

Love Is Fair 201

Chapter 201 Matthew had heard a lot about Dr. Grace and admired her for a long time. After all, he knew how badly Owen had been injured. Back then, his bones were shattered, and he had suffered all kinds of crushing fractures. And Dr. Grace pulled off the operation with her healing hands. Since then, Dr. Grace had become almighty in his heart. But the point was, she's a woman! A real goddess. And to his surprise, this goddess was Hailey Newman! Hailey was Dr. Grace? How could this be possible? How was this possible? Wasn't she just an ordinary nursing assistant to Owen back then? But when anything impossible happened to Hailey, it seemed that nothing was impossible anymore. Hailey Newman, also known as Dr. Grace, frowned heavily and swept an unkind gaze toward Matthew. "What are you shouting about? No noise is allowed in the hospital, so if you shout again, you will be asked to leave." "....." Matthew pursed his lips tightly. Well, with this arrogant tone and cold attitude, no one but Hailey would dare to treat him like this. But he still felt like he was dreaming He stretched his arm in front of Owen and said, "You pinch me." Owen raised his hand and slapped Matthew hard on the back of the head, nearly sending him plunging back to the floor. Matthew almost screamed out in pain, rubbing the back of his head in pain and glaring at Owen. "Can't you be a little gentler?" "Pain helps you wake up." Owen was not distressed,

Matthew had a sad face. He was wide awake; however, he was almost sent to hell, accusing, "You cruel man!"

Kyle, as a gay man, even found this scene a bit hard to digest.

"If you guys want to flirt, please go outside, don't be such an eyesore and affect the patient's mental health." After Hailey finished this sentence, Harrison, who was lying on the bed, added, "Dr. Grace is right, you two are disgusting enough in the army, you guys can go get a room, doing this in public is unnecessary."

Owen frowned. Matthew hurriedly waved his hand to explain, "We're not that kind of relationship, he just has a crush on me." Owen said coolly, "You've got the subject and the object backwards." "....." Matthew's eyes widened, "Shit, you're an asshole!" Harrison rolled his eyes speechlessly, not only was it such an eyesore, but it was also a pain to listen to these two. Hailey didn't bother to pay attention to them and checked Harrison's basic condition with her own hands, which was similar to what was recorded in the medical records, with slight discrepancies that she had manually modified. Unlike other doctors' fancy fonts, she wrote her medical records in cursive script, which was spontaneous and smooth, beautiful, and

atmospheric, and as Owen watched, his heart skipped a beat uncontrollably. "The surgery is at ten o'clock, you can prepare now." Hailey put down the medical records and gave a slight nod to Louise Waterman, who was always guarding the door and full of tension.

Then she walked out with Kyle and the others. Just outside, Kyle asked nicely, "That man in black, is your ex-husband, Owen Moore?" "Mm," Hailey replied with an expressionless face. A few years ago, Kyle had seen a picture of Owen, so he naturally knew what the man looked like, who had been secretly loved by his own little sister for years and had been saved from death. "Seeing is believing." Kyle falsely lamented, and then took a turn with his next sentence, "He looks a bit intellectually challenged." Hailey nodded in agreement. Kyle asked again, "Who is the one that was shouting?" "His best friend, the young

son of the Feline Group in Belindao, Matthew Holland.” Kyle suddenly understood and let out an “oh”, “He’s also a playboy.” Hailey snorted, “The two of them together, they can sell for five hundred.” Kyle couldn’t help but burst into laughter. In the ward, as soon as Hailey left, Matthew exploded into a frenzy, questioning Owen with a black face, “You already knew that Hailey was Dr. Grace? Why didn’t you tell me?” Owen was lost in thought and looked perfunctory. “It was just a surprise for you.” “God damn surprise, a shock is more like it!”

Matthew felt that all the exclamation marks in his life had been used up at the moment he saw Hailey just now, and his eyes

showed a hint of disbelief. “Hailey is actually Grace, so she did your surgery three years ago. She saved you and stayed by your side as a care worker for three years until you recovered and healed! What kind of a woman is this? And you, you even divorced her!” “What?”

Harrison, who had been watching the drama, couldn’t help but be surprised when he heard this and looked at Owen. “Dr. Grace, is your ex-wife?” Owen pursed his thin lips into a line and was silent. “More than that. Do you still remember ten years ago, we went on a mission to the dense forest and saved a mysterious little girl?” Harrison thought carefully for a moment. “I vaguely recall such a mission, but I don’t remember what that little girl looked like. Back then, that girl was carried out by Steven, right?” When he finished, his pupils shrank. “That girl, it wouldn’t be Dr. Grace, would it?” “Congratulations, the answer is correct.” Matthew was in a complicated mood, not knowing whether he was upset because it hadn’t turned out the way he’d hoped, or hated the fact that Owen, rather than him, and Hailey had been together. And now, how could he completely empty Owen from Hailey’s heart and then fit himself in?

Was

long one, lasting from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, a full four hours. Louise waited anxiously at the entrance to the operating room, looking nervous and anxious. Matthew reassured her, “Don’t be afraid, it’s okay. Harrison has been through hell many times, and with such a good daughter-in-law

like you waiting outside, he will definitely come back victorious!” Louise reluctantly pulled the corners of her lips, smiling bitterly. “I don’t appear that important to him. I love him, but he doesn’t love me, everything is just my own willingness.” The so-called “girlfriend” was just a self-appointed status she had given herself to take care of him, which Harrison did not acknowledge. She could not give him any strength other than monetary support. Matthew saw that instead of comforting her, he was making her sad, so he changed the subject. “If you don’t believe in yourself, you have to believe in Dr. Grace, she’s a miracle doctor.” He patted Owen’s shoulder, using him as a living example to comfort Louise. “This guy was in a car accident back then, he was even more seriously injured than Harrison, but he’s still alive and kicking now, isn’t he? With Dr. Grace here, there’s no problem!” Her face lightened up and she said “thank you” sincerely. But Owen’s face was pale, and his head was pounding. Owen felt that from the moment he saw Hailey in her white coat again, memories of the past flooded into his mind, and countless images flashed before his eyes like a neon light, causing him to have a splitting headache. There were memories that seemed to have been forgotten by himself and were slowly being restored.....

Chapter 202

Owen suddenly recalled that three years ago on the highway, when he learned of the Brown family's accident, he hurriedly rushed from the branch office to North City. However, halfway there, he received a breakup call from Eliza. She said in tears, "Owie, I'm sorry, I love you very much, but in order to save the Brown family, there is no way for me to be with you anymore. You can ask Auntie Polly to cut us some slack Let's break up." Without waiting for him to say anything, Eliza hung up the phone and when he called back again, it was switched off. In fact, he wanted to tell her that even if they were to break up, he wanted it to be done face-to-face to show respect to each other. At that moment, his girlfriend's abandonment, and thinking of his domineering mom, both made Owen feel like he reached the lowest point in his life. When he reached the fork in the road, he didn't slow down, and a lorry, also without slowing down, crashed straight into him –

