

Chapter 426 A Rat In A Ditch

A sneer tugged at Maison's mouth upon receiving the order.

The instant Trevor hung up the call, Maison called his men and dragged Jacob into a minibus on the side of the road.

A wave of fear washed over Jacob.

"Where-where are you taking me? You must've mistaken me for someone else. Let's talk! This-this is just a misunderstanding!" he stammered.

However, his pleas fell on Maison's deaf ears. He grabbed Jacob on the back of his neck as if he was holding a cat.

Then, without a word, he threw Jacob onto the backseat.

He then pressed his head down, and ordered, "Kneel!"

Jacob trembled like a leaf as Maison remained unmoved by his words. Because of this, he decided to act tough instead in hopes of appearing intimidating rather than pathetic.

"Do you have any idea who I am?"

If you hurt me, I'll be sure to expose you in the Red Wine Newspaper tomorrow!

Your days will be over. Police will come at your house



and arrest you!"

Maison chuckled. He did not take Jacob's threat seriously at all. With a mocking smile, he licked his lips and asked sarcastically, "Is Red Wine Newspaper really that powerful? Let's see if you can maintain your position there."

As soon as he finished speaking, he pressed Jacob's head down and rubbed it against the carpet, which had not been washed for years.

The dirt, along with the awful stench, was disgusting. Jacob choked and coughed when the smell hit him.

It was by far the most awful scent he had smelled in his life.

He was so disgusted that he felt like vomiting. Not to mention, the way Maison was holding his head hurt like hell.

His spunk did not last long. He eventually stopped acting tough and began begging for mercy.

"I'm sorry. I was wrong!"

What was the point of apologizing now?

Maison's men were itching to take action.

Once they got their boss's approval, they took the rubber sticks they had prepared beforehand.

They then hit Jacob without holding back.

In just a short while, Jacob's face was covered with blood, and his body was beaten black and blue.

The minibus shook as they gave Jacob a good beating.

As its windows were tinted, it was impossible for the passersby to see what was going on inside.

Some just went along their ways, unbothered; while the others whistled, laughed, and went the other way with a strange look on their faces.

As the passersby did not want to be branded as perverts, they hurriedly walked away from the scene. This was an advantage to Maison and his men. They could teach Jacob a lesson without interruption.

Jacob's screams and groans echoed in the minibus.

A few minutes later, his face had become so swollen that he was barely recognizable.

Maison stared at Jacob as if looking at his masterpiece and nodded with satisfaction.

"Let's stop now. This guy knows that he was wrong. Besides, we're 'civilized people', right?"

Jacob's blood boiled because of what he had heard.

How he wished he had the strength to utter a retort. However, Maison and his men had beaten him so hard that he did not think even his mother could recognize him.

'Is this what civilized people do?' Jacob asked inwardly.



Unfortunately for him, there was nothing he could do but give up and endure the pain. ①

"Bosses, please... please let go of me. Aren't you satisfied yet?"

Maison smiled. "Don't worry. We, civilized people, always follow the procedure. Sadly, we're not done yet. We're just about to proceed to step two. Tell me, what did you do?"

Cold sweat broke out on Jacob's forehead.

He did not speak for a long while. But in the end, he admitted his wrongs.

"I shouldn't have slandered Trevor... No, I mean, Mr. Sanderson."

"Go on. Confess your other crimes." Maison looked at Jacob with great interest. Then, he took Jacob's phone and recorded what Jacob had to say.

According to Maison's investigation, Jacob had done a lot of terrible things.

This was not the first time he slandered or blackmailed people.

As a matter of fact, he had done these things to a female star before. He coerced her into having sex with him. It got to the point where the girl lost it and committed suicide.

Jacob panicked hearing what Maison had to say.

He could not bring himself to say anything.

As Jacob did not say a word for a long time, Maison let out a snort.

He cracked his knuckles, and laughed maniacally.

"Stop playing innocent. But if you really don't have any idea what I'm talking about, let me help you rack your brain. Do you still remember Harriet Molina?"

Jacob felt as though a bucket of cold water was poured over him. He was in utter shock.

It turned out that Maison had already investigated him. Even the secret he had tried so hard to bury in his past had been dug.

In desperation, Jacob lowered his head and, all of a sudden, bolted to the door.

This was his only chance to escape. It was now or never. But then, the men were quick on their feet. They detected Jacob's attempt to escape before he could even reach the door.

Two men blocked the car door side by side, leaving no chance for Jacob to escape.

Jacob was paralyzed with fear.

It was at this moment that he realized he was not a viper hiding in the shadows but a mouse in a ditch.

And when he found out that his secret had been unfolded, it felt like he was being pulled out of the sewer.

He had nowhere else to hide now.

"Come on. Confess!"

Maison goaded.

His words echoed in Jacob's ears.

There was a deafening silence in the minibus. After a long time, Jacob finally opened his mouth to speak.

"I... I'll confess..."

Half an hour later, the minibus came to a halt in front of a police station in Jork.

Maison then kicked Jacob, whose hands were tied behind his back, onto the pavement.

As if the humiliation was not enough, Jacob's phone was playing his confession in loops for everyone to hear.

Civilized people would not let a bad person at large.

