

Pregnant 1511

Chapter 1511: The Truth Is Within Reach

"It's not the Leader's intention. I just want to leave with your mother and sister because I'm too embarrassed to stay in South Hampton City," Wyatt said bluntly.

"Even if you've handed over the power, I'm still by Edward's side. No one will dare to do anything to you. There's no need for you to leave this place." Candice was a little emotional.

To her, Wyatt was the person who had treated her the best since she could remember.

Regarding the Nicholsons' matters, she chose to remain silent because she did not want to involve herself in the country's affairs, and she did not have the right to be involved either. That was Edward's matter; he must have his own reasons for doing so, and she could not stop him. However, from a personal point of view, she could make her father's life better.

"I don't think it's a shameful thing to hand over my power. In fact, even if the Leader didn't do this, I would've handed over my power sooner or later. He's truly an outstanding Leader. Harken wouldn't be too bad under his rule, and I have no regrets." Wyatt was actually very loyal.

After all, Harken had experienced too much turmoil, and the best way to avoid another riot was to unite all their strengths.

"The true reason I want to leave is that because of your sister's matter, I can never live in Harken with my head held high. However, my selfish thoughts don't allow me to put righteousness above family, so I can only choose to leave." Wyatt said, "Don't feel guilty. This matter has nothing to do with you or the Leader. It's my own decision. Besides, I'm really grateful to the Leader for letting Chloe go."

That was right. Since Wyatt had handed over his power, Edward chose to let Chloe go.

"In fact, he didn't have to let her go. To put it bluntly, with the current situation in Harken, if Edward were a little tougher on me, my power would have been in his hands a long time ago, so I don't blame him." Candice listened quietly and slowly calmed herself down.

She said, "Has it all been decided?"

Had they decided to go abroad?

"It's been decided." Wyatt said, "After I leave, you have to take good care of yourself, even though we-

Wyatt paused. It was as if he wanted to say something but held his tongue. "You're a good child," Wyatt said something else instead. "I really like you." "But you're leaving," Candice said faintly, feeling a little emotional.

"Because I know you can take care of yourself. You're completely different from Chloe. You're much stronger than her, and I believe you will live a good life."

Was that what people meant by 'the squeaky wheel gets the oil'? "Before I leave, I have something to tell you."

"Yes." Candice nodded and accepted the fact that they were leaving.

It seemed that she could accept many things. She did not know what she had gone through in the past, but her heart was sometimes so strong that even she admired herself.

"Live a good life with Edward. Don't hold any grudges against him, don't blame him, and don't think he doesn't love you. He actually wasn't as happy as you thought he was. He also hides a lot of sadness that no one knows about. You really have to treat him well," Wyatt said earnestly.

It made Candice feel as though there was a hidden meaning behind his words, and she did not know how to answer him.

After the unpleasant conversation that day, her relationship with Edward had indeed returned to normal. They seemed to have left the past behind, yet there also seemed to be some distance between them. It was an indescribable feeling, but Candice did not care too much.

"Candice, take good care of yourself." Wyatt reminded her.

"You too, Dad. Take good care of yourself, Mom, and Chloe."

"Alright." Wyatt said, "You can call often as well. No matter what, we're family."

"Yes."

"Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye."

When Candice hung up the phone, she still felt a little sad. It was as if she was reluctant for her loved ones to leave her side. However, it also seemed like their bond was not strong.

She looked at Paige, who was having fun by himself. In comparison, she seemed to be even more reluctant to part with the Swans.

"Mommy." Paige suddenly got up from the ground and called out to her.

"What's wrong?"

"I want to poop," Paige said anxiously.

"Okay, I will take you to the bathroom." Candice picked Paige up.

With Paige in her arms, she felt warm and satisfied.

She carried Paige to the bathroom downstairs, which Teddy was using. He was very apologetic as he said, "I'm sorry, Madam. I'm having diarrhea, but I'll be fine in a while..."

"It's okay. I'll bring Paige upstairs. Don't worry."

"Thank you... Madam." It was obvious that the person in the toilet was not feeling great.

"Mom, I can't hold it anymore. I need to poop." Paige was so anxious that she was about to cry.

Candice quickly carried Paige upstairs.

“Mom, hurry, hurry,” Paige kept urging her.

Candice went upstairs and rushed straight to George’s room. She removed Paige’s pants and placed the child on the toilet bowl. As soon as Paige sat down, she started pooping with a serious expression on her face.

Candice looked at Paige and could not help but smile, feeling content. She supposed it was because of Paige and George that she could not bear to leave this place.

After Paige was done, Candice cleaned her up.

The moment they were about to leave, Paige suddenly said, “Mom, I want to play in Brother’s room for a while.”

George was already trying to get back into shape, so he was training alone in the back garden.

George was not a typical dawdler, and when he was exercising, he would never let anyone accompany him. Not to mention her, even Teddy, who had been taking care of him, could not get anywhere near him.

That little brat’s sense of pride was too strong.

“Doesn’t your brother hate it when you play in his room?”