Bang! Dazed and confused, he saw himself as a child. His parents arguing endlessly, his father slamming the door, his mother shaking with anger, breaking everything in the house that she

could, and the loud crackling outside like firecrackers on New Year's Eve..... If this was New Year's Eve, then his family, every day, was New Year's Eve. When it came to home education, his father had no say in the matter. His mother was very strict with him, and he didn't know if she was

going to take it out on him, but after every fight with his lather, she would come to check his homework. If he got a word wrong, or a question, he would be severely chastised. After a beating, his mother would throw the cane aside, hold him by the shoulders and order him in an extremely stern tone that he must excel. "You must do whatever it takes to become the best in the Moore family and get back all the face I lost with your father! Do you hear me? My son, Owen Moore, must be a dragon among men!" As a child, Owen longed for his father's love and feared his mother's. As he grew up, he had no idea what love was, no one loved him and he could not love anyone. The only woman who loved him had also abandoned him for the sake of her family. In the end, he was still the one who can be abandoned at will. To die, in fact, was not such a difficult thing to do. He was badly injured, resuscitated three times and given more than a dozen of critical illness notices until Dr. Grace arrived and turned

everything around. His body came back to life, but his heart did not. He was lying in bed, unconscious and unable to care for himself like a living dead man, thinking that it would be better to die than to live with such a broken body. But his family refused, and so did his care worker. After he once suffered from urinary incontinence, he pleaded with his care worker, almost red-eyed. "Please let me be euthanised, so that I can be relieved and so can you." The carer, whose name was Hailey Byrne, replied to him like this, "Do you think death is a relief? No, death is just an escape, because everyone knows that it is the living that is the hardest." She not only reasoned with him but also began to read books for him. She read *Stray Birds*, *To Live*, and *Ordinary World*, and other poems, depending on her mood. Her voice was clear and pleasant, not an announcer's voice, but very rich in emotion, and when she read, she could always convey her

emotions. Owen didn't know if the experiences of the characters from the book gave him some strength, but he saw a glimpse of the dawn in those dark years. Those difficult days passed unnoticed. When his mother had forced him to marry, he had married her out of kindness and gratitude; he thought she had married him out of pity and money He did not know that the woman he had left out of his life for three years had taken a lot of effort to bring him up from the bottom of the cliff, inch by inch.

The scene before him was so déjà vu that it was as if yesterday had come back to haunt him and the old time had started all over again. While lost in thought, the lights in the operating room finally went out. Harrison was pushed out, Louise was the first to jump on him, and Matthew also helped push him into the ward. Owen sat on the bench

and didn't move, watching Hailey dragging her tired feet to be the last to come out.

He was about to get up and step forward when a figure flashed past him, bypassing the crowd, announcing Hailey with unerring precision. The gentleman, also wearing a white lab coat, half-carried her in his arms and carried her to the lounge. Owen stood up at some point, but just stayed where he was, silently gazing at her back. That man was her fourth brother, and also a doctor. With him looking after her, she would naturally be in the best of hands. It was true, as she said, "I, Hailey Newman, have had a smooth ride for over twenty years, my parents spoiled me, my brother protected me, and I have never been made to suffer half a bit the biggest storm in my life was brought to me by you." Owen's heart suddenly sank, like being clutched hard by a large hand, hurting so much that he sucked in cold air, barely able to stand up and sit down again. His head felt like he had been hit in the boxing ring and his soul was out of his body. He sat on the recliner and took a long time to slow

down before the dizziness faded away. Two nurses who happened to be passing by saw that he was almost transparently pale and came forward to ask, "What's wrong with you, sir? Are you all right? Would you like a doctor to take a look?" "No, thank you very much." Owen politely declined, slowly stood up and left the place. Two nurses stared at his departing figure, and one nurse said, "This man looks lost in thought, his face is so pale, he can't be suffering from some terminal illness, can he?" "So young, how could it be? He looked more like a lost love to me, could he have been dumped by some female doctor?" "Huh? That's even more unlikely. Didn't you see how handsome he was? What woman would dump him, he's more like dumping someone else" "No way! How can a scum bag be so affectionate?" "..... You won, I have no words to say."

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Harrison's surgery was a success, but it also came at a huge cost, with bones all over his body, which basically amounted to breaking and reshaping. Recovering from paraplegia was a long battle with little hope and a lot of effort, and how much recovery could be achieved depended on the patient's own perseverance, the money and the emotional support given to him by the outside world. It was almost like a war. After the operation, Hailey felt liberated. She was only responsible for the physical aspect, as for the psychological aspect, Harrison had a girlfriend, so she didn't have to worry about it. After a trip to Berny, Hailey went to see her fourth father at the Watson family's home. Germio was so happy that he gave his son an unprecedented three days off, allowing Kyle to take Hailey for a good stroll. They went to quite a few sights, ate quite a lot of food and were in the middle of an Instagram-worthy location when Nicholas video called Kyle. After greeting Hailey briefly, he told Kyle that he had agreed to an invitation to a wine tasting party before his business trip and originally wanted to take him there, but as a result, he couldn't go now. "You take Hailey with you, and when you find something nice, remember to bring me some fine wine." Kyle readily agreed and said OKAY in a long voice, and then hung up the phone after a few more words. Hailey got goosebumps, witnessing the public display of affection. Kyle ignored his sister's expression and laughed, "The wine tasting party in Berny is quite classy and interesting, I take you there to have some fun?" Hailey knew that Kyle and Nicholas were alcoholics and could not walk away when they came across wine. She rolled her eyes at Kyle. "You've

already agreed, can I say no?" "Then of course you can't." Kyle gave a grin and pulled Hailey outside, stopping a car and heading straight to the reception venue. "There are a lot of foreigners at the reception, all they speak is aliens' language, I can't even understand them, so it's good to have you as a human translator, I'm counting on you to pick out some good bottles of wine for us tonight." "Okay," Hailey lazily agreed, "I'll pick the wine, you pay for it." Kyle smiled graciously. "No problem." He raised his phone again. "It's our Nicholas's card that's being swiped anyway." Hailey once again witnessed the PDA and felt that if she didn't pick out a few more bottles of fine wine for the couple's wallet to bleed out tonight, she would be sorry for all the PDA she had watched all day! However, after seeing two familiar figures at the reception, she suddenly felt the urge to escape. Looking at Matthew, who was waving at her from a distance, and Owen, who was next to him, shaking a red wine glass and dressed in a

suit, Hailey's bright face disappeared. Did these two dogs have radar on her? How could they run into her wherever she went? They were like a ghost haunting her! Before she could curse, a slender figure waved her dress and walked towards Owen, smiling slightly, and Hailey recognised that it was Eliza Brown, whom she had not seen for a long time. Well, it turned out that he was here to date his ex-girlfriend. She had made a fool of herself.

Chapter 203 It had been a long time since the last time Eliza had been taken away as a psychopath at the Rose Festival. Both Karl and Brook had asked Hailey if she needed to get someone to warn Eliza and teach her a lesson. She said, "No need for that." Randal and Kyle were certainly up for that, but flies don't bite seamless eggs, and if the eggs stink, she doesn't want them. As for Eliza – Hailey didn't care if she lives or dies, as long as she left her alone, well, Karma's a bitch. Hailey upheld the rule of sisterhood, but some women couldn't handle men, so they turned to make things difficult for other women. Eliza was just about to press up against Owen, but he dodged her, not even lingering on her for half a second before turning to Hailey. His bland expression showed a little panic. He seemed to be afraid that Hailey would misunderstand. His disgusted and nervous look fell in Eliza's eyes, and the moment she saw Hailey, her flower-like smile swiftly sank. Why was this woman here too? As if making claim to territory, Eliza blocked in front of Owen and said to Hailey who walked in. "Ms. Newman, it's been a long time, I didn't expect to meet you here." Eliza inclined her head to look at the man beside Hailey. With his well-formed bone structure, looking gentle and elegant, he was a handsome good-looking man. She gave the appearance of an elegant and generous woman at her end. "New boyfriend, huh? No introduction?" Kyle's gaze lingered briefly on Eliza and asked in a soft voice, "And you are?" Hailey's voice did not ripple. "Owen's moonshine."

