

Fled With CEO's Twin Babies Chapter 21 - 30

Chapter 21 Where Is Mom?

With trembling hands, Mia switched to a new phone and urgently called Tom.

“What do you mean by that Ben and Anna are missing? Weren't you watching them all the time? How can they be gone? What do you mean by ‘missing’?” Mia fired off a series of questions, leaving Tom at a loss for where to begin, and he could only sigh heavily.

Miss Clinton's concern for the two children was apparent to him, and now that they had disappeared, how could she not fall apart?

But she had only just managed to escape from her past.

Tom, feeling helpless, explained the circumstances of the children's disappearance.

They were supposed to have piano lessons that day, but before the class began, Anna suddenly said she felt unwell. The nanny rushed to call the family doctor, only to find the children gone upon her return.

They had practically turned the entire mansion upside down but found no trace of them.

Hearing this, Mia's originally agitated heart actually calmed down.

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Due to her caution, the identities of every staff member in the villa had been checked multiple times, and the security measures around the villa had been elevated to the highest level. It was impossible for anyone to sneak in unnoticed.

Rubbing her forehead in frustration, she asked, “There’s no sign of them on the villa’s surveillance footage, is there?”

Tom was taken aback, “Indeed, that’s the case.”

“Go after the piano teacher’s car now. Maybe the children are hiding in the trunk,” Mia calmly gave an instruction to Tom.

After hanging up the phone, Mia let out a deep breath.

She wondered why the two little ones were so well-behaved during their video calls, even promising to wait for her return. It turns out they had planned this all along, waiting for her to act.

At the Capital Airport.

Two identical little figures, each dragging a suitcase almost as tall as themselves, stood in the middle of the terminal, attracting many glances.

A security guard approached to inquire, and Anna, nervous, grabbed her brother’s hand, but Ben was calm, “Thank you, sir. Our Mom went to the restroom and told us to stay put.”

Seeing the children so orderly, the guard left satisfied.

“Ben, where is Mom?” Anna whispered into Ben’s ear.

Ben, keeping a straight face, pulled out his phone, “I heard Mr. River mention Mom’s address last time. We can go there directly.”

Before he could open the map search app, his eyes were caught by a notification on Twitter.

“Mia White... Is this mom’s name?”

Ben closed his phone too quickly, and Anna, who had only seen three characters, asked curiously.

Ben’s little eyebrows furrowed, taking his sister’s hand, he said, “Change of plans! There’s a group of bad people bullying Mom now. We have to defeat them first!”

“Okay!” Hearing that someone was bullying their mom, Anna’s little hand clenched into a fist, and she nodded earnestly.

The two little ones struggled with their suitcases and left, being spotted by Jack, who was preparing to go abroad with Joe.

The previous international trip had been abruptly interrupted, and Joe had to fly abroad again for contract negotiations. Seeing Jack repeatedly glancing back, he frowned and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Jack quickly turned his gaze back, smiling, “Nothing, I just saw two little ones struggling with their suitcases and thought it was interesting.”

Joe followed his gaze, looking in the direction where the children had been.

Chapter 22 How Dare You!

When he looked over, he saw nothing.

“Let’s go.”

By now, Mia had received a phone call from Tom. They had checked the surveillance, and the two little rascals were indeed hiding in the piano teacher's trunk. However, they had sneaked out of the trunk and were last seen getting into a taxi with their luggage...

Their destination was clear, and Mia had to urgently call Frank to join her in looking for them at the airport.

According to the time they were last seen, they might have already arrived in their home country!

When Mia hurriedly dressed and went downstairs, she was surprised to see David in the parking lot.

She paused, "Didn't you go home?"

"Tom was worried about you and called me about the kids missing," David said, pushing the car door open, "Now's not the time to talk about this. Let's find the children."

Mia bit her lip and nodded.

Seeing Mia's concern, David quickly reassured her, "Don't

worry, Ben and Anna are smart kids. They'll be fine."

"I'm afraid they're too smart," Mia huffed. She was annoyed that her four-year-old children dared to sneak out of the villa and take an international flight. She wished she could give their little behinds a good spanking!

David smiled, "They must have got their smarts from me! Who else would come up with such a great idea?"

Mia was speechless.

They rushed to the airport and soon spotted the two little ones on the surveillance footage, dragging their suitcases.

But instead of going to a gate, they headed to the nearest... Internet place.

“What are they doing at an Internet place?” Even David was puzzled.

