

## **Sweet Wife 861**

### **Chapter 861 Who Would Dare?**

Queeny gave her an admiring look.

“Martha, you're the smart one.”

Irvin was speechless.

He felt more or less unwanted.

But, despite his gripes, he was reassured by the knowledge that Felix was not really giving up, but would wait until the final showdown.

Soon, the foreigner began to fail.

He sighed helplessly, shook his head in despair, turned to Mr. Clemen with a shrug, and gave up.

Mr. Clemen's face lit up.

Perhaps Mr. Clemen had gambled everything on this occasion, so he was the highest bidder, if not the richest.

In the end, the Celestial Book, with its initial bidding price of \$80 million, was forced to reach \$1.5 billion by him and the foreigner.

At the same time, the hostess looked at the scene in complete silence and smiled, “Mr. Clemen is offering 1.5 billion. Is there anyone here who wants to raise his bid again?”

There was no answer.

So she started to announce, “1.5 billion first!”

“1.5 billion Second!”

“1.5 billion sold to...!”

“Two billion!”

Her words were suddenly interrupted by a low, strong voice.

The hostess immediately looked at the source of the sound, only to find that it was the young man sitting in the front row who had not made a sound since the first bid.

In fact, she had already noticed Felix. Because she was not from the community, she did not know him.

But because of his good looks and extraordinary grace, she could not help noticing him from the moment he entered the room.

At the beginning, when the Celestial Book came out, he made a bid. She had expected him to bid a second time, but he remained silent.

The hostess felt sorry, thinking that this person was probably not very rich, so he would stop so early, not competing with these people.

But she didn't expect him to bid at the end!

The hostess laughed, "The gentleman from Number three is now bidding two billion dollars! Will anyone bid more than \$2 billion?"

As soon as Felix spoke, Mr. Clemen broke out in a cold sweat.

It was Felix Bissel!

The head of Dragon Club, heir to the Bissel family.

He thought he could not compete with Felix with his money. But now that he had bid that much, and Felix was just starting to raise his bid. What else could he do?

Was he really going to give up?

There was a struggle in Mr. Clemen's eyes.

Today he was determined to get Celestial Book one way or another.

So when he got there, he looked around and saw that most of them were a threat to him, but if he really wanted it, he still had a chance.

Only when he met Felix did his certainty break.

For he knew that no matter how useful it was to Felix, no one else would get hold of it if he liked it.

So, just before the start of the second half, he stopped by to check on him.

At the time, Felix didn't say he wanted that, and he was relieved.

He didn't know he was coming for that too!

What should he do?

Mr. Clemen was almost constantly wiping sweat from his face, looking very anxious.

Irvin turned around with a smile and said, "Mr. Clemen, are you okay?"

Mr. Clemen looked more anxious.

But for \$2 billion, he didn't dare bid more.

And even if he did, who knew if Felix would have continued to compete with him?

No one knew how much Felix's wealth was, but it had been calculated that all the richest businessmen in the land, including the Collins family, the richest family in the area, would be no match for him.

And he was just a businessman who lived off the Collins family.

Finally, Mr. Clemen just smiled stiffly and said, "If Mr. Bissel likes it, I can't take it away from him, so go ahead."

Irvin raised his eyebrows, surprised to see him back down so quickly.

Feeling bored, he grunted and turned his head.

The hostess saw this and began to announce.

“Two billion dollars. Anyone else want to bid more?”

There was a silence.

Who would dare take what Felix wanted?

The hostess saw this and said, “Two billion dollars first!”

“Two billion dollars second!”

“Two billion dollars last chance! Sold!”

The hammer banged down and the deal was done.

Because this was the last lot, the end of the sale means that today’s auction had come to a successful conclusion.

After the hostess announced her thanks, the lights came on in the hall and everyone got up and headed out.

Outside, Felix was immediately greeted with congratulations.

There were many people who didn’t mean what they said, but on such an occasion, no one would mind.

Felix greeted them one by one with a faint smile on his face. On closer inspection, he was not as happy as they had expected him to be about acquiring the treasure.

They did not know why, but they dared not speculate. After congratulating him, they left.

The last one to come out was the pale Mr. Clemen.

Mr. Clemen was a cousin on Irvin’s mother’s side. The two families actually had some disagreements, but for some reasons, he always relied on the Collins Family to make money.

When selecting the next successor of the Collins Family, Mr. Clemen, as the cousin of Irvin's mother, supported another cousin of his, so Irvin didn't like him very much.

At this moment, he saw him come out with a dejected look on his face, he immediately stepped forward to tease him, “Why are you unhappy, cousin? Come on, you didn't get the treasure, but you saved \$2 billion! It would take years for you to make that kind of money out of my family.”

Mr. Clemen looked up and gave him a cold stare.

He said coldly, “Instead of staying in the company, you are here with a woman at this time. Does your father know about it?”

Irvin was stunned.

His bright smile froze on his face.

After a while, he sneered, "Yeah, I was hanging out at work, but you're not much better. Tut! Live forever? Would it be fun to live forever depending on other people like your family?"

"How dare you!"

Mr. Clemen got angry.

Fortunately, Martha was still sensible. They were, after all, related, and he was Irvin's elder. If they got into a fight in public, Irvin would be punished when he got home

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

#### **Chapter 862 You are Mine**

So she pulled him gently and said, "There is something wrong with my stomach. Will you please take me to the bathroom?"

Irvin then turned around and said yes. He looked at Mr. Clemen again, and snorted.

Irvin then told Felix and Queeny to wait where they were, turned around and headed to the bathroom with Martha.

After he left, Mr. Clemen also left angrily.

He left without another word to Felix, evidently resentful.

But Felix was not one to be petty.

Not only did he not care about it, but he kindly said, "Take care!"

Mr. Clemen, who was walking away quickly, was stunned and almost tripped over.

Queeny couldn't help but laugh, then turned around and glared at him. "Why are you playing pranks on him?"

Felix raised his eyebrows. "I didn't. I told him with all my heart. After all, it's not a good thing to be so competitive at his age."

Queeny shook her head in frustration.

"You call him competitive? After today, everyone will know how competitive you are."

Felix laughed at her words.

He suddenly turned to face her, lowered his head and said, "My biggest ambition is to have you, to the ends of the earth, till the end of my life."

Queeny was stunned.

