

## Love Is Fair 311

### Chapter 311 Easy to Kneel

Owen sat down in the chair and laid his eyes on Hailey's forehead which was wrapped in gauze. It was Kyle's work. The gauze was in the shape of a cute rabbit. Her injury was the only fly in the ointment.

She ignored the concern in his eyes and asked in a calm tone, "You've been investigating Joe?"

It was not a coincidence that he made it to the scene so fast. Through Sofia, she learned that Owen had been trying to dig up Joe's background and whereabouts. To do so, he had not only asked his comrades-in-arms for help but also spent good money to hire a bunch of special soldiers.

She was in a coma after the crash and had no idea what happened afterward. When she woke up, she was relieved to learn that Joe had been caught. She thought that it was the credit of those she had deployed there. Brook later told her that it was a chaotic scene when they arrived.

Although Hailey had deployed people there, Joe's accomplices were also great in number. The two sides fought fiercely. The police were far away. Owen arrived with his men and controlled the situation. Matthew also arrived with his men. Together, they subdued Joe's men.

Almost all the criminals were killed or arrested. Many people on Owen and Matthew's side were also injured.

Matthew arrived upon receiving Owen's message, so Joe's capture was mainly his credit.

Owen lightly hummed, and Hailey said, "Let Joe's matter drop. Stop the investigation lest you should be implicated."

Her voice was bland, polite, yet distant. Given her tone, she didn't feel much about his rescue, and her attitude toward him didn't improve. Owen raised his eyes. The fatigue turned his voice hoarse.

"I know that Joe's matter is not that simple. Although he was caught, he probably would be sent back to his home country since his nationality is not here, and he's involved in several major crimes."

He had a clear understanding of the situation, "So, I can't sit by. There should be an answer to the Groyfast operation. Although I'm no longer in the army, I can't live in peace when Joe's gang is still on the loose." He explained in detail and said before she could retort, "I want to ask you something."

"Go ahead," Hailey said.

"Is there another force causing you trouble besides Joe?"

Hailey's eyes narrowed. "What did you find out?"

Her reaction confirmed his assumption. He pursed his lips and said slowly, "It's just my guess. Since Joe came back to Congland, he has been causing you trouble but let you go at the critical moment."

It was like a cat-and-mouse game. Of course, Owen was not that blunt to put it that way. Hailey might get

annoyed, but it was the truth. Be it the hijacking and explosion at the club or the thugs' attack, Hailey's life seemed to be at stake, but Joe gave her chances to escape. He didn't really mean to kill her. It was the same case this time.

"You lured him out through the race and created a crash because you had found out that he wasn't trying to kill you, right?" Owen stated his assumption.

Joe didn't mean to kill her, and Hailey didn't end his life when she had a chance. Why? She didn't want to break the law?

She quietly gazed at Owen's short hair and his tough face. She found him pleasant to the eye when he was not talking to her about their relationship. His judgment was correct, but she didn't want to explain anything. She just said, "It's true that Joe can't die right now. As for the reason, I don't feel like telling you. I just hope that you'll stay away from my business."

Owen wrinkled his brows. "But that's not a small issue."

Hailey smiled indifferently, "You don't know what kind of trouble it is."

If he did, he would have avoided her like a plague. Relationships were fragile. She had seen countless couples who were usually lovey-dovey, when they were in trouble, they would think about themselves first, weigh their

options, and see if their partners were worth their devotion.

Husband and wife were like birds in the woods. When trouble came, they fled separately. Relationships were worthless. Money and lives mattered more.

"But I want to know," Owen said calmly with a serious look, oblivious to her mockery. "I want to know everything about you. I'm curious and want to hear it from your mouth, but if you're reluctant to tell, I won't force you."

He had always been proud of his intelligence and capabilities, but in front of Hailey, he only felt weak and incompetent. Although he was silly, he would protect her in his way and at all costs.

Hailey felt a lump in her throat. "Owen, we're divorced, and I'm not your liability."

"But you are," he said. "I'll fulfill my responsibility."

She left the hospital in the afternoon and went back to the Garden of Rose. Her mind was a mess, and her head was heavy. With the punishment awaiting her at night, she had to conserve her strength and energy. She had a good rest. When she woke up, she reluctantly went out of bed, hung her head, and went to her parent's room.

She opened the door and found her brothers were all there. Jared, Randal, Kyle, and Brook were sitting on the sofa playing with their phones, but their expressions were different. Jared looked torn, dejected, and anxious. His torso was there, but his heart was gone with Sofia.

Kyle had his legs crossed, sending messages to Nicholas and asking him to run errands. This man wanted to have hamburgers, tacos, and other local specialties. Brook seems to be still suffering from Karl's

scolding. His sports cars were all confiscated, and he was also scolded by his brothers in the Kirkland family. He was between the rock and a hard place.

Randal, the warmest one among them, handed her a bag and smiled gently, "Ashley asked me to give you this." "What is it?" Hailey took the bag and saw something soft.

Randal replied, "It's a pair of kneecaps she prepared for her costume plays. People in the crew call it easy to

kneel'."

Hailey was stunned. She couldn't believe this kind of prop existed.

### **Chapter 312 Love Required Working Together**

Hailey squeezed the two knee pads. The corners of her mouth twitched and she smiled embarrassedly.

"Please thank her for me, but will Karl allow me to use them?"

Hearing her question, all her brothers raised their heads, looking nervous.

Brook said first, "I wouldn't dare to use them anyway. If I dare to wear knee pads when I'm punished, Karl might make me stay on my knees for a year."

"Hmph, you're being too optimistic."

Kyle said, "Do you think a year is enough? He can make you do it for the rest of your life until your legs are broken."

Brook suddenly had a jolt.

Suddenly, he felt that this time, Karl had been kind to him by simply taking away his sports car and giving him a scolding.

Hailey was so scared that she shoved the knee pads into Randal's hand. "Then I'd better not wear them."

If she pissed Karl off again, she wouldn't be able to get away with it. She didn't want to get a good lesson when she arrived in Engese.

Jared was in a bad mood and he was all agitated.

"Why not? You have to be on your knees for four hours. You don't want to lose your knees, do you? Just put them on and stop chattering!"

With that, he grabbed the knee pads in Randal's hand, dragged Hailey over, bent down, and put them on for her without saying another word.

Then, he waved his hand. "All right, go ahead."

Hailey was speechless.

"Thank you so much," she thought.

Hailey moved to the portraits of her parents with the knee pads on. She was about to kneel down when Randal

said, "Wait."

He pulled one, two, three, four cushions out from under the table and stacked them on top of each other.

"That's pretty much it."

Randal gestured that Hailey could kneel now.

"Isn't it a bit too much to cheat like this?"

Hailey was worried.

Randal smiled gently. "It's okay. You will always be the one who can enjoy the privilege in our family. Even if Karl blames you, we'll take care of it. Don't worry."

Jared, Kyle, and Brook nodded at her in unison as they sat on the couch.

Hailey found it heartwarming. She knelt on the cushions and bent down to give two kowtows to her parents

before straightening up and kneeling upright.

As soon as she did, her brothers picked up their phones and started taking pictures of Hailey.

Hailey glared at them. "What are you doing?"

Randal said, "My sister looks so good on her knees."

Jared said, "I'm recording it."

Kyle said, "I'm taking a memorial."

Brook said, "Ditto."

Hailey didn't know what to say.

They weren't like her brothers at all!

Kneeling was one of the most boring things you could do.

As a child, Hailey hated such punishment as "standing" or "kneeling". She thought it would be better to get a

beating.

However, like her mother, Karl knew very well how to deal with her impetuous nature.

Hailey knelt here with a sad face. As she looked at her brothers who were playing with their phones, watching videos, or playing games on the couch, she felt that they were really too much.