“That’s why I have to play in here when he’s not around,” Paige said seriously, as if there was no problem with her logic.

“There’s nothing fun in your brother’s room.” Candice tried to dissuade her.

“I want to sit at his desk and draw.”

“Don’t you have your own desk?”

“I think his is better.”

Candice was speechless. Were other people’s things better and nicer?

“I’ll just draw a picture,” Paige said cutely.

Candice could not reject Paige’s request.

She said, “But if your brother doesn’t want you to play on his desk when he comes back later, you have to leave obediently, okay?”

“Alright.” Paige’s crisp voice sounded incredibly adorable.

Candice sat on George’s chair with Paige in her arms. The chair could be raised and lowered, so Candice lowered her head and adjusted the seat for Paige, who sat there obediently. Then, Candice found some of George’s drawing papers and colored pens.

While Paige obediently sat on the desk and started drawing, Candice sat beside

Paige. As she was bored, she helped George tidy up his messy desk and saw George’s precious diary. Looking at it, her heart suddenly ached. It was as if some memories were locked inside that diary.

She reached out and picked it up with the thought that if it was George's diary or something private, she would put it down. She would never peek into George's privacy. She just wanted to... see what was inside.

She was so attracted to it that she could not control herself..

Chapter 1512: Candice Recovers Her Memories, Jeanne Is Alive

In a quiet room, there was only the sound of Paige muttering to himself as she drew.

"This is Daddy, and this is Mommy. I'm going to draw my brother and me now." Paige's voice echoed in the room.

Candice held the diary and looked at everything inside.

"I love Daddy and Mommy the most, and Brother..." Paige's voice rang out.

She was just carefree and happy.

I want to live with Daddy, Mommy, and Brother forever..."

"Mommy." Paige suddenly looked up and called out to Candice, "Mom, can you write something for me? I want Dad, Brother, and your names on this picture."

Candice's eyes flickered, and she stared straight at Paige, seriously and carefully.

"Mom?" Paige was confused by Candice's stare. "Are you crying?"

Candice's throat moved slightly, and a tear rolled down from the corner of her eye. As she wiped it with her finger, the corners of her mouth curled into a faint, self-deprecating smile.

"Mom, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?" Paige asked nervously when she saw Candice crying.

Candice opened her mouth but could not make a sound. Some truths were just so unexpected that she started choking up.

"Mommy..."

"How could you take my diary?" George suddenly walked into the room.

He no longer needed to be in a wheelchair, but he still need a cane to walk. At that moment, he rushed in and took the diary from Candice's hands.

Candice looked at George's furious expression indifferently. He was so angry that his face had turned red.

"Get out!" George lost his temper, and his expression was scary. Paige was frightened by his expression that she burst out crying.

"Boohoo..." Paige burst into tears.

Candice looked at Paige's pitiful expression. Even when Paige cried, she looked just like Edward. As expected, she had Edward's genes.

"Get out!" George did not calm down even though Paige was crying. He even carried Paige off the chair rudely and stuffed her into Candice's arms. "All of you, get out!"

"Boohoo... Brother is so fierce..." Paige cried even harder.

Only children would cry loudly.

Candice looked at Paige and then turned to George. She watched as George put the diary directly into his desk drawer and shut the drawer fiercely as if to vent his anger.

"George," Candice called out.

"Don't call me!" George was fuming.

He looked frighteningly angry, probably because she had crossed his boundaries.

"Would you believe me if I said this diary is mine?" Candice said, emphasizing each word.

George suddenly froze and turned to look at Candice, who had tears in her eyes but a smile on her face. Her appearance made him suddenly think of... No, his mother was already dead. There was no way she could have come back to life.

Candice reached out and stroked his hair, just like his mother always did a few years ago. Then, he heard her say, "I still think curly hair suits you better." That one sentence made George burst into tears.

Paige, who had been crying hysterically at the side, cried even harder when she saw her brother crying.

As she cried, she said, "Brother, don't cry. I won't come to your room to play anymore. Don't cry, okay?"

Tears streamed down George's face. He had never cried since he found out about his mother's passing, and today, he could not control his tears anymore.

In the evening, Edward got off work as usual.

"Daddy." Paige got up from the ground and ran over with her short legs to hug Edward's leg excitedly.

Edward picked Paige up. "Where's your mommy?"

"I don't know," Paige answered honestly. "I haven't seen Mommy and Brother since I woke up from my afternoon nap. I don't know where they went, so I've been playing alone at home. Daddy, where did Mommy go?" Edward frowned, and at that moment, he had a bad feeling.

"Teddy," Edward shouted.

Teddy quickly came out of the room. "Fourth Master.."

Chapter 1513: Candice Recovers Her Memories, Jeanne Is Alive

"Where's Candice?" Edward asked.

"She said she was going out with George in the afternoon, so I told the driver, Ben, to accompany them. Are they not back yet?" Teddy was probably busy, so he did not ask further.

Edward placed Paige on the sofa and picked up his phone to call Ben, whose phone was turned off. Hence, he hurriedly called Candice, whose phone was switched off too. In the end, he called George, only to find the latter's phone switched off as well.