Her face flushed almost instantly.

When he lowered his head, the tall figure enveloped her whole body, and his breath blotted out in front of her.

She felt flustered and did not know what to say.

Her legs seemed weak, too, and she was about to take a step back, when he seized her by the arm and led her forward, and she fell firmly into his arms.

Felix took her in his arms and stroked the top of her head. "Baby, you are mine and mine alone," he said.

Queeny was disturbed by his words, which were almost like a sigh.

During this time, Felix's feelings for her were very obvious.

He made no attempt to hide his possessiveness towards her and seemed to chip away at her sanity step by step.

Queeny knew it wasn't an option to keep running away.

But she could not give any response at this time except escape.

Neither of them spoke for a moment.

Until they heard a teasing voice in their ears, "Well, it's only been a minute, and you guys are already making out?"

Startled, Queeny looked up and saw Irvin and Martha walking this way from the bathroom.

She blushed and pushed Felix away as quickly as if she were a thief.

Felix, however, was quite unfazed. He glanced at him and said: "Shut up!"

Irvin grinned and looked between Queeny and Felix, knowing exactly what was going on.

He came over, clapped his hands on Felix's shoulder and laughed. "Well, I was just kidding," he said. "If you don't like it, I'll stop."

He didn't say anything again, but the wink made it all out.

Felix did not bother. After a while, the staff came to him to sign the bill.

After signing the bill, they wrapped up the Celestial Book and gave it to him.

Before they left, they kindly reminded, "This is valuable, Mr. Bissel. Please pay attention."

Felix nodded.

Then they all left.

Irvin and Martha had other plans this afternoon, so they wouldn't be joining them.

The two of them drove straight back to the castle.

It was now past one o'clock in the afternoon and they were both getting hungry. As soon as they got home, Donald came to meet them. A nice lunch was set out on the table.

They sat down to eat now that they had the Celestial Book in hand.

They soon finished a meal.

When they had finished, they left the dining-room in the hands of Donald, and went upstairs together.

Donald didn't know what they were doing upstairs, but he was glad to see them getting along.

So, after packing things, he personally carried a plate of fruit up.

They were now upstairs in the study.

Felix and Queeny were sitting on the sofa. Seeing Donald come in, Queeny stood up and took the fruit.

Donald smiled and said, "I'll leave you to talk."

Queeny nodded, and when he was gone, she closed the door behind her and came over with the fruit.

She forked a piece of fruit into her mouth and nodded. "Well, it's sweet. Would you like to try a piece?"

Felix looked up, with his eyes fixed on her.

After a moment, he said, "Sure."

Queeny didn't think twice. She picked up a piece of fruit with her fork and held it to his mouth.

Felix ate it in her hand.

Accidentally or not, his chin touched her finger.

He was a man of thirty, and even though he had shaved in the morning, there was a slight unnoticeable growth in his beard.

It scraped against her fingers, itchy and with a certain masculine charm.

Queeny's heart just quivered.

She was almost trembling.

But he did not seem to notice, and when he had finished, he took out the box, laid it on the table, and said, "Shall I open it or you?"

Queeny withdrew her hands, collected her mind, pretended not to feel anything, and said, "You can open it."

Felix nodded and opened the box.

A piece of white jade with glittering and translucent appearance was lying quietly there.

It wasn't the first time for either of them to see it, but they couldn't help but be amazed when they saw it again after four years.

Queeny couldn't resist coming forward and picking it up.

The jade in her hand was a little cold. By the light of the lamp, she could make out what seemed to be faint veins carved into it. It was more like special symbols than words.

The four corners were polished and smooth, but the jade piece, five centimeters wide, felt like a piece of ice when held in the hand.

But it was more comfortable than the cold of ice, more like a layer of light and cool water, which could penetrate the skin into the body.

Queeny was totally fascinated by it.

Even ignoring the bizarre rumors that the jade carried, just by looking at its surface, one can tell that it was a priceless treasure.

Felix sat there, watching her quietly examine the jade in her hand.

After a long pause, he asked, "Do you see any signs?"

Queeny looked at it carefully and shook her head.

Felix stretched out his hand. "Let me see."

Queeny handed over the jade.

The crystal jade in his big hand was smaller and clearer. Under the lamplight, the faint texture on the jade seemed to be more vivid.

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

#### **Chapter 863 His Intuition**

Queeny also leaned in. She leaned her whole body beside him for the convenience of watching, and their heads almost met.

After a while she asked in a low voice, "Do you see anything?"

Felix frowned slightly. "It's not the same one from four years ago," he said darkly.

"What?"

Queeny stared at him in surprise.

Felix put it down, turned his head, and noticed that she had moved in.

They were so close that he could easily smell the faint scent of lavender in her hair. He suddenly felt a little nervous.

But soon, pretending not to notice that, he hid his nervousness and, moved a little closer to her quietly.

He picked it up and explained in front of her, "Look at the texture on this one, it's different from the one from four years ago."

Hearing his words, Queeny really noticed that.

Only, she hadn't looked at it carefully, so her memory was hazy. She could only vaguely remember it, but it did seem a little different.

"On the previous one, the texture was horizontal, and on this one it was vertical, and the shape of each character was different," Felix explained.

Queeny frowned.

“So, these aren’t the same thing?”

Felix nodded.

He put it down, got up, grabbed his laptop, and sat back down.

He turned on the computer and pulled out the information he had asked people to look up and showed it to her.

“There are twelve pieces of jade in the Celestial Book, according to my research, and each one has a name. That piece we got earlier was called Libra. Based on the texture and symbols above, this one can be guessed to be Gemini.

Queeny was stunned, “Gemini?”

“Yes.”

Felix turned the computer screen toward her for a closer look.

Queeny roughly scanned all the information and memorized it in her mind.

“So, the Zaccardi Family weren't the ones who started the fight?”

Felix frowned. “I can’t be sure yet.”

They knew now that it was not the same piece that had gone missing four years earlier, but somehow, in his gut, he knew it had something to do with the Zaccardi Family.

Queeny saw this and did not pursue it further.

Instead, she took the piece of jade, held it up to the lamplight, and said: “Do you think this thing really has the magical effects as in legend?”

Felix looked at her gently. “You can try,” he said.

“What?”

Queeny turned her head and looked at him blankly.

