

## **Sweet Wife 751**

### **Chapter 751 She Was Let out of Prison**

A dull pain seared along with his heart.

Those dusty memories seemed to be awakened at that moment, which brought back all the misery he had experienced.

October 23, 2019

One night four years ago, a girl stood in the pouring rain and told him that she would come to him in four years.

Even though four years had passed, the memory of that night still haunted him.

Her clear eyes and determined look indelibly printed on his brain.

Lightly clad as she was, she remained calm and immovable, just as a leopard waiting for its moment, ready to strike a fatal blow.

Felix closed his eyes, recalling that night bit by bit.

After a while, he snorted with laughter.

He didn't know whether he was laughing at himself or at her.

After a while, he finally opened his eyes, before his eyes were bright daylight. Then he turned and walked out without any hesitation.

At the same time.

There was another story 300 miles away in a women's prison.

In a dank cell, a thin figure sat quietly on the bed.

Her head was bowed slightly, and her short hair flopped over her cheek. Her face was indistinct, but her delicate fair chin stood out.

The prison officer's stern voice came from outside. "95201, there's a call for you."

She raised her head, revealing a comely cold face.

After a pause, she stood up.

The iron door clanged shut behind her. She held out her hands and let herself handcuffed before heading for the mailroom.

A row of landlines lay on a table in the mailroom. She went over and picked up the receiver and held it to her ear.

"Hello."

Her voice was hoarse but pleasant.

A clear female voice came from the other end of the phone and her voice was as clear as a bell. "Sister! You'll be free tomorrow. Shall I pick you up?"

The girl was her half-sister, Sarah Dempsey.

Suddenly Queeny Horton's mind went blank.

Perhaps she hadn't heard her voice for too long, or possibly she didn't expect anyone to contact her after four years in prison.

There was a long pause before she answered, "Okay."

When she agreed, the voice on the phone grew more excited. "Uncle Clark's son accidentally drowned last year. Did you know? He used to bully you. I told you, he deserved to die! Karma is real!"

Queeny thought for a few seconds before she remembered who Sarah was talking about.

The boy was her stepfather's neighbor. When she was young, he had tried to get close to her because he liked her.

The boy was only two years older than her.

The feelings of teenagers were impulsive and awkward. He courted her for some time, and though she remained aloof, he didn't give up.

So he came up with all kinds of different ideas, and had his friends cause trouble to get her attention.

However, she was not a gullible girl.

She was the brightest kid ever. She was a tactful child who could easily avoid the troubles her stepfather and stepfamily made for her.

From childhood, people said she was awfully smart and sensitive by nature.

No one could hurt her or take advantage of her unless she was tied up.

She was an intelligent girl and she could read those teenagers' minds.

Naturally, those things didn't matter to her.

Although they thought of countless ways, she could see through their little ruse from the start in many subtle ways.

So if Sarah hadn't mentioned it, she couldn't have recollected anything of it.

She hesitated for a moment at the thought. "Sarah, watch your mouth. He's dead and it's time to let go of the past."

Sarah changed the subject at her words.

Although Queeny was her half-sister, they had been close with each other. Back then, Sarah was young, so she didn't know much.

She remembered Sarah questioning her, when she was about to go to jail.

She said nothing before leaving except, "Go home and live your life."

Then she was taken away by the police without looking back.

She couldn't tell Sarah the unmentionable reasons and inflict her pain on a child.

Plus...

Something seemed to run through her mind suddenly, and her eyes turned icy.

She was absent-mindedly talking with Sarah on the phone. She didn't speak until Sarah finished, "Well, let's talk tomorrow."

Then Sarah hung up the phone reluctantly.

Queeny put down the phone and got up.

The prison officer was standing not far from her. Seeing that she was finished, the guard came forward and led him to her cell.

The prison officer was a middle-aged woman in her forties with high cheekbones who had been working here for four years since she had come. Although she looked fierce, she was warm-hearted.

She said as she tugged Queeny toward the cell. "I heard you were found guilty of manslaughter. You're out of jail tomorrow. Live your life and don't make any mistakes. Anyway, you are young, even though you've been in prison, you still have a bright future. Don't piss your life away and always remember the lesson you've learned. Get it?"

Queeny looked ahead and replied faintly, "got it."

When the cell door opened, she went in.

Then she turned and held out her hands and the officer unshackled her.

A smile touched the corners of her mouth. She said, "Thank you."

The officer froze.

She looked at Queeny, and she was dazzled by her seemingly mundane smile, though Queeny was wearing the most ordinary prison uniform and her face remained the same.

At that moment, she seemed to see a bright flower, blooming like a burning fire.

It was the first time she'd seen Queeny smile in four years.

#### Chapter 752 Her Four Years

The officer didn't think too much about it.

After all, Queeny had behaved well over the past four years.

Far from looking like a vicious criminal, she was like the girl next door, so vulnerable that you couldn't help but protect her.

The officer sometimes sighed inwardly, "Look, what a nice girl! But her life was destroyed."

Though she tried to comfort Queeny with some nice words,

she knew that a convicted murderer would have a hard time even when she got out of prison.

She sighed at the thought.

After she went back to her cell, she sat down on the bed again.

The prison officer locked the door and left.

It was quiet again.

She sat there cross-legged looking so thin and pathetic with a determined look in her eyes.

She was tough like a persistent pin tree, showing great strength of character in the strong wind.

She dropped her head in silence. After a while, she fished out a pencil from her pillow. Then she started scribbling on the wall next to her bed.

Her doodles were messy lines, indecipherable numbers, and some letters.

Then she quickly put them together and finally worked out the answer she wanted.

Finally, looking at the numbers on the wall, she squinted and her face creased into a smile.

In all these four years or, to be more precise, in those 1460 days, she did only one thing.

She believed that she could get back on her feet with it.

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Time passed in a blink.

In a twinkling, the next day came.

It was the day she got out of jail.

In the morning, she woke to the sound of trumpets. After getting up, she had a quick wash and went to breakfast with her cellmates.

Thanks to the Dempsey family's help, she did not suffer from bullying during the four years she spent in prison.

And they put her in solitary confinement because of the nature of her crime.

In a way, it was her punishment, too. After all, during this time, except for eating and strolling, she was mostly alone.

For over a thousand days, she had no intimate friends.

It was intolerable for any normal person.

But in fact, it didn't matter to Queeny.

Anyway, she was a quiet girl. Living alone was actually a good thing for her.

It was more convenient for her.

