

Chapter 76 You're Not Allowed To Leave If You Don't Eat

In the Sue Garden.

The moment the Aston Martin pulled over at the gate, the driver got off the car to open the backseat door for Victor.

Upon hearing the noise, Lukas immediately came out of the house to greet him. "Mr. Sullivan, you're finally home."

"So, what's going on?" Victor walked into the house while locking eyes with Lukas.

"It's your wife—" Lukas reflexively addressed Rachel by her old title. He suddenly when he felt Victor starting at him coldly. Immediately, Lukas realized that he had made a mistake, and he changed his wording. "It's Miss Bennet. She doesn't want to eat anything after she vomited around noon."

Victor was not pleased to hear that. "If she doesn't want to eat, let her be."

"But she's pregnant, Mr. Sullivan. If she doesn't eat it anything, it could affect the baby's development," Lukas said with worry.

"Where is she?" Victor asked.

"She's been in her room ever since she came back."

"Bring her down here this instant!" Victor commanded.

"Yes, sir." With that, Lukas went upstairs to find Rachel. Inside the room, she had just unlocked her phone, and she was reading an email that she received from Quintin a few days ago. It was Wilson's schedule for the past two weeks.

When Rachel saw Alice's name on the schedule, she figured out what was going on. 'Well, just as I've thought, Wilson and that little bitch, Alice are in cahoots. The physical examination that I underwent a week ago was arranged upon Alice's request.'

Just then, she heard a knock coming from the door.

"Miss Bennet, are you awake?" Lukas said from outside the door.

Rachel gathered her thoughts as she got out of bed to open the door. "Lukas, what's up?"

"Mr. Sullivan is back," he replied. "He's downstairs, waiting for you."

Rachel frowned at that.

She had thought that Victor wouldn't come back tonight.

"I see. Let's go downstairs then." Rachel nodded, leaving the room and closing the door behind her. Afterwards, she followed Lukas to the dining room.

The moment she stepped foot in the dining room, she felt the familiar frigid atmosphere. She scanned her eyes along the table and found Victor at the end of the table, sitting there while wearing a stern expression.

Upon seeing him, she couldn't help but think of how he strangled her with his bare hands,

almost killing her. She clenched her hands into fists.

'Three times.

Victor has tried to kill me three times.' ①

The first time it happened was during the day she was reborn. The second time was because of the Bennet Group. And the third was when he found out that she was pregnant.

Rachel took a deep breath, and sat down at the table. After she was seated, Lukas looked at the maids, signaling them to serve the food. Soon, all sorts of dishes were served on the table.

"Miss Bennet, these dishes were made under the advisement of a nutritionist, which is specifically catered for pregnant women. Aside from that, the nutritionist has taken your current condition into consideration," Lukas explained as he stood beside the table.

When the aroma of the food wafted into her nose, Rachel's stomach grumbled, and her face turned pale. She then stood up, wanting to leave, but to her surprise, two bodyguards suddenly appeared behind her, and pressed her shoulder down without saying a word.

"Victor, what the hell are you doing?"

"Eat everything," Victor commanded, still wearing his stoic expression.

Rachel gulped when she saw how much food there were on the table. Even though she wasn't suffering from nausea, she was certain that she could never eat so much food. She then glanced at the bodyguards on both sides of her seat, and took a deep breath to suppress the nausea she was feeling.

"I'm not hungry." Rachel frowned and said, "If you're hungry, you can eat these all yourself."

"I said, finish these dishes. Don't make me repeat myself again. If you're not hungry, then sit there until you are! If you can't finish them all at once, you can take a break until you're able to eat more," Victor responded.

"Miss Bennet, you haven't eaten anything for an entire day. You should at least have some. It'll be good for you and your baby," Lukas suggested, handing her a bowl of light millet porridge.

"I really can't—urgh!" Before she could finish her sentence, she suddenly retched. She kept retching for a long time, but there was nothing in her stomach that she could throw up, and it caused her face to turn pale.

Her eyes were turning red, and her hands were clenched against her chest. The pain in her throat and the burning sensation from her stomach was becoming more and more unbearable.

Upon seeing this, Lukas immediately poured a glass of warm water for her. "Miss Bennet, please drink some water."

Rachel took the water to moisten her throat. Afterwards, she pushed away the bowl of millet porridge in front of her, and then she cast Victor a cold stare. "Let's talk," she said.

Looking back at her, Victor caught a glimpse of her wrist. He only saw it because she was covering her mouth with her hands just now, and her sleeves were slightly rolled up,

revealing the bruises on her wrist, which hadn't completely recovered. Once again, the scene of Rachel falling to the ground flashed through his mind again. His eyes dimmed, and he suddenly had a hard time breathing.