By now, Edward looked flustered, and Paige was a little scared by her father's appearance. She had never seen her father so flustered. It was as if something huge had happened.

Edward forced himself to remain calm as he called Finn.

"Fourth Master." The call connected.

"Is it possible that the drug has failed?" Edward was straightforward. It took Finn two seconds to react. "What are you talking about, Fourth Master?" "The pills that Candice takes every day," Edward said.

Finn suddenly understood. "No. I've done clinical trials on them. As long as she takes it every day, her memory will not recover."

"Is there a possibility of the drug failing?"

"Unless she didn't take it." Finn said bluntly, "I've given it to Patsy. Usually, after she takes it, a lot of her memories will be blurred. However, once she stops taking the medicine, her memories will slowly recover. If she continues to take the medicine, she will gradually lose her memory until she can't remember anything at all."

By the time Edward heard Finn's words, he had already strode upstairs. He pushed open his room and started looking for the pills that Candice had taken. He then found the box of medicine under the drawer of the bedside table. He quickly opened it and found that the box was full of medicine. Not a single pill was missing.

"Fourth Master?" Finn called Oilt to him-

Edward looked at the pill and stayed silent for a long time.

"Fourth Master, what's wrong?" Finn kept calling him over the phone. Edward slowly regained his senses. "Candice has regained her memories."

"She didn't take her medicine?"

"No," Edward said.

Finn pursed his lips. "Fourth Master, I don't think this is necessarily a bad thing. Actually, it was unfair to hide it from her like that from the beginning."

That was right. It was indeed unfair to use such a despicable method to get her back to his side.

"Has she left?" Finn asked. "Yes, she has taken George with her."

"Where's Paige?"

"With me," Edward said.

She took George, who belonged to her, but left Paige behind. It was clear and fair, which had always been her way of doing things.

"I think she'll come back," Finn comforted him.

"I won't." Edward said, "She won't come back."

He knew her too well. If she left, she would never come back.

Edward hung up the phone and stared at the bottle of pills in front of him. Actually, he had also expected that such a day would come. For so long, he had never felt at ease for even a second.

As the night deepened, Edward sat in the room for the entire night. Paige had come to call him, but because he did not want Paige to see the state he was in, he did not open the door.

Teddy had also come over to check on him, but he told Teddy not to disturb him. He just sat there alone in the cold and empty room, holding the box of pills.

At 4 a.m., the phone suddenly rang. Edward's eyes flickered as he looked at the familiar phone number. He watched as his phone rang for a long time and did not pick up. However, the moment the phone was about to stop ringing, he pressed the answer button.

After the call connected, they were silent for a long time. It was as if there was no call and no one was on the other end of the phone. "I'm at the Delta Islands," the other party suddenly said.

A familiar voice rang in his ears.

Therefore, she regained her memories and went back to the Delta Islands.

"Do you hate me?" Edward asked.

"I don't know." The other side replied, "But don't come looking for me." Upon hearing that last sentence, Edward's vision was a little blurry.

He said, "Alright."

He said it loud and clear, and it did not sound like he was choking up.

Then, the other party hung up.

Candice put down the phone. She was carrying a suitcase and holding George's hand as they stood at the entrance of the Delta Manor.

The glory of the past was now almost in ruins. Weeds were everywhere, and no one was inside. It was empty, like a cold haunted house.

"Mom," George called her.

Looking at the scene in front of him, he still could not accept it..

Chapter 1514 Candice Recovers Her Memories, Jeanne Is Alive

Although it had been a long time since he had been here, he never thought that the next time he came here, he would be met with such a scene.

Candice turned to look at George. To be precise, she was not Candice but Jeanne, the person whom the entire world thought was dead. She had regained her memories and recalled the last time she was at Bamboo Garden. At that time, everything was silent.

After she had given birth to Paige naturally and Edward had left her side, a few medical staff rushed in and gave her an injection. She thought that was her end. Although she was unwilling to die, she did not have the ability to resist. Thus, she calmly accepted her death.

She had never thought that she would open her eyes again in this world. If she did, she would be in heaven, or even hell. However, when she opened her eyes, she saw Finn.

Just as she was wondering what happened to Finn and how he died, she heard him say, "We're not dead. We're all alive."

Jeanne really could not believe it, but she had to.

Did that mean Edward was keeping her alive by faking her death again?

"However, you can't leave this place for the time being." Finn said, "You should get some rest first. After that, I'll help you with plastic surgery on your face."

"Why?"

"Using another identity to let you live."

"Is this Edward's idea?"

"It's Fourth Master's idea," Finn answered affirmatively.

"Can I see him now?"

"No, not for a long time. Once you are found alive, we will all be in trouble," Finn said coldly.

"So, I can only accept the arrangement?" "This is the only way to keep you alive."

"What if I don't want to?"

"Jeanne, you have to understand Fourth Master."

