KINDA SWEET 781



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

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

worked there.

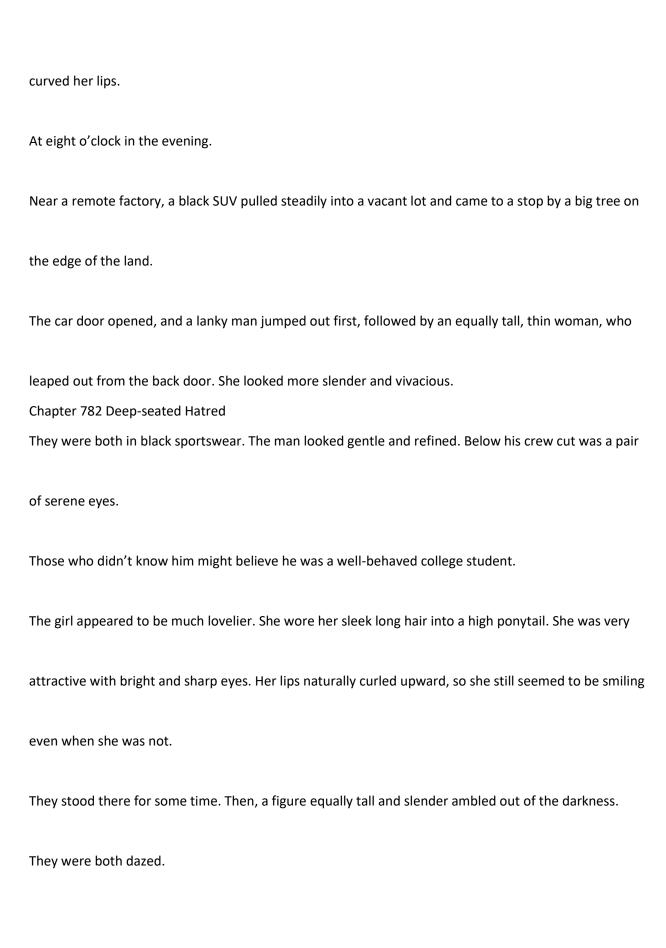
on the counter and propped herself up before sitting on a stool. Smiling, she asked, "Queeny, what brought you here today?" Queeny looked at her and said beamingly, "Nothing. I happened to walk by, and I thought you might be working so I dropped in." Sarah nodded, then asked, "Where do you work now? 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.







