

Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 8 - Don't let them come unprepared.

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At the same time, on the other side of the city, in a dark basement, two men were screaming in excruciating pain. They cried loudly, pleading for mercy, but none was granted. One look at their state would make anyone tremble, but no one could decipher which world they have ruined to deserve such suffering.

"Brother, let us go. Otherwise, we are going to f*cking die here," one of them cried out when he saw someone approach with a scalpel. His eyes followed the tormentor as he tested the sharpness of the instrument on the tip of his finger, causing the blood gush out in the next second.

"Perfectly sharp!" he mumbled audibly to himself before turning to look at the two to reply, "The authority to let you go is not in my hands, brother. You offended someone you shouldn't have. I am just here to make sure you taste a medicine worse than you deserve," the man with the scalpel said, stepping slowly towards them.

The two of them shivered with dread. They were already bleeding from head to toe, and yet this person in front of them didn't think it was enough.

"We were wrong and we are sorry. We accept that now. Can you give us a chance to apologize to the person who we offended? We don't want to die without begging him to let us go," the other one begged. But as soon as he did, the man spoke as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Wait, did you just beg? How is that possible? Aren't you supposed to be the arrogant one?" he said, and the fat guy shook his head, not daring to accept it. He had behaved arrogantly many times, but he wasn't foolish enough to do so while standing at the death's door.

"I can't. Please let us go." He cried, then added, "We don't know who we have wronged to deserve this hell. But we work on orders for money. If you tell us who you are avenging, we will tell you the real person behind it. You can go after him or her then."

"There would be no need for that. You will confess everything before you die anyway. We are not in a hurry. We can take this process slowly, enjoying the torture you have been sentenced to," the man said, bewildering the two pathetic beings, who shook their heads in response.

"You know the effect of torture amplifies two-fold when you know what's coming next. Do you want to know what's next for you?" As he spoke, he pulled a chair to sit down in front of the two. Playing with the scalpel, he continued, "You two will be undergoing the pain of surgeries. Not one or two, but many. Have you undergone a surgery before?"

If they haven't realized it before, they did now. The man torturing them was not anyone; he looked like an experienced maniac. The smile of satisfaction on his face indicated how much he was enjoying this game with them. He wouldn't let them step alive outside.

"It's fine if you haven't experienced before. You will know the pain of it today," he said as he smoothly moved the scalpel across one of their faces, making the man shriek in pain. "Oh, I forgot—I shouldn't have started with your face. But it's fine. I have heard there are doctors who operate on faces to make people beautiful. They are called cosmetologists. But sigh, this cut on your flesh won't make you look handsome. However, you can't blame me. I am not a doctor and I never got any medical degree before."

2

He laughed sadistically, and the two men realized that there was no escape for them today.

1

At Winslow Global, Emyr knocked on the CEO's office door. Hearing the confirmation to enter, he pushed the door open and stepped in to report. "Sir, the two men who tried to harm Ms. Quinn are being handled well. Tariq is personally overseeing their punishment."

3

The man nodded, unconcerned. His eyes were focused on the papers on his desk as he signed his name elegantly at the bottom.

Emyr couldn't understand his boss's mood swings these days anymore. He had been acting strangely since morning. He appeared to be engrossed in his work, but knowing both the work and his boss, Emyr could tell it wasn't the work that has kept him preoccupied—it was his thoughts.

Usually, at this time, he would be visiting the lady in the hospital. But earlier, a call from Dr. Clark has changed the routine. Now that the lady was awake, they couldn't visit her like before.

"Sir, since you won't be visiting the hospital, should I arrange the meeting that was previously postponed?" he asked, and Aiden looked up to give him a bone-chilling stare that made Emyr gulp in fear.

3

Did he ask something wrong? He couldn't tell on his own, but the gaze of his boss does make him feel that he did.

"I-I was just asking. If you have some other plans, then the meetings can wait. Should I arrange the car for you to the hospital?" He asked, trying his best to dispel the danger that he might have unknowingly attracted.

But his attempt didn't seem to work. Rather it seemed to have even worsened it more. The icy gaze of his boss grew more intense, enough to make anyone feel the chill to death. What should he do now?

1

"Should I ..."

Before he could say more, Aiden spoke in his cold tone, "Arrange the meeting. I want every executive to be there with their reports ready. If they miss today, they will miss it for the rest of their life. Let them know this in advance and don't let them come unprepared."

1

And Emyr felt the shiver run down his spine. He could already sense what the near future held. Nodding, he agreed, "I will go and arrange it, Sir." Then turning, he left.