"Who will understand me?" Jeanne asked Finn, "I've lost everything because of all this politics. And in the end, I don't even have the right to be myself, huh?" "Being alive is more important than anything else," Finn comforted her.

Yes, staying alive was more important than anything else, and she accepted Edward's arrangements for her.

Two months later, she underwent the surgery Finn arranged for her. Surgery after surgery, she watched as she was transformed into another person — a stranger — a woman named Candice.

"Do I have to take this medicine?" Jeanne looked at herself in the mirror, at her unrecognizable self after countless surgeries.

Finn remained silent.

"What's the use of eating it?" Jeanne asked him calmly.

Finn said, "You'll lose your memory."

Jeanne listened and thought, 'No wonder I haven't been able to remember many things recently.'

Many of her memories seemed to have become a blurry shadow.

"It's just amnesia. There won't be any other side effects. I've already done clinical trials on it."

"So you were the one who developed it?" Jeanne asked Finn. She did not sound excited or angry. She was just chatting with him. "Yes." Finn nodded.

Actually, Jeanne did not doubt Finn's medical skills. After all, Edward's hormone pills were probably made by Finn. However, those drugs should not be on the market, which meant they were banned.

"Is Edward afraid I will kill him?" Jeanne asked Finn.

When she asked, she found it a little amusing. Finn looked at Jeanne and said, "No, he just wants to start over with you." "That means he still doesn't believe me."

"There's too much blood feud between the two of you. Are you really willing to ignore the past and be with him? Are you willing to put on an act with him? Are you willing to become another woman for him? Are you willing to return to his side as another woman and accompany him for the rest of his life?"

"So the best thing for us is to split up."

"He's willing to use the most despicable means to get you back to his side." Finn said, "For that, you can say he's not a good person, but he's definitely the man who loves you the most in the world."

That conversation was not a pleasant one.

Later, her memories after that became more and more blurry. She gradually forgot about Edward, Finn, Monica, and even her son and daughter. It felt like the next time she woke up, she might not remember anything anymore. Hence, she asked Finn for a favor..

Chapter 1515: Candice Recovers Her Memories, Jeanne Is Alive

She said, "Can you pass a message to Edward?" "Tell me," Finn agreed immediately.

"Tell him not to kill the Hills."

Finn was silent as he probably did not expect that. It had been so long, yet she still had memories. Moreover, her dosage was already shockingly high. Finn replied, "I can only pass on the message."

It meant that nothing could be changed, and from the looks of it now, nothing had changed. As expected, Edward did not hold back when it came to the Hills.

It was not that she could not understand his reasoning for doing so. After all, the existence of the Hills was a threat to the Duncans or the Swans, and there would always be some loyal assassins from the Hills

who would take the risk and choose to take revenge. For the sake of his safety, he would choose to eliminate the threat, and that was one of the reasons.

The second reason was that, as an assassin family, the Hills had once thrived because they had a connection to the country's regime, and many assassin organizations wanted to follow suit. In order to prevent that from happening, they could only exterminate the Hills so that those assassin organizations would not dare to cause trouble.

There would not be another assassin family or organization like the Hills that would become a future threat to the regime.

While thinking about some things in the past, Jeanne pushed open the rusted iron gate of the Hills and walked in with George.

Inside, it was barren. The once splendid and magnificent scene had long become history. She did not know what Kingsley would do if he saw all of this; he would probably go crazy!

After all, the Hills that had existed around for so many years had been destroyed in his hands. Any successor of a family would feel that they had let down their ancestors. Yet, she was still so cruel as to bring Kingsley's ashes back.

She held George's hand and walked straight to the Hills' cemetery, which was inside the manor. Every member of the Hills would be buried there after they died.

Kingsley had once said that if he was going to die, he would be buried here, to return to where he came from. Hence, she dug Kingsley out of the ground in South Hampton City and brought him here.

Looking at the densely packed tombstones inside, she found herself a little emotional.

"Mom," George called her.

He seemed to be worried that she would not be able to accept it. However, Jeanne smiled faintly.

In fact, there was nothing that she could not accept. After all, Kingsley had been dead for so many years.

She squatted down and found an empty space. She said, "Let's bury Kingsley here."

"Alright." George nodded.

Jeanne went to find a shovel and began digging the soil bit by bit, with George helping her from the side. Once the two of them had dug a deep grave, Jeanne opened the suitcase and took out the ashes inside. Then, she buried the ashes in the soil.

In the end, her vision blurred. The Kingsley in her memories was powerful, glorious, and insufferably arrogant. Now, he had been reduced to ashes.

George's eyes reddened as well. As he buried the ashes in the soil, his tears fell into the soil.

The two of them were silent until they finally buried Kingsley.

"George, do you think Lucy should be buried next to Kingsley?" Jeanne asked George.

George was sobbing. However, he kept holding it in and stopped himself from crying out loud.

Jeanne, too, had been holding back her tears. Sometimes, the sudden death of the person was not the cause of grief. It was from suddenly thinking about the person and knowing that they would never be around again.

She picked up the shovel and dug a deep grave right next to Kingsley's.

