

Chapter 96 Pregnant Woman Shouldn't Get Sick

Rachel picked up her phone to see who was calling. It was a number she didn't recognize, so she ignored it. After a while, her phone stopped ringing. Then it started again. She checked the screen again to find it was the same number calling her. Rachel sighed and answered the phone. She hadn't even managed to draw a breath before a sharp voice started berating her from the other end.

"Rachel! Why is it taking you so long to get the stuff I asked for? There's so much work that needs to be done at the Sue Garden! And none of it is possible without the stuff I asked you to buy! Stop messing around and come back, right now!"

Olivia hung up the phone before Rachel had a chance to speak.

Rachel pulled her phone away from her ear and looked down at the screen with a disgruntled expression.

There was no way she was going back now. 'You wish,' she thought and put her phone away. If she went out in such heavy rain, she was likely to catch a cold or end up running a fever. While she didn't care for her well-being, she had to think about her baby now.

Rachel was too busy hunkering down from the rain, and wallowing in her own irritation, to notice when a Ferrari pulled over to the side of the road.

"Mr. Scott, why don't you come upstairs and have tea with me? We're already here... And I'm scared of the storm. The thunder makes me jump and I don't like the sound of the heavy rain," said a woman coyly. She was sitting in the passenger seat of the car, dressed in a tight, strapless dress that clung perfectly to every curve of her body. She was smiling in a flirtatious, charming way that suggested the storm wasn't bothering her at all.

Carson, who was sitting in the driver's seat, leaned over and seductively lifted the woman's chin with his index finger. "Just for tea?" he asked with a lazy smile.

The woman smiled at him. She reached up and held onto his wrist, tilting her head so she could look into his eyes as she whispered, "Well... If you want more than tea..."

Carson suddenly caught sight of Rachel where she was standing under the eaves of a building, evidently sheltering herself from the rain. Carson stopped paying attention to what the woman was saying. "Interesting," he said, cocking an eyebrow at the sight of Rachel.

The woman thought Carson was still talking to her. Her smile widened even further, and she tried to edge closer to him. "Mr. Scott," she simpered, "you're such a naughty man..."

"Naughty?" Carson blinked at her words and turned his attention back to her. He pulled out a pack of wipes, carefully slid one out and cleaned the tips of his fingers. "How am I naughty?"

"Oh, Mr. Scott, I think you know the answer to that," the woman said with a blush. "But that's alright... I like it when you're naughty."

Carson raised his eyebrow at her, but otherwise gave no other response. He pulled out his

phone and scrolled through his contact list until he finally found the name he was looking for. He clicked the dial button and then pressed the phone to his ear. "You can leave now," he said to the woman as he waited for the other person to pick up.

The radiant smile on the woman's face froze. She stared at Carson as her joy at finding a sugar daddy was shattered. She blinked, frowned, and finally managed to haltingly say, "M-Mr. Scott, you..."

No one answered Carson's call.

Carson held his phone out in front of him and frowned down at the screen. He called again. "I'm not interested in going up to your kennel," he said in a tone that would have been casual, had it not been for the venom laced words. "You've got three seconds to get out of my car."

The woman's face paled. Now she was confused and scared. She didn't know what she could have done or said that had offended him so much. But she wasn't about to hang around and ask questions. Carson had already raised three fingers to begin counting, and she didn't want to find out what happened when he got to three. She grabbed the umbrella and quickly got out of the car.

She'd just opened the umbrella and turned to leave when she heard the window of the driver's seat being opened. "Wait a minute," Carson said.

The woman clutched the handle of the umbrella and turned around to face him, hope radiant on her face. "Mr. Scott?"

Carson looked at her with a blank expression. "Leave the umbrella," he said, nodding towards it.

The woman's face darkened and her smile completely disappeared.

Her hands clenched the handle and she barely managed to stop herself from gritting her teeth. "Mr. Scott, just now you said I should take it. You said you didn't want me to get wet. Have you changed your mind?"

She thought he was mocking now. Carson came from the wealthy Scott family. A single umbrella was worthless to them, and they would easily be able to replace it. Why did he suddenly want it back?

Carson's answer destroyed any remaining hope she'd had that he was joking.

"I have," Carson said with a sneer. He reclined against the seat, tilting his back against the headrest and lazily half-closing his eyes. "My family has a rule; I am not to spend money on any woman aside from my wife."

The woman's expression pinched in humiliation. That was the final straw for her. She threw the umbrella to the ground and hurried away without another word.

Carson held his arm out the window and caught the umbrella before it hit the ground. He'd already stopped paying attention to the woman; now he was focused on Rachel.

"What's the matter?" Victor said coldly, finally answering Carson's calls after his third

attempt.

"Mr. Sullivan, guess who I just saw," Carson said teasingly.

Victor had been busy signing documents up in his office when he'd got the call. He briefly pulled his phone away from his ear to glance at the caller ID before he said, "Carson, have you been keeping busy? Or have you been idling along in your life again? The KD Group is in need of a manager if-

"No, no, no. Absolutely not. I refuse to deal with such a ticking time bomb," Carson cut in before Victor could finish his sentence.

