

## Love Is Fair 71

### Chapter 071 Want It The Hard Way

Hailey's tone was clean and crisp, with a slight coolness. But in Eve's mind, she was like being struck by lightning and indescribably terrified. With what she

knew about Hailey, she knew that she could do it if she said it! "No, you can't, you can't hit me..." Eve shook her head desperately, ignoring the pain of the torn scalp. She suddenly fell off the bed and crawled forward. She wanted to get out of here! As soon as she opened the door of the room, two bodyguards standing outside blocked her way and instantly pushed her back again. They didn't take much effort, but Eve couldn't stabilize her body and fell on the carpet. The two bodyguards stood at the door like two iron walls with stern faces and asked Hailey, "Ms., do you need to tie her up?" Hailey sat on the edge of the bed, holding the ferule she gave to Eve in her hand, placed it on her lap, and asked Eve lightly, "Do you want me to hang you up and beat you, or just kneel down to get beaten." To put it bluntly, don't want it the hard way.

Eve gritted her teeth secretly, knowing that she was controlled by Hailey today. A good guy didn't suffer from immediate losses. She didn't care about any shame. She knelt and climbed toward Hailey, "Sister, you forgive me. I was confused for a while. It was my fault. Now, I promise, it will never happen like this again!"

"You surrender too quickly." Hailey sneered, her indifferent gaze swept across her three raised fingers, and she said coldly, "You're not confused. You've never been awake. Want me to spare you? How many times have I spared you? How do you want me to forgive you?" As she said that, she picked up the ruler in her hand and tapped her arm, not too hard, but still so frightened that Eve's face

turned pale, and she knelt there and didn't dare to move. She couldn't understand how Hailey could escape so easily, even though the plan was foolproof. What went wrong? Could it be that she didn't take the path that led directly from the city center to the Garden of Rose?

Looking at Eve's rolling eyes, Hailey knew what she was thinking and asked

quietly, "Are you thinking about how I escaped from those thugs sent by Andy?" Being seen through, Eve grinned embarrassedly and asked directly, "Sister Hailey, didn't you take the path you used to take?" "I did," Hailey said casually. "Halfway there, someone stopped me." "Then why?" Eve opened her mouth subconsciously and then changed the way she asked, "I mean, how did you get rid of them?"

Hailey's expression was indifferent, but she couldn't hide the mocking in her

eyes, "You really think that a few good-for-nothings sent by Andy could beat me? You underestimate your sister." She fiddled with her phone, found the

video recorded by Owen, and showed it to Eve. Eve watched the video in which those thugs knelt in a row, tremblingly accusing Andy of "buying murderers to kill her", and tremblingly kowtowed to beg for mercy. She couldn't help but widen her eyes. How did Hailey scare these people into this? She then took a closer look. The arm of a scarred man was hanging by his side in a strange and weird posture as if it was broken. And these thugs seemed to have been stabbed in front of them, and the wounds looked

deep. Half of the clothes were dyed red. "The wounds on their bodies..." Eve asked quiveringly with her jaw twitching. Hailey said lightly, "I did that." She shook her head slightly, "I didn't expect them to be so vulnerable while they looked so strong in appearance. I moved my finger a little, and they were scared to kneel and beg for mercy. Do you think they are all cowards?" Eve looked at Hailey, who had a vague smile on her face, only to feel like there were lice crawling on her body, making her terrified. The hairs all over her body stood up, and her whole body was like falling into an ice cellar, shivering with cold.

It was not that Andy was incompetent but that the opponent was too strong,

and Eve only felt that she had underestimated Eve's strength once again. She thought that she was just a jack-of-all-trades and mere form. So she let Maureen not be afraid and send seven or eight big guys who could beat Hailey completely. But she didn't expect that it was not Hailey who was beaten, but those brawny guys! It was so irritating! "Then Andy." Eve bit his lip and looked up at Hailey, "What are you going to do with him?" Hailey looked up at her, "In today's legal society, he bought people to kill. Of course, I sent him to the police station and let the law punish him." Eve stared at Hailey and looked at her nervously with her unspeakably stiff voice, "Then what about me..." "You are an accomplice. Even if you are not sentenced, you will have to be detained for a period of time." Hailey said calmly and added, "There are national laws and family rules. We have family laws first, then it is not too late to discuss national laws, I guessed that Andy and Maureen should have gone to the police station by now, so let's hurry up. I'll send you over tonight to accompany them." Eve had a bit of a fluke mentality at first, but when she heard Hailey say she

was going to send her in, she was completely scared, grabbed Hailey's hand and begged for mercy, tears bursting, and she said over and over again that she was wrong. She even wanted to kowtow to Hailey. Seeing Hailey's indifferent face, Eve took a few steps toward her with knees, snot, and tears, "Sister, I beg you, hit me, you can hit me any way you want, don't send me in, please!" Hailey tapped the edge of the bed with a ruler, and Eve immediately wiped away her tears and leaned over obediently. With a good mouth, she said, "Please hit me hard, sister, and let me learn a lesson from it!" She had asked for it, Hailey wouldn't be polite to her and slapped her a hundred times, causing her to tremble, howling shrilly, and the shouting was so earth-shattering that it almost overturned the roof. During the last hit on the buttocks, Hailey used a hundred percent of the strength. Eve screamed in pain, and her throat was screaming. "Till spare you this time, Eve. Remember, I don't want to see any mistakes again. If I'm unhappy, I will make the person who makes me unhappy painful." Hailey's voice was cold, "Things could happen once and twice, not the third time. Don't

force me to ignore the only family affection. Until the day I want to clear you up you will have nothing. Remember what I said to you."

Eve still maintained a prostrate position, sweating from a sore forehead, and tears wet the sheets. After Hailey left, she was so angry that she thumped the bed. No one knew whether she had listened to what Hailey said to her, but the humiliation Hailey gave her was firmly remembered in her heart! It was not too late for a gentleman to take revenge in ten years. It was impossible for Hailey to be so lucky every time and to escape. One day, she would take all these humiliations back from her!

Chapter 072 Was This Playing Hard-To-Get With Her? The first floor of The Nomad was a combination of a nightclub and a bar. With dynamic electronic music, the dance floor was full of uninhibited souls. The

guests were drinking wine at the bar, flirting with the beauties who looked at each other by the way, and after a few chats, they felt that they were in harmony, so they walked into the elevator and went upstairs to get a room. This was the world of adults and the land of freedom. There was only one person who was out of tune with the surrounding environment. Owen ordered a few glasses of whisky and drank it alone, with a strong smell of alcohol on his body, but he didn't show any signs of being drunk, and the air pressure around him was extremely low. The bartender glanced at him from time to time, and he had almost finished a bottle of Scotch. It was not that there were no bosses who came to The Nomad to drink and get drunk, but all of them were surrounded by beautiful women or were accompanied by drinking friends. Only this one was alone. In all fairness, he had never seen a man with such a perfect combination of appearance and temperament, sitting there drinking like an earl in a British drama, like an ancient prince, in short, a nobleman. Such a high-quality man was a beautiful landscape painting when he was just sitting here. Naturally, it was easy to attract bees and butterflies. The bartender counted with his fingers. From the time he sat here drinking, at least six beauties came, an average of one every five minutes, but each one came and left in anger. Because no matter what way the other party used to provoke, the gentleman didn't lift his eyelids. He just muttered a single syllable from his throat, "Go away." The bartender shook his head frequently as he watched, boldly guessing: If this person was not gay, then he must have suffered a serious emotional injury. In fact, Owen's work had a lot of entertainment, and he had developed a physiological aversion to alcohol. Except for the workplace, he rarely touched things such as tobacco and alcohol unless he was depressed and needed to use alcohol to relieve his worries, as it was now. He rarely needed to drink alcohol to relieve his worries, but today he was particularly depressed, and this depression made him feel that if he didn't have a drink, it seemed that he would not be able to make it through tonight. He was afraid he would rush to the Garden of Rose directly and ask Hailey, "Who the hell is that man?" He didn't believe that she had so many cousins. Even if he was really a cousin, he

