

Love Is Fair 41

Chapter 041 Palmprint

On the way back, Hailey sat in the back seat and pursed her lips, not saying a word. The atmosphere in the car was very depressing and cold. Chris, who was behind the wheels, held the steering wheel tightly and drove the car carefully. He was worried that he would annoy Hailey if he drove the car unsteadily, and he would be caught in the crossfire.

He had been working under Hailey for years now, so he knew her temperament very well.

If she scolded a person vocally, it meant that she was not really angry. But her

silence indicated that she was holding her rage in. At this moment, it was better to stay away from her, or the innocent ones would get burn by her wrath.

When they arrived at the Garden of Rose, Chris got out of the car and opened the door. Hailey got out of the car and said calmly, "Go back and rest early. Come and pick me up at eight o'clock tomorrow morning." "Yes," Chris responded. Then, he observed her expression and uttered in

concern, "Miss Newman, I know that you're upset about the plates. How about I contact Mr. Moore and buy the plates at a high price?"

Hailey frowned and looked at him coldly. "Don't you have anything better to do?"

"I'm sorry." Chris shook his head immediately. Fortunately, Hailey ended the conversation right there and then. Watching Hailey enter the house, Chris let out a long sigh of relief and slapped his own mouth in annoyance. "Uh! Why do I have to say that!" It was not until Chris drove far away that a black car slowly drove forward and

stopped on the street facing the entrance of the Garden of Rose. The window rolled down, and Owen's posed and handsome face appeared. "This is Shadowplains Mansion?" He sounded inexplicably cool and expressionless under the night sky. "Yes," Jose replied. He looked at the information on the tablet and informed,

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"This place was originally a very famous rose garden in Poya. Later, it was bought by Scott Newman... Oh, Madam's father bought it with a lot of money and transformed it into Shadowplains Mansion. It is also known as the Garden of Rose."

Owen hummed faintly and looked into the distance. There were so many rooms

with lights on. Which one was her room? He seemed to be able to imagine what her room looked like. It must be a warm color and was filled with the fragrance of roses. It was clean and tidy, and was full of the homey ambiance.

For some reason, his heart was filled with longing and regret. He rolled up the window and ordered, "Let's go." "Mr. Moore, don't you want to give the plates to Madam and cheer her up?"

Jose asked, slightly stunned. "Cheer her up?" Owen looked up at him coldly. "Do you think I can do that?" Jose said honestly after thinking for a while, "I don't think so." Hailey used to be soft-spoken and gentle, but that was in the past. She was no

longer the former self. In present, even though Hailey was smiling, one could feel the killing intent under her smile. It was very scary.

Moreover, after what Owen had done today, he felt that Owen should count his blessings for Hailey to not directly give him a punch.

However, there was nothing worse than apathy. It was not that she was not angry, but she simply didn't give a damn. Jose's nonchalant remark caught Owen by surprise. Owen pursed his lips and grunted, "Why do you give me such a suggestion then?" Jose answered, "Mr. Moore, I may have limited experience in the relationship department, but I know that women love to be cheered up and comforted. It doesn't mean that it will work flawlessly even if you cheer her up, but if you choose not to do so, you have an attitude problem."

Owen narrowed his eyes. "So, are you saying that I have an attitude problem?"

Feeling the intimidating chill, Jose quickly smiled sheepishly, "No, that's not what I mean. You have no problem. It's because of those porcelain plates that pissed Madam off."

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Owen turned his head to look at the four porcelain plates. They were made in the 17th century. Anyone who was interested in antiques and could see that they were authentic would not want to miss them.

He did not expect that Hailey would want to own them too.

The Newmans ventured into the business world through the jewelry business, and they must have detailed knowledge about antiques. Did she also see the value of these four porcelain plates? If so, why didn't she fight him to the end? More and more questions popped up in his head, and he felt like he had slowly become a riddler. He helplessly massaged his aching temple. "Let's go."

Owen looked outside again. There was still a lot of time in the future. He could get the answer he desperately wanted to know.

Hailey returned to her room, closed the door, and took a shower.

The moment the hot water sprayed down on her body, she couldn't hold it anymore and yelled at the top of her lung. It was a short scream, but it was enough to vent her frustration that she had been coping. She was very upset about losing the four precious porcelain plates that were originally within her reach. After taking a shower, Hailey came out wearing a bathrobe and sat in front of the dressing table to begin her skincare regime. Steam was evaporating from her body

Her room was decorated in a simple black and white theme, and the lightnings were all metallic. It was an industrial and disenchanting style design, which was completely different from her bedroom theme in Moore Mansion. At that time, she thought that Owen would prefer a wife who was soft-spoken and

graceful, so she tried her best to create the homey feeling and warmth in their bedroom. However, it was completely useless. He barely stepped into the master bedroom all year long. Sometimes, women would eventually lose their own identity after indulging too much in a man's perspective. The men would not appreciate her relentless

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effort and hardwork at all. At the end of the day, the women were the only ones who would appreciate themselves. At this moment, her phone rang. It was a video call from Brook. "I just finished my work. I'm so tired."

"Okay." Hailey smeared the body lotion on her arm, sounding listless and feeble like a robot with a flat battery. "Are you still thinking about those plates?" Brook chuckled and asked when he saw her pouting. Hailey pounded her chest twice and lamented, "It's all my fault. If only I had

controlled myself... I was too eager and overly confident. The next time I see something so precious, I have to talk to the seller in advance and persuade him or her not to auction it in public." She was too young. She got anxious easily when she met a person like Owen who knew about antique and was very shrewd. "It's good that you realize your mistake, but it's not entirely your fault that you missed the opportunity tonight."

Brook comforted her, "If you really are upset about this, I can send my men to snatch the plates from Owen and beat him up to avenge you. Don't worry, I'll throw him into a large bag so that he won't know who's the culprit."

"Brandon gave you the idea, huh?" Hailey looked askance. "Is it so obvious?" Brook was taken aback.

Hailey rolled his eyes at him and said, "You don't have to do that. Dad told me that collecting antiques is a pleasure, and I don't have to be too serious about it. I'm lucky if I can get them, but if I can't, it means that they don't belong to me. It's not necessarily a good thing to snatch them and make them mine."

"Okay, you are an expert in antiques. I don't understand anything about this." They chatted for a while before Brook ending the call. Hailey had been taking meticulous care of her skin. She applied the body lotion all over her body, including her feet. She enjoyed the process very much too as it was very soothing and relaxing. After going through her skincare regime and drying her hair, she felt relaxed and tranquil.

She spent some time reading. As she was about to turn off the lights and go to sleep, someone knocked on the door and shouted. It was Eve. "Hey! Hailey. open the damn door! I know you're in there! Open the door, I dare you, you boyfriend stealer!"

Her yell echoed across the house.

Hailey frowned. What was wrong with her?!

She shuffled over to open the door with her slippers, and the first thing she saw was Eve's flushed face, and her body reek of alcohol.

"How much did you drink?" Hailey asked as she fanned in disgust.

"It's none of your business!"

Eve was indeed drunk. She stood there swaying. Her round little face was as red as a tomato. The left side of her face was redder than the right, and there were obvious palm print on it. "Did Luca slap you?" Hailey asked as she looked at her face and narrowed her eyes.

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Chapter 042 Vomit in the Toilet All Night Not only was there a palm print on Eve's face, but there was also some bruise

at the corner of her lips. Hailey pinched her chin and accidentally touched her wound. Eve grimaced in great pain and brushed Hailey's hand away. Turbid smell of alcohol gushed out. "Stay out of my business!" Of course, Hailey couldn't care less about her, so she leaned against the door leisurely and watched Eve go berserk. Eve glared at Hailey with bloodshot eyes. "It's all because of you! If you hadn't embarrassed Luca in front of so many

people tonight, he wouldn't have been in a bad mood and wouldn't have slapped me." She touched her left cheek. The pain and numbness hadn't completely passed.

Tonight, Eve was extremely jealous because Luca almost spent a fortune on Hailey's necklace. After the auction, she made some sinister and jealous remarks. Instead of reassuring her like he usually did, he slapped her.

His abrupt and harsh action caught Eve unawares. She stood in a complete daze, and her ears were buzzing for a long time. Luca yelled indignantly, "Are you done?! You're so noisy like a loud stadium crowd! Who do you think you are to be jealous of Hailey?! Look at yourself in the mirror! You're nothing compared to her!" Eve was in pain and grievance. But even more so, she was afraid. Luca had been taking a fancy to Hailey since they were young. Eve had made too much effort to make him give up on Hailey and be with her. What if he went back on his word and refused to marry her?