"A ticking time bomb?" Victor asked in that low, rumbling voice of his.

Carson cleared his throat then said, "Isn't it though? I know the directors of the Sullivan Group have been getting antsy with the projects again. My guess is that they're going to try and get Odin to return under the pretext of acquiring a new project from the KD Group. It's rather obvious that they favor Odin to be in charge of the project. I have no doubt that they and Odin would tear me apart if I tried to get involved."

Victor remained silent, totally speechless by what he'd just said.

Carson shook his head to straighten out his thoughts. This wasn't why he'd called Victor. "Back to my previous statement; guess who I saw today," he repeated, trying to get back on topic.

Victor's hand clenched on his phone. His patience was starting to run thin. "You have three seconds to cut the crap and tell me," he growled.

"You're so boring," Carson groaned, disappointed that his fun had been ruined. "I saw Rachel."

Victor had been in the process of signing a document when Carson said her name. He stopped immediately, the point of the pen resting on the paper. The ink started to leak out the tip, creating a large, black blot on the crisp white page.

"Where?" Victor said coldly as he glanced out the window at the heavy rain. The weather didn't look like it was going to let up any time soon. In fact, it only seemed to be getting worse.

Carson played with the umbrella, running his fingers over the metal supports and over the fabric. He raised his head and looked out the window, narrowing his eyes to be able to see through the rain. "At the gate of a building in the Fifth District. It looks like she's been shopping. She's got a lot of bags and I think I can see a shopping list in her hand. Victor, you know she's pregnant. Don't you think it's a bit much to send her to do so much shopping and expect her to carry it all? You could have at least sent a driver."

Victor swallowed past the angry lump forming in his throat. "I didn't ask her to go shopping."

"And do you really think she would have offered to do the shopping out of her own free will?" Carson said as he rested his elbow against the windowsill. He pressed his forehead into his hand and gently massaged his temple. He kept his eyes on Rachel, as if she was going to

disappear at any given second.

Victor narrowed his eyes; he knew what Carson was getting at.

Carson was gently reminding him that there were people in the Sue Garden who were making it their mission to give Rachel a hard time.

As Victor was staring coldly down at his desk, he suddenly remembered that Lukas had brought something to the front desk of the Sullivan Group just before he'd left. Then the memory of the other night, when Rachel had snuck in to steal food, suddenly resurfaced in his mind. His eyebrows furrowed in thought, and he pressed his lips tightly together. After a minute or so, he pressed the call bell on the landline.

"Mr. Sullivan, what can I do for you?" Ivan pushed the door to his office open a short while later and gave a small, respectful bow as he entered.

Victor didn't look up at him as he entered. "Lukas left something at the front desk. Go and fetch it for me."

Ivan nodded and left the office to comply with Victor's command. Carson started talking again, "If I'm being perfectly honest, I don't much like Rachel. She was always so dramatic over the smallest of things... But I do feel that I should remind you that she may catch a cold if she's out in such heavy rain. And it's really not a good idea for a pregnant woman to get sick."

Carson hung up after that. He shifted his car into gear and spun the Ferrari around so it was heading in the opposite direction; straight to where Rachel was standing.

If Victor didn't want to show her mercy, Carson would. She was pregnant with Victor's baby, and Victor was his best friend... It wouldn't kill him to give her the umbrella so she wouldn't look so pathetic and poor.

As Carson was heading towards Rachel, a brown Bentley suddenly slowed down and pulled over to the side of the main road near the building. The back door opened, and, strangely enough, a man wearing pajamas got out. He was holding an umbrella over his head, and was heading directly towards Rachel. ①

Chapter 97 The Jimenez Family Siblings

Carson slowed his car and narrowed his eyes at the man. He remembered seeing him before, it was just taking him a little while to remember his name.

"Isn't he one of the children from the Jimenez family? What is his name again?" he murmured to himself.

The man in question was Roger. He came to stand in front of Rachel with a warm smile, and said in a gentle voice, "Long time no see, Rachel."

Rachel looked up at him in confusion. She had a feeling she knew who he was; she just couldn't remember. "You're..." she trailed off as a gust of strong wind blew, splashing raindrops against her face and clothes.

She blinked away the water and in that instance, she remembered. "Roger, right?" she said with a small frown.

There had always been a saying in the business world of Apliaria, "When a Sullivan met a Jimenez, there was bound to be a tug-of-war."

Both families were powerful, with years of deep history and solid foundations. Roger was the perfect idea of what a successor of the Jimenez family should be. Even though Roger and Victor had very little dealings with each other, people often compared the two families. It wasn't because they were rivals; it was because of the different paths in life that each had taken.