shouldn't be this close. He never put his arms around her waist or around her neck. How could that man with pigtails do it! "Bang." The wine glass was thrown heavily on the bar, and Owen said solemnly, "Pour it again." The bartender just poured the wine, hesitating whether to remind him to drink less. A beautiful figure flashed over and smiled eagerly, "Handsome guy, you drink so much wine. Be careful of your stomach~." The woman was wearing a red suspender skirt, her beautiful shoulder line was exposed half-naked back showed her butterfly bones, and her big wavy curly hair was draped behind her head, which was charming and moving and made the bartender's eyes bright as if she was born with highlights. "You, you are Ashley Wilson?" As soon as the bartender shouted, the woman

stretched out a finger, gave a soft "hush", and winked at him, "Keep a low profile, I just came back from filming in the mountains and forests, and I haven't been in the city for a long time, I came out to have fun." "Understood!" It was not the first time the bartender had seen a star. It was just the first time he saw the first-line beauty like Ashley. He immediately showed her the skills he had to make her a cocktail, and he carefully handed a small notebook to her, "May I have your autograph?" Ashley smiled slightly and simply signed a name for him. During the whole

process, Owen didn't even lift his eyelids. He just drank the wine on his own. Ashley found it more and more interesting. Since her debut, or since she was born, she had never been so ignored by a man. She tilted her head, took a sip of a cocktail, and asked with great interest, "Sir, are you gay?" Owen frowned, and his cold eyes swept lightly toward the woman beside him. He didn't know if it was because he drank

too much, and the woman's appearance was a little blurry. But her sexy and hot appearance made him involuntarily think of the

sexy young girl in the video. Was she here? His sullen eyes suddenly softened a bit, and he couldn't help raising his hand to touch the woman's face.

However, the moment he was about to touch her cheek, Owen woke up because of her long curly hair. Hailey's long hair was cut short after their divorce. This was not her! With his hands back, his vision gradually became clear. There was an extremely charming face in front of him, which was even a little like Hailey's, but her eyes were a little more charming, a little less heroic than Hailey's, and vicissitudes. The change in his expression was all seen by Ashley. Obviously, the brief softness in his eyes just now was not because of her but regarded her as

another woman. It was not the first time she had seen such a micro expression. Once, she had seen it countless times on another man's face, and every time it made her heartbreaking and painful, and she decided to leave him "I look like someone you love, don't I?" A sarcastic smile appeared on Ashley's charming face, "Why do you men always look for substitutes for other women?" "Sorry, I got the wrong person." Owen apologized for his rashness just now. He raised his head, drank the glass of wine in front of him, and said to the bartender, "All the drinks this lady has tonight will be recorded in Room 77." After speaking, he nodded slightly and walked away with his jacket. Ashley looked at the figure of the man leaving, a little stunned, and then narrowed her eyes. Was this playing hard-to-get with her? Interesting.

Hailey came out of Eve's room and went straight to her parent's room. When

she pushed open the door and entered, Jared was still kneeling on the futon. Three sticks of incense were lit in front of the portrait, which had already been burned for a short period of time. "Why are you still kneeling? Just to show your good faith." Jared smiled and said, "It's been a long time since I came back to see my mother. I have been kneeling for a while to show my filial piety." "Then I'll accompany you." Hailey took out another futon, knelt beside Jared, put her hands together, and looked at his mother's portrait, "Mom, you are in the sky. Bless the second brother to marry a wife and give birth to a fat baby as soon as possible." Jared couldn't help laughing, "Is one enough?" Hailey thought about it for a while, then changed her words immediately, "Then have two, a boy and a girl, to make up a good word." "Thank you," Jared said, pressing Hailey's head down, kowtow three times with her, and then stood up. Hailey said, "Aren't you going to kneel a little longer?" "Just to show our good

faith. Our mom and dad are not strict." Jared said everything. He pulled Hailey up and patted her on the folds of her trousers. In fact, he said so much just to be reluctant to let her kneel with him.

"Do you have wine?" he asked. As soon as he finished speaking, Hailey stepped on the floor twice as if playing magic, and the originally closed floor suddenly opened from both sides, emitting a bright light. Jared was stunned for a moment and followed her down the wooden ladder, only to realize that it

turned out to be a wine cellar underneath. The wine cabinet was full of dazzling collections, all of which were fine wines collected by Scott. Morgan had occupied the house for three years but never knew the things below. Hailey, like a wealthy woman, waved her hand gently and said in a proud tone, "The most important thing in the house is wine. You can choose whatever you want

## Chapter 073 There Were Unnoticed Talents Beside Her

Matthew rushed from Belindao to Poya overnight and even went to Savory

Restaurant to pack a few dishes before rushing to The Nomad. Worrying about his brother's stomach and facing a few enchanting women, Matthew couldn't get through easily. He swiped his card, got into the elevator, went straight to the top floor, and opened the door of room 77. When he entered the door, Owen was sitting in front of the computer and tapping on the keyboard as if he was checking something. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Matthew coming in without even raising his head. "I went to the restaurant opened by Hailey to order a few dishes and let Chef Clayton cook them himself." Matthew took the lunch box out of the incubator and couldn't help swallowing when he smelled the aroma of the rice. Seeing Owen motionless, he walked toward him, "What are you doing? What are you checking so seriously?" He walked to the computer, leaned over to look, and couldn't help but frown, "Jared?"

Owen tapped the keyboard again and didn't stop until the page was completely displayed. He turned to look at Matthew, "Do you know him?" Matthew pursed his lips, and he couldn't tell whether his face was sarcasm or obscure, "Jared Gomez, how dare I not know him." He felt his word strange. Owen rarely heard such cutting remarks from Matthew's mouth, so he cast his eyes on the screen and glanced at Jared's experience. His eyebrows twitched.

"Prince of Gomez." "Yes." Matthew said with an arm, "You said earlier that you want to check him. Just ask me. I know more than the computer. But you have to tell me first, what are you checking him for?" Owen's lips pursed into a line, wondering if it was because he drank too much, and his head started to hurt. He raised his hand and pressed his temple with his voice low and hoarse, "He suddenly appeared next to Hailey today, and the two seem to have a very close relationship."