Without waiting for an answer, Mia hurried to the location inside the airport.

Sure enough, the two little ones were sitting in the place’s lounge area, and the receptionist was about to call the police.

“Mom!”

Seeing Mia, Anna forgot all about their secret escape and rushed toward her.

But Ben stood still, holding the luggage.

“I missed you so much!” Anna nuzzled Mia’s neck, holding her tightly.

Mia’s heart finally settled, and her eyes filled with tears.

David went over to the receptionist to explain, then picked up Ben under the receptionist’s reproachful gaze, “You’ve got some nerve, young man! Sneaking back into the country with your sister? Do you want to scare your mom to death?”

Ben pressed his lips together and looked at Mia, not daring to speak.

Mia gave him a stern look, “You have the courage to run away but not to come here?”

David gently pushed him, “Go on, your mom’s been worried. sick.”

Ben slowly approached and quietly hugged Mia's leg.

Seeing that she didn't push him away, he breathed a sigh of relief and burst into tears.

After all, he was only four years old, and his brave front crumbled now that his mother was here.

Mia's eyes reddened, and she crouched down to hug both children.

On the way home, Mia looked sternly at the children, "How on earth did you manage to sneak over here? How could the airport possibly allow two children to fly alone?"

Anna and Ben looked down and exchanged a glance.

"Don't think about keeping your stories straight; I'll know," Mia said gruffly.

The twins, being identical, had an unspoken understanding and had often used this tactic to win Mia's sympathy.

Ben glanced at Mia quickly, making sure her anger had subsided bit, and then whispered, "We hired a man and a woman online and paid for their tickets so they could bring us here."

Chapter 23 The Dirt of the White Family

Mia was speechless.

She had always known that her children were clever, but she never expected them to come up with such a scheme.

After a moment of silence, she made a video call to Tom,

Having frantically searched for the missing children all day, the sight of their mischievous faces allowed him to finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Ben and Anna, looking at Mr. River's weary and haggard face, couldn't help but feel guilty.

Mia spoke to them sternly, "Because of your sneaking out, Mr. River and the staff at the villa have been looking for you all day. They only just now have been able to rest easy."

The children hung their heads.

"If you want to be with Mom, you can tell Mr. River, tell Mom, and we will arrange for you to come home. Don't sneak back without saying a word, making everyone worry about you," Mia's tone grew increasingly stern.

Tears welled in Ben and Anna's round eyes, and in childish voices, they apologized to Mr. River.

Mr. River hurriedly comforted the children and then ended the call.

Seeing that the children were crying hard, David hurried to smooth things over, "Hey, why did you sneak back all the way to the country just to go to an Internet place?"

Ben looked at Mia and hesitated to speak.

Anna then said, "Ben said there are lots of bad people online bullying Mom, and we want to defeat them!"

Mia was taken aback, and all sorts of emotions flooded her heart.

Because of the recent actions of the White family, the online discussion had been buzzing, and if the children had opened their phones...

Choking up, Mia hugged her children and said with a cracked voice, "As long as you're safe and sound, those bad people can't hurt Mom at all. You don't have to worry."

Ben patted Mia's back, "Mom, we will protect you."

After all this commotion, the children were utterly exhausted and fell asleep in the car. Mia and David each carried a child back home.

Looking at her children peacefully sleeping, Mia's eyes grew heavy and she called Tom again.

"Has anyone visited the villa in the past few days?"

She knew her children well; they wouldn't sneak back to the country just because they missed her. Something else must have happened.

Mr. River hesitated for a moment, "Three days ago, your sister came to give the children toys. Since she didn't stay long, I didn't tell you..."

Mia's gaze sharpened instantly.

Linda Clinton?

She pondered for a moment, "Keep the toys Linda sent for the children. I will check them when I get back."

Looking again at the closed bedroom door, Mia went downstairs deep in thought.

David was sitting in the living room, his face darkened with anger, “I went easy on the White family before, but now they’re getting better and better at playing these games.”

On his phone screen, a video was playing of the White family’s eldest son berating a journalist.

On the surface, he was angry at the reporters for hounding him, but in reality, he was suggesting that Mia’s marriage to Joe was unclean, blaming the White family’s downfall on Mia offending

Joe and leaving.

Wendy even posted on Twitter to clarify that she and Joe were just good friends, and the so-called “mistress” title was

nonsense.

Taking advantage of the heat, they even hired a wave of trolls and actually managed to salvage their reputation.