Felix laughed. “Isn’t it supposed to make you immortal? Try wearing it for decades. If you really don't get older, then maybe it works.”

Queeny realized that he was teasing her.

She scowled at him. “Go away.”

Felix smiled.

For a moment, however, she wondered.

“We all know it's a treasure, and the Zaccardi family doesn't need money. What do you think they mean by auctioning it?”

Felix shrugged.

In fact, he really didn't know what they were up to.

Since they were neither for money nor profit, they probably had some other ulterior motive.

His heart sank a little as he thought.

At last, he said, "Let's see what happens. At present they were just bringing it out. They haven't done anything yet, but if they have a purpose, they will do something. So don't worry, they'll make their intentions known.

Queeny nodded, and finally, her eyes fell on the Celestial Book in the box.

"So what are we going to do with this thing now?"

Felix said flatly, "Leave it there."

After a pause, he suddenly looked at her and asked, "Has Halley come to you these days?"

Queeny's brow creases at the mere mention of it.

She shook her head. "No."

"I always thought his presence had something to do with the Zaccardi Family's auction."

Queeny was stunned and asked, "What do you mean?"

"I can't say."

He rubbed his eyebrows wearily for a moment, then said quietly, "It's just an intuition. Don't you women believe in it?"

Then he looked at her with half a smile.

Queeny snorted and sneered, "Not every woman, okay?"

"You don't believe in intuition?"

"No."

She paused and explained, "I believe more in seeing than in believing intuition."

She said, pointing to her eyes.

Felix pondered. "But eyes can be deceiving sometimes," he said.

"Like, sometimes what you see isn't true." he explained when Queeny was stunned. "There are too many people who can't help themselves in this world. Most of the time, we have to feel it with our heart. Just follow your heart, what you feel is true."

Queeny was silent for a moment as his words rang in her ears.

A moment later she said, "Maybe."

She waved her hand as if she did not want to continue the subject.

"Well, we've checked the Celestial Book. And now we have nothing to go on. I'll go back to my room."

Felix nodded.

Queeny left then.

She didn't know if it was her imagination, but when she left, she felt that he was staring at her.

Back in her room, Queeny took a break.

By the time she woke up from her nap, it was 3:30 p.m.

She opened her eyes, still a little confused.

Looking up, she saw that the sun was blazing outside, and she felt a little dizzy.

"Ella!"

She called.

Ella hurried in from outside and saw that she was awake. With a gleam of joy in her eyes, she asked, "Are you awake?"

Queeny nodded slightly.

She sat on the bed, her head drooping, her eyes visibly frowning, as if she were uncomfortable.

Ella walked over to her, poured her a glass of water and handed it to her. "Are you alright? You seem uncomfortable. "

Queeny shrugged.

She was silent for a while, then said, "I don't know. maybe it's because I didn't sleep well, I feel a little dizzy."

Ella thought about it and said, "Maybe. How about I give you a massage? "

Queeny looked up in surprise.

"You can do that?"

Ella smiled and said, "I've learned it before, but I'm not very skilled. I wish you didn't mind."

Queeny thought about it, since she had nothing to do anyway, and she was really uncomfortable, so she decided to let her try.

#### **Chapter 864 Connection**

Ella saw this and nodded, "Wait for me for a moment. I'll go get something."

With Queeny's permission, she went out.

It wasn't long before Ella came back.

She carried a small soft leather box in her hand and laid it on the table. Queeny took a look and saw that there was everything inside.

She couldn't help laughing and said, "Wow, it's quite complete."

Ella laughed and said, "Well, since I'm not skilled enough, I will need more equipment. You can lie down now."

Queeny did as she was told and lay flat on the bed.

Ella moved a soft stool from the dressing room and sat down on the bed, facing her head.

After warming her hands, she gently began to massage her.

To be fair, Ella was being overmodest when she said she wasn't good at it.

Because after Queeny's experiments, her technique actually proved to be very good.

Her fingers, soft and strong, pressed against her scalp in a precise, relaxing position.

Queeny could not help closing her eyes.

The room was quiet except for the sound of two even, delicate breathing.

Ella helped her relax her scalp and the areas around her eyes before adding essential oils to her hands and massaging her.

Queeny smelt a faint smell of flowers, something she had never smelled before, like hundreds of flowers mixed together without being disagreeable, which was quite refreshing.

"What is it?" she asked.

Ella gently explained, "I made it myself, using flowers that were very soothing and were very good for dizziness and headaches."

Queeny nodded silently.

She knew Ella was telling the truth, because after a moment, she did feel better than she had felt before.

The massage lasted a full hour.

In the process, maybe because she was really tired or something else, Queeny actually fell asleep for a while.

But when she woke up and looked at the time, it was only an hour since the massage had begun, and she had fallen asleep long after the massage had begun.

So she had only been asleep for about ten minutes.

Queeny smiled sheepishly. "Sorry, it was so comfortable that I fell asleep."

Ella laughed. "It's good to be able to sleep because it means it works for you."

She nodded and the massage continued for a while until Donald called to her, then she asked Ella to stop.

Queeny packed herself up and went outside and saw Donald standing outside with what looked like a document in his hand.

He smiled. "Miss Horton, Mr. Bissel asked me to give it to you."

Queeny paused and took it.

She looked at it and saw some information about the Celestial Book.

She looked up and asked Donald, "Where is he?"

Donald smiled. "He had been out on business."

He didn't say what he was handing it to Queeny for, but presumably he had a point.

In fact, Queeny did know it.

So she answered, "I see, thank you."

Donald smiled and said, "That's all right. I'll go first."

Queeny nodded.

Donald left then.

After he left, Queeny turned back to her room and took out the document for a closer look.

It was clearly the information of the runes on the Celestial Book.

According to Felix's calculations and the information he had gathered earlier, there were twelve pieces of Jade in the Celestial Book, each with different symbols on it. The symbols looked abstract, but they were not any words she knew.

When Queeny was in Rosefinch Club, she had a friend there who liked the ancient script, so she knew a little bit about it.

Although she didn't know what the characters meant, she could roughly tell when they were written.

But she knew nothing of this one.

The only possibility, apart from her lack of knowledge, was that it was either not written or...

Queeny's eyes darkened a little.

Ella also saw these materials.

Since she had been following Queeny for a long time, Queeny did not avoid her for many things.