Victor had been an illegitimate child, born out of wedlock. His mother had passed away when he was very young, leaving him in the care of his grandmother. When he'd been growing up, he was very rarely seen at social occasions held by the upper-class families. At the age of 14, he'd been sent to study abroad. In direct contrast, Roger was seen as a golden child. Growing up, he'd had the best of the best in everything. He'd had the best education, the best care, and a good family life. He'd been a valued, respected member of society, and by the time he'd become a man, people always referred to him as a perfect gentleman.

Roger and Rachel knew each other because they'd attended the same high school.

They'd taken the Senior High School Entrance Examination in the same year, around about the same time, and Rachel had scored 0.5 points higher than Roger. She was the highest ranked student in Apliaria that year. She could have attended any school she liked; including the first-rank senior high school. And she probably would have, if it hadn't been for Alice. Alice had applied too late and was put on the waiting list, behind the last applicant to the school. Caroline and Alice tried just about everything to get her into the school. They even went so far as to play on Rachel's emotions and persuade her to give up her place to Alice.

In the end, Rachel had agreed. She gave up her spot and chose to attend the second best high school in Apliaria. When Roger had heard that someone had scored higher on the test than

he had, he was naturally curious as to who this person was. He wanted to get to know the girl who had beaten him. That was why he ended up following Rachel to the second best school. He could also have gone to the best school, but his curiosity about her got the better of him. His decision to attend the second best school caused quite a lot of scandal at the time. There was much talk that the best school in Apliaria was, perhaps, not as good as it was made out to be.

That was how the two of them became schoolmates. While they weren't in the same class, they knew enough about each other to end up in a friendly, ongoing competition for first place. It became a regular thing for them to take turns in sharing the top spot at the school; this was also when they started talking to each other more.

"Have I changed so much that you don't recognize me?" Roger asked, chuckling lightly.

Rachel smiled at him, but it was more out of courtesy than anything else. Roger was Rachel's friend, not Shelia's.

"I thought you'd gone abroad. Seeing you here is quite unexpected," she said.

"I got back a few days ago," Roger said. He glanced at the bags she was carrying and tipped his chin towards them. "Why did you buy so much food? Are you heading home now? Would you like me to give you a ride?"

Rachel raised her eyebrows at Roger, looking a little confused at his proposition.

She couldn't understand his enthusiasm. From as much as she could recall from Rachel's memories, they hadn't seen each other for so many years; in fact they barely knew each other that well, but here he was offering her a ride with great concern. It made no sense to her. To top it off, the original Rachel knew Roger; not her.

"No, thank you. I'll be alright on my own," she politely declined his offer.

"Surely you can't carry all these things on your own, right? And it's quite inconvenient for you now, isn't it?"

Inconvenient?

Rachel immediately narrowed her eyes at him. He didn't have to say what he meant; she already knew. "And what do you mean by that?" she said sharply.

She watched as Roger's eyes widened in realization and horror. He'd spoken without thinking, and now it was too late for him to fix his mistake. She knew that he knew she was pregnant.

Rachel took a step back, staring suspiciously at him the entire time. The only people who knew she was pregnant were Caroline, Alice, Abby, Andy and the servants at the Sue Garden. Roger had just returned from abroad; how did he know she was pregnant?

"Rachel..." Roger said, but couldn't find any other words to express himself. Not with the way she was staring at him, not when she was looking at him like he'd revealed one of her biggest secrets. He couldn't help but feel irritated with himself.

As Rachel was staring him down, she suddenly remembered his surname, Jimenez. It was

the same as Clara's.

Rachel remained silent. She just looked him up and down, her lips pouted in thought.

Back at the Sullivan Group, up in the CEO Office, tensions were starting to rise.

While the overall impression of the office was that it was tranquil, the oppressive feel of fury hung heavy in the air. Ivan slowly looked from the paused video on the computer screen to Victor. "Mr. Sullivan, would you like to watch it again?" he asked.

They'd already watched the video three times.

Victor's face was impassive. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking, or to gauge his next reaction. His eyes remained fixed on the screen, just as they'd been since the first playthrough of the video. Currently, the video was paused on the scene of the dismissed maid shouting at Rachel, while Olivia stood by and did nothing.

Lukas had collected the footage and left the video for Victor to watch. It was evidence that the two maids had slandered Rachel behind her back, and had then provoked her until she'd lashed out.

The only reason Rachel had announced that she was the mother of the Sullivan Group's future successor was to defend herself, and the reputation of her baby. If she had merely stood idly and let the maids degrade her further, both of them would have surely suffered from whatever gossip would have sprung up. She'd used this as her last resort.

Victor had severely misunderstood her, and the entire situation that day.

Suddenly, he was finding it hard to breathe. It felt like the broken pieces of his heart were piercing his lungs, tearing him open from the inside.

A violent crack of thunder boomed outside.

A moment later, a bright streak of lightning snaked over the dark sky, momentarily bathing everything in cold white light. The rain was relentlessly pelting down from the heavy clouds. It was so intense that it looked like it was about to drown the entire city. It truly was one of the worst, and most terrifying storms they'd had.