They said they came to keep her company, and they simply came to "keep her company".

She closed her eyes and tried to ignore them.

After all, according to Karl's rules, she would have to write something after the punishment. It was called

self-criticism, which required at least 3000 words. Therefore, she would need to work out a draft in her mind before she could write.

In fact, it was not all her fault. She might have taken a bit of a risk, but it was worth it. As they said, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained..."

No!

Hailey shook her head. Karl wouldn't be happy if she wrote something like that, so she should stop making excuses and admit her mistakes honestly.

Hailey imagined all kinds of things and worked out a draft in her mind. She opened her eyes to check the time.

To her surprise, it had been just one hour!

Why was time going by so slowly?

She couldn't help but mutter, "Didn't they say 'time flies'? Why is it so long with me?"

"Oh, it's been an hour!"

It was completely different with Brook. "How time flies! I've only played two games."

Hailey rolled his eyes, feeling it was unfair.

"Stop playing with your phones."

Hailey couldn't stand it anymore. "Let's have a chat."

They were all immersed in their own worlds, and no one paid any attention to her.

Since they were all so heartless and uncaring, she would do something about it.

Hailey raised an eyebrow. "Jar, has Sofia replied?"

It was a shot to the heart.

Jared held his phone, just waiting for Sofia's reply. His phone was almost out of power, but the messages he

sent over seemed to sink into the sea, with no reply at all.

"No," he said sullenly.

Hailey said, "Don't worry. I'm sure Sofia isn't ignoring you on purpose. Maybe her phone has been taken away by her family."

Jared's face was cold. "I know. That's what I'm afraid of. It's okay if she ignores me, but what if she was locked up by her family because of me?"

Brook put down his phone and asked Jared, "Jar, did Sofia really confess her love for you?"

Jared's thin lips were pursed into a line and he hummed in a low voice.

Yes, she did, but before he could say yes, she left.

However, it did not stop him from unilaterally thinking of Sofia as his "girlfriend".

Kyle couldn't help but feel worried. "Those who came to pick Sofia up today don't look like ordinary people. I think Sofia has a great background. Will her family accept you?"

Randal was not here in the afternoon, so he did not know what happened, but hearing what they said, he got some idea of it.

"The Gomez family does have a background that causes apprehension. They have been almost cleansed now and doing legitimate business. It's okay if she is from an ordinary family, but if she's from a high-powered family..."

Jared looked extremely worried.

"Jar, you're my brother, so I'll be straight with you."

Hailey said directly, "You must have long known about Sofia's family. Do you think you'll have a future with

her?"

Jared lifted his head, with a determined look in his deep eyes.

"I'll create a future if we don't have one."

What was it?

Before he met her, he had never wanted to get married.

After meeting her, he never wanted to marry anyone else.

Jared's voice was deep and firm. "Nothing is impossible. I won't leave her anyway!"

Hearing his words, Hailey and others were relieved and put a smile on their faces.

Nothing was impossible as long as Jar wanted it.

After talking about Jared, Hailey moved on to Kyle. "Kyle, how are you doing with your wedding to Nick?"

Kyle turned the silver ring on his finger and a smile spread across his handsome face. "We are preparing for it. I think you'll be just in time to join us for the wedding when you come back from Engese."

Seeing how happy he looked, Hailey thought of the time when he and Nicholas first got together and caused

problems for the whole family. It was really great to know that they were getting married.

Love required working together to get a good result.

If only one of them put effort into it, it would end up in vain.

Time went by fast as Hailey chatted with her brothers.

Finally, after four hours, Randal helped Hailey up and gave her knees a rub.

Thanks to the pads, her knees were just a bit red. They weren't so swollen and bruised that she couldn't walk.

Her brothers were all sleepy by now, so they said "good night" to each other. Hailey had just returned to her

room when she received a call from Karl.

The timing was perfect. Brook must have tipped off Karl.

When she answered, Hailey hurriedly complained. "Karl, I just got up. I really knelt for four hours, not even a

minute less! My knees are swollen."

Karl's low voice came from the other end. "You used knee pads, didn't you?"

He even knew about this?

Hailey was confused and then she suddenly shouted, "You have a group behind my back!"

It was too much.

### **Chapter 313 Karl the Chatterbox**

Brook and others were enjoying themselves and telling Karl the latest news in the group called Without Hailey.

Just then, Hailey shouted so loudly that they almost dropped their phones.

The whole Garden of Rose was shaken.

Kyle was so scared that he started and paused at the door. The next second, the door opened and he was pulled in by a big hand!

Lily was in the living room downstairs. Hearing Hailey shout, she didn't get over it until she stroked her chest for

quite a while. "I was so shocked. I thought Mrs. Newman came back to life."

The maids all burst into laughter. They were thinking the same thing.

Hailey sounded like Mrs. Newman so much.

Mrs. Newman would be like this when Mr. Newman and others chatted secretly without her.

Hailey was furious, complaining about how terrible it was for them to "isolate" her!

At the other end, Karl gave a low chuckle.

“You’re still laughing?”

Hailey became even more furious and she got mad at Karl. “You’re such a bad example.”

Karl said, “What?”

“Why, am I wrong?”

Hailey had a rare moment of aggressiveness in front of Karl and she was unforgiving. “You guys are picking on me in the first place.”

Karl chuckled again and said in a slow voice, “We’ll stop picking on you then.”

“I’ll tell Brook to break up the group.”

He spoke softly and slowly, only a little faster than the sloth. It required a lot of patience to listen to him.

But his Conglish was already much more fluent than it was a few years ago. He was basically speaking it like a

native.

He was even better than many natives in Conglish.

In the beginning, when he wasn’t so fluent, Hailey found it troublesome and tried to speak with him in

Yardeenese, but he refused and insisted on speaking in Conglish, which he thought was the most beautiful language in the world.

He loved those wonderful words, phrases, and sentences.

“That’s more like it.”

Only then did Hailey feel better. She got up on the bed and rubbed her knees.

Karl asked in a lowered voice, “How’s the injury on your forehead?”

After a pause, he added, “Can you fly?”

“Yes, it’s nothing serious.”

Hailey was so good to herself. She applied a thick layer of ointment to her knees and massaged them as she

asked, “Whom will you send to pick me up tomorrow, Karl?”

“A friend of mine,” Karl said lightly.

Hailey was stunned. “A friend? You have a friend?”

Karl said, “What do you mean?”

Hailey grinned. “Nothing. I’m just curious. I’m wondering what kind of person yo

“You’ll know when you see him.”



Karl did not want to say more, and instructed, "You don't need to bring much luggage tomorrow. You can find everything here."

There was another pause. "If you need anything, I'll have it prepared for you."

"I know."

Hailey said, "I always go to your place with nothing and come back with a lot of stuff, don't I?"

It was so shameless, but she said it proudly.

The point was that Karl didn't see anything wrong with it either.

"Well, that's right."

Karl seemed to be in a chatty mood today and asked, "I heard that you robbed Jar of a small antique incense burner?"

"You know it? Karl, you are so good."

Hailey admired Karl's ability to get information. Karl was so far away, but he knew what was going on around

her. As a result, she couldn't hide anything from him.

"No, what do you mean by 'robbed'? I asked him for it openly and honestly."

Karl chuckled. "Okay, my Hailey asked for it herself."

"That's right."

Hailey massaged her knees and said with a smile, "I'll bring it to you tomorrow."

"No, you can keep it."

"Huh?" Hailey was surprised. "You like Jar's incense burner, don't you?"

Karl said, "I have a few in my collection, better ones."

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Well, Karl was just like that.

"Okay," Hailey said. "Then I'll have to keep it for myself."

Karl told her to go to bed early.

