

TMBA 1411

CHAPTER 1411 ANNOUNCE OUR MARRIAGE

The moment the news came out, Chantel was afraid it could have a negative impact on her and the Leonard family. Therefore, she immediately requested that the news should be suppressed, resulting in only a few people who saw it. However, if she posted a statement on Weibo now, wouldn't everyone get to know about it anyway?

Noticing her lack of response, Gifford got a little angry. "What? Is it too hard for you to do that?"

Chantel shook her head and said, "Of course not. I'll do it right now."

Satisfied with her promise, Gifford put Hugo on the floor and patted him on the head. "Go to your mother!"

Hugo looked at his dad in confusion. He was in his mother's arms just now. He didn't understand why his father would bring him here and ask him to go to his mother again. Nevertheless, the boy still walked over to Chantel's side obediently.

Gifford stood still as he watched Chantel contact her agent. In little time, the actress requested that the photo of her property ownership certificate was sent to her.

After that, she called Red. As soon as he picked up, she glanced at Gifford and naturally pulled Hugo aside before asking in a low voice, "Red, did you see the news about us?"

"Well, I did. But didn't you have it suppressed already? Some paparazzi are really shameless. They not only took our photos but also made up stories," he said angrily.

"Well, who owns your house? Here is the thing..." She briefly explained the whole situation to Red. He was already a good friend to her because of the relationship between Erica and Orange. Hence, he was aware that she had got married in secret a few years ago.

Understanding how much trouble the news brought to Chantel and that now she would have to clarify it, Red willingly cooperated and sent her the photo of his property ownership certificate.

A couple of hours later, she received a text with the photos of the two property ownership certificates.

After getting off the shower, she blurred half of the addresses on both certificates and uploaded them on Weibo with the following caption—"Hello, neighbor!"

Red, who had been keeping an eye on Chantel's Weibo account, shared and commented on the news as soon as she posted it. "Hey, neighbor, I'll go downstairs to your apartment and have a free meal one of these days! I hope you won't mind."

The whole purpose of the comments and posts were to explain the nature of Red and Chantel's relationship to the public. It turned out they were just neighbors, one living upstairs and the other downstairs. But Gifford wasn't happy once he read their exchange of comments online.

The man walked into their bedroom with his phone as Chantel dried her hair and read the comments on Weibo. When she noticed her husband's presence, she thought he might not have seen her post yet, so she told him, "Hey, I've explained everything just now."

Gifford threw his phone aside and calmly sat on the bed. "He will go downstairs to your apartment to have a free meal one of these days? Chantel, am I that easy to fool?"

"Gifford, you know he was just cracking a joke." She couldn't help but feel he was being unfair.

At that moment, Gifford beckoned to her. Holding the towel she was using to dry her hair, Chantel obediently stepped forward until she was standing in front of him.

Quickly, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

She jolted forward, and before she could see it, she was sitting on his lap. In order to regain her balance, Chantel grabbed his arms and blushed at the touch.

"Did you often have meals together?" he asked.

Chantel shook her head immediately. "No, we didn't. Don't take it the wrong way."

Gifford raised her chin so that she was looking him in the eye and warned her, "I hope you are not lying to me." "What?"

Of course I'm not lying. Don't think too much about it. Red and I are just regular friends. If you don't believe me, you can ask Rika about it."

Gifford seemed determined to make things difficult for her. "Why should I ask Rika about it? She's not with you every day. How could she know everything you do? Besides, between you and me, she doesn't take me as her brother but you as her sister. She would have no problem helping you to deceive me!"

After Erica ran away for four years, he never knew where she was even though he was her brother. Chantel, on the other hand, had always known Erica's whereabouts. Gifford was heartbroken when he learned that.

Chantel asked him patiently, "Then tell me, what should I do to make you believe that there is nothing between me and Red?"

"It's easy." Gifford smiled. "All you need to do is announce our marriage."

At first, Chantel didn't know what to say.

But after thinking it through for a long time, she felt that it was too sudden to announce such big news. In the end, she refused Gifford's idea on the excuse that she needed time.

Furious, Gifford couldn't stop thinking that this woman was getting more and more disobedient with time. First, she stood him up. Then, this gossip about her being with another man came out. Now, he asked her to announce their marriage, but she refused. He thought she needed to be taught a lesson as soon as possible.

In the meantime, Chantel didn't think she was on vacation at all. She wanted to spend more time with her son during the day and sleep more at night, but Gifford wouldn't let her sleep at all. After two days of supposed rest, she seemed more tired than she was at work.

At the entrance of Hilton Group, two Bentley cars stopped at the front.

Immediately, four children in blue rushed out of the vehicles, each carrying a limited edition toy 66K assault rifle.

The kids ran inside the company's first floor in a line from the youngest to the eldest before Erica could even get out of the car.

She wanted to stop the four boys, but they were fast. By the time she walked into the company, they were already inside the CEO's exclusive elevator.

Erica sighed helplessly. She came to see Matthew, but as the four children didn't have to go to the kindergarten that morning, she decided to bring them along.

However, she was beginning to regret her decision. If she had known it would be so tiring and troublesome to bring the boys, she would have come alone.

After taking another elevator to the CEO's floor, she heard from afar the children's laughter coming from the office.

Quickening her pace, she reached the CEO's office door and opened it. Once she was in, she found herself in front of a peculiar scene. While their sons' fired water pellets with their toy guns, Matthew was fast to dodge their attacks. Despite the children's efforts, none of them could hit their father. Yet, there were traces of water pellets left on the walls, the floor...everywhere.

Adkins was the first one to surrender. "Forget it. This is boring, we can't hit Dad!"

Boswell looked at his brother and decided to put down his toy gun as well. "Colman, Damian. Adkins is right. Don't shoot. Let's clean up the office."

Unwilling to give up, Colman didn't listen to him and shot his dad two more times. Matthew dodged quickly, letting the water pellets hit the floor.

Frustrated, the little boy put away his toy gun and promised, "Dad, I'll make it one day!"

Matthew looked at the kids and said, "Then you should practice harder. But first, go to the cleaner and get the tools to clean up the office."

"Alright!" the four boys answered in unison. The four kids turned around all at the same time with the guns in their hands. When Matthew couldn't see their faces anymore, they looked at each other.

The quadruplets had a tacit understanding among themselves. They could tell what each other wanted with a single exchange of glances.

Now, for example, after putting the toy guns aside, Adkins and Boswell suddenly ran towards the man who was ready to greet his wife.

"Dad, give us a hug!" Adkins said.

"Dad, it suddenly occurred to me that I missed you so much!" Boswell confessed.

Looking at the two kids, Matthew knew they were up to something. He then turned to find Colman and Damian raising their toy guns.

But as Matthew was older and wiser, he promptly understood what their intentions were.

CHAPTER 1412 COLMAN'S WIFE

Matthew, however, changed his mind all of a sudden and decided to let his sons shoot him. While he held two of his sons in both arms, he smiled as his other two boys aimed their toy guns at him. They each took a shot, hitting Matthew successfully with two water pellets.

Colman couldn't contain his laughter as he clapped his hands with joy. "We did it!"

Damian followed suit, as he proudly brandished his toy gun towards his father. "Dad, you got fooled by us, didn't you?"

The other two boys grabbed onto Matthew's shoulders as tightly as they could. Adkins shouted at Colman and Damian, "Hurry up and get Dad again! Shoot him two more times. We won't get this chance again."

Boswell grunted and said, "We've got him. Do it now!"

Much to their surprise, Matthew acted quickly and used his sons to block the shot causing the water pellets to hit Boswell and Adkins on the butt.

This time, it was Matthew's turn to laugh, but Erica was quicker than him. When she saw what had happened to the boys, she burst into a derisive laughter.

Boswell pouted his lips and complained, "Dad, how could you use your own sons to shield yourself away from the water pellets? We are just kids!"

Matthew was very amused by Boswell's annoyance and he replied, "Don't forget that you set me up first!" To put it bluntly, the boy was just like his mother—always unreasonable.

However, Adkins secretly winked at Colman, who upon receiving his brother's signal did not hesitate to shoot the man on the leg while he was busy talking to Boswell.

"Yeah! I did it again!"

The four kids were genuinely proud of themselves for successfully bullying Matthew. They jumped with excitement and rejoiced at their victory over their father. For a brief moment, the atmosphere in the CEO's office became lively and vibrant.

After a while, Matthew feigned seriousness and said, "All right, boys! Go get some towels and clean up this mess now!"

Adkins straightened up and saluted his dad. "Yes, sir!"

Boswell chimed in as well, "We will not fail our mission!"

Colman, however, stuck his tongue out at his father and ran to grab his leg, tugging at him like a spoiled child. "Dad, I don't want to clean up. Can I just ask the cleaning lady to clean this up?" he begged.