She did not know whether Kingsley had ever loved Lucy in his life or whether Lucy was willing to stay by Kingsley's side. As stubborn as she was, she just wanted them to have a companion after death, hoping that they could be together in the end.

After they buried the two of them, Jeanne left with George and walked into the empty manor building.

She returned to her room, which was filled with dust. Hence, she did a simple cleaning.

"George, let's just make do for now."

"Alright." George nodded.

After all, they were all tired after a full day of traveling.

As the two of them lay on the same bed, George asked Jeanne, "Mom, where are we going next?"

Jeanne looked at the ceiling above her and suddenly felt that the world was huge. It was as if no place was her home..

Chapter 1516: Candice Recovers Her Memories, Jeanne Is Alive

In that quiet room, Jeanne did not answer, and George did not pursue the matter. Eventually, George's even breathing sounded, and Jeanne also fell asleep. After that, she had a dream, a long and beautiful one.

In her dream, she saw the tall, mighty, handsome, and powerful Kingsley, who seemed very young at the time. Lucy, too, seemed very young.

Wait a minute. Was that not the first time Lucy used a honey trap to assassinate Kingsley?

Jeanne looked at Lucy looking nervous. After all, Lucy was still a little afraid of someone like Kingsley.

When Lucy came out of the bathroom after taking a shower, Kingsley was standing on the balcony, smoking.

Lucy took a deep breath and walked to the balcony. Then, she hugged Kingsley's back affectionately and said, "Smoking is bad for your health."

She said it in a delicate voice that was a fatal temptation to most men.

However, Jeanne's heart suddenly skipped a beat at that moment. It was because Kingsley was not an ordinary man, and he did not accept any flattery from women. On the contrary, he might even become more violent.

Unexpectedly, she suddenly saw Kingsley extinguish the cigarette butt in his hand obediently. After extinguishing the cigarette butt, Kingsley turned around to face Lucy, looking at her shy face.

His eyes were fixed on her face, and there seemed to be a trace of heartache in his eyes.

Lucy's heart trembled a little when she saw his expression. Could it be...that Kingsley had discovered her?

She had long gotten to know who Kingsley was. To be able to become the head of the Hills at such a young age, he was not a simple man. She had also heard of the cruel and bloody side to him. Once he found out about her identity, she would definitely die a gruesome death.

The moment she was doubting herself and even thinking about how to escape unscathed, a pair of slender hands suddenly caressed her cheeks.

His palms were covered in calluses, but he was unusually gentle. He gently caressed her face and forehead. It was as if there was a scar on her face. She was feeling the existence of the scar.

That made Lucy even more terrified. If she was really discovered, she wished he could kill her directly and not torture her in that way.

She felt like her heart was about to jump out of her chest as she looked at the rumored cold-blooded, ruthless, and cruel man in front of her, who was extremely gentle.

Was that how he looked when he was killing people?

She controlled her heartbeat to calm herself down. There was a blade in her mouth, but they needed to kiss before she could cut his tongue. However, she did not know how she could kiss him on the lips.

Lucy gritted her teeth. She suddenly tiptoed and pressed her lips against Kingsley's. At that moment, she was even prepared for Kingsley to push her away.

To her surprise, Kingsley did not move. It was as if he was frozen in place, and he allowed her lips to kiss his.

Lucy could no longer care. In any case, either one of them would die, so she had to take a gamble. She stuck out her tongue and parted his lips. Then, she used her tongue to wrap around the blade and tried to cut his tongue.

However, at that moment, he took the blade from the tip of her tongue, and it instantly became his possession.

"Oh." Lucy stared at Kingsley with wide eyes.

She thought that she might be the one who would have her tongue cut out in the next second. Unexpectedly, he suddenly pushed her away.

Lucy took two steps back, wanting to take the opportunity to leave. Clearly, the mission had failed, and she would die if she stayed here. However, just as she walked to the door and opened it, the man behind her suddenly closed the door.

In fact, she could not leave even if she opened the door because a few assassins in black were standing at the door. If she rushed out and Kingsley gave the order, she would die there and then.

She suppressed the fear she felt as she felt Kingsley's hand reaching for her neck. Thinking that he was going to strangle her to death, she suddenly turned around and waved her hand.

The blade between her fingers reached directly for Kingsley's neck. If not for his quick reaction, she would have cut the artery in his neck right now, and he would die in front of her in a minute..

Chapter 1517: Side Story: Lucy, I Want You To Like Me

Lucy's blade gently cut Kingsley's throat. A bloody mark appeared on his throat, but it was only a superficial wound.

As Kingsley touched it with his hand, Lucy looked at the man in front of her warily. Ten thousand scenes of him being killed appeared in her mind.

She even had a feeling that the man in front of her knew all her killing methods. It was as if he had predicted her actions in advance.

As expected, the rumored head of the Hills was not a simple man. So many people had tried to kill him, but no one had succeeded. In the end, they all died in his hands.

"Come here." Kingsley suddenly said.

Lucy could not help but take a step back.