Victor sprang to his feet, looking down at Rachel. "I will not talk to you unless you finish eating." Afterwards, he said to Lukas, "Stay here and make sure she finishes everything. If she doesn't finish them all, don't let her leave."

With that, Victor left.

Rachel bit her lower lip so hard that it bled.

Lukas sighed and said, "Miss Bennet, for the sake of your baby, please eat some."

Rachel looked into his eyes for a while before she nodded in agreement. "Fine, I'll eat."

Soon, she managed to eat everything on the table, and just as expected, she threw them all up.

When Lukas saw her face turn pale, he felt concerned. "Are you okay?"

Rachel grabbed the edge of the table, clenching it hard. She felt horrible, but the fierce look in her eyes never wavered. "Don't worry, I'm still alive," she joked in a hoarse and feeble voice.

"But Miss Bennet—"

"Lukas, please get me another glass of warm water." She had vomited so much for so long that she had grown exhausted.

Lukas immediately followed the order and gave her another glass. Rachel drank half of the glass' contents in one gulp, and fortunately, it relieved some of the pain coming from her stomach. Then, she put down the glass, stood up, and left the dining room.

This time, the bodyguards didn't stop her.

Worried, Lukas followed her and asked, "Miss Bennet, are you going back to your room to rest?"

"No, I want to talk to Victor." Rachel took a deep breath as she pressed the elevator button to the third floor before Lukas could say another word.

"Ding!"

The elevator door opened.

Once she stepped out of the elevator, she noticed that there was a study nearby. The door was slightly ajar, and she could see the light coming from the crack of the door. That light felt cold, much like Victor.

For a long time, she just stood at the door, before she knocked on the door.

"Come in," Victor said.

After hearing that, Rachel opened the door and entered. She saw him sitting behind a large desk, checking emails on his computer with a mouse in hand. From her angle, she could see only the side of his face. He had dashing eyebrows, deep-set eyes, and a high nose. The bright light shone down on him, making him look like an aloof noble. He looked rather

handsome this way. The mere sight of him could sweep people off their feet.

Indeed, he was handsome. But beneath that beautiful exterior, lay a horrible man.

Subconsciously, Rachel looked at her bruise-covered wrists. With a grim look on her face, she said, "Let's talk, Victor."

Chapter 77 The Agreement

Victor could see Rachel reflected in his computer screen. Slowly, he turned around to look at her. "What do you want to talk about?" he asked.

"Let me go. Please. I promise I won't bother you again." Rachel stared right into his eyes as she said this, willing him to see how serious she was.

"You want me to let you go? Listen to yourself. What makes you think I'm going to let you go when you're pregnant with my child?" Before Rachel could say anything else, Victor grabbed the stack of papers he'd had waiting for her and tossed them at her feet. "Sign it," he said stubbornly.

Sign it?

What exactly was she supposed to sign?

Rachel stared at him in shock, then slowly turned her eyes to the papers lying on the ground. She crouched down and picked them up, carefully neatening them into a pile. As she patted them into place, she quickly read over what was written there. Her expression darkened.

It was an agreement. One that stated she was to remain in the Sue Garden for the duration of her pregnancy. Once the child was born, Victor would have full custody of the baby. It also stated that he would grant her a large sum of money, and then she was to leave Apliaria and never return.

She would have nothing to do with her own baby. The only interaction she'd have with the child was the nine months she'd be pregnant.

Rachel scrunched the documents in her hand. They made a crunching sound as the papers crinkled and warped in her fist. She gritted her teeth and fixed him with a cold, sour stare. "50 million dollars? That's so generous of you, Mr. Sullivan."

Victor shuffled uncomfortably in his seat. He laced his fingers together and looked up at her. In a low voice he said, "If that's not enough, name your price. As long as it's within reason, I'll pay you whatever you want."

"Alright then. How about this. This baby is also your child. Which means this child is a potential successor of the Sullivan Group. If you think about it, 50 million dollars isn't nearly enough," Rachel said with a smile. But it was a cold smile, one that didn't reach her eyes. She looked down at the ground to hide the malicious expression she knew was crawling over her features.

Victor's expression darkened at her swift response. His expression was almost as icy as hers was now. So his previous judgment had been right; she was still just as greedy as she'd been before.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

Rachel raised her head to look at him. Her cold, eerie smile widened. "I don't want money.