Damian paused to think for a while. Before Matthew could say anything, Damian pulled Colman back and said, "I'm sure the cleaning lady has a lot of work to do. Let's just clean this place up ourselves! Come on, Colman, it's not that hard."

Colman had no other choice but to give in, as he sighed and said, "All right! I'll help clean up this mess. Dad, don't forget to thank me later!"

Matthew was deeply confused, wondering whether Erica's genes were stronger than his. After all, Colman was behaving exactly like her—difficult and unreasonable.

Meanwhile, the woman who gave birth to the four boys was sitting on the sofa and playing with her cell phone, as if she were completely oblivious to what was happening there.

When the children went to get the cleaning towels, Matthew sat next to her and asked, "Why don't you say something to your sons?"

Erica looked at him and shook her head decisively. "Don't you think they are troublesome enough as it is? If I dare to say something, each of them will say two things in return and that will only make your head hurt even more." Matthew nodded silently in agreement. It seemed as though she was right!

This was the disadvantage of having four children—sometimes they could be a handful.

Without the help of the cleaning lady, the little boys diligently cleaned up the mess in the CEO's office which was, in fact, in a mess because of them.

While Matthew went to the lounge to get changed before he took his family and left the company, under the envious eyes of those around them.

The commercial building of Hilton Group in Alorith was next to the headquarters of Hilton Group. Erica was renting a workspace in the commercial building to develop her photography career.

In the commercial building

Looking at the 12th floor of the commercial building that had been cleared up for her, Erica sighed and looked at her husband with adoration. "Wow, the location of this building is great. Fortunately, I don't have to pay any rent. Otherwise, I would be spending all my earning on just the rent itself!"

Matthew looked away from the children and put his arm around her shoulder. "That's ridiculous. Have you ever heard of an owner who pays himself rent?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

Erica was taken by confusion.

Matthew smiled at her affectionately and said, "Don't you remember? I promised to give you everything I own. Well, from now on you officially own everything I could ever give to you. This building actually belongs to you now."

"What? No way!" Erica was clearly stunned and she couldn't believe her ears.

"Yes, you heard me right. Remember, a promise is a promise. I've already asked someone to decorate the space according to your taste. Aren't the kids supposed to participate in an autumn sports meeting the day after tomorrow? After the sports meeting, I'll bring you to take photos of the aurora, okay?" Matthew said in a gentle voice.

"Aurora? At this time of the year?" The woman's eyes lit up at the mention of this topic!

The man nodded. "I found a place where people can see the aurora all year round. Do you want to go there?"

"Of course I do!" In fact, Matthew didn't even need to ask her. Erica had been itching to take photos of the aurora for as long as she could remember.

With a tender look in his eyes, Matthew kissed her on the lips and said, "Okay, we can go together in two days!"

"Dad, Mom! What are you doing?" asked Colman, as he stared at them in confusion, looking back and forth between the two people and scratching the back of his head in confusion. Erica immediately averted her son's question and changed the topic. "Where are your brothers?"

"They are playing over there. Mom, didn't you say that a boy shouldn't kiss a girl so casually? I've seen Dad kiss you secretly several times. How come he is allowed to kiss you?" Much to Erica's disappointment, Colman wasn't so easy to stave off.

Matthew, however, looked at Erica with a smug look on his face and told his son, "Your mother must have forgotten to tell you something."

"What is that?"

"A man can kiss his wife as much as he wants to. It's not against the moral principles, let alone the law for a man to love his wife!" Matthew explained seriously.

The boy nodded his head despite traces of confusion still painted over his face. "Dad, what about other people's wives? Can I kiss them?"

Erica burst into laughter immediately. "Of course not!"

Matthew sighed and sat down to help his son understand. "Let's compare your wife to the toy gun in your hand. You can play with your own gun as much as you like, right?"

"Yes!"

"What if it belongs to someone else? You shouldn't touch something that belongs to someone else without their permission, right?" Matthew looked at him expectantly.

"Right!"

"Good!" Matthew gently patted the boy's head. At least, his son was smart enough to understand that.

Then, Colman asked another question. "What if I ask for permission? Will I be able to play with their toys then?"

"Well, sure." Matthew, however, forgot to add, "But that doesn't apply to women."

As such, many years later, Colman ended up asking one of his friends, "Can I kiss your woman?"

His friend, however, thought that he was just joking, so he decided to play along and said, "Sure!"

Unfortunately for him, Colman wasn't joking and he kissed his friend's woman.

The two friends ended up turning against each other almost immediately and engaged in a fierce fight on the spot. After that incident, they hardly kept in touch with each other.

Later, that woman eventually became Colman's wife and his friend's ex-girlfriend.

On the day of the autumn sports meeting, in order to allow every child to participate in the activity, Matthew took his three friends to attend the game, while Erica cheered for them in the crowd.

Joshua had Adkins in his arms, while Harmon was holding Boswell. Sheffield and Colman were in the same group, while Matthew himself was holding Damian, his youngest son, in his arms.

CHAPTER 1413 WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS

The eight dashing, handsome men—four adults and four small boys, participating in the fun activities caused a massive stir at the kindergarten. After one of the teachers uploaded a video of them playing with each other on the Internet, the number of followers on her social media account grew at an astounding rate.

Netizens all over the city sent private messages to the teacher asking her to upload more videos of the four little boys from the Hilton family.

Some ambitious agent even made the mistake of asking Matthew whether he would allow his sons to make a public appearance at a dinner party.

It only took one cold glance from Matthew's eyes for the agent to make himself scarce almost immediately.

Just as Matthew had promised, after the autumn sports meeting of the four boys, he took Erica to Mipburg for a few days so she could take as many photos of the aurora as her heart desired.

After returning from a refreshing vacation at Mipburg, Erica went straight to work with her camera.

At the studio, Erica kept pressing the shutter, fingers dressed in a pair of white gloves. "Move a little to the right...move...move..."

"Erica!" The subject of Erica's photography, a ravishing beauty, called out to her angrily.

Erica pulled her face away from the camera and replied, "Noreen, you are so impatient! I feel bad for all the photographers that have had to work with you in the past!"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Noreen glared at her angrily.

If it weren't for the fact that Dylan's previous group of photos had caused a sensation, Noreen wouldn't have been forced to ask her agent to contact EM.

However, it wasn't actually EM that Noreen had a problem with. She was just mad because no one had told her before that the best photographer in the industry right now was Erica.

"Do you want your photos taken or not? I don't have time to waste on you. There are still many people who are waiting for me to take photos of them!" Erica sneered. The contempt in her words clearly indicated that she did not even want to be in the same room as Noreen as the two of them were rivals in love. However, Erica couldn't let Matthew lose his face to Noreen for her sake.

Erica realized it would be better to rely on herself and figure things out on her own.

With an air of arrogance around her, Noreen rolled her eyes at Erica and said, "I'm thirsty. I need to take a break. Somebody, please get me a bottle of water."

The male assistant who was on standby next to her immediately brought a bottle of water, and considerately unscrewed the cap before handing the bottle to her.

After resting for more than ten minutes, Noreen didn't feel like continuing the shoot. Instead, she leaned back on the lounge chair and started playing games on her phone.

Having lost her patience, Erica quickly glanced at her wristwatch and stood up. "If you don't wish to continue, I can send someone else to take your photos. But you'll still have to pay what we've agreed."

Noreen smirked at her contemptuously and retorted in a cold voice, "Why should I pay you if you're not going to take my photos? Are you really that hard up for money?"

"You are the one who asked for me. I could easily be working with my other clients right now. You may have nothing better to do than to waste my time, but I don't have time to waste on you," Erica said in a cold voice.

"Did I hire you to act in such an unprofessional manner?" Noreen knew that she wouldn't get a chance like this to bully Erica again, so she was ready to make the most of the situation.

Instead of getting angry, however, Erica smiled and said, "Unprofessional? You know what? Noreen, my fists are itching to punch something. Would you like to take some hits for me?"

As the two quarreled, the atmosphere in the studio began to intensify. In utter disbelief, Noreen looked

at her and asked, "Erica, is this how Mrs. Hilton is expected to act? You are threatening to beat me. Where are your manners?"

"I don't need to be civil with an unscrupulous person like you. You want to talk about manner? Why don't you come here and I'll show you what manners are with my fists?" Erica said as she took off the camera strap from her neck and quickly pulled out her gloves before throwing them on the table. She was just getting ready to teach Noreen a lesson.

Fortunately, there were several other employees in the studio. When they noticed that Erica was just about to make a scene, they rushed over to stop her.

Some of them started blaming Noreen. "Noreen, this sort of behavior is something we didn't expect from you. How could you act like this when Erica took the time to take your photos?"

With a ferocious glare at the speaker's face, Noreen said, "Who do you think you are? How dare you say that to me!"

Just then, Noreen's phone rang.