"Come here. I won't kill you," Kingsley said.

Who would believe that? She had heard too much about how cruel Kingsley was.

"Anyway, you don't have a choice." Kingsley looked at her, his eyes fixed on her.

It felt as though he was not looking at his enemy but his lover.

"Kingsley, why don't you just kill me?" Lucy kept talking.

Killing her directly was better than torturing her like that.

"When have assassins become so reckless?" Kingsley asked.

Indeed, assassins were not afraid of death, but they also valued their lives. Otherwise, they would not have become an assassin. Lucy looked straight at Kingsley. "Will you let me go?"

"I won't," Kingsley said straightforwardly.

Lucy pursed her lips and thought he made sense. How could he let her go?

"Come back to the Delta Islands with me and be my assassin." Kingsley suddenly made a condition.

Lucy was obviously surprised.

"You don't have to feel like you betrayed your organization. After all, if I expose you, you'll only end up dead. In other words, under such circumstances, you're already dead. Your service to your organization ends here. For the rest of your life, I'll be the one to give you your life, and you'll have to be loyal to me!" Kingsley seemed to be persuading her.

Lucy had been an assassin for so many years, but it was her first time meeting someone like that.

"I'll give you three seconds to consider." Kingsley did not give Lucy much time to think. He said, "Three, two, one..."

"Alright." Lucy agreed because he had no choice.

Assassins cherished their lives, and no one wanted to die. Besides, loyalty was all about staying alive.

Moreover, the original organization had chosen her to deal with Kingsley even though they knew she was not capable enough. It was obvious that they did not give her any way out, and she was not so foolish as to stay loyal to them.

When Lucy agreed, a wide smile seemed to appear on Kingsley's face. Seeing that stunned Lucy.

Did they not say that Kingsley had always been a quiet person? Did she get the wrong person?

That person was not Kingsley at all, but in the next second, she denied her thoughts. If the man were not Kingsley, she would not have been discovered so easily.

With that, she suddenly walked toward Kingsley, whose eyes moved slightly as he watched Lucy walk up to him.

The two of them were very close to each other.

Kingsley was really tall. Standing barefoot in front of her, she only reached his chin, making her seem very petite. She said, "Didn't you tell me to come over?" Kingsley's eyes flickered.

"Well, I'm here now." Lucy looked up at him.

There seemed to be a hint of redness on her face.

"How many people have you killed in this way?" Kingsley asked.

He was asking how many men she had killed by seducing them.

"Would you like to take a guess?" Lucy smiled charmingly.

A normal man would not be able to reject her. However, she had only ever used that tactic on Kingsley, and ironically, she was discovered before she even started. As expected, she was not made to assassinate men through seduction.

"Don't use it again." Kingsley's tone was somewhat overbearing.

However, he did not ask how many times she had used that tactic. He was just telling her not to do it again.

"Of course, I won't use a failed tactic anymore, and I won't dare to." Lucy smiled and looked very obedient.

"Go and get changed," Kingsley said.

After all, she was only wrapped in a towel at the moment.

As soon as he said that, the towel suddenly fell to the ground beneath Lucy. Kingsley's eyes flickered, but he did not look away.

"Since we're here, why don't I serve you for a night, Mr. Thorn?" She had heard that Kingsley did not reject any woman..

Chapter 1518: Side Story: Lucy, I Want You To Like Me

That was why she chose to approach him that way.

Kingsley stared at her flushed face. If not for her charming expression and practiced movements, he would have thought that she was very innocent and shy at that moment.

The success rate of female assassins' using that method would usually be high.

If he had not deliberately set up a trap for her to kill him, based on what she had done tonight, he would not have discovered her identity as an assassin.

In his previous life, in order to make her his assassin, he used her as bait to make her walk into his trap. In this life, it was because... he wanted her.

That was right. He had been reborn. The funny thing was that the moment he thought he was dead, he opened his eyes, and it was six years ago.

Six years ago, Jeanne had just been brought back to the Hills, and Lucy was not yet his assassin. It made him wonder if that was a chance for him to atone for his sins.

The only thing he wanted to do after he was reborn was to bring Lucy back to his side to love her and not to use her.

Jeanne once said that Lucy would become one of his regrets. Although he said that would never happen, he only knew the moment he died that it was his long-cherished wish.

When he died, his mind was filled with Lucy, who died before him. Therefore, he did not resist it when he died.

Although he really wanted to be able to accompany Jeanne, worried that Jeanne would not be able to accept his death, he finally felt relieved. Jeanne had her own path to walk, and he believed that she could walk it on her own.

What he wanted more was to die with Lucy. It was probably because he regretted never admitting that he had fallen in love with Lucy. Even at the moment of his death, he did not apologize to Lucy.

He did not know if it was because of that strong obsession that God had given him a chance to start over. However, since they were starting over, he would definitely not leave any regrets in his life.

His eyes were fixed on the living Lucy in front of him. The 25-year-old Lucy was not much different from the 32-year-old Lucy. They were both young and beautiful. The only change was the way she looked at him.