"What?" Matthew also stretched his eyes in surprise, "Jared has returned to

Poya? Hailey knows him?!" As far as he knows, Jared had been abroad for the past two years, and there were traces of his activities in East Asia, Southeast Asia, and the Golden Triangle. Everywhere he went, there was bloody blood, which was shocking. It was said that Jared was active because he wanted to avenge his mother, but no one knew who his mother was and what kind of revenge he was avenging. Unexpectedly, he returned to Poya. Did this mean

that the revenge for killing his mother was over?

Owen listened to Matthew's narration, stopped the chopsticks in his hand, and looked up at him, "You and Jared also have a hatred?" "The hatred between him and me was serious." Matthew snorted coldly, took two mouthfuls of rice in his mouth, swallowed it, and told Owen incessantly, "My father and his father were in a good relationship and were brothers. In the past, the relationship between the two families was very good, and we often got along. But this kid Jared, because he was a few years older than me, pressed me everywhere, bullied me with my bastard brothers when I was a child, and it was him who made me

almost drown at that time when I was a child!" Owen listened to his tirade and only asked, "You can't beat him?" As if he was suddenly bullied, Matthew immediately got angry. "Who said I couldn't beat him?" Matthew patted the table and said, unconvinced, "When I was a child, I was weak. Of course, I

couldn't beat him. But now it's different. I'm a special police officer. You said I can't beat a Jared?" Owen was noncommittal about this and only said lightly, "I fought against him today."

"What? You fought him?!" Matthew was taken aback and couldn't help but ask, "Then who won?" "There is no winner." Owen remembered Jared's ruthless skills, his eyes darkened again, and he said solemnly, "After a few moves, Hailey stopped us." Matthew's nose wrinkled. He only felt that he had missed a wonderful drama. "There were many unnoticed talents around Hailey. There is Brook and now Jared. However, Newman and Gomez are both famous and powerful families in Poya. One is the richest man in Poya, and the other is the king of the dark night. It's not surprising that they have a friendship. Maybe Hailey and Jared are childhood sweethearts who grew up together." Matthew analyzed honestly. But every time he said a word, Owen's face darkened, and the dishes in the bowl suddenly lost their fragrance. He put the chopsticks on the porcelain bowl, made a crisp "bang" sound, and said in a cold voice, "How can there be so many childhood sweethearts? Do you think you are shooting a TV series?" Whether they were childhood sweethearts or not, he would drive them away and not allow them to exist! "Hey, don't you eat anymore?" Seeing Owen walking toward the computer again, Matthew shouted, couldn't help humming, and muttered, "You're obviously jealous, arrogant guy." He was eating by himself, but the doorbell rang. Matthew just thought it was

room service and walked over to open the door, but a sexy and pretty woman

was standing outside with a bottle of wine in her hand. Seeing Matthew, she was obviously stunned and then glanced at the house number. "Excuse me, is this Mr. Holland's room?"

"Yeah, I'm Mr. Holland." Matthew squinted, only to feel that the face in front of him was very familiar, "You are the superstar Ashley, right? Did you come to me for a drink on purpose?" He was disrespectful and reached out to get the wine. Ashley deftly avoided his hand, entered the door, saw Owen sitting behind the computer, and then raised her brows, "I'm not looking for you. I'm looking for him."

Jared picked out a bottle of Scotch. "That's it." Hailey looked at the familiar wine bottle with an unnatural expression. She remembered that Owen's favorite wine was this one. It used to be in the wine cabinet in Moore Mansion. Jared took a full view of Hailey's expression and asked jokingly, "What, you are not willing to give it to me?" Hailey twitched the corners of his mouth, "As long as you like it."

The two took the wine to the guest room that Jared had cleaned up. Lily looked at the brother and sister who came out with the wine. While ordering someone to prepare a few plates of side dishes and hangover soup, she said, "Don't drink too much."

Hailey took two wine glasses, sat cross-legged on the carpet with Jared, and poured the wine, "Second brother, toast to you." "To you too." Jared clinks glasses with her with a smile, with guilt flashing in his eyes, "I have not been by your side to protect you for the past two years, which has made our Hailey suffer a lot of grievances." He raised his head and took another drink.

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Hailey didn't drink it immediately but looked at him seriously, "Second brother, my decision is my own responsibility. No matter what I have experienced, it is my life, I have no regrets, and you don't have to blame yourself for it. ." "But

there is no light in your eyes.” Jared looked at Hailey with a distressed look on his face, “Where’s that Hailey who is alive and happy all day?” A dark light flashed in his eyes, “Who should pay for this if I don’t make Owen pay.”

#### Chapter 074 Put On A Sack And Beat Him

Hailey shook her head with a wry smile and drank a glass of wine, sticking out her tongue because of the spiciness. “Owen and I had a long tangle. I don’t

even know how to make him pay. He didn’t love me, so it’s useless to make him pay.” Jared frowned, “That’s why he was blind and mistook pearls for fish eyes! My sister is the best girl in the world, no one deserves it, and he doesn’t deserve

to carry your shoes!”

When it came to pampering their sister, the brothers had narrow-mindedness,

and they were strict with anyone. How could their own pretty sister be wasted by pigs? Hailey just laughed. She always felt that the luckiest thing in her life was to have five brothers, which was the most precious treasure her mother had left her in the world.

“Let’s not talk about that stinky man. Since he and I are divorced, I no longer

have anything to do with him. When I came back this time, I only had one idea: to make Crystaldale better. This is the hard work and the family business of my parents, which cannot be ruined in my hands, nor can it be destroyed by Morgan and Reid.” Hailey showed determination, “I will settle with them one by one for the lousy things they did.” Jared nodded, “Brothers won’t let you fight

alone. Since I’m back, Morgan and Reid won’t be able to do anything.” He asked again, “The group of guys who wanted to kidnap you tonight said they were sent by Andy? What’s his background?” “He’s not somebody, just an influencer.” Hailey briefly talked about the entanglement between her and the Carter family and sighed helplessly, “It’s my fault, too. After three years of being away, even kittens and dogs dare to come to my territory to run wild.” She raised her glass, lightly touched Jared’s glass, and hooked her lips, “I’ll let them know who is in charge of this Poya.” Jared laughed too. His domineering little sister was finally back. The two chatted and drank. Hailey wiped her mouth and asked Jared, “Don’t talk about me. Brother Jared, you have gone to many places in the past two years, right?” “Yeah.” Jared squeezed a peanut, ate it, and squinted, talking about the places he’d been in the past two years. Hailey listened and felt stressed. These were all places his mother had been to. “Have you found anything?” She clenched the glass tightly with her fingers, and her expression became tense. Jared shook his head with a gloomy expression, “They don’t admit it, but I don’t

believe any of them. They must be involved in the death of mom and dad. It’s uncertain who is behind the scenes.” Immediately, a chilling smile appeared on his face, “Since they were unwilling to stand out and admit it, then I will kill them all at once. I would rather kill a thousand by mistake than letting go of one!” Hailey held his hand and said solemnly, “We will have our vengeance, but the most important thing is your safety. Brother Jared, think about what my mother said to us when she left, be careful.” Jared looked at his little sister’s face, which liked their mother’s, and there seemed to be domineering yet gentle words in his ears, “The whole world is less important than your life, so stay alive, do you hear me?”