Erica caught the subtle yet noticeable change of expression on Noreen's face when she saw who the caller was. Then, after Noreen took a deep breath, she exited the studio with her phone to her face.

"Noreen... Noreen!" The assistant called her name several times, but Noreen didn't respond.

With an embarrassed look on his face, the assistant then turned around to face Erica and stammered, "Erica... I'm so sorry..."

However, Erica's attention was completely focused on Noreen's phone call. She waved at Noreen's assistant perfunctorily and said, "Don't worry about it. Please, excuse me, I'll be back."

"Okay, thank you, Erica. I'm really sorry." The assistant was very grateful to Erica for not taking offense in Noreen's behavior, while he cursed at Noreen silently.

When Erica stepped out of the studio, she immediately looked around and found Noreen disappearing into a corner with her phone.

Erica took out her phone and pretended to make a call.

Before long, she could hear Noreen's voice which meant that she was getting closer. "Ask them to unload the goods from the ship, and wait for my orders..."

Just then, a voice came from behind and took Erica by surprise. "Erica, it's really you. Nice to meet you!"

Erica's heart skipped a beat as she quickly put the phone back to her ear before turning around and

yelling at the person. "Hello, I'm here to answer a phone call!"

"Well, Erica, please go on ahead with your call."

Erica nodded and pretended to be talking to the other end of the line. She continued to walk inside with her phone, as if she didn't know that there was a woman in the room. "I don't know either. Well, how about..."

Suddenly, Erica turned around and noticed Noreen, who was staring at her expressionlessly, with a hint of malice in her eyes.

The two looked at each other with great intensity. This time, Erica rolled her eyes at her and walked away.

When Noreen came back, Erica was already waiting for her. When she saw the woman coming in, Erica said angrily, "Where have you been? I'm giving you another chance. If you don't want to continue, I'll leave!"

Noreen's eyes swept over her face. Soon, Erica felt guilty as soon as Noreen took a few glances at her. She covered her guilt with impatience. "What are you looking at? Don't you hear what I said?"

An awkward silence permeated the air in the studio. This was the first time anyone who worked with Noreen watched someone else treat her like that. In fact, they had to admit that they felt great when Erica treated Noreen like that.

Although Noreen's agent was furious at Erica's attitude, it didn't matter. Since Noreen herself didn't want to fight back, her agent decided to avoid more problems.

This time, Noreen didn't argue with Erica. She returned to the front of the camera and continued to shoot with Erica.

After an hour and half, an exhausted Erica put down her camera and waved at Noreen's agent. "I'll go back to edit these photos on Photoshop. I'll give them to you in a week."

As she started to pack her equipment in her bag, a bodyguard quickly came over to help carry the camera bag and walked out of the studio.

The driver opened the car door for Erica. Just as she was about to get in, she was stopped. "Erica!" someone called out. Erica could tell that it was Noreen without turning back.

Erica turned around and looked at Noreen in confusion. "Isn't the shooting over? What is it now?"

With an unreadable smile on her face, Noreen walked towards her and said, "There's a coffee shop next door. Why don't we go there? I'd like to invite you to a cup of coffee, Erica."

CHAPTER 1414 A LIVING HELL

Noreen invited Erica out to coffee. Since they weren't friends, Erica doubted her intentions. 'That's strange. She must have some kind of ulterior motive. What's she up to?' Erica thought for a bit. She shook her head decisively. "I'm sorry. Hilton Group owns too many coffee shops as it is, most of them mediocre. Whenever Matthew is at home with me, he grinds the beans so that I can have a fresh cup. I'm really not in the mood for coffee right now.

Even thinking about going out to the average cafe makes me hurl!" Noreen was furious. 'Listen to her! She's literally bragging about her rich husband!' Despite that, she continued, "Coffee not your thing? No problem! There's a teahouse nearby..."

"No. my husband owns tons of tea factories. After the tea is picked and packed, the bags of tea leaves are piled high like mountains in our warehouses. I never want for tea. But I feel bad for you, Noreen. You have to go to a public place like a teahouse to drink tea? I would have thought a famous actress like yourself wouldn't have to do that. How about this? Since you've been so nice to me, I'll ask someone to send you a few pounds of our finest tea, so you can see how the other half lives," Erica offered.

Flames of fury were burning in Noreen's eyes. "Honestly, you're just a terrible bitch!"

"What? A bitch? Moi? Noreen, why are you acting like this?" Erica said, pretending to be hurt. "I offered you some of our best tea, and you call me names? Wow! Just—wow. I'm not sure what bug crawled in your panties, but that's no reason to take it out on me!"

"Erica!" Noreen was so angry she forgot that she was a public figure. Her rep could be damaged by losing it like this. She strode over and raised her hand to slap Erica.

But before she could do anything, a bodyguard came out, gripped Noreen's wrist tightly and threw her to the ground. He was anything but gentle.

Noreen fell to the ground awkwardly, and her eyes were full of defiance. "Erica, you'll pay for humiliating me like this! I'll make your life a living hell!"

Erica walked past the bodyguards, squatted down and looked at her with a smug grin. "Oooh, I'm shaking in my boots, Noreen. Don't worry. After we're done here, we're done, period. Find another photographer. Maybe they'll be okay with being slapped around."

Then she stood up and got into the car.

After the car left, her agent helped Noreen up.

Looking at the car zooming away in the distance, she took out her cell phone and dialed a number. "Hey, it's me. I messed with Erica just now. She shouldn't suspect a thing."

After Michel had said his piece on the other end, she nodded and ended the call.

Erica heaved a sigh of relief when Noreen disappeared from her rearview mirror. She took out her phone and dialed a number. "Send people to every dock in the city. Yeah, you heard right. I want detailed reports on every ship coming and going."

Back to the villa, Erica turned on her camera and checked the photos she shot today. She was annoyed just looking at them. She really didn't want to touch up the photos for Noreen. It disgusted her looking at the woman, but it was her job.

'Dammit! Forget it. Work is work, and I shouldn't bring my personal feelings into it. I better start working.'

Erica had a good work ethic, and was a consummate professional. This collection of Noreen's photos caused quite a stir after they were released, just like Dylan's photos did. Erica was quite the photographer, and knew what she was doing.

Everyone knew the photographer was EM, which made it even more exciting. She was getting famous for her photos.

Matthew's team was quite efficient, and delivered the design sketches for Erica's new studio. The next step was to figure out decorations. Erica didn't really care about that. She just needed to make sure everything went smoothly. Matthew didn't need to worry about the decorations either. A group of interior designers were responsible for that.

The members of the Violet Eagles had been dispatched to the 45 or so docks in the city. They were keeping tabs on them for about a week before they found something unusual at one of the docks. It was a smaller one, and a historic site to boot.

When Erica received the phone call from her associates, she was playing hide and seek with her four kids. Everywhere in the villa was fair game—upstairs, downstairs, didn't matter. Damian was busy trying to find his mother, who was hiding. When he heard her phone go off, he knew where she was. He found her in the 2nd floor collection room.

"That was too easy, Mom!" Damian said. Holding her hand, he walked downstairs with her.

"Yes, you're so smart. I love to be beaten by you!" said Erica with a big smile.

"Ha-ha! You're smart too, Mom," Damian said.

When the mother and son arrived at the first floor, Erica told the kids, "I have something to deal with now, so Mommy can't stick around. You can play a little longer and after that, you need to go upstairs with the nanny and sleep, okay?"

The four kids answered at the same time, "Okay, Mommy!" This wasn't their first rodeo. Plus, they were

getting bored with hide and seek.

They were only playing the game to make their mother happy, anyway. Their mom suggested it, and they went along with it. They had other things they liked to do, like board games or coloring.

After making sure the kids were good, Erica changed her clothes and left the villa in a hurry.

There was already a car waiting for her at the gate. She got in the car, and Edward was waiting in the passenger seat. He snapped to attention and gave her his report. "There was nothing unusual about the manifest. Just several tons of wing powder. But there were several attacks reported around that area. Our people found that if someone got too close, they got jumped. If our guys hadn't had to use the bathroom and found those thugs hiding, they could have easily walked into a trap."

There were people lurking around the boat? What was so important they were willing to attack others to protect it? There was definitely something unusual.

The dock was about an hour's drive from the Pearl Villa District. When they arrived, the dockhands had almost finished unloading the goods. They had seven or eight trucks loaded up with goods. They were ready to enter the city.

Erica's car stopped at an inconspicuous spot on the roadside. Erica, dressed all in black, got out of the car first. They weren't about to do anything stupid. It was dark, yes, and the others guarding the boat hadn't left yet.

She quickly climbed to the roof of the car, took the night vision telescope from Edward and scanned the dock.

The view at night was not that good, but thanks to the lights on the dock, they could just barely see people moving over there.