When Eve thought of this, she panicked. Hailey could not comprehend her reason at all. She crossed her arms in front of

her chest and grumbled with a frown, "Alright, I might have embarrassed Luca tonight, but he slapped you! Instead of slapping him back, you came to me and made a fuss?"

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"Yes! It's all your fault!" Eve pointed at Hailey and bellowed, her eyes filled with jealousy, "You must be so proud, don't you?! So many men were fighting and arguing for you. The so-called Mr. Moore from North City and Mr. Holland from Belindao are famous big shots in the country. No wonder you look down on Luca. Those men must have satisfy all your lustful cravings, right?! In the three years you have been missing, you must have been with different guys all day long, right?" Hailey quietly looked at the enraged Eve and thought of the ladies in the charity dinner who were gossiping about her. One of them

mentioned Eve. There's no smoke without fire. Sure enough, Eve must be spreading the rumors about her. "I've warned you, but it seems you didn't listen to a single word I said." Frustrated, Hailey rubbed her eyebrows and summoned Lily. "I'm too tired to

deal with you tonight. You should calm down and sober up." Then, she turned to Lily and ordered, "Get her hug the toilet bowl tonight and

get two people to watch her. She can vomit and rinse her mouth. Just do whatever she wants to do, but don't let her get up." Lily nodded immediately, called two bodyguards over, and escorted Eve to the

toilet. "Let me go!" Eve struggled with all her might, but she could not break free from the two burly men. After kneeling by the toilet bowl and yelling for a short while, she felt the turbulence in her stomach and vomited. Hailey did not care about Eve anymore. She put on her earplugs and slept

soundly

Eve vomited for a while. The two bodyguards dutifully helped Eve for the whole night, be it patting her back as she vomited and retched or fetching her water, but they forbade her from getting up as Hailey had instructed. Just like that, Eve knelt by the toilet for the entire night. As the time passed, she fell asleep.

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Suite No. 66 of The Nomad.

Matthew, who came in uninvited, was sitting on a stool and carefully examined the four porcelain plates on the bar counter when Owen came out of the bathroom while drying his hair.

"So, are they really made in the 17th century?"

Owen hummed faintly as an acknowledgment and went to the kitchen to pour

two glasses of water. Matthew could not comprehend the whole matter. He clicked his tongue and shook his head. "Hah, you offended and pissed Hailey off because of these stupid plates. I am worried for you, man." Owen drank half a glass of water and was indifferent. "What is there to worry about?" Matthew felt like a back-seat driver and cursed under his breath when he saw

Owen's calm and composed appearance.

He suppressed the anger in his heart and mouthed patiently, "Let me ask you, why did you come all the way from North City to Poya?" "Business, Owen blurted with a business-like attitude. "Aren't we going to work together on the development of the equestrian track?" "Yes." Matthew nodded. "Do you know who our business partner is?" Owen was still indifferent. "It doesn't matter."

Owen had always had an ulterior motive to come to Poya. The equestrian track business was just a matter of convenience to him. He couldn't care less about

their business partner. Looking at his indifferent attitude, Matthew wanted to blurt out the truth

directly, but he raised his eyebrows and jeered, "It seems that you did not get into detail at all before coming here. The land in

the northern Suburbs of Poya belongs to Dynamico Realty. Nanhu Real Estate. Last year, Morgan and Reid Newman bought the land with a huge sum of money to build a golf course..." Before he finished speaking, Owen frowned heavily. "Dynamico Realty?" Wasn't that the real estate company under Crystaldale Company?

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"Yes."

Matthew smirked faintly, relieved that it had finally dawned upon Owen. "Well, it's possible that you don't know about this. After all, you've been busy with market development in Eamush in the second half of last year and didn't participate in the bidding. My family was busy with internal strife, so we didn't care."

Morgan and Reid were lucky because they got to win the bid of the land in the northern Suburbs. However, it was also because of this that they almost emptied Crystaldale Company and had a financial difficulty as they did not have a temporary capital fund to support the main company. It was in such a bad situation that Crystaldale Company almost went bankrupt.

"So, was it Hailey's idea to transform the golf course into a equestrian track?"

Owen pursed his lips.

"Congratulations, you got it right!" Matthew snapped his fingers. Owen blinked while pondering. He silently cast his gaze on the four golden porcelain plates. Her last remark "I hope that this is the last time I meet you" echoed in his ears. All of a sudden, he

felt that the plates were an eyesore.

Early the next morning, after washing up and changing clothes, Hailey came out of the room and went to Eve's room.

Eve lay on the side of the toilet bowl, sleeping very soundly, saliva flowing out of her mouth. When Hailey saw this, she could not help but shake her head.

It was amazing how she could sleep like this.

For some reason, she felt that there was an inexplicable harmony between Eve and the toilet bowl. She could probably describe them as birds of a same feather

"Miss Hailey." The bodyguards bowed and greeted Hailey.

Hailey nodded slightly. "You must be tired after staying up all night. Go back and take a rest. I'll give you a holiday today. Last night's duty is considered an

overtime. Go to Lily to claim your overtime allowance." "Thank you, Miss!" The bodyguards were overjoyed. Their happy voices finally woke Eve up.

As soon as Eve opened her eyes, she cried out in pain. She felt that all over her body was in pain. Her face, her head, her neck, her knees... From head to toe,

there was not a single spot that did not hurt.

What had she gone through? Eve stroked her neck and looked around her surroundings in confusion. "Why am I here?" She had not completely figured out the situation. "A blackout is what happened. Do you need me to help you recall the events?"

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Chapter 043 Discipline

Leaning against the wall outside the bathroom, Hailey tried to stay as far away from the stinky Eve as possible so as not to be choked by her stench. When Eve realized that she was lying on the toilet bowl, she frowned in disgust and wanted to get up, but as soon as she moved, her legs felt so numb as if they had been electrocuted and were no longer hers. She cried out in a low voice. Looking down, she found that her knees were swollen and bruised like two red and purple colored tennis balls.

The pain was so excruciating that it abruptly cleared her mind.

Some scenes began to rush into her memory, such as

The scene of her pointing at Hailey and bellowing

The scene of Hailey leaning against the door and looking at her leisurely. The scene of Lily ordering the bodyguards to escort her back to her room. The scene of her kneeling by the toilet bowl.

The scene of her vomiting, and the two bodyguards taking care of her but refused to let her go no matter how she begged and wailed.

Oh heavens!

Eve felt that the whole world had collapsed. So... did it mean that she spent all night lying next to the toilet bowl?

She couldn't help but look at Hailey, her eyes filled with deep indignation and fear.

Hailey was so vicious and crazy for doing something so absurd!

Hailey, on the other hand, slept well last night and was in a good mood, so she was ready to deal with Eve again. She calmly leaned against the wall and waited for Eve to slowly get up from the ground. "It seems that you have remembered everything." Hailey tidied up her sleeve and continued in a cold tone, "So you should remember how you offended me last night, right?"

Offended?

Did she really have the nerve to use that word?

Chapter 43 DISLI

Eve touched her red and swollen knees, stroked her neck, 21 | wrinkled skirt. At this moment, she felt that she was the perfect example of the definition of the word "miserable". Then, she looked at the neat and elegant Hailey, and the stark contrast was an eyesore. Hailey seemed to be deliberately insulting her because she was wearing blue today. She wore a light blue shirt and white straight pants which emphasized her flawless and fair skin. How could she look so gorgeous in the striking blue?

Eve wanted to roll up her sleeves and beat up Hailey, but she was no match to

Hailey

She wanted to spit on Hailey's face too, but she did not dare to. In the past, when Hailey doted on her very much, she had no idea how ruthless Hailey could be until they had fallen out. Her atrocity was beyond her imagination! "What do you want? Do you want me to apologize to you?" Eve's eyes were bloodshot, and stubbornness exhumed from her entire body, as if she was trying to tell her with her body language, "In your dreams!"

Hailey rolled up her sleeves, revealing her fair and slender wrist, and gently

shook her head. "No. Compared to your insincere and phony apology, I think that physical punishment is more effective for you." She looked up with her beautiful eyes and put her hand in her pocket, looking very casual and elegant.

