

# Mission To Remarry

Chapter 1828

## Chapter 1828 It Is My Fault

Frieda's hand was tightly gripped.

Shawn's eyes were burning with fury as he berated, “Frieda, what are you doing?”

“B\*tch! Scoundrels!” Frieda was unfazed and hurled more profanities in the young woman's direction, fervently wishing she could strangle the latter.

A loud and crisp slap echoed in the air.

Shawn had just slapped Frieda hard across her face.

“What's gotten to you? She's my sister,” Shawn gritted through his teeth.

Then, he cast a glance at his sister, Coralie.

Coralie covered her face in pain. She had never been slapped in her entire life. Tears streamed down her face following the searing pain as she cast a bewildered look at the drunken Frieda.

“Shawn, is this your... girlfriend?” Contempt festered in Coralie's eyes.

Frieda was stumped, both by the slap and Shawn's words.

She sobered up instantly and froze on the ground, unable to utter a word.

Shawn led Coralie into the mansion to coax her, as well as apply some medicinal ointment to her injured face.

That young woman is his... sister? Well, upon a closer look, they do look alike!

Frieda suddenly felt her body going weak as she slumped to the floor.

“Shawn, what is with the luggage? Was that your girlfriend? She sure is a friendly one, greeting me with a slap. If Mom and Dad know about this, she won't ever get to marry you!” Coralie groaned.

Shawn had only arranged for Coralie to come to Horington to follow up on the upcoming expansion projects.

If Coralie hadn't encountered the handsome man on the bridge that night, she would have been in a much fouler mood.

“Okay, I will make her apologize to you sincerely! She didn't know you were my sister and thought I was with another girl. It's only normal for girlfriends to be jealous under the circumstance, right?” Shawn placated.

In the end, Coralie just uttered the number of a license plate.

“Shawn, hurry up and investigate this car license plate for me, and I won't get mad at you, but I'm still going to be mad at your girlfriend!”

Shawn immediately agreed to her request. Investigating a car plate was a piece of cake to him.

“This is the car that bumped into yours, right? Was it a hit-and-run? You could have reported it to the police right away. Then again, we can also choose to resolve it ourselves,” Shawn said.

He had noticed that Coralie's bumper was broken when he picked her up just now and assumed that she must be looking for the car owner who bumped into her car.

“No, that's not it. You've misunderstood the situation, jumping to conclusions like your girlfriend. Just find out about the identity of the owner of the license plate. You don't need to worry about the rest. I was the one who bumped into his car, and I want to compensate him!” Coralie explained.

She was at a loss for words. Not only did she get slapped for no reason, but if her brother continued to misunderstand the situation, she might miss her chance with her crush.

Seeing as his sister had finally calmed down, Shawn headed out of the mansion and noticed Frieda, who was sobbing uncontrollably in the courtyard.

He made his way over, and Frieda slowly lifted her head.

“You drank yourself into oblivion and came over to slap both my sister and me but only suffered one slap in return. That doesn't seem fair,” Shawn said icily with a grim expression.

“I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I'm really, really sorry. I was too reckless... Please forgive me,” Frieda pleaded as she carefully gauged the man's expression.

In the end, Shawn shook his head lightly and offered his hand to help her up.