

## **KINDA SWEET 781**

Chapter 781 I Need You for Something

After Irvin had a row with Bella, he left the castle.

Bella felt wronged and miffed. She returned from the main building and shut herself in her room.

Felix went back to his room, took a bath, and then resumed his work.

Dinnertime soon arrived.

Felix pinched the bridge of his nose and checked the time on his watch. It was 6 in the afternoon.

He rang the bell to call Donald over.

“Donald, is she back?”

Donald knew who Felix referred to.

With his head drooped, he said softly, “Not yet.”

“Still?” Felix thought.

His brows furrowed. A wave of exasperation surged inside him.

Felix waved at Donald to ask him to leave. Then, he walked to the window to look at the neon lights on

buildings in the growing darkness. The frown on his forehead deepened.

“Where has she gone?”

According to the agreement they had made, she could stay here for now, and she should help him solve the mystery of the map.

They were just working together. He certainly had no reason or no right to tell her where she could go or not.

Yet, in his head, a voice desperately bawled that he should go look for her and make her stay with him forever!

Felix raised his head, closed his eyes, and inhaled deeply.

At last, he restrained himself from calling her on the phone and walked out.

At the same time, in a bustling bar, Queeny was sitting on a stool, holding a glass of wine and watching the people on the dance floor, absent-minded.

It was still early, around 6 in the afternoon. The lights on the street were just lit. Most people hadn't started partying in a bar yet. There were only a few people inside, most of them were people that worked there.

Sarah came over with a cocktail and put it on the counter. As Queeny just did, she also put one hand

on the counter and propped herself up before sitting on a stool.

Smiling, she asked, "Queeny, what brought you here today?"

Queeny looked at her and said beamingly, "Nothing. I happened to walk by, and I thought you might be working so I dropped in."

Sarah nodded, then asked, "Where do you work now? How have you been?"

Queeny turned a deaf ear to her first question and only answered the second one, "I'm fine."

Her tone was nonchalant. She picked up her glass and took a sip, but she still stared at the dance floor.

Several young people were dancing to the music. Though there were not a lot of people in the bar, they were still having fun.

Suddenly, as if something had occurred to her, Queeny turned around and asked Sarah, "When will you quit?"

Sarah smiled and said, "I've given my week's notice, but they want me to work for another half a month. I will leave after they hire someone to do my job."

Queeny furrowed her eyebrows.

"Another half a month?"

Sarah waved as if it was not a big deal. "Well, I've worked here for a long time. People here have been quite nice to me, especially my supervisor. We're like friends now. I can't just quit and leave. That would be kinda rude."

Queeny contemplated for moments and then nodded.

"Fine. It's up to you. Just be safe."

Sarah nodded.

The two talked for a while. Queeny acted like she was really just dropping in to see Sarah, and Sarah believed her.

Just as they were absorbed in chatting, someone's phone rang.

Sarah looked around and said, "Queeny, your phone is ringing."

Queeny fished her phone out of her pocket. It was the same phone that Sarah bought her. Even though Donald had given her a new one with a new phone card, she put it away in her room, not intending to use it anyway.

If possible, she didn't want to owe Felix anything, even though it was just a phone.

Queenly glanced at the phone number on the screen and frowned slightly. Then, she put it on mute and put it back into her pocket.

Seeing this, Sarah asked curiously, "Who was it? Why didn't you answer it?"

Queenly gave a faint smile and said, "It's just a sales call I think. Why bother..."

"Okay."

Sarah bought it. She held up her cocktail, clicked glasses with Queenly, then said with a smile, "You're free and you've got a job now. Congratulations. Hope our life will get better and better!"

The smile of this innocent girl was so pure and touching.

Queenly was moved by her bright smile. She also clinked her glass against hers before finishing her drink.

After finishing the wine, Queenly looked at her watch and said, "It's getting late. I gotta go."

"So soon? Did you drive here?"

"No. I'll call a taxi."

She leaped out of the stool, patted Sarah on the shoulder, and said, "Stay here. Take care. I'll visit you again when I have some free time."

Sarah did not insist. She merely nodded and said with a smile, "I.O.K."

Queeny waved goodbye to her, then turned around and walked out of the bar.

It was already completely dark outside.

Dark clouds had gathered in the sky, adding another touch of gloom to the dark night. Queeny felt the clouds were looming over her heart, eating her alive.

Her phone rang again. She took it out and saw the caller ID on the screen. The veins on her temples instantly stood out.

It was Felix.

"Why does he keep calling me?"

"It's not the first time I went out on my own since I lived in his castle. He didn't seem to care where I was at all."

"Did something happen?"

Queeny hesitated for a moment. She checked her watch again. It was only half-past seven. There was still half an hour to go before it was time for her appointment with Eight and the others. She had

enough time to take this call.

Therefore, she wrapped her coat more tightly around her and picked up the call as she headed out.

“Hello.”

“Where are you?” Felix’s aloof voice sounded.

Queeny could even picture the standoffish expression Felix was having when he asked this question.

She answered perfunctorily, “Outside, for business.”

“Why did you call me?”

Queeny raised a brow.

With a note of derisiveness, she asked, “Are you checking on me?”

The other end of the line was silent for quite a while.

Felix couldn’t describe his mood. His voice was still cool and nonchalant, yet it was deeper than usual.

“Come back now. I need you for something.”

Queeny was taken aback.

But before she could answer, Felix hung up the phone.

She stared at the prompt of the ended call on the screen in silence for seconds. A scornful smile

curved her lips.

At eight o'clock in the evening.

Near a remote factory, a black SUV pulled steadily into a vacant lot and came to a stop by a big tree on the edge of the land.

The car door opened, and a lanky man jumped out first, followed by an equally tall, thin woman, who leaped out from the back door. She looked more slender and vivacious.

Chapter 782 Deep-seated Hatred

They were both in black sportswear. The man looked gentle and refined. Below his crew cut was a pair of serene eyes.

Those who didn't know him might believe he was a well-behaved college student.

The girl appeared to be much lovelier. She wore her sleek long hair into a high ponytail. She was very attractive with bright and sharp eyes. Her lips naturally curled upward, so she still seemed to be smiling even when she was not.

They stood there for some time. Then, a figure equally tall and slender ambled out of the darkness.

They were both dazed.



The voice they heard on the phone was calm and steady, so they assumed it was probably a middle-aged woman. However, that woman turned out to be a young lady.

Eight came up to the woman first. With a smile that touched her eyes, she said, "Hello, are you Miss Horton?"

Queeny shook hands with her and said, "Yes."