*They say that you can lecture the first-class people with just a glare, the second-class people with verbal warning, and the third-class people with capital punishment. I used to be very against capital punishment, but sticks teaching, but they also say that you have to adapt to the person's aptitude to teach her a lesson. For a stupid girl like you who never learn from your mistake, a glare and verbal warning no longer work for you, so I have to punish you."

Hailey donned a serious expression and asserted, "Your parents divorced when you were young, and you didn't learn anything good from your father. Elder

sister is like a mother, so from now on, you'll be under my supervision." "What the hell? Who the heck do you think you are to supervise?!" Eve giggled.

"Miss Hailey, here it is."

Lily went upstairs at this moment and handed an item to Hailey. When Eve saw what the item was, her eyes widened in horror.

"You came just in time. Thank you, Lily." Hailey reached out to take the item and raised it toward Eve. "I'm your sister,

and this is my assistant," she said while pointing at the item with her pouting mouth.

Eve looked at her with a shocked expression on her face as if she was looking

at a devil. Hailey asked Lily to prepare a red sandalwood ruler for her and wrote down a

hundred rules for Eve. She would be punished if she violated the rules. The rules clearly stated the befitting punishment based on her violation. "Are you out of your mind?" Eve stared at the "weapon" that was like an ancient weapon and could not

imagine how painful it would be if she was hit by the ruler. "My parents have never hit me since I was young! Who the hell do you think you are to punish me? Why should I just let you hit me?!" Hailey looked at her indifferently. "I have said it before. Since you want to live

here, you have to follow my rules. Respect to the elder and seniors has always been our family's motto. My dad disciplined your father and Uncle Reid when

they were young. They would have to do whatever my dad told them to do, no questions asked. The same thing applies to you and me. I'm older than you, so I have to right to discipline you." She then asked the servant to place the ruler on Eve's bedside and paste the family rules on the wall. "Here are the hundred family rules. With your intelligence, I think two days

should be enough to memorize them." Hailey said, "Two days later, I will come and give you a test. If you can't recite the hundred rules or recite them wrongly, even one, you'll be punished. If you dare to curse me, you'll be slapped. Just try if you don't mind being punished or in pain."

She then turned to Lily and instructed, "Get two people to watch her, just like last night, as she memorizes the house rules. We have to spank the stubborn

horse, let alone a stubborn person." Even after Hailey left and the two men in black showed up, Eve was still in a trance. Three minutes later, a shrill cry echoed across the whole villa, "No, get out of my way! Let me go! I don't want to live here anymore! Hailey, you are a monster!"

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At eight o'clock in the morning, Hailey set off from the Garden of Rose on time and headed to the company headquarters. On the way, she checked the latest information with her tablet while listening to Chris reporting on the schedule for today.

"The business license and safety and quality inspection certificate of the equestrian course have been done. All the hardware and equipment has been prepared, and we're working on the landscape. Do you want to take a look today?"

"Sure." Hailey nodded. "Call Matthew and ask if he's free. We can check the course together." "Okay." Chris agreed and immediately contacted Matthew. After receiving a reply, he covered the receiver and said to Hailey, "Miss Newman, Mr. Holland said that he is waiting for you at the company's lobby."

Hailey frowned and tilted her head slightly. "Hmm, he is quite proactive. Okay then, postpone all meetings to the afternoon. We'll go to the horse track in the morning." "Okay." Chris said a few more words to Matthew and then ended the call. Hailey checked the relevant information about the archeology team in Cloudsouth and asked Chris, "How are Morgan and Reid doing?" "I was about to report to you." Chris fiddled with his phone and found a video. "This is the video that our men recorded. Please take a look."

The moment the video was played, there was a burst of excitement.

Hailey looked at the screen and saw pieces of big gray stones. These stones

looked ordinary and were no different from ordinary stones in the quarry. However, the surfaces of the stones were marked with different prices, ranging

from thousands to hundreds of thousands.

The buyers were all rubbing their hands, their eyes were brighter than the wolves in the night, and they were all shouting non-stop.

“Cut it! Cut it! This must be a precious one!”

The video was taken secretly, slanted to Morgan and Reid, but they did not realize that someone was secretly recording them as they were completely immersed in the situation.

“Mr. Morgan and Mr. Reid had bought a lot of stones and spent a lot of money, but they couldn’t stop as if they were possessed,” Chris lamented.

Hailey smiled faintly. “It’s very normal. They were like this since the first time they were involved in the antique collection. They are like two starving stray dogs that bite on the meat they see on the street, regardless of its freshness.”

Her eyes were full of disdain. Her grandfather’s reprimand echoed in her ears at this moment.

Grandpa bellowed, “Bastards! Are you fucking blind?! How dare you take back this pile of scrap metal into my house! You’re so blind and stupid, imbeciles! And you want to have your own antique collections?! Hah, check your brain before you waste your money!” They were beyond rescue.

Hailey shook her head and said to Chris, “Let them be. We don’t have time to deal with them yet. Let’s settle the horse track first.” After the video ended, they arrived at Crystaldale Company. Hailey got out of the car and stepped into the building in high heels. Unexpectedly, she saw two people sitting on the sofa in the lobby. There was another man besides Matthew. Hailey narrowed her eyes gingerly. He was Owen, the annoying man who kept bidding against her for the porcelain plates last night!

Chapter 044 Collaboration? Who Are You?

“Oh, hello.”

Matthew stood up. Owen paused for a short moment before getting up too.

Hailey’s outfit today was simple and casual. She was wearing a light blue blouse, white straight pants, and a pair of high heels with pearls embedded

around the ankle straps. She casually draped the light gray sweater over her shoulders and tied the sleeves of the sweater at the front.

It looked simple, but it was unspeakably fashionable

Owen narrowed his eyes slightly. Every time Hailey appeared, she would always

give him a pleasant surprise, but none of these surprises reminded him of herself when she was his ex-wife.

In the past, Hailey always wore a homey casual clothes around him. Her long hair was draped over her back or tied up into a bun. Her entire makeover made her look like a good and docile wife.

It was not that he did not like her, but he felt that she was like a fraud who deliberately tried to please him all the time.

That kind of feeling irritated him very much.

The current Hailey, who was standing in front of him right now, was her true self.

Although it would occasionally make him feel like she was a stranger, he enjoyed seeing her like this. "I've been waiting for you for a long time." Matthew walked forward and

stretched out his arms to hug Hailey, but she stopped his advancement with her finger and pushed him away. She retracted her finger in disgust and rebuked coldly, "Don't hug me the moment we meet. I don't know you that well." Owen frowned because of Matthew's unexpected action, but relaxed after

hearing Hailey's words and smiled with satisfaction. "Well, she refuses him. Good" he thought to himself.

The confident Matthew winked at her with a grin. "We'll know each other better after a few hugs, don't you think?"

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Hailey walked straight to the elevator, disregarding him. "Please notify me in advance next time you're coming. I don't have a fixed

schedule. What if you come all the way here, and I'm not available? I don't want to waste your time, Mr. Holland."

Despite her seemingly kind words, Hailey simply despised him for coming uninvited and coming so early in the morning. Matthew beckoned Owen to follow him and responded to Hailey, "I don't mind. I don't have a lot on my plate and always do things as I please. I thought of you, so I came to meet you. I'm sorry for coming at this hour, but it's not my fault. Mr. Moore here insisted that we came." Hailey went straight to the elevator exclusive for the president Matthew quickly

followed her, but just as Owen was about to get in, the bodyguards stopped him. Matthew hurriedly said, "He's with me

Then, he turned to Hailey and explained, "Mr. Moore is very interested in the business of the horse track and wants to collaborate with us."

"I only agreed to collaborate with you." Hailey was expressionless

"Well, adding one more business partner does us no harm. The more the merrier." Matthew grinned, turned back to look at Owen, who was stopped outside the elevator, and gestured to him with his eyes. "Say something, will you?!" Matthew was so frustrated at this point, but Owen looked calm and

professional

"Miss Newman, I want to participate in the business of the equestrian track in

the northern Suburbs.”

Hailey calmly looked at him. Her clear and bright eyes did not contain any emotion. She coldly looked at him for a while before parting her red lips slightly and saying in an indifferent tone,

“You want to work with me? Who are you?”

Owen blinked silently.

The elevator door slowly closed, and the elevator went up. Just like that, Owen was mercilessly abandoned by his ex-wife at the door of the elevator.