Victor recalled what Carson had told him earlier on the phone. The image of Rachel huddled under the eaves of some building flashed through his mind, followed shortly by the scene from the previous night where she'd been cowering behind the sofa with bread and milk. His heart felt like it broke even further.

He tried to speak, but his first attempt failed. He couldn't squeeze the words out past the lump in his throat. He swallowed hard, and finally managed to say, "Call the people in the Sue Garden. Ask them where Rachel is."

"Yes, sir," Ivan said and dialed the number.

The phone was picked up on the second ring by Olivia.

"Ivan, what can I do for you?"

Ivan turned on speaker phone and looked up at Victor as he said, "Olivia, is Miss Bennet there? I wanted to ask her something, but she isn't answering her phone."

Olivia's heart stuttered fearfully. This was not what she needed right now. Why did Ivan suddenly want to talk to Rachel?

"Yes, she's here. She's in her room at the moment. I think she may be asleep. Don't worry, I didn't let her go out in this downpour. I asked her to help tidy up the living room, but that was all," Olivia said calmly, managing to keep her initial spike of fear under control. "You said she wasn't answering her phone?"

"No, she wasn't. Would you mind please fetching Miss Bennet so I can talk to her?" Ivan asked dully.

Another boom of thunder rolled across the sky.

Olivia looked out at the murderous weather. It was so dark outside it could have been night. She flexed her fingers against her palm as a nervous sweat broke out over her body. Guilt plagued her so intensely that she barely managed to keep it out of her voice. "As I said, I think she's asleep. Maybe she didn't hear the phone ring. Is there something important you wish to discuss with her, Ivan? Can I maybe take a message?"

"No, it's alright. I'll speak to her later. Let her rest," Ivan said after glancing at Victor for guidance.

Olivia breathed a silent sigh of relief. She was nearly weak at the knees as the tension left her body. "When she wakes up, I'll tell her to call you back as soon as possible," she said.

Ivan said nothing more and hung up the phone. He and Victor stayed silent. The oppressive feel from earlier was nearly suffocating now.

Chapter 98 A Cold-blooded Man Searching For Someone In The Rain

"Mr. Sullivan, if Mr. Scott did see Miss Bennet, then Olivia must be lying. And according to the weather forecast, the rain is only gonna get worse. Any moment now, Miss Bennet may not be able to..."

"Get out," Victor interrupted him.

At once, Ivan clammed up and left the office.

When the door closed, Victor looked outside the window and saw the rumbling sky, and dark clouds. He lowered his gaze, making it difficult to figure out what he was thinking. After a while, he put his thoughts aside, and dialed a number.

The moment the call connected, he asked, "Where is she?"

When Carson received a call from Victor, he had already gotten home. He had just gotten out of the shower, and was wearing only a bathrobe. He put his phone on speaker and creased his brows. "Rachel is a little high maintenance, but she's quite attractive. I happen to be a gentleman who cares deeply for the well-being of women. Of course, I came to her rescue and brought her home with me."

Right after he finished talking, Carson felt a scathing chill run down his spine.

"Carson, believe it or not, in less than thirty minutes, I can make you appear ten thousand meters above another continent." Victor sounded really frightening.

Carson shuddered when he imagined what could happen to him. He could tell that Victor was serious.

"I have no idea where she is right now. I left as soon as I gave you a call, but I can send you the address where I ran into her."

Before he could even finish his sentence, the call had already disconnected.

Carson looked at his phone and scoffed. 'He really doesn't like to waste his breath, does he?' The following second, his phone buzzed. It was a WeChat message from Victor, saying, "The address."

Carson immediately typed the address in and sent it to him.

Outside the window, the downpour of rain was getting heavier. Carson threw his phone onto the bed, and stood in front of his floor-to-ceiling window with his hands in the pocket of his bathrobe. A triumphant smile appeared on his lips as he whispered to himself, "It seems that Victor has really fallen for Rachel."

Victor was a cold-blooded man, and nobody knew that better than Carson. Not only was Victor cold-blooded with others, but also to himself.

One time, Carson saw him lying on the bed with blood all over his body. Victor asked the

nurse to stitch the wound on his wrist without anesthesia. In the end, he received 21 stitches. Carson saw how the needle pierced into his skin, and blood seeped out of it. No ordinary human would've been able to endure such pain, but to Victor, it was nothing. He didn't even groan or wince during the entire process. Once the stitches were done, Victor didn't even rest. Instead, he changed into a clean suit and headed to the Sullivan Group's building. And just like any normal day, he attended the shareholder's meeting, sitting calmly on the chairman's seat, as if nothing had happened to him.

But now, that same cold-blooded, heartless man would drop his work and look for Rachel despite the heavy rain.

Victor probably hadn't realized it himself, but he was slowly changing, and all those changes were caused by Rachel.

"Stop here," Rachel said to Roger as she looked out the window and saw the Sue Garden's iron gate nearby.

It was raining too hard, and she couldn't hail a cab, so she accepted his offer of driving her back to the Sue Garden. However, if she went straight into the Sue Garden while she was in his car, it could breed unnecessary rumors. And so, with that in mind, she planned to get off the car and walk the remaining distance.