Money is not going to fix a broken heart. Do you really think I want my child to grow up thinking their mother abandoned them? That I was just some woman who valued money more than them? Shame on you. I still have my dignity.

I know what I want. And I..." she trailed off and locked gazes with Victor. "I want to be the CEO of the Sullivan Group."

The temperature in the room plummeted. It felt like someone had suddenly locked them in a freezer.

Rachel's smile stretched even wider as she took in his reaction. The evilness in her smile faded somewhat, leaving her looking more smug than anything else. "Mr. Sullivan, since this child means so much to you, and you want them so badly... Surely you'd be willing to give up the position of CEO in the Sullivan Group? You'd do that for your child, wouldn't you? But I mean... It's your choice. If you don't adhere to my requirements then..." she paused dramatically, making sure to maintain eye contact with him the entire time. She wanted him to see how the coldness crept into her stare. Then she said slowly, "I won't sign the agreement."

'Does this man think I'm a joke? Does it look like I'd have ever taken that 50 million?

I do need the money... But my child is worth more than 50 million dollars.'

With her part said and her mind firmly made up, Rachel turned to leave the study. Since they couldn't come to an agreement, there was no need for her to hang around any longer. She'd wanted to discuss this with him in a peaceful, mature way. But it seemed that was impossible.

As she raised her hand to open the door, she suddenly heard what sounded like voices coming from behind her. She paused, straining her ears to hear what was being said.

"Are you Andy Torres? You've been reported for taking bribes when you were the director of the legal department of the Bennet Group."

"Bribery? You must be joking. I think you've made a big mistake."

"Your cooperation in this investigation would be appreciated. Please come quietly."

"Why would I take bribes? Sir, you must have made a mistake! I didn't-"

The rest of the words were cut off by the sound of handcuffs being snapped into place. Andy was cuffed.

"Mr. Torres! Sir! You've got the wrong person! He would never do such a thing!

Mr. Torres!" Another voice said.

Through all the raised voices and chaos, Rachel could just make out the sound of Andy and Abby's voices. She slowly lowered her hand from the door knob, then turned around to see there was a video playing on the computer screen.

It showed the current scene at the Bennet family's villa. Five or six policemen had broken into the house and had Andy and Abby surrounded. Andy was in cuffs. Two policemen were holding him by shoulders and were forcing him towards the police car. Abby was running

after them, desperately trying to explain and free him. But she tripped over a stone and ended up falling to the ground.

"Victor. What did you do to them?" Rachel said in a trembling voice. She clenched her fists and gritted her jaw, barely able to restrain herself.

Victor casually tapped a key on his keyboard and paused the video. Then he turned the screen properly so she could see the scene he'd stopped on. It was of Abby, sitting crying on the ground.

"Three days ago, I sent Ivan to do some investigating on the Bennet Group's accounts. He found a massive transaction from 30 years ago that looked quite suspicious." As he spoke, he swept his gaze over the bruises on Rachel's neck and wrists. His eyes were so cold and indifferent that it nearly made Rachel shiver. In a level voice he continued, "At that time, the lawyer in charge of the deal was Andy."

A suspicious transaction record from 30 years ago?

And there was some problem with the deal Andy had handled?

Ever since Elisa's death, the Bennet Group had lost a lot of money and was basically running at a loss. If there had been something suspicious going on, and if there was something shady with its operation, it wouldn't have declined to the state it was currently in. The company had been running for nearly 70 years, and had passed through three Bennet Family generators in its time. How much had Jack and Caroline suffered to let it get this bad? How many bribes had they taken that their company had fallen to such ruin? Those were all questions Victor could have easily found the answers to if he'd sent someone to investigate. But he hadn't. He'd ignored all the other shady business and targeted only Andy. Rachel knew there had to be a mistake. She didn't believe Andy would do such a thing as taking bribes. If he was that greedy, he never would have given her Elisa's will.

When Elisa passed away 24 years ago, Rachel had still been a baby. And Jack and Caroline had been having hard time in their relationship. It was unstable. If Andy had been that desperate for cash, he could have used the will against them to coerce them into giving him a large sum of money. He'd never have had to work again. But he didn't. Instead, he'd stayed in a shabby basement and waited for 24 years, just so he could keep his promise to Elisa.

"You're an awful person!" Rachel shouted angrily at Victor before she could stop herself.

Victor pushed himself up from his chair and strode over to her. He grabbed her chin tightly and forced her to look at him. "An awful person?" he said sarcastically. "That's a little bit redundant, isn't it? Coming from such a shameless, awful person like yourself. Believe it or not, Rachel, I can be even worse... Would you like me to show you?"