Shrill and amused laughter echoed across the president’s office. Walking behind Hailey, Matthew laughed so hard that he almost fainted. His bizarre action attracted the attention of all the employees on the floor. “Are you done?” Hailey glanced at Matthew with disdain. “I’m sorry, I really can’t help it... It’s too funny!” Matthew laughed so hard that tears almost came out of his eyes. He pointed to the outside and said to Hailey, “Oh, you have no idea how cocky Owen is. Usually, he is the one who gives others his attitude, but this time, you... you... hahaha!”

Matthew laughed again before imitating Hailey’s posture and voice, “You want to work with me? Who are you?”

“You are too cool!” he could not help but praise Hailey.

Ignoring him, Hailey turned to Chris, who was shaking his head, and instructed, “Organize the information of the horse track and make some arrangements. We’ll set off at 9:15.”

“Yes.” Chris nodded, walked out of the office, and closed the door. The moment he closed the door, he clenched his fists and punched it to the air, cheering in silent. Although he was not as exaggerated as Matthew, he was overjoyed when he saw how Hailey treated Owen. He deserved every bit of it after upsetting Hailey last night! The vice president, Ryker Page, came to the president’s office and spotted Chris, who was making all kinds of tiny gestures. “What are you doing?” “Mr. Page.” Chris quickly restrained himself. Under Ryker’s inquiry, he briefly explained what happened last night and this morning, or rather, he mocked Owen.

After hearing this, Ryker frowned. Owen Moore? Again? In the three years when Hailey disappeared, what exactly did she do in North City? Why did she change so much after returning? What made her so sad and aggressive?

Chapter 44 Collaboration? WIU AIU TUU!

Did Owen have something to do with this?

With this thought in mind, Ryker handed the information in his hand to Chris, turned around, and took the elevator down. He wanted to get some answers.

In the lobby hall on the first floor, Jose stood calmly behind Owen, carefully observing his expression.

He was worried that Owen would be so exasperated that he would tear down the entire building.

He had been working under Owen for so many years, and this was the first time

he saw Owen come to request for a joint collaboration in person, but he was rejected. The same thing happened at the same place last time! The same person rejected him! Last time, she said, "I'm not free. Want to see me? In your dreams." This time, she said, "Who are you?" She was so blatant and nonsense. If it was someone else who dared to treat Owen like this, Jose would tear down Crystaldale Company even without Owen's instructions.

But it was Mrs. Moore who gave him her attitude, and Crystaldale Company was her territory. As an assistant, he didn't dare to interfere in the matter between the couple. He could only stand silently. "Mr. Moore, how about we come another day?" Owen pursed his lips tightly. At this moment, he could not describe how he was

feeling. He was disappointed, angry, and embarrassed. Did she really just ask who he was? Was she addicted to pretending not to know him?

Also, why would she allow Matthew to go with her? That brat! Wasn't she worried that she would be scammed by that stinky and cunning

brat?! How dare she collaborate with him?!

"Oh? Hello, sir. You come again."

A sweet and crisp voice echoed in his ear. He turned and saw Abby Thomas the front desk receptionist who had helped Owen make the phone call.

When she saw the handsome Owen, she smiled sweetly and asked, "You're here to see Miss Newman, right? Do you have an appointment this time?"

"Yes," Owen replied solemnly.

Jose quickly glanced at his boss. Yes?!

Abby directly preceded Owen to the elevator without any verification. "Okay, please come this way. I'll take you up." When Ryker came down, the lobby hall was empty. He went to the front desk

and asked, "Is that Mr. Moore gone?" The other front desk receptionist said, "No, he just went up."

Chapter 045 Fatal Attraction

Matthew sat on the swivel chair and turned around while checking out Hailey's office and clicking his tongue.

"Your office's interior looks a little old-fashioned and dull. It's like what an office of an old man in his forties would look like."

Matthew looked at the furnishings of the traditional furniture and some ragged antique paintings. "My ex is an interior designer. I'll recommend her to you. Renovate this room."

“No, thanks.”

Hailey looked at the information Chris handed her and grunted without raising

her head, “Number one, don’t question and judge my taste. Number two, if a man in his forties is an old man, you are middle-aged now Number three, you

are already annoying, so keep your exes out of my sight I’m not as idle as you. I have other things to do.”

Matthew touched his lips and looked at Chris. “Hey, does your boss always talk

like that? Counting one, two, three, and stating everything clearly? Does she have some obsession over numbers or something?”

Seeing that Hailey didn’t say anything, Chris replied to Matthew, “No. Miss Newman will only do this to you, Mr. Holland.” “Is that so? So, does it mean that I’m quite special?” Instead of feeling humiliated, he was proud.

Chris silently closed his mouth and could not help but want to roll his eyes at him.

“You ARE quite special.” Hailey put away the folder, looked up at Matthew, and

said, “You’re very shameless.” “Aw, I’m only shameless when I’m with a pretty woman.” Matthew grinned. Hailey simply rolled her eyes. She looked at the time and changed her high heels to a flat one as she urged, “Let’s go.” Just as she was about to go out, a figure in dark blue clothes appeared out of nowhere and stood in front of her.

Today, Owen was wearing a dark blue suit with dark stripes. His tall and

Chapter 49 Falai MILLION

straight figure emphasized the high-quality bespoke suit. Hailey knew his taste in fashion and clothes. He did not like the ready-made luxury brands in the shopping malls. All his suit were hand-made. It was not very expensive material, and the style was even a little outdated, but it felt extremely comfortable when he wore it. Only he could make a normal suit look like it was a Haute Couture suit. Nobility, charismatic, and elegance were vividly reflected in him. Just now, Hailey did not even bat an eye on him when they were at downstairs. Now that he appeared in front of her abruptly, it made her feel absent-minded

and apprehensive for a moment. “Oh, did you come up by yourself? We were just about to go down.” Matthew called out to Owen. “How did you get up here?” Hailey frowned unhappily. Chris was also shocked and interrogated his staff about their negligence. How could they let someone in without an appointment?! The assistants of the president’s office apologized again and again. Witnessing the scene, Abby knew that she had caused trouble again and quickly explained, “I’m sorry, Miss Newman. I thought that he had an appointment, so I took the initiative to take him here... Please, it’s all my fault. Please don’t blame my sister.”

Chloe Thomas, the executive assistant, was sweating profusely and wanted to knock some sense into Abby’s head. “Is she your sister?” Hailey looked at Chloe. “Yes! I’m sorry, Miss Newman. I didn’t guide her well. I promise this won’t happen again!” Chloe bowed and apologized. Hailey quipped

expressionlessly, "If I remember correctly, this is the second time she has done something like this. Your precious little sister was the one who called last time to ask for an appointment, right?"

"Y-Y-Yes." Chloe bowed her head so low that she almost kissed her own waist.

"Okay." Hailey asserted in a faint tone, "I don't mind you doting on your sister, but you can't let it affect your work performance. Give her an extra month of salary and send her to the human resources department."

Chapter 045 Halal Amadio "Yes, thank you, Miss Newman." Chloe bowed and thanked her. Then, she went to hold Abby's hand and wanted to leave.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Miss Newman. I've caused you trouble!" Abby's eyes were red.

Hailey said lightly, "You're still too young and immature. Take this matter as a

lesson for you. Everyone likes handsome guys, but it doesn't mean that all handsome men are kind. Do you understand?" "Yes, I understand." Seeing that she was about to lose her job, Abby cried until tears drenched her face. Just as Abby and Chloe were about to go out of the office, Owen snapped, "Wait."

He looked at Hailey and said, "It's me who asked her to take me here. She's just a receptionist. You don't have to put her in a difficult situation. If you're upset, come at me."

Matthew winked at Owen desperately while mouthing silently, "Shut up! Why are you acting like a hero?"

Hailey looked at Owen silently and couldn't help but sneer.

"Mr. Moore, do you have a hero complex? You seem to be very heroic when you see damsels in distress and want to protect them. If you cherished these damsels so much, you should not seduce them with your charm. It's you who caused her to be fired, not me." Hailey then donned a cold expression. "We have our own rules and regulations, so it doesn't matter what you say. If you like her or pity her, go ahead and hire her as your secretary. No one will stop you." Owen frowned in confusion. He was only speaking up for the receptionist, but why did Hailey presume that he liked her? What the hell was this? "Chris." "Yes." Chris immediately stepped forward, Hailey instructed in a stern voice, "Tell the bodyguards downstairs and the front

desk to recognize Mr. Moore's face. If anyone let the person in without an appointment, just drag them to the human resources."