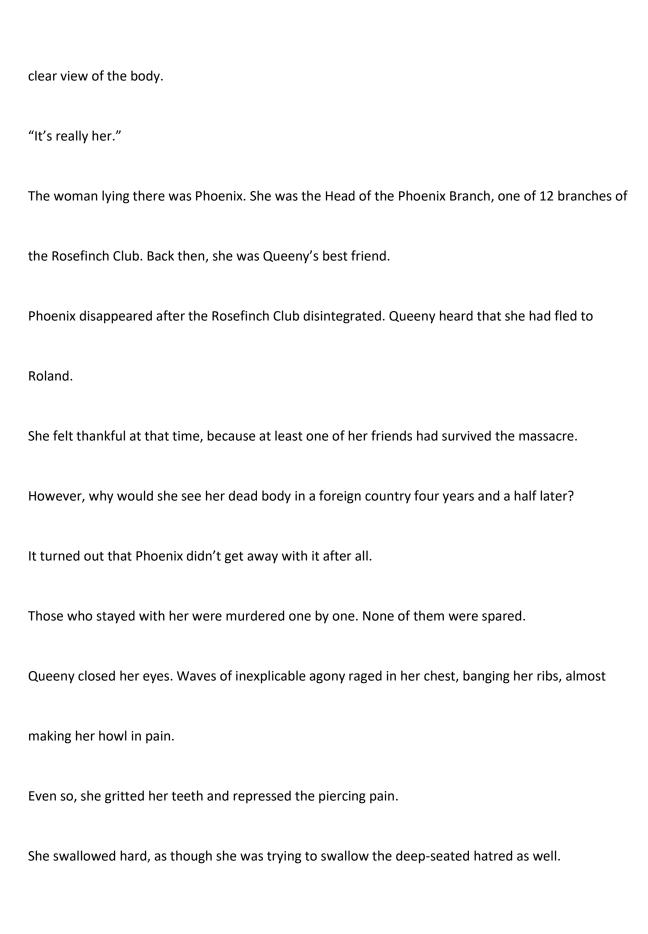




She stared at the bag in silence for a while. Then, she turned around and asked Eight, "Your bank
account is still the same one you gave me before?"
Eight nodded.
Without a word, Queeny took out her phone and transferred the money to Eight's account.
She paid with the bank card that she asked Donald 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



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.



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.

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

"Hey! Who's here?"

"Phoenix," she called softly in her head.

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.

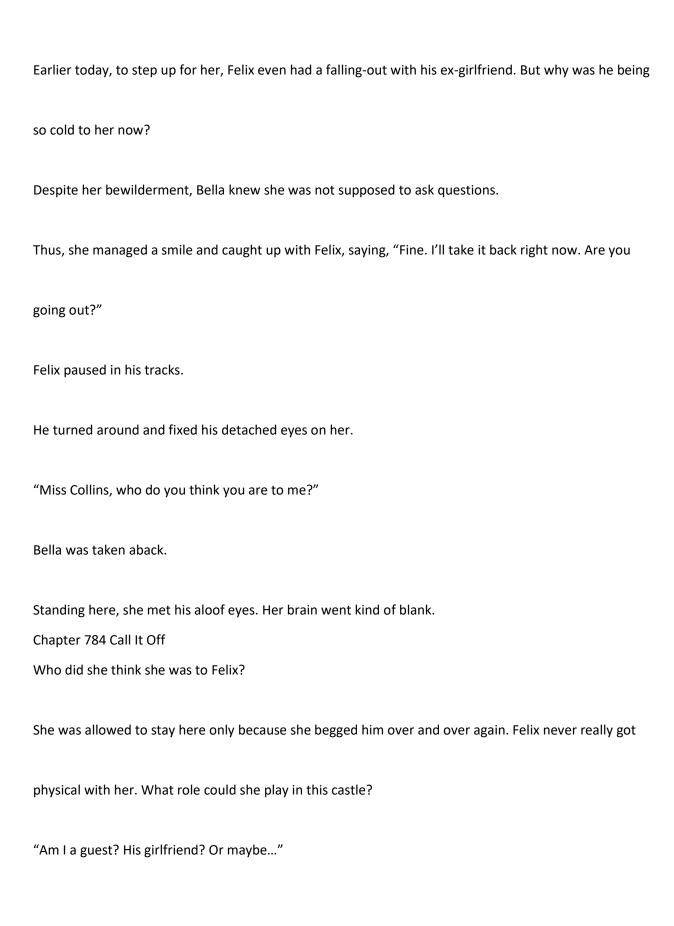
While straightening her cuff, he remarked, "You've sent me soup to show your care for me. If I didn't drink it, wouldn't I be just heartless?"

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









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."



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.







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.
Baffled, Queeny caught the file and flipped through it. Her face paled drastically when she reached the last few pages.

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.