The corner of her lip raised at the thought.

It was time for her to get out after breakfast.

But before that, she had a series of formalities to go through.

Knowing that she would be released today, her cellmates congratulated her one after another.

Although they didn't spend every day together with over the years, everyone seemed to have few friends here in jail.

They seldom saw each other, and they knew she was not that talkative and rather mild-mannered. So they seemed to be nice to her.

Now that she was getting out of prison, they felt it right to congratulate her.

Queeny didn't say anything, but accepted their blessings.

After breakfast, the prison officer asked her to go through the formalities.

Meanwhile, in the castle, almost everyone sensed someone's bad mood this morning.

The sunlight flooded in through the window and lit up every room. However, the sun did nothing to dispel the man's depression.

He was sitting at his desk staring at a file on his computer.

It was opened half an hour ago, but he had not read a page still.

Donald came in with a pill on a tray and put it in front of him.

Donald looked at him and said worriedly, "Mr. Bissel, are you OK?"

Felix seemed to be awakened by Donald's words.

His sharp eyes fell on Donald's face. He stood there blankly for a few seconds before he caught on.

"I'm fine." He shook his head.

Then he took the pill.

Donald sighed.

"You have been on medication for some time, and you didn't seem to be getting better. Hope Dr. Hill gets here soon. Your health....."

"I'm OK."

Felix interrupted Donald before he had finished his last sentence.

Felix held the mouse and dragged the cursor on the screen, saying in a low voice, "go ahead."

Donald said no more and picked up the empty tray and left the room.

As soon as he went out, he saw Bella standing at the other side of the hallway looking at something expectantly.

A frown creased Donald's forehead.

He did not like her because of what happened before.

She tried to get close to Felix with intentions. Anyone with a discerning eye could easily see through her mind.

Donald was not an old fogey. He was worried about Felix, who had been single for many years.

That didn't mean, however, Donald would like any random woman Felix chose.

At first, he was very sympathetic to Bella.

But then the desire she showed changed Donald's view of her completely.

The pathetic always acted insufferably somehow.

It was a fact that she went through a lot of pain. However, she was not grateful to Felix who saved her, but tried to get what she wanted by seducing him.

She even tried to use him for her own goods.

She didn't deserve to spend the night with him.

Donald's clam expression hid his contempt for her.

He went over and asked, "Miss Collins, what are you doing here? Felix is busy at work. Try not to disturb him unless it's something urgent."

Bella was new here so she had no idea who Donald really was. Also, she didn't expect Felix to trust him so much.

So she seemed to have offended him yesterday.

Later, when she learned about his position in the castle from Katy, she bitterly regretted her rashness.

Chapter 753 Don't flatter yourself

So last night she made up her mind that today she would find an opportunity to apologize to Donald in person.

Bella grinned at the thought.

"Donald, I'm here to talk to you, not Mr. Bissel."

Donald froze.

He was a little surprised.

"Me?"

"Yeah, yeah." As Bella spoke, she unconsciously linked her arm through his. However, Donald averted it cleverly.

Donald stepped back and bent slightly. "Miss Collins, I'm a servant and you are a guest. Please don't put me on the spot."

Bella's hands froze in the air.

At first, she thought that he was old and wanted to treat him as she had treated her grandparents.

She wanted to be nice and friendly to him by getting closer.

In her opinion, a man of Donald's rank would already be married, and his grandchildren would probably be her age. In doing so, maybe Donald would forgive she showed enough kindness.

She didn't expect him to refuse her help - she was trying to help him down the stairs so she reached out to his arm.

Although he looked hale and hearty, he was nearly seventy years old. God knew if he might fall down the stairs.

However, his reaction dismayed her.

She couldn't comprehend his attitude, because he was wary of her like a virus.

Did he despise her or fear that she had bad intentions?

He must be going soft in the head!

Even if she failed to get Felix's favor, she was not going to hook up with an old man!

She wondered why he flattered himself and put on such an air of dignity.

Bella, not daring to show her rage otherwise, forced a smile.

"Donald, don't get me wrong. I was just trying to help you downstairs."

Though she smiled, there was a flicker of malice in her eyes.

"You freaking old man! How dare you look down upon me."

"We'll see." she thought to herself.

Her words were a deliberate attempt to embarrass Donald.

Implicit in her words was that compared to Donald, she was more open-minded and aboveboard.

To her surprise, Donald nodded to her and said, "Miss Collins, I appreciate your kindness. But having lived here for decades, I already know every step like the back of my hand. So don't bother!"

"Instead, you are a guest here. So don't wander around if you don't have to."

"After all, you come from a good family, so you should watch your manner so as not to bring disgrace on your family."

The smile on Bella's face disappeared when she heard his words.

Although his manners were decent, his tone was tinged with irony.

She knew he meant that as a guest she'd better not poke her nose into other people's business and wander around.

However, why would she be here if it wasn't to apologize to him? Didn't she suffer enough humiliation in front of Felix yesterday?

What an unreasonable person!

Rage consumed Bella.

However, there was nothing she could do about it now.

Finally, she gave a snort of disgust.

"I see. I just came to apologize to you. Now that we're good, I should go."

Then she left.

Donald watched her leave with a stony face.

After she left the building, Donald shook his head and sighed deeply.

Bella Collins... is so...

She was not stupid, because she knew she should apologize for her mistakes;  
she knew Felix was her life-saving straw, and she would beg him to let her stay.

However, she was not smart enough.

After all, Donald was sophisticated and he had seen much of the world.

But he had never seen such an apology full of haughty disdain before.

He couldn't help laughing at the thought.

But when he thought about her story, it all made sense to him.

She was nothing but a spoiled lady who liked to play petty tricks.

She had been spoiled by everyone around her ever since she was a little kid.

She was always too proud to say sorry even though she indeed did something wrong.

If she did apologize, it wasn't from the heart. She had always been arrogant, selfish, and unreasonable.

Donald had been everywhere, and he would never make a fuss about the trifles with her.

So he just sighed and was ready to leave.

Just then the door of the study behind him opened.



He paused. He turned and saw Felix standing there.

Felix was a tall man, about 5 feet 6 inches. He was wearing a black shirt and trousers. His manly figure was enriched by his regular features.

Donald's eyes met Felix's icy gaze and a deep frown.

"Mr. Bissel."

Felix looked at him.

Then he cast his eyes to the entrance of the stairs. "Who was there just now?"

Donald's face changed at Felix's words.

He thought Bella's noise had disturbed Felix.