Chapter 045 +

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"Yes!" Chris's heart tightened. "I will inform them right now!" Then, he stepped forward to stand in front of Owen and pointed at the elevator. "Mr. Moore, Miss Newman is busy. This way, please." Owen was not a pushover. He stood still stubbornly. Suddenly, the atmosphere turned gloomy and heavy. Matthew cleared his throat and tried to smooth things over. "Alright now. It's

just a small matter. Why do you have to make a big deal out of it?" Standing in the middle of the stallment, he looked at his left and right before patting Owen's shoulder, "Hey, buddy, can you restrain your charm? Can't you see that Hailey is jealous?" Jealous? Owen and Hailey looked up simultaneously. Hailey was dumbfounded. Her face turned red, and she snapped, "Matthew!" Jealous? No! "I'm not deaf. You don't have to shout so loudly." Matthew dug his ears and said to Hailey, "Alright, don't be angry. Don't you

know him? He's just a pathetically honest man who is doomed to be alone. Women may use a honey trap on him, but him using a honey trap on the young ladies? Hah! He won't do something so ridiculous even if you put a knife on his neck and force him. I know that you still have feelings for him. After all, you have been husband and wife for three years. You need some time to calm down, let go, and move on, right? "You can still be friends after divorce. You don't need to be strangers forever.

Also, you can do business together, don't you think so?" Hailey looked at Matthew coldly, and a sneer appeared on her lips. "We can be

friends after divorce', huh?" "Yes." Matthew nodded.

"What if we can't even be lovers in the first place?"

Chapter 046 The Hurtful Truth

One could be friends with their ex-partner after divorce, but what if they failed to even be lovers in the first place? Hailey's question caught Matthew unawares. He pondered for a while. Although he had been in a lot of relationships before, he had never been married and had never tasted the bitterness of marriage, so he couldn't come up with an answer. In the end, he turned to Owen and asked,

"What do you think?"

Owen looked at Hailey with profound gaze. It was as if he could see the sadness hidden underneath her sarcastic smile.

He remembered the day he wanted to divorce her. She was sad, in despair, and asked him, "Can we not divorce?" At that time, he did not feel much pain inside. All he wanted to do was end this loveless marriage as soon as possible, set Hailey free, and marry the woman he loved.

But for some reason, her question tugged at his heartstrings. It was as if a big hand had gripped his heart hard. "Why did you marry me back then?" Owen asked again, trying to get the answer for his doubt.

Hailey furrowed her brows. Why was he still thinking about this question? "I already said that it's not important. What's important is that we're already

divorce, and there's nothing between us now." After the firm remark, she tugged at Matthew's collar. "Let's go!" "Hey, hey, hey. Easy. Slow down..." Matthew followed behind Hailey in a huff. Just as Hailey walked out of the door, someone grabbed her wrist. Owen chased after her and asked, "You're from a rich family. You have your reputation and wealth. Why did you come to me and marry when when I was almost paralyzed in a car accident? What exactly were you trying to do? What did you want from me?" His tone was flat and calm, but his words felt like a huge boulder smashing into

a lake, and it stirred up a ripple in the president's office.

When Ryker came out of the elevator, he happened to hear this remark, and his pupils contracted heavily. The entire president's office was silent, and everyone's faces were full of shock. What did he say? Miss Newman once married a man? In other words, Mr. Moore was her husband! Hailey ignored her, but Owen insisted on getting to the bottom of it. She looked down at her hand, which was being grabbed by Owen, and then looked up at his eyes that were full of determination as if he was eager to get an answer. At this moment, she felt utterly ridiculous and absurd. Hailey let go of Matthew's hand and looked at Owen coldly. "Let go." Owen had never liked to have intimate contact with women, but he wanted an answer today. He was worried that she would run away again once he let go and avoid him. Instead of letting go, he held her wrist tighter. "I'll let go when you tell me the answer, I will let go." Hailey felt a hint of disgust surging inside her and glared at Owen fiercely. He had always been dignified and reserved, but why did he turn into such a stubborn and unreasonable man now? She wanted to struggle free, but he clenched her wrist tightly. A rage surged into her. Hailey looked straight into his eyes and grunted, "What answer are you expecting? What do you want to know?" Owen was taken aback. "... "So you want to know how much I loved you? Do you want to know that I had

been secretly in love with you for many years, so I rushed to you and took care of you the minute you were about to be paralyzed after the car accident? Or do you want to know that I fell in love with you at first sight and couldn't forget you?" Hailey asked a few questions in succession, and then hissed in a low voice, "Owen, haven't you humiliated me enough in the past three years?" Owen's gaze darkened. While he was in a daze, Hailey pulled her wrist out of his palm. Perhaps it was

because he had been gripping her hand too tightly just now, she felt a burning pain on her wrist. She gently flexed her wrist, her expression unspeakably cold and distant. "Owen Moore, regardless of the reason I married you back then, I've not

betrayed you or our marriage in the past three years. You, on the other hand, betrayed me! You did not cherish our marriage; you neglected your own wife; you cheated on me, and you wanted a divorce! What have I done wrong? Did I give you too much freedom?" Hailey chuckled. "You loved Eliza, not me. So now, you know her true colors and

choose not to love her anymore, but it's none of my business. We've already divorced. Are you telling me that you suddenly realized how nice I was after the divorce and realized that you couldn't leave me, so you come to pester me to get back with you? Huh?!"

Owen felt pain in his heart, and a trace of embarrassment flashed across his face. Indeed, he was acting a little strangely these days. Even he himself did not know what he was doing.

Were Hailey's angry remarks the truth he had tried his best to hide?

But even he felt that it was absurd and ridiculous.

"I'm here to discuss a collaboration with you." Owen said and looked at Hailey with a serious expression, "I'm also interested

in that piece of land in the northern Suburbs." It felt as if he was trying his best to find a solid excuse to stay here. "But I'm not interested in you." Hailey turned to Matthew and snapped, "I only agreed to cooperate with you back then and didn't allow you to pull a third party in. Do you not trust me or do you

not have the ability to own 40% of the shares? If you can't handle this, I'll find someone else." "Yes, I can!" Matthew quickly blurted as he could see that Hailey was about to

turn against him. "I am a man of my words." Hailey rolled her eyes at him. "Cut the crap then and take him away! I don't want to see him!"

Then, she turned to the assistants, who were watching the scene with great interest, and snapped, "Drama's over, so get back to your work. Shut your mouths. If anyone dares to tell anyone about what happened today, get the hell out of here." The employees of the president's office all lowered their heads and went back

to work. Hailey walked toward the elevator with Chris and the rest. Matthew patted

Owen on the shoulder. "Well, now you know what she thinks of you. Give up, buddy, and go back to North City. Leave your ex-wife to me. I'll take care of her."

"Hailey, wait for me." Matthew then went after Hailey. Once again, they parted unhappily. Owen slowly clenched his hands by his side. As he watched Hailey's cold and thin figure leave, his lips tightly pursed into a line. When was the last time she smiled sweetly at him? Her figure looked so cold

and distant nowadays. She refused to give him the answer he wanted. "Mr. Moore, let's go." Jose couldn't stand it anymore. Mr. Moore was too pitiful! He imagined that Owen must be in so much pain after hearing such harsh remarks from his ex-wife. Her words were like a dagger that stabbed straight at Owen's heart.

Hailey was so soft-spoken, but she looked scary when she lost her temper.

Owen was about to leave when Ryker came up to him. "Mr. Moore, I am Ryker Page, the vice president of Crystaldale Company. Can you give me a minute, please?"

Chapter 047 Cherish Your Life

At Kubis Cafe. The air was filled with a fresh and rich fragrance of tea. The steam rose and blurred the two handsome faces. Ryker Page sat opposite Owen Moore. As the host, he took the initiative to make him a cup of tea. "The earl grey produced by our shop. Mr. Moore, have a taste and see if it suits you." "Thank you." Owen lightly knocked on the table, his manner indescribably

elegant and calm. It was completely different from when he faced Hailey from before. Ryker raised his eyes and calmly sized up the man in front of him. This was Old Mr. Moore's grandson, the new generation leader of the Mazedew Group. He had long heard of his name and had long wanted to meet him.

