

Chapter 113

Zach smirked and stood, reaching out to snake his arm around Thea's slim waist.

"You should have done this earlier."

There were many people at the boutique.

However, they were all standing far away.

Knowing the Smiths, they discussed what was going on under their breaths.

Just then, James stood up and kicked Zach.

Zach landed on the couch.

"Hit him. Attack! Before he even got up, he had issued a command. Just then, a middle-aged man dashed in. It was York, having rushed over from the hospital. When he discovered Thea calling to say that she had offended Zach, he was so angry he drove to the boutique at top speed, disregarding all the red lights.

In his mind's eye, he could still see what had happened the previous night.



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Even Xander was killed, with the Blithe King cleaning up the mess personally.

Thea was like a god's wife.

No one would have the guts to touch her.

Anyone who did so would be staring death in the face. He rushed in hurriedly, sweating so much his hair was wet. He entered just in time to hear what Zach said.

Furiously, he roared, "Worthless b*stard!"

His voice was like thunder.

Everyone turned to look

"U-Uncle..." Zach started shaking.

York was the second-in-command in the family. He was the heir who called the shots.

York flew at Zach and pulled his hair, slapping him a few times, Despite using his full strength, he was still worried that he was not hitting Zach hard enough.

Zach was beat into a daze.

Some of his teeth were knocked out, his mouth filling with blood.

After slapping him, York kicked Zach in the stomach, sending him flying into the couch once more, which turned on its side.

Then, he picked up the ashtray on the table and hit Zach on the head furiously.

Zach's head started bleeding immediately.

Everyone was terrified.

Xena was stunned. It took her a few moments to respond.

"Uncle, what are you doing? He's Zach, your nephew..."

"You b*tch..."

York rushed to her, pulling her long hair and slamming her head into the table.

Slam! Xena's head hit the glass table hard, shattering it.

Thea was dumbfounded.

There were tear tracks on her face. She was prepared to sacrifice herself to save James, but now... With so much happening at once, Thea had a hard time keeping up.

Samson, who was here at Zach's request, did not even make a peep. He knew who this person was. He was the candidate for the Smiths' head of the family and one of the most important people in Cansington. After he beat Zach and Xena up, he knelt in front of Thea.

"What..." Thea staggered backward.

Everyone in the boutique was dumbfounded.

Especially Samson. After being around for such a long time, how could he not know York? Samson and his twenty-odd cronies stared dumbly.

On his knees, York was crying.

He begged, "Ms. Thea, please forgive us. We have failed at educating our descendants. Please let us go and forget about this."

Everyone in the boutique was shocked.

The Smiths were an important family.

They might not have been part of The Great Four, but they were worth as much as The Great Four.

York was the leader of the Smiths, yet he was kneeling to Thea? Heavily injured, Zach was confused. Why was his uncle kneeling to Thea? Xena, her face bloodied, was dumbfounded as well.

Was this the all-powerful York she knew? The salesperson was petrified.

Miranda stared in stock.

York knelt on the ground and bowed to Thea repeatedly, his head hitting the ground each time.

In no time, he injured his head.

Each time his head knocked against the ground, it produced a clear sound, sending everyone's heart juddering in time with it.

