

Nigel looked at the tears on her face. "You're already crying this much before I even did anything with that woman. If I had really done it, would you have cried yourself to death?"

Fiona snapped back immediately, "Don't flatter yourself! Who says I was crying over you? Let go! I'm closing the door!"

But before she could, Nigel grabbed her wrist, yanked her out of the car, and then shoved her into the back seat.

Fiona struggled. "What are you doing? Let go of me! I want to get out!"

Nigel climbed into the back seat after her, then shut the door and pulled her into

his lap.

"What's with the fuss?"

Fiona tried to climb off. "What are you trying to do, Nigel? We're in a car!"

Nigel leaned down and kissed her. "Haven't we done it in a car before? Didn't you used to like that?"

Fiona, at a loss for words, bit him on the lips.

Nigel hissed from the pain as she bit hard enough to draw blood. He reached up and cupped her face. "Fiona, I'm still drugged. Are you really not going to help? Without your help, I might actually die."

Fiona hesitated.

"Fiona, you really are a heartless woman. If you were poisoned, I'd trade my life for yours in a heartbeat, but you can't even spend one night with me to save mine."

Fiona felt a twinge of guilt and explained, "That's not what I meant..."

Nigel let go of her. "If you're really that cold-blooded, then fine-just sit back and watch me die."

He leaned back in the seat, totally giving up on life.

After everything he had just said, how could Fiona leave him to die? She reached up and looped her arms around his neck.

"You're doing this on purpose, aren't you? You're just trying to use reverse psychology on me."

Nigel stared at her. "So, are you willing to save me?"

Fiona nodded. "You saved me. Of course, I'll save you."

Nigel smirked. "Then you take the lead."

Fiona was speechless. Was he actually asking her to make the first move?

Fiona shot him a deathly glare.

Nigel reached for her collar and tugged her shirt down. "What's with the look? Didn't you always like being the one on top?"

Fiona leaned in to kiss him, sealing his lips to stop him from speaking further.

Back in the living room, Celine sat calmly on the couch. A maid handed her a cup of tea. "Ms. Tate, you're amazing! Mr. and Mrs. Hampton had been at odds for decades, with neither willing to give in. But ever Butever since you showed up, they actually got back together!"

Celine took the tea and smiled. "Honestly, I was testing them-testing whether they still had feelings for each other. Turns out they do, so now it'll be much easier to help them move forward."

The maid couldn't help but give her a thumbs-up.

Just then, the woman Fiona had hired came downstairs with an embarrassed expression.

Celine for the

d at her. "You're off duty

Don't worry, Ms.

will still pay you

. You may go."

The woman didn't care about the money. She wanted Nigel.

she

But he had suddenly left her behind and chased after Fiona instead.

It was clear Nigel thought nothing of her. The whole act was just for Fiona's sake.

She reluctantly walked out of the house, only to see the luxury car parked on the lawn rocking steadily.

The woman covered her mouth, tears welling up as she ran off with a broken heart.