So when she first opened it, she did not avoid her.

Ella asked curiously, "What are these things? Why does it look familiar?"

Queeny looked at her in surprise, "Look familiar? You've seen it?"

Ella frowned, as if she was remembering something. After thinking about it for a long time, she said, "Maybe. I'm not sure. I can't think of anything at the moment."

But the way she said it must mean she really had seen it.

Queeny was thrilled.

She took her hand and said, "Where have you seen it before? It's very important, and you'd be doing me a big favor if you remembered." Just think, where have you seen it before? This is important, and you'd be doing me a big favor if you remembered."

Ella gave her a shy smile, "You have to give me some time, I just feel it familiar. Maybe I've seen it somewhere before, but I'm afraid I can't remember it for a moment."

Queeny nodded. "Well, I'll give you time to think about it, but if you think of anything, be sure to let me know."

Ella nodded.

Queeny thought that if it wasn't a real thing, it was probably a hoax.

They went to all this trouble to create something like this, and they hid behind it.

No matter how hard she and Felix tried, they could not find out who had made these things, and who had started the disaster four years ago.

But either way, whoever made this thing would know the symbols on it.

Since Ella said that she had seen it before, was it possible that the other person knew Ella?

Or was there a connection? Like they all went to the same place? Or were they all from the same place?

Queeny thought that if Ella could remember where she had seen the symbol, she could follow the trail and find them.

Her heart stirred at the thought.

She had planned to share the clue with Felix, but after dinner she learned that he was away and probably not coming back for the rest of the day.

Queeny frowned.

She did not know where he had gone.

But she didn't think much of it.

She knew if Felix went out, Ford would follow him.

He had always been surrounded by security, and he was on his guard, so nothing would happen to him.

### **Chapter 865 He was Badly Injured**

She was reassured by this thought.

That night, however, she had not been able to sleep well.

She did not know why, but she felt as if a stone had been pressed against her heart, and she was about to vomit.

Queeny was woken up in the middle of the night.

There was a sound of quick footsteps outside. She got out of bed and ran to the window to have a look.

The whole castle was ablaze with lights, and cars and people were rushing about outside in a hurry and a panic.

She looked at the time with a feeling of foreboding. It was just three in the morning.

At this time, Ella probably heard the noise and ran in from outside.

She was still in her nightgown, with only a thin coat over it.

Seeing her leaning over the window, Ella cried, "Miss Horton, how are you? Are you alright?"

Queeny turned to her with worried eyes. "What's going on out there?"

Ella cried out, "I don't know. It seems that someone has dropped a bomb on the town and there will be a war!"

Queeny was stunned.

A war?

How was that possible?

Everyone knew this was Felix's territory, and although the Dragon Club's regiment had been in decline for two years, it was not so much that it could be trampled on.

She raised her eyebrows and asked, "Where's Felix?"

Ella looked as if she was about to cry. She said with a trembling voice, "I was just about to say that. I was woken up just now, and I heard that Mr. Bissel had come back and was badly injured, so I came in to look for you."

Queeny was shocked.

She said in a low voice, "Injured? When did this happen?"

"I don't know. I was just hearing it."

"Where is he?"

"He has been sent back."

As soon as Ella finished, the woman in front of her ran out.

Startled, she exclaimed, "Miss Horton, that wound on your leg..."

Queeny could not care less about her injuries at the moment.

All she could think about was Felix getting hurt.

He was badly hurt?

How could that be?

What happened to the security detail? Who would do that to him that fast?

Her heart was beating so fast that she was soon up the stairs of the main building.

Only then did she notice that the corridor on the second floor was full of people, not only Donald and Ford but even Irvin, who had gathered around the bedroom door.

She turned pale for a moment and walked over quickly.

“Where is he?”

Seeing her, Ford said respectfully, “He’s in the bedroom.”

Queeney was about to walk in when Irvin grabbed her.

Irvin looked deeply at her and said, “He was injured by a bomb. They came prepared, so he was badly injured this time. But don't worry too much. We've got the best doctors to operate on him. Since it was not safe to go to the hospital at this time, we had to find a makeshift operating room. Besides the doctor, Donald was in there looking after him. Don't panic. If you have to go in there, change your clothes first.”

He said, and had a sterile suit brought.

Queeney just put it on without thinking.

When she was fully dressed, she turned to Irvin and asked, “Is that all right now?”

Irvin nodded.

Ford, who was waiting at the door, let her in.

Queeney had been Felix’s bedroom before.

But this time, even after only a few days, she felt like she was in a strange and cold world, somewhere she had never been before.

A large board had been placed on the bed in the middle of the bedroom, covered with white sheets and surrounded by white curtains.

Even beneath her feet, she could see there was a temporary layer.

There was a faint smell of disinfectant in the room, and one could imagine that they had been back for a while.

At this moment, Donald was standing beside the bed, with a worried and distressed look on his face.

On the other side of the bed, a foreign doctor and his two assistants were working intently on the man in the bed.

They were so absorbed that they didn't even notice the sudden appearance of a person in the room.

Queeny walked by in silence.

Donald finally saw her and said softly, "Miss Horton, there you are."

Queeny did not say anything.

She didn't even look at him.

Her eyes were fixed on the man lying on the bed.

His face was as white as paper, and his clothes had been stripped off to reveal gaping wounds.

The wounds were on his shoulder, his stomach, his legs, his arms, all over his body.

Even his head was bandaged.

The man, who had been strong and domineering, lay there like a lifeless piece of paper, unconscious.

Her tears came up at once.

But Queeny kept them from rolling out of their sockets.

She knew that at this time, she could not cry.

In the midst of chaos, and Felix was in such a state, her crying was not only useless, but also disturbed others and made them more panic.

So she had to be strong.

She turned to Donald and whispered, "What did the doctor say?"

She knew the doctor would come and say something.

Donald said quietly, "Not deadly, but it's not that easy. We'll see after the operation."

Queeny nodded.

She took a deep breath, watched him for a moment, and then silently withdrew.

Everyone was still out there.

As she came out, they anxiously rushed forward to inquire after Felix.

Queeny didn't answer them. She just looked at Ford and said quietly, "What happened today?"

Ford didn't look good either.

After all, Felix went out with him and his escort.

But now he and his team were fine, while Felix was badly injured, which made no sense.