Roger saw that it was still raining cats and dogs, so he was a bit worried. "Perhaps it's better if I just drive you directly to the front door. It's storming, Rachel, and the roads are slippery. You might stumble by accident, and I don't want that on my conscience,"

he said while glancing at Rachel's belly; his eyes, brimming with bitterness.

"No need to bother yourself so much, Roger. I'll be careful. Thank you," Rachel replied, seemingly indifferent towards him. Then, she opened the door, held out her umbrella with one hand, and carried several bags with the other. Slowly, she walked towards the Sue Garden's gate.

Roger didn't withdraw his gaze even when Rachel was out of his sight.

The driver looked at him through the rearview mirror and asked respectfully, "Sir, shall we go back now?"

Only then did Roger slowly avert his gaze from the manor. He took out a small jewelry box from his pocket and opened it. Inside the box, a simple, yet exquisite ring rested. The diamond embedded into the middle of the ring glinted faintly under the dim sky. Before he came home, he bought this diamond ring. He had asked a famous designer to make this ring, and had it specially customized for Rachel.

Although he already found out from Clara that Rachel was pregnant, he still chose to bring the ring with him. He was hoping that Clara was just lying to dispel his intentions of proposing to Rachel.

But now, the last vestige of hope in his heart was dissipated. This ring would never even have the chance to meet its owner.

Slowly through the half-open car window, the rain drops fell on Roger's face, making him feel cold.

Roger closed the small box, and then threw it outside. It landed on the lawn, and rolled for a while before it finally disappeared from his vision.

"Let's go back," he ordered while rolling up the window.

The driver wanted to say something, but when he saw the look on Roger's face, he swallowed his words and nodded upon seeing Roger close his eyes. He then stepped on the accelerator, slowly turning the car around, and made his way to the Jimenez Mansion.

However, a few moments later, Roger suddenly opened his eyes. "Stop the car!"

The driver immediately stepped on the brake. Roger got off the car, and ran back to the lawn without saying a word.

As soon as Rachel arrived at the Sue Garden, Olivia heard about it from the other servants. She had been jittery all this time, and now, she was finally at ease.

It was storming today, and if anything bad were to happen to Rachel because she asked her to do the grocery shopping, Victor would not even let her live through the day. When Olivia saw Rachel slowly walking towards the house, she was livid. She had been on tenterhooks for a long time, and she blamed Rachel for that.

As she stood at the door, scowling, she shouted at Rachel, "Rachel, are you a tortoise or something? I only asked you to do the grocery shopping. What took you so long? Don't you know that everyone has been waiting for you?"

Rachel hadn't even caught her breath, and Olivia had already bombarded her with snide remarks. Rachel did not utter a word, but he stared Olivia indifferently.

Stunned by her gaze, Olivia asked, "Why are you looking at me like that? Are you mad because I'm scolding you?"

"Not at all. Say whatever you want," Rachel replied, and then she walked around Olivia, and into the house. She had no energy, nor interest in quarreling with this woman. All she wanted to do at the moment was to put her bags down and go to sleep as soon as possible.

Noticing that Rachel ignored her, Olivia became furious. She turned around, intending to grab Rachel's arm. "Rachel, I'm your boss. What kind of attitude is—ouch!"

Rachel's eyes became sharp. She dodged Olivia's hand, twisting Olivia's wrist, and pressed down her thumb on a nerve point. Olivia felt the burning pain and cried out, "Let... let me go!" Rachel pressed down harder on the nerve point, and the pain Olivia felt increased. It appeared as though her strength was running out. In a matter of seconds, Olivia dropped to her knees, and gasped for air.

"Did you know there's a way to kill someone without leaving any injuries on their body?" Rachel asked with a voice devoid of emotion.

Olivia's face turned pale upon hearing that. "What?"

"There are 720 nerve points in the human body, and 36 of them are fatal." Rachel gripped

Olivia's wrist and pulled her closer. She put two fingers on a spot a few centimeters above Olivia's navel. Then, she looked into Olivia's eyes, and said, "This is one of the fatal nerve points I was talking about. If I press it hard enough, you're gonna..."

Olivia's eyes widened instantly, and bellowed in pain. "Rachel, how dare you..."

Chapter 99 Olivia's Slander

"Why wouldn't I?" Rachel pressed her finger against the nerve point even harder. "Olivia, the only reason I didn't argue with you before is because I didn't want to waste my time. And just because I did that, it doesn't mean that I'm afraid of you! You're right, Victor doesn't like me. Go ahead, use that fact to make fun of me. And while you're at it, you might as well think about this. If I accidentally press this point too hard and you die because of it, will Victor call the police to have me arrested?"

'He wouldn't.'

Olivia already knew the answer without thinking twice, for Rachel was pregnant with his baby.

There was absolutely no way Victor would let the heir of the Sullivan family be born in prison. Moreover, Olivia was just a servant here. He would never punish Rachel for someone so insignificant.