So he said, "It was Miss Collins. She said she came to apologize for having offended me yesterday."

Felix frowned faintly.

The thought of her filled him with disgust and contempt.

However, he just said, "don't let her in without my permission."

"Got it."

"And tell her, if she wants to stay here, she'd better behave herself. Or she might regret it!"

Chapter 754 Live under His Roof

"Got it."

Sensing his displeasure, Donald's heart quivered and he agreed respectfully.

Then, instead of going to the study, he took his coat and walked out.

Donald paused, he unconsciously followed Felix and asked, "Mr. Bissel, are you going out?"

"Yes," said Felix tonelessly.

Then he said, "get a car ready, I'll go out."

Donald froze. But he caught on quickly and said reverently, "Yes, sir."

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A black Rolls-Royce was driven out of the castle.

In a guest room in the castle, Bella was standing at the window looking through a telescope.

A faint sneer crossed her face.

She put down the telescope and tapped her fingers unconsciously on the windowsill. She thought, grating her teeth.

“Felix Bissel, quit pretending you are a cold fish!”

“So you’re not interested in women?”

“I defy you to stand my seduction. I’ve got everything under control!” She said inwardly.

Then she turned and walked out.

Katy was Bella’s personal maid now. She was at Bella’s service at the door.

Suddenly the door opened. She said, looking at Bella blankly, “Miss Collins, can I help you with anything?”

Bella looked at her and sneered.

“Yes, of course. I need you to do me a favor!”

There was a glint of malice in her eyes.

Then she walked out in high heels with her bottom wiggled.

Looking at the back of her departure, Katy was a little confused.

But she was only a maid. Bella Collins and Felix Bissel were her masters.

She wouldn’t have dared to defy them or meddle in their personal business.

So she had to lengthen her stride to keep up with Bella.

However, on the other side of the story.

At the prison gate.

“95201, you’re free now.”

The iron gate clanged shut, but Queeny didn’t look back. Her neat short hair made her face even paler and thinner. She smiled as she walked out of the prison gate.

The weather was surprisingly warm and sunny. The autumn wind was rustling and the sky was a brilliant blue.

The soft breeze blew the flowers off the Osmanthus fragrans, and the air was filled with pleasant fragrances of flowers.

Under the tree stood a tall girl about seventeen years old, wearing a black leather coat and a short skirt.

With her head down, she was about to light a cigarette with a lighter.

Perhaps the sound of the gate closing startled her. She put down her cigarette and looked up to see a woman walking slowly out of the gate.

“Queeny!”

She shivered and dropped her cigarette to the ground.

The next moment, she darted over and threw herself into Queeny's arms.

"You're finally free!"

Her eyes were red, and she was trembling with excitement.

"You know, I thought I'd never see you again. And now you're free, I'm so happy," she said in a choked voice.

The girl was Queeny's half-sister, Sarah.

Queeny's had mixed feelings when Sarah held her.

Sarah was still a child in her memory. She had poor health as a child and was fussy about food, so she was still thin and short when she was about thirteen.

She was obviously malnourished at that time.

Queeny didn't expect her to grow so fast in four years.

Now she was a big girl.

A smile lifted the corner of Queeny's mouth, "I'm fine. Don't be so dramatic."

However, she was shaking all over, trembling like a leaf.

It took her a long time to calm down. She raised her head and wriggled free.

Queeny laughed as she wiped away her tears. "Look at me, I got tears on your clothes. I'm so happy to see you."

Sarah paused and said, "Come home with me. From now on, we'll live together and never stay apart, OK?"

Then she looked at Queeny expectantly.

However, Queeny didn't say yes right away.

Her eyes narrowed slightly and she turned to look down the road.

The prison was in a remote location, so there were not many cars passing by.

A black Rolls-Royce suddenly pulled up under a row of pine trees.

The car was scratched by branches and the golden sun shone on it, reflecting a dazzling light. Instead of making people feel warm, a chill filled in the air.

After a while, she looked away.

Her gaze settled on Sarah's face again. She didn't nod, but smiled faintly.

She held Sarah's hand, trying to comfort her gently. "I have a place to stay."

Sarah froze.

She looked puzzled and said, "You are broke, and you don't have any friends. Where can you go?"

Queeny smiled.

She seemed to be smiling all the time. But her smile was forced, and she hid her true feelings behind a shield of her warm smile.

"My baby sister. I don't have any friends, but I'm sure I can find somewhere to live on my own," said Queeny gently.

She seemed unwilling to listen to Sarah's advice, so she continued, "Anyway, Uncle Dempsey is unlikely to agree. If I go back home with you, our lives won't get better, and I will get you in trouble. You know, I don't want to live under his roof."

She was blunt and straightforward.

Sarah couldn't contradict her.

Because what Queeny said was an irrefutable fact.

Queeny's stepfather, Patrick Dempsey, was Sarah's biological father.

Patrick had taken a dislike to her since her mother remarried him, and he often beat her and scolded her for no reason.

When she was little, she didn't know how to protect herself, so she suffered a lot.

But luckily, most of the time, he just called her names or frightened her.

Even if he didn't like her, he couldn't go too far in front of her mother, Meredith.

However, Patrick's business went bankrupt unexpectedly, and their house caught on fire.

According to their neighbors, the fire started because Queeny fell asleep while cooking.

Patrick was furious about it. He grabbed her and gave her a good beating.

Fortunately, the fire was not serious and was quickly brought under control. The damage was not great.

So Queeny hadn't been thrown out.

Even so, she became a thorn in Patrick's side since then, and he was beginning to think she was a jinx.

Chapter 755 She Was Abandoned

Plus, Patrick's relatives even added fuel to the flame, which made him feel that the real culprit for making his life worse was Queeny.

It would be nice if she disappeared.

This thought kept running through his mind, but he didn't dare to put it into practice.

On one occasion, he heard about a rumored trafficker for children under the age of 10 in town.

Anyone with children was alarmed when they heard the rumor.

They protected their children for fear that anything might happen.

But when the news came, Patrick's eyes lit up and he knew the best time had come.

An idea floated into his mind quickly.

One morning, Patrick, who had always been harsh to Queeny, suddenly became kind and gentle to her.

He asked her if she would like to visit the county. He also promised to buy her some candies.

Queeny was about 8 at that time, and she was bursting with curiosity.

And she loved eating candies...

Since she came to the Dempsey family, she couldn't remember how long she hadn't eaten one.