Mia had originally planned to reveal some things to publicly shame the White family, but because the children had sneaked back to the country, she hadn’t paid attention to public opinion. and had lost the opportunity to counterattack.

“The White family dares to be so blatant because Wendy must have promised them something,” Mia scoffed, fully aware of the White family’s motives, “No matter what, I’m just a common person. What does my feud with the White family amount to? To defeat a snake, you must strike at its heart.”

She narrowed her eyes and posted a tweet.

The tweet's content was simple, showing Wendy trying on jewelry and clothes in a dressing room. Although she tried on many things, there was nothing particularly explosive.

Originally, because of recent events, many people were

following Mia on Twitter, and when she posted, it sparked much discussion.

[Is Miss White running out of tricks? Posting voyeur videos?]

[Spying on someone changing? If I were Mr. Smith, I wouldn't want a woman like that!]

Netizens quickly trended a hashtag criticizing Mia.

But at the peak of public opinion, Mia's next tweet left everyone stunned.

“While my marriage was still in effect, she brazenly entered my home, wore my clothes, donned my jewelry, slept... Miss Swan truly acts as if she's in her own home.”

The moment this tweet hit the Internet; the whole web was in an uproar.

The intrigue of the White family was immediately forgotten by netizens. After all, what could be more entertaining than celebrity gossip?

And what was even more unheard of and unseen was a mistress brazenly trying on clothes and jewelry at the wife's house!

Internet users had never witnessed such a shameless person before.

Not to mention, just a few hours earlier, this mistress was still playing the victim on Twitter, feigning innocence and protesting her treatment!

At her computer, Wendy was thunderstruck as she watched the video, her vision going black, “How does she have this video? How does she have it?”

In the past, she had indeed taken advantage of Joe’s favor and snuck into their villa to try on jewelry, but she had never expected that there would be video footage!

Penny’s call came through urgently, but Wendy brushed it off with a few casual words before hastily dialing Jack’s number.

They had suppressed such big news before, and they could certainly do it again now!

But to her dismay, there was no answer to Jack’s call!

Gritting her teeth, Wendy tried Joe’s number again, but his phone was also turned off, and she couldn’t find him at all!

In the end, Wendy couldn’t hold back any longer and fainted on the floor.

Chapter 24 Where Are You?

Upon receiving the message, Joe found out about it late at night.

“Mr. Smith, Miss Swan has been hospitalized,” Jack said, looking at Joe with difficulty, seemingly struggling to find the right words.

Joe gave him a glance and said coolly, “It seems I need to send you to the Antarctica to learn how to speak properly.”

Jack, startled, quickly blurted out, “Miss White posted a video online of Miss Swan trying on her clothes at the villa, and now people are attacking Miss Swan online... She fainted from anger.”

As he spoke, he showed Joe the offensive comments about Wendy on Twitter. They were indeed unpleasant to see.

Joe’s demeanor suddenly grew frozen.

He had previously taken action to remove the trending topic, thinking that the matter had ended. Who would have known that Mia would still not let go?

What was she trying to do?

Joe rubbed his tired brow, and before he could speak, his phone rang.

“Joc...” Wendy’s delicate voice came through the receiver, laced with tears. “Mia’s gone too far! She even released videos of me trying on clothes and jewelry! Now my reputation is completely ruined! Many brands are asking to terminate our contracts!”

She never thought that, despite all her efforts to involve the White family, this would be the result.

The White family really was useless!

Wendy’s eyes were filled with malice, but her voice became even more pitiful.

Thinking about Mia’s attitude toward her that day, Joe frowned, “I will handle this matter. You rest in the hospital and take care of yourself. Don’t provoke her anymore.”

Wendy's face showed surprise, finding Joe's attitude a bit too indifferent.

"I understand. The baby and I will be good, and won't cause any trouble for Daddy," she replied softly.

Joe responded tersely and hung up.

Wendy gritted her teeth as she stared at her darkened phone, then arrogantly instructed Penny, "Joe said he would handle this. If those brands want to terminate the contract, let them weigh the capabilities of the Smith Group."

Penny breathed a sigh of relief and nodded, "I'll negotiate with them right away."

After Penny left, Wendy twisted her face in anger and smashed a vase on the ground. She then dialed a number.

Meanwhile, Mia was unaware of Wendy's venom. Half-asleep, she was covered in drool by her two children, and the three were laughing and playing together.

"Mommy, we've been waiting for you for a long time!" said

Anna.