"You..." Rachel wanted to say something but she just couldn't find the words.

"That maid in the video, her name is Abby. Correct?" Victor said. "Now picture this: a woman can't find a job and she is running out of money. Someone offers to help her out with her situation. Isn't it logical that she will be grateful and do whatever is asked of her to repay her debt?"

Rachel's heart skipped a beat. She clenched her jaw tightly then screamed, "You bastard! What did you do to Abby?"

"Nothing major. I simply kicked her out of that house. The rest of her fate is in your hands now. What happens to her next depends entirely on you." Victor roughly let her go and went back to his desk. He pulled open one of the drawers and took out the extra copy of the agreement. He held it out to her.

"At 10 o'clock tomorrow morning Ivan will come and get the agreement. If your name is not on these papers by the time he fetches the agreement, Sullivan Group's indictment on Andy will be sent to court, and your precious maid, Abby, will be sent to the Crown Club. I believe the manager there has a lot to teach her..."

Then he slapped the papers down on his desk and left the study without another word. Rachel stayed rooted to the spot. Her face was pale as she stared down at the papers on the desk.

Her eyes glittered with horrible anger, and she'd curled her fists so tightly that her nails were biting into her palms. She was breathing so hard in an effort to control herself that her chest was heaving up and down. She could barely draw enough breath to curse, "Victor! You are a bastard! A bastard!"

Chapter 78 Sign The Agreement On Three Conditions

The next morning.

Rachel woke up exhausted, to her chagrin. Not only had she fallen asleep at midnight, but she had also contended with many strange dreams, all of which made her sweat profusely throughout the night.

It took a few moments for her eyes to focus, and the ceiling came into view. She sat up and looked out the window as the blazing-yellow sun rose slowly into the sky. She was lost in thought as sunlight covered every inch of the room. Suddenly, her smartphone vibrated, jolting her from her reverie. She looked down at the phone and saw a red dialog box that had just popped up on the screen. It was filled with code that meant one thing: the search had failed, yet again.

Her eyes darkened as she closed the dialog box and clenched her fists in frustration. She could no longer keep count of how many times she had seen the dreaded red pop-up of failure. "Search Failed" were the two words that had been engraved in her mind, and it seemed she would be unable to forget it even in death.

Abby's whereabouts still eluded her.

Victor said he had sent Abby packing from the Bennet family's house but didn't take her away. If that was the case, why couldn't she find her whereabouts? It was as though she had vanished into thin air.

Rachel had even hacked Aplieria's traffic monitoring system and sifted through all surveillance videos of every place within ten leagues of the Bennet family's house, the Sullivan Group's building, and the hospital. However, the videos didn't turn up any trace of Abby's whereabouts—like smoke, she had completely vanished.

Frustrated, Shelia logged out of the monitoring system and checked the time at the top of the screen.

It was seven o'clock, and there wasn't much time left.

Rays of sunlight shone in through the glass door, illuminating the edge of the bed. The warm, gold light soon covered the bed entirely, like a scene from renowned drama flicks. As she basked in the sunlight, her eyes glimmered for a moment. She had made up her mind.

With a hint of determination in her eyes, she got from the bed a while later, took a shower and changed her clothes. Then, she left the bedroom and went downstairs to the dining room.

As she walked into the room, she ran into Victor. He had eaten breakfast and was about to leave.

Lukas was also nearby. He didn't wake Rachel up early because he wanted her to sleep in, as she was pregnant. Although he was surprised to see Rachel suddenly come to the dining room, he still walked over and respectfully greeted her.

"Good morning, Miss Bennet. Why did you wake up so early? Don't worry. I'll have the servants bring you a nutritious breakfast right away."

"Don't bother, Lukas. I'm not hungry," she replied in a hoarse voice, with her expression rather cold.

Yesterday, she ate an entire course of nutritious food and had vomited it all. Now, she couldn't bear to hear Lukas recommend that she eat "nutritious" food; it made her want to puke.

Victor gave her the once-over and noticed how pale and exhausted she looked. A trace of contempt flashed in his cold eyes as he said, "Do you plan to go on a hunger strike? Rachel, don't think I'm not aware of what you're up to. You present yourself as poor, weak, and out of options because you want me to pity you and release your friends, right? What a waste of time; I know you're just acting."

Rachel couldn't help but chuckle at the accusation. She found it funny that Victor could be this ridiculous while keeping a straight face.

'Acting? Me?' Trying to win this jerk's pity by starving herself was an exercise in futility—one she would be foolish to try. She just didn't have the appetite to eat anything.