The Lucy who looked at him now may be vigilant and guarded, but she did not have the helplessness and compromise from many years ago. She did not follow his orders, nor did she have any expectations of him or feel resistance toward him.

He stretched out his hand, and his slender fingers lifted her chin.

“Do you want to?” he asked her. Did she want to sleep with him?

“Yes.” Lucy smiled.

He knew very well that she was lying to him, but he realized that he could not refuse.

He said, “In that case, go take a shower.”

Lucy smiled. “I’ve already washed up. If you don’t believe me, you can smell the shower gel on my body.”

“Wash that drug off your body,” Kingsley said bluntly.

The smile on Lucy’s face froze for a second.

That was right. She had smeared a layer of colorless and odorless poison on her body. Once he inhaled a certain amount of it, his heart would stop, and he would die instantly.

It was impossible for an assassin to trust just someone. The only way for them to protect themselves was to save themselves.

In fact, she did not believe it. Would Kingsley really be so kind as to take her back to the Delta Islands and keep her alive?

She bit her lip lightly, but before she could react, Kingsley had already bent down and picked her up. Lucy turned to look at him and watched as he put her directly into the luxurious bathtub in the luxurious hotel.

Kingsley cleaned her from head to toe, which meant that all the weapons she had that could protect herself were destroyed. She could only be at the mercy of others.

Then, Kingsley carried her back to the bed, where Lucy lay under him, unable to refuse or resist.

She watched as his face got closer and closer to hers. The moment he kissed

her lips, she heard him say, “If you don’t want to do it anymore, push me away.”

Lucy was speechless. ‘Who the hell is the man in front of me?’

Would Kingsley be so kind as to ask for someone else's permission? He did not just ask for her permission, but he even cared about her feelings.

She thought that her first time would be earth-shattering. After all, although she had seduced him, a man like Kingsley would be kind to her.

However, she felt that the man was extremely gentle throughout the entire process...

Chapter 1519: Side Story: Lucy, I Want You To Like Me

Were those women who said that Kingsley was cold-blooded in bed spreading rumors? Were their goals to stop other women from seducing Kingsley? Anyway, Lucy's first time in bed was considered beautiful.

After that, the bed was stained red. Kingsley looked at it for a long time, and it made Lucy feel a little awkward.

"Is this your first time?" Kingsley asked.

Lucy did not know how to answer him. She thought Kingsley did not care about that. After all, he had had so many women, and her being a virgin should not be a problem for him.

She did not even know whether Kingsley preferred a woman who was a virgin or had experience. Her deep-rooted impression of the man was that she could not afford to offend him. Living by his side was like walking on thin ice.

Seeing that Lucy did not answer, Kingsley did not ask any further.

In fact, in order for assassins to achieve a certain goal, they would do a lot of homework, and healing their bodies was one of them. After all, a woman's first time would lower a man's guard and make it easier to complete the mission.

In his previous life, he had also seen Lucy bleed for the first time, but it had never crossed his mind in his previous life because he did not care.

When he thought of everything he had done to her in the past... Kingsley pursed his thin lips.

"Yes," Lucy suddenly answered.

Kingsley's eyes flickered. He thought that he would not care about it, but at that moment, he suddenly felt a little excited.

"I thought assassinating people with my charm would be my ultimate killing tactic. Of course, Killing ordinary people doesn't require me to use such a highly-skilled tactic, and I only use it when dealing with big bosses. However, the move that I thought was the most powerful was the one that made me fail," Lucy said sarcastically.

At that moment, Kingsley suddenly laughed. His smile could not be any more obvious.

She did not know if he was mocking her, but she felt embarrassed. She said, "I won't use it in the future. I'll just go straight to the killing."

What did it mean to go straight to the killing? Who said she would be tasked to kill people in the future?

Lucy followed Kingsley to the Delta Islands.

She had heard of people commenting about the place, that one had to see it to believe it. However, when she saw that luxurious ancient manor, she was still shocked. It gave the vibe of an emperor's residence, and everything inside was beyond her imagination.

Now she understood why so many assassins wanted to join the Hills. If she knew that the assassins of the Hills could enjoy such a good life, she would have come over earlier.

She followed beside Kingsley, and upon Kingsley's return, all the assassins would come out to welcome him. Then, everyone looked at the unfamiliar face that Kingsley had brought back, making Lucy feel a little uncomfortable.

She braced herself and followed behind Kingsley, whom she heard say to everyone, "Lucy will be a member of the Hills from now on."

He introduced her in public instead of getting her to introduce herself. It was as if he was just announcing her existence to everyone.

After that, he led her directly to the residential area and into a luxurious room. It was obvious that it was Kingsley's bedroom.

"From now on, you'll live here," Kingsley said bluntly.

Lucy was stunned, and she looked at Kingsley in disbelief. It meant that she was going to stay in the same room as him, which was probably not good.

She was just an assassin. If he really had a need, she would satisfy him. Staying in the same room seemed a little inappropriate.

"Do you not want to?" Kingsley saw through her thoughts and asked her.