Mazedew Group was founded by Old Mr. Moore. It was considered a family business. It was once prosperous, but the next generation could not maintain its glory. It was not until the grandson of the Moore family was promoted to the position of successor that there was a chance of revival.

The person who had taken down the position of the being the richest in the northern city for Mazedew Group was the young man who sat in front of him, Owen, who was also about the same age as him. "I have admired you for a long time and have always wanted to find an

opportunity to exchange pointers with you. However, you also know that our two families have never interfered with each other. We do not have many opportunities to cooperate and communicate.” “Mr. Page, I know you. Hailey’s right-hand man.” Owen looked straight at Ryker. Although he did not find out about Hailey’s information, he investigated some people around her. Ryker was not only Hailey’s right-hand man, but also the son of the Newmans’ driver. Three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Newmans died in a car accident. The driver also died on the spot, and it was Ryker’s father. However, Hailey did not blame the Page family. Not only did she settle down the Page family, but she also transferred Ryker from abroad to her side and

entered the Crystaldale Company to help her. Ryker smiled gently and said, “The Newmans has treated my family well. Miss Newman and I grew up together. In other words, I watched her grow up. In my heart, she is not only the boss, but also a sister.” “Oh, childhood sweetheart.” Owen narrowed his eyes as he spoke. “No, I am her guardian. Just like in fairy tales, the knight for his princess. So, I won’t allow anyone to bully or hurt her.” Ryker smiled again. When he said this, his gentle expression became a little colder. Owen looked at him calmly. Ryker continued, “Today, I asked you out to find out what Miss Newman

experienced during the three years she was missing. What kind of relationship do you have with her?” A hint of disappointment flashed across Owen’s eyes. Owen originally thought that he could find out something with the relationship between Hailey and Ryker. Maybe he could get the answer from Ryker, but now

it seemed that Ryker didn’t know anything. “You have such a good relationship with Hailey. Didn’t she tell you?” Owen

raised his teacup and took a sip of tea. “I am not her biological brother. There are some things that she is afraid that I will worry about and won’t tell me.” “But ever since she came back, I can see that she has something on her mind

and she is not as lively as before. I think that in the past three years, she must have experienced a lot and that is why she is like this.” Owen frowned slightly. He suddenly realized that when Hailey first married him, her personality was indeed livelier than now, and she was also very gentle and obedient.

But now, facing him, Hailey did not have a trace of a good tone, and her tone was harsh, as if she was facing her enemy.

“Three years ago, my father took Mr. and Mrs. Newmans went to North City to propose marriage for Miss Newman. But you said that she married you... Are you the man that she has been secretly in love with for ten years?” Ryker looked at him deeply.

Owen’s pupils shrank, and his eyes were full of shock. Propose marriage? Ten years of secret love? Hailey had a crush on him?

At the horse farm in the northern Suburbs. The horse farm was still being built. There were potholes in the road, so it was a wise choice for Hailey to change into a pair of flats.

“Be careful.”

Matthew reached out to support Hailey, and she did not refuse. She thanked him politely and handed him her hand. "Your hand..." Matthew rubbed Hailey's palm and turned it over. He could not

help but be surprised. "You are a rich young lady. Why do you have calluses all over?"

The back of Hailey's hand and the palm of her hand were completely different. The back of her hand was white and tender. Her fingers were slender and long. She looked like a delicate young lady who had never done any chores. However, her palm was covered with thick calluses, especially the middle of her fingers. It felt rough to the touch. "No wonder Old Mr. Moore always thought that you were a rural girl." He seemed to be looking at a rare and wonderful scene, touching and caressing

the palm of Hailey's hand. Hailey frowned and pulled back her hand. She retorted, unconvinced, "So what if I am a rural girl? Who says that a child who grows up in the city can't have a little calluses on her palm? The calluses on your hand are no less than mine." "I took a gun in the army and trained every day. Of course, we aren't the same,"

said Matthew while showing his wide palm. When he said this, Hailey couldn't help but think of Owen. His palm was also

covered with calluses. "Hey, I am your pursuer. I will be jealous if you think of another man in front of me." Matthew protested in dissatisfaction. "How did you." Hailey could not help but raise her head.

She pursed her lips. "How do I know that you are thinking of another man?" Matthew finished his unfinished sentence and looked at her with a half-smile. "Girl, your love for Owen is written on your face. That dense man can't tell, but you can't hide it from me." Hailey rolled her eyes at him. "To be honest, not only is Owen curious, but I am too. Why did you hide your

identity and marry him?" Matthew looked at Hailey. At this time, the sunlight was just right, shining on her perfect face. She was so beautiful that she looked like an angel. "Are you here to work or to gossip?" Hailey stopped and asked coldly. "Both." Matthew shrugged. "It's already in the past. There's nothing to say about it. There's no need for Owen or you to know about it." Hailey then continued walking forward. Matthew rushed forward to catch up with her and touched her shoulder. "Just

satisfy my curiosity." "Curiosity killed the cat. I advise you to cherish your life." Hailey glared at him. Matthew then felt a chill on down his spine. "I suddenly have a bad feeling." He grinned. He spoke in a serious manner, and Hailey frowned slightly. "What bad feeling?" "If we really get married, I might become a henpecked husband." Hailey was speechless. Was this person delusional? Since when did she want to marry him? She was too lazy to pay attention to him. She flipped through the information in her hands and checked the current state of the basic infrastructure modification of the racecourse. "I'm serious. I like mysterious girls the most. They make one feel the urge to

explore. If you are really over Owen, please consider being my girlfriend." "What's the benefit of being your girlfriend?" Hailey asked without looking up. "There are so many benefits. I have always been generous and will spoil my girl.

I can give you anything you want. Even if you want the stars in the sky. I can find a way to pluck one for you."

“I don’t lack money, love, and I don’t want any stars. What you can give me is meaningless to me.” Hailey said with a disdainful smile. Matthew covered his chest and said, “That hurts.” “Give up.” Hailey then slapped the information into his arms.

Matthew grabbed it and rushed forward. “Well, let’s not talk about the benefits. At least, you can provoke Owen. Don’t you want to make him regret?” Hailey could not help but stop in her tracks.

Chapter 048 Bullied by Your Ex-Wife! Seeing that Hailey stopped, Matthew thought that there was a chance and happily followed her. In the end, he was greeted with a cold and frosty face. “Are you sick?” “Huh?” Matthew felt as if he had been hit in the back of his head.

“You are already an adult, so why are you so childish? Do you think you are a

junior high school student? Also, why would I agree to be with a playboy like you for the sake of angering Owen? Do I have nothing to do? If you want to play, there are plenty of women to play with you, but I don’t have time. I don’t want to play with you either. Do you hear me?” Hailey looked at him as if she was looking at an idiot. She scolded Matthew as if she was a teacher scolding a high school student. Matthew was in a mess for a long time in the wind. When Hailey was done

scolding, he bowed and said, “Yes, teacher.” His respectful appearance made the assistant and bodyguards behind him

unable to hold themselves back and almost laughed out loud. Hailey then let him off the hook.

Matthew secretly sent a message to Owen, “I was bullied by your ex-wife!”

Owen: ?

Matthew: I wanted her to date me to make you angry. In the end, she said that I am childish and scolded me!

Owen: ...

Matthew: I haven’t met a woman with such integrity and character in a long, long time. I find that I like her even more! I have decided to officially pursue her!

Owen stared at the long line of words. His eyes were dark, and he gave off a cold aura. He turned off the phone screen and looked out of the window. His mind was

filled with what Ryker said to him. If what he said was true, then three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Newmans died on

the way to North City to propose marriage. Soon after, Hailey appeared beside

him and married him. Could it be that he really was the person that Hailey had been secretly in love with for ten years?

But when had he ever crossed paths with Hailey ten years ago?

Ten years ago... Owen closed his eyes and thought for a while. He really couldn’t find any memories. He opened his eyes and ordered in a deep voice, “Jose, go investigate the cause of the death of Mr. and

Mrs. Newmans. Also, list out all the trajectories of my schedule from ten years ago. I want to take a look.”

“Okay.”

Jose agreed and asked, “Mr. Moore, are we going back to North City now? Aren’t we going to stay in Poya for a few more days?” “No, let’s go back.” Owen was in a bad mood. He would rather check it out by himself than ask Hailey for an answer. As for the horse track business, she also made it clear that she didn’t want to cooperate with him. Why did he have to insist on going then?” He smiled bitterly and shook his head. After living for half his life, this was the

first time he had been so thoroughly rejected by someone.