Hailey's eyes rolled. "I can't. I have to write the self-criticism, or I'll..."

Karl said, "You can do it on the plane tomorrow."

Hailey was speechless.

Alas, she had to write it after all.

She curled her lip. "Okay."

Before hanging up, she remembered one more thing. "By the way, Karl, about Roger..."

"Don't worry about Roger. I'll take care of it."

Karl said in a deeper voice, "He can't die now. We need him to lure John out."

Then, he said seriously, "Just take his conditions as bullshit. Don't listen to them, okay?"

Hailey was surprised to find that Karl was not only getting more talkative, but he even used "bullshit", which was

an indecent word.

She paused and then slowly said, "Oh".

After hanging up, Hailey sat on the bed with her legs crossed and pondered what Karl-had said.

It seemed that Karl was really angry this time.

Roger was going to be miserable.

He might suffer in Traique.

It was late. Her brothers were staying at the Garden of Rose tonight and the guest rooms were all occupied.

It felt like when her parents were there.

Hailey slept very peacefully.

The next day, she got up and had brunch.

Hailey looked at Kyle and Nicholas who were sitting opposite her. Kyle was pickier than her about what he ate. He didn't drink the milk. He only ate the egg whites and threw the yolks onto Nicholas' plate.

Nicholas ate them without blinking. His plate was full of food that Kyle didn't like and had given to him. He would get full just by eating this.

Now Hailey saw what it meant to be favored and spoiled.

Kyle asked Hailey, "When are you flying in the afternoon?"

"At three o'clock."

"Have you packed everything?"

Hailey took a sip of her soup and said, "There's nothing to pack. Karl has everything, and I have my own room at Magic Castle, so I can stay there whenever I want."

Seeing what a proud show-off she was, her brothers all rolled their eyes in unison.

Hailey didn't bring much stuff indeed. She just carried a purple backpack and wore a white T-shirt and denim skirt, and a white sun hat, looking like a college student.

Her brothers, Chris, and Ava all came to the airport to see her off. This time, Hailey was not going abroad for work, so she didn't even bring her assistant, but only two bodyguards to take care of her safety.

With her boarding pass and ID card in her hand, Hailey said to the group, "All right, let's say goodbye here, and I'll bring you good food when I get back."

She waved her hand and went into the security check smartly.

On the other side of the airport, a tall, upright figure stood there, watching Hailey enter the security checkpoint with her backpack from a distance. His dark eyes shone brightly.

Now she was going to Engese. He was wondering when he would see her again.

It probably wouldn't be long.

"Welcome aboard."

### **Chapter 314 A Handsome Captain**

It was an international flight with all kinds of people from different countries, and most of them were Conglish passengers.

Hailey and her bodyguards took their seats in first class. One of the bodyguards sat beside Hailey and the other sat behind Hailey, watching out for all kinds of people and protecting her to the hilt.

"You guys don't have to be so nervous."

Hailey pulled out a book from her backpack and said to the bodyguards, "Be calm and pay attention to your expressions."

She made a "check mark" gesture below her lips, showing a smile.

Perhaps because she would see Karl in 12 hours, Hailey looked cheerful and light-hearted, as if she were a young girl again.

The black-clad bodyguards did as they were told. They each forced a smile. "Ho ho."

It was the best smile they could give.

"Well, I know you guys have done your best."

Hailey couldn't help but shake her head. "It's all Old K's fault. He's too strict with you guys."

The bodyguards were twin brothers. The older one was named Aleft and the younger one was named Aright. Old K took them as apprentices from an orphanage and trained them personally.

Sitting on Hailey's right, Aleft said to his brother Aright, "Go and check to see if there's anything wrong with the plane."

Aright responded, said a few words to the chief stewardess, and left the cabin.

Aleft asked for the list of people on this flight to see if there was anything different from the previous

investigation. He was trained to scan through it quickly and he remembered all the names of the more than 300 people on the plane.

That was what Old K had told them to do before they left. They didn't dare make any mistakes, because Ms.

Newman's safety was more important than anything else.

There was no room for error.

Hailey actually wanted to say that there would be no problem with the flight arranged by Karl himself, so she hoped that they would not be so nervous as if they were facing some terrible enemies.

It was said that the pilots who flew the plane today were former bomber pilots in the army. They were experienced, so there was no need to be worried at all.

However, it was the first time for them to travel with her after all, so it was inevitable that they would be

nervous.

Hailey couldn't help but feel curious.

Karl said he had arranged for someone to pick her up, but she didn't know exactly who that person was, so she couldn't wait to meet the "friend" Karl had talked about.

After quite a while, she didn't see anyone coming. No more passengers came into first class, so Karl must have booked all the seats there.

No, they were not booked. It seemed that this airline was the property of the Ingram family.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this flight. Please pay attention to the following safety instructions..."

A stewardess announced bilingually that the plane was about to take off and asked the passengers to fasten

their seatbelts, stow their tray tables, and turn their cell phones off or put them into flight mode.

Hailey sent some messages to Karl. "The plane is about to take off."

"Why hasn't the guy you got to pick me up shown up yet?"

"Is he waiting for me at the airport in Bormintam?"

Before Karl replied, a cold, stern voice sounded above her head. "The plane is about to take off. Please put your phone away."

Hailey looked up and saw a tall man standing there. He was in a captain's uniform with a crew cut, about 188 meters. He had a body of a model but looked masculine and cold.

His eyes were so deep and stern that even a calm glance from him would make people feel intimidated.

He was so cold that the two bodyguards were affected and subconsciously tried to protect Hailey.

Hailey looked at the man. With his appearance, figure, and aura, he didn't look like an ordinary airplane pilot, but

a soldier, and not an ordinary soldier.

She was not intimidated and simply said, "Thank you."

Then, she turned off her phone.

When she looked up again, the man had disappeared into the cockpit.

The plane took off soon.

Her ears buzzed briefly for a while before the plane entered the stratosphere and flew steadily.

Hailey then pulled down her tray table, put her book on it, took the letter paper and pen out of her backpack, and glanced at Aright next to her. "You can go and sit behind me."

Aright was a little stunned. "Ms. Newman..."

"I'm going to write something personal, so I don't want you to see it."

Hailey felt that it was too humiliating for a twenty-five-year-old woman to write something like self-criticism.

How could she let others see it?

She drove Aright away quickly.

There were no other passengers in first class, so there wouldn't be any dangerous people. Aright reluctantly moved to another seat, but he still kept alert.

Placing the paper on the table, Hailey picked up her pen and started to write her "report after kneeling".

Hailey had worked out a draft in her mind last night, but she couldn't remember it clearly. As a result, she had to write the beginning of it according to her memory and then improvise, using all her creativity to come up with

the rhetoric.

"They say, 'A child needs a father just like a student needs a teacher.' Since my parents left me, I am like a wild. horse that has gone out of control, running wild in the prairie. I've been too wilful and undisciplined. Karl, I miss. you all the time. I hope to stay by your side so that you can discipline and teach me, and tell me what to do

when I make mistakes..."

Hailey racked her brain as she wrote, wondering whether Karl could read it and how well he could read in English now.

However, she had been doing self-criticism like this since she was a child, so she guessed that he would be able to guess and understand it.

It all boiled down to the following....

She knew what she had to do, but whether to do it or not was another story. She would admit her mistakes, but it depended on her mood whether to fix them or not.

A man had come over before she knew it.

Hailey looked up suddenly and saw the tall man staring at her self-criticism and reading it carefully.

It seemed that he couldn't read it properly, so he picked it up from her table and held it in his hands to read.

Hailey was stunned.

In an instant, she snatched it back from his hands and said with a cold face, "Sir, you're being rude, you know?"

How dare he read her self-criticism? He actually had the guts to do so!