The last group of people got in the same minibus and followed the other trucks, intending to leave the marina.

Erica still wanted to see the people left on the dock, but suddenly a loud roar came from off to the side. "Who's there?"

'Holy crap! I've been made!' Erica folded the telescope and threw it to Edward. She jumped from the car with one hand on the roof.

She got inside as fast as she could. At the same time, the driver started the vehicle up. When everyone piled in, they turned around and left.

But it was too late.

The hapless thug stumbled out of the bathroom. His stomach felt better, but he ran into a suspicious car. After finding a suitable hiding place, he made a call. Dozens of people appeared in the darkness and blocked the road.

Fortunately, Erica and her associates had removed the license plate of their car before they came here. The lights of the car shone on them, and dozens of people with batons stood in the middle of the road, blocking their way.

Erica rolled down the window and looked behind her. The lead car had about the same number of thugs as the car behind them. If there was any difference between the two cars, Erica couldn't see it.

The driver was a little nervous, and fidgeted anxiously. "Erma, what should we do?"

Erica did some quick calculations. There were only three of them in the car, and she couldn't defeat all of them. Ten people was a little unfair, and she'd be outmatched. She decisively ordered, "Slow down, honk, and speed over!"

Receiving the order, the driver honked the horn and plowed into the crowd. They didn't seem to hear the horn. But they stretched out their arms to cover their sight because of the dazzling light.

Edward said to the driver, "Alternate the high and low beams! Do it now!"

The driver turned on the lights. The high beams were so dazzling that the people in front of the car couldn't open their eyes for a moment.

CHAPTER 1415 YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE

Taking advantage of the opportunity, the driver slowed down and plowed into several other gangsters, knocking them over or sending them scattering. The car was finally home free.

The people who were hit by the car rolled on the ground a few times. Because of how slow the driver was going, they were in no danger. But they did suffer minor cuts and bruises.

The driver reacted quickly and threw the car into a higher gear.

Before the three people in the car could celebrate, they saw two cars bringing up the rear. They were reinforcements for the thugs, and it was obvious the thugs were coming for them.

The driver was forced to speed up again.

Seeing one of the cars gaining on them, the driver shouted, "Sit tight!"

The driver veered left, then right. Unable to shake his pursuers, he braked—hard. Erica clenched the handle of the car door quickly, just as the car was hit. Bang!

The driver of the other car had no time to slow down and slammed into Erica's car. Unprepared for the impact, he careened off the road, steering wildly, trying to regain control.

Both sides of the road were surrounded by the sea, and there was no guardrail. The car rushed off the road and ran aground on the rocks. The wheels were stuck in the rock cracks. That was one pursuer down, one to go!

There was only a single car chasing them. Erica's driver headed for the city again. When they got downtown, they ran a red light. A big red truck was bearing down on them.

Fortunately, their car flew past, narrowly missing the truck. The other car was not so lucky. They heard the screech of brakes, the sound of shattering glass, and a loud bang! The truck couldn't stop in time, and tore the smaller vehicle to shreds. The two people inside were killed on the spot.

Having escaped her pursuers, Erica breathed a sigh of relief. She patted her chest to calm her hammering heart.

Just then, the phone in her pocket vibrated. It was Matthew calling. "Where are you?" he asked as soon as the call was connected.

Erica rolled down the window and looked out. "Out and about. I'm on my way home now. See you soon!"

"Out and about?" he asked.

"Yeah." Erica asked, "Are you home now?"

"Hmm."

She smiled sweetly and said, "Wait for me at home. I'll be right there!"

"I'll be waiting."

After hanging up the phone, Erica turned to Edward. "Get rid of this car. Those thugs will figure out who owns this vehicle. I'll wire the money to you tomorrow and you can get another one."

"Yes, ma'am."

The driver found an intersection without a surveillance camera and asked Erica and Edward to get out of the car. Then he left the figures alone as he drove a short way to an empty alley.

He popped the hood, and pulled the transmission lines till they broke free of their moorings and leaked fluid all over the engine block. Then he took a lighter from his pocket, lit it and threw it into the car. In an instant, flames roared to life.

About five minutes after Erica and Edward got in the taxi they hailed, they could hear the car explode. And felt it, too. It was not quiet, nor was it subtle.

Arriving at the Pearl Villa District, Edward got out of the taxi and whispered in Erica's ear for a while, then got back in the taxi and left.

In the villa

Matthew had already taken a shower and was waiting for his wife in the bedroom. Erica went to check on her sons, who were all sound asleep.

Erica walked into the bedroom. Clad in pajamas, Matthew sat on the bed talking on the phone. He said a hasty goodbye to the person on the other end when he saw his wife.

Erica walked over and wrapped her arms around his neck, acting like a spoiled child. "Honey."

The man looked at the woman in black sportswear and asked in a cold voice, "Where were you? I've been waiting a long time."

"Well, I..." Erica hesitated. She didn't know if she should tell him the truth, but since he asked, she guessed he already knew the answer. "You look guilty. Something I should know?"

Matthew suddenly tightened his grip around her and said angrily, "Erica, if you do this kind of thing again, I'll skin you alive!"

The woman was frightened by the anger in his eyes. She immediately sat on his lap and held him in her arms, trying to comfort him. "I didn't do anything. Just a little recon. I didn't do anything to attract their attention, either. I thought I was at a safe distance from them. But they still found me and took off after me." When she thought about it, she figured out it might be the red dot that blinked on the night vision binoculars. The more she thought about it, the more it made sense. They gave away their own position.

Matthew's sullen face didn't soften any because of her words. He put his hand on top of her head, fingers at her temples, and turned her head to face him. He wanted her to look him in the eye. "Aren't you trying to find Kirk's boss? From now on, I'll take care of it. Don't get involved! You could have been killed!"

Erica was shocked. "You know everything?" How did he know? She didn't remember telling him about this.

"If I want to know something, I will find out," Matthew said curtly.

'He's bragging!' The woman blinked, a mischievous expression on her face. "You didn't know where I was, did you? So, all-knowing one, why didn't you know that? Or maybe you didn't want to know where

I was."

Embarrassment flashed across Matthew's face. "You're the only one who's able to hide from me!"

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but admire Erica. After all, the Hilton family and the Leonard family couldn't find her even though they pooled their resources.

"All right, all right. But you know I'm going out again, right? You can't stop me." The woman became instantly serious, looking the man in the eye.

"No way!" He refused directly without hesitation.

If he hadn't figured out where she was tonight and sent a big truck along to handle the situation, he couldn't guarantee Erica would sit on his lap so easily. She might even be in the hospital if he hadn't intervened.

Leaning her head on his shoulder, Erica asked, "Honey, did I ever tell you what happened to Orange?"

The man didn't say anything, which meant no.

"He was one of the first people we came across after we got out of the slum. He was so kind to me. Tessie and I lived near their film studio then. When he came out to relax during his break, he saw me and my belly was so huge. He hadn't seen me in a long time. I'd changed a lot. He didn't recognize me at all, so he didn't come over and say hi..."

Thinking of the past, the woman's tears fell silently along the corner of her eyes, and her voice trembled slightly. "A lot of things happened then... He often went to visit Tessie and me after filming or on breaks. He infiltrated the FC group so we could all hang out together. The four people in that group also took good care of me. They knew I was pregnant, so they wanted to protect me. Tessie and I were invited to Orange's birthday party.

Then something bad happened at that night. I'll never forget what he did back there. It's one of the nicest things anyone's ever done. Kirk and his men were mad at me, and started making threats. They had guns and weren't afraid to use them. Orange stopped me from going out there, and took the blame himself."

Matthew knew what happened after that. Orange went to prison, and before anyone could bail him out, his old disease came back with a vengeance. He died in that cold cell.

"I swore on his grave that I would find Kirk's boss and bring the man to justice to comfort Orange's soul. Since then, I've been trying to find out where they are. I'll track them to the ends of the earth if I have to. After three years, we finally caught the members of his gang. With your help, of course. And the big bad is still running around free. In order to find him, Chantel and I have spent a lot of time and effort trying to grow our numbers, making new contacts, establishing new supply chains.

If you won't let me do this, then that doesn't make me feel any better. I vowed to avenge him."

The man wiped the woman's tears and glanced at her coldly. "Crying for another man? You have some nerve! Maybe I should teach you a lesson!"

CHAPTER 1416 THE BENEFACTOR OF THE HILTON AND LEONARD FAMILIES

"If it weren't for Orange, I would have been put behind bars. I owe him a lot. In fact, I don't know if I would be able to get out of there at all if it weren't for him. Can you imagine what would have happened if your sons were born in a jail cell? I didn't even know where they would be taken after they were born. We both owe Orange for the lives of our boys!"

Erica said seriously. If Matthew allowed Erica to continue, he wondered whether she would make it seem like Orange had been a benefactor to both the Hilton and Leonard families?