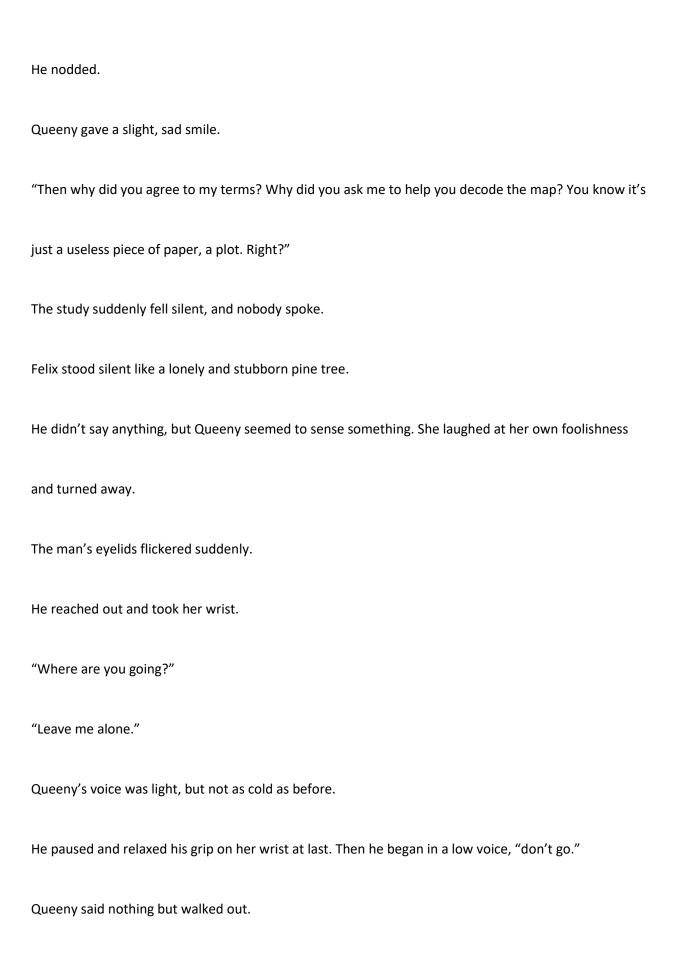
Queeny couldn't believe this. She felt as if an ax had hit her in the head, causing her brain to buzz and

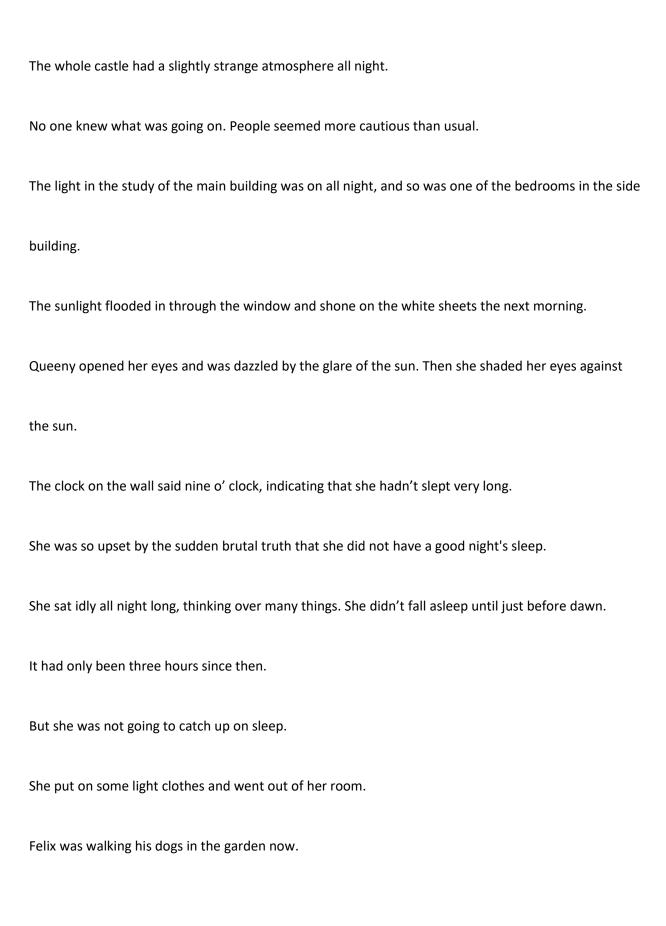


She would never forget how astounded she was at that time.
If she didn't witness with her own eyes, she would not believe such a miraculous thing could happen in
reality.
A small piece of jade could heal wounds and revive people on their deathbed?
How preposterous it was!
Yet, regardless of whether she 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.