Thinking of his mother's earnest teachings to him before her death, Jared's cold face seemed to be humane, and the seven-foot man burst into tears. "Little sister, I miss my mother so much." Hailey hugged her second brother and couldn't help but have red eyes. So did she.

After drinking a bit, Hailey was a little too drunk, and her face was full of drunkenness. It was said that telling the truth after drinking, especially in front of relatives, was even more sincere. Jared secretly started a group chat and started to play tricks with his sister, "Hailey, tell me, did Owen do anything wrong to you? You have been married for three years, and he has never touched you?" "No." Hailey was drunk and naive, holding her chin in her hand, and curled her lips aggrievedly, "I don't understand either, I'm such a beautiful beauty, and I stood in front of him every day. How could he not be moved? Even Tang Monk can still have a heart for the king of the Women Country. Speaking of him... Did he think that I am not beautiful enough or that I am not hot enough? I don't

understand at all..." She shook her head with her eyes blurred. In the Whatsapp group of the [The Brothers Alliance To Protect], the brothers sent out a few kitchen knives, and the handle of the knife was still stained with blood. The elder brother was the first to speak, (He is blind!!!) Several brothers in the back echoed, (+1) Jared listened, gritted his teeth with hatred, and felt that Owen was an asshole.

From Jared's point of view, if he didn't like his sister, he didn't have to marry her, and no one was forcing him! If he didn't treat her well after he married her, he could just put the flower in even if it was just a vase. She was completely

ignored. Wasn't this totally a waste? To Jared Gomez, who had been playing with women all year round, getting married was nothing. Even if his sister was divorced, she was a gorgeous beauty and had no worries about marriage, but it was unbearable to be a widow! He pondered secretly, "I guess this Owen may not like women. He might like men?" "Poof-" Hailey spat the wine out and nearly choked when she was about to take a sip. Jared hurriedly patted her on the back, "You drink slowly... are you okay?" The group immediately boiled over- The third brother, (Is little sister alright?) Fifth brother, (Second brother, take it easy when you ask questions. You are so rude as soon as you come up. What should you do if you scare Hailey?) Hailey coughed a few times and looked at her brother speechlessly, "Second brother, what are you thinking? Even if Owen doesn't like me, he won't like a man, and

he's not the fourth brother. I can tell that." The fourth brother who got collateral damage inexplicably, [...] Fifth Brother, [Wow! Look what it is?!] Brook said and posted some photos. The group was silent for three seconds and then began

to flood the group with bloody kitchen knives. Only the third brother remained silent.

Jared glanced at his phone and saw the photos posted in the group. His face instantly darkened, and he swore. Hailey glanced at his phone, "What's wrong?" "It's okay." Jared wanted to hide, but Hailey saw it sharply with her eyes widened, "You guys actually created a group behind my back?" Jared's inner voice: This was not the point!

Hailey was very angry and grabbed the phone without any reason, "Are you

talking bad about me behind my back?" She hiccupped and casually sifted through the chat records. When the brothers in the group heard her voice, they quit the group one after another quickly, and the group was disbanded instantly. They quit so quickly, but Hailey still saw the photos. A beautifully



dressed woman knocked on the door of room 77 in the middle of the night, holding a bottle of wine. Suite 77 in The Nomad, wasn't Owen living there now?

She gave a cold smile and turned to look at Jared, "He has picked up night party girl. I said that he likes women. It's just that who he likes will never be me." Jared was very distressed, "Little sister..." "Forget it. I don't give a shit about him anyway. Whoever he likes." Hailey threw the phone back to him, drank her last glass of wine, stood up on the table, and staggered out, "I'm

sleepy. I'm going to bed. Good night." Jared helped his sister back to the room uneasily until she lay down. He took out his phone and angrily called Brook, "Find a few people, beat him with a sack, which can help Hailey let out her resentment!"

#### Chapter 075 She Has Got To Be The Drama Queen

Before going to bed last night, Lily forcibly poured sobering soup for Hailey and

Jared. When Hailey woke up in the morning, she didn't have a headache. Hailey was grateful, and she hugged and kissed Lily. Jared also wanted to kiss her, but Hailey pushed him away, "You want to take advantage of Lily too. Are you a beast?" "As long as it's the advantage of beautiful women, I want to take it."

Jared was unreasonable yet tough, "You dare to say that Lily is not a beautiful woman?" Hailey squinted at him, who was really insidious.. Lily's face was full of loving smiles. Such a scene of brother and sister

frolicking with each other had not been seen for a long time, as if returning to the old days in the blink of an eye. At that time, everyone was there. The home was harmonious, and the family was happy. Now... alas. Lily swallowed all her sighs and urged them to eat quickly. Ava came downstairs, greeted everyone politely, and sat down beside Hailey. Hailey brought a bowl of porridge to her and asked, "Where's Eve?" "I knocked on the door of her room, but there was no response. I thought the second sister had come down." Ava stood up, "I'll go up and call her..." "You don't need to go." Hailey pressed Ava to sit down, asked the servant to go upstairs to call, and said coldly, "Tell her it's okay if you don't want to get up. But when it's time for dinner at home, you won't make a second meal for her." The servant replied yes, hurried up to call her, and turned back after a while, "Ms. Hailey, the second lady is not in the room." Where could she go in the early morning? Hailey called up the surveillance

camera, only to find that Eve forced the window open, tied herself with a sheet and fell downstairs, and escaped through a hole in the wall, "Oh, she's really promising." Jared watched the video of Eve, who was pouting and embarrassed, and couldn't help shaking his head, "It's pathetic. Look what you've pushed her to be." "Those who are pathetic always have some insufferable sides. She has got to be the drama queen. What can I do?" Hailey said that she was very helpless. She dug the hole at home when she was a

child because she was bored. Later, her father blocked it, and she didn't expect it to be dug again,

The housekeeper asked if she needed to block it again. Hailey waved her hand and said no, "If she wants to be a dog, let her be. If we take away this right from her, it would be embarrassing and make her even more pitiful." Jared was

eating the small steamed buns with crab roe and said leisurely, "Your security system is not safe enough. A living person just ran out like this. What are the bodyguards doing?" As soon as he finished speaking, Old K came over at the right time and said that they found Eve as soon as she opened the window in the morning. They wanted to inform Hailey, but they were afraid of disturbing Hailey. So they wanted to wait until she woke up. Hailey shaved Jared, meaning: Got slap in the face? Jared snorted softly and lowered his head to eat the buns. Hailey turned to Old K, "Did she go to find Luca?" Old K nodded. Jared looked at Hailey with an exaggerated expression, "You know that? You know so much." "Eat your buns." Hailey gave him a disgusting look. Ava also looked at Hailey curiously, "How did you guess that?" "What's so hard about it? A woman was aggrieved, and of course, she had to go to her sweetheart and cry." Hailey hooked his lips mockingly, "However, I'm a bad guy. I'm afraid my stupid sister, who is your stupid sister Eve, will suffer grievance again." Ava blinked and looked at Jared suspiciously, "What's that mean?" Jared was puzzled too and asked Hailey, "What do you mean?" Hailey calmly spread jam on the baked bread slices and sighed inwardly: what else could it mean? It meant that that guy was going to cheat her.