Eliza did not expect Hailey to introduce herself in this way, and inexplicably felt a slight sense of superiority, shyly tucking her hair behind her ear, with a smug look. The man standing behind her, Owen Moore, knitted his brows. What the hell was moonshine? Kyle understood in an instant, pulled a long voice and said, "It's the homewrecker who broke into the house, didn't feel shameless, and robbed her husband. Her appearance, body and temperament are not comparable to yours; your ex-husband absolutely has no class?" Eliza froze. Hailey snorted lightly. "Who knows." The siblings exchanged a brief glance, then turned a blind eye and walked away. The siblings never liked to badmouth people behind their backs, and they preferred to say anything ill to their faces directly. When Eliza was mocked right to her face, she only felt she wanted to dig a hole and hide in it, and immediately became irritated and raised her voice to shout, "Hey, where are your manners? Whom are you scolding?" How dare you scolded her like that in front of her? The mood at the wine tasting party was sedate, with only the subtle

and smooth music flowing slowly. Eliza's extremely loud shouting caused the guests to look at her in unison. She was enjoying the feeling of the attention and was about to ride the wave and shout some more when the waiter came forward with a tray and reminded her in a whisper, "Madam, the party promotes quietness, please do not make any loud noise." "....." She was slightly stunned, and only then did she realize that all the glances she was receiving were disgusted. A flush of embarrassment rose to her cheeks. And the culprits who had started the trouble, Hailey and that new love of hers, had walked away unnoticed. Scolding people and then leaving they'd gone too far! Eliza was both angry and aggrieved, and turned her head to spill her guts to Owen to play coquette on him but found that the figure was also gone behind her, and she pulled a long face again. "Looking for your Owie, huh?" Matthew did not leave but shook a glass of red wine in his hand and asked in a kindly manner. Eliza knew that he was Owen's best friend, who was from a distinguished lineage and had a chiselled face. So naturally she was willing to win his favours, raised her hand to part her hair behind her ear and gave a yes softly. "Matthew, do you know where Owie has gone?" "Yes."

Matthew gave a wicked grin. "To tell the truth, it's somewhere far away from you so he is nowhere to be found by you." "You" Eliza blushed with annoyance. Matthew placed his index finger on his lips and shushed. "No noise is allowed in public places, you were born into a wealthy intellectual

family, has no one taught you the rules? It's okay for you to lose face, but don't drag others down with you, okay?" He was clearly scolding her for her lack of upbringing, and Eliza was so angry that she raised her hand to slap Matthew, but he easily held

her wrist. Matthew's face grew grave. "Miss Brown, please stop. You are Owen's moonshine, not mine, and I won't spoil you as he spoils you!" His usual cavalier attitude turned inexplicably cold, and even his normally flirtatious eyes were glowing with an icy aura that made

people shiver. Eliza's heart fluttered at his provocation. She stumbled and watched as Matthew left indifferently, then turned around and walked towards Hailey with a smile on his face, making Eliza grit her teeth.

Were they all blind? They had all become Hailey's ass-kissers! She was just the daughter in the Newman family, what's the big deal? "Eliza." She heard a gentle and sweet voice behind her, and when she turned around, she saw Maya Brown holding Alan Long's hand and walking toward her. At last, there was someone to back her up. Eliza immediately greeted her and showed her smile. "Aunt Brown, Uncle Long." Maya was dressed in a long purple high-fashion dress, with her right hand cupping a high-end embroidered pouch. Her long black hair

draped behind her in a soft and ironed manner, showing the hostess' elegance and calmness from head to toe. The middle-aged, beautiful man in a dark suit, who was held tightly by her, was none other than Alan Long, the current director of Universal TV. He was also Polly Moore's ex-husband and Owen Moore's father. He was well-maintained, not showing any signs of ageing. Unlike other middle-aged men with greasy bellies, he was fit and tall, with such a glowing charisma. There was a faint smile on his handsome face. "This is a private occasion, there is no need to address us formally, just call me uncle." Eliza pressed herself against Maya, blinked and smiled playfully. "So is it uncle or uncle-in-law?" "Eliza!" Maya scolded in a low voice and snapped, "You child, you're just joking." Alan still had a light smile on his face, and without moving, he let go of Maya's arm that was holding him. "There are two friends over

there, I'll go over and say hello." He left in a hurry, and Eliza was just about to tell him that Owen was also there when she was tugged by Maya, and her face was slightly sunken as she warned Eliza in a low voice. "Don't say such words again, do you hear me!" Eliza felt hurt by Maya's grabbing, and she could not help but feel a bit wronged. "What's wrong, you and Uncle Long have been together for so long, the relationship has been public for a long time, hasn't it?" "Our relationship will not be settled until the moment we get married." Maya looked serious, not at all optimistic like Eliza, and her beautiful almond eyes flashed with a dark aura hidden behind. "Men's hearts are unpredictable, who knows how long love can last? Until the last minute, you must not take it lightly! This is true for me, and it's true for you too!"

Chapter 204 What Maya was saying with that lecturing tone, Eliza did not like to listen to very much. She muttered in a low voice, "I don't have the same perseverance as you, I can imagine chasing a man for so many years, and I still haven't won his heart after all, aunt, with your condition, why settle for just him?" Eliza was very confused, after so many years, what exactly was her aunt holding on to? Maya glared lightly at Eliza. "What do you know? The only thing you need to know about chasing a man is not how many years you've

been chasing him, but what you've gotten out of him over the years. Alan has no background, but in the first half of his life, thanks to his status as the son-in-law of the Moores family, he has built a solid foundation and has made his way in the workplace, now sitting as the head of Universal TV. He has a great ambition, and I am happy to be a confidante beside him and become the leading girl of Universal TV."

As she said that, her eyes tilted up and she hummed lightly, "If it wasn't for my connections, how would you, a nobody coming out of nowhere, have been able to stay relevant as a hostess at Universal TV?" At this point, Eliza kept her mouth shut. The Brown family was already a spent force, and the so-called well-educated family was just a way to sugarcoat, but in reality, they were so poor that they couldn't even find her a decent job. She wanted to enter the entertainment industry, and she went to meet a few directors. However, she was not able to get any play but was taken advantage of by them. It was her aunt Maya who helped her out and got her a job as a hostess at Universal TV so that she could maintain her elegant and intellectual persona. It was nepotism that got her into Universal TV. In fact, she wanted Owen to get her inside, but since they broke up, he had deleted all her contact information and wouldn't even see her, let alone offer her help. In the end, she had to ask Maya to talk to Alan and used her silver tongue to get a position as a trainee hostess. Whether or not she could be a formal staff depended on her performance. So today, when Maya was informed by Alan that he would take her to a wine tasting party, she hurriedly called Eliza over so that she could make an acquaintance in front of Alan and make a good impression. Eliza told Maya, "Owen Moore is also here." Maya couldn't help but be surprised. "What? Owen" She realised her voice was a bit loud and immediately lowered her voice. "Owen

is also here in Berny? Isn't he in Poya City?" She never expected that the father and son would get together. It was too late to ask questions, Maya grabbed Eliza and carefully urged her. "Listen carefully, today is an important day in your life, even if you don't excel, you can't make any mistakes, you understand?" Eliza nodded cluelessly and added, "Also, Hailey is here too." Once again, Maya dropped her jaw. "She's here too?" People were gathering up today.

Hailey and Kyle came to the wine tasting party for no other purpose than simply to taste wine. So as soon as they arrived, the two went straight to the wine tasting room, where there were sommeliers on the oval bar helping to

recommend various sorts of wine, and guests sitting on bar stools. The large tasting room was divided into different areas depending on the region, and the sommeliers came from all over the world, some with an interpreter on hand to explain the wines as they were tasting.

The Fapu area had the most customers, and a bottle of Lafite was almost finished before it had been long opened. Many orders for it were placed. Hailey and Kyle were not interested in Lafite, as they had a bunch in their cellar and were used to drinking it. Today, they came with a curiosity to try something different. "There is an order to wine tasting, start with white wine or sparkling wine, start from light to strong, from crisp to dense, judge your

wine without losing your taste sensation and don't get drunk." Here Hailey was giving Kyle a lesson to prevent him from pouring in like a water buffalo, while nonchalantly ordering down the wine he

found sweet and tasty, without any pain at all in spending other people's money. At the same time, Matthew was giving Owen a long lament. "It's like tasting a woman. When I was young, I liked to have someone innocent, but now I like something with history, the spicier and

stronger, the better."

Owen didn't bother to pay attention to his nonsenses, signed off on the wine that tasted good, and moved on to the next section. Unexpectedly, when he turned his head, he saw his father, Alan Long, who turned up in pairs with Maya Brown.

