

## Chapter 677 Struggle

Upon hearing this, Liam grinned and remarked, "Mr. Hewitt, you have quite the way with words. It's no surprise you've charmed Miss Sandoval."

Laughter erupted from the crowd once more.

Subjected to one humiliation after another, Timothy was reaching his breaking point. Had it not been for the malevolent scheme driving him, he might have already lost control.

Liam might have the upper hand now, but Timothy was biding his time. He envisioned a future where his own son, raised by Liam, would be his downfall.

This recurring thought settled his nerves and improved his mood somewhat.

However, that was in the future. The immediate concern was to keep Liam from causing further disturbances.

With this in mind, Timothy shot Vivian a menacing glance.

Vivian's heart raced. She felt cornered. She leaned in to whisper to Liam, "Can you please stop? I don't want to see you get hurt."

When Liam heard her words, his brow furrowed. He glanced at "Julie" beside him.

It was her second attempt to dissuade him.

Liam sensed that Julie might be acting under pressure from Timothy, and she didn't want to see any more confrontations between the two men.

With that thought, Liam's eyes met Timothy's, who wore an inscrutable expression onstage. Deciding not to escalate the situation any further, Liam simply said, "Let's go."

He stood up and departed with his men.

Behind him, Adelina couldn't help but shout, "Why are you leaving now? Stick around. Keep causing a scene!"

In a hushed tone, Timothy reassured her, "Let it go. We have more important things to do. We'll have enough time to settle scores with him later."

Comforted by Timothy's words, Adelina began to relax, allowing the wedding ceremony to resume.

Inside the headquarters of the Dark Night Organization, tension hung thick in the air. Returning from his mission, Liam was notably silent, his mood clearly sour.

He had a hunch that Timothy was somehow involved in Julie's sudden change.

Stealthily, Liam approached Fiona, presenting a

photograph of Timothy. "Someone came to see Julie every day, you said. Was it this guy?"

Fiona scrutinized the picture for a moment before responding, "I can't be certain, but he does look like that man!"

Even though he had suspected as much, Fiona's confirmation unsettled Liam deeply.

How could this be?

One person was the one he adored, and the other was his arch-nemesis. Why were they connected?

Julie couldn't do something like that! It was inconceivable! She had to have her reasons!

So why hadn't she confided in him?

His yearning for answers gnawed at him. He wanted to confront Julie immediately but feared the hurt it might cause her.

A wall had risen between them, eroding the trust he once had for her.

The emotional agony rendered him distracted.

Somehow, he managed to make his way back to his residence, sinking into the sofa like an empty shell, his eyes vacant.

Just then, Vivian emerged from the bathroom, visibly drained, and sat next to him.

"I feel awful. My stomach's empty. I've been throwing

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+90 Points at most

up acid," she lamented weakly.

"Are you alright?" Liam asked, his words barely above a murmur.

The next moment, Vivian looked up, her words shattering the air.

"I'm pregnant!"