Hailey and Matthew visited the large horse farm and were quite satisfied with

this piece of land. “According to the current progress, it should be completed at the end of the month. I can also bring in the batch of horses. When the time comes, pick one and I will keep it for you.” After resting in the small pavilion for a while, Matthew took the water handed

over by his assistant and gave Hailey a bottle. “Okay, thank you.” Hailey took it. “It’s rare to hear thank you’ from you.” “As long as you don’t say those irrelevant words, I will naturally be polite to you.

I am very civilized.” Hailey then unscrewed the cap of the bottle and drank the water.

Her neck was slightly raised. Her already beautiful swan neck was even more

clear at this moment. There was no tattoo on her neck. Matthew felt that it was really a feast for the eyes.

“It’s almost noon. Are you hungry? I’ll treat you to a meal.” Hailey finished the rest of the water and said, “I’ll treat you.” Since he wanted to give her a horse, she naturally had to repay him. As the host, Hailey took Matthew to a very famous restaurant in the area. It was

an Italian restaurant. It was exactly twelve o’clock when they arrived. The queue outside was long, waiting to call the number. “Business is good. I wanted to come to this restaurant a long time ago, but I heard that they don’t accept an appointment. They also have limited seats every day. The gimmick is quite good. I don’t know how it tastes.” Matthew sighed a little. As Hailey walked in, the manager was greeting the

guests. When he saw that Hailey, he ran over. “You are here!” “Yes,” Hailey said lightly. “I brought a friend over for a meal and let Chef Clayton prepare some dishes.” “Yes. The private room upstairs has been cleaned up for you. This way, please.”

The manager respectfully invited Hailey upstairs.

Matthew followed Hailey up and asked, “Is this also Crystaldale’s property?” “It doesn’t count.” Hailey said, “I opened it myself.” Matthew was a little surprised. As a foodie, he had opened many restaurants,

but the food and beverage industry was not easy. It was rare to see such a prosperous restaurant. “But as far as I know, this restaurant has five or six years of history.” “Yes.” Hailey led him into the private room and said to him, “This restaurant was

opened when I was eighteen years old. First, for me to eat, second, to earn money.” Matthew raised his eyebrows. “You are First Young Lady of the Newmans. You

lack money?” “I have been working for money since I was three years old. My parents are very stingy. They don’t want to give me pocket money. I can only earn by myself.” Hailey was as familiar with the private room as she was in her own home. She washed her hands and sat at the table while preparing tea. Her posture was very practiced. She asked in a simple and elegant tone, “Milk in your tea?” Matthew admired her as he said, “Yes, please.”

During the meal, Hailey and Matthew talked about the operation plan of the horse track. There was a slight difference. Matthew advocated aristocratic culture, and Hailey advocated civilian culture.

“I know what you mean. You want to expand the scope of customers so that more people can participate in it. But have you ever considered that with the current economic development level of Poya, there are only a small number of people who can have the money to learn horsemanship. To put it bluntly, horsemanship is still a noble sport and it costs a lot of money. We have to consider the investment and benefits of raising a horse. Doing business is not doing charity.”

Matthew looked frivolous, but when it came to business, he had a proper attitude and his own views.

Hailey took a sip of tea and said calmly, “Charity is for fame and business is for profit. In essence, I am a businessman. Of course, I have to start from interest.”

She handed a folder to Matthew, “This is the average spending level of the cities in North City, Poya, and Belindao. North City is the highest, and the difference between rich and poor is also the greatest. Belindao is second, while Poya is the lowest per capita in these three cities, but the rate of growth is the fastest. The northern Suburbs is very special. Because it is located at the intersection of North City, Poya and Belindao, it needs to consider the consumption level of the three big cities.”

As Hailey spoke, Matthew flipped through the information. The information was very detailed, and it was clear at a glance. “Horsemanship is indeed an aristocratic sport. The threshold is high and small, but now with the improvement of living standards, especially when our

generation became parents, more and more parents placed the focus of their family on nurturing their children. From a young age, they let their children learn how to ride horses. It was the same as learning vocal music and foreign languages. Rather than saying that aristocratic sports were ordinary, it was

better to say that aristocratic sports are getting more popular among children.” Hailey said, “In such a large place like the northern Suburbs, it would be a pity to only be a private racecourse. If it was an open racecourse, everyone would be free and everyone would be equal. Anyone could come and play, making the project diversified, including children’s playground, library, hot spring, barbecue, leisure, and party. Wouldn’t it be good to let the common people spend the cheapest price to have a high experience and keep the private racecourse?” Matthew listened to her reasonable words and she obviously did her

homework. He was surprised indeed. He clicked his tongue. "Your appetite is not ordinary. You want to earn the money of the poor and the rich into your own pocket."

"You mean, our pocket." Hailey smiled.

Chapter 049 She Was a Top Chef? Hearing her say "our", Matthew's heart skipped a beat, but he was not confused.

"This matter is too big. You have to allow me to go back and discuss it with my father."

"Of course." Hailey nodded. Matthew looked up at her. "For such a big project, is it too risky to rely on our

two families? The investment in the early stage is not small." "Well, I took into account the strength of the Holland family, so I pulled you into a stake. If you think it is risky, we can find another partner."

Hailey was very

easy-going. Matthew's eyes lit up. "So can Owen..."

"Except for Owen." Hailey knew what he wanted to say, so she dismissed the candidates in his heart.

Matthew said, "Why? In business, regardless of the geographical location or

economic strength, Mazedew Group is the best choice for us. It just so happens that Owen also has this intention, isn't it just right?" Hailey lowered his eyes and said indifferently, "I don't want to cooperate with him."

"This is a bit unfair."

Matthew seized the opportunity to "educate" her. "Owen is not someone who doesn't know how to differentiate between work and personal life, and I think the same goes to you. If the three of us can work together, it's going to get

big!"

Hailey frowned. Just as she was about to speak, Matthew said, "You just

returned to Crystaldale to preside over the overall situation. It is time for you to establish your prestige. As far as I know, your two uncles originally planned to build a golf course in the northern Suburbs. If they come back and know that you took the initiative to build a horse track behind their backs, they will definitely unite the board of directors to question you. At that time, Owen and I can also support you, right?" "Do you think I will be afraid of them?" Hailey snorted disdainfully.

Matthew said, "Of course you are not afraid, but with the Moore family involved, when the time comes, you will have more power to face them, right? Moreover, you can compare who is more handsome when I work with Owen." He started joking again after being decent for a while. Hailey glared at him and said, "Do you think I want to compare?" Besides, she had seen all of Owen.

"Don't worry, Owen and I can take 30 percent. The boss is still you. When you

are the boss, he has to listen to you. It will feel good, right? Just make him do all the dirty work.”

“Are you really close brothers?” Hailey looked speechlessly at Matthew, who had a wicked smile on his face.

“We are.” Matthew said seriously, “Well, that’s what friends are for. Also, us men are always preaching ‘hoes over bros’.” Hailey nodded. She agreed with this particular point. The dishes were served one after another. There were risotto, ravioli, pasta and even the classic aglio olio. The plating of all of these food proved that the chef was a capable one. Matthew was also a foodie. He was full of praise for every dish, just like a

gourmet. Hailey was hungry. She concentrated on the food and listened to his endless

evaluation while she just ate silently. “No, why does it taste so familiar?” Matthew pursed his lips and suddenly remembered what Hailey said when she came in. He couldn’t help but ask, “What is the surname of the chef who

cooks?” “Clayton.” Hailey said lightly. “Claton?” Matthew’s eyes widened. “It can’t be the chef of the national banquet, the descendant of the fourth generation of the Clayton family, Chef Gail Clayton, right?” “Mr. Holland’s taste buds are indeed picky. You can even recognize that I made these dishes.”

Gail arrived in time and personally came in with a plate of dishes in his chef’s

white uniform. He bowed to Hailey and said respectfully, “I heard that you came. I came to say hello.” – “There’s no need to be so polite.” Hailey said lightly, “How many times have I

told you? You don’t have to be like this when you see me.” “Well, I should be respectful when it’s due. You’re my master after all.” Gail was all smiles. There was a noise. The fork in Matthew’s hand fell to the ground, and his jaw dropped. He looked at Gail, who was over forty years old, in disbelief. “What did you say? She’s your master?”