Anna had only been frightened for half a day yesterday, but today, he had regained his usual mischievousness and looked at

Mia with a smile.

Mia tapped her little nose, "Who was it that wanted to sleep with Mommy last night, keeping me up?"

Her daughter looked around guiltily, avoiding Mia's eyes.

Behind her, her son looked at Mia with a serious expression as though pondering a major problem.

Noticing his troubled look, Mia affectionately touched his head, “What’s wrong?”

“I saw people online saying bad things about Mommy. Is someone bullying you?” he asked, looking gravely at Mia.

Ben looked at Mia very seriously.

Mia was stunned.

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His eyes were slightly red, his back straight. Even though he was small, he wanted to protect his mother.

A soft emotion welled up in Mia’s heart. She suppressed the tightness in her throat and said gently, “There are many people online who accuse others without knowing the truth. Their words can’t hurt me, and I won’t take them to heart.”

Though her son didn’t fully understand her words, seeing that she seemed unhurt by the comments, he sighed with relief.

He nodded, “I’m a big boy. I can protect Mommy.’

Mia’s smile grew even softer, “I believe you can.”

Their tender moment was interrupted by a ringing phone.

Seeing the caller ID, Mia frowned and touched her son's head as she walked to the window, "Hello?"

It had been a long time since their last call. Hearing Mia's voice, Joe's eyes flickered, "Where are you?"

Chapter 25 Are You Threatening Me?

"What does this have to do with Mr. Smith?" Mia's expression was indifferent. Without guessing, she knew why Joe was calling at this time, "Mr. Smith is a busy man; he wouldn't call for such a meaningless question."

Joe unconsciously loosened his tie. After a few years, Mia had become even more sharp-tongued.

"About the trending issue, Wendy didn't do it on purpose. Why are you still clinging to it?" Joe's voice carried a hint of impatience that others might not perceive, but Mia was keenly aware of it.

After all, she once studied his every micro-expression, just to please him.

Exhaling deeply, a sarcastic smile played at Mia's lips, "Does Mr. Smith truly believe she's innocent? That I'm the one clinging to

it?"

Joe was silent.

Mia didn't care about his thoughts. Her mind quickly shifted to the White family, who had been making waves recently.

She smirked, "Of course, Mr. Smith standing up for Mrs. Smith

is only natural, and I'm not without understanding.”

At her words, Joe's brows almost knitted into a frown.

In his memory, Mia's attitude toward him was always one of admiration, affection, and passion, even though he seldom looked at her. Joe knew how deep her feelings for him were.

But five years later, Mia was not only out of his control but her attitude toward him had also lost its previous emotions, leaving only indifference and mockery.

With this thought, Joe's eyes gradually turned fierce.

“Mia White, what gives you the illusion that you can speak to me this way? Is it because of David?” Joe said indifferently.

He had checked, the so-called engagement was just a fabrication by the two, and the Johnson family would never agree to let Mia marry into it.

Mia sneered, “I have many videos like the previous one. If Mr. Smith wants them to appear on tomorrow's trending list, you can continue to flex your muscles.”

“How dare you!” Joe growled.

“Mr. Smith seems to misunderstand me; what wouldn't I dare to do?” Mia's tone was full of undisguised contempt. She'd even endured childbirth abroad. What was there to fear?

Actually, take action against Mia. Joe subconsciously dismissed

the thought, irritably throwing his phone on the desk and turning on the speaker. “What do you want?”

Mia finally relaxed a bit, her eyes flashing, “When I married you, the White family gained a lot of benefits, and knowing your nature, you wouldn’t let anyone take advantage of you. I want the leverage you have over the White family. Once I get it, I’ll save face for Mrs. Smith.”

“Are you threatening me?”

Joe leaned back on the sofa, his face darkening.

The White family was like this, always pushing further, their greedy faces utterly repugnant.

Even after five years, Mia was no different.

His eyes cold, his tone even more frigid, Joe said, “The White family owes me a lot over these years. You think you can write it off just like that?”

Although he didn’t care about those things, he also didn’t want them taken away, especially not in this manner.

Mia was taken aback, guessing that Joe must have

misunderstood that she was doing this for the White family. Her eyes reflected her irony.

She’d been married to Joe for three years and had tried many times to explain the White family’s situation, but he never wanted to listen. Since that was the case, there was no need to

explain now.

“Mr. Smith can say no; after all, I still have plenty of those

videos,” Mia said sarcastically. Wendy had gone to great lengths to make them, just to spite her.