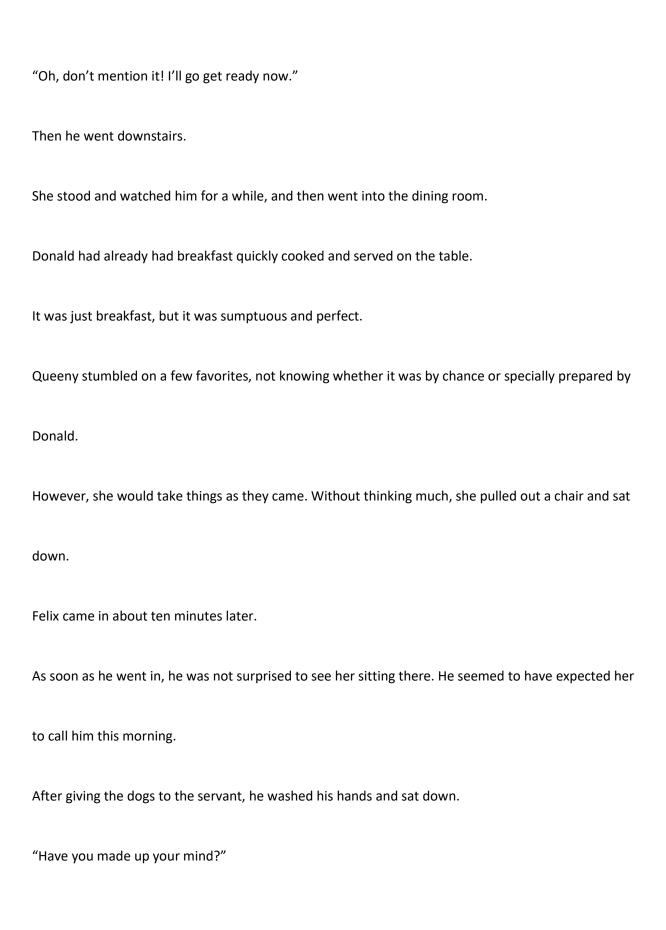














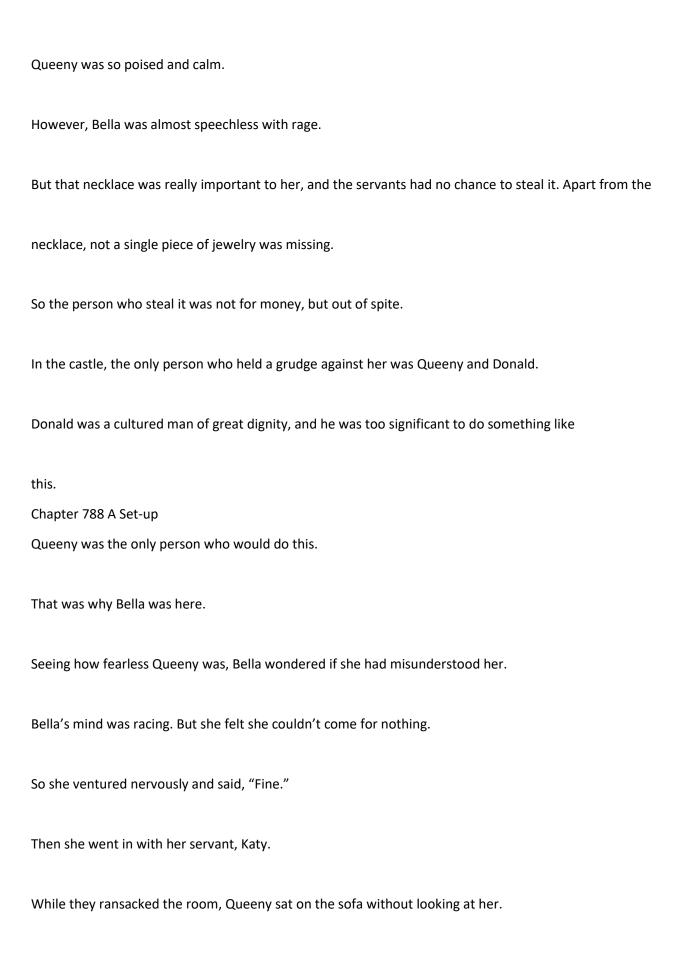
"I'll deal with them. But Felix, there is no reconciliation between us."
Felix looked at him and said nothing.
When Queeny finished, she felt the way she behaved towards him was utterly ruthless. But during her
four years in prison, the image of him mercilessly sending her to prison haunted her. It was 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.