The moment Rachel saw Olivia's face turn pale, she gathered that Olivia figured out the answer. She then released the housekeeper's hand, turned around, and left.

Olivia was left alone, frozen in fear for a long time. Her body trembled as though Rachel was still threatening to kill her, and she couldn't dare to move at all.

It was only when a servant called out to Olivia that she was pulled back to her senses. She watched as Rachel walked away, and clenched her fists so hard that her knuckles turned white. Her eyes glinted with anger and malice.

'I'm going to do whatever it takes to kick Rachel out of the Sue Garden!'

Olivia's desire to get rid of Rachel was becoming stronger and stronger. At last, Olivia had been driven mad.

By the time Victor arrived at the address Carson had sent him, Rachel was already gone.

Ivan was holding an umbrella when he returned to the car from the entrance of the shopping mall. Once he was inside the car, he looked at the backseat and said to Victor, "Sir, Olivia called me just now. Miss Bennet has returned to the Sue Garden."

"Then drive me back to the Sue Garden," Victor replied flatly.

Right after her phone call with Victor, Olivia smashed a vase on the table. She picked up the sharpest shard of the vase she could find, gritted her teeth, and used the shard to slit her arm. The wound was long and deep. Blood dripped along her arm, and fell on the carpet, which turned red within mere seconds.

Olivia's face was now turning pale from blood loss. She grabbed a light colored silk scarf and wrapped it around her wound. While enduring excruciating pain, she cleaned up the debris from the vase. Afterwards, she patiently waited for Victor's arrival.

Around forty minutes later, his Aston Martin drove into the Sue Garden, steadily parking in

front of the yard. Victor and Ivan got off the car and entered the main house.

With a pale face, Olivia greeted, "Mr. Sullivan, you're back."

The man glanced at her and caught sight of the blood-riddled scarf on her arm. "Where's Rachel?" he asked with obvious impatience.

Olivia lowered her gaze, and obediently replied, "Sir, she's still sleeping in her room. I was hoping to wake her up and ask her to eat something, but I didn't expect that..."

She deliberately paused for dramatic effect, and pursed her pale lips, pretending to be a victim. It seemed that she was about to say something, but she bit it back.

Victor looked at her curiously and asked, "You didn't expect what?"

"I didn't expect that she would tell me to mind my own business and leave her alone. And then she threw a vase at me. I managed to dodge it, but the vase hit the wall and shattered. One of the shards happened to cut my arm," Olivia said with tears in her eyes. "Sir, I really don't know what to do anymore. No matter how hard I try, Miss Bennet is always so rude to me. If it would please her to know that I won't be around here anymore, then I'm willing to leave the Sue Garden."

When she finished talking, tears ran down her cheeks. She forced a smile, looking at Victor with reddish eyes. She was quite a skilled actress.

"Ivan, wake Rachel up and tell her to come down here," Victor ordered, and then he walked towards the living room.

Ivan was stunned. He looked at Victor's back, uncertain of why his boss would want to confront Rachel again, despite knowing full well that Olivia was setting her up again. He had thought that Victor would've kicked that horrible housekeeper out of the Sue Garden by now.

When Olivia heard this, a smirk was plastered on her lips, but she kept her head low to hide it.

'You're right, Rachel. Even if I die, Mr. Sullivan won't trade your life for mine. But you didn't expect he'd kick you out, did you? Once his patience runs out, you won't be staying in this place any longer!'

When Ivan told Rachel to come downstairs, she didn't think much about it and just followed him. The moment she stepped foot inside the living room, she saw Victor sitting on the sofa, and Olivia was standing aside with her head down.

The blood-soaked silk scarf on Olivia's arm was eye-catching, so Rachel immediately saw it. All sorts of thoughts ran through her mind, and it didn't take her long to figure out that Olivia didn't take her warning seriously. This woman had set her up again.

"Tell her what you told me," Victor said to Olivia while glancing at Rachel.

Olivia bit her lip and paused. After a while, she repeated what she said to Victor, in a voice shaken by fear. As Rachel listened to this horrible woman's bullshit, her eyes brimmed with anger, until she had finally had enough.

Victor had been observing Rachel's expression.

He thought that she would be so exasperated that she would end up interrupting Olivia halfway through the story, and tell him that the housekeeper was lying, anxious to explain her side. After all, Rachel had always been an aggressive character and would never pass off an opportunity to defend herself whether she was right or not. But now, she hadn't said a word, nor had she done anything. Other than the obvious displeasure on her face, she remained quiet.

Victor was lost in thought. 'The Rachel now is bold enough to bash a person's head with a bottle. Her tongue is so sharp that even Ivan would be rendered speechless before her. She's become so stubborn, and she wouldn't cry even when she's hurt. Even when people were walking all over her, she doesn't cause a scene like before. She's surprisingly calm and composed now. And she's always trying to solve her problems on her own.'

When those thoughts flooded into his mind, Victor felt a pang in his heart. He suddenly realized that Rachel had really become a completely different person, someone he could no longer recognize. And it seemed as though he could lose her at any moment.