She put the paper back down on her table. Fortunately, it was just crumpled without being torn. However, when she thought of how picky Karl was, Hailey was a bit chagrined and glared at the man.

Then, she pressed the book on the paper to make it smoother.

To her surprise, the man stared at her book and read the words on its cover slowly, "Love in the Time of Cholera,

written by Garcia Marquez."

This time he was polite and asked, "May I read it?"

Of course not!

Hailey didn't say anything. She just opened the cover of the book, revealing her name, the date, and a line of words on the inside page.

The man seemed to have a fondness for reading and read them out slowly in his magnetic voice, "Hailey's Book,

January 5, XX. Hailey's Book is not to be borrowed."

"Oh."

The man understood, and then turned to look at her, asking seriously, "Your name is Hailey's Book?"

Hailey was speechless.

Was Karl's friend a moron?

### **Chapter 315 Air Crash**

For so many years, Hailey had had many names.

When she married Owen, she even gave herself the pseudonym of Hailey Byrne.

However, it was the first time that she was called Hailey's Book.

The last name was Book and the first name was Hailey's?

Who did he think she was to use such a strange name?

"Captain."

Hailey asked politely, "Are you from Congland?"

The man had a blank face and looked at her calmly. "No, I'm from Traique, but my roots are in Congland, so I'm a Conglish descendant."

His words instantly brought them closer to each other.

He was from Traique?

Hailey raised an eyebrow.

"Nice to meet you." She took the initiative to extend her hand, feeling sure in her mind. "Do you know my brother Karl?"

Just after that, she added, "Oh, Karl is his Conglish name, and those around him usually call him 'Earl Hill'."

"I'm not one of those around him."

The captain remained expressionless. "So I call him Karl."

Hailey felt a little awkward. Was he telling a bad joke?

It wasn't funny at all.

He seemed to have no interest in chatting and turned his attention to the book again. It appeared as if he was

suddenly enlightened.

"Oh," he said as an afterthought. "Your name is not Hailey's Book, but this book is from your collection. I think your name is... Hailey. "

He looked at Hailey coldly with a serious look on his face as if he was talking about something extremely important.

"Right?"

What else?

Hailey found it both funny and annoying, but he was so sincere. She couldn't laugh at him, could she?

"Yes"

She introduced herself. "My name is Hailey."

The man nodded his head. It seemed that he was very happy with his intelligence and gave himself credit for it. "Hailey" He repeated her name slowly. "It's a nice name."

However, Hailey was surprised at his reaction. "Karl asked you to pick me up without telling you my name?"

"Yes."

He shook his head. "I know your Yardeenese name, Grace. He said the prettiest girl in first class on the plane

would be his sister."

Of course, she was the prettiest girl here.

Hailey was glad to hear that, but the next second, she realized that something was wrong and glanced back to

see Aleft and Aright, who had dark and innocent faces.

The prettiest girl in first class on the plane?

She was the only girl here in first class.

It turned out that she was just prettier than the two tough men, Aleft and Aright.

She curled her lip. "It's a shame, though."

Aleft was speechless.

So was Aright.

Both of them were dumbfounded.

The captain didn't know that he had inadvertently started a wave of trouble. He kept fixing his cold eyes on the book, staring at the beautiful line of words, "Hailey's book is not to be borrowed".

"Here, take it."

Hailey closed the book and handed it to him.

The captain's long eyelashes fluttered slightly. "Isn't your book not to be borrowed?"

"Yes, so you can have this book."

Hailey smiled playfully. "You're not borrowing it, but I'm giving it to you. It's not against my rules."

"However..." She stopped smiling the next second. "Please go and read it in an empty seat. I have homework to

do."

The captain's eyes fell on the self-criticism that she had written. Hailey reached out to cover it and pointed to

the empty seat on the other side, gesturing for him to move away.



The man didn't feel offended. He took the book, said "thank you", and then went to a seat on the other side,

where he started reading intently.

Hailey knew that this kind of long-distance international flight usually had a captain and a co-pilot. However, this man was so idle. Didn't he have to go back to the cockpit?

The plane was still flying smoothly. Hailey continued to write her self-criticism, trying to put all kinds of words

together.

"Whew, done!"

Finally, she finished writing it by hand. It was exactly 3,000 words and she couldn't add a single word to it.

Hailey shook her sore hand.

It was more tiring to write this stuff than to carve two towers.

She would talk to Karl later. Instead of writing self-criticism in the future, she could get a good piece of material and engrave a letter of repentance, which could be used repeatedly and was environmentally friendly.

She put the self-criticism away, stretched, and found that the captain was still reading the book and had already

finished half of it.

It seemed that he was really interested in it.

Hailey didn't interrupt him. She put her self-criticism carefully in the backpack and got ready to take a nap.

When she woke up and had a meal, the captain was not there.

He might have gone on his shift.

After the meal, Hailey read for a while and then went back to sleep. Before that, she told Aleft and Aright not to be so tense all the time and to sleep if they were sleepy.

"The pilots can take a shift and so can the bodyguards."

It wasn't until the wee hours of the morning that Hailey woke up again with a bumpy ride.

When she opened her eyes, she saw the handsome man in his captain's uniform with an expressionless, cold

face.

He seemed to have taken a break. His eyes were a bit red, but he looked in good spirits. His voice was low and cold. "It's the turbulence. Please fasten your seat belt."

Hailey was half asleep. She hummed in a low voice and adjusted her seat.

Suddenly a tall figure leaned over and Hailey subconsciously looked up. Before she could realize what was going on, the man had already squatted down and refastened her seat belt.

“This is safer.” He showed her the right way to fasten it.

Hailey met his light gray eyes under his dark dashing eyebrows and found that his eyes were purplish. They were rare purplish gray eyes.

At that moment, she was somewhat captivated by them.

Soon, the stewardess started announcing, telling the passengers to stow their tray tables, adjust their seats, fasten their seat belts, and not leave their seats.

It seemed that someone was making a scene in economy class. The chief stewardess rushed over to deal with it. The cold man frowned slightly and walked out as well.

Hailey came back to her senses and raised her wrist to check the time. It was a quarter past two in the morning in Congland and her flight would land at Bormintam Airport in just over half an hour.

There was an eight-hour time difference between Bormintam and Poya. It was just after six o'clock in the

afternoon in Bormintam, where the sun had not yet set and it was a clear day outside.

“I’m going to see Karl soon. He is so busy. Will he have time to meet me?”

Hailey muttered in a low voice, but unexpectedly someone behind her suddenly answered, “Yes.”

She turned around abruptly and saw that the captain had returned at some point.

The chief stewardess was an incredibly elegant and beautiful woman of mixed blood. She spared no effort in praising the captain, with a lot of nice words, which mainly meant the following.

“You’re the best of the best, Captain.”

Someone, who deliberately made trouble just now, was overwhelmed by the captain’s aura and subdued by his glare.

Looking at them, Hailey was imagining a story between the handsome captain and the beautiful stewardess, when suddenly...

There was a loud explosion from the plane.

“Boom!” All the people in the cabin were shocked!

### **Chapter 316 Can You Fly the Plane?**

The sudden sound of the explosion shocked all the passengers in the cabin.

The crew members were also shocked.

They all looked at each other, not knowing what was going on.

All they saw was that outside the window, a flock of large black birds flew by, and soon a smell of burnt feathers and meat came into the cabin.

“No!”

The captain was so nervous and quick to react that he immediately went into the cockpit, only to find that the instrument panel readings showed that both engines had stopped working.

Sometimes the accident would come out of the blue in an instant.

Johnson, the co-pilot who was flying the plane, had never encountered such a situation before and panicked. He reported in Yardeenese. “Captain, the flock of birds suddenly came over so fast that they have crashed into the plane before we could react. I think it’s the engine...”