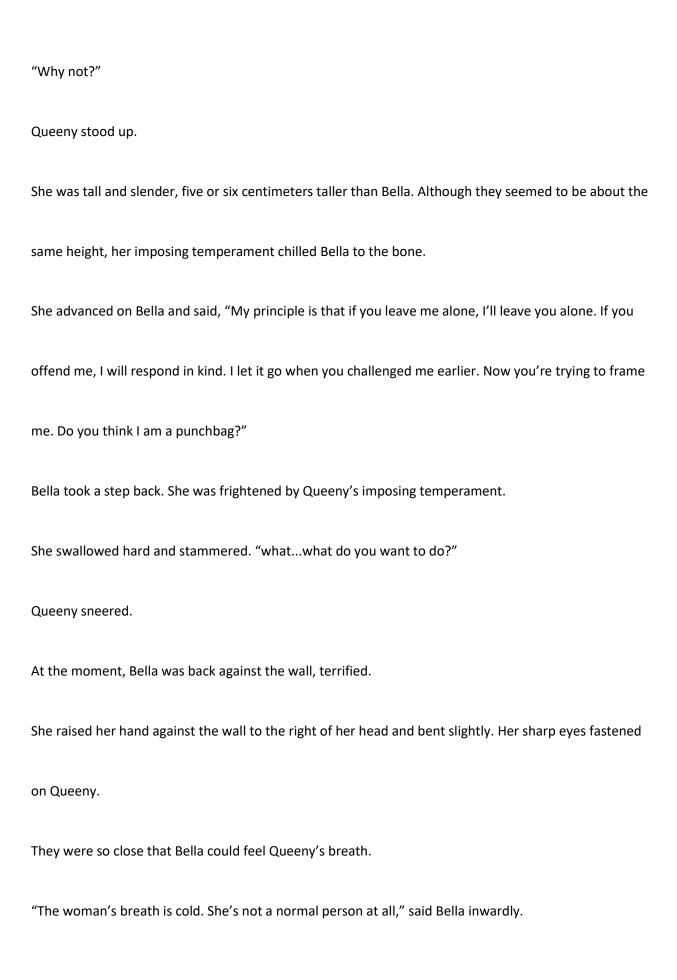












The thought flitted through her mind. Then she felt a prick on her ear. Out of nowhere, Queeny took out
a dagger and pressed the sharp edge of it against Bella's ear.
Bella's face was pale, and her body rigid with fear.
Her lips began shaking uncontrollably.
"Youwhat are you doing?"
A faint sneer of 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



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 aprofessional
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.

