

After losing her memory she abandoned her husband who cheated on her

Chapter 9 She Must Have Been A Love Supremacist

Hellen withdrew her hand and turned to look.

A noblewoman slowly walked down the stairs. She was well-dressed and exquisitely made-up, but her eyes were full of dissatisfaction and disgust.

As a result, Hellen figured out that the Grant family did not like her and forced her to resign. It was probably this person who caused all of this.

Hans greeted her indifferently, 'Mother.'

Hellen, who had guessed the woman's identity, nodded at her, then said to Granny with a smile, 'Granny, I'll go wash my hands first.'

Hans stared at her back as she went to the bathroom for a few seconds.

He had thought that she would confront his mother.

He said to his mother, 'Mother, Hellen is...'

Mrs. Grant might not like Hellen very much, but in front of Granny, she only said lightly, 'Shouldn't she wash her hands?'

After Hellen washed her hands and came back, she chatted with Granny Grant the whole time, as if Mrs. Grant did not exist.

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Not long after, the servants called everyone over for dinner.

Hellen helped Granny Grant sit down, then glanced at the dishes on the table with a fading smile on her face.

She liked spicy food, but the dishes in front of her were so light that it made her lose her appetite.

She did not believe that everyone in the Grant family did not know what she liked in the past two years of marriage.

Mrs. Grant had just entered the kitchen. Presumably, she had ordered the chef to cook lightly.

She stopped after taking a few bites.

Hans noticed that she had barely eaten anything. He frowned but did not say anything.

On the contrary, Granny Grant asked, 'Why don't you eat? Didn't you like eating those before?'

Hellen felt a slight headache.

'They actually really don't know.'

'What on earth did she sacrifice for this man before? Could it be that she used to be full of praise for the dishes that she didn't like?' she thought.

'Love is paramount' was probably the best word to describe her.

Perhaps it was because she had acted too well in the past, but right now, it wasn't appropriate for Hellen to argue. She just laughed. 'I'm not hungry today. Granny, I'm fine.'

After dinner, Hans and Hellen were ready to leave. Granny was very reluctant to part with her. 'Hellen, if you are wronged, you must tell me. I will seek justice for you. If Hans divorces you, that rascal won't have a good ending!'

She had lived for a long time, so she could easily understand what happened between her grandchildren.

Some things could not be faked.

'Okay Granny, I will. Hans treats me well. I'll come and visit you often in the future. Hellen didn't say much and just agreed with a smile.

Just as the two were about to step out of the house, Mrs. Grant suddenly called out to Hans. 'Stay, I have something to tell you!

Before Hellen could answer, Hellen said, 'Then I'll go.'

Probably feeling that his mother really had something important to tell him, Hans gave up the idea of leaving and said to Hellen, 'Wait, it's too late. I'll ask the chauffeur to send you home.'

'Okay. Said Hellen.

She did not even look at Lady Grant once.

This made her very angry.

After Hellen left, Mrs. Grant directly called Hans back to the room.

After leaving the sight of the others, she could no longer suppress the disgust she felt towards Hellen. 'Today, she was really even more impolite. I don't even know where she learned it from...'

Hans had already frowned when she opened her mouth. He interrupted her lightly and said, 'Mother, do you have something to tell me?'

Mrs. Grant did not continue this topic after being interrupted. She looked at him coldly and turned to throw her phone in front of him. 'I saw this just now. Take a look!

Hans picked it up and looked at it. His brows immediately furrowed.

These were photos of Hellen and Eddie in the bar the other day.

Hellen's face was very clear in the photo, but Eddie's appearance could not be seen clearly.

They looked really intimate in the photos because of the shooting angles.

Hans held the phone tightly.

After a long time, he solemnly said, 'Mother, it's a misunderstanding!

'Misunderstanding? The photos are here, can you tell me it's a misunderstanding?'

Seeing that she still wanted to say something, Hans put the phone on the table and said lightly, 'Mother, we are divorced.'