"There are still three hours left before ten o'clock," Victor coldly said, ignoring her chuckle. "Give up this idea as soon as possible. Even if you kneeled right here, right now, I wouldn't relent because a woman like you deserves no pity from me. If you want to save them, there's nothing you can do but sign the agreement,"

he said and coldly walked past her, heading for the door.

However, he stopped dead in his tracks when he heard Rachel's voice a moment later. Although she didn't yell, he clearly heard what she had just said.

"I will sign the agreement, but I have three conditions."

Victor turned around and narrowed his eyes with great disdain. "Who do you think you are to bargain with me?"

Rachel didn't back down, though. Instead, she looked him dead in the eyes and replied, "You're right—I'm worried about Andy and Abby, but I'm more committed to ensuring that my interests aren't compromised. If I have to choose between safeguarding my interests and saving them, I'll choose to protect my interests at their expense. Don't forget, even for a second, that the baby is in my belly. If I decide I no longer want it, do you really think you can stop me from doing anything?"

Suddenly, the corners of her lips curled up into a wry smile. "I won't die if I fall, but it's hard to say if the baby will survive. In the first three months of pregnancy, the fetus is feeble and at risk, and anything can happen if it isn't properly cared for, right?"

Victor's face turned ugly. "Rachel, you are so heartless!" he bellowed.

Rachel raised her eyebrows for a moment and shook her head slowly, causing a lock of her hair to drop and cover her eyes for a few moments, hiding the fiery coldness that had

suddenly appeared in them from Victor's view.

"Everyone pursues self-interest eventually, Victor," she slowly said. "What's more, you already know the kind of person I am, don't you? I'm just a greedy, shameless, and stubborn woman who won't stop pestering you, no?"

Those words were quite familiar to her. Victor had used these words time and time again to describe the old Rachel. Every time she heard them, she would get hurt; the words were like sharp knives stabbing at her heart. She didn't know if she had felt this way in the past because the words were too harsh, but now, all they did was infuriate her. This was quite unusual, though, because she knew such words shouldn't have angered her, because she was Shelia, not Rachel.

But she was pissed off anyway. The angrier she got, the colder her eyes became. This time, her fierce expression was plain for all to see.

Victor was stunned.

For some unknown reason, he felt hurt when he heard those words, but the pain vanished as quickly as it came. "What are your conditions?" he asked in a deep voice.

Rachel tucked the loose hair behind her ear and looked at him quietly. A few moments later, she said, "One, I want all the shares you have in the Bennet Group.

Two, I can agree to live in the Sue Garden for the duration of my pregnancy, but you can't prevent me from going out.

And three..."

She paused at this point and looked him straight in the eyes with an unfathomable expression. "I want to you fire Alice."

Victor was surprised at first. "Fire Alice?" Then, he smiled coldly. "You really don't want to give up on me, do you? Do you think you will become the Sullivan family's hostess again if I fire Alice?"

'The Sullivan family's hostess? How impertinent!'

Rachel sneered in her heart. 'Whoever wants to become the Sullivan family's hostess is free to strive as hard as they want. I don't want it, neither do I care about it.'

"Think whatever you want," Rachel replied with an indifferent expression. "Those are my conditions. If you agree to them, I'll sign the agreement. Furthermore, I don't want the fifty million dollars you included in the agreement."

Victor looked at her silently for a while. He seemed to be thinking hard. Rachel didn't say anything more, either. She was in no hurry, after all, so she just stood there quietly, awaiting his answer.

The room was dead silent, and the temperature seemed low. Victor's eyes darkened after a while. "Fine, but I want to add something to the second condition. You'll be allowed to leave the Sue Garden at will, but someone must go with you."

"Sure," she replied right away.

"Then, I'll have Ivan draft a new agreement. I want to see your signature on it before ten o'clock," Victor indifferently said. With that, he turned around and left.

Rachel remained expressionless until he was entirely out of sight—only then did she breathe a sigh of relief. She looked down at her palms, and they were covered in sweat. However, no one could see the glow of cunning in her eyes because she had lowered her head.

Lukas, who hadn't dared interrupt the conversation, hurried forward and earnestly said, "Miss Bennet, nutrition is the most important thing for a pregnant woman. No matter how nauseous you feel, you have to eat something for the baby's sake. Besides, now that you've come to an agreement with Mr. Sullivan, you don't have to worry about anything else. Just focus on resting well in the Sue Garden. A few months will pass in the blink of an eye."

Rachel smiled at him but said nothing.

Just rest for a few months? And then what? It was a certainty that she'd be driven out right after the baby's birth. From then on, the baby would have nothing to do with her.