Sure enough, before he could speak, Erica wiped her tears with the back of her hand and continued, "Just thinking about it makes me nervous. I wouldn't be able to sleep at night because of the guilt. If I had somehow managed to get out of jail, the first thing I would do is find my sons. If I had failed to find them, I would have come back to ask you for help. Surely, if the Hilton and Leonard families knew that their grandsons were missing, they would have lost sleep, same as me. So, technically, if you think about it, Orange is the benefactor of both the Hilton family and the Leonard family." Lo and behold, Erica had managed to make it look like Orange was the benefactor of the two families.

"Since Orange has been of great help to both of the families, each family will send one person to avenge him. Gifford is chosen from the Leonard family and the person from the Hilton family is me. You don't need to get yourself involved in all this. You should just focus on running your studio and finally finishing school," Matthew dismissed her.

Erica had delayed her study because she had run away from home for more than three years. However, as education was paramount, they had reached an agreement to let her go to school for further study.

Erica was stunned by Matthew's response. The only reason why she took the time to explain everything to him was that she wanted him to know how much the matter of avenging Orange meant to her. Why was Matthew making light of the situation? Why was he so unsupportive of her wish to avenge Orange?

In the end, however, Erica managed to persuade Matthew to agree with her, despite his reluctance, using both hard and soft tactics. But they agreed that Matthew would always accompany her in person if she were to take action in the future.

In another villa in Alorith

Michel slowly pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and stared pensively at the red wine in the glass. Behind his glasses, there was unconcealed viciousness in his eyes. "What's wrong with the truck?"

The man next to him reported, "We've checked the truck, and there was nothing wrong with it. The car our men were chasing was the first one to run a red light, and our men's car was just behind it. Then our men's car crashed into the truck."

Two of their people died on the spot, but the truck driver survived the crash with minor injuries.

If their people hadn't died, they would have caught up to the people they were chasing and who knew what would have happened after that.

"So there was nothing wrong with the truck?" Michel asked.

"I believe so."

"What can you tell me about that car?"

"We checked the surveillance footage and found that it was a very common black sedan, but we couldn't find any other information because there was no license plate on the car. By the time our people found the car, it had burned to ashes."

Furious, Michel smashed the glass against the wall, spilling red wine all over the floor. "I've been doing this since I was twenty years old and I've never let the cat out of the bag, let alone let the police sniff something on me." Now, because of Kirk, several forces were secretly investigating him.

At present, the prime suspect in his eyes was Erica. The reason why Michel suspected Erica was that two days before she came back from Tow Village, Kirk and his men were arrested.

The easiest way to untangle this mess was to ask Kirk if their capture had anything to do with Matthew and Erica. They didn't even know why Kirk and Pike were secretly taken away and imprisoned. In fact, no one knew where they were being held as they couldn't get any news out.

"What about the goods?" Michel asked.

"The goods are on the way. We will hand them over to the other party within the designated time."

"Be more vigilant when delivering the goods. Don't let your guard down. We're going to have to stay low and suspend all work for the time being after this," Michel ordered. Since there were too many eyes on him, Michel knew that he would get caught if he didn't stop his operation for at least a while.

"I understand, sir."

After a moment of silence, Michel continued, "Also, have someone to keep an eye on Erica." Michel was smart enough not to have his people keep an eye on Matthew because he was afraid of alerting him.

"Yes, sir!" said the bodyguard, before he turned around and walked out of the room.

With his hands behind his back, Michel stared at the mural on the wall in silence.

Michel had to transfer his entire operation from Kuflya to Alorith because he was being hunted by the royal forces in Kuflya. In order to avoid the royal family, he had no choice but to move to Alorith. However, when he moved to Alorith, he met a bigger problem.

And now, he wouldn't even dare to make any moves against Erica—a mere woman. Back in the day, he would have dealt with a person like Erica just by himself.

Unfortunately for him, Erica was the apple of Wesley's and Matthew's eye. If he even laid a finger on her, the entire Hilton family and Leonard family would get involved. Not to mention the Loftus family and the Thompson family from Alorith as well. Things would become even more difficult to deal with then.

After all, it was all Kirk's fault. But what could Michel do now? Since Kirk was missing in action, Michel had no choice but to halt all high-risk operations temporarily until things got better.

Erica got up early this morning on purpose, of course because she wanted to take her sons to the kindergarten by herself.

By the time it took her to wash her face and rinse her mouth, Matthew was already dressed neatly, lacking only a tie to complete his attire.

Erica walked over to him and took the tie from his hand. "Teach me how to tie a tie properly!" In fact, Erica should have learned how to tie a tie a long time ago, but she had been dragging it till now.

Matthew didn't refuse. "Here! Watch me closely," he said. He flipped up the collar of his shirt and tied a Windsor knot, then patted the tie and his collar flat again.

Erica observed carefully and her eyes widened in awe. "Wow, it's so simple! I think I can do it!" she said. She was a smart girl! After all, she had just mastered the art of tying a tie just by watching him do it once.

The man raised his eyebrows, untied his tie and asked her to do it on her own.

Erica took the tie and started her performance. "The first step... The second step, er, no, that's not right..." A few minutes later, her face was downcast.

Erica thought she had learned everything there was about tying a tie, but when it was her turn to shine, she fell at the first hurdle.

Matthew took the tie from her hands and smiled. "Pay attention. Let's do it again!"

"Okay!"

The man straightened his collar and hung the tie around his neck. When he was about to do the first knot, Erica suddenly stopped him. "Wait!"

"What's wrong?" Matthew paused and looked at her in confusion.

Tilting her head, Erica reached out her hand to brush her finger over the collar of his shirt. She noticed two words embroidered on his collar.

When the man noticed a subtle change in the woman's facial expression, he swallowed nervously. With a sense of immediacy, he quickly took her hand and said, "It's getting late. You should get changed!"

Unfortunately, the man's expression told Erica that things weren't as simple as she would have preferred.

"Let go of me!" She was consumed by curiosity. Today, she had to find out what those two words meant!

Matthew loosened his grip and dragged his collar back. Then he strode towards the bedroom door, tying his tie while walking. "I'll wait for you downstairs!" he told her.

It was blatantly obvious that Matthew was trying to hide something from her. It must have been something he didn't want her to know.

Erica realized what Matthew was doing. Before the man could quicken his pace and leave the bedroom, she stood at the door and blocked him in the bedroom.

CHAPTER 1417 MY RIKA

The couple looked at each other. The man was helpless, while the woman was slightly angry. "Matthew, did you do something you shouldn't behind my back?"

Matthew sighed. 'Do I look like I've done something wrong?' he thought to himself. "No!" he said firmly.

"If that's so, then don't try to escape!" Immediately, Erica reached out her hand for his collar.

He tried to stop her again. But once he saw the anger in her eyes, he yielded and let her do whatever she wanted.

'Well, she's going to find out my last secret then, ' he thought.

Matthew stood still, giving Erica the chance to see what was on the collar of his shirt. On her tiptoe, she looked carefully at it and was shocked by what she found.

The woman's expression quickly changed from anger to astonishment. Holding her, Matthew leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. Then, giving it a gentle pinch, he said, "Am I free to go now? I need to head downstairs, the children are waiting."

She didn't know what to say.

Given the opportunity, Matthew tidied up his clothes and walked out of the bedroom next. Erica, on the other hand, stood there in a daze until all of a sudden, something crossed her mind.

Rushing into the closet, she opened the wardrobe where Matthew's shirts were hanging and looked through them one by one. He had at least a few dozens of shirts in there. Most of them were white, while the rest divided themselves into shades of black, light blue, wine red, and so on.

As Erica expected, in each collar, there were two words embroidered: My Rika.

The color of the embroidery thread matched to almost the same shade as the shirt. If she didn't look closer to it on purpose, she wouldn't be able to read the words at all.

With her eyes filled with tears, Erica touched every one of his shirts with trembling hands. The soft cloth melted her heart...

Matthew had never been a sweet talker. In fact, he had always professed the deep love he had for her through his actions.

When she got downstairs, she found the five men of her life waiting for her to have breakfast. They didn't dare to start it without her.

Adkins saw her first. "Mom is here!"

Boswell exclaimed, "Wow! Mommy is so beautiful today!"

Colman patted his brother's head and said, "Idiot, Mommy is always beautiful."

'That's right!' Boswell agreed inwardly.

"Mom, you get more and more beautiful every day!" Damian echoed.

That morning, Erica had her long hair pulled up in a high ponytail as she wore a light pink off-shoulder dress. The dress not only exposed her long neck and sexy collarbones, but it also enhanced her slim waist.

On her right hand, she carried a pair of white high-heeled shoes, and on the left, a light pink handbag with a long white overcoat hanging from her arm. On her beautiful face, she had a natural makeup on to finish her look.