Eve hobbled and walked to Luca's apartment with difficulty, scolding all the way there. Last night, Hailey gave her a hundred slaps. She couldn't sleep all night because of the pain. She took off her pants this morning and saw that her hips were swollen like a red lantern. She couldn't even wear jeans, so she had to

change into a skirt. She dressed up carefully and wanted to go to Luca to tell her she was aggrieved, but he didn't answer the phone she called him several times. When she got to the apartment building, she was almost stopped by the

security guard. Alas, Eve's white skirt was smashed into gray by her, as if rolling around in the mud. There was a big hole in the skirt, and it was hooked by the wire when she jumped off her house. Even the safety pants inside were exposed. This was not the most embarrassing thing. The most embarrassing thing was that she was regarded as coming out of a mental hospital while she was wearing this outfit, and no taxi was willing to take her. She walked over in high heels, and she got blisters on her feet. Eve was in pain and aggrieved, stopped and walked all the way, crying. All the makeup she had put on ran.

And her fake eyelashes, eyeshadow, and eyeliner became a mess, like a black-eyed chicken. After she had talked for a long time, the security guards recognized her as the lady of the Newman and let her go upstairs. Eve hated Hailey, hated taxi drivers, and hated the security guards. "Just wait and see. Every dog has its day. I will make you pay for all the grievances I have suffered today! When I become Mrs. Edwards, it will be too late for you to

flatter me!" Eve cheered herself up and came to the door of Luca's apartment. After tidying up her appearance, she entered the password and pushed open the door of the room. She took off her high heels and tiptoed in, wanting to surprise her fiancé. The door of the master bedroom was not closed, it was very dark inside, and the curtains were not even opened. Eve knew that Luca got up late, and she muttered softly, "He hasn't woken up yet. It's just right. I'll get some good sleep in a minute." She gently pushed open the door of the master bedroom, walked in with a catwalk, walked over to the bed, lifted the quilt, and wanted to go into the quilt, but what she found was, "Ah—"The first scream in the morning overturned the roof and shook Luca, "What's going on? There's an earthquake?" He lifted the quilt and ran out barefoot without even putting on his trousers. When he ran out the door, he found that the house was stable and there was no sign of an earthquake. Then he returned to the bedroom and saw

two women staring at each other, who then looked at him. Luca frowned when he saw Eve and asked unhappily while raising his pants, "Why are you here? Why are you acting like this? What did you

do last night?" Eve's eyes widened. She hadn't questioned him yet. How dare he ask her?" should be asking!" Eve was tough rarely, pointing at the naked woman on the bed with her eyes almost popping out, "Who is she? Why is she on your bed?"

#### Chapter 076 New Sweetheart

At Eve's shouting, the woman shrinking under the blanket crawled in Luca's direction and called out coquettishly, "Luca..."

Her voice ignited Eve's anger that had been building up all morning. Hopping mad, Eve grabbed the woman and slapped her across the face. "Know your distance and stop shouting his name." Eve had been slapped by Hailey last night. With the same force, she smacked this coquette. The latter's face jolted sideways, and she fell to the bed. Despite the pain, the woman tumbled her way into Luca's arms and cried for help. In her early twenties, she boasted tender skin. Now her cheek was terribly bruised. They had slept together last night, and this was when Luca cherished his new sweetheart the most. The sight of her swollen cheek and red eyes made him feel like being challenged. His anger flared up in an instant. He shielded the woman and faced Eve irritably. "Are you done? Who do you

think you are?"

Eve looked at Luca incredulously. "I'm your fiancée." "We haven't gotten the marriage license yet, and you can't wait to get on the high horse?" Luca sneered, picked up his shirt from the floor, and put it on the woman.

Taking her into his arms, he dropped a kiss on her pretty face and gave Eve a provocative look. "My wife doesn't have to be you. Even if we get married, I can sleep with whoever I like."

Eve fumed with rage. The woman nestled in Luca's arms and stroked his chest. "Luca, take it easy. I'll always belong with you and obey you in every way." Compared with the wretched and aggressive Eve, the woman in his arms was pleasant to look at. Like a domineering CEO, Luca bent down and scooped her up. The woman moaned coquettishly. "Let's take a shower together. I haven't had enough fun yet. We'll go on with it." He carried the woman to the bathroom. She protested playfully and smirked at

Eve.

Eve trembled with anger. The humiliation she had received last night and in the morning was not as terrible as this. Her heart was throbbing, and her tears fell.

The flirtatious laughter came out of the bathroom and burrowed its way into Eve's ears. She felt a gnawing pain in her heart,

Why? Why was this happening? She really liked Luca. From a young age, she was aware of her feelings for the son of the Edwards family. Back then, he was the heir to his family while she was just the daughter of a minor manager. At the adolescent age of 14, she attended a ball in an exquisite dress given by Hailey. Plucking up the courage, she found Luca and invited him to dance. 18 that year he had just come of age. In an expensive suit, he looked mature and elegant as he shook the wine glass. He gave her a condescending look. "This is Hailey's dress, right? Cinderella

shouldn't wear the princess dress. It's out of place." The public humiliation made her face burn. She felt inferior, too ashamed to raise her head.

Even so, she forced a smile and said with feigned animation, "But the prince likes Cinderella rather than the princess."

Luca burst his sides with laughter as if it was a funny joke. Patting her head, he said, "Girl, only kids believe in fairy tales. In the world of adults, only the princess can marry the prince." With that, he ran away to have fun with Hailey. Eve watched as Luca went

around Hailey and told jokes to her. There was only one idea in Eve's mind. She would take Hailey's place and become the princess. Aware of her father's and Reid's plot, she didn't stop them. On the contrary, she helped them with the aim of driving Hailey away and taking her place as the real lady of the Newman family. As she had wished, Luca became her fiancé. Unfortunately, her dream was shattered with Hailey's return. Hailey was still the princess, and she turned back into Cinderella when the bell pealed at the stroke of midnight. How could she get her beloved prince back? Did he still want her to be the princess?

Eve's eyes glinted with a fierce light. She slowly raised her hand to wipe her

tears. She even helped them make the bed, picking up the underwear, socks, and packages that were scattered all over the floor. She muttered to herself. No matter who he slept with, his wife could only be her.

Jared finally came back to Poya. Hailey proposed to keep him company, but the man declined, "I have something to attend to, and you can go ahead with your business. Don't worry about me." Since it was improper for her to pry into the matter of the Gomez family, Hailey reminded him with concern, "Take care of yourself. By the way, Randal will come back in a couple of days, and you should make time for a get-together with us." Jared made an OK gesture and sped off in his sports car. Before leaving, he plucked a lot of roses, which pissed Hailey off. He explained that he was going to present them to the seniors in his family. Only then did Hailey grudgingly let him take a few. Hailey watched the man leave and helplessly shook her head. "He is a

grown-up but still fancies himself a bohemian. I'm not sure if he will even get married." Ava giggled by her side, "You don't have to worry about it. If he wants to get married, women will be queuing up." "Hope so." Hailey sighed and turned to her cousin, "You should be careful when you select your man. Stay away from guys like Jared." Ava waved her hand. "Don't worry about me. He's not my type."