'That's impossible!

Victor, now that you're being heartless, don't blame me for being ruthless, too.' All she needed was a month—just one—to settle Andy and Abby. After that, she would make her move. She was actually curious to see how Victor planned to stop her from getting her own baby. At that point, not even God would be able to stop her.

Chapter 79 Just Here For The Show

Ivan arrived at the Sue Garden at ten o'clock and found Rachel waiting for him in the living room. He handed her the agreement and a pen. "Miss Bennet, this is a new draft. Read it thoroughly and if everything works for you, you can go ahead and sign it."

Rachel didn't bother reading any of it. She clicked the pen and signed her name on the last page before handing the document back to Ivan.

This reminded him of the day her divorce to Victor became official. He had been the one to bring the divorce papers to her then and he clearly remembered her signing her name without even reading a line.

Back then, if anyone had told him that in less than two months Rachel would not only be pregnant with Victor's child, but also living in the Sue Garden again, he would have laughed his head off.

What a surprising turn of events!

"The legal department has withdrawn the lawsuit against Andy. He should be released this afternoon," he said in a businesslike tone as he returned the agreement to his briefcase.

"Where is Abby?" Rachel asked, frowning at Ivan.

"Abby? Do you mean your maid?"

"Yes," Rachel replied curtly. "Where is she?"

"Don't worry, Miss Bennet. She is safe and treated well. But we can't release her just yet," Ivan said.

Rachel eyes were shooting daggers at him. "And why is that?"

"Mr. Sullivan doesn't trust you, given your history in breaking promises. Just to be sure, he will wait until the baby is born to release the girl, but only when he is sure you are out of the city."

Rachel clenched her fists.

She was furious, yet not at all surprised by Victor's actions. She took a deep breath and regained her composure, relaxing her hands.

Ivan was certain that Rachel would explode when she heard what Victor had in store for her maid, so he was taken aback seeing her so calm. He checked his watch and said, "You will have to excuse me now if there's nothing else..."

He looked at her inquiringly but when she didn't respond, he turned to leave. He was almost at the door when Rachel stopped him in his tracks. "Ivan, wait."

"Yes, Miss Bennet? Is there something else you need?"

"You are on your way to Victor's office, right?" Rachel grabbed her purse and moved towards

Ivan. "I need to get to the Sullivan Group too. I'll just tag along."

Some matters required her attention. They had been left unresolved for too long, and now was the time to settle them and punish those that deserved to be punished.

In the public relations department of the Sullivan Group, everyone was surprised to see Alice returning to work so soon. ①

She had been in the hospital for a few days, but now she could finally get out of bed and walk. Thinking Rachel getting that abortion, she felt truly elated. She didn't listen to her mother's suggestion to stay at home for a couple more days.

She was dressed in the latest fashion, carrying her most expensive designer bag. Her red high heels clicked on the floor as she entered the building.

One of her colleagues spotted Alice first and her eyes lit up. "Miss Jenkins, you are here!"

Alice flipped her carefully coifed hair and flashed the woman a broad smile. "I've ordered drinks for everyone. They'll be here soon."

"Thank you, Miss Jenkins!" Everyone shouted, looking really excited to have a reason to party.

"Miss Jenkins, are you wearing Orlais? This year's autumn collection if I am not mistaken?"

Alice scanned the crowd and found the woman that had asked the question. She was happy to see that her eyes were wide as saucers.

Alice raised her chin slightly and gently touched the pearls adorning her sleeves. "It is! I didn't think you'd recognize it."

"Oh my God! This dress is a limited edition! It was all but sold out two days after it reached the market! Some friends of mine waited in line all night outside the shop to buy a dress like this, but before they even got inside, there wasn't any left. How did you get it, Miss Jenkins?"

All the women in the office were looking at Alice with undisguised envy.

And she enjoyed it immensely! She tried to look modest as she said casually, "Oh, I just happened to know the chief designer of Orlais, so I asked her to set one aside for me."

That elicited a collective gasp from the women around her.

The chief designer of Orlais!

This brand was maybe the third-best luxurious one in the world! Its chief designer was bound to be someone truly extraordinary and even seeing their face was a faraway dream for most people. But Alice knew them personally. After all, she had asked them to keep a dress for her.

Every single woman in that room would give their right hand to be in Alice's place.

Alice smiled smugly, her eyes glinting with pride. "Oh, and by the way, I have a client who wants some materials. I'll print out the list. Could someone help me send it to Rachel in the archive? She needs to gather everything and send it to me."