Joe sneered, “Mia White, you’ve certainly grown bolder. Let’s talk face to face when I return home, in the meantime...”

Before he could finish, Mia hung up the phone.

Looking at the now-darkened screen, Joe’s face darkened as well.

It was the first time someone had dared to hang up on him, especially when that person was Mia!

If it was before...

Quickly suppressing the involuntary thought, Joe called Jack, “Finish up the work within three days; I need to return home as soon as possible.”

Chapter 26 You Put Someone in My Company?

“Mommy?”

Mia had just hung up the phone when Anna quietly tiptoed to the study’s door, smiling sweetly at her.

The resentment in Mia’s heart quickly dissipated, and she smiled, patting Anna’s head, “Mommy has to go to the office soon. Do you want to go to David’s or ...?”

Since they met, David had been incredibly attentive to the two children, and even before Mia could react, the kids had already taken to calling him their godfather.

David was, without a doubt, the children’s favorite person

besides Mia.

Sure enough, before Mia could finish speaking, Anna quickly interrupted, “We want to go to David’s!”

“I knew Anna loved me the most!”

David’s voice came from the doorway, as he stood smiling, holding Ben’s hand. Anna saw him and laughed, rushing over to join them.

After a round of happy laughter, Mia asked David, “Can you take them? After all, your father...”

“It’s fine,” David waved it off nonchalantly. “What if my dad gets angry? Can he outdo my mom? The last time he called me, my mom yelled at him so much, he doesn’t dare to say anything now.”

Mia thought of Mrs. Johnson’s fierce scolding and couldn’t help but chuckle.

With that settled, she confidently left the children with David.

Upon arriving at the Horizon Group’s building, Mia had hardly walked through the door when she caught the attention of many. The receptionist quickly greeted her, “Miss Clinton?”

Although she had never seen the mysterious president before, Frank had made sure to show her a picture to prevent any unintentional neglect.

Mia gave her a polite smile, “Thank you.”

Not until she had left did the receptionist snap out of her daze, frantically messaging her colleagues: Ah! The president is so beautiful!

Unaware of what had just transpired, Mia made her way to the top floor by elevator, where Frank had been waiting.

“President Clinton!” Frank respectfully led the way to the office.

Though Mia had played a part in establishing the Horizon

Group, this was her first time in the office. The bright and

clean workspace offered a view of the bustling world below as if everything lay at her feet.

Remembering her earlier days timidly shadowing Joe, Mia’s eyes filled with scorn.

Indeed, only after experiencing a broader world did one realize their former shallowness.

“We’ve nearly finalized our proposal with the Smith Group... What do you think?” Frank placed the collaboration plan on Mia’s desk, his voice cautious.

Mia didn’t rush to open it, looking at Frank and calmly asking, “Do you think I would refuse to cooperate with the Smith Group for personal reasons?”

The project was enormous, and aside from the Smith Group, no other company had the capacity to collaborate.

Mia’s penetrating gaze made Frank instinctively lower his head before realizing he had been subdued by the gentle-looking president before him.

“Don’t worry, our relationship with the Smith Group won’t be affected by our personal matters. Let Mr. Lake sign the contract with them,” Mia said after carefully reviewing the proposal.

As Mr. Lake had initially handled the project, his signing the contract was justified.

Frank nodded but hesitated before adding, “Mr. Smith has sent you several dinner invitations, hoping to dine with you.”

Mia’s actions froze for a moment, but she promptly refused, “No need.”

Though she didn’t intend to hide her identity, she also didn’t want to reveal herself, especially before clearing matters with the White family.

Just as Mia picked up the documents beside her, her phone rang again.

“Heard you went to Horizon today?”

A light female voice came from the other end, causing Mia’s brow to furrow.

She had been in the company for less than half an hour, and Linda called to inquire. Was Linda blatantly telling her that she had planted someone inside?

The Clinton family had few heirs, and initially, the grandpa wanted Linda to take over the family business. But Mia had appeared and was also well-received by the grandpa, causing Linda’s hostility toward her to deepen.

“If you return to the country, you’re welcome to visit,” Mia said with a seemingly casual smile.

“That’s a promise then! I will definitely come when I return!” Linda’s voice was affectionate, like a big sister who adored her little sister.

Mia replied naturally, “Of course.”

After some casual conversation, Linda suddenly asked with concern, “I heard the children secretly went back to Zyphoria. Grandpa was furious. What if something happens to such young children?”