Although her tanned skin had almost returned to its usual complexion, she had also applied a flawless foundation and setting powder, so her skin looked fairer and her whole body illuminated.

Matthew, of course, had his eyes fixed on his wife from the moment she showed at the turn of the stairs.

He had been so mesmerized by her beauty that he had even forgotten to tell the maid to serve their breakfast. When the maid realized the kids were going to get late for school, she reminded him, "Matthew, the breakfast..."

Staring at Erica, who walked towards him, he tapped his fingertips gently on the table and answered absentmindedly, "Yes, bring the breakfast up."

'What should I do if I'm so obsessed with my wife?

Evidently, the answer is I must sleep with her.

But here comes another question. Should I take her back to our bedroom? Or should I have her in the car later? Or in my office? Perhaps I should try every place.'

Matthew felt as if hot stream water ran inside him while he had those thoughts. He was turned on. Silently, he loosened his tie, but his gesture didn't give him away. Instead, he looked even more handsome and charming.

As soon as Erica got to the table, the kids started to move. Adkins rushed towards her and pulled her a chair. "Mom, please sit down!"

Boswell took the meal from the maid and put it in front of Erica. "Mom, please eat first!"

Putting the soybean milk next to her plate, Colman said, "Mom, please have my favorite soybean milk."

After his brothers had done everything they could do to please their mother, Damian felt a little anxious as he didn't know what else to do.

Erica thanked her three sons and then smiled at her anxious fourth child. "Damian, can you help me put my bag and coat aside? Thank you!"

The little boy's gloomy face was immediately replaced by a radiant smile. Fast, he ran over to take the coat and bag from his mother, and temporarily left them in the living room.

Matthew had long gotten used to that scene, which once had made him so envious. By the time the children sat down to have their breakfast, he asked the woman drinking soybean milk beside him in a low voice, "What do you have scheduled for today?" She had dressed up so nicely. Was she meeting

someone?

Because if she didn't have any appointments for the day, he would take her straight to the company with him!

As she swallowed the soybean milk she had just drunk, Erica looked at the man tenderly and replied, "My only appointment is to send my children to school and my husband to his work!"

'My husband is so good to me! From now on, I will do my best to be a good wife, ' she thought.

'Send me to my work? Great. That's exactly what I wanted to hear!' With his eyes hovering over her collarbones, he stated, "I don't remember buying you this dress." She looked so lively and sexy in it.

Erica naturally disposed of the yolk from her boiled egg on his plate and revealed, "Evelyn had this dress sent to me from a brand's clothing store." If all her clothes were arranged by Matthew, she would begin to wonder if she was back in the ancient times.

Damian reminded her, "Mom, you've gone back to be a picky eater again. You can't be picky about your food!"

The other three kids were eating in silence when they heard their brother's remark. Casually, they all glanced at her boiled egg. Sure enough, the egg yolk was gone.

"Dad, don't you mind that Mom is a picky eater?" asked Adkins.

Embarrassed, Erica chuckled and explained, "It's just an egg yolk. It's not like I'll grow taller if I eat it. It doesn't matter whether I'm picky about it or not. But you four are still growing up and need to have a balanced diet. You can't be picky about your food!"

The four kids didn't listen to her. Instead, they all looked at Matthew simultaneously. Breaking their expectation, the man answered in a low voice, "Your mother is right."

The children couldn't believe their own ears, but Colman was quick to respond, "Okay. Since Mom is a girl, let's not embarrass her. We'll pretend we didn't see anything!"

The other three thought his brother's words were reasonable enough, so they nodded and continued to have their breakfast.

Erica didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Looking at the children, she said in a spoiled tone, "I'm wrong. I shouldn't be picky about food. I won't do it again. Please don't learn it from me, okay?"

Adkins offered her a lovely smile and replied, "Mom, it doesn't matter. We're going to be late. Hurry up and have your breakfast!"

"Alright!" She began to eat.

After breakfast, the quadruplets carried their schoolbags as they ran out of the house. One after another, they rushed to the black car and got themselves settled in their seats.

A couple of minutes later, they saw their parents walking out of the villa hand in hand.

Staring at the two of them enviously, Colman whispered to Adkins, "Why isn't Dad scolding Mom? He usually frowns at us whenever we run a little late!"

Adkins tilted his head and thought for a moment. "Maybe it's because Mom is a girl and also his wife."

Colman saw his brother's point. After all, if he had a wife in the future, he would spoil her as much as his dad did his mother.

CHAPTER 1418 HIS PLEASURE WAS SPOILED

Besides the driver's seat and the passenger seat in the front row, there were six more places in the back of the car arranged in two rows, face to face.

Adkins, Boswell, and Colman occupied one row as Damian, Matthew, and Erica sat opposite to them. The bodyguard was in the passenger seat next to the driver.

The whole way to school went smoothly. After dropping the kids off, the couple headed towards Hilton Group. Without the children around her, Erica felt free to get more comfortable.

Leaning against Matthew, she put her arms around his waist and acted like a spoiled child. "I'll drive you to work every morning, and then work hard to make money for you." 'The money he earns should be saved for our sons' future,' she thought.

The man caressed her long hair and said with a smile, "Then I'm going to starve to death, aren't I?"

"How could it be? If I work harder, I will make hundreds of thousands of dollars a month, won't I?" EM's name was already well-known. Tons of people looked for her to take photos of them.

Only she wasn't taking any requests at the moment. After all, the studio was still under preparation, and she didn't even have an assistant yet. She had just taken photos for Dylan and Noreen so far, but it had been quite tiresome to do the whole work on her own.

"Hundreds of thousands of dollars a month?" Matthew thought for a moment and had to speak honestly. "It doesn't buy one meal of mine."

"What?" Erica suddenly sat up straight and gasped, "You are such a big spender!"

With a smile that reached his eyes, Matthew took her hand and comforted her, "So, I'll continue to

make money from now on. You only need to worry about doing whatever you want every day."

"Well... that's okay, but what about our four sons? You must be more frugal so we can ensure their future!"

He didn't think so. "We won't have more money by saving, but by earning it. Don't worry about it. I'll keep working hard to make more and more money."

She still wanted to discuss it further, but they had arrived at Hilton Group. Once the car stopped, the bodyguard opened the door for them and interrupted the conversation altogether.

Mathew got out of the vehicle first and turned around to help his wife out. At this time, her phone started ringing in her purse.

Holding his arm not to fall, she picked up the phone and said, "Hello, it's me."

The relaxed and joyful expression on Erica's face gradually vanished as she listened to the person on the other end of the line. Slowing down her pace, she asked, "How many people have been hospitalized?"

Her words immediately attracted Matthew's attention, making him stop in his tracks. However, he didn't interrupt her. He just stood there and waited for her to finish the call.

"I see..." Erica paused and looked at Matthew in embarrassment. After a while, she said, "I'll be there today."

As soon as she hung up the phone, Matthew asked, "Where are you going?"

"To Kuflya." She added in a low voice, "My people of the Violet Eagles had a conflict with others from a different organization. A few of them were killed. The leader in charge of the group informed the royal army of Kuflya... The situation is quite complicated in there at the moment. Chantel is on a red carpet in Paris, and Tessie can't handle what's going on herself, so I have to... I have to go there in person."

Matthew's eyes darkened, but he quickly made a decision. "I'll go with you!"

"No, please. Go to your office. I'll be fine. After all, the royal army of Kuflya will be present, and no one will dare to act rashly while they are there." In Kuflya, the royal family was the most powerful of all. As soon as they intervened, every gangland was forced to bow their heads and show them some respect.

However, understanding how Matthew felt about the whole situation, Erica took his big hand into hers, showing off her diamond ring. Then she suggested softly, "If you're worried about me, you can have two bodyguards accompany me, okay?"

Ignoring the envious looks of the employees around them, Matthew pinched Erica's cheek and scolded her, "You're so capable now. You can even mobilize the royal army, can't you?" It seemed Colman

wasn't bragging. What he had said was true.

Erica smiled sheepishly, shaking his hand slightly. "I was lucky to meet that old granny, but she was picked up later because of me. I'd like to visit her too while I'm there."

The employees had no idea what they were talking about. All they could see was Erica acting like a spoiled child around Matthew, which made them quite jealous of their love.

"Can I say no?" Matthew asked. Realizing that she would be away for at least three days, of course, he didn't want to let her go.

He had planned to sleep with her in his office that day, but they had barely reached the first floor of his company when one phone call had already spoiled his moment of pleasure.

"Honey, please wait for me!" As there were a lot of people around them, she was too shy to give him a hug or a kiss in front of everyone. So she could only say him goodbye.

However, Matthew held her hand tightly and urged, "I have another request."

"What is it?"

Looking her up and down, he said, "Change your dress and high heels!"