"What's your type?" Her eyes glittering, Ava stole glances at Chris. Hailey looked over and tumbled to the situation. "Turns out you're into guys like Chris." "Hailey!" Ava blushed up to her ears. Chris, who came to pick them up, heard the second half of their conversation and asked wonderingly, "What guys like me?" "Nothing, Hailey was joking." In a panic, Ava pushed Chris towards the car, "Let's go. We're running late!" Hailey looked at her flustered cousin and sighed to herself. All the girls would

get married eventually.

Chapter 077 Render Good for Evil

On their way to the office, Chris updated Hailey about Andy's situation. In the police station, those people had confessed before they were even interrogated. Happy to see the police officers, they would rather stay in prison for the rest of their lives than meet Hailey again. That woman was a terror.

The policemen were confused. At first, they had regarded those punks as victims. They were the injured ones after all. After hearing their confession, the police officers figured out the situation. Turned out these punks had intended to hit people but got hit. The police officers had thought it was Old K and others who did it. Just as they were about to voice against torture, those punks claimed in unison that they

had been hit by a woman, and she had no helpers. It was a disgrace but the truth. They had been staying in the underworld for a long time, not expecting to fall victim to a woman one day. Since witnesses and evidence were all there, the culprits were arrested and detained at night for mayhem and plotting homicide. "That bastard can't be called a man. Andy put all the blame on Maureen,

claiming that she hired thugs in his name without telling him and that it has nothing to do with him." As a man, Chris scoffed at Andy's action. "What a jerk!" Ava was full of indignation, "What about Maureen? What did she

say?"

"What else could she say?" Chris shook his head, "She couldn't defy a higher-up. Probably, when the accident happened last night, Andy had colluded with her and promised her benefits if she could take the blame. Maureen is just a minor celebrity. Her life and death are in the hands of the Carter family. If she refused, denied it, and accused Andy, she might end up more terrible. Shawn would make sure of it."

Ava listened and had a bitter feeling. Although she had just entered society, she had heard about or seen such terrible things. They happened. "Hailey." Ava looked back at Hailey with concern, "If Andy were acquitted of a

charge, he would definitely hold a grudge and take revenge on you. What should we do?" Hailey had listened to their conversation without any comment. As Ava asked,

she replied indifferently, "Don't worry about it. He won't be released so easily. Even if he's acquitted of a charge, he can't harm me. You overestimated him." Not to mention Andy, even Shawn was nothing in her eyes. The father and son were just small potatoes.

They arrived at the office building of Crystaldale, only to see Shawn waiting anxiously in the lobby. At the sight of Hailey, the man rushed over but got intercepted by the security guards. "Ms. Newman..." Shawn's arms were caught. He shouted anxiously, "Ms. Newman, I mean you no harm. I just hope you'll have mercy and spare my

son." Hailey strode forward without even taking a glance at the man. After she went upstairs, Chris waved his hand as a signal for the security guards to let go of

Shawn. "Mr. Carter, what your son did was horrible. Last time, he hired trolls to attack Ms. Newman on the internet. Ms. Newman was unwilling to wrestle with a young man. However, instead of conducting himself, he hired thugs to intercept and harm Ms. Newman. I don't think anyone would bear with it."

Shawn's head was covered with sweat. He bowed and scraped. "True, it was my fault that I failed to discipline my son. I didn't expect that wretch to do such a stupid thing."

With a spurious smile, Chris said, "Aware that you're too busy to discipline your son, Ms. Newman has found a good place for him." Shawn was thick-skinned, but this was too harsh. A cold glint flashed across his turbid eyes, but he managed to contain his anger. He bit the bullet and smiled flatteringly. "Mr. Marsh, no parents don't care about their children. Andy is a wretch, but he's my only son. In our family, there is only one heir in each generation. If she dares to harm my son, we'll have to start a war at all costs. Even though you're back by Mazedew Group, you should not go too far." "Mazedew Group?" Chris was confused, "What has this got to do with Mazedew Group?"

| Shawn grunted, "Stop playing dumb. Mazedew Group canceled the partnership with us because of you."

Chris went upstairs and reported what Shawn had said. Hailey knew about the termination of the partnership between Mazedew Group and Artistic Talent. Wrinkling her brow, she said, "The termination of their partnership has nothing to do with me." "That's what I said." Chris continued, "But according to Shawn, Mazedew Group unilaterally terminated the contract because Andy's action of hiring trolls to attack you annoyed Mr. Moore."

Hailey lightly shook her head. "Owen is not an impulsive person. He should have found out that Artistic Talent is corrupted and thus decided not to work with them anymore. In recent years, Andy has been riding the high horse and offended a lot of media with his blunt words and actions. Artistic Talent's reputation that has been built up over the years is implicated. In contrast, Mazedew Group has been implementing a steady, low-key strategy. They're not fans of risks." Owen's decision was proved wise. After the news of Andy plotting murder was released, Artistic Talent was brought to the fore, and their stocks plummeted. That was why Shawn had hurried over and pleaded with her. Not a soft-hearted person, she would never render good for evil. Those who caused her trouble would be punished.

"Keep an eye on Andy. I bet Shawn will spare no effort to bail him out through a lawyer, and we will dig out the dirty deeds of Artistic Talent through Andy," Hailey said blandly, "Remember this. Our target is Artistic Talent rather than Andy. The company has been on a rampage over the years, and I will let Shawn know that what is robbed will be returned."

Chris nodded and smiled involuntarily. "Allan would jump for joy if he learned about this."

At the thought of that drama queen, Hailey couldn't help but curl her lips. Mazedew Group then crossed her mind, and the smile on her face faded away. "How is the preparation of dinner?" Chris quickly turned on the tablet. "I've contacted Jose. It seems that Mr. Moore

prefers a simple meal. He's not picky about food." Hailey scoffed in her heart. If he were not, there would be no picky eaters in this world.

## Chapter 078 Never Say That to a Man

It was not the first time that Hailey had cooked for Owen. As far as she could remember, she had cooked for him many times, hoping that he would fall in love with her once he had her food. Unfortunately, he

didn't even take a look. Sometimes, Hailey thought of how humble she used to be in front of the man and found herself cheap. Love was something that made people humble. If she could travel back in time, she would slap that woman named Hailey and wake her up. "He will not love you. Stop dreaming about it!" Now he suddenly wanted to have her food. Wasn't he afraid of her holding a

grudge and poisoning him? Following a cold laugh, Hailey said, "Make it Savory Restaurant and tell Gail to cook some simple dishes. By the way, go and prepare a cheque for five million dollars. It will be covered by my personal account." Chris took down her instructions and asked skeptically, "Would he accept your check?"

"I'll just make the offer. Take it or leave it. That's his business." Hailey thought for a moment, laid her eyes on the painting, and muttered, "I don't want to owe him anything. If he refuses to take the money, I'll have to trade with him." Chris followed her to look over, surprised to see the landscape painting named "Calming the Waves". "Are you going to give him the painting? Isn't it your masterpiece? Someone

offered ten million dollars to buy it, but you refused to sell." Hailey said indifferently, "It's just a piece of work from my childhood rather than my masterpiece. My father was the only one who treasured it. Unfortunately, I can no longer replicate it with this pair of hands." She sighed under her breath but not regretfully. She had more interest in carving than painting. The craft passed down from her ancestors could not be lost.