Therefore, he was in a very bad mood.

He'd rather have the shrapnel stuck in him.

But he would answer Queeny's question.

It was too crowded for him, however, so he said quietly, "Miss Horton, may I have a word with you?"

Then he led her down the corridor.

Queeny said nothing and followed him.

At the end of the corridor, Ford stopped, turned and whispered, "We've been ambushed."

Queeny frowned. "What do you mean?"

Ford said quietly, "Mr. Bissel was taking me to the next town to make a business deal, but it was too late to come back tonight, so we planned to go back tomorrow morning.

### **Chapter 866 All Fake**

"But when we all went to bed that night, there was an explosion in Mr. Bissel's room."

"We burst in and saw the room ablaze. We managed to get Mr. Bissel out, but he was seriously injured."

"We couldn't figure out who did it, so we drove all the way back."

Queeny frowned deeply at this.

"Didn't you check it carefully when you checked in the hotel?" she asked quietly.

"We did," said Ford quietly.

Queeny was stunned.

She noticed a complex look of hate on Ford's face. On second thought, she guessed it.

"Is there a mole?"

Ford clenched his fist and nodded.

"He's one of the guards?"

Ford nodded again.

Queeny breathed a sigh of relief.

No wonder!

The mole was in the escort. So if he could plant a bomb in the room at any convenient moment, no one would notice.

Her face darkened.

Others might not know it, but she was well aware that Felix's escort had been carefully screened.

Most of them were orphans with little care in the world, so they would not be afraid of being threatened.

Felix had always treated them well, and there was no possibility of defection for profit.

Most of all, she knew that a large number of these people were actually children the Bissel family had sponsored since childhood, so they grew up to be Felix's right-hand men.

From children to adults, this loyalty can be imagined.

And now, the mole was in these people...

Queeny felt the fog in front of her started to appear again, obscuring her eyes from what laid ahead.

She fell silent, and so did Ford.

Ford couldn't be more regretful at this point.

For though the escorts were Felix's men, he was the one who normally trained and taught them.

In other words, Felix had put his best army and his entire fortune in his hands.

But he failed to live up to his trust, not only failed to timely find spies, but also let him be seriously injured.

All Ford wanted now was to shoot himself.

Queeny, naturally sensing his emotion, reached out and patted him on the shoulder.

"It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself too much."

Ford couldn't have detected it if Felix hadn't.

Moreover, it was possible that the man had been lurking in the escort all along, usually without showing any signs, only for this fatal blow.

So, this was the enemy's trump card. How could they easily let this card be discovered?

Queeny understood this, but Ford still blamed himself.

Seeing this, Queeny did not force him. She knew that all her advice would be of no use to him at that moment.

So she only said in a hushed voice, "Where are those people? Were they under control?"

Ford nodded. "There were eighteen of them, and they were all under control."

Queeny nodded back.

"Just get them under control. Try to find out who this person is, get him to tell the truth, and find out who the mastermind behind him is."

Ford was shocked by Queeny's words.

Unconsciously he straightened his chest and answered, "Yes."

Queeny waved her hand. "You take care of this first. It's the most important thing right now. You can count on me and Donald on Felix's side."

Ford nodded gratefully and turned away.

Queeny returned to the bedroom and saw Donald coming out.

She hurried over and asked, "How's it going?"

Donald frowned. It had only been a few hours, but suddenly he felt years older.

He said quietly, "He hasn't recovered yet. He needs blood now. I'll send someone to get the bag."

Queeny nodded, and Donald left in a hurry.

Ella saw how distraught she was, so she brought a chair and put it behind her.

"Miss Horton, you haven't recovered from your leg. Why don't you sit and wait?"

Queeny was stunned and subconsciously wanted to refuse, but Donald, who had already left, turned to her and said, "Please sit and wait. Mr. Bissel will want to see you as soon as he wakes up. If he finds you in a bad state, he will also be worried."

Queeny then pursed her lips and said, "Okay."

Then she sat down.

Donald left quickly.

The operation lasted about an hour and a half.

Donald got the plasma and went back in.

It wasn't long before the doctors came out together.

Everyone stood up and asked in unison, "How's it going?"

"He's all right," the doctor replied, "but he's not out of the woods yet. There are forty-eight hours of danger ahead. Send two people you can trust to take care of him, and keep your voice low. After those forty-eight hours, everything will be all right."

They all felt relieved.

Two trustworthy people with time on their hands were definitely Queeny and Donald.

Without hesitation, they changed their clothes and went in.

Donald took care of his nutrition and Queeny stayed with him and kept an eye on his condition.

The room was filled with a strong smell of disinfectant and alcohol and blood.

Queeny's eyes filled with tears as she looked at the man lying quietly on the bed, wrapped in gauze.

She sat down on the chair beside the bed and whispered, "Felix, you better wake up, and if anything happens to you, I'm telling you, I will not spare you!"

He lay there quite still, silent and unresponsive.

She suddenly began to miss the old Felix.

Although the old Felix always liked to annoy her, and would often act like a child with her.

And he was kind of bad back then, and he always made her sad.

Queeny somehow felt that Felix was better, more alive.

Now he lay lifeless in bed, like a puppet with no life at all.

She raised her hand and took his from under the covers.

She put his hand to her cheek and whispered, "Felix, let me tell you a secret."

The man in the bed, of course, did not respond.

But as if she had not noticed, she said to herself, "I tell you, I always said I hated you, and it wasn't true."???

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

#### **Chapter 867 Brother Felix**

"In fact, I do not hate you at all, although you did do a lot of things to make me very sad, but I still know that you will always be the one who will protect me, take care of me, promise to be good to me all my life."

Her eyes suddenly grew sour, as if they were full of tears.

But she was strong enough not to let a tear fall.

She chuckled. "Do you remember when I used to call you Brother Felix? I really wanted a brother back then, so I followed you around."

"But then, when I was training with you and you beat me up, I stopped calling you brother."

"Because I have heard that other brothers love and spoil their sisters, and never beat them."

"But you hit me, and I hated you, and swore that I would never call you brother again."

"Do you remember it? You were angry with me for a long time about it, and you didn't know why I suddenly stopped calling you brother, so you gradually gave up."

"Felix, if you wake up now, I'll call you brother again, okay?"

The man in the bed did not respond, as if he had never even heard her.

