found herself pushed away by someone.

She would have fallen to the ground if she had not been leaning against the elevator wall. Even at that moment, a loud noise filled the space, and it felt like the elevator was about to fall.

Monica looked at the man in front of her, dazed. Just how much strength had he used to push her away?

He strode away soon after he pushed her off him.

Monica's chin wobbled. It was not her intention to get close to Finn. Her eyes watered, but she held back her tears.

She stood up, straightened her posture, and headed out. She walked out of the hotel, prepared to take a taxi back. At the entrance, Finn seemed to be waiting for one as well.

While waiting, he made a call. "The patient is temporarily stable. I'm heading back first while Dr. White waits for the ambulance to arrive. There's a patient in the department whose condition is deteriorating and may need an emergency operation."

He seemed to be reporting to someone.

After Finn hung up the phone, a sedan car stopped in front of Monica. She was in front of Finn when she heard his phone call that he had to rush to the hospital. She was hesitating about whether or not she should let him have the car first when Finn walked over and opened the door, planning to get in.

Monica did not say anything. She only took two steps back, her meaning obvious.

"Monica." Finn suddenly called her name.

Monica raised her head and looked at him.

"Do you know what you look like right now?" Finn asked.

Monica was a little surprised. Astonished, she looked at his face full of disdain.

Before Finn could say the word, "Prostitute..."

Monica interrupted, "A b*tch, right?"

Chapter 859 Jeanne and Monica's Joint Counterattack

"A b*tch, right?"

Monica could tell what Finn was thinking by the expression on Finn's face. She saw his disdain for her.

'B*tch' was the word that hurt her the most out of all the vicious comments she had seen about her. In everyone's heart, she was the dirtiest, nastiest being to ever exist.

However, she chose to accept it calmly.

Since she was not the smartest and did not have many means, she could only use the stupidest way she could think of to solve the problem. Obviously, her plan had backfired on her a little. She had even lost herself in the midst of it all.

Her expression was very calm. Finn, on the other hand, looked stunned. Though he was quick to recover his composure and turned around to get into the taxi. Without saying another word, he left.

Monica continued staring at Finn's back in a daze. He must be even more disgusted by her now.

She stood at the entrance of the hotel, a little cold, waiting for a taxi. There were usually quite a number of cars coming and going from this hotel. However, after Finn took one and left, it took a long time before the next one came.

Her entire body was freezing from waiting. Finally, a taxi came. As she sat inside, she suddenly felt that the world was frighteningly cold. She didn't know when it started, but life seemed meaningless.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Monica glanced at the caller before casually picking it up. "Michael."

"Couldn't hold it in any longer, could you?"

"Monica, are you sure you want to keep doing this?" The other party asked her coldly.

In reality, she could not tell if he was irritable or not. After all, there were many who could hide their emotions so well that no one would be able to notice.

Michael could. Finn could do it too. She was the exception, and she did not know when she would be able to learn it.

"I'm very sure," she answered certainly.

"Just know that you forced me to do this." Michael hung up after saying this.

He was clearly threatening her, but Monica did not care.

To be frank, at the time Monica had been deeply deceived by Michael, she still had not known how sinister a human's heart could be. She did not believe that Michael was bad, but that deceiving her was the bottom line of human nature.

She always thought that the earth-shattering things Jeanne experienced would never happen to her. She had two parents who treated her very well and an impressive family background. Just from these points alone, she was much, much happier than many people.

However, she was indeed too innocent.

The next day, Cardellini Medical Technology suffered a heavy blow.

Many large hospitals and pharmacy chains began boycotting Cardellini Enterprise. They rejected their drugs one after another and requested for Cardellini Medical Technology to carry out internal rectification. Due to all of Monica's indecent photos being leaked to the pharmaceutical industry, it caused a frenzy. The sudden internal scandal caused Cardellini Enterprise, which had always taken the path of being friendly to the common people, and Cardellini Medical Technology, with its high reputation, to suffer a serious blow. Cardellini Enterprise's shareholders made a joint request to dismiss Gary, the chairman of Cardellini Enterprise and even encouraged all employees to go on strike as protest.

Cardellini Medical Technology's internal department was in absolute chaos. At this moment, another pharmaceutical company with a similar motto to that of Cardellini Medical Technology had risen out of thin air. Moreover, the pharmaceutical products sold by them were similar to Cardellini Medical Technology's as well. However, as a newly-established pharmaceutical company, it had no reputation within the medical field to back them up and was not very competitive in the internal sales market. No ordinary hospitals or pharmacies would choose to cooperate with them.

So Cardellini Enterprise did not think too much about them. After all, for so many years, there had been countless pharmaceutical companies, but none had threatened Cardellini Medical Technology sales.

It was only because of Monica's scandal this time that the entire medical industry boycotted them, giving this pharmaceutical company a loophole to develop and gain momentum.

Under both internal and external pressure, Gary could not take it anymore. Even from the start of the company's troubles, he had not told Monica anything about what he had suffered. When her parents decided to support her, they really meant it.

It was Michael who had told Cardellini Enterprise's current situation to Monica. Only then did Monica know the reason why her father had been working overtime so frequently and even staying up all night.

Chapter 859 Jeanne and Monica's Joint Counterattack

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