So she said yes immediately, without even asking her mother for permission.

After taking her to the county, Patrick told Queeny to wait for him to buy candy.

She was smart and meek. She sat on a big rock and started to wait for him.

However, her stepfather never returned.

It was not until late in the evening she realized that she seemed to have been abandoned.

She knew he was not coming back to take her home. He expected her to die outside so that he wouldn't have to bear so many burdens and responsibilities for someone unrelated to him by blood.

So how could he be kind enough to actually take her to the county for candies?

Now Queeny had forgotten her mood at that time.

All she remembered was running towards home at night after she discovered the truth.

She was a little girl, but with her amazing perseverance and memory skills, she walked home alone from the county.

She spent a whole day and night trudging home. When she stood at the door again, she found that her mother, distraught at the news of her disappearance, was frantically looking for her.

However, Patrick was convinced that a child would never find her way home on her own and must have been taken by human traffickers.

He thought Meredith would soon give up, too.

So the unfeeling Patrick went to bed happily.

When Queeny got home, he was still asleep.

He thought it was Meredith coming back when he heard the heavy knock at the door.

He got up impatiently to answer the door, but he was shocked as soon as he saw the child at the door.

The next, he was doused with a bucket of foul-smelling feces.

After he caught on, he screamed abuse at her and tried to catch her.

However, Queeny was well prepared, and how could she be caught so easily?

She slipped away like a tiny loach before he could touch her.

Patrick could hardly keep in his indignation and let fly with a stream of abuse.

However, it was no use crying over spilled milk.

Queeny had run away. She stood at a short distance and looked at him coldly and said, "You know, deliberately abandoning an elderly or child is a crime of abandonment. I can sue you, and then your reputation will be ruined!"

Patrick was stunned. He didn't expect her to say that.

Rage consumed him again.

"Nonsense! A crime of abandonment? I feed you, clothe you. How ungrateful you must be to sue me!? I see, you want some punches!"

As he spoke, he picked up a stick and tried to hit her.

Queeny gave a sneer and turned to run.

After a short chase, he was stopped by passers-by because of his stench.

They asked him to shower before he came out. Otherwise, the whole road would be stained with feces.

Patrick stamped with rage.

However, he had no other choice. Anyway, he couldn't go against everyone's wishes.

When he finished taking a bath and changed his clothes, he found Queeny had disappeared.

It was not until evening that Queeny returned home with Meredith, who had been out all day.

After telling off Patrick, Queeny went to look for her mother by herself.

Finally, she found Meredith. They hugged each other and cried.

She told Meredith exactly what had happened to her.

She thought Meredith would divorce him for her and take her away.

However, she did the opposite.

Although Meredith was surprised and angry at first, she eventually fell silent.

In the beginning, Queeny did not understand her mother's decision. But it wasn't until Meredith held her hand and put it on the stomach during a meal in town that she got the reason.

It turned out that Meredith was pregnant.

She couldn't give up a baby and a family for Queeny.

So she advised Queeny to put aside her hatred for Patrick.

She wanted Queeny to forgive him for her or her unborn sibling.

She said there should be no hatred between families. Even if Patrick did something wrong, she could not give up the family for it.

Queeny was stunned.

Clever as she was, she was just a kid at the time.

She naively assumed that her mother loved her and would give up everything for her, just as what she read from the books.

The bald fact was that it was all in her head.

Meredith was a poor, helpless woman who needed a man to survive.

She couldn't leave with Queeny and her unborn child without any money.

A traditional woman like her did not believe that a woman could live a good life on her own without her husband.

She believed that forgiveness and tolerance were required courses for women.

However, Queeny was reluctant to forgive him.???

### **President's Sweet Wife**

#### **Chapter 756 Run away from Home**

Though she didn't love her stepfather, she had believed that he was still her family no matter how badly he treated her.

But now, he didn't want to be her family anymore. Yet, he still asked her to brazenly call him dad, to treat him with respect, and to go back and live under the same roof with him.

But how could she accept the food and clothing he provided her?

Therefore, she didn't say yes. She just sat there in silence with pursed lips, as though she was a stubborn mule.

Seeing this, Meredith immediately guessed what she was thinking.

After all, no one knew her better than her mother.

Meredith got anxious. She strived to talk Queeny into this and gave her a long lecture.

She told her that this world was harsh to women, and women couldn't live by themselves if they didn't have a husband.

She also asked her to stand in her shoes and give her stepfather a second chance, because he was not himself that day and he didn't abandon her on purpose.

Anyway, she made a long speech, but Queeny wouldn't take a word of that.

She was puzzled. "Why?"

"Why is my mom taking the bully's side and trying to persuade me to forgive him when she knows I've been hurt?"

"Why is she always asking me, a child, to be considerate to her and her husband?"

"Why has she never considered what consequence their behaviors might bring to them?"

Queeny didn't cry. She just gazed at her mother with round, confused eyes.

Her eyes were clear and innocent. Meredith probably felt she looked rather ugly and evil in comparison.

Thus, seeing that Queeny was still motionless, she whacked her on the back with exasperation.

While she hit her, angry tears rolled down her face. "Why are you just sitting here? Start talking! Are you mute? Your mother is asking you a question!"

"Say something!"

"Don't give me that look, you hear me?"

Queeny heard every word.

Heartbroken, she found this rather ironic.

Then, she looked away and lowered her head. In a whisper, she said, "Okay."

After a pause, she added, "I understand."

The little girl sat there in dejection like a withering sapling.

Meredith was still sobbing. Yet, seeing Queeny's downcast look, she suddenly dropped the palm she just raised.

Tears poured out. She was overwhelmed by sorrows.

Unable to keep a stony face anymore, she took Queeny into her bosom and said between her sobs, "Queeny, you have to understand me. I don't have a choice."

Being held by her so tightly, little Queeny gave a feeble sneer.

"You have no choice..."

"Is that o?"

"I've heard you say this many times."

"You always told me this when he scolded me, hit me, despised me, and repeatedly insulted me with the most hurtful words."

"But why do you always have no choice?"

Queeny couldn't understand. Still, she didn't want to give in.



Later, when Meredith took her back to the Dempsey family, Patrick greeted her with a sneer.

Staring squarely at Patrick, Queeny said, "I won't force you to accept me. From now on, I'm no longer your stepdaughter. I have nothing to do with the Dempsey family anymore. Don't worry. I won't sue you for abandoning, because you didn't abandon me. I walked out on this family myself. Take care."

After that, she whipped around and headed out.