“Yes.” Gail put the dish on the table and said very seriously, “My grandfather’s last disciple, and my father’s junior sister, so she is my master indeed.”

“Good boy.” A loving smile appeared on Hailey’s face.

Matthew was speechless.

Matthew was once again in a state of shock.

What was this? After finally closing his jaw, Matthew still felt that these two people were joking with him. He looked at Gail and said, “Chef Clayton, I thought your family hands it generation to generation, and does not allow the females to take over?”

“Yes, but there are always exceptions to everything.” Gail looked at Hailey with a face full of worship and said, “She is the only

exception. Back then, my grandfather thought that my father and the others were useless. He once asked her to be the thirteenth generation successor of the Clayton family. In the end, she rejected and forced my father to take the position. Later on, she personally adjusted the position. Only by teaching

me can I cultivate a superb cooking skill. It's just that my talent is not as high as that of her. I only managed to cultivate my cooking skills at this age, so I'm far from Hailey."

Hailey said lightly, "It is true that great talents are late to success. You don't have to belittle yourself. To be able to achieve your current achievements, you can be considered to have brought glory to your ancestors. I have not failed to live up to what my master entrusted to me before he died."

Gail bowed to Hailey. "I have to thank you for your cultivation. Without you, I would not be the me I am today."

"Alright, alright." Hailey said, "I haven't seen you in a long time. Every time I see you, you are so polite. I will give this shop to you and you can manage it well. I am relieved." "Yes." Gail answered respectfully. Matthew was once again speechless. Matthew looked at the national banquet chef who was obedient like a primary

school student, and then looked at Hailey who was sitting there. She was obviously young and beautiful, but she was mature when it came to handling things. Matthew then felt a weird feeling. He took out his phone and typed, asking Owen, "Have you eaten the dishes

Hailey made?"

Three minutes later, Owen replied, "She made them. But I didn't eat them. Why?"

Matthew, "She is Chef Clayton's master! You don't even eat the dishes cooked

by the successor of the Clayton family! What do you want?" Owen was confused. He replied Matthew, "Did you take the wrong medicine?" The corners of Matthew's mouth twitched, and he silently cursed his friend who had a wife but did not cherish her. Owen was the one who took the wrong medicine! He was now thinking that if one day Owen found out that his ex-wife, who he

had neglected and disliked for three years, was not only a hacker big boss, but also a top chef, would his jaw drop like him?

Then, would he regret to his core? Tsk, tsk tsk, Matthew suddenly hoped for that day to come.

Chapter 050 Arrogant First Young Lady of the Newmans

In the president's office. As soon as he returned to North City, Owen stared at the messages sent by Matthew on his phone screen and felt puzzled. What was the relationship between Hailey and the chef of the state banquet,

and the heir of the Clayton family? He knew that she could cook. When he was still bedridden, she had cooked for him. However, at that time, he was in a low mood. No matter what delicacies were placed in front of him, he

could not eat them. It seemed that he had even flipped over the lunch box that she handed over.

Later on, he recovered and was discharged from the hospital. At home, Hailey had also cooked a few times. Either he had already eaten outside when he returned home late, or he only

glanced at her indifferently and did not touch the food even once. Now that he thought about it, she was really good to him, but he did not cherish

this sincerity. Owen took out the rose seal that Hailey had given him and rubbed the words "Owen's Seal" at the bottom. His heart was in a daze. Why did people always regret only after losing someone?

"Gosh, I'm so full!"

Matthew touched his round belly and walked out of the restaurant. He really

enjoyed eating those dishes. He looked at Hailey and said, "Did Chef Clayton really learn all of that from you?" Hailey replied, "Uh-huh."

Matthew rushed to her and imitated the tone of the Emperor in the TV series to the concubines. "How many surprises do you have that I don't know?"

Hailey couldn't help but laugh and scold, "Get lost!"

Matthew also laughed. Under the afternoon sun, his smile was especially brilliant. His pair of attractive eyes were sparkling, and he sighed from the bottom of his heart. "You really are

a treasure. I am liking you more and more. What should I do?" "Then so be it. Just don't easily fall in love with me." Hailey put on her sunglasses and got into her car. She said seriously, "About the horse track, go back and discuss it with your dad. I will wait for your news."

"Okay." Matthew made an "OK" gesture at Hailey and asked, "When can I eat the

food you made yourself?" Hailey glanced at him from afar. "Just wait. It all depends on my mood."

Matthew also put on his sunglasses, leaned against his sports car and bared his white teeth at her.

"Then I have to work hard to let you have a good mood every day!"

Hailey got on the car and did not think carefully about what Matthew meant. He

said it casually, and she listened casually.

However, as soon as she arrived at the company, she received 9999 roses. The three people carried it over together, and it was comparable to a small flower bed. It was as ostentatious as possible.

"Miss Newmans, this is the fresh flower that Mr. Holland gave you. He wishes

you happiness every day and always smile!" The courier took out a small notebook and said, "Please sign for it." Hailey was speechless as she recalled Matthew's smile helplessly. So this was what he meant by "hard work"... She then received a message from Matthew, which wrote, "Although sending red roses is a bit outdated, it is the only thing that can express my feelings for you. Love you, oh, muah!" Muah?

Did he think he was a beauty?

Hailey signed her name with a smile and a sigh. After accepting the flowers,

there was an uproar. "What is all the noise about?"

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Hailey swept her gaze over, and everyone immediately covered their mouths. The office was deathly silent, and then her clear voice rang out, "Get to work."

"Yes!"

The meeting was held in the afternoon, and it was about the issue of the spokesperson for the jewelry project. The artists director of Southern Star Entertainment, Allan White, made the artist list into a powerpoint slide. Hailey listened as she flipped through the photos of the artists. Each and every one of them was handsome and beautiful. They were very good-looking.

They were much better looking than the influencers from the banquet. Before the meeting ended, Brook called. "I'm in a meeting. Talk later." Just as Hailey was about to hang up, Brook started babbling, "It's nothing serious. I'm just telling you. Don't be angry. I'll deal with those shameless little bitches. Don't worry about it!" She said angrily and hung up the phone. Hailey was baffled. What shameless bitches? Chris also picked up the phone, came over with a sullen face, and whispered a few words to her. Hailey frowned slightly, and then she looked at her tablet... She was on the trending search again. As soon as the fashion charity banquet held by Zero Hour ended, almost all the trending search lists were filled this morning. It was all fans who were crazily cheering for their beloved idols. The auction items and the good deeds were also shown in public. In a completely transparent way, Hailey's emerald necklace was also on the trending search. More than 20 million good deeds were hanging at the top, and the name of "Chris Marsh" was written as the donor.

It was originally a famous carnival. Everything was fine and the gossip slowly fell, but it did not occur to them that there was going to be drama again.

In the afternoon, Hailey made it to the trending search list thanks to several small influencers. "Aren't these the artists who spoke ill of me and was kicked out by me after poured wine all over them?"

Hailey looked at the unfamiliar names and didn't react. When she saw their photos, she thought about it a little. The few ordinary women indeed left a little impression in her mind. "It's them."

Chris stood at the side and said with a calm face. "They probably can't stand it and want to deal with you together. This is my negligence. I will deal with it now and remove the trending search first!"

As she spoke, Hailey had already swept her eyes over the defaming posts.

These were all articles. However, it was obvious that this article was not well written. At least, Eliza could write a few poems back then and tell a love story with great passion. However, they were really bad. They used a lot of wrong words, a lot of exclamation marks, and the language they used were horrible. "They are already pointing at me, saying that I am a bully. If you delete the

trending search now, doesn't that make what they said true?" Hailey said lightly and stopped Chris. Allan was confused as he listened to their conversation. He asked in confusion, "Who? What?"

Chris glared at him. "You are a person of the entertainment industry after all, but you're slower than me! Open your phone and take a look. Do you know those influencers?" Mr. White quickly opened his phone and looked at the articles that scolded Hailey. He was so angry that his fingers trembled. He slammed the table and said, "Are they crazy? How dare they say that about you!" Those influencers and artists were all hating on Hailey. They said that she abused her power and humiliated them in public by pouring red wine on them as well as kicking them out. In addition to the photos of themselves being splashed with wine, there was also a video attached, which was exactly the scene of Hailey pouring the red

wine onto them.

The video only showed a small part, and it indeed made Hailey look cocky. As if she was above all of them.

Hailey looked at her actions and thought to herself, "I did it quite elegantly, didn't I?"