The captain looked cold and serious. He immediately switched places with the co-pilot to take over and control the plane. Meanwhile, he contacted the control tower, trying to find an alternate landing site.

It happened too suddenly. Not to mention the passengers, even the crew did not know what was going on. They just felt that the plane was going down.

Below the plane was the most prosperous and densely populated urban area of Engese, with rows of high-rise buildings.

“What’s it? What the hell is going on?”

“Why is the plane going down?”

“Is it malfunctioning? It smells like roast meat. Did the flock of birds that just flew by blow up?”

Passengers in the economy and business class were asking questions. The stewardesses were trying to calm them down, with little success. The cabin was in chaos.

In first class, Aleft and Aright hadn’t quite figured out what was going on.

Hailey’s eyes were suddenly wide open. “No!”

“What’s wrong, Ms. Newman?”

Aright was halfway up. “The plane keeps going down. Is it malfunctioning?”

“The flock of birds that flew by just now...”

The look in Hailey’s eyes was getting colder quickly. “They hit the plane’s engine and blew up.”

If she wasn’t wrong, the flock of birds that flew by just now caused the plane’s engine to be damaged, so the

plane that was flying in the sky lost power and could only keep falling.

Aleft and Aright opened their eyes wide in shock.

Although they had never flown a plane, they could drive and knew what the engine meant to the plane.

If the engine broke down, the plane would just keep falling instead of flying...

Aleft looked out of the window at the skyscrapers below. His eyes widened. "It's falling faster. If the plane

crashes, then..."

The consequences were beyond imagination!

Both people on the plane and those in the buildings below would have to suffer!

Hailey, who had always been calm and collected, grew pale at the moment and her heart pounded.

The cabins in the back were already in an uproar.

"This is an air crash, air crash!"

"Didn't they say the plane was safe? How could we encounter this kind of thing? Oh..."

"What airline are you guys from? I'm going to file a complaint against you! How did the captain fly the plane? Why didn't he avoid the birds?"

"Damn, I didn't pay so much money for death! You have to give me an explanation!"

The stewardesses tried to reassure them in vain. The crew members, who had no idea what was going on, only say repeatedly, "Please calm down. Please trust us and believe in our captain's professionalism..."

Meanwhile, in the cockpit.

could

The control tower was informed of the current situation on the plane and quickly found an alternate landing

site, only a few kilometers away.

However, the captain didn't look optimistic in the slightest. With no power in the plane, they couldn't do a forced landing even if it was only a few kilometers away.

In the nick of time, a clear blue river came into the captain's view.

He made a quick decision and told the control tower that he was ready to make a forced landing into the river.

The control tower was dumbfounded by his words.

Was he kidding?

Almost at the same time, Hailey picked up the chief stewardess's intercom and said to the cockpit, "Captain, the crash of Flight 1549 was also caused by birds and they made a forced landing into the sea to get a chance to survive. It's the Blue River ahead. I hope you can make a decision quickly. My brother said you used to fly a bomber, so I believe in your professional skills. I believe you can make a successful landing."

She tried to sound calm so that the captain could be influenced by her confidence, but her heart was almost in

her mouth.

At this critical moment, any decision was a matter of life and death for all the people on the plane.

She didn't want to die on the plane. Nor did she want to end up in a tragedy.

Hailey held the phone. Feeling that the plane was still falling, she had never been so desperate.

She hadn't seen Karl or found her parents yet. She still had so many family members waiting for her to go back. She couldn't die. How could she die here?

Her eyes were blurred. The images of many people suddenly flashed across her mind. Among them, there was even... Owen.

It felt like a century had passed, but there was no reply.

Hailey closed her eyes. All thoughts were dashed.

More and more passengers stood up. They even wanted to jump out of the plane with their parachutes so that they could possibly get a chance to survive.

At that moment, a calm and deep voice suddenly came over the radio.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the captain of this flight, Saul Yerkes. We have an emergency and need to make a forced landing in the water. Please trust my expertise and get ready to escape."

Hearing that, Hailey suddenly opened her eyes. Her heart jolted, but she felt calmer now.

She almost collapsed.

It was still chaotic in economy class, and the noise was getting louder.

"Forced landing in the water? Is he crazy? Does he know how to fly a plane? Isn't he playing with the over 300 lives on the plane?"

One passenger seemed to be in frenzy. He left his seat and tried to run out. Two stewardesses failed to stop

him. The chief stewardess tried to calm him down, but he slapped her so hard that she almost fell to the floor.

Hailey helped the chief stewardess. With a cold look in her eyes, she went up to the passenger without saying a

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word and gave him a slap across the face, sending him into a spin.

With the loud slap, the cabin immediately fell into silence.

"What're you doing?"

Hailey said in a cold voice, "Can you fly the plane?"

She looked around the crowd slowly and calmly.

"We are now on the same plane and our lives are in the hands of the captain. At this point, whoever is professional is the boss. We can only trust him! And we must trust him!"

The crowd finally quieted down.

Hailey looked at the chief stewardess and asked her in Yardeenese, "Are you okay?"

The chief stewardess wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth and nodded.

"I'll leave it to you then. I trust your expertise."

passengers.

Hailey's assurance and trust gave a shot in the arm not only to the crew but also to the The passengers returned to their seats and sat back down, saying, "I trust you guys too! Please tell us what we should do, okay?"

The crew used the radio to tell the passengers how to get ready for the forced landing. The passengers followed the instructions and everything went in an orderly manner.

Hailey, Aleft, and Aright did the same thing.

It looked like a long process, but it happened quickly.

In the cockpit, Saul calmly maneuvered the plane and started the emergency landing. Now, the plane was flying at an altitude of only 76 meters, but the speed was 129 kilometers per hour.

The co-pilot cooperated with him, telling him the airspeed and altitude one by one so that the captain could focus on maneuvering the plane.

Seeing the plane closer and closer to the water, everyone was breathless with anxiety.

Hailey's palms were sweating. Her face was bloodless and white as a sheet.

"Crash!"

The plane made a belly landing, plunged into the water with a big splash, and shook violently!

### **Chapter 317 May She Be Safe**

In the wee hours of the morning. Owen was woken up by the sound of wind and rain outside.

He got up to close the window. The cold rain sprayed and made his face wet. It was pitch dark outside.

At this time, Hailey's plane should have arrived in Engese, right?

Owen wondered if the flight would be affected by the weather...

He frowned and then thinking of the differences in time and climate, he couldn't help but give a bitter smile. How stupid he was.

He got back into bed, but for some reason, he felt uneasy and had a tight chest.

Closing his eyes, he couldn't sleep anymore.

He turned on his phone to check the news, only to find that a plane from Poya to Bormintam had been lost in Engese. Instantly, he sat up in shock!

It was Flight Y1106 from Poya to Bormintam. Wasn't that the same plane Hailey was on?

His heart jolted violently.

The phone suddenly vibrated.

It was a call from Jose.

Owen felt that his palms were cold and sweating. His throat was so dry that he almost lost his voice when he

answered, "Hello?"

"Bad news, Mr. Moore. Ms. Newman's flight crashed..."

Owen's eyes turned red and a chill went through his body at that moment.

Flight Y1106 was lost and the news of the plane crash was covered all over the world, both at home and abroad.

Both Congland and Engese were desperately trying to track and find them.

There were more than 10 crew members and over 300 passengers. Their families panicked upon learning the

news and ran to the airport to demand an explanation. The international airport was crowded with people. Despite the wind and rain, Owen arrived at the international airport as well.

He wanted to take the earliest flight to Engese, but due to this incident, all flights to Engese today were cancelled.

He could only go to Poya by his private plane as soon as possible.

Jose tried to stop him. "No, Mr. Moore, you just had a craniotomy. It hasn't been 3 months yet. You can't fly.