He looked slightly stunned and froze right there. Alan, on the other hand, because Maya had told him beforehand, was not surprised by his son's appearance and greeted him gently, "Came over to have fun with your friends?". Owen pursed his thin lips, did not say anything, and his eyes fixed on Maya, who was holding his father's arm tightly. As if not noticing his gaze, Maya held his arm even a little tighter, and her soft body almost adsorbed onto his as she smiled. "Owie, what a coincidence to meet you here." Owen's brow furrowed slightly. Maya's tone of voice, demeanour and appearance were almost identical to Eliza's. No, to put it more precisely, she had been taught well by her aunt in this regard and was almost a perfect replica. But for some reason, his aunt, Maya Brown, who was once as gentle and beautiful as an angel in his heart, suddenly became an abomination. The way Eliza looked in front of Hailey was the same as the way Maya looked in front of his mother. He instantly had a rude awakening when he found that he was repeating his father's history! Owen's face, all of a sudden, turned miserably pale and he could barely stand up. Both Alan and Maya noticed that he did not look quite right, and the next moment, Matthew came forward and greeted him extremely naturally. "Hello Uncle Long, do you still remember me?" "Matthew. You are a comrade of my son's and his good brother, how could I not remember?" Alan showed his official friendly smile. Matthew pretended to get a bit carried away and soon walked away with Owen, who looked soulless. Watching their departing figures, Maya sighed seemingly unintentionally. "How long has it been, and you two still don't speak? Fathers

and sons don't bear grudges, find a time to make up as soon as possible." Alan did not say anything and pursed his thin lips. His expression was the same as his son's, with a dark aura hidden deep in his pupils. "However, I don't think you're the reason why Owen is in such a bad mood." Maya nudged her mouth

somewhat meaningfully towards Alan "His ex-wife, Hailey is here too. Here, right over there." Alan followed the direction she pointed and glanced over, catching a glimpse of the clear figure sitting on the bar stool, a far cry from the well-behaved daughter-in-law he remembered. He gave the final word, "Come on, let's go over there." After a quick look around, the Ipasland was the least crowded and the sommelier was lonely as the interpreter didn't come and the two customers who did manage to come left quickly because of the language barrier. Hailey and Kyle walked straight over to the wine taster, who regained his enthusiasm, opened a bottle of red wine, gently raised it

towards Hailey and rattled on for half a day. Hailey smiled faintly and gabbed with him. Kyle shamelessly asked, "What are you talking about?" Hailey turned into a human translator. "He said that the dress I wore today was the colour of the wine in his hand and complimented me on my beauty and good temperament. I said thank you." Before Kyle could say anything, someone sat down next to Hailey. Matthew twinkled his peach blossom eyes and said, "I didn't expect you to speak Italian. But I seriously doubt that you added the second half of the sentence yourself." With Matthew here, Owen would not be far behind. The empty bar stools were soon filled with four people, and one who could understand Italian. So, the sommelier was once again excited and enthusiastically invited Hailey to be his translator. He rattled on and on, and Matthew listened carefully but didn't understand a word. He patted Hailey. "What did he say?" Hailey's tone was cold, "He said, get your dirty hands off me, then get lost!"

Chapter 205 Matthew retracted his paws like a cat and gave an embarrassed smile. "Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes, what he clearly said was 'Pretty girl, can you do me a favour and be my translator?'" And then seeing Hailey's oblique glance, he argued, "Sorry, my Italian, I just happen to know that a little bit." As soon as he finished, Hailey gave him a heavy slap on the shoulder and turned her head to the sommelier and said a few words that the crowd didn't understand, while Owen and Kyle spontaneously curved up the corners of their mouth. The former was because he understood, and the latter was because he knew his sister better. She must have recommended Matthew to the sommelier. Since you also know Italian, then you should go. Matthew pulled a long face. "No, you don't!"

The sommelier set his eyes on Matthew and sent him a friendly gesture of invitation. "Then I'd like to trouble this gentleman." Matthew didn't know what to say. He just wanted to show off in front of Hailey, but he didn't expect to make a fool of himself instead. Still undeterred, he approached Hailey and said with a grin, "How can I steal your thunder for such a glamorous moment?" Hailey didn't want to talk to him and slapped him on the back, saying in one simple word. "Go!" "Okay." Matthew felt like his bones were shattered by her slap, and he gave in in seconds. Once inside the bar, he stopped being timid and thanked Hailey for giving him the opportunity to be in the limelight, and showed off his

fluent Italian, which drew a round of applause. Kyle couldn't help but laugh and said to Hailey, "This young master of the Holland family is quite interesting." Hailey whispered, "He was probably a peacock in his previous life, spreading his feathers everywhere." Kyle was overjoyed. What a sharp remark! As soon as Matthew left, the seat next to Hailey was empty, and Owen was able to get a seat next to her without a moment's hesitation,

and asked symbolically, "Is there no one here?" Without waiting for Hailey to open her mouth, he added, "Thank you."

Then what the hell were you asking! Hailey didn't bother to even look at him, even if she said one more word to him, she would be showing him respect. Kyle, being a rubberneck, as usual, whispered in her

ear, "Old love, new love, all together, our Ms. Newman is too charming." Hailey gave him a light punch, as her brother started to meddle in the mess! With such a handsome man as Matthew translating, business here was much better, and many people came to the originally empty area. All of them were women, so it was clear he was quite a ladies' man. Hailey genuinely felt that Brook could have Matthew working as a host in The Nomad, because he was sure to be the signature there. Three people were suddenly seated in the seats directly opposite Hailey, making her eyebrows knit lightly. In addition to Eliza, there was a man and a woman. The man looked like he was in his fifties and the woman looked like she was in her forties, and the moment they sat down, their eyes both looked towards her. Their eyes immediately collided. The man looked very familiar to Hailey. Even though she had only seen him once since her marriage to Owen, she instantly recognised him. It was her former father-in-law, Owen's father, Alan Long. Then, the one sitting beside him, who had a very similar temperament to Eliza, was probably his confidante, Maya Brown. How could they have come to Berny and attended the party too? – Thoughts flashed through her brain like lightning, and Alan nodded at her across the air and smiled gently. Although he was a former father-in-law, Hailey and her former mother-in-law, Polly Moore, were like mother and daughter. But she had little friendship with Alan, not only that, but also she did not have a good feeling towards him because of his affair. She didn't even bother with her ex-husband, let alone her ex-father-in-law. She just treated him as a stranger and with a light glance, she withdrew her gaze. Alan didn't care much about her indifference, but slowly shifted his gaze to his son, Owen Moore, and when he saw Owen sitting with Hailey, with his body close to her, Alan had an idea of what was going on. It seemed that despite the divorce, he was still emotionally attached to Hailey,

Maya, however, was very dissatisfied with Hailey's indifferent attitude and she approached Alan, whispering, "Is Ms. Newman face-blind and has forgotten about you, her father-in-law? Why is she ignoring people?" Even in her forties, Maya's voice was still pleasant and lovely, and she was known as the "sweet voice" of Universal TV, speaking with a

soft and sweet taste of pampering

Alan's expression remained unchanged, even tinged with a little sharpness, and said in his slightly deep voice, "Pay attention." Her heart tightened slightly, and she quickly retracted her leaning body. The sommelier was introducing the Chateau de Sceaux to the crowd, and he rattled on, with Matthew, the translator next to him, diligently translating for him. "As known, Queen Elizabeth II is also a great fan of wine. This one, Chateau de Sceaux, is one of her favourites." Matthew's translation was decent, but his command of the Italian language was only adequate for everyday communication, and he was unable to help with the technical terms used by the sommelier. Seeing that the atmosphere was about to come to a standstill again, Hailey shook her glass of red wine and calmly took over. "This wine, with its bright purple-red colour, dominated by red fruit aromas such as raspberry and strawberry, is smooth and structured in the mouth, and also gives off smoky and coffee aromas with a long finish." With that, she lightly raised her glass and took a sip before nodding. "It is indeed good, you may all try it." The crowd smiled and tasted it. Kyle lightly took a sip and tasted it carefully. "Well, it's not bad, order two bottles back for Nicholas to try." Hailey said, "Let's add four more bottles and send them to our brothers to try." "Does Karl need it? What wine doesn't he have in his winery?" "Yes," Hailey said in a serious manner, "If he likes it, he will ask the winemaker to make it, so we won't have to pay for it if we want to have more in the future." Kyle's eyes lit up. "Such a brilliant idea!" Still a smart girl. They all wanted to take

advantage of Karl, but they usually couldn't. Only Hailey was invincible with him and could take advantage of him in any way she wanted.