She burst into laughter. 'That's easy!' "Of course I'll change. I'm going to do something important, not attend a beauty contest. Not to mention that it's not convenient for me to fly to Kuflya in this dress!"

"Okay then!"

Sooner or later, he would have his men take over the Violet Eagles. The three women would then finally be free to stay at home to look after their husbands and children. In fact, they shouldn't have gotten involved in gangland matters in the first place.

Needless to say that if Gifford knew that Chantel was also one of the gang bosses, he would definitely cut off her relations with the Violet Eagles. After all, how could a military officer like himself allow his wife to be the boss of a gang?

Once she left Hilton Group, Erica went home to pack her things and then headed straight to the airport.

There, she found out that not only Matthew had sent four bodyguards to accompany her, he also had booked the whole first-class cabin, so there were only the five of them traveling in it.

In Kuflya, it was already dark when Erica got off the plane.

Not taking the time to rest, she rushed to the hospital with her bodyguards.

More than ten of her people had been seriously injured. Two of them had just been rescued and were under close observation in the ICU.

As it was already dark outside, there were only a few people in the hospital corridor at then. Erica's sudden arrival with her bodyguards immediately attracted the attention of those present.

Soon, two people came out to greet her respectfully, "Erma, you're here!"

"Where are they?" Erica took off her sunglasses and looked at the ward nearby.

"Please follow me!"

Over a dozen wounded men had been distributed in the three buildings of the in-patient department according to the different kinds of injuries they had suffered. Erica visited them one by one.

After walking out of the hospital, she turned to the group leader and ordered, "Tod, pay for all their medical fees. When they recover, each person will be given five hundred thousand to one million dollars as compensation. Once they are fully recovered, they can go back to the Violet Eagles."

"Yes! Ma'am!"

"You come back to the Violet Eagles with me now. I want to know the details."

"Okay. Please get in the car first." Tod opened the door for her before he followed her inside.

The headquarters of the Violet Eagles was located in a courtyard house in the suburb, where lots of people lived. Due to Erica's arrival in the evening, many fellows gathered outside the door of the reception room to wait for her.

Erica was finally aware of the whole story by the time she heard Tod's report. As she was told, two men from the Violet Eagles had uncovered some clues about a crime the Immortal Killer Sect had committed in Kuflya. Unfortunately, they soon came to know they were being investigated by the Violet Eagles.

Yet the Immortal Killer Sect people didn't know who the boss of the Violet Eagles was. Therefore, they captured the two men they found investigating and killed them to keep their mouth shut. In order to avenge the two dead companions, many people of the Violet Eagles had taken action against the Immortal Killer Sect. In other words, a gang war had begun.

Quickly it became clear that the Immortal Killer Sect counted with many more people on their side. There was no way the Violet Eagles could deal with them on their own, so they contacted the royal army of Kuflya to put an end on the conflict and save them.

CHAPTER 1419 THE POWER OF ERICA

Having realized what had happened, Erice rubbed her aching temples and began to devise a solution for the problem at hand.

The most important thing was to comfort the family of the two members who had died in duty. In addition to giving them compensation, Erice and the other members vowed revenge and offered their full support to the police so they could catch the murderers.

That night, Erice was busy until two o'clock in the morning. After somehow managing to squeeze in a shower, she wanted to call Matthew, but she was afraid that he had already gone to bed. As she was worried about disturbing his sleep, she decided to leave it until the next morning.

What she didn't know, however, was that Matthew had contacted her bodyguards at three o'clock in the morning to ask about her. In fact, he didn't go to bed until he was sure that she was asleep.

The next day, in the Immortal Killer Sect of Kuflye

A woman dressed in black leather clothes and a pair of sunglasses stepped into the city. When her subordinates saw her, they all stood straight and saluted her. "Noreen, here is the latest news. The boss of the Violet Eagles has shown up on our radar!"

"Yes, our informants have told us to expect an attack tonight."

"I heard that the woman leading them is very smart. Apparently, she's the one who brought about the successful expansion of the Violet Eagles!"

The woman glanced at her men with impatience. "What are you so afraid of?"

"Well, if the Violet Eagles join forces with the royal army of Kuflye, we won't stand a chance against them!"

"Yes, we had to retreat last time because the royal army got involved. Otherwise, we would have destroyed the Violet Eagles with ease!"

The woman sat on her chair, which loosely resembled a throne, lost in thought.

The royal family was the most powerful family in Kuflye. As such, it would be futile to even think about going up against them. Not even in her wildest dreams did she expect the Violet Eagles to have anything to do with the royal army.

After a while, she spoke, as everyone looked at her with great expectation. "There's no need to be afraid! I'll take some of our best men and meet with their boss tonight!"

A few men said, "I heard that they have three bosses. All women, and they are quite powerful."

"Yes, I've heard that as well. There are three women, but only two of them are mainly in charge. They don't always stay in the base camp of the Violet Eagles," another man said.

Noreen took off her sunglasses, revealing her face to the people there. The men swallowed nervously. After all, their boss was so beautiful and charming.

"So what? They're just three measly women!" Noreen snorted irritably. She wasn't too amused with the idea of another woman being more powerful than her. After all, she was the leader of the most powerful force in Kuflye—the Immortal Killer Sect!

Everyone shut their mouths. They all knew that Noreen was good at hiding her true strength. In fact, she could even beat ten men all by herself!

That night, in the night club where everyone often gathered, when the people of the Immortal Killer Sect were waiting impatiently, a few minions of the Violet Eagles showed up in the club. However, none of the three bosses had shown up.

Any person in that place could tell that the people of the Violet Eagles were looking down upon the Immortal Killer Sect.

An hour later, a woman in grey casual clothes swaggered into the tension-filled private room.

Out of pure coincidence, the two women hadn't run into each other yet because Noreen was in the bathroom.

When she came back, Noreen heard the familiar voice of a woman before she entered the private room. "Tell your boss to come here now! Tell her, Erme is here!"

Noreen was shocked to hear that voice. 'Erme?'

Suddenly, she came upon a realization.

Noreen quietly asked the bodyguard beside her, "Didn't you say that the ones in charge of the Violet Eagles are mainly two women and they're not often seen in their base camp?" The bodyguard replied, "Yes, Noreen."

The discomfort in her heart increased. 'Could it be Erice? Is Chentel also involved?' Noreen became more flustered when she thought of them.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in the private room was just starting to intensify. A man from the Immortal Killer Sect snorted irritably. "How dare you come in here and make demands! Our boss has been waiting for you for more than an hour. You've just arrived. Can't you be more patient?"

One of the men from the Immortal Killer Sect quickly left the private room. He was just about to fetch

Noreen when unexpectedly he ran into her just outside the door. "Boss!" he said.

Noreen, who was standing there panic-stricken after she made the dreadful discovery, was taken by surprise. Not knowing how to handle the situation, she turned around and walked away without a word.

Her hands shook as she picked up her phone and called Michel. When the phone was connected, she quickly mumbled in a low voice, "We have a big problem. The one behind the Violet Eagles in Kuflye is none other than Erice!"

Michel was hoping to avoid getting involved with Erice because he didn't want to mess with the Hilton and Leonard families, but now it seemed as though it was bound to happen, despite his wishes.

Michel suddenly stood up from his chair. "What?"

"I don't have the full details yet. Yesterday, the Violet Eagles announced that they were going to destroy our sect. Today I came here to accept their challenge, but the voice I heard just now is Erice's! I am certain of it!"

"Retreat with your men right now! Remember, don't let Erice see you!"

"Okay!"

Meanwhile, Erice realized that the boss of the Immortal Killer Sect was just outside the room when she overheard the bodyguard just now.

As she happened to be standing near the exit, she walked out of the door and noticed a familiar figure.

Without hesitation, Erice pointed towards the retreating women and shouted, "You over there, hold on!"

When Noreen turned around and saw Erice behind her, her first reaction was to run!

However, as soon as Noreen ran towards the exit of the club, Erice began to chase after her.

Erice never dared to act so rashly when Matthew wasn't by her side before. However, now that Matthew and even the royal army of Kuflye were backing her, what else could Erice possibly be afraid of? She would have missed this golden opportunity to avenge Orange's death if she had hesitated even for a moment.

Fortunately, she was wearing a pair of special combat boots today. She bolted in the direction of the women with great ease and comfort.

Within seconds, chaos ensued and the people started panicking when the chase started. The other people in the club screamed and cursed at them as they made their way out of the club.

Erica followed her all the way to an alley just outside the night club. The women in front of her had no choice but to stop because it was too dark to see anything in the alley.

When Erica came to a halt, she stood still, panting and trying to catch her breath.

"Stop running. You can't run away from me!" The crowd in the night club might have made it difficult for Erica to catch the women, but now she could easily catch up with her.

The women who had her back facing Erica, didn't utter a single word. Erica stepped forward and wanted to turn her around by her shoulders to see who she was.