Then, the man at the back also stepped forward and shook hands with her.

Queeny didn't make more small talk with her. She looked over her at the SUV behind her and asked,

"Where is it?"

"In the car."

Queeny immediately strode toward the SUV.

They followed her. When the truck was opened, Queeny saw a large black plastic bag quietly lay there.

Eight touched her nose and coughed with awkwardness.

"Sorry. We didn't have enough time to do something better for this, so I just grabbed a bag and put her in."

Queeny looked calm. She said blandly, "It's okay."

She stared at the bag in silence for a while. Then, she turned around and asked Eight, “Your bank account is still the same one you gave me before?”

Eight nodded.

Without a word, Queeny took out her phone and transferred the money to Eight’s account.

She paid with the bank card that she asked Donald to give her before she went out today. Felix told Donald to satisfy all her requests. Plus, the amount of money she asked for was not big, so Donald gave her the card without asking her any questions.

Queeny knew she would be of great help to Felix in the days to come. So she didn’t feel uncomfortable spending his money.

She didn’t feel guilty either. After all, this was the remuneration she deserved.

In seconds, the payment was completed.

Eight received a text message from the bank in an instant. A friendly smile spread across her face. “I got the money. I’ve noticed that you didn’t drive here. How will you take her away? Want us to give you a ride?”

To her surprise, Queeny shook her head.

She then cast a backward glance at the black bag in the trunk and said in a low voice, "The place she will go is not far from here. I can carry her there."

Eight found her words quite bizarre. Yet, she didn't feel like pointing it out.

She just nodded and said, "Okay. Then we'll get going. You're a nice client. Come to us if you need our services again."

Queeny gave her a friendly nod.

Then, Eight and her help moved the corpse out of the trunk. They jumped into the SUV, and drove away.

The car whooshed into the thick darkness. Queeny was left alone in this quiet, desolate field, accompanied by nothing but a half-decayed corpse.

It was rather spooky.

After standing where she was for a while, Queeny crouched down and unzipped the body bag. An indescribable putrid odor instantly wafted out.

She immediately put her sleeve over her mouth and nose. Under the dim moonlight, she finally had a

clear view of the body.

“It’s really her.”

The woman lying there was Phoenix. She was the Head of the Phoenix Branch, one of 12 branches of the Rosefinch Club. Back then, she was Queeny’s best friend.

Phoenix disappeared after the Rosefinch Club disintegrated. Queeny heard that she had fled to Roland.

She felt thankful at that time, because at least one of her friends had survived the massacre.

However, why would she see her dead body in a foreign country four years and a half later?

It turned out that Phoenix didn’t get away with it after all.

Those who stayed with her were murdered one by one. None of them were spared.

Queeny closed her eyes. Waves of inexplicable agony raged in her chest, banging her ribs, almost making her howl in pain.

Even so, she gritted her teeth and repressed the piercing pain.

She swallowed hard, as though she was trying to swallow the deep-seated hatred as well.

Then, she carried the body on her shoulder and strode forward.

There was a secluded crematory nearby.

At this hour, the staff of the crematory had all gone home. Shouldering the body, Queeny bent a little and nimbly leaped over the high wall.

She came to the iron gate and unlocked it with a hairpin she took off from her hair. Then, she gingerly pushed the gate open, not making a sound. At once, an inexpressible smell swept over. She knew it was the smell of corpses. Due to religious beliefs, local people usually placed the dead here to wait for the designated proper day to cremate them.

Queeny never imagined that one day, she would sneak into a crematory on her own and do this kind of thing. Nothing could be more absurd than secretly cremating a body in a crematory.

However, Queeny had no time to get sentimental. Felix was still waiting for her in the castle. If she was not back by half-past eight, she could bet that Felix would go out to look for her.

Felix's way of doing things was always simple and blunt, but it worked for him.

Therefore, Queeny soon put away her emotion and went up to the furnace that was still burning. After a moment of hesitation, she put the body down and shoved it into the furnace without another look at it.

The black bag turned into a ball of blue flames in the blaze. Standing in front of the furnace, Queeny

felt that the heat burnt her face. Distinct prickles penetrated her skin like ten thousand ants, which then

crept into her veins and her heart, gnawing her organs.

Clamping a hand over her chest, she felt like crying but had no tears.

It was as if she already used up her tears four years ago, when she was locked up in a pitch dark

dungeon for over a hundred days and nights.

She even begged, hoping that Felix would give her friends a chance to live.

As it turned out, he didn't. He didn't spare a single of them.

Thus, Queeny gave up hope. In that period, she had drained all her tears.

Four years later, she could no longer cry as heartily as she did before.

The pain and the unspeakable sorrows had long become a mountain weighing her down.

A long time ago, she heard a remark that the more one experienced, the more silent and low-key one

would be.

One would hide one's light under a bushel, but it was not because he or she had become worldly.

Instead, it was just that this person was planning to deal a deadly blow to the enemy at the most perfect time.

Chapter 783 Who Do You Think You Are to Me

Queeny vowed to herself that she would make that happen.

She would do that for all her friends, for all of those who resolutely helped her but were mercilessly taken down.

She had to make that happen.

On that cold night, she gazed at the crackling fire in the furnace. Her eyes became steadily brighter.

In a trance, she seemed to see a vibrant woman in a black jumpsuit laughing wildly in front of her again.

“Queeny, we don’t need no men! All that matters is that we’ll stick together forever!”

Her proud, familiar voice was still ringing in Queeny’s ears, but it aroused a miserable feeling beyond words.

“Forever? How long is forever gonna last?”

She felt as if a knife had slashed the softest part of her heart, leaving a long cut there. When the blood dried, there was an empty hole in her heart.

Queeny closed her eyes. The wind picked up the locks of her stray hair and brushed against her cheeks, giving her a tickling sensation. The repulsive smell of the burnt corpse spread to her nose from the furnace. It made her shudder as if somebody had hit her with a hammer.

“Phoenix,” she called softly in her head.

Shrouded by boundless loneliness, she watched the body be reduced to ashes. Then, she abruptly whispered, “Goodbye.”

“Hey! Who's here?”

The iron gate suddenly creaked open. A middle-aged man in a blue staff uniform came in with a ruddy face. He seemed tipsy, for he was stumbling a little. Still, he spotted Queeny at once. Pointing a finger at her, he stuttered, “Who... who are you?”

Queeny shelved all her thoughts in an instant. She turned around, glanced at the drunk man, and put on a wicked smile. Then, she broke at a run, leaped over the wall, and jumped off before disappearing into the dark.

