

Leaving The Country After Divorce

Leaving The Country After Divorce Chapter 1023

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Chapter 1023 Why Are You Here

Aubree gathered her thoughts and nodded. “Tell her to come upstairs.” “Okay.” Gina went downstairs to tell Frieda to head to

Aubree’s room.

Frieda had learned about Aubree’s injury early this morning. She quickly made her way to the Pearson residence, as there was still something weighing on her mind.

Upon receiving Gina’s approval, she hastily ran upstairs. “Slow down. Why are you in a hurry? My injury isn’t that serious.”

Aubree feigned concern, as she could hear Frieda running along the corridor outside her room.

The footsteps in the hallway suddenly came to a halt. Frieda stood outside the bedroom door. She looked down at her phone,

then at the door, and hesitated for what felt like an eternity.

When Aubree came to the door hopping on one foot, she finally snapped out of her reverie. “Why are you standing outside?”

Aubree sounded displeased.

Had the earlier phone call with Sonya not been successful, Aubree would not have taken the time to open the door. Frieda forced a smile, padded into the bedroom behind Aubree, and closed the door carefully.

After confirming the door was shut, Frieda hurried into the bedroom and sat down beside Aubree's bed. Aubree arched a brow and glanced at Frieda. "So? Why are you here?" she asked as she scrolled through her phone.

Frieda parted her lips to speak but changed her mind and kept her thoughts unspoken. She hesitated for some time and eventually looked down at Aubree's wounded ankle. "Aubree, is your injury serious?"

A trace of impatience appeared in Aubree's eyes but quickly faded away. She replied, "Getting injured doesn't matter as long as I get what I want."

Frieda naturally knew there was a reason behind her injury. However, she did not expect to hear Aubree say those words.

Recalling how Aubree had injured her arm the last time, Frieda couldn't help but sigh inwardly. Aubree is going all out just to get Lucian's attention, huh?

With that thought in mind, she blurted out, “Aubree, you’re so harsh on yourself.”

Aubree’s expression turned dark, for she thought Frieda was mocking her. “You don’t understand. You have to take risks if you want to reap the rewards.”

Her sacrifice would be worth it as long as she achieved her goal.

Frieda belatedly realized she had said the wrong thing. “That’s not what I meant. I’m just worried about you.”

Aubree put on a friendly smile despite feeling irritated inside. “We’re good friends, so I understand what you’re saying. What I mean to say is that in order to achieve success, sacrifices must be made.”

Frieda recalled what she had seen yesterday and bobbed her head in agreement.

Aubree gave a satisfied nod, as Frieda was no longer gazing at her wound.

Frieda stayed in her seat next to the bed but didn’t say a word for a long time.

Something seemed to be weighing on her mind.

Noticing that, Aubree frowned in confusion. “Why? Is there something else that brings you here?”

That snapped Frieda out of her daze. She quickly glanced at her phone that she had put aside.

Seeing that, Aubree, too, glanced in the direction of the phone.

A while later, Frieda started hesitantly, “I received something yesterday and was instructed to give it to you.”

Inexplicably, Aubree’s heart sank when she heard that.

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