Matthew propped his hand on the table and looked at Hailey, his eyes tilted up and his gaze darted around. "Amazing, you can be a

professional translator with your language skills, why don't you consider a part-time job at the Graduate School of Interpretation?" She said indifferently, "They can't afford to hire me."

Kyle interrupted, "She went to work part-time at Graduate School of Interpretation at the age of sixteen to make money and hosted

international conferences. She could make more money in just one conference than the money I earned from surgery in a month." Matthew froze. He looked at Hailey with wide eyes. "Sixteen years old and you can host an international conference, are you still human?" She smiled proudly. "Just a mediocre little language genius." This woman was overly arrogant and beautiful at the same time! Owen looked over sideways, with his eyes overflowing with light.

Chapter 206 Eliza sat directly opposite Hailey, looking at her with Owen on her left, Kyle on her right, and Matthew in front of her, three men surrounding her, Eliza was cynical as hell. She looked so upset that she also picked up her glass and took a sip of the wine, but made a disgusted face as if it was unpleasant to drink. "It tasted very average to me, not even close to the one I had at the Château de Sta in Paris." When she went to Paris, it was a rich foreigner that took her there. In fact, what impressed her more than the taste of the wine was in the

cellar, his technique The luscious red wine was poured over her, staining the snow-white dress, and then he came up close like a wolf, sucking it dry little by little, drop by drop. She was caught up in the memories of the past, looking flushed, and suddenly, there was a sharp pain in her thigh, and Maya secretly pinched her. She came back to her senses and looked confused. "Auntie, what are you doing?" Maya glared at her and warned in a deep voice. "Don't show off on such occasions, it will only reveal your shallowness and ignorance,

any random person here, has drunk more wine and visited more wineries than you have." Eliza's face showed a bit of embarrassment, and she wasn't aware of her bragging just now. Alan even frowned directly, and Maya hurriedly gave Eliza a lesson to keep her mouth shut. There were no hard and fast rules for wine tastings, but there were some unwritten etiquettes. So if you had seen more of this world, you would naturally know. This was how the so-called high society, the aura and nobility of the upper class, was cultivated and nurtured. The sommelier soon opened a second wine and gave another rambling introduction. Matthew stopped fiddling around and turned his role as interpreter directly over to Hailey, who gave him a faint look. "You want my help? Sure, you can buy two bottles of this wine and give them to me." It was a big ask, but Matthew was quick to respond, "No problem, I'll do it!" Then Hailey helped him out. The sommelier went over the story again and Hailey translated methodically. "This wine is called Sassicaia Tenuta, it has the reputation of being the king of wine" Because this great wine was made from a variety of Bordeaux, such as Cabernet Sauvignon and Cabernet Franc, and it was very strong. Hailey knew that she was a very lightweight drinker, so she only took a shallow sip and spat it out into the ice bucket. The way she spat out, was very neat, with an elegant gesture of natural grace. The rest of the wine, was poured into the ice bucket. Eliza saw this, like a kindergarten

child who caught a child wasting food and immediately raised her hand to accuse her across the air. "How can you be so wasteful!" Like a disciplinarian, she made strict criticism. "Ms. Newman, if you are not a good drinker, you can choose not to drink, or pour less. It's not your family's wine, and you can't be this wasteful, can you?" After the accusation, the whole room fell into silence. Looking at Eliza was like looking at an extra-terrestrial creature. How had this woman managed to blend in? Eliza stood there grandly, totally ignoring what the crowd thought of her, and didn't feel embarrassed at all. The air froze into a mush. Hailey snorted lightly and gave a gentle glance, not even bothering to explain. In fact, there was no need to explain, because immediately afterwards, Owen turned the ice bucket in front of Hailey, that was, the wine spil, to himself and poured the little bit of wine left in his glass into it. His action was like an invisible slap to Eliza's face. And then, one by one, the wine spitters were passed around and the guests acted as one, some spitting and some pouring wine as if it was a perfectly normal thing to do. It was as if they were slapping Eliza in the air, and she was confused for a moment. Her face was burning red flames. Maya couldn't hold up any longer, so she turned around and scolded, "Sit down!" Eliza had just sat down right before Maya scolded again. "Didn't you tell me that you've been to quite a few wine tasting parties? How come you don't even know this basic etiquette?" Only then did Eliza realise that originally the bottle had a control nozzle that limited the amount of wine poured to one ounce, but sometimes the sommelier could not help but pour more, and at such times people usually drank a little and poured a little more. In the first place, a wine tasting was a party where people tasted the wine, not where you went to gulp down all the wine. A professional taster didn't drink all the wine in his belly, as it was not like he's here to buy drunkenness. Seeing her dumbfounded look, Maya was angry and hated it, angry that she had been tricked by her, and hated it how she had brought her here without asking. Otherwise, she would have taught some basic manners.

So it would not have been as bad as it was now. She was such a laughing stock.

Eliza was so embarrassed by her actions at the party that she wanted to find a hole in the ground and hide in it. She tried to use the excuse

of peeing and hide in the bathroom, but accidentally bumped into the waiter. Her snow-white dress was spilt with liquor and half stained. "Ah, my dress, for fuck sake!"

She shouted in anger, very much distressed by the dress she had spent a month's salary on for the occasion.

The waiter was scolded and was also very upset. "Miss, it was you who rushed up and bumped into me, and don't you know that it's best not to wear a white dress to a wine tasting party? You would not have been so miserable if you had worn a red one" Seeing that Eliza was going to quarrel with the waiter, Maya felt like having a severe headache. Fearing that she would be embarrassed again, she quickly dragged Eliza to the bathroom. Hailey watched the uninteresting drama, and her original happy mood was also annoyed by some brainless tricks. She settled the bill for the red wine she ordered, gave an address, and left with Kyle. Owen looked at Hailey's departure, and pursed his thin lips slightly. Matthew then came over and said, "What Hailey and Eliza were dressed today reminded me of a book, Red Rose, White Rose. There is a

classic quote in that book, do you know it?" Owen didn't bother to pay him any mind. Matthew recited it to himself, "Maybe every man has had two women like that, at least two. When you marry a red rose, over time, the red one becomes a smear of mosquito blood on the wall, while the white one is still the

moon up in the sky; when you marry a white rose, the white one is a grain of rice stuck on your clothes, while the red one is a vermilion mole on your heart.” After slowly reading it out, he inclined his head and asked Owen. “How about it, do you have a hint of resonance?” Owen gave Matthew a cold, sidelong glance. “What exactly do you want to say?” Matthew smiled faintly. “I want to say that whether it’s a red rose or a white rose, in short, the unreachable always unsettles you. To put it bluntly, you just cannot resist.” No one responded to him, and suddenly, a mellow voice interjected next to him. “It’s better to desire, at such a young age, if your heart is like dead, that is not good.” Alan quietly walked over to Owen, with his gentle and deep eyes fixed on his son, lightly opening his thin lips. “Owie, let’s talk”