Finally, Queeny's tears fell down silently.

She curled her lips and smiled.

"I'll take that as a yes if you don't say anything, or should I call you first? If you hear me, just respond and open your eyes and look at me, okay?"

The man on the bed was still silent.

She leaned down to his ear and whispered, "Brother Felix..."

“Brother Felix...”

“Brother Felix...”

She did not know how many times she had called. The soft calls, like the howling wind, suddenly took them to more than a decade ago.

Queeny's face was full of tears, but she kept a smile on her face.

Suddenly there was a slight movement in the fingers of the large hand she had been holding.

She gasped in disbelief, “Brother Felix?”

Donald, who was beside her, also saw it and ran excitedly, “His finger is moving! He is conscious!”

They both shed tears of joy.

Although Felix was not awake at this point, Queeny knew he could hear her.

He could actually hear her.

Feeling mixed and grateful, she continued to call him.

In the quiet room, her low voice one after another, accompanied by the man's even and weak breathing sound, formed a harmonious and weird picture.

But except for the movement of his finger, there was no reply.

Donald said, “Miss Horton, take a break. You’re going to lose your voice.”

Queeny, however, shook her head.

She said softly, “Donald, do you think he can hear me? He can hear me, can’t he?”

Donald also had tears in his eyes.

“He can hear you, but he would prefer you to take care of yourself, or he won't be happy when he wakes up and finds you like this.”

Queeny knew Donald was telling the truth.

So she wiped away her tears, forced a smile and said, “You're right. I should take care of myself until he wakes up.”

Donald said, “Miss Horton, why don't you come over here and get some rest? You must have had a bad night.”

He pointed to a makeshift bed beside him.

Queeny didn't refuse, she nodded and walked over.

She lay on the bed and looked at Felix lying there not far away.

Her thoughts were like a flood of complexity. Finally, she closed her eyes.

She didn't know whether it was because she was really tired or something else.

It was impossible for her to fall asleep, but she did fall asleep soon after lying there.

Seeing her asleep, Donald closed the door and exited softly.

Felix woke up the next afternoon.

At that moment, the sun was shining through the window, and he moved his fingertips and opened his eyes.

The light outside made his eyes squint. He felt his hand gripped by something and, looking down, saw the sleeping woman lying on the edge of the bed.

The afternoon sun came in through the window and fell on her little white face. When he looked closely, he could see the small, pale hair on her face, which was particularly pleasing.

Just then, Donald came in with something from outside.

When he saw that he was awake, he showed a look of surprise.

But before he could speak, Felix put a finger to his lips and made a gesture of silence.

He got that, so he just nodded and walked softly to the bed.

Queeny was fast asleep.

Maybe it was because she had been so tired these days. She had just sat on the edge of the bed with him, and she had somehow fallen asleep.

Felix did not allow Donald to wake her, so Donald had to play it by ear.

Donald lowered his voice and smiled as he looked at her lovingly. "Miss Horton has been watching you every step of the way since you were injured, and she's exhausted."

Felix nodded, his voice cracking. "I know."

In fact, he felt her calling him vaguely that day.

It didn't seem to come from the ear, it seemed to come from deep inside the brain, through a distant memory.

"Brother Felix..." One after another.

It had been a long time since he had heard such a sound.

With attachment, with reluctance, with so deep and complex feelings.

Felix's eyes were warm and unbelievably soft. He wanted to lift his fingers and gently stroke her face, but he was afraid of waking her up, so he gave up.

Donald saw this and went out in silence.

He knew that what Mr. Bissel wanted at this point was not a variety of injury pills, but some alone time with Miss Horton.

To Mr. Bissel, Miss Horton trumped all the good medicine in the world.

Queeny woke up, though.

She wasn't woken up by someone else, but she hasn't been sleeping well these days.

She was sleeping soundly when, the next moment, the sight of Felix, covered in blood, sprang into her mind and startled her awake.

She opened her eyes and looked at him blankly.

Her eyes were blurred, and it took a long time before they came into focus.

Finally, her eyes settled on his handsome face.

"You..."

She opened her mouth, and then, in the warm sunshine, a surprise sprang into her eyes.

"Are you awake?"

She almost jumped with surprise.

It was Felix's hand that saved her from falling to the ground.???

### **Chapter 868 So Imprudent**

"How can you be so imprudent at your age?"

He looked at her angrily.

But Queeny didn't even notice!

The doctors had said there would be a 48-hour critical period, and only after that would he truly wake up.

So, Queeny has been standing by his bed for two days.

Now that he was awake at last, how could she not be happy?

Queeny's excitement was unabashed and Felix watched it with mixed feelings.

It would be false to say he was not moved.

But it was this surge of emotion that suddenly complicated his feelings.

Queeny didn't notice the change in his mood. "How are you? Is everything okay? Does it still hurt?"

Felix took her distraught hand. "I'm all right," he said. "It doesn't hurt."

After a pause, he asked, "How long have I been unconscious?"

Queeny pursed her lips and replied, "Two days and two nights."

"You've been here all this time?"

He stared straight at her. Queeny froze, her heart beating slower for no reason.

She pulled her hand away and looked away uncomfortably. "Don't get your head around it. I'm just afraid someone's going to stab you again when you're hurt. In that case, who's gonna help me find leads?"

Her words did not change Felix's mind.

For no matter what she said, he had seen it for real, and her cares and fears were not feigned.

He chuckled. "Is that really all?"

Queeny, more uncomfortable, muttered: "What else could it be?"

"Now, lie down while I call the doctor."

Then she turned and walked out.

However, as soon as she reached the door, she saw Donald leading the doctor in.

It turned out that Donald had just left Queeny and Felix alone.

Felix had only just regained consciousness and, naturally, had to be examined by the doctor, so he went to inform him.

He had just brought the doctor in, and the conversation was over.

Seeing Queeny at the door, Donald smiled and said, "Miss Horton, you're awake. Where are you going?"

Queeny paused and realized that she had just fallen asleep. Donald must have seen it. She felt a little embarrassed.

She forced a smile. "I'm going to the doctor."

Her eyes fell more sheepishly on the doctor following him.

"Now that the doctor is here, you can go in while I go."

With that, she hurried away.

Confused, Donald asked, "Don't you want to hear the doctor's results?"

Queeny replied, "No."

She knew that Felix would find the best doctor.