Meredith and Patrick were both dumbstruck.

When her words sank in, Meredith dashed forward and dragged her back. She demanded, "Where are you going?"

Queeny looked at her calmly and said, "Mom, you take care of yourself. I'll find somewhere to live. If I can, I'll come back and visit you."

With that said, she shook her hand off and ran away.

Meredith was pregnant at the time. She couldn't run at full speed, so she failed to catch up with Queeny.

She could only stamp her foot when she lost her.

Patrick, however, said with a poker face, "Let her be. I'd like to see where she can go. She'd better not come back ever again."

Then, he turned around and went into the house.

As he wished, Queeny never came back.

She went to an orphanage in town.

The old man running the orphanage was someone she knew.

She had run into that man several times before. Because he was old, she even helped him walk across the street a couple of times.

She had learned that the old man, Burke Webber, was about to retire. But he had no child or family. Thus, he saw all the children in the orphanage as his family.

When Queeny went to his house, he was in the yard, watering some flowers.

Hearing that somebody called him, Burke turned around to see a cute girl resting her head on the fence, smiling at him.

Queeny said, "Mr. Webber, I heard that you don't have a granddaughter. How about I be your granddaughter?"

Burke was stunned. Seconds later, he burst out laughing.

He then asked, "Who are you, silly girl? What nonsense is this? Come on in."

Queeny leaped off the fence and went in through the gate. Then, she told Burke everything that had happened to her and her plans.

In that era, the law was still weak. After hearing her words, Burke was infuriated.

But Queeny was quite calm.

Sitting there, she said calmly, "Mr. Webber, don't be mad. Actually, I can understand why they did what they did. After all, people are selfish. We never liked each other. We're not related either. Thus, it's normal that he hates me and doesn't want to raise me."

Burke felt even sorrier for her when he heard this.

He said over and over again, "You're a good girl. You deserve to be loved."

Queeny gave him a bright smile, revealing two rows of cute, shiny teeth.

"Then, Mr. Webber, will you take me in?"

Burke froze in place.

He then revealed a torn look on his face.

Queeny noticed that. Though she was a little disappointed, she didn't show it.

Smiling, she said, "It's okay. If you can't, I'll go ask Mrs. Grey in the neighboring town. People say that she lives alone. But she has grandchildren, only that they are not in town. But it's not a problem. I can do chores for her, such as cleaning and cooking. Mr. Webber, though I'm young, I know how to cook. And my cooking skills will get better with practice. I won't ask for much. I just want her to give me a bite when she has some food to share."

Her earnest words pained Mr. Webber.

How could he say no to her then? Thus, he immediately granted her request.

He shakily held Queeny's tiny little hand and said, "Silly girl, that's not true. I can take you in. Come with me. I want you to meet someone."

Then, he tried to stand up.

Queeny sensibly helped him up and followed him to the backyard.

## **President's Sweet Wife**

### **Chapter 757 The First Encounter in Childhood**

In that very yard, she met a person that she would not forget for the rest of her life.

What kind of encounter was it?

Looking back, Queeny thought that encounter seemed rather trivial. No one made a dramatic entrance, or carried a special title or distinguished status.

In the backyard filled with grapevine, she saw a boy about 12 sitting under the grape trellis, absorbed in a book.

He was quite pretty. Though he was a boy, his exquisite features could compare with a girl's.

He had big eyes, long eyelashes, and smooth skin that almost seemed to be made of the finest jade.

He was wearing a sharp suit and a pair of matching-colored leather shoes. His hair was neatly arranged. The look he had when reading was also quite different from regular boys. It seemed that he had an air of affected sophistication that did not suit his age.

Queeny was stunned at this scene.

As if he had sensed her arrival, the boy put down his book and looked up.

His eyes were cool, calm, and otherworldly. They were like lakes on the snow-capped mountain, which cooled her heart in an instant.

Queen then thought that she would perhaps never forget this encounter.

Mr. Webber led her into the yard and warmly introduced the boy to her. "Well, let me introduce myself. He is my student, Felix. You can see him as your older brother."

Then, he turned to Felix and said, "This is Queeny. She's my granddaughter now. Like her brother, you should take care of her, do you understand?"

The boy neither nodded nor shook his head. He didn't say anything, either.

But his brow furrowed. Though he was only 12, his stern expression made him look like an old man.

A moment later, he spoke in a doubtful tone, "Queeny? Isn't she the stepdaughter of the Dempsey family in town? How did she become your granddaughter?"

Mr. Webber froze.

It took him by surprise that Felix, who stayed in this house all day long, also knew a lot about what was going on in town.

He sighed with resignation and recounted Queeny's story to Felix.

After he finished, Felix displayed no trace of sympathy at all.

He merely snorted and said, "Fine. I don't care as long as she doesn't disturb me while I'm reading."

After that, he sat down and began to read again.

Mr. Webber did not seem surprised by his aloof reaction. He just held Queeny's hand and drew her away with a smile on his face.

Queeny, however, found this odd.

"What's with this kid? Why is he giving us an attitude?"

"Mr. Webber is such a kind person. He took me in when he learned I had nowhere to go. And he also teaches this boy. Then how can he talk to him like that?"

"This is out of line!"

She pouted angrily and looked back. She intended to glower at Felix so that he would know she was not a pushover and wouldn't think about picking on her.

Yet, she looked back only to see Felix bending over the book, reading quietly. At this moment, he seemed like a gem shining in the sunlight.

Queeny was stupefied in place.

She thought that perhaps no other boy could be more beautiful than Felix.

"Well, since you're so good-looking, I'll cut you some slack for now!"

"But if this happens again... Humph!" She thought.

Therefore, Queeny settled down in the orphanage and lived with Mr. Webber.

At that time, the legal protection for the underage was quite sparse.

Thus, even though Queeny had left her family and came to live with Mr. Webber, no one raised any objections.

Later, Meredith learned about this and came to see her several times, hoping to bring her back.

But Queeny turned her down.

She had put her foot down on this, for she could no longer trust her mother.

Meredith was hurt, but she couldn't do anything about it.

At the same time, a little voice in her head also told her that this was actually a good thing.

She knew Mr. Webber, the former head of the orphanage, was a respected and learned person.

It would perhaps be better for Queeny if she could be raised by him.

After making the decision, Meredith never came to persuade Queeny to come home again.

As for Patrick, he didn't even bother to check on Queeny once.

Seeing how Queeny's parents had reacted, the wise Mr. Webber immediately understood what the Dempsey family was thinking.