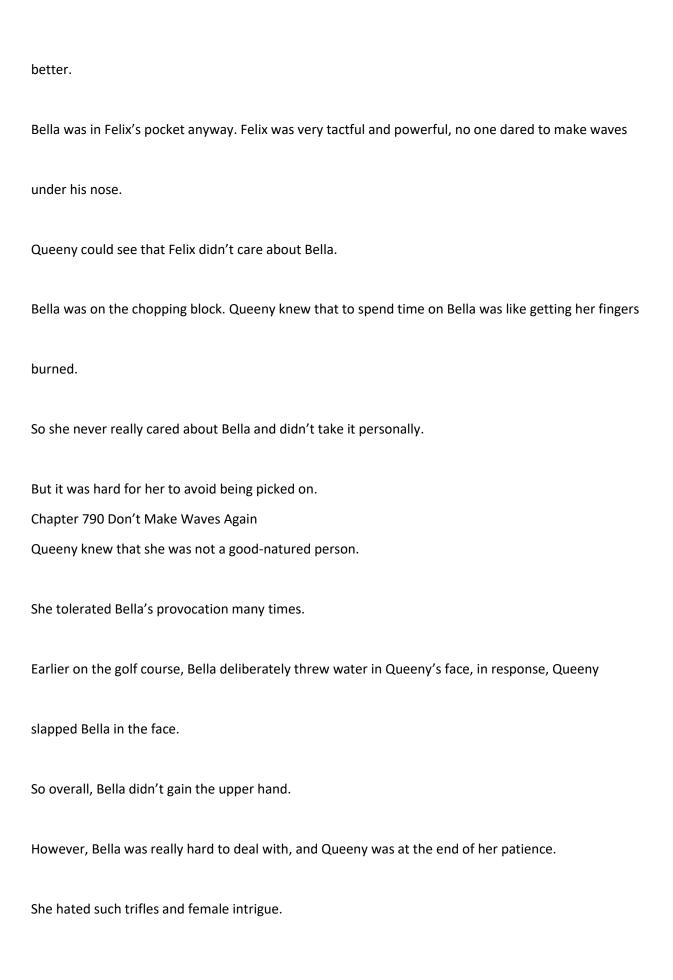
Bella was afraid!
She suddenly felt that Queeny really had the ability and guts to kill her and bury her body at a place
where no one knew.
Now she felt great regret for having provoked Queeny.
Luckily, Queeny didn't mean to kill her.
Seeing Bella's pale face, Queeny slowly loosened her grip and put 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

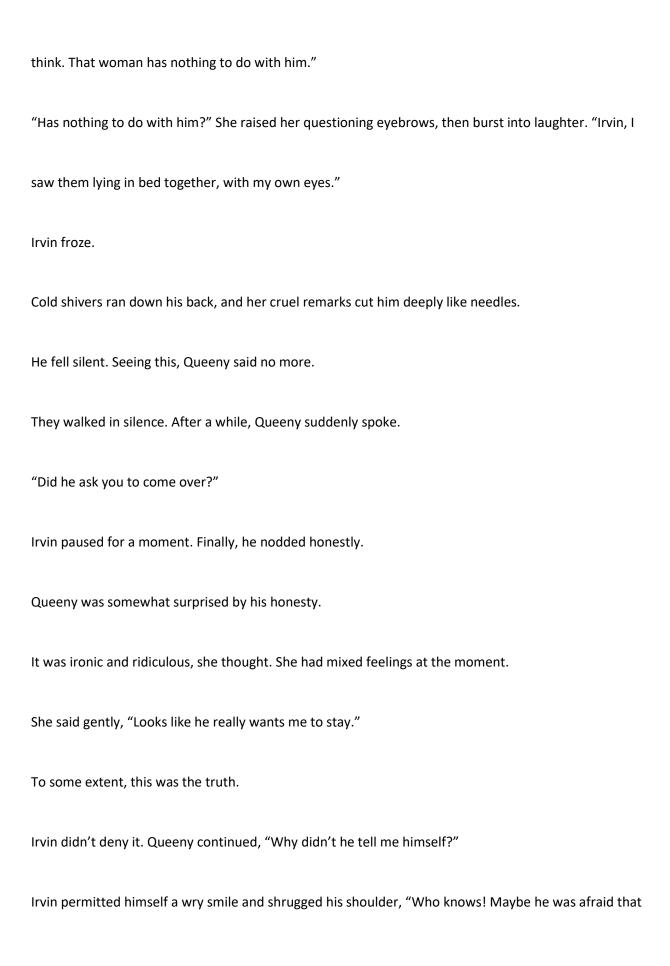
was up to no good, she knew there was no need to be angry with her. Anyway, the less trouble the











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.