

Nigel left? Did he really leave?

Nigel walked to the door and opened it.

Standing outside was a young, stunning woman. The moment she saw Nigel, she froze, then quickly blushed. "M-Mr. Hampton."

Nigel looked at her. "You know who I am?"

"There's not a soul in the Capitol who doesn't know you, Mr. Hampton. Of course, I recognize you—even if you don't recognize me."

This woman had been sent by Fiona. She knew exactly why she was here—to please a man.

Anyone associated with Fiona had to be someone of status—wealthy at the very least. She had come eager and ready, but the moment she laid eyes on Nigel, she was stunned.

It was like a dream come true. She never imagined the man she was about to serve would be Nigel Hampton himself.

Nigel easily caught the anticipation and desire in her eyes. He smirked. "Let's start right here."

Right here?

The woman glanced into the room at Fiona. "Mr. Hampton... isn't this place inappropriate? Ms. Jakeman is still inside."

Nigel sneered. "It's fine. Ms. Jakeman was the one who invited you, after all. I'm sure she won't mind if we begin right here in her room, right under her nose."

Nigel looked at the woman again. "You only get one shot. If you're not willing, leave now. I'll call the next one."

The woman immediately said, "Got it, Mr. Hampton. Let's get started."

She stepped forward and stood right in front of Nigel. Carefully, she lifted her hands. "Mr. Hampton, may I help you undress?"

Nigel didn't object.

Fiona watched as the woman's hand reached for the belt of Nigel's silk pajamas.

Just as she was about to untie it, Fiona couldn't take it anymore and walked out.

"Mr. Hampton, Ms. Jakeman has left."

Nigel's eyes followed her retreating figure, his gaze slowly darkening as she left.

Fiona exited the villa and got into her luxury car. Tonight, she had handed over her villa—along with her bedroom—to Nigel. She decided to let him have all the fun he wanted with other women. She was done and ready to drive off.

But... she didn't know where to go.

Her heart ached terribly. As much as she didn't want to admit it, she still loved Nigel.

Over two decades had passed, and she still hadn't let him go. She couldn't accept seeing him with someone else.

However, Anne's existence was like a thorn embedded in her heart. As long as Anne was around, there would be no chance of reconciliation between her and Nigel.

Fiona's eyes grew hot, and soon, tears rolled down her cheeks.

She actually cried. She was crying over Nigel again.

Just then, the driver's side of the door was pulled open, and a low, hoarse voice sounded above her. "What are you crying for?"

Fiona froze and quickly looked up and saw Nigel. He was standing outside the car, looking down at her.

Her mind went blank. She stared at him, too stunned to react. She couldn't understand what he was doing here.

Shouldn't he be with that hooker she called?

"Why are you here?" she asked.

"Where else would I be? What, did you expect me to actually sleep with her?"

Fiona was speechless. "Isn't that what you wanted?"