A feeling of loss arose from his heart, and it annoyed him to have such feelings. Victor didn't even realize that he wanted to hold Rachel in his arms right now.

At last, Olivia was done with her story.

"Rachel, is there anything you'd like to say in your defense," Victor asked, staring at Rachel's beautiful face.

When she heard his question, she was actually surprised. She thought that he would make a decision without even asking for her side of the story. She had even considered the possibility that he would either lock her in her bedroom to reflect on her actions, or drive her out of the Sue Garden.

But to her surprise, he wanted to hear what she had to say.

Rachel turned to Olivia, and she could feel how nervous the woman was. She then turned to Victor, and said, "I have nothing to say."

She had no idea why Victor would want to hear her side, but she was sure that if she denied the accusation and explained herself, he probably wouldn't believe her. And since she was determined to protect the baby in her womb, she had to mind her words. She could no longer say whatever she wanted like before, so she might as well keep her mouth shut and save herself the trouble.

When Olivia heard Rachel's answer, she looked at the latter in astonishment.

Victor was surprised as well. Apparently, he didn't expect that Rachel would pass off the chance to defend herself. He scowled and asked, "Are you saying that Olivia is telling the truth?"

Upon hearing that, Olivia was worried again, looking at Rachel vigilantly.

Now, Rachel was confused.

She never imagined that Victor would say something like that. She had led herself to believe

that after she declined the chance to voice out her side of the story, he would automatically condemn her for hurting Olivia, and that he would command her to apologize to Olivia. 'Have pigs begun to fly?' Rachel wondered. 'No, that's impossible. Something strange must be going on in Victor's brain.'

Chapter 100 Thievery At The Sue Garden

"If I told you that Olivia was lying, would you believe me? If I said that I don't know how she hurt her arm, and that she never came to my room, would you believe me? In fact, would you believe anything I said?" Rachel looked at Victor challengingly. Her tone was level and calm, as if she didn't care whether he chose to believe her or not.

Victor just looked at her and said nothing.

It came as no surprise to Rachel when Victor remained silent; she'd been expecting it. But now that she'd accused Olivia of lying, she had to prove it. She'd always lived by those morals; keep quiet when necessary, or defend herself until she could prove she was right.

"Olivia, could you tell me when you came to my room and offered me something to eat? Or better yet, what did you offer me?" Rachel asked with a pleasant smile.

Olivia averted her eyes, choosing instead to stare at a point just past Rachel. "Well..." she started, "I came to your room about an hour ago. I brought you a glass of milk with cinnamon and honey in it."

"And where is the milk now?" Rachel asked.

"It... It's..." Olivia suddenly lost her nerve and ability to lie. She'd already planned out how she was going to contradict anything Rachel said, so she couldn't understand why she was suddenly struggling to speak.

"You accused me of throwing a vase at you. Can you tell me how big the vase was? Where I got it from? How hard I threw it? Was it underhand or overhead?"

"It... It was a small vase. And you got it from... I don't know..." Olivia gave up trying to lie her way through Rachel's questions and turned to Victor with a pitiful expression. "Mr. Sullivan, I don't know why Rachel is asking me these questions. But do you think it's really necessary? Surely you don't think I would have cut my own arm?"

Victor kept his expression perfectly neutral. "Answer her questions," he said blandly.

"Wh-? Mr. Sullivan?" Olivia's eyes widened in disbelief. She stared at Victor like he'd suddenly turned a different color.

Rachel stayed quiet and watched the two of them. She was beginning to think her previous assumptions were right; perhaps there was something wrong with Victor's brain.

Olivia started to cave under the assault of Victor's cold stare. Tears sprung to her eyes as all the color drained from her face. "I..." she said in a trembling voice. "I can't remember."

"That's alright. Let me ask you this one last question, just to make things easier," Rachel said with a triumphant smile. "Was there water in the vase when I threw it at you?"

Olivia's heart was pounding so fiercely in her chest that she could barely concentrate. Without thinking, she answered, "Yes. There was water in it."

"Strange," Rachel said as if she were perturbed.

"What... What's strange?" Olivia said, still in a panicked daze.

"I just find it strange that your clothes somehow didn't get wet during the whole ordeal. I mean, if one of the shards of the vase could gash your arm when it shattered against the wall, then how is it that you managed to stay dry? Surely you'd have been soaked?" Rachel's mellow, level voice got louder and louder as she spoke. Olivia was already panicking so badly from the guilt at being found out that the questions threw her totally off guard.

"I... I... I changed my clothes afterwards," she blurted out, not even pausing to consider her words. She tried to take a step back, realizing that she might be in real danger now. But she ended up stepping on herself and stumbling.

"Really? If you changed your clothes, then why is your sleeve torn?" Rachel nodded towards the clothing she was currently wearing. When Olivia had first told the story, she'd vividly described how a piece of broken vase had cut her arm, and how much she'd bled as a result. It was understandable that the clothes she'd been wearing then were torn. But it made no sense that the clothing she was wearing now also had a torn sleeve that was covered in blood if she really did change her clothes.