She was so fast that she almost vanished in a second like a ghost.



The middle-aged man was dumbstruck. He stood rooted to the spot for minutes. Then, the wine bottle in his hand dropped onto the ground with a bang as he dashed out, crying, "Aaaah! A ghost! I saw a ghost!"

Hearing the terrified cry, the birds in the vicinity flew away in alarm. However, the person who caused this fuss stopped to a halt. In the darkness, she cast the last meaningful look at the blurry fire in the distance, then wheeled around and raced in another direction.

At this time in the castle.

Felix was sitting in the study. He had been there for two whole hours.

Earlier, a servant told him that dinner was ready, but Felix said he had no appetite and threw him out.

He looked gloomy, which foreboded a storm.

The servant dared not disobey his order and backed out in a hurry. Because Felix was in a bad mood, everyone in the castle tiptoed around him.

The entire castle was drowned in a depressing mood.

No one, not even Donald, knew why Felix was so somber.

Bella came over after dinner. She had learned that Felix was in a foul mood and refused to eat. Thus,

she brought over some soup she cooked by herself.

From the lesson Felix had taught her, Bella was aware that though he let her stay here, he didn't want to be anywhere near her, nor did he like her taking the liberty to prepare food for him.

Therefore, she didn't go upstairs this time. Instead, she stopped downstairs and asked Donald to tell Felix that she wanted to see him.

Donald told Felix that Bella was here. He thought Felix would turn her down, but, surprisingly, he nodded.

Shortly after, in the living room in the main building, Bella saw Felix come downstairs.

"Felix!" she called out.

Her face was instantly lit by a charming smile. She walked toward him and said, "I heard that you shut yourself in the study since you came back and skipped dinner. What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?"

Felix darted a distant look at her, his face devoid of expression.

"Why do you want to see me?"

As Felix ignored her question, Bella felt a little embarrassed in front of all the servants.

But she knew this was the way with Felix. To stay with him, she would have to be more patient and resilient.

Thinking of this, she smiled and took a step forward. "Well, nothing important. I was bored in the afternoon, so I made some soup. I had some at dinner and it tastes pretty good. Then I heard you had no appetite, so I brought some soup for you."

Then, as if afraid of upsetting him, she quickly added, "It's okay if you don't want to have the soup. It's not fancy cuisine anyway. I just want you to know that I care about you."

Felix stared at her with a faint smile. He then ambled his way down to the first floor.

While straightening her cuff, he remarked, "You've sent me soup to show your care for me. If I didn't drink it, wouldn't I be just heartless?"

Bella's eyes brightened at those words.

Hope welled up inside her again. However, since her recent kind gestures had all been rejected, she dared not show her expectation.

Lowering her chin, she said softly, "No, not at all. I am very grateful that you let me stay here. If I can

help you at all, it will be a comfort to me. But if you reluctantly eat the soup just to spare my feelings, it'll

seem that I've become a burden to you."

This remark was flawlessly tactful.

Even Felix couldn't help but narrow his eyes and give Bella a good look.

After the afternoon, he had to admit that this woman before him seemed to have become a different person.

Her dressing and the way she conducted herself didn't resemble the woman on the golf course earlier that day.

Felix arched one eyebrow. He was surprised and amused.

"Did she seek advice from an expert or did she come up with another plan?"

Either way, it was clear that Felix was not interested in her in the slightest way.

He then said coldly, "In that case, take it back. I'm not gonna have it."

After that, he walked by her to head outside.

Bella knew he would react like this. However, when she heard his rejection, she still felt a little bit hurt.

Earlier today, to step up for her, Felix even had a falling-out with his ex-girlfriend. But why was he being so cold to her now?

Despite her bewilderment, Bella knew she was not supposed to ask questions.

Thus, she managed a smile and caught up with Felix, saying, "Fine. I'll take it back right now. Are you going out?"

Felix paused in his tracks.

He turned around and fixed his detached eyes on her.

"Miss Collins, who do you think you are to me?"

Bella was taken aback.

Standing here, she met his aloof eyes. Her brain went kind of blank.

Chapter 784 Call It Off

Who did she think she was to Felix?

She was allowed to stay here only because she begged him over and over again. Felix never really got physical with her. What role could she play in this castle?

"Am I a guest? His girlfriend? Or maybe..."

Bella's face paled as if she suddenly thought of something.

Felix, however, laughed.

The laughs were bone-chilling, carrying an edge that Bella couldn't understand. Still, her instincts told her it did not bode well.

Felix then said in a low voice, "Get over yourself. You're only staying here because I'm compassionate.

Just mind your own business. And we're not together. You're not good enough to be my girlfriend, understand?"

Bella's face went pale.

Felix didn't want to waste one more second on her. He crossed the door and left without looking back.

Though Queeny tried to hurry up, it was already nine when she returned to the castle.

Having had nothing for dinner, she was famished. Thus, right after she got in, she asked Donald if there was anything to eat.

Donald was surprised to see her back. He asked a servant to prepare some food for her, then looked back at her and asked, "Why did you come back alone? Where is Mr. Bissel?"

Queeny was taken aback by this question.

She looked up at Donald, her eyes filled with confusion and her graceful brows slightly knitted.

“Felix? I wasn’t with him.”

Donald’s countenance altered.

“But he went out to look for you.”

Queeny’s expression changed at once.

Donald thumped his thigh in anxiety and said, “He went out more than half an hour ago. He called you several times but you didn’t pick up. And he even skipped dinner. Then, he suddenly told me to get the car ready and went out. I thought he had gotten in touch with you by now.”

Queeny caught on to the situation. She looked away, deliberated for moments, then said, “Don’t worry.

He’ll come back after he looks around and doesn’t see me anywhere.”

Donald froze on the spot.

His lips moved as if wanting to say something. But facing this heedless, cold-hearted Queeny, he decided to swallow his words in the end.

Then, he just heaved a sigh and said, “I’ll give him a call.”

Felix came back just as the dishes were served.

Barely fifteen minutes had passed since Queeny returned. However, when Felix stepped into the castle, his face was extremely somber. Even a fool could tell he was in a bad mood.

Queeny also noticed this.

But for some reason, she felt a little bit guilty when she saw Felix's dark face after his return from his fruitless search for her, though she knew she hadn't done anything wrong.

She withdrew her gaze and said sheepishly, "You're back? I heard you didn't have dinner. You wanna share this with me?"

Felix locked his cold eyes on her.

He took off the coat and revealed the close-fitting black shirt beneath it, which accented his beautiful muscles.

