

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

12:01 

Chapter 18

Hellen also demonstrated the proper way to remove the makeup.

These skills were essential for a mortician.

Usually, one only needed to put make-up on the deceased. But sometimes, the body could be mutilated.

These skills came to use in recovering the body.

A mortician could be better than a professional makeup artist.

After everything was finished, Hellen uploaded the video.

Recently, she registered on several short-video platforms. She shared makeup tutorials and occasionally posted some regimen tips.

Hellen simply wanted to clear the name of morticians. The first thing to do was to expand her influence.

She curled up on the sofa and checked her account.

It had only been more than a week. Her videos showed the starking contrast between before- and after- make-up, so she has attracted tens of thousands of followers. The platform also promoted her posts.

Several MCNs reached out to her, due to the size of

view growth.

Hellen flipped through the comments. She'd reply something if she came across an interesting message.

She accidentally scrolled to the next video.

It was a woman doing a makeover. Hellen recognized her, and her mood was ruined.

Why's she everywhere?

There was Natalie, dressed in an elegant custom-made gown and wearing a full set of makeup. With the help of filters, she was pretending to be a fairy.

Her face was even a bit blurry.

Hellen wanted to puke. Most of the comments were from her fans.

-Sister Natalie, we will always support you!

-Natalie, my goddess! When will you take an acting job?

Occasionally, a few rational fans would say that Natalie was beautiful and that she didn't have to overdo it, and others would insult them with hundreds of comments.

It seemed that this girl was a celebrity herself.

Hellen flipped it and Natalie's face disappeared. She finally felt a little better.

In the afternoon, Hellen was sitting on the couch reading the only extant version of an ancient book.

The book was a collection of prescriptions using nothing but traditional Chinese medicines, namely Prescriptions for All.

When it went on the block, it was regarded as nothing but an antique. Hellen recognized its medical value.

The book was written at the peak of traditional Chinese medicine, and even the founding emperor himself knew something about it.

Although modern Chinese medicine had its fair share of value, a part of its exquisite tradition has been lost forever.

Hellen flipped a page and studied the prescription.

It's a pity that she lost her memory before she had a chance to actually read it.

Hellen was immersed in reading when her phone rang.

She picked it up and saw that it was Darcy calling.

'Hellen, Blue Bloom Club, tonight!'

Hellen had to explain, 'Everet won't let me go out at night. Call me early next time.'

'Early? You want to go there for breakfast?' Darcy's voice rose. 'Why is he so busy? Don't worry about him. I'll pick you up tonight!'

She's most recovered, after the home rest in the past couple of days.

She mused for a while. She needed to loosen herself a

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bit, or else she'd be bored.

'Okay, no need to pick me up. I'll slip out!'

At 8:30 in the evening, Hellen had dinner with her mom and brother. As usual, she went upstairs to bed.

After all, she had been well-behaved for the past half a month.

At nine o'clock, Hellen got dressed in a tight silk blouse that bared her waist and a mini-skirt. She threw down a roll of rope ladder from the second floor.

Climbed down smoothly and went out from the back. Called a taxi and went straight to the Blue Bloom Club.

Found the room and opened the door. She was stunned.

Darcy was sitting in the middle of the sofa with four men on each side. A total of eight good-looking men were looking at her.

All sorts of attractive men were available.

Hellen turned to leave, but Darcy told her to stop on the microphone.

'Hey, wanna go?!'

Hellen challenged her, 'Why not?'

Darcy smiled. 'If you go, I'll call your brother right now and let him check your room!'

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There she was, sitting next to Darcy for the past half an hour, with a glass of juice in her hand.

A younger one next to her leaned over. 'Sister, would you like a drink?'

Hellen glanced sideways at him. 'I don't feel well in my stomach. Can't drink.'

He blushed at her glance.

Aggressive and attractive at the same time!

Darcy was drunk as mud. She pulled a man next to her by the collar. 'Tell me, why do you loathe me?'

The man couldn't take it anymore. 'Miss, I don't loathe you!'

Darcy's eyes were blurry. She bit her teeth and said, 'I'm a Lewis! I'm not any girl! Why do you...'

Hellen tempted her. 'Darcy, who are you talking about?'

Darcy spread her arm. 'Who else could it be? It's just that...'

Red wine was spilt on Hellen's blouse.

It was soaked. Hellen stood up and went to the bathroom to clean up.

The tap in the private room didn't work. She had to go to the public bathroom in the middle of the hallway.

As soon as she got there, the younger one from

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earlier followed her.

'What are you doing here?'

'I'm here to help, sister.' He looked honest, cheeks burning.

Hellen sized him up from head to toe.

'Then can you lend me your jacket?'

He blushed and nodded. 'Sure. As long as you don't mind.'

She took the jacket and went into a stall. She had a vest underneath which was still dry, so she took off the blouse and threw it in the bin. Then, she put on the jacket.

The younger one directly praised her look. 'Sis, you look so good wearing this jacket.'

Hellen was amused. Although she rarely came to a clubhouse, it was the first time that she had seen such an innocent escort.

She patted him on the shoulder. 'You're so innocent. How did you end up here?'


Before he could answer, someone cut her off.

'Hellen!'

Hellen turned and saw Hans walking over!

Ah, what bad luck!

No matter where she went, she would bump into this scumbag!

12:03 

Actually, Hans was here for business. He wanted to go out for a walk, and saw a hot woman pulling a model out of the bathroom.

The woman was also wearing that man's jacket...

This kind of thing was common in clubhouses. What else could it be?

Until the woman opened her mouth. 'You're so innocent. How did you end up here?'

Hans couldn't be more shocked.

That woman. Was it Hellen?!

Hans suppressed his anger and inquired.

'What are you doing?'



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