Something could happen!"

Owen wouldn't listen to Jose. He just knew that he had to get to Hailey. The closer he could get to her, the

better!

He had to find her!

He would find her!

Looking at Owen, who was completely out of control, Jose had no choice but to inquire about the whereabouts of the plane while asking the crew of the private plane to stall for as long as possible.

In the lounge, Owen sat in a chair in the corner. Maybe because of the rain, he was stiff and cold, and his face.

was pale.

The large airport was now like a food market, with families crying, screaming, and shouting. Some were hysterical and wanted the airline to pay with their lives, while others cried out for compensation...

The police had to rush over to keep order.

Owen's eyes were bloodshot. At this moment, he even wanted to join the crowd. If this could get Hailey back to

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him, he would also go to cry and make a scene!

Hailey was all right when she boarded the plane. So what happened? Why did the plane get lost? Hadn't Roger been arrested?

Then who did it?

To kill Hailey, they had to involve more than 300 people on the plane?

All kinds of thoughts flashed through Owen's mind. The feelings of suffocation and despair swallowed him whole. He couldn't wait or stand it anymore!

"Where is the plane? When will it arrive?"

He asked Jose in a deep cold voice and pressed Jose again. "If it doesn't arrive within an hour, you can go to hell!"

Jose didn't know what to say.

His forehead was covered with sweat and he kept praying secretly. "Dear gods, please keep Ms. Newman safe and sound!"

"It's not funny!"

Maybe some of the gods really heard Jose's prayer. Updated news suddenly came in the lounge.

"The updated news from our station is that Flight Y1106 from Poya to Bormintam has been spotted around the Blue River in Engese. It is reported that the plane was accidentally hit by birds during the descent. Its engine exploded and failed, so it had to make an emergency landing. Ingram Airways is organizing rescue and the casualties are not yet known..."

The airport was instantly abuzz with this news!

"Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore!"



Jose was so excited and happy that he almost jumped up. "They found the plane. They found it!"

Owen stared at the blue river on the news with red eyes. He felt his heart, which was on the verge of breaking, started to pound again.

She was okay!

She was so blessed. She would be fine!

He used to be a materialist, but now, he prayed to the gods.

He would give Hailey all the good luck he had in his life, just to see her turn out to be lucky and safe!

At this moment, Hailey and more than 300 other passengers had successfully escaped and went onto an unknown island.

Just ten minutes ago, Saul, the captain of Flight Y1106, created another miracle in the history of air crashes,

after Flight 1549.

He landed the plane in the water at a perfect angle and speed. The plane made a forced landing in the water of the Blue River.

However, this was not the end.

The plane made a successful landing in the water, but the danger was still there.

Saul stepped out of the cockpit, stared at Hailey with his deep and calm eyes, and said, "I need your help."

Hailey, who was still in shock after the narrow escape from death, learned another piece of news.

Saul told her that the plane could not withstand so much pressure. It would sink into the water in a few minutes, so the passengers had to be evacuated as soon as possible, or their lives would still be in danger.

Hailey looked serious as she walked out with him. "What can I do for you?"

Saul said, "Be my interpreter."

Then, Saul spoke in Yardeenese and Hailey spoke in Conglish, informing the passengers of the situation they were now facing in the most concise and rapid manner possible.

Some of the passengers from other countries asked questions and Hailey answered them in their languages. Last, when she got tired of the questions, she simply said as follows.

"Shut up! If you keep asking questions, you'll die! Get ready to save yourself!"

Hailey was the one closest to the emergency exit. She opened it quickly and helped the crew with the evacuation. Those who could swim were helping the passengers who couldn't swim up onto the wings.

All passengers climbed onto the wings and no one was left behind.

The water flooded quickly into the cabin. She wasn't relieved until she saw Captain Saul and Co-Pilot Johnson

come out of it.

"You guys finally got out! Thanks to you, we all have been saved!"

She expressed her gratitude to them from the bottom of her heart.

Saul stared at her with his light gray eyes.

Hailey was in the water. Her face had long been wet and her makeup had been gone. With a delicate and pale face, she looked nice and adorable, not aggressive at all.

She was the busiest one in the crowd, Along with Aleft and Aright, she joined the crew and helped the passengers without any sense of incongruity.

Co-pilot Johnson looked at Hailey. His eyes lit up and he asked her in Yardeenese, "Are you the girl who talked the captain on the intercom and asked him to make a forced landing?"

Hailey nodded, "Yes, I am."

She looked at Saul, feeling ashamed. "I'm sorry for telling you what to do. I shouldn't have done that. You must have known what to do at that moment."

If Karl knew that she had done that on the plane, he would definitely scold her for being presumptuous. However, at that critical moment of life and death, she couldn't think about that much.

The instinct to survive overruled everything.

Fortunately, they survived and escaped death.

"You did a good job, and you were right."

Saul thanked her instead. "Thank you for your help."

Upon hearing that, Hailey was relieved and smiled. "You're welcome, Mr. Yerkes."

### **Chapter 318 Karl Finally Showed Up**

At this time of the year, the water in the Blue River was not warm. It was cold.

The sun was setting and it was getting dark. It wasn't a good idea to remain in the water. Hailey looked at the people who were waiting for rescue on the wings and shivering with cold. She couldn't help but frown.

"Mr. Yerkes, when will the rescue team probably arrive?"

Saul shook his head with a sober face. "I don't know. When the flight altitude is less than 100 meters, the radar signal will disappear completely, and the control tower won't find any traces about the plane."

Hearing that, the passengers sitting on the wings were once again in a panic.

“What? The control tower can’t find us? What are we going to do then?”

“Yeah, I thought we were waiting for a rescue team. So what are we waiting for if the rescue team doesn’t come? For death?”

“Hiss... it’s so cold. I didn’t die on the plane, but I’m going to freeze to death here!”

Once again, the passengers started to talk and complain. The crew had just escaped death and they were so cold that they had no energy left to reassure the passengers.

Hailey didn’t bother to reassure them. She understood that they were scared and panic-stricken. All people were

afraid of death, weren’t they?

However, faced with disaster, fright and panic could not solve any problem.

The only solution was to face up to the challenge.

Hailey and Saul looked around and their eyes met.

“Mr. Yerkes, what are you waiting for?” she asked bluntly.

Saul said, “There are often cruise ships around here.”

Hailey’s eyes lit up.

Yes, a cruise ship could take them to land, where they would find signals and ask the rescue services for help.

However, how could they get a cruise ship to come here?

Hailey took a look around and fixed her eyes on a small island not far away.

She suddenly called out to Saul. “Mr. Yerkes.”

Saul looked up at her.

Hailey asked, “Have you ever been trained for survival in the wilderness when you were in the army?”

Saul raises his eyebrows. “Why don’t you just tell me what you want to do?”

Ten minutes later, Hailey swam to the island with Saul, Alef, and Aright.

Some passengers who were good swimmers came along with them voluntarily to see if there was anything they

could do to help.

However, they were completely amazed by the scenery on the island.

It looked like a bare island from out there, but they found that it was not bare at all when they were on it.

Not only was there a luxuriously decorated glass-fronted mansion, but there was also an outdoor swimming pool, a beach, lounge chairs, maple trees, and a beautiful flower bed that was actually planted with... blue

roses!

“OMG! Is this heaven? Am I already dead?”

“This is so beautiful! Isn’t it too extravagant to build a villa on the island?”

The passengers let out their admiration.

Hailey, however, felt that the scenery in front of her was very familiar, but at this moment, she had no time to

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enjoy the view, because she was focused on how to get in touch with the outside world.

“Wait!”

Saul suddenly stopped and frowned slightly, saying, “Some men are coming.”

