

Chapter 112

Thea was so anxious she almost burst into tears, but James looked completely unbothered. He had hit Zach and knocked over a few clothes racks.

Even the manager had arrived.

The manager of the boutique was a woman in her thirties. She was pretty with an oval face and black hair, wearing a sexy professional dress.

"M-Mr. Smith."

Seeing Zach, she bowed respectfully.

Zach, who was waiting for Samson at the lounge, glanced at the manager. His eyes lit up when he saw how pretty she was.

However, she could not hold a candle to Thea, who was sitting opposite him. He lost interest in the manager at once.

Mildly, he said, "Do you know me?"

"Yes. I saw you from afar at a banquet once. The manager, Miranda Larson, said respectfully. Zach nodded lightly. Looking at an anxious Thea seated opposite him, he asked Miranda, How much are the damaged clothes worth? Get him to compensate you."

"Mr. Smith, I've made the calculations. He dirtied eighteen clothes in total. All of them are worth more than ten thousand dollars apiece. Altogether, they cost two hundred and ten thousand."

"You hear that?" Xena said arrogantly.

"Be prepared to fork out two hundred and ten thousand dollars. I don't think you'd be able to afford it though. If you kneel and apologize to my husband, we'll pay it off for you."

"Jamie, let's pay and leave," Thea said in a small voice.

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"We shouldn't get into trouble with the Smiths. Zach has even called for backup. If we don't leave now, we won't be able to leave at all."

Thea was troubled.

All she wanted was to leave.

Two hundred and ten thousand dollars was a large sum, but James had assured her that he had the money. It was just like shopping.

Some clothes might not fit, but she could alter them.

"Darling, it's okay. I'm waiting for his backup to arrive. Have you forgotten that I was in the military?" James smiled.

"Jamie, stop fooling around. I heard that the Blithe King issued a strict command after he assumed his new role. Fighting is a felony, and the relevant departments are working overtime to arrest wrongdoers."

Thea was terrified by the security guards who were eyeing them. If paying could resolve their problem, why not let money do the job?

"Leave?"

Zach's expression darkened.

Coldly, he said, "Try it."

At that, some of the security guards took a step forward. Leaving never crossed James' mind.

A few thugs hardly bothered him.

"Mr. Smith..."

Just then, a bald man in his thirties wearing a black tank top with a tiger tattoo approached.

Twenty-odd people followed behind him.

With so many people rushing into the boutique at once, the other customers stayed away in fear.

"Samson, that's him. Break his legs."

Zach stood and pointed at James.

Gleefully, he looked at Thea.

"Thea, if you come with me today, I'll let your trash of a husband go."

Looking at Thea's figure, he started drooling.

At the same time, he hated James.

What had he done to deserve such a beautiful wife like her? He was a Smith, for crying out loud.

Yet, he had not had such a beautiful woman before. He started to get angry thinking about it.

Samson gave his cronies a look.

"Attack." Thea got anxious again.

Quickly, she stood up.

"Mr. Smith, we're sorry for offending you. Please forgive us."

"Haha, it's too late to apologize now." Xena laughed.

"Unless you keep my husband company for a few days, your husband's dead meat."

James pulled Thea down, who had stood up to apologize. He looked at Zach darkly.

"So, you're after my wife as well."

"Yes."

Zach did not deny it.

Any woman he wanted had never managed to escape his clutches. He stared at Thea, not bothering to hide his greedy expression as he took in her lithe figure and beautiful face. He had bedded beautiful women before, but none as beautiful as her.

Thea blushed as he stared at her hungrily.

Angrily, she said, "You..."

"Thea, this is your chance. Come with me for three days and I'll let your husband go. Otherwise, your husband will spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair. I'll count to three. If you disagree, don't blame me for what happens next."

"One!! Thea's face beaded with sweat. She looked at the menacing bald man and the twenty-odd people eyeing them. She knew that if she did not agree to his terms, James' legs would be broken. Two!"

Thea panicked even more.

"Three."

"I-I agree."

Thea was so anxious she almost cried.

James did not expect that Thea would... He was touched.

Thea cried, "I agree to your terms! Don't attack my husband, don't..."