Since the doctor said that if he could get through the crucial 48 hours and wake up, he'd be fine.

So now that Felix had survived and woken up, he must be safe.

So she did not worry at all, and the result was a matter of choice.

Donald shook his head helplessly before ushering the doctor in.

In the bedroom, Felix had stretched himself into a sitting position, leaning against the head of the bed.

Donald was horrified at the sight.

"Mr. Bissel, what are you doing up?"

He hurried over and examined him carefully. He was afraid that he would bleed again.

Felix looked at him and said, "I'm fine."

Then he looked at the Doctor behind him and said quietly, "Thank you, Doctor Amelia."

Amelia shrugged. "That's what I do anyway. As long as you, healthy and happy, I am OK."

Amelia's English was not very good, although she had been trying to express herself in English, but she was still not fluent.

Felix said nothing, but bent his lips slightly.

Donald, gratefully, said, "Thank you, Dr. Amelia."

Amelia shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly and proceeded to examine Felix.

She knew, without examination, that Felix would wake up and his injuries would be all right.

She checked, and sure enough, that was it.

It was certainly not going to heal in a short time, but at least it was not going to be fatal. In the following period of time, he only needed to take medicine on time, change the dressing and check his body.

One more thing was that he must not run away for a short time. He must stay in the castle to recover.

As she explained, Donald nodded and took notes.

When she had finished, she left the medicine and walked over to the bed, looking at Felix.

"Congratulations, Bro. You just saved your life. You know that the most dangerous piece of shrapnel missed your aorta by 0.01 centimeter, and if it had gone any further, you would have been dead."

"As the saying goes, you will be lucky after survived. But you have to take care of yourself in the future. After all, it's not always possible to happen to meet me traveling nearby, okay?"

This wasn't the first time Felix and Amelia have met. Yesterday, after his accident there, he happened to meet Amelia traveling there, so they came back here together.

Felix was also grateful that she had saved her life.

He smiled at her and said, "OK."

After a pause, he added, "I owe you my life. Let me know if you need me."

By saying that, he was basically making a promise that amounted to a blank check. She could cash it whenever she wanted.

There were too many people in this world who wanted this check and couldn't get it.

But Amelia just smiled and nodded. "Ok."

She didn't show much surprise.

Then she packed up her things and said, "Now all you need to do is ask your doctor to help you. I will continue my journey and see you next time."

Felix nodded.

Then he said to Donald, "Take Dr. Amelia out for me."

Donald quickly and politely leaned forward with an inviting gesture, "Dr. Amelia, this way, please."

Amelia followed him out the door.

Queeny said she wouldn't listen, but when she got back to her room, she was still worried.

She came out again, just in time to meet Donald returning from dropping off Dr. Amelia.

Donald, seeing her standing under the cloister, guessed that she might be worried about Felix's illness and gave a sigh and a smile to himself.

When Felix was unconscious earlier, they were fine. Why was it that he had only been awake for a moment now, and they were looking so awkward again? ???????

## **Chapter 869 At Odds**

But he was a very considerate person, and he was very kind to Queeny.

He knew she was worried and did not want to go directly to Felix, so he kindly approached her and said, "Don't worry, Miss Horton. The doctor has just examined Felix and he is fine. He just needs to stay at home for a while."

Queeny paused and pursed her lips. "I didn't ask him how he was", she thought to herself.

But she nodded and said softly, "Thank you, Donald."

Donald smiled and said, "As long as you and Mr. Bissel are fine, I'm fine, too."

She didn't know what Donald meant by "fine".

Did it mean that they were both safe and sound, or that they get along or something?

Queeny was a little confused and couldn't stop thinking. She paused, realizing that her thoughts had gone astray.

She said to Donald, "I'm all right. You can go about your business now."

Donald nodded and left.

As Donald left, Queeny turned around and went back to her room.

It was dinnertime before she saw Felix again.

Felix was injured and could not come down to dinner, but he refused to eat alone upstairs, saying it was boring to eat alone and insisting that Queeny accompany him.

How could Queeny not know what he was thinking?

She didn't want to go at first, but in the end, considering that he was a patient, she reluctantly went upstairs.

Upstairs in the bedroom.

Donald had ordered a meal to be served, which Queeny liked, except for a few items for Felix.

Donald had had dinner prepared. With the exception of a few items for Felix, all of the dishes were Queeny's favorites.

Felix was so badly injured that he couldn't eat anything but light food.

Queeny's injury, though not completely recovered, was mostly healed, and she just had to wait for the new bone to grow out.

So she could eat anything. That was why the dishes in front of her was so sumptuous.

Donald knew that she had been working too hard these days and had not been able to eat properly because she was worried about Felix's safety. And Felix finally woke up today, so of course he prepared the best meal for her.

Queeny knew that, so she just sat down and began to eat.

Both of them were very quiet because they had been trained together since childhood.

No one spoke in the room except for the quiet sound of their munching and the careless clatter of knives and forks against cups and plates.

Perhaps because of his injuries, Felix had a poor appetite.

He couldn't eat more than half a bowl of porridge.

Queeny paused, looked at the bowl he had put down, and refilled him half a bowl of porridge.

"Half a bowl more," she whispered.

"..."

Felix gave her an aggrieved look. "I'm full."

Queeny said in a hushed voice, "Eat even if you don't feel like it."

He had lost so much blood. How could he get better so quickly if he didn't eat more for nourishment and strength?

Of course, she would never say that to him.

Felix looked at her. She had a good appetite. She had eaten no less because of the change of venue.

Watching her eat like this, he actually began to want to eat more.

He picked up the bowl and began to eat again.

Donald had been watching in silence. He couldn't have been happier.

In the old days, Felix was the emperor of the castle, and he was the only one calling the shots.

As long as he had made decisions, no one else could change them.

Therefore, no one could influence his decision.

But now everything had changed.

Now there was someone who could keep him in check, who wouldn't let him do anything he wanted anymore.

How nice it was!

Donald smiled uncontrollably.

After supper, servants would take things away.

Queeny looked at Felix lying on the bed and felt better when she saw a blush in his handsome, pale face, which had lost so much blood.

"Boring?" she asked. "Do you want to go out for a breeze?"

Felix was very excited to hear that.

"Can I?"

After all, he was seriously injured right now.