Mia’s face instantly darkened.

She gripped her phone, responding coldly, “The children are fine, and there’s no need for you to worry, sister. But if you truly care for them, why not hire ten bodyguards to follow them day and night? That would ease my mind.”

Linda was taken aback.

She hadn’t expected Mia to be so calm and sharp-tongued.

“Of course, no problem,” Linda’s voice remained steady, “I’ll have my assistant handle it.”

They hung up the phone in a seemingly friendly manner. Mia frowned and quickly dialed Tom, “Send me the toys that Linda sent to the children.”

Chapter 27 Business Gathering

“Miss Clinton, Chamber of Commerce President Mr. Thompson would like to invite you to dinner,” Frank said, handing Mia some documents as he spoke.

These last couple of days, Mia had been dealing with various matters within the company, allowing others to truly see the strength beneath her gentle appearance.

Mia frowned at the news, never fond of attending these sorts of banquets, and said, “Let Mr. Lake handle it.”

“Mr. Lake has gone to the hospital today with heart discomfort, and besides, Mr. Thompson mentioned having important matters to discuss with you,” Frank explained quietly.

Although Mia didn’t want to expose her identity, the request was insistent and refusing might be inappropriate.

After hesitating for a moment, she agreed.

After calling David to inform him of the banquet and declining his offer to accompany her, Mia asked Frank to accompany her.

She glanced down at her light-colored suit, looking very professional and suitable for a business occasion.

When the two arrived at the hotel, many guests were already seated in the private room, and the air was thick with the smell

of smoke and liquor, causing Mia to frown.

Several members of the Chamber of Commerce were seated at the round table. As Mia entered, all eyes brightened.

Frank discreetly shielded Mia, pulling out a chair for her.

“Is this Miss Clinton?”

Chamber of Commerce President Zack Thompson squinted his eyes, satisfaction gleaming in his gaze.

Since Mia's clothes, make-up and even her name had changed since the last banquet, he had not recognized her from the birthday celebration at the Smith family.

"Good evening to you all."

Mia greeted them with a polite smile.

"Miss Clinton is young and accomplished. We didn't expect her to be such a beauty!" jokes started flowing, but Mia remained unaffected, acting as if she hadn't heard.

"Since it's our first meeting, Miss Clinton, we should toast," Mr. Thompson said, pouring a generous glass of wine.

"Thank you, Mr. Thompson, but I'm not good with alcohol, so I must decline," Mia replied with a gentle smile, not even touching the glass.

Zack looked a little unhappy. He did not let go of the A flicker of

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surprise passed through Mr. Thompson's eyes, and he didn't put down the glass. "Not even one drink for our first meeting, Miss

Clinton?"

Frank quickly tried to smooth things over, "Since President Clinton doesn't drink, may I take her place?"

Mr. Thompson's face darkened, "If Miss Clinton doesn't drink, it means she looks down on us. If that's the case, we need not have any dealings in the future."

Years of flattery had led him to believe that without him and his associates, no business could be successful. Now that Mia had publicly refused him, he was naturally unhappy.

Unperturbed, Mia watched as Frank stepped forward, taking the glass and downing it in one gulp. “I’ll drink; you’re free to do as you please! We still value our relationship with the Chamber of Commerce...”

Mr. Thompson snorted indifferently.

He had specifically researched Mia’s background before she arrived.

In his view, a woman like her wouldn’t be running a business unless she had hidden support. His words inevitably carried a hint of disdain.

But since Frank had drunk the wine, he let the matter rest.

After a few rounds of drinks, Mr. Thompson’s eyes began to blur, and he deliberately brushed his hand against Mia’s thigh, slurring, “Miss Clinton...”

Chapter 28 She Must Have a Background

Mia’s body stiffened as she forcefully shook off Zack’s hand, her expression icy, “Mind yourself.”

Her action wasn’t small, drawing the attention of those nearby, who began to chuckle quietly. Clearly, they were no strangers to such incidents.

Zack, red with embarrassment, seized Mia’s hand, “What

are you pretending to be, pure? A young woman in charge of Horizon Group? I bet you slept your way to the top!”

He forcefully pulled Mia toward him, his liquor-stained mouth moving in for a kiss.

Slap!

Mia heavily slapped him across the face, “Get lost!”

Frank was shocked and hadn’t expected Zack to suddenly lose control. He stepped forward, landing a punch on Zack’s face.