In Suite 77 of Nomad, Owen had barely gone out all day. Except for having two video conferences, he had been sitting there honing his computer skills.

As his friend picked up his old profession, Matthew said helplessly, "You've been out of the field for years. Are you really going to relearn it? If you want to check anything, I can help you." "It's okay." Owen declined. "Self-help is better than help from others. It may be

beyond your ability too." Owen's underestimation of him injured Matthew's pride. When it was about time, Owen turned off the computer, changed his clothes, tied a tie, and buttoned up the sleeves. Not satisfied with the cufflinks, he changed them. The importance he attached to the date was plain to see.

Leaning against the wall, Matthew folded his arms on his chest and kept

clicking his tongue. "That's good enough, man. It's not like you're going on a blind date."

Owen retorted in his heart. If it were a blind date, he wouldn't have dressed up like this.

Matthew then corrected himself, saying, "There's no way you are so serious

about a blind date. I still can't believe it. Did you hear it wrong? Did Hailey really promise to treat you to dinner?" "Why?" Owen raised his eyes and took a glance at his friend, "Do you have a problem with that?"

"No, but I have a piece of advice." Matthew walked over and selected another

tie for him, "You look like an old man in that gray tie. Take this one. It will make you look sharper."

Owen looked at the red tie and then at his friend skeptically, "Are you sure?"

"Just take my advice." Matthew tied the tie for him and rattled on, "I'm more experienced than you in this aspect. By the way, where are you guys going to have dinner? Can I come along?" "No," Owen rejected flatly. Matthew gnashed his teeth. This man burned his bridge after crossing it. He had planned to court Hailey but then learned that she had admired Owen for ten years. Since then, he had felt diffident and entertained the idea of backing out.

Life was short. In a sense, Hailey had devoted her youth and prime time to

Owen. Matthew had been searching for this kind of pure and unswerving love

but with no success. Not everyone was so lucky to stumble upon love. How much effort would he spend before he could get Owen out of the depths of her heart? It was mission impossible, and he was not Ethan Hunt.

At six o'clock in the evening, Owen's car arrived at the office building of

Crystaldale, and Hailey appeared at the entrance in time. They were both punctual. Hailey greeted Owen, prepared to get into her car, and signaled him to follow.

Owen, however, got out of his car and grabbed her wrist. "Ride my car."

"It's okay." Hailey wrinkled her brows and moved her wrist. What was wrong with this man? When they were married, he avoided her like the plague. After they were divorced, he got intimate with her. He no longer abhorred her? Owen refused to let go of her. There was imperceptible persistence and composure in his eyes. "You'll ride my car, or I'll ride yours. Your choice." Hailey looked at him in dismay. Was there any difference? She indifferently

lifted her eyelids and said, "If you'll drive." She knew that Owen hadn't fully recovered from the trauma of that serious car accident although he was physically healthy now. He had never driven again

since then. She was deliberately making things difficult for him. Owen dropped his eyes,

gazed at her, and then opened the door of the passenger side. Hailey wrinkled her brows. Was he really going to drive? Owen told the driver and Jose to go with Chris. When he was about to get into the car, they called out anxiously, Mr. Moore..." "It's okay. I got this," Owen said blandly before closing the car door and

adjusting the seat. It had been a long time since he touched a steering wheel. He clasped his fingers. This felt like a lifetime ago. Riding shotgun, Hailey sensed his rusty state and got anxious. "Are you sure

about it? You don't have to do this." Owen looked sideways at her and leaned over, making Hailey tense up. "What

are you up to?"

"Your seat belt." He pulled over the belt, wrapped it around her, and whispered, "Never say that to a man. It's a taboo and a provocation." When he looked up, the ardency in his deep, dark eyes scalded Hailey by



surprise.

Chapter 079 The First Official Date The car moved at a snail's pace since he hadn't driven for years. Hailey didn't complain or rush him. She knew how difficult it was for someone to hold the steering wheel again after having a serious car accident. She had a similar experience. The car accidents of her parents and her beloved man had traumatized her. For a long time, she hadn't appeared on the underground racing track.

She had witnessed the paralyzed man recuperating step by step. From lying, sitting, kneeling to standing... It was a passage of sweat and tears. The tears were from his loved ones. Even in the most painful stage after the surgery, Owen hadn't cried. A true man like him only shed tears in his heart.

"Pardon my slow speed. I've been out of practice and need time to adapt." Owen broke the silence.

Hailey stiffened at his tone that was imbued with feigned ease. "There is no rush."

The silence came back. A bitter smile tugged at Owen's mouth. "A few minutes ago, I thought I would not drive again for the rest of my life. In a desperate

situation, I realize that human potential is limitless." "I didn't put you in a desperate situation," Hailey said awkwardly. Owen took a sidelong look at her. "I did it to myself. For our first official date, I

should be the one to drive." Hailey froze and then turned to him. "A date?" He called this a date? "Yeah, Owen curled his lips, "it's kind of embarrassing that I let you treat me on our first date." Hailey silently looked at his side face and groaned in her heart, 'Come on, you didn't look embarrassed at all when you tricked me into this the other day.' The car finally arrived at Savory Restaurant which was still crowded at night. Compared with the day, it looked more antique. Lamps were lit outside. The yellow light almost illuminated the entire street. In the open-air area, a lot of couples were enjoying their candlelight dinners. The atmosphere was romantic, and the fragrance of roses pervaded the air. "According to Matthew, this restaurant is your private property." Heading inside,

Owen casually struck up a conversation. Hailey hummed indifferently. Matthew was such a big mouth. Presumably, he had sold her out, and she didn't need to talk about it in detail. In the elegant box, the manager served a cup of tea as soon as they took their seats and asked for Hailey's instructions, "Dear guests, the ingredients are ready, and here is your tea. Would you like to start dinner?" "Yeah, let Gail start his job." Hailey took the teapot and poured Owen a cup of

tea.

Owen thanked her and laughed as he thought of Gail, "I can't believe that Chef Clayton is a junior in front of you. You're young, but your seniority is high." "It's nothing. Get used to it." Hailey had a sip of tea and muttered to herself,

'What's the fuss?' Since her childhood, she had taken a lot of people as her teachers. Among the apprentices, she was the youngest but boasted high seniority. In other trades, she was even called a grandmaster. She had been used to it. As she acted and sounded like an elder, Owen grumbled in his heart, 'Matthew always calls me an old person. Compared with me, Hailey is more like one.' "I've

brought the porcelain plates.” Keeping his promise, Owen handed a box to Hailey who took it in a hurry. She opened it, saw the plates, and wiped her hands with the tissue. Only then did she gingerly pick up one, put it in her palm, and study it admiringly. With an equal passion for antiques, he knew that verbal admiration was one

thing. The tiny actions and details would tell if one was a true enthusiast. In the warm yellow light, Owen’s face looked soft. “You like them so much?”