A dead silence seemed to spread over the previously cheerful crowd at her words.

The man standing right next to Alice told her in a low voice, "Miss Jenkins, didn't you hear about Rachel?"

"No! What happened?" Alice tried her best to look surprised and confused. "I took a few days off. Did anything happen while I was gone?"

"Rachel was fired," someone cried.

"Fired?" Alice frowned, not unconvincingly. "How is this possible? Didn't she just accompany Mr. Sullivan to his business trip in Yaprye?"

"Pfft!" The man rolled his eyes. "She had us all fooled! She is not as innocent as she wanted us to think she was! Probably she used some dirty means to go on that trip! People say she threatened Mr. Sullivan! Of course she got fired! Did you know she used to be married to Mr. Sullivan? I just found out! What man could put up with her? And pestering Mr. Sullivan after their divorce? What a tramp!"

"Come on, now. After all, she was his wife..."

"Bah! She's not good enough for our boss! I believe that Miss Jenkins would be a much better match for Mr. Sullivan," another woman said.

Alice tried to hide her smile at that, but she pretended to be annoyed at such talk. "What are you talking about?"

"It's the truth! You are so much better than Rachel." She paused a little before adding, "Besides, Rachel won't be coming back this time."

"What do you mean?" Alice asked.

"Mr. Sullivan looked absolutely terrible at the meeting that day, and Malcolm from sales department told me that he had overheard that person talking on the phone about Rachel. Mr. Sullivan was so furious that he broke his pen! Furious, I tell you!"

Alice lowered her eyes to hide her satisfaction at everything she just heard, but didn't say anything.

'I win! How does it feel, Rachel, being kicked out just as I said you would be?'

Meanwhile, a Maybach stopped right in front of the Sullivan Group's building.

Ivan got out and opened the door for Rachel. "Mr. Sullivan is in a meeting. If you want to..."

"Who said I am here to see Victor?" Rachel shot back as she climbed out of the car.

"Then... why did you come here?"

Rachel checked her phone to see if her message had been sent. An enigmatic smile formed on her lips.

"I am just here for the show. "

Chapter 80 The Vixen Who Seduced Someone Else's Husband

'It would be boring to watch today's show through surveillance videos on a phone, so I think I'd rather watch it in person,' Rachel thought.

As soon as she finished talking, she entered the building. Ivan, on the other hand, was left stunned by her words for a moment before he could follow her. Of course, he didn't forget to send Victor a message about this.

On her way to the elevator, Rachel happened to see the shop assistant of the cafe on the first floor, waiting for the elevator as well next to her. She had dozens of varying beverages, stashed into several brown paper bags. On the bags, "Public Relations Department" was written.

Her eyes flashed as she walked towards to the woman. "Excuse me, are you planning to deliver those drinks to the public relations department?"

"Indeed, I am. Is there a problem?"

"Not at all. I just wanted to say that I could deliver these drinks for you, as I'm heading to the public relations department myself," Rachel said with a friendly smile.

The shop assistant was reluctant to accept her help at first. After remembering that their cafe was packed with customers at the moment, and that they were short on manpower, she nodded gratefully. "That would be great! Thank you so much!"

"Oh, it's nothing, dear." Rachel smiled while glancing at Ivan. "Ivan, carry these for me, will you?"

The corners of his eyes twitched as he replied, "Miss Bennet, I'll have you know that I'm Mr. Sullivan's personal assistant."

He was implying that he wasn't Rachel's assistant, so he was under no obligation to listen to her commands.

Rachel raised an eyebrow and said casually, "Of course, I know that. However, I'm pregnant at the moment, and there are too many drinks for me to carry. These things are heavy, you know! Pregnant women aren't supposed to carry such heavy things. If you don't agree to help me, I'll end up carrying everything by myself. But if I accidentally tripped myself or something, I'm sure I'll be fine, but I don't think I can say the same for my baby..."

"Alright, let me help you." Ivan immediately took the beverages from the shop assistant.

Meanwhile, Rachel placed her hand on her belly and grinned. "Thank you, Ivan." Obviously, her words lacked sincerity.

Not long after, the elevator door opened. She then walked in and pressed the button to the floor where the public relations department was located. Ivan's mouth twitched, but he followed her into the elevator without complaints.

A short while later, the elevator arrived at the designated floor. Rachel walked out, followed by Ivan.

He immediately looked at the half-opened glass door of the public relations department. From where he was standing, he could see everything happening inside the office. It was peaceful, and everyone was minding their own business.

'She's here to watch a show?

What kind of show is she looking for here?'