"They are selfish people who have the profit-first mentality. They see Queeny as their burden and never really want to be responsible for her.

"No wonder she'd rather stay here and be my granddaughter than go back to her real family."

Thinking of this, Mr. Webber heaved with a sigh.

He felt more pained for how life had treated Queeny.

But Queeny was not bothered by this.

As far as she knew, she was not unhappy in that family, so she might as well just stay with Mr. Webber.

Now her mother wanted to live her life, she had decided to repay her for giving her life by not being her encumbrance.

Since Queeny was upbeat about this, her good mood spread to Mr. Webber, who also felt better.

Mr. Webber had some influence in town. By pulling some strings, he quickly got the paperwork done and officially adopted Queeny.

Since then, Queeny began to live in the orphanage.

After living there for a while, she learned that Felix's family was the orphanage's financial sponsor. But he was not strong enough to go to school.

Mr. Webber used to be a professor. He was very erudite. Thus, Felix's family made a deal with him.

According to the deal, Felix's family would support the orphanage. In return, Mr. Webber would be Felix's teacher and give him lessons.

Though Felix was quite taciturn and sometimes distant, Mr. Webber was actually very fond of him because he was very smart.

He grasped whatever Mr. Webber taught him after being told once.

In comparison, Queeny did not seem that clever.

Felix also lived with Mr. Webber so that he could better study under him.

But unlike Queeny, Felix was a guest here. He had his own servants, housekeepers, and nannies.

He was simply a proud, spoiled, delicate son coming from a rich family.

Queeny was the opposite - a homeless little girl that no one wanted.

She was only allowed to stay here because she pestered Mr. Webber into it.

Thus, to please Mr. Webber, apart from studying, she also helped him cook, do laundry, clean the yards. Sometimes, she would even babysit younger children in the orphanage.

Mr. Webber told her she did not need to do those chores.

He assured her that now he had agreed to let her stay, he would never drive her out, so she didn't need to please anyone.????

## **Chapter 758 Keeping Each Other Company**

But children were highly sensitive.

Queeny knew that she was superfluous to this world.

Her birth father had gone. Her birth mother couldn't look after her, either. Like a piece of drifting duckweed, she had been leading a wandering life.

But now, she finally found someone willing to give her a home. This man bought her beautiful clothes and taught her reading and writing. Of course, she would want to hold on to him and never let go.

At the end of the day, despite her shrewdness, Queeny was still a child who felt insecure.

The only way that she would gain a little sense of security was to prove that she was not useless to Mr. Webber.

She didn't want to be a worthless person who only took but never gave.

Mr. Webber had, of course, seen through her worries.

He felt both pained and resigned. Though he didn't approve of this, he also knew that this was the only way that she could get some comfort.

Thus, he let her do the chores.

Just like this, Queeny lived in the orphanage until she was 18.

She and Felix had also accompanied each other for nearly a decade.

That decade was unforgettable to Queeny.

So was it to Felix.

Strictly speaking, the two both had no families around. In some sense, they were like two entangled roots that absorbed nutrients together and grew together.

During the 10 years, Meredith and her second daughter, Sarah Dempsey, came to see Queeny several times. Except for them, no other people in the Dempsey family ever visited her.

Queeny did not hate Sarah, for she knew that no matter who was in the wrong, Sarah had nothing to do with this.

She was just an innocent child. When Queeny was kicked out, she hadn't even been born yet.

Thus, every time Sarah brought her some snacks or toys, she would accept them with delight.

She appreciated Sarah's kindness and also wanted to see her as her family.

After all, they were half-sisters.

Plus, Sarah was young at that time. She didn't understand adults' grievances.

She also couldn't understand why Queeny, her sister, didn't live in the big house with her family but in an orphanage.

She had asked many people about this. But no grown-ups cared to tell her the truth.

Time passed by quietly.

When Queeny was 18, Mr. Webber passed away.

Felix already left the orphanage two years before that.

Unlike Queeny, he was only there for study. He was a guest who would leave sooner or later.

But Queeny had truly regarded this orphanage as her home.

Therefore, even though Felix left, she continued to stay there.

But the two had lived under the same roof for so many years. Even after they parted ways, they still held each other dearly in their hearts.

Queeny would never forget what Felix said to her under that sycamore tree in the yard the night before he departed.

He asked her, "Queeny, will you go with me?"

She smiled back at him and gently shook her head. "Sorry, I can't."

Yes, she couldn't leave with him.

Although Mr. Webber had passed away, the orphanage still needed someone to run it.

It was all thanks to Mr. Webber's adoption and care that Queeny had grown up happily. Thus, she couldn't just walk out on the children in the orphanage.

Felix also understood this.

But he had to pursue his unfinished cause. He couldn't stay here with her and run the orphanage for the rest of his life.

Hence, eventually, he took off.

But before that, he told Queeny that if she ever needed help, she could go to his castle to see him.

Queeny nodded heavily.

Then, the two turned around and headed in opposite directions, not looking back again.

Thus, the crush they had on each other was not revealed.

It was already two years later when they met again.

At that time, the town was undergoing a demolition project. The orphanage was relocated, and someone else was sent over to take charge.

Queeny no longer had to stay there to guard the orphanage for Mr. Webber. Therefore, she left.

Then, one thing led to another, and she joined the Dragon Club. After taking the training, she became one of the best assassins there.

No one could tell that this seemingly gentle and sweet girl was callous enough to send bullets into other people's chests.

At that time, Queeny still had no idea that Felix was the head of the Dragon Club.

She went to visit him with the anticipation that maybe they could be a couple.

The two started dating and had some very sweet memories.

But later, Felix learned about what she was doing.

He strongly opposed it and ordered her to quit the Dragon Club and never do such things ever again.

Queen was baffled at that time. She didn't know why Felix reacted like this. She had her own life to live. She felt that she was able and entitled to make her own choices and bear the consequences.

But Felix didn't allow that. As a result, they had a falling-out. The emotional rift between them kept expanding.

Later, during a mission, Queeny accidentally found out that Felix was actually the person in charge of the Dragon Club.

He only wanted her to quit because he knew how sordid this business was. He was aware that nothing about it was as simple as it seemed.

He hoped the girl he loved could remain pure, upbeat, and intact without being polluted by any darkness of the world as she was when he first met her.

However, how many people could get what they wanted in the world?

Queeny didn't want to be attached to anyone. She was hungry for power, even though it meant she had to face endless hardships in life.