He handed the coat to a servant and then sat down across from Queeny.

The atmosphere was rather tense.

"Where did you go today?" he asked in a deep, icy-cold voice.

Queeny was spooning the soup into her mouth, her eyes evasive. "It's not important."



“Tell me, where did you go?”

Felix demanded with a trace of repressed anger.

Queeny was alarmed. But she had to work with him for quite a long time. He was her foe, but she had

to use his power to find out who the real culprit was that ruined the Rosefinch Club overnight. That

person had sowed discord between the two clubs and made her take the blame. She would not let that

person get off scot-free.

But this was an immense task. She couldn't possibly do it on her own. Therefore, she must work with

Felix.

Thinking about this, Queeny glanced up at Felix, compressed her lips, and put down the spoon. She

then said with an earnest face, “I went out for something.”

“What thing?”

“Some personal stuff.”

She didn't want to go into the details. But Felix's pupils slightly constricted.

Queeny explained seriously, “Felix, I have every right to go out and sort out my business. We're

partners now. I'm no longer your prisoner."

Felix abruptly sneered.

It was as if his pent-up anger was discharged at this moment like a punctured balloon. Nevertheless,

the tension didn't ebb. Instead, an awkward, rigid silence descended.

After a long while, Felix finally remarked, "Right? Don't even get me started on this."

He took a step forward. The imposing vibe he emitted overwhelmed Queeny. She scowled slightly but

braced herself. Not flinching at all, she looked up at him with a cool face.

The next second, her chin was in Felix's grip.

Felix lifted her chin to make her look straight at him. In a deep voice, he said, "Don't you understand?

The moment you stepped into this castle, everything you're entitled to do is up to my will. Do you really

think we're partners now? How can you be so ignorantly confident?"

Each of his words pierced Queeny's heart like a steel needle.

Gazing at him, she suddenly giggled.

The sharp pain spreading from her chin caused her fingers to bend. She balled her hands into fists to

withstand the pain.

However, she didn't fly off the handle as Felix expected.

She was still calm, so calm that it was as if she didn't hear his words or mind his rude tone.

She said coolly, "Let go."

Felix stared at her aloofly but didn't loosen his grip.

Queeny repeated, "Get off me."

This time, Felix heard the coldness in her voice. His eyes flickered, then his hand let go.

Queeny took a step back before lifting a hand to touch her chin.

With a distant look on her face, she stared at him and said solemnly, "Felix, I always thought that to

have a fair partnership, we have to do things voluntarily and be of equal status. But now, it seems that

your idea conflicts with mine. So I won't insist on working with you. From now on, you go your way and

I'll go mine. We won't have anything to do with each other ever again."

With that said, she turned around with composure and went off.

The entire living room became quiet.

Not only Felix but Donald was stunned.

They never thought Queeny could be so decisive.

Seconds later, Felix finally came to his sense. He strode forward and grabbed her hand.

“Don’t go.”

“Hands off!”

A wave of strong force assaulted Felix. Queeny shook his hand off. Being caught off guard, Felix was

forced to stumble back. The two then scowled at each other with a sullen face.

He ordered coldly, “Queeny, come over here! I may have said something I shouldn’t. Let’s talk.”

Queeny laughed humorlessly.

A wisp of grief rose in her heart. She couldn’t tell why she felt like this.

It was just that she suddenly felt weary. It was like the entanglement with Felix in the past few days and

the emotion she had been holding back was suddenly amplified and erupted at this moment.

She shook her head and said, “I won’t come anywhere closer to you. Felix, let’s call it off.”

Chapter 785 The Celestial Book

It was as if a rock had been thrown into a peaceful lake.

Felix’s heart trembled violently. He was suddenly panic-stricken, and he didn’t know why.

His face was still somber, but the light in his eyes dimmed a little.

“Queeny, as I said, come here and we’ll talk this out.”

“There is nothing to talk about.”

Queeny’s voice was indifferent. The fatigue in her tone was distinct. “Felix, you lost at the golf course today. Didn’t we agree that whoever loses would grant the winner a wish?”

Felix did not respond.

Queeny went on, “Here’s what I want. Let’s call it off. There’s no need for us to see each other again. If we meet again, only one of us can live. As I’ve told you, I will avenge my dead fellows’ death in the Rosefinch Club.”

With that said, she whipped around and headed out.

Felix bawled from behind, “Stop her!”

Just as these words were out, several bulky men leaped out from the darkness and stood in Queeny’s way.

Queeny’s face turned completely frosty.

Looking back at Felix, she said scathingly, “Really?”

Felix was well aware that Queeny was no longer the same woman four years ago. Four years' life behind bars had honed her. Today, her strategies and fighting skills had both become superb.

However, this was no reason that he would let her leave.

She might be able to take him down. But there were so many of his bodyguards here. Could she beat them all?

Even if she knocked out all the bodyguards here, there were dozens more of them in the castle. How could she possibly beat them up and leave?

Therefore, Felix was not worried about that.

Still, he could not truly feel relieved. Inexplicably, he knew that if she left today, he would lose her forever.

Felix marched over, seized her by the wrist, and said in a deep voice, "Come with me."

Right after that, he drew her to go upstairs.

Surprisingly, Queeny didn't resist.

For one thing, she knew she was in a pickle. If Felix was determined to make her stay by force, she wouldn't have a chance to run away.

For another, deep down, she was also wondering what on earth he wanted to discuss with her.

Was there anything to be discussed?

The two came up to the study. Queeny's wrist was aching due to Felix's tight grip, yet she didn't

protest. She let Felix grab her. The latter didn't let go until they entered the study.

With a dark face, Felix walked straight to the back of the desk.

Noticing that Queeny was standing by the door, he glanced up at her. Though his face was still gloomy,

that forbidding look on his face was gone.

"Come here," he ordered.

Without saying a word, Queeny came over and watched Felix fetch out a file from under the desk.

"Read this before you decide to leave."

Then, he threw the file to her.

Baffled, Queeny caught the file and flipped through it.

Her face paled drastically when she reached the last few pages.

Then, she snapped the file shut and gawked at Felix in disbelief, asking, "How can this be?"

Felix had regained his composure by this time.

He thought to himself, "I should let her know the cruel reality she's supposed to know."

Years ago, Felix still wanted to protect her from this brutal truth. Even though he hated her for her betrayal, a small voice in the back of his head murmured to him that perhaps she really wasn't the one who did those things.

Not only the Rosefinch Club but the Dragon Club had classified information been leaked.

Queeny, who was sandwiched between the two clubs, clearly had nothing to gain from the desperate struggle of the two clubs.