Queeny smiled, turned to Donald and said, "Please go and get me the wheelchair I used to use."

Donald didn't know what she was up to, though he didn't like the idea of Felix going out for a breeze.

But seeing both of them in high spirits, he could not bear to spoil their enjoyment.

So he agreed.

It wasn't long before the wheelchair was brought in.

Felix thought she was taking him out for a walk. But when Queeny had him put in a wheelchair and pushed him out on the terrace with it, he realized.

Instead of going out, it turned out that she was actually going to let him feel the breeze.

Felix was a little glum.

But he was relieved to be alone with her.

The terrace was large, and there was nothing on it except some plants, so it looked empty.

It was now late at night.

The castle lights came on, illuminating a small surrounding lake.

Sitting on the terrace, they could see the Outlines of distant mountains rolling in darkness on the other side of the lake.

"Is there something you want to tell me?" Felix asked.

Otherwise, why would she want to take him out today?

Queeny looked down at him and said, "You're overthinking it."

With that she looked up.

Because at this time, he was sitting, and she was standing.

So that when he looked at her from his point of view he could see her chin shining like jade.

Somehow Felix believed her.

"Well." He said, slightly aggrieved.

Queeny paused, but suddenly felt that there was something in his "well".

She looked at him and smiled faintly. "Why? Are you not used to me being nice to you all of a sudden?"

Felix wasn't sure what she was thinking, so he smiled ingratiatingly and said carefully, "A little."

Queeny chuckled.

"I wasn't too bad to you, was I?" she whispered.

Felix thought about it. To be honest, Queeny had been kind to him before.

But it wasn't the same as it was now.

At that time, no matter how close they were, always had an aggressive look.

## **Chapter 870 Betrayal**

The man just stared at him, but said nothing.

Felix sneered.

Seeing this, Ford took his whip and hit him with it. "Mr. Bissel is asking you a question, didn't you hear? Answer him!"

The man screamed again, but when the cry passed, his eyes were the same as those of hatred, and he spat a mouthful of blood at Felix with a "pooh."

Queeny was shocked.

He really was a tough guy.

"It doesn't matter if you don't answer," said Felix casually. "If I want to know, I can always find a way."

His eyes drooped slightly. "I remember you came to me when you were thirteen, right?"

Still he did not speak.

Felix continued, "Your family was bullied by some local officials that year. Your sister died tragically, your mother became seriously ill, and you had no money to buy medicine or send her to the hospital. So you went underground to fight at a young age, trying to save your mother with your skills."

"I found you by accident, saved you when you were being beaten to death, and I gave you money to treat your mother, let you get trained so you wouldn't get shot."

"I gave you a job when you were desperate so that you can live well. So I really can't figure out why you would betray me."

He said, fixing his eyes on him.

The man, who had been looked at for a moment, suddenly burst into silly laughter.

The laughter, like a serpent climbing up from the back with its tongue hanging out, was particularly repugnant.

Queeny frowned, feeling even more disgusted with the person before her.

She knew that Felix had handpicked most of the people around him.

He picked them, he trained them, and they became warriors loyal only to him.

There was no way a guy like that would betray him.

So why?

She was also very curious.

And then the man laughed and said, "Give me a job? Give me money? Well... Yes, you did. But didn't we work hard for that money? We're just taking our lives to make money, and you look so patronizing as if you gave it to us. Why?"

As he spoke, not only Queeny but also Felix and Ford frowned.

Felix croaks, "So you went over to them and planted a bomb in my room?"

The man sneered, "Yes, I took refuge with them, because they not only promised to give me money, but also promised to give me a position above thousands of people."

"Everyone thinks you saved our lives. Because of you, we have a lot of money and a big house to live in, and it's like we can't live better."

"But who knows we're worse off than dogs. We go first in danger. We sell our lives, and you own most of the money. Why?"

"Because you were born as a Bissel? Well... I don't fucking agree!"

His anger seemed to grow, and his face grew grim as he spoke.

Felix's face was expressionless.

"Do you think I don't know that if we even think of betraying, you will dispose of us in secret?" he raged.

"Why? Just because we were your closest men, we knew too much about your plans and secrets, we couldn't leave. We must stay with you forever, die here of old age or in battle!"

"But why? Why should I have to live my life for someone else? You only saved my life once, and I think I've done my best to protect you all these years, and I've already paid you what I owe you, so why should I bet my life on this?"

"I couldn't be reconciled, so when they came to me, I said yes, aha, is that a surprise? Surely not!"

"After all, I'm sure I'm not the only one who thinks like this. You think killing me will make you safe? Well, you are so naive."

"People like you don't deserve to live in this world. You deserve to go to hell! You should burn in hell!"

The rest of his speech became more and more indecent, and there was not a word of any use.

Queeny's face cooled and she signaled Ford.

Ford came up and punched him in the stomach. The man gave a dull groan of pain and fainted.

Queeny looked at Felix with some concern. "Felix, ..."

"I'm fine."

He said coldly.

Queeny knew that he had hand-picked his escorts.

And there were some traitors among them. It must have been hard for him to hear that traitor say such things about him now.

But Felix didn't show it, so she didn't know what to say for a moment.

After a while, she finally pursed her lips and said, "Don't think too much about it. No matter how well you do in this world, there are going to be people who aren't happy with you. Don't take it too personally."

Felix looked up at her.

There was a gleam of joy in his eyes.

"Are you being worried about me?"

Queeny didn't know what to say.

Seeing the look on his face, she knew that the man's words would not affect him.

So she didn't bother to talk to him anymore, but pushed him out of the room.

Felix, seeing that she did not answer him, asked no more.

But the cold energy in him was quietly dispersed by her concern.

When they got outside, Queeny slowed down.

She pushed him slowly toward the main building and asked, "What was that man's name?"

"His name is Anthony," Felix said in a hushed voice. "I met him a long time ago in an underground black boxing ring. He was 13 when I met him, and he was all muscled up there, doing black boxing."

"Ah!" He sneered. "Young as he was, he fought hard. He won three games in a row because he was not afraid to die, even though he didn't have any tricks."

Unfortunately, he boxed for the fourth time when he shouldn't have. He was almost killed in the end by a very powerful player."

"I couldn't stand it, so I paid to bail him out. After inquiring about the situation, I thought he was a man of potential, so I kept him. However..