She hoped that when disasters befell, she would not be a burden to her beloved one. Instead, she wanted to be his most reliable and trustworthy partner.

Yet, that meant nothing to Felix.

He hated to see her in the Dragon Club, getting involved in those dangerous missions.

To make her quit, Felix even coerced her as the boss of the Dragon Club.

Queeny was incandescent with rage at that time.

She thought Felix was the most unreasonable person in the world.

In a huff, she quit the Dragon Club. But shortly after, she joined the Rosefinch Club that was competing against the Dragon Club.

Then, the two started to give each other the silent treatment. It was not a big deal. After all, people following different ways couldn't work with each other. Since they had different pursuits, they didn't have to stick together.

But what they didn't expect was that later, a big dispute broke out between the Rosefinch Club and the Dragon Club.

The Dragon Club lost some confidential files. All the evidence showed that Queeny was the culprit...

As those days resurfaced in her mind, Queen closed her eyes.

The air was sweet and moist, because lilies were blooming. Yet, she felt rather cold and doleful.

Indescribable scornfulness welled up inside her along with overwhelming pain, paralyzing her body. She even couldn't feel her fingers.



But Sarah didn't seem to have noticed her abnormal behavior. After hearing Queeny's long story, she also felt rather troubled.??????

## **President's Sweet Wife**

### **Chapter 759 The Checkered Past**

Sarah deliberated for moments before saying, "Queeny, if you don't come back with me, you don't have anywhere to go, do you? Aren't those friends of yours... all dead?"

Yes, those people who she believed were her good friends either sold her out or... died.

Felix killed them with his own hands.

She would never forget the look they gave her before they died.

That look showed how anguished they felt when they thought they were betrayed by someone they trusted completely.

It was not until then that Queeny realized the Dragon Club was not the only one who thought she was the mole that stole the crucial classified files. In fact, the Rosefinch Club also believed that given her special relationship with Felix, in the confrontation of the two parties, she eventually submitted to her soft spot and helped him in secret.

That was why her friends in the Rosefinch Club all accused her of betraying them before they died.

They demanded, "Queeny, we see you as our sister. Why did you stab us in the back?"

Why?

Heh! Who could know?

Queeny had been sandwiched between the two parties through the whole thing.

She remained neutral and helped neither side, for the stronger one would win either way in the end.

Therefore, she didn't know who stole the files and spilled the secrets of the two parties to lead things to this point.

Yet, the only thing she was sure of was that Felix refused when she desperately pleaded with him to let her friends live after the Rosefinch Club was defeated.

That cold look Felix wore at that time was indelible in her memory.

It was as if the ten years they had spent together had thoroughly become bygones.

The sweet moments they shared had also vaporized.

To Felix, Queeny had changed from his best partner to the most hateful traitor overnight.

He locked her up. During her imprisonment, he interrogated her numerous times, hoping to find out if she stole the files.

Queeny denied. But that only vexed Felix, because he thought she was lying to him.

After all, the evidence he had gathered through his private investigation clearly said she did it.

Before their falling-out, Queeny was the only one person he fully trusted. Thus, other than him, only she knew where those files were and how to get the key to the safe.

Therefore, Queeny's denial was rather flimsy.

What was more, Felix had even killed her friends.

He knew she had every reason to seek revenge.

Queeny fell silent when all the evidence was laid out in front of her.

Though she knew she was definitely not the thief, no one would believe her other than such concrete proof.

She gave up defending herself and remained completely silent. Felix just took it that she had tacitly acknowledged her sin.

Thus, he never came to visit her.

During the six months of Queeny's imprisonment, the two were like two icebergs living on the opposite poles. They didn't see each other once.

Queeny didn't know what Felix was thinking or what he planned to do to her.

"Would he kill me? Or punish me in some other ways?"

She couldn't answer, nor did she want to consider those issues.

She just lived like a walking corpse.

But one day, a woman showed up before her.

This woman looked kind of like her. But compared with the refined Queeny, this woman seemed more alluring. She had a slender figure and a smiley face. At a glance, one could tell she was a fun, lovely girl.

She stood in front of Queeny and eyed her condescendingly. Then, she let out a cry of surprise, as though she only stumbled into this place by accident.

"Who are you? Why are you locked up here?"

The woman in a gorgeous dress clamped her hands over her mouth. She even took a step back as if she had been frightened by Queeny.

Sunlight poured in from behind her. Its dazzling brilliance radiated from the hair she dyed blond.

Queeny didn't speak but stared at her with a cold face.

Later, Felix came in.

He seemed a little angry after he heard that the woman had run into this place. But he was good at concealing her emotion. Thus, he looked quite normal except that his face was a little somber.

Felix glanced at Queeny and then swiftly looked away. He turned around with a frown and asked the woman disgruntledly, "Why did you come here?"

The woman put her hand on her chest and leaned against Felix, looking so vulnerable.

"I was bored so I took a walk and ended up here. I didn't mean to barge in. Felix, who is she? Why is she behind bars?"

Felix darted another distant look at Queeny.

His deep eyes were perfectly calm, as though he was looking at a total stranger.

He parted his thin lips and said coldly, "She's a sinner."

"A sinner?"

The woman was more surprised. Her big, clear eyes that were fixed on Queeny widened.

Then, as if something had occurred to her, her pupils registered consternation. She uttered, "She can't be the..."

But she swallowed the rest of her words as though she had thought of a certain taboo.

Still, everyone knew what she wanted to say.

Felix showed an almost imperceptible frown. He didn't comment on this but said, "There is nothing to look at here. Let's go."

After that, he whipped around, put his arm around the woman's waist, and left with her.

Before leaving, the woman cast a backward look at Queeny. That look was full of sympathy. Yet, if one looked closely, one could notice traces of smugness and mockery in it.

Queeny felt that her frozen heart had been ripped apart again.

She called after Felix before he stepped out of the room.

This was the first time in half a year that the two spoke to each other.

Felix stopped in his tracks, but he didn't look back.

Queeny asked, "Felix, who is she?"

Felix just stood there. His tall figure blotted out the light that shed in from the door, casting her in a shadow.

A while later, Felix replied in an aloof tone.

"It's none of your business."

"None of my business..."

Queeny's heart shuddered. She felt that this simple remark was like a sharp knife. It stabbed deep into her heart and twirled, causing all of her organs to churn in pain.

She was rooted in place. Her face instantly turned ashen. After a long while, she laughed in a broken voice.