“You bet,” Hailey replied without looking up. At the auction, she had to conceal her longing for the plates. She had been eager to take them home right away. Unexpectedly, Owen came out of nowhere and bought them. She knew that Owen was also an enthusiast of antiques and jade. It was

common for rich people to take collecting as their hobby. She was just unsure about his knowledge of antiques. On the day of the auction, he was determined to have the plates. Hailey knew one thing well. If they bade up the price to a sky-high level, it would be covered by the news. By then, things would be difficult to wrap up. It was not terrible that she couldn’t get the item she wanted; it would be terrible if the marketplace were disrupted.

Now that the plates ended up in her hands, Hailey no longer restrained her obsession. Except for the four lovely items, nothing seemed to exist in her world. Her eyes, nose, and hands refused to miss a single detail in the pattern, color, texture, luster, and scent of the plates. She sniffed the plates like a cute bichon frise. Amused by it, Owen couldn’t help but laugh. Hailey reluctantly raised her head, not embarrassed by the laughter. The outsiders might regard her behavior as weird, but it was perfectly normal

for insiders.

She fondly put the plates down and said, “That’s generous of you, Mr. Moore.”

Owen was about to say it was alright when she took out a cheque from her bag and pushed it over after putting away the box. “Here is five million dollars for you.”

The way she offered him the check somehow reminded him of the scene when they got divorced. He hadn’t felt a thing back then. When he became the recipient, he realized how hurtful his action had been. The smile disappeared from his face, and his eyes dimmed.

Owen calmly pushed the check back and said, “This is a gift for you, and I can’t take your money. We have long cooperation ahead, and consider the plates as a

token of my regard.” She had anticipated that he would make such a remark. Instead of insisting, Hailey took out another item. “Such being the case, I’ll give you this in return.” She didn’t want to owe him anything. Owen smiled bitterly in his heart and curiously took her gift which was a long scroll. He unfolded it and recognized it as the landscape painting that he had seen in her office. The poem on it was called “Calming the Waves”.

“Are you sure? You like the painting very much.” There were many paintings in his collection. Although this was a replica, the painting work and calligraphy were impressive. Comparable to the original, it

could be sold for tens of millions of dollars in the marketplace. "It's just a painting. I hope you'll like it," Hailey replied blandly.

It was just a social formula, but her tone was proud as if she was the author of the painting. An idea popped into his head, and his eyes widened.

His breath hitched and his throat felt dry. "Don't tell me the painting was created by you."

Chapter 080 Can We Start Over Met with Owen's astonishment, Hailey said nonchalantly, "Mr. Moore, you don't have to lay it bare." It was really created by her. What other skills of hers were beyond his knowledge? Under Hailey's composed gaze, Owen overcame his shock and doubts. This woman had perfectly kept everything from him. If he made a fuss, it would make him look like an ignoramus, and she would look down upon him.

Painting itself was no secret, but reproduction was a different story. The possessors of such skills usually kept low profiles. She saw through his doubts and admiration for the painting. He couldn't tear his eyes away and held it so carefully as if his touching would break it. His cautious look was really funny. Hailey offered her explanation. "I painted it when I was little or young, to be

exact. At 14 or 15, I went to an exhibition with my dad and saw this painting. I liked the heroic poem on it. The storms are nothing to be afraid of. They're just ingredients of life." "14 or 15. That was after your abduction, right?" Owen naturally picked up the conversation and suddenly realized that they had witnessed the darkest days in each other's life. Fate was really too wonderful for words. Hailey lightly hummed and nodded. Owen looked down at the painting still

incredulously. "You saw the painting and then reproduced it?" "Of course not, I'm not a god," Hailey said helplessly. Even if she was gifted with

a photographic memory, she couldn't possibly remember every detail from the paper to the painting work. "My dad liked it very much and wanted to buy it. However, the curator was

reluctant to sell. He pestered the curator till the latter agreed to lend him for three days. Since my dad liked it so much, I painted this after the original... Back then, I was too young to possess profound skills or comprehend the poem. I just mechanically copied it. My dad liked the replica so much that he hung it in his office till this day." She narrated the story in such a flat tone as if it was not a big deal. Now he finally understood what humblebragging meant. "The replica is vivid. I think

you're being humble." Hailey lightly shook her head. "This shows that you're still an amateur in this trade. Dilettantes watch the scene of bustle while adepts guard the entrance. If my teacher saw this painting, he would scold me for sure. It's just that my hands are no longer fit for the job, and I can disgrace him no more."

Owen furrowed his brows. "You mean the calluses on your hands?"

Hailey didn't respond. In this trade, reproduction was more than copying. The

fine texture should be retained, but her fingers had been thickly calloused. She could no longer feel the texture, and her reproductions could no longer compare with the originals. Since he learned about

Hailey's true identity, Owen had been wondering how the calluses on her hands were formed. She was a daughter of the Newman family. Even if she hadn't been pampered from her childhood, she couldn't work all day as those rural children did. How were the calluses formed?

Just as he was about to ask, the waiter came in with the dishes. He put the painting away and put his questions aside. Even the most common dishes cooked by the chef of the national banquet were different. They smelt heavenly and made his mouth water.

"Dig in." Face to face, they ate and talked about the racecourse project. Neither of them talked much, but their words were to the point. As soon as he mentioned something, she'd know what he was going to say. There was a tacit

understanding between them. The meal was a joyful one. The atmosphere was harmonious, and they interacted like old friends. Hailey suddenly remembered what Matthew had said. Although they couldn't be husband and wife, they could be friends. Her pupils slightly contracted as her eyes fell on Owen. Obviously, he had

preened himself for the dinner. Usually, he was dressed in a business suit. Tonight, he was wearing a cyan suit with indigo cufflinks and a red tie that was not his usual style. His overall image was yuppy. Other things aside, the appearance and temperament of the man were unparalleled. Few women could resist this type, and she was no exception. If she hadn't loved him so much and he hadn't hurt her so badly, they might become friends or even confidants.

Owen talked for a while before noticing Hailey's silence He Inked down and

saw her quietly gazing at him. Her pretty eyes were thick with sadness. The mole under her watery eye looked distant. He then realized that he had talked a lot tonight. It was more than what he usually spoke in a week. He wasn't forcing himself to talk. He just naturally voiced whatever came to mind. In the past, he hadn't found that Hailey and he could have so many things to talk about. That was because she had disguised herself in front of him, and he had never opened himself up to her. "Hailey," he suddenly called out to her. The woman in a daze subconsciously hummed. Owen's obsidian eyes gazed at her across the table. A hint of rare shyness crept onto his handsome face. His lips parted, and he said bluntly in a deep, hoarse voice, "Can we start over?" Hailey's heart convulsed. The information sank in, and she came to her senses. It was a long silence. Her gaze flustered Owen. At that moment, he was like a teenage boy confessing to the girl he liked. He was afraid of her rejection but could not suppress his feelings. He was anxiously waiting for her answer. The corners of Hailey's lips slowly curved up but not in a delightful way. She sneered, "Did Eliza awaken the Casanova genes of a spoony bird?" Her words dampened his enthusiasm. Owen's pupils contracted, and his lips were pursed into a line. "What do you mean by that?" "You went to meet a beautiful lady in red last night and came to net your ex-wife

tonight. Mr. Moore, your cheating skills are as impressive as ever." Hailey slightly curled her lips, but the look in her eyes was chilling.