Olivia realized too late that she'd fallen in the trap that Rachel had so cleverly laid out for her. She hadn't even seen it coming. Her face blanched of color, making her look as though she was going to pass out at any given second. She fell to her knees in front of Victor, whimpering as she said, "Mr. Sullivan, I didn't..."

"Have you finished with your questions?" Victor asked Rachel, totally ignoring Olivia's feeble words.

"I have," Rachel said and tilted her head in question. It was strange that Victor would ask that.

Victor ignored her look and left the room. She could hear him climbing the stairs to the next floor. Rachel stared down at Olivia in confusion, while Olivia had her eyes fixed on the floor. Olivia was the first one to come back to her senses. She shook her head, and a slow, victorious smile started spreading over her face. She was just about to get to her feet when two men dressed in black marched into the living room. They grabbed her by the shoulders and forced her back down to the ground.

"What do you think you're doing?" Olivia cried, trying to struggle against their firm grips.

Ivan walked up to Rachel and stood calmly at her side. He held out an assortment of documents to her, then nodded and said, "Miss Bennet, these are the details to Olivia's bank account. Since becoming the head housekeeper, she has embezzled 50,000 dollars from its daily earnings. The money is now yours, you are free to do with it as you will. Mr. Sullivan also asked me to tell you that you may punish Olivia as you see fit. You have been granted full permission to do whatever you want to her."

Rachel listened to Ivan, then looked down at the papers he was holding out to her. She wasn't stupid, she knew what Victor was playing at.

He already knew all the awful things Olivia had done. He'd been waiting for a chance to get

rid of her; and that chance had come in the form of Rachel. He would be blameless in this sense, and all the weight of guilt and responsibility would be on Rachel.

Rachel's mouth twitched in irritation. Victor really was a profiteer.

Olivia burst into tears as reality finally came crashing down on her. Victor had seen through her lies and tricks long ago, and it had just been a matter of time before she was punished. She turned to Rachel and knelt in front of her. She could barely speak through her sobs as she begged, "Miss Bennet, please. Please, let me go. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything. I'll do whatever you say. Just tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it. Please don't report me for embezzlement. I have children and parents to support. My grandmother... She's at home, relying on me-"

"Who said I was going to report you?" Rachel cut into her pitiful tirade. She didn't look at Olivia. She turned to the bodyguards and said, "Throw her out of the Sue Garden. I don't want to see her here again. Starting now, she is forbidden from setting foot on the property!"

While she was speaking, Rachel opened her hand and dropped something on the floor. No one noticed it; only Olivia.

Olivia's eyes widened and she grabbed the item without anyone seeing. Then she kowtowed to Rachel, pressing her hands and forehead flat on the ground. "Miss Bennet... Thank you, thank you so much..."

The bodyguards hauled Olivia to her feet and dragged her out of the Sue Garden. Ivan watched the display, frowning disapprovingly at Rachel's actions. "Miss Bennet, are you really going to let her get away with embezzlement? The details on the account are proof enough of her actions."

Rachel turned to look at Ivan with a sweet smile on her face. "Perhaps it's you who doesn't want to let her get away with it? I thought you just said that Victor gave me free rein to handle this as I saw fit?"

"I'm surprised, that's all. I thought you'd give her a heavier punishment than just being thrown out the Sue Garden," Ivan said pleasantly.

"Actually... You're right. I want to do a little more than just kicking her out the Sue Garden." Rachel turned to Ivan with an impish smile. "Ivan, tell me, if she were to pay back every cent that she has stolen, and then get arrested, how long would her sentence be?"

Ivan blinked in surprise as he considered her question. After a moment of silence he said, "I'm not sure. It's not set in stone, but I think the sentencing ranges from 3 months to a year."

"Three months is definitely not enough." Rachel's eyes glittered with malice, and the impish grin on her face turned nasty.

"Excuse me?" Ivan turned to her, his eyes begging her for an explanation.

"Ivan, would you be so kind as to call the police and tell them," she paused dramatically, "that there has been a case of theft in the Sue Garden."

"Pardon me? Theft?"

Rachel nodded solemnly. "The matching earring of the one I'm currently wearing is missing. I dropped it on the ground just now when I was dealing with Olivia, and I can't seem to find it." She reached up and removed the earring in her left ear. She laid it in her palm and handed it to Ivan. "This single earring is worth about 200, 000 dollars. How many years do you think the person who stole it would get if they were caught?"

Before Ivan even had a chance to answer, Rachel turned around and left.

She was well aware that the sentence for stealing an item of such value was somewhere between 3 to 10 years. No more, and no less.

There was no way Rachel would have just accidentally lost something that valuable. There was also no way that it would have fallen out of her ear so easily. Rachel had planned this. She'd deliberately dropped the earring so Olivia would steal it. Ivan could do nothing but stare down at the earring in shock when he realized this.