However, she didn't expect that the other women would attack her directly, so she had to fend off the women's attack first.

When Erica came face to face with the women, she only noticed the sunglasses on the women's face. She tried to take a closer look at the women's face, but her moves were quick and fierce.

The bodyguards who followed Erica would have contained Noreen, but Erica had lost her temper by then. She looked at the bodyguards angrily and growled, "Get out of the way. I went to fight her alone!"

If Erica couldn't beat this woman, then all the techniques she had learned and practiced in the past three years would have been in vain.

The bodyguards immediately took a few steps back and encircled her in a defensive stance, in case Noreen tried to hurt Erica.

Erica received a strong blow to her arm; the pain almost forced the tears out of her eyes. In a furious outburst, she shook the pain off and charged at Noreen. During the fight, Erica landed an open-handed smack that left Noreen staggering backwards in pain.

The sound was as loud as thundering cracking in the night. The bodyguards couldn't help but marvel in their hearts, 'That slap is definitely going to leave a mark on the other woman's face for at least a few days.'

Having realized what had happened, Erica rubbed her aching temples and began to devise a solution for the problem at hand.

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A fat man said, "I heard that they have three bosses. All women, and they are quite powerful."

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CHAPTER 1420 DESTROY YOUR IMMORTAL KILLER SEC

Erica then drew her foot back and ploughed it into Noreen's stomach, blood pooling into her mouth as she gagged. The moment before her fist landed on her, Noreen tried her best to get up from the ground and found a chance to escape.

Erica ran after her almost immediately with her bodyguards and she would have surely caught up to Noreen if it hadn't been for the people from the Immortal Killer Sect blocking their way. The Immortal Killer Sect's defensive stance made it evidently clear that if Erica and her cronies wanted to get to Noreen, they would have to cut through a dozen of their ranks. Having realized that it would be foolish to carry on with the pursuit, Erica raised her hand to gesture at her men. "Stand down. She can't run from us forever!"

As she puffed and panted, trying to catch her breath, Erica tidied up her messy clothes and shouted, "Go back and tell your boss that if the Immortal Killer Sect dares to provoke the Violet Eagles in the future again, I'll have your entire faction decimated! Tell your boss, this is a warning from Erma."

Unfortunately, the people from the Immortal Killer Sect were not convinced. After all, Erica was just a

woman, and the power of the Immortal Killer Sect was much stronger than that of the Violet Eagles. Before long, a few people stood forward and shouted, "Cut the crap! Do you think we're afraid of you?"

"Our sect is the most powerful force in all of Kuflya. You must be joking!"

"Ah—" All of a sudden, the ones who had stepped forward to taunt Erica and the Violet Eagles cried out in pain, as they had no idea what hit them or where the attack came from.

Crack! With the blunt sound of each bone cracking, a cold shiver went up Erica's spine.

The aggressors who were standing just a moment ago, were now writhing on the ground with pain.

The sheer speed and fluency of Erica's bodyguards had everyone mesmerized and equally frightened. As all eyes, taken by curiosity, fell behind Erica, the bodyguards were standing with a sense of calmness almost as if they had no idea of what they had just done.

In fact, it wasn't only the people of Immortal Killer Sect that were shocked, even Erica struggled to make sense of what she had just witnessed. However, she deliberately didn't show it on her face. After all, Erica had no idea that the men Matthew sent with her would be so strong. Judging from their short demonstration of speed and strength, Erica realized that she didn't even have one third of their abilities.

This display of dominance was enough to convince the people of the Immortal Killer Sect, who wasted no time to turn around and retreated with their tails between their legs. It was made abundantly clear to them that they didn't stand a chance against Erica's forces.

In the headquarters of the Immortal Killer Sect

Half of Noreen's face was covered with a pack of ice cubes, and she could barely hold the phone to her face as she spoke with Michel. Her voice was venomous with hatred. "It's her! I'm sure of it! Her name in Kuflya is Erma, the portmanteau of Erica and Matthew. I should have guessed it earlier!"

Noreen couldn't pronounce her words clearly because half of her face was swollen, but fortunately, Michel understood every word of what she had said.

"I see. Get back here as soon as possible. Tell our men not to provoke the people from the Violet Eagles right now." 'I'll have to take the long way and handle this with patience and care to get what I want!' he mused, gritting his teeth.

"Okay! But I can't even feel half of my face because of Erica's slap..." Suddenly, Noreen broke down in tears and started to act like a spoiled child.

Michel sneered, stifling the annoyance in his heart. "I hear there's going to be a new drama show. I'll see if I can get you the role of a heroine."

After a short pause, Noreen asked, "Is it the drama called 'Green Gardenia'?"

"Yes."

She stopped crying immediately and said, "Thank you!" Rumors had it that Chantel was pegged to star in that TV drama, but now with Michel's assurance, Noreen was almost certain that she would get the role of the lead female.

Meanwhile at the base of the Violet Eagles, the more Erica thought about the woman she had fought, the more familiar she seemed to her. In fact, all evidence was pointing towards that woman being Noreen. Now that Erica had her suspicions, all that was left was to uncover the truth.

The most efficient way to do this, Erica realized, was to ask for Gifford's help.

Gifford was training his subordinates outside when he received a phone call from Erica. He wiped off the sweat on his forehead, holding his phone in his other hand and said, "Dismissed!"

Everyone sat down all at once and exclaimed, "Finally, we can get some rest! I'm exhausted!"

Gifford slid the answer key and sat down on a big stone casually. He teased the person on the other end of the line, "I wasn't expecting the supreme leader to call my number directly. How can I be of service?"

Erica pouted her lips. "Gifford, you can be so annoying sometimes!"

"If you think I'm annoying, then why have you called me?"

'How could he say that to his own sister?' Speechless, Erica rolled her eyes and said, "I need a favor from you."

"I figured that much. Just tell me what it is!"

"How did you know that I needed your help?"

Gifford chuckled and said, "Erica only remembers her brother when she needs help."

"Hey, that's not true! I miss you all the time."

"All right, all right, that's enough! Now, what is it? What do you need?"

She cleared her throat. "Here is the thing. I want you to help me locate a person. It's very important that I know about this person's whereabouts."

Sensing the seriousness in her tone, Gifford decided not to make light of things anymore. "Okay, just tell me what you know about this person."

"Noreen. She is 35 years old and the number one star in the entertainment industry. I don't know anything else."

Gifford's face displayed utter confusion. "Wait, didn't you ask me to investigate her once? Why are you asking me to investigate her again? Does she have some kind of a grudge against you?"

"Yes! I think she is in cahoots with some other criminals. I just wanted you to confirm whether my suspicions were right or wrong." Erica knew that Gifford was a righteous man who wanted nothing more than to put criminals behind bars, even if it meant doing it by himself. Erica was smart to mention the word "criminal" in hopes of convincing him to help her.

Sure enough! Gifford agreed without hesitation when he heard that Noreen could be a criminal. "Wait for my updates!"

The man could work wonders and just ten minutes later, Erica got the answer she was looking for.

He also found out the room number of Noreen's accommodation at the hotel she was staying in.

Erica sneaked into the floor of the presidential suites of a five-star hotel with two people in a stealthy way. She and her bodyguards hid in the safe passage and secretly called in a cleaner.

She took out a wad of money and waved it in front of the cleaner. "Go to Room 6033 and see if the woman's face is swollen. If you do that, all this money will be yours after the mission is finished."

The cleaner went to Room 6033 without saying anything else.

The cleaner was smart. She picked up a duster cloth and rang the doorbell. Soon, the door was opened from inside. A woman opened the door and asked, "What's up?"

The cleaner smiled and said, "Hello, room service. Didn't you call the reception desk just now for a cleaner? Here I am."

With a deep frown, Noreen said, "I think there's been a misunderstanding. I never called for a room service and I don't need a cleaner!"

"What? No?" The cleaner took a step back and looked at the door number. "Oh, I'm really sorry. I knocked the wrong door. It's 6303. I'm sorry for disturbing you!"

Nothing was going her way. Since the red mark on her face hadn't completely disappeared, Noreen decided to spend the rest of the vacation inside the hotel.

The cleaner trotted back to the safe passage and told Erica in a low voice, "Yes, half of her face is swollen. If I'm not mistaken, it's a slap mark!"

'It was indeed Noreen!' Erica was certain now.

She casually stuffed the money into the cleaner's hand and said, "Thank you. We're leaving now."

The cleaner received the money and said happily, "Okay, bye!"

Since Noreen was the leader of the Immortal Killer Sect, it could only mean that Michel was probably the mastermind behind Kirk. The trip to Kuflya was supposed to take four days, but it was delayed due to some disputes.

A week had passed, since Erica finished cleaning up the mess of the Violet Eagles. She was also able to find some time to visit the old granny.