Chapter 207 First Wife Is Always The Best One floor down from the reception hall, there was a tea room. Alan ordered a pot of tea, which had the effect of relieving alcohol. The waiter filled the cup with tea, and the fragrance of the tea was overflowing, and his chaotic brain seemed to be much soberer. “As you get older, you have to learn to take care of your body, drink more tea, and drink less alcohol.” Alan’s voice was mellow and clear. He took a sip of tea, showing the calmness and grace of a superior in his gestures. If it weren’t for his rough palms covered with calluses, there was no trace of his origin in the countryside on him. He had spent thirty years scraping rusticity off him. Now when the post-90s and post-00s talked about Alan Long, he was no longer the “Moore family’s live-in son-in-law” known by the post-70s and 80s, but the famous and suave “Mr. Long”. Owen sat across from him with no expression on his face. He sat for a long time without saying a word. The father and son were sitting face to face. If one looked closer, except for those thin and almost indifferent lips, Owen did not look much like his father. He looked more like his mother Polly. Owen’s eyes looked fierce. Even when he didn’t speak, he gave people a sense of oppression. This was the reason why Alan didn’t ask his son to meet often he could always see the shadow of his ex-wife, Polly, in Owen’s eyes. He swallowed slightly, and asked casually, “How is your mother?” “She’s good,” Owen said lightly. Alan paused, and then asked, “Her legs...” Owen frowned slightly and interrupted him directly, “If you have anything to say, just say it.” “Your quick temper is exactly like your mother.” Alan wasn’t annoyed, but smiled and looked at him gently, “We’re father and son. Can’t we sit down and chat?” Owen only felt annoyed. It was said that a daughter was generally closer to her father while a son was closer to his mother. But when he was a child, he was close to his father. Compared with his strict mother, his gentle father was more amiable. Alan had made toys for him, played games with him, and secretly taken him out to buy snacks and go to the arcade to play games... The combination of a strict mother and a gentle father was a true portrayal of his childhood family. Their family of three had indeed lived happily together for a while. Since when had it changed? Did it start when his father’s career became more and more prosperous, his father and his mother spent more time apart than together, or his neighbor Maya became his father’s secretary? He couldn’t remember. He only remembered that his father and his mother had started to quarrel frequently, and it lasted for ten years. His parents had quarreled almost throughout his adolescence until one day, his mother came home drunk and smashed, tore, and cut everything about his father in the house, and even wanted to take scissors to cut his mouth. Her mother cut his lips with scissors and he was bleeding. He didn’t cry or protest. He just looked at his mother indifferently and said calmly, “You can kill me. Since neither of you loves me, you shouldn’t have given birth to me in the first place.” His mother finally stopped, but it was followed by a hard slap, knocking him directly to the ground: Before he could recover from the severe pain, he heard the scissors fall to the ground, and then he watched his mother jump from the balcony on the third floor like a moth to a flame. “I know you’re blaming me for my divorce from your mother.” Alan’s voice was low and calm. His emotions were mixed

with a slight trace of guilt, no remorse. "Your mother and I experienced a lot. We loved each other and hated each other. Maybe the deeper we loved, the deeper we hated." Alan took a sip of tea, and he sounded ethereal, "Emotionally, it's hard to tell who is right and who is wrong. Marriage is a business that needs to be managed wisely. I can only say that your mother and I were still too young and impulsive at the time. Many misunderstandings had not been explained clearly, and we were unwilling to bow our heads to tolerate and bear each other. Finally, we had no choice but to divorce," He sighed softly and looked up at Owen who said nothing, "Son, the only person I feel sorry for is you." Alan's deep eyes finally showed a hint of apology and remorse, "The reason why I delayed divorce was that I was afraid that a broken family would hurt and affect your psychology." He paused, and his calm tone was mixed with some sobbing. "Do you know how painful it was when I learned of your divorce?" Tears welled up in Alan's eyes and he said, "I told you Maya that my son followed in my footsteps after all." "Are you finished?" Owen looked impatient. He picked up the teacup and drank half of the tea to calm himself down. Thinking about what Alan had just said, he suddenly smiled and raised his head.

His sharp eyes almost identical to Polly's were fixed on Alan and he said, "You're right. I'm like you. I'm as cold and ungrateful as you.

I'm as hypocritical and indifferent as you. I'm as shameless as you." Owen admitted it frankly, "You don't have to feel sorry for me. The person you are most sorry for is my mother. I didn't understand it back then, but now I understand it. You dragged your feet over the divorce not because you were afraid that it would affect me. But at that time, your foundation was not stable, and you couldn't let go of your status as the Moore family's son-in-law, let alone your splendid future."

Owen looked at him with sharp eyes, "You knew that my mother had a strong temperament and didn't tolerate betrayal. If you didn't love her anymore, and you made it clear to her frankly and divorced her, she might not be hurt so deeply. But you dragged her for ten years, used me as an excuse, and threatened her. You turned the proud Miss Moore into a depressed patient and almost drove her crazy. Your love only hurt others, not yourself." Owen snorted, "Because my father is always a heartless man." He picked up his suit jacket, got up, and was about to leave when Alan said behind him, "I failed your mother and I have no chance to make amends in my life. Don't make the same mistake as I did, or you'll regret it a lot when you get old." Owen didn't stop and continued to walk forward quickly. Alan said again, "Hailey is a good girl. Since you still have feelings for her, you should try to get her back." Hearing Hailey's name, Owen paused slightly. After a moment, he heard Alan's soft sigh, "First wife is always the best."

Chapter 208 Now He Was Acting Recklessly They had a great time playing today and felt exhausted. As they got out of the car and walked toward the villa area, Hailey and Kyle's footsteps were a little heavy and they walked lazily. "You're not physically strong, girl," Kyle smiled and looked at Hailey with a smile, "You've been busy making money these past few months and lacking exercise, right?" Hailey glared at him and said, "Nonsense! I'm wearing high heels. Do you know how it feels to walk in high heels?" Kyle snorted softly, "It's not like I've never worn them." What? Hailey raised her eyes suddenly and looked at him meaningfully, sighing, "I guess Nick is quite creepy."

As soon as she said it, Kyle raised his hand and tapped her on the forehead, "I'm talking about shoes with built-in heightening insoles. What are you thinking about? I'm not a pervert." Hailey touched her aching forehead and muttered, "You're not short. Why do you wear shoes with built-in heightening insoles?" "You don't understand. For men, shoes with built-in heightening insoles are as important as

high heels for you women. It makes you look tall and confident.” Kyle looked down and saw that Hailey’s heels were frayed. He frowned, and bent down in front of her, “Come on. I’ll carry you on my back.” “No, thanks. It’s just a few steps away.” Hailey slapped him on the back and pointed to herself, “I’m wearing a dress. It’s inconvenient.” Kyle still wanted to carry her in his arms, but Hailey refused with a serious face, “Nick and I have a good relationship. Don’t ruin our friendship.” “Are you afraid that he will be jealous?” Kyle felt amused, “We men are not as petty as you women.” Hailey curled her lips disapprovingly, thinking that Kyle just didn’t learn his lesson. He probably had forgotten how it felt to be “disciplined” a while ago, and now he was acting recklessly. After crossing the bridge, the two of them unexpectedly found that the lights in the house were on. But they had turned the lights off before they left Kyle and Hailey looked at each other, “Nick is back?” When they pushed open the door, Floppy wagged its tail and jumped at Hailey, not Kyle. After only one night, the dog now chose Hailey over Kale. Hailey picked up Floppy, and Kyle, like his dog, threw himself into Nicholas’s arms, looking surprised and happy, “Why did you come

back early? It’s over?” Hailey was speechless. He was jumping for joy like a girl. He was the dignified and wise Kyle Watson... She hugged Floppy, stroking the dog’s head silently. She suddenly felt that it was pitiful. They must have shown off their love in front of the poor dog a lot. Nicholas had come back home not long ago. He had only taken off his suit jacket and now he was wearing a black shirt. He had a deep and restrained temperament. His eyes behind the golden-frame glasses looked a little tired, but his face was rarely gentle. He raised his hand, touched Kyle’s head, and answered him a little dotingly, “I came back early when work was done.” He tilted his head and looked in Hailey’s direction, “It’s rare for Hailey to come to Berny. We should be hospitable.” Hailey smiled sweetly and greeted him, “Nick”. “Hello.” Nicholas responded warmly, and said gently, “Just make yourself at home.” Then he added, “If you hear anything at night, you don’t need to pay attention. Just go back to sleep at ease.” Hailey instantly understood, and said very sensibly, “The sound insulation of this house is very good. Don’t worry about me. You can... just enjoy yourselves.” She gave Kyle a look and carried Floppy upstairs, Kyle blushed and watched Hailey go upstairs. Then he turned his head to talk to Nicholas, “Watch your tongue in front of Hailey...” Before he finished his sentence, Nick pinched his chin and sealed his lips with a kiss.