Ivan looked at Rachel with suspicion and asked, "Miss Bennet, may I ask what you're planning to do in the public relations department?"

While looking at the timestamp on her phone, Rachel murmured to herself, "It's about time." She then turned around, looking at the other elevator. The number on the screen above the door showed that the elevator was slowly ascending from the first floor.

"Miss Bennet—"

"Let's go inside and look for a seat with a better view, shall we?" Before Ivan could understand what she meant, Rachel had already entered the nearest office.

Upon hearing the noise, the people working inside the public relations department raised their heads. The moment they saw Rachel, varying expressions swept through their faces.

The employee nearest to Rachel stood up and scolded her with disgust, "Rachel, what do you think you're doing here?"

Meanwhile, Alice was telling Caroline the good news over the phone when she suddenly heard the commotion. She immediately disconnected from the call, walked out to check what was happening. Upon seeing Rachel, the smile on her face disappeared. "What are you doing here?" she grunted.

Rachel looked back at Alice and asked, "What's the matter? Are you that surprised to see me here? What's got you so worked up, huh?"

Alice stepped back and replied, "What nonsense are you spouting? I'm not 'worked up'. You've been fired, Rachel! It's only natural for me to ask why you're here!"

"Oh, I see. I thought you were panicking because you did something horrible so you're afraid to see me," Rachel said with a fake smile; her eyes glinted with ire.

"You're the one who did something wrong! Why should I be afraid of you? Mr. Sullivan fired you, and you're no longer a part of this company. If you don't leave this instant, I'm going to call security!" Alice's eyes fell on Rachel's flat belly. When she saw how pale Rachel's face was, she became more certain that her baby was gone. Emboldened by that fact, she strutted towards Rachel.

Before Rachel could utter a word, Alice reached out to grab her.

Ivan immediately reacted when he saw what was happening. He strode forward, putting himself in front of Rachel.

Alice froze upon seeing him. "Ivan, why are you protecting her? She got fired, didn't she? I

just wanted to kick her out of here. Why are you trying to stop me? Are you two..."

She didn't finish her sentence. Now, her eyes were filled with suspicion. She then looked back and forth between Rachel and Ivan, and something popped into her head.

Alice was implying that something was going on between Ivan and Rachel.

"Miss Jenkins, please mind your words." Ivan's eyes became sharp.

Alice was frightened when she saw the look in his eyes, but she refused to back down. Through gritted teeth, she said, "If there's nothing dishonorable happening between you two, then why are you stopping me? You're protecting her, which means I'm right!"

Ivan's face turned grim. However, he didn't want to explain himself to Alice. Instead, he turned to Rachel and said, "Miss Bennet, I think it's best that we leave."

He regretted ever allowing Rachel to do as she pleased.

With an impish grin, Rachel glanced at Alice, and then she turned to Ivan. "There's no need to rush, Ivan! Let's stick around for a little longer."

Ivan didn't look happy to hear that, but it looked like Rachel had no plans of explaining as well. She walked up to him, taking out a cup of freshly squeezed orange juice from the bag he was carrying. As she took a sip, she scanned her eyes along the entire office. When Alice and Ivan could no longer hold their silence, Rachel pointed at an empty desk and said to Ivan, "That seat has the best view. Let's go there."

Having said that, Rachel walked straight to the desk, not caring whether Ivan followed or not. At the same time, the elevator doors opened. A woman stepped out and walked towards them aggressively.

Gnashing her teeth, Alice was about to grab Rachel's hand to stop Rachel, but she nimbly avoided Alice.

Fuming with rage, Alice raised her voice and shouted, "Rachel! This is the public relations department. You're not allowed to—ouch!"

All of a sudden, someone grabbed her hair and pulled it back so hard that it almost tore off her hair from her scalp. Alice staggered back uncontrollably because of the pain.

Instinctively, she tried to shove her attacker away. Her face was now turning red, for she was using every strength in her body to struggle. "Who are you and why are you doing this to me?"

"Who am I? How dare you ask me who I am? Alice, you little bitch!" The woman behind Alice looked disgruntled. She loosened her grip on Alice's hair, and instead grabbed Alice's arm with one hand, and slapped Alice using the other.

The sound of the slap resonated throughout the office.

Judging by the sound alone, anyone could tell just how hard the woman slapped Alice.

Meanwhile, Alice covered her face and glared at the woman in front of her in disbelief. "How dare you hit me! You—"

Once more, the woman slapped her face. ①

"So, what if I hit you? You're a shameless bitch who seduced someone else's husband! Whore!" Without hesitation, the woman slapped Alice again.