

## Love Is Fair 35

Chapter 035 Want an Answer The drama did not affect Hailey's mood. The fashion charity dinner organized by the magazine "Zero Hour" was held at Grand Veil Hotel. As the leading magazine in the domestic fashion industry, "Zero Hour" had a tremendous influence in the country. The scale and class of their events were getting more and more extravagant. Many stars would fight for an invitation letter from them.

Hailey had an invitation letter, but she did not bring it. Brook took her into the venue. As soon as she appeared, she instantly became the sensation that attracted a lot of attention.

The host was interviewing the stars on the red carpet. The stars smiled brightly at the camera and spoke frankly to the host. After getting enough exposure, they would walk to the front of the photo op to take more photos and sign the board. However, Hailey directly bypassed the red carpet and waved her hand as

a refusal gesture when someone handed her a pen.

Looking at the beautiful woman with an extraordinary aura, the reporters wondered who she was and aimed their cameras at Hailey, but the bodyguards blocked the cameras and stopped them from taking photos. Hailey stood in front of the photo op board with her back facing the cameras

and waited for Brook to finish signing. She asked, "Hey, are you sure there will be porcelain plates? Don't lie to me."

Brook handed the pen back to the hostess and walked in with his arm around Hailey's shoulder. "When have I ever lied to you? Let's go. I'll take you to the backstage to see if there are any good stuff. See if you take a fancy to any of them, and I'll buy them for you as presents." Before they reached the backstage, they bumped into the chief editor of "Zero Hour". Brook stretched out his arms and greeted the person, "Hi, Grace!"

Vanessa Kirkland hugged him back and patted his back in annoyance. "You're

so rude. I'm your aunt! Why are you treating me like one of your buddies?" "But you are my buddy. How is this rude, anyway?" Brook teased. After patting him one more time, Vanessa let go of him and hugged Hailey. "Hello, Hailey. Long time no see. How are you?"

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"I'm fine. Grace, you're getting younger and younger." "Oh, you two. Can you please stop mocking me?" Vanessa poked at the two mischievous siblings helplessly. Both Brook and Hailey revealed childish smiles.

Vanessa Kirkland, the chief editor of "Zero Hour", was Brook's aunt. She watched Hailey grow up, and they shared a close-knit relationship. Therefore, they often hang around in a casual manner.

Hailey rarely attended this kind of public event. This time, she came for the sake of the antique porcelain plates and also Grace. Since Brook was here, Vanessa took him to socialize. Hailey watched Brook leave in amusement. She wouldn't mind being alone and wandered to the backstage leisurely.

There were already many people in the venue. They gathered into a small group and chatted. Hailey walked forward like a lone ranger, looking straight ahead. When she heard a commotion behind her, she simply glanced over casually, but she suddenly stopped when she saw the familiar figure.

As if sensing something, the figure looked in her direction. Despite the moving figured and countless shriek of surprise and admiration, their eyes met.

Hailey's heart skipped a beat when she met with his distant and cold gaze as if his eyes had scalded her vision. She gasped and frowned.

Owen! Why was he here?

Then, she saw Matthew, who was walking and flirting with women, and she seemed to know the answer.

Accompanied by the melodious and brisk piano music, Owen walked through the crowd with steady and firm steps and stood in front of Hailey. He was still as handsome as ever with his steady posture and calm bearing. It was such a familiar sight

It was so familiar that even the smell of balsam fir he wore gave Hailey a sense of trance that they were still married and that they were not yet divorced.

If it had not been for the fact that they were in the banquet hall now, she would have been the first to strike up a conversation in usual days. She would welcome him into the house with a cheerful voice. "You're home!"

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Chapter 035 I Want an Answer He would answer her with silence or a simple and faint hum with a nod.

But this time, Hailey was no longer the one who spoke first, neither was she as enthusiastic and cheerful as before. She stood there coldly, her entire body filled with an intimidating and fearsome aura.

Owen was the first to speak.

"Hello, I've arrived."

His voice sounded calm and faint with a trace of gentleness. He looked like a husband who had come to look for his wife, who had been angry with him and run away from home. Hailey raised her eyebrows

skeptically, feeling that his greeting sounded a little strange. Didn't they agree that they would treat each other as strangers when they met again? Why did he sound like they were very close?

"Sir, who are you?"

Hailey did not play along with him. She glanced at him indifferently and walked away as if she did not know him.

Standing on the spot, Owen pursed his lips into a line as he watched Hailey's departing back.

He felt something heavy pressing on his shoulders and heard Matthew's muffled laughter. "Oh my, are you embarrassed? Even I get such strong secondhand embarrassment."

Holding back his laughter, Matthew cleared his throat and asserted, trying to

knock some sense into his friend's head, "Listen, dude, you can't go after a woman like that, especially your ex-wife. You dumped her, and then you told her I've arrived'. Are you expecting her to throw herself at you? Do you think Hailey is such a pushover who falls hopelessly in love with you?"

Owen frowned. He did not have any experience in dating girls, and he did feel that what Matthew said made sense. He asked shamelessly, "What do you think I should do then?"

"Are you serious?" Owen's solemn attitude startled Matthew.

Matthew reached out and touched Owen's forehead. "Hmm, you don't have a fever. Why are you talking nonsense?"

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Chapter 035 I Want an Answer Owen's face darkened, and he slapped his hand away. "Get lost!"

Matthew looked at Owen with his arms crossed and shook his head. "Dude, a smart person does not dwell on the past. The most stupid thing to do is to have this confusing connection with your ex. You should fall in love like there is no tomorrow when you are together and break up clearly when you break up. Don't do something as stupid as reconciliation. Imagine that you're putting two pieces of broken mirrors together. There'll always be a crack in the middle. You can't go back. Also, ask yourself, why do you want to date Hailey again? Do you really like her, or are you not used to her not being around?" Owen blinked, and his eyebrows trembled slightly. After a while, he said, "I want an answer. That's all."

Matthew asked, "What answer?"

Instead of answering him, Owen stepped forward and walked toward Hailey.

When Matthew saw this, he could not help but shake his head. He felt that

Owen had suffered too little in the relationship department, so it was time for him to suffer a setback.

When Hailey reached the backstage, her heart became restless.

She closed her eyes and disliked her befuddlement. She had told herself to cut off all her feelings for him, but why did she feel so confused and jittery the moment he appeared?

Relax! Calm down!

Hailey tried her best to calm herself down. Thinking of all the misery she had

gone through when she was married to Owen, all the tears she had shed, and the pain she had suffered, she laughed in spite of herself. So what if he came? It was not that he was here because he liked her.

So, his presence here was none of her business.

The backstage was chaotic and busy. The staff was working together to carry a

display cabinet out. As they walked past Hailey, one of the staff member accidentally tripped. The display cabinet suddenly became unstable and slanted towards Hailey.

Hailey, who was in a daze, responded a little slower. She was about to dodge when she heard an anxious cry, "Be careful." Then, her whole body was pulled over by a big hand and smashed into a solid chest.

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