“What men?”

Soon, a group of armed bodyguards in black coats emerged from all directions. Saul pulled Hailey behind him to protect her.

He was even faster than Aleft and Aright.

Hailey was stunned as she watched the tall man from behind.

Saul held up his hands and explained the situation to the black-clad bodyguards in a calm and steady tone,

asking for their help.

Hearing his words, the bodyguards called someone on a satellite phone, seeming to ask for permission. When they got a reply, they nodded and agreed to help.

There weren’t only satellite phones but also ships on the island!

Hailey truly felt that they had come to the right place.

Soon, the injured passengers were taken to the island first. Hailey asked other passengers, “I’m a doctor. Have

any of you been trained in medical aid or nursing?”

“Yes, I’m a doctor too!”

“I’m a nurse.”

“I’ve been trained in nursing. I can help.”

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Hailey formed a medical team on the spot to help the injured passengers. Luckily, they just suffered minor injuries, which required simple bandaging and treatment without any major surgery.

A middle-aged woman sprained her arm and Hailey rubbed it for her. She looked at Hailey with sincere admiration.

“Girl, you are so young. How come you know so much? Not only do you speak multiple languages, but you can

also swim and practise medicine. That slap on the plane was so cool!”

Hailey smiled lightly. “Skills will never be a burden in the world.”

Saul was contacting relevant agencies on a satellite phone. When he heard what Hailey said, his light gray eyes flickered and his lips curved.

When the airline and rescue services received the message, they immediately launched an air-sea rescue

operation.

Cruise ships arrived, followed by navy ships and firefighters. It was instantly covered. The news and live images of Flight Y1106’s rescue soon spread across the country and abroad.

Passengers were taken away one after another, but Hailey and the crew remained until the end.

The crew admired Hailey and thanked her repeatedly. “Thank you. You helped us a lot.”

Hailey was grateful for her escape from death.

“You’re welcome. I was just doing my part. We were saved because of your professionalism...”

As they were thanking each other, a yacht came through the wind and waves, causing splashes all the way. No, not a yacht, but a dozen.

A fleet of yachts raced over the sea at sunset. It was so impressive that the rescue teams were shocked and

looked over there.

The yachts dashed over and stopped by the island.

A tall figure came off the leading yacht.

It was a man.

A gentleman.

He was dressed in a typical Yardeenese style of dark gray suit, vest and overcoat, looking reserved, romantic, ascetic, and dangerous.

As night fell, he came through the cold wind and the darkness of the night. He was obviously striding in a hurry. but when he saw a figure not far away, he stopped in his tracks and slowly lit a cigar.

The stewardesses were all fascinated by the scene.

Their hearts fluttered as they watched the handsome gentleman take a drag on the cigar and blow out the smoke.

However, his aura was so powerful. They didn't know who he was and they didn't dare to approach him at all.

"Karl!"

A crisp voice suddenly rang in their ears.

The stewardesses watched as Hailey, who had been calm and collected, ran toward the man like the wind.

Then, she jumped into his arms, hanging on to him like a baby

Smelling the familiar scent, Hailey felt a lump in her throat All the fears and emotions after escaping from death came over her at the same time, so she was overwhelmed.

She couldn't help but burst into tears.

Karl was stunned.

It was getting darker and darker.

### **Chapter 319 Rose Island**

It was quiet on the island, except for the loud sound of a woman crying.

Karl just held his sister with one hand. He didn't stop her, but let her cry out loud.

He patted her on the back with the other hand as if she were a kitten in a temper tantrum.

He kept doing that until she had enough of crying and stopped.

Hailey had cried so much with tears and mucus flowing. She lifted her head from Karl's shoulder, looked at him with her big watery eyes, sobbed, and complained, "What took you so long to get here..."

Tears started to come out of her eyes again. Her little face was red and cute, and her shoulders were shaking

slightly due to her sobbing.

"I thought I would never see you again..."

Seeing her aggrieved look, Karl chuckled and said slowly in his deep voice, "I'm here now, okay?"

Hailey sniffled and hmmed.

Then, she let go of Karl.

Karl put the cigar in his mouth, took off his suit coat to put it on Hailey, and raised his hand to wipe the tears from under her eyes.

“Are you three years old, crying like that?”

Hailey glared at him with red eyes. “No, you are.”

She was talking back, so she had gotten over it.

With a smile in his blue eyes, Karl pulled out a starry blue square handkerchief from his coat pocket and handed

it to Hailey.

Hailey took it and wiped her tears and nose while she kept pouting slightly.

Karl pinched her little face. “Little crybaby.”

He handed the satellite phone to Hailey and said, “They were so worried about you at home. Call and tell them you’re safe now.”

Hailey obediently responded and took the satellite phone to call her fathers and brothers.

Jared and the others were going crazy. The moment they learned of the plane crash, they all tried to fly to

Engese for their sister, but Karl stopped them.

They were finally relieved to hear the news that Hailey was safe.

Karl had the crew taken away and the plane was salvaged from the Blue River.

Captain Saul had to go back for debriefing and cooperate with the authorities for investigation.

Karl and Saul didn’t talk much. They didn’t even look like friends. However, when Hailey saw them, she somehow felt that there was an unspeakable bond and tacit understanding between them.

When he left, Saul waved goodbye to Hailey. “Goodbye, Hailey.”

“Mr. Yerkes ”

Hailey called out to him and met his purplish, light-gray eyes. “I’ll send you a new copy of Love in the Time of

Cholera later.”

“No need.”

Saul suddenly patted his chest and smiled faintly, “It’s here.”

Hailey was stunned.

He had been taking the book with him?

Saul was picked up by someone who came for him.

Karl raised his eyebrows slightly. "Love in the Time of Cholera?"

"Oh." Hailey explained, "I had a book with me to read again on the plane, and Mr. Yerkes took it." Karl's blue eyes flickered. "I thought Hailey's book was not to be borrowed?"

"So I gave it to him," Hailey said justifiably.

Karl nodded. "Oh."

"Yikes!"

Hailey suddenly shouted.

Speaking of the book, she thought of something else.

"What's wrong?"

Karl wrinkled his eyebrows. She didn't change at all after growing up, just like a child.

Hailey stared at Karl with her big innocent eyes. The corners of her mouth twitched, looking like she was going

to cry. "Karl... my self-criticism was left on the plane."

And that plane had been salvaged and taken away by the authorities.

The point was that her backpack was not waterproof!

So, the 3000-word self-criticism that she had worked so hard on was... destroyed just like that.

Now Hailey really wanted to cry.

Her self-criticism!

Karl looked at her quietly with his blue eyes. It seemed that he didn't quite believe it. "Did you really write it?" "Yes, I did! Really!"

Hailey was more sincere than ever and stammered anxiously. "I'm telling the truth... Saul... Mr. Yerkes watched me write it. You can ask him if you don't believe me!"

Seeing how anxious she was, Karl laughed secretly without showing it on his face.

"Saul watched you write it?"

"Yeah!"

Hailey said, "He can testify for me."

"Hmm."



Karl took a puff of his cigar and with the smell of tobacco, he asked in a magnetic, deep voice, "What have you written? Do you remember the details?"

Thinking of the three thousand words she had pieced together, Hailey immediately became sheepish, but said

with conviction, "Yes... I do."

"Then you can tell me when we get back."

Hailey was surprised. "What?"

It was too hard for her.

"Maybe..." She braced herself and suggested, "I'll just write a new one."

Seeing what his sister was like, Karl finally curved his lips in a smile and stroked her hair. "Silly girl, since you know it's wrong, don't do it again. Forget about the self-criticism."

"Really?" Hailey jumped up happily when she heard that she didn't have to do the self-criticism. "Yeah! Thank you so much, Karl!"

