

The next morning, when Fiona woke up, she felt like her whole body had been run over by a truck as she moved—sore and aching terribly.

The wild scenes from last night flooded her mind, making her face flush bright red in an instant.

She looked up and saw Nigel's handsome face-she was lying in his arms.

Fiona reached out and gently touched his face. He was still as striking and attractive as ever, making her heart stir just from looking at him.

Sometimes, God really was unfair. Men only got more charming with age, while women... not so much.

As Fiona lamented, her hand was suddenly grabbed. Nigel opened his eyes groggily and asked, "Didn't get enough last night?"

Fiona glared at him. "Nigel, how old are you now? Can you please act your age?"

Nigel looked down at her in his arms. After last night's intimacy, her complexion was glowing, and her eyes were soft and bright like a rose in full bloom.

He gave her a kiss and laughed. "Why didn't you ask about my age last night? Weren't you enjoying it then?"

Fiona pouted. "It's getting late. Time to get up, Mr. Hampton!"

But Nigel didn't want to get up. He wrapped his arms around her. "How about we relive last night?"

Fiona was genuinely impressed by his stamina. He really wasn't that young anymore.

"Mr. Hampton, pace yourself. You're acting like a starving wolf finally getting a meal."

"Oh, I'm not just starving. In fact, I've been starved for over two decades," Nigel corrected her.

Fiona's lashes fluttered as she looked at him. "You haven't been with a woman all these years?"

Nigel shook his head. "No."

"Liar! What about Anne?"

"Fiona, even while I was drugged last night, I still came looking for you. Do you really think I could've done anything with Anne?"

Fiona was touched. She didn't expect Nigel to stay faithful all these years. However, she was still slightly skeptical.

She was about to say something when a buzzing sound cut through the moment -Nigel's phone was ringing.

"You've got a call. Answer it first," she said.

Nigel had to let her go. He reached for the phone on the nightstand. The screen displayed Carly's caller ID.

He answered, "Hello, Carly."

Carly's

neous voice came through

in are you right now?

elget

come back. Ms. Warwick is no drama

"

"What happened to Anne? Alright, I'll come back right away."

After hanging up, Nigel tossed the covers and got out of bed to get dressed.

Fiona sat

the entp too, having overheard

conversation. She looked

at him and asked, "Did something happen to Anne?"

"Yeah. I need to go back for a bit."

Whatever feelings Fiona had just been feeling vanished instantly. "Then go.

Want

me to call a plane to fly you back?"

Nigel paused, then turned back to look at her. "Please don't misunderstand..."

Anne's father had died because of the Hampton family, so Anne's

wellbeing was a responsibility net

he

had to bear. Regardless, he didn't want Fiona to get the wrong idea.

Fiona was already dressed. "It's fine, Mr. Hampton. You don't need to say anything. Just go."

Nigel frowned. Every time Anne's name came up, things would just turn awkward between him and Fiona.

She didn't say anything else to him. Once they were both dressed, they went downstairs.

Celine stood in the living room. She looked at the two of them and smiled.
"Good morning, Mr. Hampton, Ms. Jakeman."

Fiona took Celine's hand. "Good morning, Celine."

Celine turned to Nigel. "Mr. Hampton, are you heading somewhere?"

Nigel frowned. "Celine, something happened to Anne. I need to head back."