

She is a ceo Chapter 101

“Master Arthur is at home, but ...” Peter seemed to have some secrets that he had to hide.

Lucia finally lost her patience and took a step forward. Peter could only give way to her. She then said, “I’ll go in and look for him myself.”

Peter dared not stop Lucia, and could only follow her with a frown.

Walking into the living room, Lucia widened her eyes in shock. What was going on?

The neat living room in a simple style turned into a mess. The floor was littered with pieces of broken objects and even the paintings on the wall had been torn off.

“What happened?” Lucia immediately turned around and asked Peter behind her.

Peter opened his mouth, unable to utter a word. He just cast down his eyes to avoid eye contact with Lucia.

Lucia sighed and walked upstairs. The hallway was scattered with some objects and it looked like they were thrown to the ground by someone out of control. Thus, she sped up towards Arthur’s room, only to find that his room was empty. When she was about to ask Peter, a squeal ripped through the silence and came into every room.

“Who’s screaming?” Lucia had never heard such a frightening scream before, and her heart thumped as she asked Peter.

Peter was once again in a dilemma, and finally, he hesitantly spoke, “Miss Webb, you should better go and see yourself.”

The scream went on, so it was easy for Lucia to find its source. Lucia followed the sound to the guest room, which was the room where Juliana lived, and Lucia's eyes widened in shock again when she saw clearly.

No light was turned on in the dim room. Everything in the room was disordered, clothes were scattered on the floor and all the objects on the table were swept to the ground. The room was a complete mess, messier than the living room. But it was not the reason that she got shocked.

In the large bed placed in the room center, sitting on the edge of the bed, Arthur reached out to restrain the woman who screamed out of control and struggled while comforting her constantly in a heartbreaking voice.

"Julia, calm down. I'm Arthur. Don't be afraid, okay?"

The person screaming on the bed with messy hair and a tear-stained face was none other than Juliana!

Lucia was shocked by what she saw and it took her a long while to regain her presence of mind. Then she slowly stepped into the room and cautiously said.

"Arthur..."

Arthur suddenly looked back, his sharp eyes glinting gloomily in the dim light. And Lucia could even see the hatred and anger in them.

Lucia got startled at his gaze and stiffened.

Fear clutched at her heart.

But soon, Arthur turned around, focused on watching Juliana on the bed, and comforted her patiently, totally ignoring Lucia.

Lucia's eyes trembled slightly. Though afraid, she walked slowly toward the bed, and felt heartbroken when she saw Juliana clearly. That was not the vigorous and outgoing Juliana that Lucia knew. She was haggard with messy hair, a tear-stained face, and fright in her goggling eyes. And it was hard for Lucia to recognize her.

"Arthur, what happened to Julia?" Lucia asked with a trembling voice.

Once Lucia finished speaking, Juliana's screams and struggles came to an abrupt end.

Juliana raised her head and glared in the direction of Lucia like a ghost. It was hard to tell if Juliana had seen Lucia clearly through her tearful eyes.

Arthur had a bad hunch. He didn't think it was a good time for Lucia to come here.

As expected, Juliana jumped up from the bed when Arthur loosened his grip on her. As swift as lightning, she lunged toward Lucia. Caught off guard, Lucia was soon pressed under Juliana, and then bitten and scratched by Juliana like crazy.

"It's all your fault! It's all your fault!" Looking like a ghost, Juliana bit and scratched Lucia to vent her anger.

Lucia stiffened there and forgot to resist. If it wasn't for Arthur and Peter who pulled away Juliana quickly, Lucia would have looked more wretched than Juliana.

When the weight on her body was gone, Juliana finally felt the stinging pain on her face, neck, hand, and other parts. But the most painful thing to her was that Juliana stared at her with extreme hatred.

Arthur stopped Juliana while looking at Lucia on the floor. Teeth marks and fingernail marks were all over her body and all those wounds bled. He felt distressed, but the most important thing now was to stabilize Juliana.

“Julia, you can’t blame it all on Lucia. Calm down!” Arthur held Juliana who was writhing and shouted.

“Why not? Why can’t I blame her?” Juliana bellowed like a madman. She reached out and pointed at Lucia, “If it wasn’t for her, I wouldn’t have suffered like this! I wouldn’t! I’m so scared. I’m so scared. Arthur...” Her shouts turned into weeping. She seemed to remember something, turned around, and fell into Arthur’s arms, trembling weakly.

Arthur didn’t reply to Juliana’s question. Instead, he hugged Juliana in distress, patted her shoulder to comfort her, and said lightly.

“Julia, don’t be afraid. I am with you.”

Lucia was now like an abandoned puppet that was laid on the floor and no one cared about her.

She didn’t understand Juliana’s accusation or Arthur’s gaze at her. After a long while, Juliana’s weeping turned into sobs. Then she quieted down and drifted into sleep in tears.

Arthur then carefully carried Juliana who lost a lot of weight in a few days to the bed and patted her arm by the bed. Even in her sleep, Juliana still clutched the hem of his shirt

The puppet, Lucia, moved. Drifting in her thoughts for a long while, she finally pulled herself out of her head, slowly got up, and stared blankly at Arthur with her charming eyes.

Juliana's breath gradually turned even, and her grip on Arthur's clothes was loosened. Only then did Arthur turn to look at Lucia, with mixed emotions in his affectionate eyes.

"Just leave." Arthur's cold voice broke the silence.

"Arthur, I ..." Lucia was interrupted by Arthur before she could finish.

"Please leave!" His cold voice was tinged with displeasure. Then Arthur turned back to stare at the sleeping Juliana.

Staring in shock at Arthur for a long time, Lucia trembled a bit, and then slowly turned around in exhaustion. She didn't feel any pain from the wounds on her body, but the sharp pain in her heart was so strong and brutal.