Karl curved his lips and watched his sister bouncing in front of him, feeling like they were back in their childhood.

Fortunately, she survived.

They were all alive and well.

"Karl, let's go then."

Hailey put Karl's suit coat on properly and got ready to leave the island.

Karl said, "Now that we're here, why don't we take a look around your Rose Island?"

Hailey was stunned. "Whose island?"

"Yours."

Karl put out his cigar, held the back of her neck gently with one hand, and took her inside.

Hailey blinked and asked in disbelief, "This is the island you gave me? The work has already been done on it? What did you just call it? Rose Island?"

No wonder she felt very familiar as soon as she arrived on this island.

For her twenty-fifth birthday, Karl had bought her an island and shown her pictures of it. However, it hadn't been decorated at that time and looked bare everywhere.

When Karl asked her what she wanted it to look like, she used her wild imagination and said, "It has to have a

nice little house, an outdoor swimming pool, a beach, maple trees, lounge chairs, and all that..."

“Oh yes, it’s better to have a flower bed full of roses.”

“Like red roses, yellow roses... I wonder if we can grow some blue roses.”

To her surprise, Karl made everything she had said back then come true for her.

“Karl.”

Hailey called him softly before she jumped onto his back like a little monkey in a flash, screaming with happiness, “I love you so much!”

Karl was speechless.

He told himself to put up with it. She was his sister after all.

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Rose Island was really beautiful.

### **Chapter 320 She Was Like a Princess**

Hailey’s phone fell into the sea while she was swimming, so she took Karl’s phone and took a series of pictures of the island, ready to show off to her brothers in the group.

When she was shooting, Karl was watching with a cigarette in his mouth and lightly smiling.

When they left the island. Hailey picked quite a few blue roses which were the new popular flower, sultry and charming, signifying that staying together is a promise.

Holding a bouquet of flowers, Hailey returned to Bormmtam in Karl’s yacht overnight and arrived at Karl’s residence, Magic Castle.

This was a Gothic-style building, which looked very noble and luxurious. As soon as they arrived at the entrance of the castle, a line of servants and maids were waiting outside. Hailey stepped into a beautiful white carriage and sat beside Karl like a little elegant princess.

Except she was in a terrible mess.

The carriage had traveled for ten minutes before arriving at the castle’s main building, where Karl reached out

and carried Hailey down.

The guards at the door saluted Hailey, “Hello, Ms. Newman!”

“Hello, guys.”

Hailey smiled and greeted the crowd with a pure London accent, following Karl into the castle with a light step. “Got take a hot shower and meet me in my room later.”

Karl had a video conference later, so he and Hailey parted at the stairs.

A row of rooms on the left of the third floor was for Hailey, which had long been connected and cleaned all year round, as tidy as new. Even the clothes and jewelry were changed at times, all of which were the latest models

of major fashion and luxury brands.

As soon as Hailey entered, she was served by the maids and went into the spring bathroom, where she took a

soothing flower bath and had an oil spa massage.

With her stiff limbs stretched under the comfortable massage, Hailey came alive.

Thinking about the frightening trip on the plane, she felt as if she was dreaming.

During this period, she survived several times from death, which showed that she really should not die.

It could also be understood that she had more lives than a cat.

Hailey's luggage was not much, and she left it on the plane before she could think about too much during the

escape.

Luckily, everything was available in the castle.

Just like the old hen massaged with various seasonings before going into the frying pan, the beautician treated Hailey from head to toe, putting a layer of ointment on her skin, making her smell good throughout.

However, it also completely removed the smell of the sea from her body.

Looking at herself, white and soft in the mirror, Hailey felt like she turned back into that pretty, dainty girl again.

She picked out a beautiful long French dress to put on, curled the end of her hair, and placed it softly behind her

head. To make herself look good, she also put on light makeup.

Then she made a video call with her brothers and briefly told them what happened.

Jar, Randal, Kyle, and Brook all listened to her online with seriousness.

They had learned a lot about it on the news, but when they heard Hailey, the person concerned, put her personal

experience and feelings into words, they still felt creeped out.

+10

"It's too scary, and my hair are standing up." Brook stroked his arm, and his face turned pale with fear. The ever-gentle Randal's eyebrows knitted tightly, "Fortunately, you're fine and it was a false alarm." "Is this a false alarm? This is a real alarm!"

Jar said with a scowl, "Ms. Hailey, can you cherish yourself and let us worry a little less? I have to worry about you three times a day, which makes my gray hair grow out!"

Hailey grunted defiantly. "Three times a day?"

"Yeah, you don't make me worry three times a day, but once every three days, which is unbearable."

Jar lectured Hailey and suddenly changed the subject, "But it's not all bad for you to have this accident."

"Hmm?" Hailey was puzzled, "What good?"

Jar smiled inscrutably, and the sharp lines on his face suddenly softened, "Sofia contacted me when he knew

about your accident."

Hailey bounced halfway up at the sound of that, "Is he finally free?"

"Sort of. Sofia ended her leave early and went back to the army."

"Yeah, I see."

Hailey smiled softly and raised an eyebrow at Jar, "Jar, good luck to you."

Jar was full of fight, "Yes, of course."

But Kyle said, "Jar, don't interrupt and I haven't heard enough. Hailey, go ahead and tell me about Mr. Yerkes on the plane. He is a real hero."

He praised Mr. Yerkes enthusiastically, happily, and relentlessly, when two light coughs came from the side. Hailey understood and laughed teasingly, "Kyle, you already have Nicholas, and Mr. Yerkes has nothing to do with you even if he's heroic. I advise you to be honest and stop being so ambitious."

"W-who are you talking about?"

Kyle glared at Hailey, while his eyes glanced sheepishly over to Nicholas. Seeing Nicholas walking towards the study without saying a word, he hung up the video call hurriedly. "It's all because of you, and I will get even with you later!"

Kyle hurriedly got off the line.

Jar seemed to have received a message from Sofia, so he hung up the video after telling Hailey to take care of

herself.

Only two singles, Hailey and Brook, were left staring at each other with wide eyes.

Brook coughed lightly and stammered. "There's something I don't know if I should tell you..."

"What is it?" Hailey, "Don't dilly-dally and tell me."

Brook said, "Owen called me to ask about you, and I told him you were fine."

Hailey was silent for a moment and gave a faint "oh".

“After he learned the news of your accident, he went to take a plane to Engese before dawn and I met him at the airport...”

Before Brook’s words left her mouth, Hailey frowned severely, “Is he crazy? How can he take a plane after he just had a craniotomy?”

“Yeah, the civil aviation didn’t let him get on the plane, so he was about to call a special plane, and was stopped by the Moores family.”

Hearing this, Hailey was only slightly relieved, and said seriously, “Do not let him come. I’m fine over here and don’t want to see him.”

“Get it, and that’s what I told him.”

Brook pursed his lips.

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“But Hailey, seriously, I think Owen should be serious with you now. I saw him at the airport today in fear, on the verge of a breakdown, much like us...”

Hailey didn’t say anything. With mixed emotions, she silently hung up the phone.

People were really strange animals.

The person who was once indifferent to her was now worried about her.

And in a life-and-death situation, she even remembered the person she thought she had long forgotten. Why did people have to live such a screwed-up life?

With the smell of tobacco, Hailey looked back and saw Karl walking in wearing a suit and vest, holding a cigarette, and taking a bottle of wine. He was civilized and gangly, and his blue eyes looked like they were full of galaxies in the light.

He raised the bottle of wine in his hand towards her, and his low magnetic voice rang out.

“Have a drink with me?”

Hailey leaned her chin on the back of the chair, with her eyes flashing, “Karl, you not only smoke but also drink, and you will be the well-known comic queen of Congland if you perm your hair again.”

Karl, “?”