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Justin's expression turned sinister. But before he could say anything, Winnie hurriedly added, "But Mrs. Hunt rejected him."

This made Justin's expression mellow a bit.

After a while, he said, "Go back and protect Nora."

"Yes, sir."

After Winnie left, Sean and Lawrence finally came out. "Boss, what do we do now? Why don't we just barge in there, arrest Trueman Yale, and torture him? This way, Ms. Smith won't be put in a spot anymore."

Lawrence was angry and indignant. "Yale sure knows how to flatter himself. How dare he ask Ms. Smith to bear him a child? Hah, he sure thinks highly of himself, doesn't he?!"

As soon as he spoke, Sean cleared his throat.

Only then did Lawrence realize that Justin's expression had darkened even further. Justin said, "Trueman Yale has a strange temperament. It probably won't work if we employ forceful measures. Do as she says and bide our time for now, but have our men surround them."

"Yes, sir!"

—

Winnie returned to the small rundown building where they were staying.

With the vegetables she had bought in her hands, she entered the kitchen and began to prepare dinner.

Every once in a while, she would raise her head and glance at the upper floors. Only after making sure that nothing was wrong would she then return to dinner preparations with peace of mind.

It was at this moment that she suddenly heard Harry chatting with a few other people outside.

“Add some stuff to that woman’s dinner tonight.”

“What kind of stuff?”

“Aphrodisiacs, of course. It’s her good fortune that Mr. Yale has taken a fancy to her. We should add some drugs to her dinner so that she can serve him better...”

“No problem!”

As they chatted, the few of them entered the kitchen. Harry looked at Winnie and said, “Make some stew tonight.”

When Winnie heard this, she felt chills run down her spine.

She wanted to contact Justin, but after Harry and the others gave the order, they stayed in the kitchen and kept a close watch on her, giving her no chance to tip-off Justin at all!

Winnie became terribly anxious. As she prepared dinner, she tried to think of a way to resolve the situation. Mr. Hunt had already given her instructions that Mrs. Hunt and Xander’s safety took top priority!

Winnie took a deep breath. Under the watchful eyes of Harry and the others, she made a table full of dishes.

Soon, it was time for dinner.

Winnie brought the food to the table, where she then saw Harry pouring a packet of powder into the chicken stew she had just made. Increasingly anxious, she turned to exit the place.

However, she had only taken a step when Harry asked, "Where are you going?"

Winnie coughed and answered, "To the bathroom."

Harry pointed to the bathroom in the room. "It's over there."

Cold sweat trickled down Winnie's forehead at once. She lowered her head and gave him an ingratiating smile as she said, "Oh, so that's where it is. I'll make a quick trip to the bathroom then."

"Yeah, okay!"

Harry looked at another woman next to him and ordered, "You, go with her."

After speaking, Harry looked at the people around him and said, "From now on, none of us are to move about alone. Got it?"

"Got it!"

The rest nodded.

Winnie: !!

She went straight to the bathroom with the other woman, unable to tip-off Justin at all.

By the time she came back out, she saw that Trueman and Nora were already seated at the dining table. Trueman filled a bowl with the stew and handed it to Nora. "Here, I got them to specially make some chicken stew for you."

Nora looked at the bowl of chicken stew but didn't move.

A beaming Trueman looked at her. "Why aren't you eating, my little servant?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. Left with no other choice, she could only take the bowl of chicken stew from him.

At the side, Winnie's expression changed dramatically in an instant!

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Winnie didn't have the leisure to consider that much anymore.

Mr. Hunt had told her that Nora and Xander's safety took first priority. She took a step forward, but when she was about to say something, she saw that Nora, after taking the bowl of stew from Trueman, only took a quick whiff and immediately asked, "What did you add to the stew?"

Winnie paused.

Next to her, Harry glanced at her warily and frowned.

Winnie was so frightened that she hastily lowered her head and pretended to smooth out her clothes, putting on a stiff and reserved appearance.

At the dining table, Trueman smiled and asked, "What could I possibly add?"

Nora lowered her eyes. "Don't forget that I'm Anti."

Anti wasn't just a surgeon. She was also an outstanding researcher in the field of biomedicine. She was trained in alternative medicine and was capable of making a lot of different types of poison. Therefore, how would she possibly not be able to smell the extra "ingredients" in the chicken stew?

Trueman leaned back on the chair and smiled. "You are so clever, my little servant. Yes, something has indeed been added to the stew."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What is it?"

"Muscle relaxants," replied Trueman.

Nora: "?"

Trueman smiled. "It's about time the muscle relaxant dosage is increased. Otherwise, what if your body gets used to the dosage and starts building a resistance to it? So, I added some into the stew."

Nora didn't say anything else.

However, Trueman said, "So, finish it and put me at ease. Otherwise, I'm really afraid that you'll suddenly appear at my bedside tonight and kill me."

"..."

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. She looked down at the chicken stew and then turned to look at Winnie. "Were you the one who added it to the stew?"

Winnie shook her head. "N-no, it's not me... Ma'am... I..."

She looked at Harry, seemingly asking for help.

Her acting was pretty good.

Nora couldn't tell what Trueman was up to this time, but she picked up a spoon, filled it with a little stew, and then took a small sip. As a fearful Winnie watched on, she said, "It is the muscle relaxant indeed."

Winnie: ?

Muscle relaxant?

Then why did Harry say that it was an aphrodisiac?

Winnie was no fool. She immediately understood that Harry was trying to sound her out!

Had she exposed her identity?

No, that was impossible.

She had been living here for many years and was an informant that Justin had been keeping here. Originally, she was not in charge of this matter, but rather, had suddenly been assigned the task.

If she hadn't exposed herself, then there was only one possibility—Trueman didn't trust anyone, so everyone was required to undergo a test.

She must have passed the test, right?

It was fortunate that she had kept calm, as well as that Nora had identified the drug as a muscle relaxant and not an aphrodisiac. Otherwise, even if she must expose her identity, Winnie would still have prevented her from consuming the bowl of chicken stew.

She heaved a huge sigh of relief.

Nora finished the bowl of chicken stew.

Then, she put down the utensils and got up. "I'm full."

Only then did she head upstairs.

Trueman said to Winnie, "Make a sandwich for Xander."

“Yes, sir.”

Winnie entered the kitchen, made a sandwich, and brought it upstairs.

After entering Nora and Xander’s room, she closed the door and turned behind to look at Nora. Before she could speak, Nora suddenly asked, “Do you have anything you can use to make contact with the outside world?”

Winnie was surprised. The room should still be under surveillance, so why was Mrs. Hunt being so careless all of a sudden?

Regardless, she lowered her voice and replied, “Yes, I do. Mr. Hunt said that if an emergency comes up, I can set off the signal flare immediately. Our men have already surrounded the place, so they can storm in right away.”

As soon as she spoke, Nora sighed and said, “Alright. Then go set it off now.”