Zack, in pain, let out a shrill cry of rage and lunged at Frank.

People nearby hurried to help, but many were secretly supporting Zack, and Frank seemed to be at a disadvantage.

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In the chaos, Mia grabbed a wine bottle from the table and smashed it over Zack’s head.

He fell with a thud.

Blood poured from his head, and he glared menacingly at Mia, “I’ll make you pay!”

Mia stood her ground, casually tossing the bottle to the floor, “Wait and see. I’d like to see what kind of show Mr. Thompson can put on for me.”

Initially, some were going to support Zack, but seeing Mia’s fearless action with the wine bottle, they quickly withdrew.

This Miss Clinton was clearly not to be trifled with; it was better for them not to get involved.

Bang!

The door was kicked open, and a tall, handsome figure walked

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His eyes scanned the chaotic room, finally resting on Mia, disheveled and in disarray.

“Mia, come here.”

His words successfully halted everyone.

Zack started to curse but stopped when he saw the man's face,

“Mr. Smith?”

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Joe didn't look at him, his eyes fixed on Mia.

Seeing her motionless, he frowned more deeply, “Well? Aren't you coming?”

Mia looked at him indifferently.

Joe wanted to throw a sarcastic comment, but noticing the scratches on Mia's hand, he swallowed his words.

He stepped over to Zack, looking down at him, “What were you trying to do?”

Zack panicked. The person who had told him to teach Mia a lesson hadn't mentioned her connection with Joe!

He shook his head like a rattling drum, “Misunderstanding, all a misunderstanding!”

“I think your time as Chamber of Commerce President has come to an end,” Joe sneered, stepping on Zack's hand without mercy.

Zack screamed in pain.

Joe, looking at Mia's disheveled appearance, snorted, and carelessly draped his coat over her, “Let's go.”

Mia glanced back at Zack, lying on the floor.

She didn't believe he would suddenly attack her. There had to be someone else behind this.

Mia helped Frank up, and he quickly shook his head, “Thank you... I'm fine.”

From start to finish, those who were previously arrogant said not another word.

The group made their way to the hotel entrance, where Mia handed Joe his coat back, “Thank you, we'll be leaving now.”

“He’s in this state, and he can still drive?”

Joe looked at Frank indifferently, recalling that the last time they went to a Smith family banquet, Frank had also accompanied Mia.

What was their relationship?

Chapter 29 Don’t You Dare to Take My Car?

Before Joe could continue speaking, Jack, who stood behind him, stepped forward, “Why don’t I take him to the hospital first? Miss White has had quite a shock today; she should go home and rest.”

He glanced stealthily at Joe in front of him.

This man had rushed over immediately after accidentally spotting Mia’s shadow in a dinner photo shared by a Chamber of Commerce member’s friend, without even considering that they had just landed from their flight.

Fortunately, they had arrived in time. Who could have known that Zack would be so audacious?

Seeing that Frank’s clothes were still stained with spots of blood, Mia didn’t hesitate too long to agree.

With a nod from her, Jack promptly helped Frank into the car, and they sped away.

Frank, who didn’t even get a chance to say goodbye, felt helpless.

Mia glanced at the silent Joe and took out her phone to call a taxi.

Unexpectedly, Joe suddenly grabbed her wrist, “What? You dare to attend those messy dinners, but you don’t dare ride in my

car?”

Mia glared at him, “What messy dinner? I merely attended a banquet like anyone else; I’ve done nothing wrong!”

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Joe knew, of course, but the scene he had encountered upon entering filled him with an inexplicable irritation.

His voice was icy, “Do you know what could have happened today if I hadn’t come?”

“Maybe Mr. Smith didn’t see it. At that time, Zack had already collapsed, and I was about to call the police.” Mia glared back.

The situation had indeed been chaotic, but Mia was confident that she wouldn’t have been at a loss.

Joe, unwilling to argue in the street, opened the car door, “Get in.”

Seeing that Mia was still hesitant, he casually added, “Not coming? Don’t you want your belongings from the White family?”

Having lived with the Clinton family for so many years, Mia had learned never to give up what was rightfully hers out of momentary emotion.

She took a deep breath and quickly opened the car door.

“Where’s your apartment? I’ll take you home.”

Joe asked, glancing at Mia.

“No need. I don’t want to be photographed again,” she replied, her heart skipping a beat. She absolutely couldn’t let Joe know where she lived.

His face darkening a shade, Joe silently drove Mia to a nearby flat he owned.