"I'm just afraid that others will misunderstand," Lucy quickly said.

She had been an assassin for a long time, so her first reaction was how to protect herself.

She was afraid that if she stayed in the same room as Kingsley, she would be envied. Moreover, as she was not familiar with the Hills, she might be assassinated before she knew it.

"No one will misunderstand," Kingsley said bluntly.

Therefore... was it normal for Kingsley to sleep in the same bed with a woman?

"Alright." Of course, she did not dare to refuse.

"Come here, let me introduce you to someone." Kingsley left the room with Lucy.

After living for 25 years and being an assassin for 10 years, that was her first time feeling confused.

Kingsley pushed open a door, and in there lived a woman.

At that moment, she was holding a baby in her arms. The baby, who was only a few months old, looked very well-behaved.

The first thing Lucy thought was that it was Kingsley's child..

Chapter 1520: Side Story: Lucy, I Want You To Like Me

The next second, she heard him say, "This is Jeanne, my sister's daughter. My sister died early, so I'm her guardian from now on."

Guardian? However, from the looks of it, the girl called Jeanne was really very young, about 17 or 18 years old.

"I'm 19," Jeanne introduced herself.

She really did not know what was wrong with Kingsley to suddenly bring back a woman for her to meet. From the look in the woman's eyes, she knew that the woman must have misunderstood something.

"Oh, hello. I'm Lucy. I'm 25 years old."

"Is she supposed to be my sister?" Jeanne was asking Kingsley.

"You can call her your aunt," Kingsley said bluntly.

Jeanne's eyes widened. Lucy was six years older than her, yet she had to call her aunt?

"She's the same seniority as me," Kingsley explained.

At that time, Jeanne and Kingsley were not close enough for her to talk back to him. Hence, she called out, "Aunt Lucy."

Lucy, on the other hand, felt a little awkward.

She was just an assassin Kingsley brought back. Since Jeanne was Kingsley's biological niece, Jeanne would be her master. Why the hell did Jeanne have to call her aunt?

As such, Lucy said, "You can just call me by my name."

"Just call her your aunt," Kingsley said firmly.

Lucy did not dare to retort.

"Jeanne's child doesn't have a father, so if you have time in the future, you can help Jeanne take care of her child. His name is George," Kingsley continued his introduction.

Lucy was speechless. She was an assassin, not a nanny.

"Let's go."

After Kingsley gave a simple introduction, he left with Lucy, and the two of them returned to the room.

Lucy was at a loss as to what to do when she saw Kingsley sitting on the sofa, seemingly tired. He called out to her, "Come and sit here."

He patted the seat beside him, so Lucy walked over meekly and sat beside him.

Just as she sat down, she felt Kingsley pull her into his embrace. She did not dare to move, and her body stiffened a little. "Get used to living here," Kingsley said.

"Alright."

She could get used to being anywhere, but she was not used to being hugged like that, and she felt goosebumps all over her body.

In her heart, she shouted, "I'm here to be an assassin!"

"I'm a little sleepy. I'm going to sleep for a while. Do you want to join me?"

"I'm not sleepy. Can I walk around?" Lucy was really a little afraid of Kingsley. She found men, who were very different from what the rumors say, terrifying.

"Alright." Kingsley nodded.

With that, he let go of Lucy and went to bed.

Lucy, on the other hand, took a deep breath and left the room. She randomly picked a direction and shuttled through the manor.

When she ran into many servants and assassins in the manor, no one took the initiative to greet each other. Besides, Lucy was just familiarizing herself with the environment in case she could still escape.

She turned around, and just as she was about to go back, a woman stood in front of her.

Lucy did not have the skills of a top-notch assassin, but she was more skilled than most other assassins. For example, she could tell at a glance whether the person in front of her was up to no good.

"Are you the woman Mr. Thorn brought back today?" The woman went straight to the point.

"Yes, I am. My name is Lucy."

"The woman who's rumored to be the number one assassin in the industry?"

"It's just a rumor," Lucy said humbly.

"No matter what, I've come to tell you the rules of the Hills."

"Alright." Lucy really hoped that someone would tell her what she should do here, even though that person was very hostile.

"The assassins of the Hills are only Mr. Thorn's subordinates. Don't think that you can have Mr. Thorn. He can't belong to anyone. You should have some self-awareness."

Lucy quickly nodded. She had never thought of having anything, let alone Kingsley.

"Mr. Thorn has many women. We female assassins often serve Mr. Thorn. At present, I'm the one who serves him the most. You should know what I mean."

The woman looked a little smug.

"I know, I know." Lucy appeared very humble.

When in other people's territory, she naturally could not offend anyone before she could establish a position for herself.

"But I heard that Mr. Thorn has told you to sleep in the same room as him?" The woman raised her eyebrows.

To be able to learn the news so quickly, the woman should have a high status in the Hills.

She explained, "Maybe you're still new."

"Even so, you should know your place." The woman sneered. "I'm not going to waste my breath on you. Make arrangements for me tonight. I want to sleep with Mr. Thorn.."