However, all the evidence proved that she was the mole at that time. Felix had to punish her in some way, or he wouldn't be able to face his subordinates.

At this thought, he exhaled heavily and said, "Read the whole file, especially the last page."

Queeny obeyed.

The more she read, the more terrified she felt.

The file she was holding was a list of the members active in both the Rosefinch Club and the Dragon Club. In the beginning, the two clubs were not on opposite sides.



Instead, the two forces actually appreciated each other and often helped each other out.

Had it not been like this, Queeny, who left the Dragon Club in a huff, wouldn't be admitted by the Rosefinch Club right away.

At that time, the two forces interacted frequently, and the members of the two forces never shunned each other.

But it was also because of this that both the clubs were not on guard against each other.

This file stated in detail the information of those who survived that fierce battle and where they went afterward.

Upon close examination, one would find that quite a lot of those people left this place, changed their names and identities, and joined an organization called the Zircon Association.

On paper, those people, including the ones Queeny saw as her dear fellows, died in that battle.

However, they were actually still alive, only that they were living with a different name and identity.

They never died. What really perished was their friendship with Queeny.

Queeny couldn't believe this. She felt as if an ax had hit her in the head, causing her brain to buzz and

her head to go blank.

She wobbled a little and stumbled backward, her face completely pallid.

She then grabbed the table to support herself and whispered, “No way. How could this be true? They, they...”

Looking at her steadily, Felix said, “Do you still remember why the two clubs turned against each other?”

Queeny was silent for moments, then said in a light voice, “The Celestial Book.”

“Yes. It was because of the Celestial Book.”

The Celestial Book was a two-thousand-year-old document written on jade that was discovered out of the blue five years ago. It was said that this book stated the kind of jade this book was written on could bring the dead back to life and turn the mortal into the immortal.

To be honest, Queeny found it rather laughable when she first heard this myth.

But later, something changed her mind.

Once, she saw a person who had been shot in the head be revived by the Celestial Book. With the help of the little jade piece, the injury healed at speed visible to the naked eye.

She would never forget how astounded she was at that time.

If she didn't witness with her own eyes, she would not believe such a miraculous thing could happen in reality.

A small piece of jade could heal wounds and revive people on their deathbed?

How preposterous it was!

Yet, regardless of whether she believed in it or not, many people had witnessed this miracle.

Everyone's eyes turned green. They all wanted to have it after they realized how valuable the treasure was.

However, the only piece of the Celestial Book had been used.

Chapter 786 A Dilemma

The rest was hidden in a map. And this map had been Felix's collection, undecipherable.

Queeny happened to learn the ropes and painted it in prison. That was how she got the chance to work with Felix.

They remained silent for some time.

After a while, Felix said, "As soon as the Celestial Book was known by people, the Rosefinch Club and

the Dragon Club, two major associations in the area, immediately tried to get it. When they were in a big fight for this, their deepest secrets were revealed.”

“I admit I used you. But if I didn’t, we would die in the confrontation.”

“The wolf has a winning game when the shepherds quarrel. Although we won, we were decimated too.

Later, the Dragon Club disbanded and lost its former glory. Queeny, have you ever wondered what might have caused this?”

Queeny was shocked.

She looked up at Felix’s icy face, and something running through her mind, which made her shudder.

“You mean, someone set a trap?”

“Yes.” Felix sneered with self-deprecating humor. “it’s false that the Celestial Book can bring the dying back to life. This was all orchestrated by someone who wanted to blow the organizations into a dispute and destroy them. In fact, the book and the map they said are false.”

He gazed deep into her eyes and said in a low voice, “Queeny, we were fooled.”

Queeny froze.

She recalled in her mind the words of the Rosefinch Club’s president, who had been her intimate

friend.

He said, "Queeny, I don't want to be immortal. There's no point in me living if everyone is dead. I just want to save Jolene, she's dying. Queeny, you are my friend, and you have to help me!"

Jolene was his only daughter.

Queeny couldn't have stayed away.

For her, all worldly possessions meant nothing.

But not everyone thought so.

The treasure that had stirred up a dispute between several powerful underground groups turned out to be a complete trap.

Felix gazed at her with a serious face. Queeny looked up at his eyes and asked, "When did you know that?"

Felix's fingers moved slightly.

Then he said, "Half a month ago."

"That is, when I was about to get out of jail?"

He nodded.

Queeny gave a slight, sad smile.

“Then why did you agree to my terms? Why did you ask me to help you decode the map? You know it’s just a useless piece of paper, a plot. Right?”

The study suddenly fell silent, and nobody spoke.

Felix stood silent like a lonely and stubborn pine tree.

He didn’t say anything, but Queeny seemed to sense something. She laughed at her own foolishness and turned away.

The man’s eyelids flickered suddenly.

He reached out and took her wrist.

“Where are you going?”

“Leave me alone.”

Queeny’s voice was light, but not as cold as before.

He paused and relaxed his grip on her wrist at last. Then he began in a low voice, “don’t go.”

Queeny said nothing but walked out.

The whole castle had a slightly strange atmosphere all night.

No one knew what was going on. People seemed more cautious than usual.

The light in the study of the main building was on all night, and so was one of the bedrooms in the side building.

The sunlight flooded in through the window and shone on the white sheets the next morning.

Queeny opened her eyes and was dazzled by the glare of the sun. Then she shaded her eyes against the sun.

The clock on the wall said nine o' clock, indicating that she hadn't slept very long.

She was so upset by the sudden brutal truth that she did not have a good night's sleep.

She sat idly all night long, thinking over many things. She didn't fall asleep until just before dawn.

It had only been three hours since then.

But she was not going to catch up on sleep.

She put on some light clothes and went out of her room.

Felix was walking his dogs in the garden now.

He, a tall man, was bending over to play with his dogs.

He apparently loved his two dogs.

Even though they were licking him, he did not dodge at all.

Queeny stood watching him in the hallway not far away, remembering what he had said yesterday.

Memories haunted her, which made her feel miserable.

Just then, Donald came over.

“Miss Horton, you’re up?”

Queeny looked at him and nodded slightly.

“Morning, Donald.”

“Good morning.”

Donald was certainly friendly to Queeny.

He looked at Felix, who was walking his dogs on the lawn, and smiled, “Mr. Bissel got up late too and

he hasn’t had breakfast yet. Miss Horton, do you want to have some breakfast with him?”

Queeny looked down for a moment and nodded.

“Sure. Thank you very much.”



“Oh, don’t mention it! I’ll go get ready now.”

