

# Keep A Love Profile, Sir! Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 Funeral

A funeral was being held at the Landyner City Cemetery.

Dressed in black, Galilea Frankie stood in the crowd humbly, accepting condolences from her father's friends one by one.

"Miss Frankie, I'm sorry for your loss," A low voice sounded in her ear.

Galilea wiped away her tears and thanked the guest.

A month ago, the Frankie Group had completely gone into liquidation. A heart attack bereaved her of her father forever.

The once glorious and grand Frankie family was gone just like that.

Everyone felt for Galilea but no one underestimated her.

Because she was not only a Frankie but also the wife of the Lorenzo group's president, Micah Lorenzo.

The funeral went on until noon, but not until near the end, did the crowd see Micah, arriving slowly in a low-profile Bentley.

With the driver opening the rear door, Micah got out, stepping on a pair of shiny leather shoes. Above the neat and sharp suit, was a handsome, angular but aloof face.

This was the first time Galilea saw Micah after two years of marriage. Ironically, it was at her father's funeral!

All the guests brought flowers for the mourning, but Micah had come empty-handed!

"Micah." What was even more surprising was that when the car door on the other side opened, a graceful woman in a bright red short skirt came out of the car and naturally wrapped her arm around Micah's. "Should I go in?"

Looking at her, Micah smiled a little. He peeled her fingers away from his arm. "Wait for me here."

"Alright." The woman smiled and tiptoed, reaching his face to give him a kiss.

Seeing that, Galilea's face burned with shock. This was her father's funeral. This woman not only wore a red dress but also kissed her husband in front of all the guests!

Clenching her hands, Galilea couldn't keep her composure. While Micah had already stepped up the stairs and walked to her.

After a long while, he turned his head and met her gaze. He was six ft one and overwhelming. "It's been two years. What? Are you mute now?"

"What do you want to do?" Galilea realized that he had come with ill intentions.

"What do I want?" Micah's eyes were colder than the snow outside the window. "Of course, I want to pay my respects to my good ol' father-in-law."

He looked down at Galilea, sizing her up.

She was more beautiful than she was two years ago. Her long hair reached her waist. If she was not the daughter of his enemy, maybe they would have a happy marriage.

Oh, no, they would never get married at all.

Because he married her just to take revenge on that bastard, Onyx Frankie.

"Everyone, get out."

Hearing that, all the people in the memorial hall left the venue without exception, because no one dared to provoke him and go against the Lorenzo Group. After the last person left the venue, a bone-piercing pain came from Galilea's wrist. She was dragged in by Micah and then the door closed.

An hour later, Micah adjusted his suit and left the memorial hall expressionlessly. The woman who had been waiting outside immediately went up to him, grabbed his hand, and said gently, "Micah. So? Has the trouble been resolved?" "Yes," Micah nodded, held her hand, and walked down the steps while saying... "Everything is over." Dayana noticed the forbearance in his words; but she did not dare to ask. She only looked back with lingering fear. Hopefully, everything was really over.