The night passed silently. Hailey got up, washed, and went downstairs. She was moving cautiously for fear of awakening the two men who were still sleeping. She was thinking of going downstairs to make breakfast for them, But when she walked down the stairs, she heard some noise in the kitchen. Nicholas had already gotten up and was frying eggs. He heard the movement behind him and tilted his head slightly, “Got up?” “Yes. Morning, Nick.” Hailey said hello and walked into the kitchen,

+ 10 In front of Hailey. Nicholas had always shown the image of a lawyer in suits and ties. It was the first time she had seen him wearing home clothes and an apron. Without his glasses, he looked very gentle. He skillfully placed the fried eggs on a plate and asked Hailey, “Did you sleep well last night?” Hailey nodded. “Yes, very well.” Seeing that she was in good spirits, and she didn’t look like she didn’t sleep well, Nicholas smiled slightly, “It seems that the decoration of this house is not wasted, and the sound insulation effect is really good.” Hailey read between the lines and blushed. She quickly changed the subject, “Kyle isn’t awake yet?” Nicholas glanced up at the clock, and with a ding of the bread maker, he said, “He’s coming down.” As soon as he said that, Kyle yawned and came downstairs with messy hair. The buttons of his pajamas were all messed up, exposing a large area of his neck. Above his chest and below his collarbone, there were some hickeys, looking very conspicuous. It seemed that they had been quite passionate last night... Hailey secretly sighed, and felt impressed by the sound insulation of the

house. During breakfast, she asked Nicholas seriously, "Nick, which company did you hire to decorate your house? Why don't you recommend it to me? I'll go back and install some soundproof walls in the Garden of Rose." Nicholas nodded without blushing, but Kyle raised his head in a daze, and somehow felt that she was implying something. Before he had time to think about it, he subconsciously said, "The soundproof walls of the Garden of Rose? Didn't Mom allow you to install them? It's for your safety. Be good, listen to Mom." He handed a slice of bread to Hailey, "Your life has been in constant danger since you were born. You'd better be careful." She didn't get soundproof walls, but she was lectured instead. Hailey was upset. She took a bit of the bread, muttering, "Why didn't Mom give me a younger brother or sister?" She was the youngest, and her five older brothers had always bullied her. Kyle laughed at her little temper and childishness, but Hailey would never show her bad temper in front of others. She only showed it in front of her closest ones, and he was also happy to indulge her. He raises his hand and rubbed her head. Hailey looked at him with resentful eyes. "You still have butter on your hand. Don't touch my hair... Nick, control him!" After a busy morning, when it was time for work, Hailey went to check on Harrison's condition today. She went to the hospital with Kyle. Nicholas's law firm was not far from Leacham Clinical, so he told Kyle not to drive, and gave them a ride. On the way, Kyle received a call from the hospital, and his face changed, "...What's he doing? He just had surgery. Okay, I see, we're here

soon. Stabilize him first. If necessary, give him a tranquilizer." When he hung up, Hailey asked, "What's wrong?" Kyle's face darkened and he said, "Early in the morning, Harrison started making trouble. I don't know what is wrong with him. Louise was injured." Upon hearing this, Hailey suddenly remembered what had happened after Owen had the surgery, and her face darkened too.

Chapter 209 He Hated The Whole World

They arrived at the hospital. As soon as they arrived at the door, they saw the nurse walking out of the ward with Louise, who was covered in blood. Her back, calves, and ankles were scratched by sharp objects in many places. Her white T-shirt was stained with blood, and there were fragments in her calf. It was shocking to look at Kyle's always warm face suddenly changed greatly, and he walked a few steps forward, 'What's going on? How could it be like this?' Hailey frowned, and said solemnly, "Send her to the emergency room." The ward was a mess, with fragments of lamps, china bowls, and vases mixed with blood. Harrison was also injured, but not as badly as Louise. The nurses said that it was Louise who had rushed over and hugged Harrison just in time, but she was pinned down and bruised all over. There was a quarrel in the ward early in the morning, followed by a loud cracking sound, but they didn't know what had happened. Looking at Louise's injuries and her face pale which was sweating from the pain, Hailey felt angry and she wanted to rush into the ward and beat Harrison up! Kyle said he would take care of Louise's injuries and told Hailey to rush to see Harrison's condition. "I'm not going." Hailey's face was cold, "You can go if you want."

Kyle couldn't offend her. He could only say, "Okay, I'll go check Harrison's situation, and I'll leave it to you here."

Louise was lying on the bed and Hailey was taking care of her injuries. The injuries in her calves were not bad. The worst was on her back. A piece of broken porcelain was stabbed nearly four centimeters deep. If it were stabbed a little harder, it would hurt her internal organs. She was bleeding badly and the absorbent cotton was instantly dyed red. Hailey calmly sutured her wounds with a serious face. She gave Louise anesthesia in time, but Louise still couldn't bear the pain. At first glance, she looked like a spoiled

girl at home. Her once the smooth back was now full of bleeding cuts. Even the nurses, who had been used to seeing wounds, felt sorry for her. Louise was lying on her stomach quietly, and her face was as pale as paper. She was clutching the sheets tightly, and the blue veins on the back of her hands were bulging. Even though it was extremely painful, she bit her lips and didn't make a sound. This was a strong and equally stubborn girl. Hailey finished the suture quickly, cutting the thread with scissors. "It's so bad. Even if it heals, it's going to leave a scar," She told Louise. Louise put on a faint smile on her pale face and said, "Thank you... Doctor Grace. It's...it's okay." It seemed that even breathing was painful for her. Louise asked with difficulty, "Where is Harrison? How is he?" Hailey looked unhappy and said, "Don't worry. He won't die."

Louise's face was full of worry, and she pleaded, "Doctor Grace, I'm fine here... Could you please take a look at him for me?" Hailey sternly said, "He hurt you like this, and you're asking me to take a look at him?" "No, he didn't hurt me." Louise's pupils were dilated in pain. With her face pressed against the sheets, she burst into tears silently, "He wanted to break up with me, but I didn't agree. He drove me away, but I didn't agree either... He was pissed off." "He's so spoiled!" Hailey was very angry, and said coldly, "If he thinks that his life is too comfortable now, I will let him lie on the hospital bed for a few more years. When his limbs degenerate, and he can't even get married, let's see who he would drive away and break up with." "Please don't!" Louise hurriedly said, "He is anxious because he can't stand up... He used to be so agile and strong, but now he can only lie down and do anything. He is impatient." Of course, Hailey knew it, or no one knew it better than she did. Harrison's current situation was almost the same as Owen's back then. Owen had also experienced a period of extreme impatience back then. He was irritable and hated the whole world. At that time, whoever was closest to him would be hurt more deeply. Such a difficult time had passed. She had thought things were finally getting better. But what awaited her was only endless darkness. Hailey was about to say something with a cold face when there suddenly came a low voice from behind, "If he moves around again in the

future, you can tie him up. Don't spoil him. He's a man. It's better to hurt him than yourself." Turning back, she saw Owen's indifferent face. The moment their eyes met, Hailey looked slightly cold. Then she withdrew her gaze, took off the medical gloves, and went to the bathroom to wash her hands. Owen looked at Louise's injury, and his black eyes darkened, "Harrison is worried about your injury, and he asked me to come and check

on you." When Louise, who had almost fainted in pain, heard his words, her eyes lit up, "Is he worried about me? How is he? Is he seriously injured?"