Then he went downstairs.

She stood and watched him for a while, and then went into the dining room.

Donald had already had breakfast quickly cooked and served on the table.

It was just breakfast, but it was sumptuous and perfect.

Queeny stumbled on a few favorites, not knowing whether it was by chance or specially prepared by Donald.

However, she would take things as they came. Without thinking much, she pulled out a chair and sat down.

Felix came in about ten minutes later.

As soon as he went in, he was not surprised to see her sitting there. He seemed to have expected her to call him this morning.

After giving the dogs to the servant, he washed his hands and sat down.

“Have you made up your mind?”

He asked, wiping his hands on a towel.

Queeny was silent for a moment.

She didn't want to admit the cruel truth. However, she knew he wouldn't and didn't have to lie to her.

Chapter 787 What Do You Want

Seeing her silence, he looked up at her.

Queeny compressed her lips. After a while, she said, "yes."

Felix remained calm, and a dim light was shining in his eyes.

"So what do you think?"

Queeny said in a low voice, "I admit we have fooled four years ago. But it is true that you killed my

friends despite my pleas. I can't pretend nothing had happened."

Felix's face was overcast with sadness.

"So you're going against me?"

Queeny went quiet for a moment and said, "I always thought that when I got out I was going to get

revenge on you, to pay tribute to my dead friend."

"But now I know that all this is caused by their greed. Some of them had already given up the

Rosefinch Club and joined the Zircon Association."

“I’ll deal with them. But Felix, there is no reconciliation between us.”

Felix looked at him and said nothing.

When Queeny finished, she felt the way she behaved towards him was utterly ruthless. But during her

four years in prison, the image of him mercilessly sending her to prison haunted her. It was not

something she could easily forget.

On the contrary, she cared about it.

So she couldn’t agree with him.

There was a long silence before Felix spoke. “So what do you want?”

What did she want?

Queeny paused.

She hadn’t thought about it at all.

She didn’t know what to do next. She just didn’t want to go on like this.

And again, the room was plunged into silence.

As if anticipating her reaction, he picked up the chopsticks. “Well, let’s have breakfast first.”

Then he ate in silence.

Queeny didn't eat last night, so she had been hungry since she woke up. So she began to eat too.

After breakfast, Felix's phone rang.

While he was answering the phone, Queeny sat there for a while. After seeing the servants taking the plates away, she wanted to take this chance to clear things up with Felix.

However, she was going to talk to him when she thought it through. So she didn't mention it for the moment.

Then she got up and left.

Felix was on the phone, seemingly unaware of her movements.

But as she passed him, the corners of his lips raised.

The weather was very nice today, and the sun shone brightly in the sky. After breakfast, Queeny was clearly relaxed. Feeling sleepy, she went back to her room to rest.

It was afternoon when she woke up again.

Suddenly there was a heavy knock at the door. She got dressed and rolled out of bed, frowning.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Bella standing at the door with an angry face.

She didn't really care about this so-called "confidante" of Felix.

Even though she didn't like this woman, she knew, a vulgar woman like her was definitely not his type.

There must be some reason for him to keep her there. Was he trying to get her jealous?

Queeny stared at her with cold eyes and asked, "What?"

Her distant appearance made Bella nervous. But Bella was emboldened again by the thought of what she had come for.

She managed to hold her head high and assumed an air of superiority. "I lost my necklace, did you steal it?"

Queeny frowned.

She wondered what Bella was up to. But she never saw any necklace that Bella was talking about.

So Queeny said in a deep voice, "No."

Bella's mouth twisted in a contemptuous sneer.

"How can you prove that? We are the only people living here, and the servants dare not steal. You are the most suspicious person."

She said, casting Queeny a contemptuous glance.

“Look at you. You don’t deserve to live here in such shabby clothes. If it were not for Felix’s kindness, you’d be on the streets. I didn’t expect you to be grateful. But you’re bold enough to steal? Do you have any self-respect?”

Queeny’s face darkened.

She eyed Bella, disgustedly and stonily. “Miss Collins, we’re both women, I don’t wanna beat you up.

Watch your mouth!”

Bella froze, feeling her stomach knot with fear.

After all, she had seen what Queeny was capable of before.

But her fear abated when she thought that Queeny dared not to hurt her in Felix’s castle.

After all, Queeny had to consider the consequences before she did anything.

She sneered, “So you’re saying you didn’t do it? You have the guts to steal, but you don’t have the guts to admit?”

Queeny looked at her coldly and didn’t want to speak a word to her.

She threw the door open and came into the room.

“Come in.”

Bella paused.

She was confused.

She instinctively thought Queeny was really going to hit her, so she stepped back and her expression was watchful, “What for?”

Queeny gave her a blank stare and said, “You said I stole your necklace? Search it. If you find it, it’s yours.”

Then she simply sat down on the sofa, not bothering to look at her.

This time Bella hesitated.

She lost her necklace after playing golf with Felix yesterday.

The necklace had been worn around her neck and was not valuable. Otherwise, when she was sold to traffickers by her ex-boyfriend, they wouldn’t have let her keep it.

It was just that the necklace was the only thing she had left from her mother, so she treasured it.

Bella looked at Queeny, more puzzled than ever at the thought.

Queeny was so poised and calm.

However, Bella was almost speechless with rage.

But that necklace was really important to her, and the servants had no chance to steal it. Apart from the necklace, not a single piece of jewelry was missing.

So the person who steal it was not for money, but out of spite.

In the castle, the only person who held a grudge against her was Queeny and Donald.

Donald was a cultured man of great dignity, and he was too significant to do something like this.

Chapter 788 A Set-up

Queeny was the only person who would do this.

That was why Bella was here.

Seeing how fearless Queeny was, Bella wondered if she had misunderstood her.

Bella's mind was racing. But she felt she couldn't come for nothing.

So she ventured nervously and said, "Fine."

Then she went in with her servant, Katy.

While they ransacked the room, Queeny sat on the sofa without looking at her.



Instead, her servant Ella's eyes widened at the sight.

"Miss Horton, what are they doing?"

Ella was a little worried.

Queeny didn't bat an eyelid, "Ella, it's OK."

Although Ella was dissatisfied, she was not in a position to stop them.

The room was not very big, and Queeny didn't like fancy decorations, so it was arranged in a simple style.

After about 20 minutes, they were done searching.

Bella looked sullen. Seeing Queeny sitting on the sofa unmoved, she became even angrier and her face burned with shame.

Queeny looked up.

She said in a calm voice, "Have you finished? Did you find anything?"