Mia hesitated, not getting out of the car, setting aside other concerns; she genuinely did not want to entangle herself with Joe any further.

Seeing her like this, Joe bent over, his hand on the car door, asking, “Here or your apartment? Choose one.”

His deep eyes met Mia’s, his masculine scent filling the air around her, making her feel incredibly uneasy.

Mia pursed her lips, “Let’s go.”

They entered, one after the other.

Joe’s home was consistently decorated in a simple, bold style, lacking personal touches.

The only exception was probably the villa in Harlow, a place that Mia had spent three years building, filled with her dreams and yearnings for a home.

Lowering her eyelids, Mia gave a mocking smile; she would probably never set foot there again in her lifetime.

At that moment, Joe came over with a first aid kit, noticing Mia’s thoughtful expression, “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing,” Mia quickly composed herself, looking at him, “I’m here now, Mr. Smith; can you give me the items now?”

Chapter 30 We Have Been Divorced for a Long Time

Joe didn’t give a clear response, placing the first aid kit before her. “Treat yourself.”

Following his gaze to the back of her hand, Mia only then

realized that she had unknowingly been cut, blood oozing a dark red hue.

She didn’t say much, simply taking out a bandage and applying it, “Is this good enough?”

Joe frowned, “I remember a time when even a small wound would have you making a fuss. Now, it doesn’t seem to bother you?”

A small wound?

Making a fuss?

Mia had no recollection of ever making a fuss about a wound in front of Joe.

Seeing her lack of memory, Joe calmly explained, “It was during John’s birthday party.”

Mia thought back for a long time before she remembered what had happened.

Probably in the first year of their marriage, Mia had been in a car accident on the road.

Not only was her right ankle fractured, but a long gash was also carved into her leg.

In her panic, she called Joe, only to have Wendy answer. After hearing the circumstances, Wendy informed her that Joe was busy and instructed her to go to the hospital herself.

After struggling to get to the hospital and treating her wound, Mia saw a post by Wendy on social media. John was blowing out candles, while Joe stood next to Wendy, chatting and laughing.

Both of their smiles were genuine.

Afterward, Mia angrily confronted Joe, but she hadn't realized that what had left an impression on Joe was her making a fuss.

The past was indeed painful to recall.

The irony in Mia's face was impossible to conceal, "If Mr. Smith considers a fractured ankle and twenty stitches a 'small wound,' then my injury must be quite insignificant."

"What?" Joe looked at Mia, frowning. A fracture? Stitches? Wendy told him that it was just a small cut?

He was prepared to ask further, but Mia had no intention of continuing.

She leaned back on the sofa, "Are you going to give me those things, Mr. Smith, or do you plan on having me spend the night

here?"

Joe, perceiving the sudden coldness in Mia's attitude after bringing up the past, didn't say more.

Instead, he handed over a stack of documents. "The White family has obtained quite a few projects and funds from the Smith Group over the years. Every penny is accounted for."

Joe was no fool. Every sum of money the White family had taken from him over the years was documented as a loan. They had just assumed they wouldn't have to pay it back.

Mia quickly glanced at the documents, surprised.

In just a few short years, the White family had "borrowed" nearly two hundred million dollars from Joe.

No wonder Joe despised her so much. The White family was like a leech to the Smith Group, truly disgusting.

"Are you really willing to give me these things, Mr. Smith?" Mia closed the documents, raising an eyebrow at Joe.

After all, it was two hundred million dollars.

Joe didn't even bat an eye, "Didn't you ask for compensation? It's all yours."

Mia was happy to comply, "You're quite generous, Mr. Smith. Don't worry, the videos on my phone won't be leaked. I wish you and Mrs. Smith a lifetime of happiness."

For some reason, hearing Mia say 'Mrs. Smith,' Joe found it particularly grating.

Mia was already standing, ready to leave, but almost subconsciously, Joe stopped her.

"Is there anything else, Mr. Smith?"

Mia looked at Joe, confused. He wouldn't be regretting it now, would he?

Joe stood, moving closer to Mia, "You can't get engaged to David. The Johnson family won't accept you."

“My relationship with David is none of your concern, Mr. Smith.” Mia’s expression suddenly cooled, and she moved past Joe to leave. But Joe grabbed her wrist, “David’s always been a player; he’s not right for you.”

Mia stopped in her tracks, looking at Joe with a smile that wasn’t quite a smile, “Have you forgotten, Mr. Smith? We’re already divorced.”