"That explains it..." She nodded. Though she was still sitting in the filthy cell, her eyes were sparkling like luminous pearls in the darkness.

She remarked, "I understood. Get out!"

Felix's figure stiffened.

Still, he marched out without looking back.

Hours later, he was informed that there was an emergency in the cell.

Felix immediately dashed out of his room, only to see the cell Queeny was staying in was in a sea of flames.

His countenance altered at once. Despite everyone's obstruction, he rushed in that direction.

However, what he saw there was beyond his imagination.

That night was the most unforgettable in Queeny's life.

She fought the guards and broke out of the cell.

### **President's Sweet Wife**

#### **Chapter 760 Does She Hate Him?**

As others saw it, after breaking out, Queeny also killed the woman that, as they believed at that time, Felix loved most.

Blood dyed the white floor scarlet.

Felix stood there, staring at Queeny with a stony face. Though they were only a few steps away from each other, there seemed to be an unbridgeable gulf between them, forbidding them to be together again.

Queeny looked into Felix's eyes and opened her mouth, hoping to explain things.

But Felix didn't give her the chance.

He ordered his men to catch her.

She thought he would execute her.

Yet, he didn't. He merely locked her up in a different place.

She was clueless about what he was up to or what he was thinking. All she knew was that the gulf between them was expanding, as though it would never close up again.

Finally, Queeny began to panic.

She wanted to see Felix and tell her the truth.

No matter whether Felix would believe her or not, she would clarify that she didn't steal the files, nor did she kill that woman. She didn't know she ended up dead either.

She did attempt to escape, but she never thought about murdering anyone. She had no idea why that woman abruptly pelted toward her with a knife in her hand.

Queeny thought a guard was after her, so she instinctively raised her arm and knocked with her elbow. It was just self-defense.

She knew her strike would at most knock her out. It couldn't be a deadly blow. She no longer wanted to hurt anyone else.

However, that woman died.

She fell to the ground and died after Queeny elbowed her. Everyone on the scene saw that she attacked her and caused her death.

Naturally, Felix would not believe a word of her explanation.

Finally, she found a chance to see him. She told him everything and assured him repeatedly that if he didn't believe what she said, he could investigate, and she would do everything to help.

Still, Felix was not convinced.

He just eyed her with a poker face and posed a question.

"I wiped out the Rosefinch Club. Do you hate me?"

Queeny was stupefied.

She didn't know how to respond.

Did she hate him?

That was not necessarily true. The two clubs were two different parties that represented different interests.

The territory and market were limited. Thus, it was natural that only one of the two competing forces could survive.

Now that the two clubs' classified files were leaked at the same time, there must be a mole behind this. Even if Felix didn't take action at this time, the Rosefinch Club would deal with him anyway.

She asked herself if she really wanted to see Felix be taken down by her partners in the Rosefinch Club.

The answer was no.

Therefore, she didn't hate him for this.

The Rosefinch lost even though the two clubs' secrets had almost all been put on the table. It proved that the Rosefinch was inferior. Thus, Queeny knew they ought to concede defeat from the bottom of his heart.

But what she couldn't understand was that even though Felix had obtained what he wanted, he still killed all the other members of the Rosefinch club.

Those were all Queeny's dear friends!

Why couldn't Felix just let them live?

Seeing Queeny stand there in a daze, Felix put on a scornful smile.

Without saying one more word, he strode out of the room.

What happened later took Queeny by surprise.

She imagined a million ways that Felix might use to torture her and seek revenge.

However, to her shock, he chose to send her to prison.

When Queeny heard that, she didn't know how to react.

As the boss of the Dragon Club, the number one gang, Felix seldom obeyed the law. Yet, he eventually chose to punish her with the law.

"He wants me to rot in prison? Heh..."

But due to various reasons, Queeny was only sentenced to jail for four years.

It was not because Felix went easy on her. The judge only placed the verdict based on the case.

It was true that Felix had locked her up. But the government didn't care about the grievances between the two clubs.

It was just that the evidence to convict Queeny as the murderer of that woman was too weak.

The angle of the cut and the reason why the woman showed up there at that time was highly dubious.

Logically speaking, the cut alone could prove that Queeny didn't kill the woman.

But no one would believe it.

Nor did Felix.

It was as if the whole world was certain that Queeny was a murderer. The woman barged out at that time just to get killed and make Queeny a murderer.

Queeny found that ridiculous.

Still, nobody bought her side of the story.

With Felix's coercion, the conviction was eventually confirmed despite the lack of evidence.

In the legal sense, Queeny had become a real murderer.

As a former assassin, she found that quite ironic.

She had injured many and even taken the lives of many people who were against the club's interests. But she had never hurt any innocent person.

However, she was now proved guilty for someone she didn't kill.

Queeny didn't even bother to defend herself. Anyway, Felix had bribed all the people in court, so no one would listen to her explanation.

In the court, Queeny and Felix brushed past each other.

Queeny paused, not looking at him. Her face was composed.

In a cold voice, she said, "I'll pay back at you for what you did to me."

Felix merely walked past. He didn't reply.

Nor did he look at her.

With her back on him, Queeny continued, "Four years later, I'll go after you. Then, you'll know the members of the Rosefinch didn't die for nothing, and you'll also pay for what you did. When we meet again, only one of us can survive!"

After that, she stalked away without looking back.

Felix's figure froze in place.

He felt as if the wind of time had brought him back to the afternoon many years ago. That day, under the sunlit grape trellis, he saw a thin girl with clear, bright eyes stroll toward him.

Her smile was so pure and innocent. He wanted to take care of her and see her smile like that forever.

But why did things turn out like this?

Felix had asked him that question many times.

Even during the four years, at numerous sleepless nights, he wondered what on earth had made them end up like this.

But he had no answer.

No one could tell them the answer.

Now, four years had passed. When the two met again, they were no longer the same people they used to be.

Queeny stood rooted to the spot. She didn't speak for a long time.

Sarah noticed her dazed expression and wondered what she was thinking.

Then, she followed her gaze and saw a black Rolls-Royce parked in the shade of a tree on the roadside.

A little stunned, she asked with curiosity, "Queeny, who is in that car? Is it someone that you know?"

Queeny remained silent for two seconds.

Then, in a calm, emotionless, unperturbed voice, she replied, "No. It's just a stranger."

Sarah was taken aback.

But then, Queeny looked over her shoulder at her and said with a smile, "As you just said, I have no friends and nowhere to go..."