Bella bit her lip and said stubbornly,

"Even if I didn't find it here, that doesn't mean you didn't steal it. Perhaps, you hid it somewhere else."

Queeny raised her eyebrows and gave a soft giggle.

Bella paused.

Queeny was not as angry as Bella had expected, and she didn't even look angry at all.

She just sat there quietly, "Are you trying to pin a trumped-up on me?"

Bella was shocked by Queeny's words.

Queeny's cold stare made her feel guilty.

But she had been placed in an impossible position. So she decided to fight for as long as it took.

She thought it was better to escalate it than to give up now. It would be nice to take this opportunity to

kick Queeny out of the castle.

Viciousness glimmered in her eyes at the thought.

She looked at Queeny with a sneer. "There is no point to quibbling. Queeny, honestly, my mother gave

me that necklace, and it means a lot to me. If you take it, give it back to me. Otherwise....."

"What?"

Queeny said indifferently, and her voice was full of danger.

However, Bella didn't notice it.

She said proudly, "I will ask Felix to kick you out of here! Just wait and see!"

"Ha ha."

Queeny burst into a burst of laughter.

Her smile was casual, but full of contempt for Bella. It seemed as if she could crush her to death with a single squeeze of her fingers.

She sneered, "Bella, I really admire you."

Bella froze.

She frowned unconsciously.

She wondered what Queeny was talking about.

Queeny continued, "You know that, every time I look at you, it's like I see a laughingstock. My bad mood just melted away when I see you. After all, a fool like you is still alive, so why shouldn't I?"

This time, Bella caught on.

She was ashen-faced.

Then she gnashed her teeth in hatred. "Queeny, you wouldn't....."

“Why not?”

Queeny stood up.

She was tall and slender, five or six centimeters taller than Bella. Although they seemed to be about the same height, her imposing temperament chilled Bella to the bone.

She advanced on Bella and said, “My principle is that if you leave me alone, I’ll leave you alone. If you offend me, I will respond in kind. I let it go when you challenged me earlier. Now you’re trying to frame me. Do you think I am a punchbag?”

Bella took a step back. She was frightened by Queeny’s imposing temperament.

She swallowed hard and stammered. “what...what do you want to do?”

Queeny sneered.

At the moment, Bella was back against the wall, terrified.

She raised her hand against the wall to the right of her head and bent slightly. Her sharp eyes fastened on Queeny.

They were so close that Bella could feel Queeny’s breath.

“The woman’s breath is cold. She’s not a normal person at all,” said Bella inwardly.

The thought flitted through her mind. Then she felt a prick on her ear. Out of nowhere, Queeny took out

a dagger and pressed the sharp edge of it against Bella's ear.

Bella's face was pale, and her body rigid with fear.

Her lips began shaking uncontrollably.

"You.....what are you doing?"

A faint sneer of satisfaction crossed Queeny's face.

Then she blew a breath in her ear.

Her voice was soft, which made her more like she was telling a whisper of love than a threat.

It was so scary. There were creepy-crawly sensations, as if a poisonous snake was crawling up behind her ear.

Queeny said quietly, "Guess, what happened to the last person who framed me as you did?"

Bella said inwardly, "I haven't known you long enough to know who you're talking about."

However, Queeny was not interested in her answer.

She said softly, "She's dead, and I killed her with this dagger. I cut her face open, cut her body and legs

with 91 strokes, and I ended her life in her windpipe.”

Bella’s face was deathly pale.

She seemed to feel the knife cutting her face.

She thought the woman before she looked like a demon from hell.

Bella’s voice trembled. “If...if you dare to hurt me, Felix will not forgive you.”

Queeny sneered.

“Really? But I don’t believe it. Maybe we should give it a try. I want to see if you die, will he avenge you.”

Chapter 789 Threatened Her

By this time, the knife had moved from her ear to her neck.

The cold edge of the knife made her shiver, and she was on the verge of tears.

“Queeny, don’t do this to me. Be cool.”

Even if she was unruly and willful, she was just a spoiled lady who had never experienced anything like this.

So she could hardly hold on when the knife touched her skin.

However, Queeny was not going to let her off easily.

Her eyes darkened, and she continued, “alright, you don’t know what I used to do, right?”

Bella shook her head. “I...I don’t.”

“Care to take a guess? If your guess is right, I’ll let you go.”

After hearing her words, Bella thought she was a psychopath. Bella dared not speak but looked at her, pretending not to be afraid.

Bella thought the woman before she was dangerously attractive, with features that could only be described as a wonderful mix of innocence and seductiveness. Her bright eyes stood out boldly against her spruce short hair.

Bella thought it over and shook her head, “I don’t know.”

She really had no idea about it.

Although judging from Queeny’s temperament and appearance, her past should not be too bad.

Otherwise, there was no way she could have developed the temperament she had.

Bella felt there was an air of oppression about her. A thought floated into her mind, but she hardly dare open her mouth.

Seeing this, instead of being angry, Queeny gave a smile.

But a shiver ran down Bella's spine when she saw Queeny's smile. She just wanted Queeny to let her go.

However, Queeny leaned close to Bella's ear and lowered her voice, "I used to be a.....professional killer."

What?

Bella froze.

A killer? What the hell!

Queeny continued, "you'll never guess how many people I've killed. Have you ever seen a killer? I have a hundred ways to kill you without anyone noticing. Would you like me to try

Her voice was heavy with sarcasm.

Bella finally sensed that Queeny wasn't joking.

Although she seemed calm, Bella knew she was not happy.

There more upset she was, the calmer she acted.

Beneath her plaint exterior lurked a frightening harness.



Bella was afraid!

She suddenly felt that Queeny really had the ability and guts to kill her and bury her body at a place where no one knew.

Now she felt great regret for having provoked Queeny.

Luckily, Queeny didn't mean to kill her.

Seeing Bella's pale face, Queeny slowly loosened her grip and put away the dagger.

She remained calm as if nothing had happened.

Then she sneered, "Do you still think I took your necklace?"

Bella shook her head mechanically.

Queeny raised a questioning eyebrow.

"So?"

"I'll get out of here right away!"

She repeated, straightening up and as if conscious of something. "I'm leaving, and I won't pester you anymore. It's my fault to have misjudged you. Queeny, please be a bigger man and forgive me."

The corner of Queeny's lips raised, and she nodded.

"Remember what you said. My patience is limited. The next time....."

"It won't happen again, I promise!"

At the moment, Bella had an unquenchable thirst for life. As soon as she finished her words, she raised her hand and made a gesture of oath, as if afraid that no one would believe her.

