

Celine had already picked up on the subtle shift between Fiona and Nigel. At first, she didn't know what had happened.

But now, she understood.

The path of love was narrow and only wide enough for two. There was no room for a third party.

Celine nodded. At that moment, the villa's front door opened, and Fiona's personal assistant walked in.

Fiona's assistant was a young, handsome guy. Celine raised a brow and said, "Ms. Jakeman, someone's here."

Fiona looked toward her assistant. "Jeffrey, you're here."

Jeffrey quickly stepped forward. "Fiona, here's your outfit for today. I brought it over."

Nigel immediately turned his head to look at Jeffrey. Someone had called Fiona casually the other day too, and he hadn't forgotten it.

It was one thing that Fiona's company was filled with handsome men, but even her personal assistant was a good-looking guy, and he even addressed her casually?

Nigel's expression darkened instantly.

Fiona reached out and took the bag from him. "Thanks, Jeffrey."

"No problem, Fiona," Jeffrey replied with a sweet smile.

Nigel narrowed his eyes. "Fiona, who is this?"

She looked at him. "This is my personal assistant-Jeffrey Williams."

Nigels' tone turned sharp. "Why is your assistant a guy?"

Fiona was annoyed by his interrogating tone.

"Mr. Hampton, what's the problem? Jeffrey is still a college student. His father passed away, and he has a younger sister still in school. The weight of supporting the whole family falls on him. He's just doing part-time work to get by."

Nigel scoffed. "I didn't know Ms. Jakeman was such a compassionate person!"

Just then, Jeffrey stepped forward timidly and looked at Nigel. "Sir, please don't argue with Fiona."

What did he just call him?

Nigel's expression went from dark to pitch black in a split second. His voice turned icy as he asked, "Who did you just call 'sir'?"

Startled, Jeffrey immediately hid behind Fiona. "Fiona, this guy is scary..."

Nigel inhaled deeply as he hurled a slew of curses at Jeffrey in his mind.

Just as Nigel took a step forward, Fiona blocked his path. "Mr. Hampton, what are you doing? Don't go too far!"

Jeffrey said anxiously, "Fiona, don't fight with this old man because of me. It's all my fault!"

Nigel gritted his teeth. "S-Shut up!"

He swore to himself that he'd personally throw this young man out if he didn't stop talking.

Fiona stared at Nigel. "Mr. Hampton, Jeffrey works for me. Please show some respect."

"He works for you? What, have you two done something? Fiona, you're really pushing it."

Fiona frowned. "Jeffrey and I are completely clean. Nothing happened between us. I'm not like some people who keep their precious first loves around like the Collectibles."

Nigel snapped back, "You!"

Fiona turned to Jeffrey. "We're leaving!"

And just like that, Fiona walked off with Jeffrey in tow.

Nigel was about to follow, but Celine blocked his path. "Mr. Hampton, please hold on."

Nigel looked at her, clearly annoyed. "Celine, what are you stopping me for?"

Celine smiled faintly. "What would you have done if I didn't stop you? Whether Ms Jakeman hires a male assistant or a female one, that's his right, isn't it? You have no business interfering."

"But I'm her husband. I don't want to see any man hanging around her."

Celine raised her brows slightly, and a knowing glint sparkled in her eyes.

"And yet, Mr. Hampton, you've kept your first love around all this time. Did you ever stop to think how your wife might feel about that?"