Hailey rubbed her hands under the faucet hard.

She somehow felt cold, irritable, and sad. She had used to like Louise. She knew that the person she loved didn't love her, but she was still moved by his caring words or even a look in his eyes, trying to convince herself that he loved her! But how could a man who loved a girl hurt her? The one who fell in love first was always the loser. The longer she loved, the deeper she would be hurt. Giving up on a man who didn't love her was the wise thing to do.

Louise was transferred from the emergency room to the ward. When the anesthesia wore off, the pain kicked in again. Hailey asked her to sleep, "When you fall asleep, the pain is gone." Louise shook her

head. How could she fall asleep now? "Doctor Grace, you and Mr. Moore used to be a couple, didn't you?" She said with difficulty, "I heard from the nurses that Mr. Moore had a serious car accident and was paraplegic. You took good care of him and you even got married. Is that true!" Hailey didn't know who had spread it, but walls had ears, even in the hospital. She nodded lightly. "We got married and then got divorced." "Why?" Louise didn't understand, "Why did you get divorced? I can see that Mr. Moore has feelings for you..." "Well, you may have read it wrong." Hailey looked calm and she said, "He didn't love me. When he married me, he just obeyed his mother's orders and reluctantly married me. As for now... who knows?" She sneered lightly, "Perhaps he's just unwilling. How could a woman who once deeply loved him suddenly leave and fell out of love with

mid

him?"

Louise stared at her with big clear eyes and said, "Well, do you still love him now?" Hailey raised her eyes slightly and her eyes were gloomy. She gently said something and Louise's heart sank.

Chapter 210 She Was Pregnant

Hailey walked out of the ward and saw Owen sitting on a bench against the wall with a fine cigarette in his hand, but not lit. His expression was stiff, and he was almost petrified. The door of the ward was not closed just now, and the conversation between her and Louise was overheard. Owen had heard what she said clearly. The two looked at each other. In just a split second, Hailey withdrew her gaze and walked straight forward. Owen's hand holding the cigarette trembled slightly, and his throat felt dry. He deserved it. He closed his eyes and cursed himself.

Hailey walked to the door of Harrison's ward, and she heard Matthew yelling at Harrison inside in the distance. "Tell me, what are you doing? What the hell is wrong with you? Do you think you're not seriously injured enough, and you have to self-mutilate?! If you don't want to live anymore, just tell me and I'll wipe and give you a knife so you can cut your throat I promise you will die very quickly!" Hailey smiled slightly. Matthew had always joked around, but she quite liked what he said today. After scolding for a long time, Matthew's mouth was dry and his voice gradually lowered. "Well, Harrison, you don't know how lucky you are. You don't even cherish a nice girl like Louise." Matthew folded his arms and felt speechless, "I don't understand. Why do good girls like men like you who are cold to the core? What is there to like about men like you?" The more he spoke, the angrier he became, "Look, I am such a good man and I'm good-looking, right? Why do girls choose you over me! It's outrageous." Hailey sighed. As soon as she complimented him, he showed his true colors. She cleared her throat lightly and walked in. When Matthew turned his head and saw that it was Hailey, he looked terrified, and immediately picked up a chair to protect himself, "I

didn't scold you. Don't hit me!" Harrison was speechless. He was such a coward. "Doctor Grace, how's Louise? Is she seriously injured?" Harrison still didn't feel anything from the waist down. He lifted his body with difficulty and asked anxiously. Hailey didn't want to pay attention to Matthew, and looked at Harrison with cold eyes, "Now you're nervous. What did you do?" Harrison hung his head with a look of guilt and remorse. "It's my fault. I couldn't control my emotions and hurt her. Isn't it serious?" "Yes." Hailey didn't comfort him, "There are more than 20 wounds on her body, and one on her calf almost hurt an artery. The injury on her back is even more serious and she almost died." After she said it,

Harrison's face changed drastically, and he was about to fall. He was quickly supported by Matthew, "Harrison, your injury isn't healed yet. Can you stop it?" "I..." Harrison grabbed Matthew's arm, "I want to go see her." Matthew met Harrison's pleading gaze and couldn't bear it. He looked at Hailey but saw her cold face. There was no emotion in Hailey's voice, "Didn't you want to break up with Louise because you don't like her? Now you're acting like you're worried and affectionate. Are you trying to prove to us that you're not a ruthless person?". Her words were almost mean. Matthew broke into a cold sweat listening to it. He kept winking at Hailey, and couldn't help but say, "He's still a patient. Speak softly...". "He's a patient, but so what? Just because you are sick, everyone around you should indulge you, and be scolded by you, driven away by

you, and get hurt by you? Why?" Hailey was harsh and honest, "Harrison, let me tell you, if you don't want to see Louise anymore, then break up with her completely.

Don't be ruthless one minute and caring the next. Make a decision and stick to it! Girls are very sensitive, especially a girl who treats you with all her heart. Your frowns, smiles, joys, and sorrows all affect her emotions. You may not love her, but you can't hurt her, you

know?" Matthew was taken aback. Harrison lowered his head deeply, thinking. Maybe she talked too much, and she was a little tired. Hailey waved her hand and said, "Forget it. I don't have the right to take care of your business. Do whatever you like. But you are my patient, and I still have the final say on your body." She threatened coldly, "If this happens again and you don't take your body I finally repaired seriously, I will dismantle all the bones in your body and kill you."

With that, Hailey left.

Matthew swallowed hard, and then said to Harrison, "Take it seriously. This woman is very cruel and she's capable of anything." In the office, Kyle poured Hailey a cup of coffee, raised his eyebrows, and looked at her, "Aren't you going to share your experience with Louise as someone who had been there? I feel sorry when I look at her." "What's there to feel sorry for? It's her choice. Since she chose, she would pay the price for her behavior." Hailey played with the coffee cup and said lightly, "I have nothing to share. All I can share is the experience of failure. And most people don't listen to the experience of failure, especially when it comes to love." She took a sip of coffee and laughed, "Well, history repeats itself. Many famous women are betrayed by men in history. Those women fell madly in love with men, but what happened to them? Love is blind. Only when a girl tries it herself would she naturally understand." Kyle looked at Hailey with a broken heart and couldn't help but feel sorry for her. He raised his hand and touched her head. "Hailey, you fell in love with a man for ten years, and it broke your heart. Every time I think of this, I want to kill Owen!" Hailey's eyes looked indifferent. When Louise asked her that question, she replied, "My heart is dead." However, Louise was probably luckier than her, because Harrison still cared about her. So whether this one-way love could become two-way depended on the fate of these two people.

Hailey stayed in Berny for nearly a week. Nicholas took half a day off to show her and Kyle around Berny. With his grandfather in mind, Hailey didn't stay in Berny for long. She was about to rush back to Poya. "Send my regards to Grandpa. When I have time, I will go to Poya to visit him." Kyle put the gifts he had bought for Jason into Chris's hands, touched Hailey's head, and said reluctantly, "Take care of yourself, ok?". "I will. You and Nick too. I'll be waiting for your wedding." Hailey smiled. Nicholas and Kyle were planning to go to Lascam to register their marriage in the second half of the year. Now they were

working hard to make time for their honeymoon. "I'll save a bottle of good wine for you." Nicholas said bluntly, "After all, you still have to carve our wedding rings." Hailey smiled lightly. "No problem." As soon as she got on the plane, Hailey was about to put on her sleep mask to take a nap when Chris leaned in and told her that Eve was pregnant. Upon hearing the news, Hailey was stunned for a moment, and then asked, "The baby is Luca's?" Chris said, "Probably." Hailey frowned. Chris hurriedly said, "Eve insisted that it was Luca's, and even went to the Edwards family to make a scene, and refused to get divorced.

The Edwards family locked Eve up, saying that they would do a paternity test on the fetus in eight weeks."

Hailey sneered, "I didn't expect that this kind of drama can still happen in the 21st century. Indeed, birds of a feather flock together."