A smile lifted the corner of Queeny's mouth. Then she motioned Bella to leave.

She was looking at the fleeing Bella, and her smile faded.

Ella here saw it happen, and she felt a mixture of respect and fear for her.

What scared her was Queeny's former identity as a killer. She was new to the castle, and she was ignorant of what was going on here.

What she admired was the way Queeny scared Bella and the imposing aura she exuded.

She felt that people like Queeny were definitely not a nobody.

Thinking of this, she could not help but look up at Queeny again.

She saw Queeny look away and fiddled with the mirror on the table that Bella had turned over.

Queeny didn't look at Ella but said with her head slightly lowered, "You can go."

Ella compressed her lips, wanting to remind her that Mr. Bissel would not let Bella off lightly if he found out and she could tell him about it.

Wasn't Bella trying to get her out of the castle? Maybe Bella would be the one getting kicked out.

However, when she thought that she was not familiar with Queeny and her nasty reminder might make Queeny feel disgusted, she didn't open her mouth.

And she had a vague feeling that Queeny might not want to ask Felix for help.

"OK." She only replied quietly and left.

After she left, the room fell into complete silence.

Queeny stood there, and her mind went blank, as if she was lost when the noisy world suddenly quieted down.

But when she remembered Bella's reaction again, she couldn't help laughing.

Actually, she didn't give a shit about Bella.

Because she didn't want to spend time with someone who didn't matter to her. Though she knew Bella was up to no good, she knew there was no need to be angry with her. Anyway, the less trouble the

better.

Bella was in Felix's pocket anyway. Felix was very tactful and powerful, no one dared to make waves under his nose.

Queeny could see that Felix didn't care about Bella.

Bella was on the chopping block. Queeny knew that to spend time on Bella was like getting her fingers burned.

So she never really cared about Bella and didn't take it personally.

But it was hard for her to avoid being picked on.

Chapter 790 Don't Make Waves Again

Queeny knew that she was not a good-natured person.

She tolerated Bella's provocation many times.

Earlier on the golf course, Bella deliberately threw water in Queeny's face, in response, Queeny slapped Bella in the face.

So overall, Bella didn't gain the upper hand.

However, Bella was really hard to deal with, and Queeny was at the end of her patience.

She hated such trifles and female intrigue.

Although she had the skills to cope with the situation, she was tired, and in no mood for it.

So she thought it was time to give Bella a head-on blow and tell her not to make waves again.

The thought of no one bothering her anymore made her feel better.

Just then, a familiar figure suddenly speared outside the window.

“Queeny, what are you looking at?”

Queeny froze for a moment and came back to earth.

Her eyes slowly began to focus on Irvin outside the window, who was smiling at her with his hands behind his back.

Her brow rose in surprise, “What brings you here?”

“I’m bored at home, so I came over.”

He looked around as he spoke. Then he turned to ask her, “Take a walk with me?”

Queeny thought about it, then nodded.

She and Irvin knew each other very well. Four and a half years ago, she got along well with Felix’s friends when they were together.

Irvin was the heir to the Kaye Group and was high in favor of his family since childhood. He was known as a nobleman in the area.

His family not only did not object to his association with Felix, but also approved of it.

So he came to visit Felix almost every day. In a way, they were close friends.

Irvin was not a nuisance to Queeny. After going out, Queeny followed Irvin slowly along the garden gravel path.

Irvin asked, "Have you cleared things up between you and Felix?"

Queeny froze.

She didn't expect him to mention this.

With a faint smile, she said, "I have nothing to talk with him."

Irvin's mood darkened.

After a while, he sighed, "You know him well. He's straightforward sometimes. He just wouldn't admit it, but he really loves you. I know he did something wrong, but nothing could purge the guilt from his mind in the four years. We all see it clearly. Now, he wants you to stay here, which means that he still cares about you. Queeny, forget about the past, and try to move on."

Queeny looked ahead. The golden sun shining on the plants in the corridor, and the plants cast their shadow over the ground.

She said faintly, "You told me he felt guilty, but why didn't he bail me out when I was in jail?"

Irvin paused.

He blurted out subconsciously, "But you..."

"I didn't kill that woman, you know that."

Then she turned to look at him. Her eyes were as clear as a lake, reflecting Irvin's image clearly.

For a moment, he was speechless.

Queeny smiled, "I didn't blame him for putting me in jail. If I'm the culprit, I'm willing to be brought to justice.

"What I hate is that he wronged me and he did everything he could to frame me. Irvin, don't say you

have no idea who killed that woman. He killed his girlfriend. There's nothing he can't do."

Her words came as a complete surprise to Irvin.

He realized he might have done Felix a disservice, then he explained, "Queeny, listen, it's not what you

think. That woman has nothing to do with him.”

“Has nothing to do with him?” She raised her questioning eyebrows, then burst into laughter. “Irvin, I saw them lying in bed together, with my own eyes.”

Irvin froze.

Cold shivers ran down his back, and her cruel remarks cut him deeply like needles.

He fell silent. Seeing this, Queeny said no more.

They walked in silence. After a while, Queeny suddenly spoke.

“Did he ask you to come over?”

Irvin paused for a moment. Finally, he nodded honestly.

Queeny was somewhat surprised by his honesty.

It was ironic and ridiculous, she thought. She had mixed feelings at the moment.

She said gently, “Looks like he really wants me to stay.”

To some extent, this was the truth.

Irvin didn’t deny it. Queeny continued, “Why didn’t he tell me himself?”

Irvin permitted himself a wry smile and shrugged his shoulder, “Who knows! Maybe he was afraid that



you wouldn't listen to him. What happened between you forced him to entrust this task to me."

Irvin sighed deeply.

He had no idea what happened between them.

"Weren't you guys so madly in love when you were together? You were childhood sweethearts. How

come you guys ended up like this?"

Queeny's heart went flutter suddenly.

She wanted to know the reason, too.

They used to trust and love each other. Why did they end up like this?

Queeny couldn't find the answer. Realistically, there was never one right answer.

There was an awkwardly long silence. It was only at the end of the corridor that Queeny turned to look

at Irvin. "Tell him, that's the past. Just let nature take its course. And we should not talk about the past

again."

Irvin frowned.

He didn't quite get her determined and cruel response.

After a moment of hesitation, he asked, "Is there really no turning back?"

The corner of her lips twitched sarcastically.

"No."

Then she turned around and walked in the direction of her room.

Irvin didn't come after her.

He stood silently watching her until she was out of sight. Then he sighed with profound resignation and left.