

Sweet Wife 871

Chapter 871 Taking Over a Place

He fell silent, and so did Queeny.

After a moment he sneered, "So the story of the farmer and the snake does make sense."

Felix let out a little sigh.

"Perhaps."

Queeny asked, "Who are they?"

Felix frowned.

"We've already grilled him, but he doesn't know."

Queeny frowned.

"He was contacted by email," Felix explained, "I have sent someone to track down the IP address of the email, but it was not found. It must have been treated specially. He did not know the identity of the other party, only that they gave him a lot of money and promised him a higher position."

"Maybe men do struggle upwards. It's not surprising he said yes. How can being a little bodyguard here be any better than being the head of a place and taking over a place?"

Queeny sneered at the words.

"Taking over a place? Really? A man who can turn against his benefactor on the basis of an email from someone else has a bad personality, not to mention a bad brain. How could such a person succeed?"

Felix did not respond.

Suddenly they were silent again.

It was a long time before Queeny said, "So, the trail is dead again?"

Felix nodded.

"Kind of. Ford is a master of torture, and he hasn't been able to pry anything out of him. Obviously, there's nothing left."

Queeny was in a bad mood.

The feeling of being so weak and so uncomfortable came back to her again.

How many times was this?

The enemy had reached between them, wounding her and Felix multiple times. But she could not even find a clue about them, and did not even know the identity of the other side.

Queeny had a strange feeling of restlessness in her heart.

Felix's mood was no better. But he was more optimistic than Queeny.

This had gone round and round for so many years. He knew something was wrong four years ago, so all the patience he needed was honed in those four years.

Therefore, he had no fear that he might fail to discover the identity of the other.

It was just a matter of time.

But he did not say these words to Queeny.

Because he could not tell her that he had known about the existence of such a man behind the scene four years before.

Queeny didn't ask. After sending him to his room, she told him to go to bed early and left.

The next day.

When Queeny went to find Felix, she overheard Ella talking to a man dressed as a security guard not far away.

Ella was the maid who looked after her in the inner yard. She wouldn't normally have anything to do with security outside.

Why were they standing next to each other?

Queeny went over curiously.

But she saw her at once, and stopped talking.

She took a step back and said respectfully, "Miss Horton."

Queeny gave him a look.

As she got closer, she saw that although he was a bodyguard in the castle, he did not look like a man who would fight.

He was elegant and pale as a scholar.

She smiled and asked Ella, "Who is this?"

Ella blushed and said sheepishly, "Queeny, his name is Dean. He's our bodyguard in the castle. Because of Mr. Bissel's recent injury, he's been reassigned to the inner perimeter to protect the main building."

Queeny nodded with a knowing "oh".

Then, as her eyes moved over their uneasy faces, she understood.

With a flash of fun in her eyes, she smiled and said, "This is a period of strict security control, so it may be hard for you. Thank you for your hard work."

Dean was flattered.

He bent down and said, "No, no, no, that's what we're supposed to do."

Queeny smiled and said nothing more, then asked Ella to go with her.

She noticed Ella looking back at Dean as she left.

Well, a girl in love...

Queeny often acted cold and didn't seem to care about anything, but in fact, she was just a normal person.

She was as curious and gossipy as a normal person. At the same time, she had a blessing for those who loved each other.

As Ella was the only new acquaintance who was close to her during this period, if she could really find her beloved and if he was reliable, she would also bless them.

Thinking of this, she couldn't help thinking that someday she would definitely ask Donald to check the history and background of Dean.

Although the people Felix could have sent to this side were certainly not unclean.

But it was more reassuring to check after all.

A smile came to her face as she thought of it.

Soon she was in Felix's room.

Ella did not go in. Instead, she stayed outside with the maids, either chatting with them or helping them with their work. She was just waiting for Queeny to need anything, and was always at her service.

In the bedroom, Felix was leaning against the bed, reading.

He was shirtless and his entire upper body was covered with bandages. He leaned in there like a patient recovering from an injury.

Queeny, who had rarely seen him look so good, smiled as she walked past.

"How are you feeling today?"

Felix looked up at her. "Won't die."

"Well, it would be a shame if the other party found out."

Her jest drew Felix's eyes.

He was keenly aware that Queeny seemed in a much better mood today than yesterday.

He simply dropped the book and patted the edge of his bed.

"Come here."

Queeny raised her eyebrows. "What?"

"Come when I tell you to."

His tone annoyed her a little. But after all, she thought, he was a sick man now, and what was the point of being angry with a sick man?

So she grunted and went over without saying anything.

A gleam of excitement lit Felix's eyes. "I've got good news and bad news. Which do you want to hear first?"

Queeny froze and turned to look at him.

There was a suspicion in her eyes.

After a while, she chose the bad news without hesitation.

Felix croaked, "The spy we caught died in the middle of the night."

Queeny stared in amazement.

"He's dead? How?"

"In the middle of the night, he spit out the cloth that had been stuffed in his mouth, and then he chewed his tongue and killed himself."

Queeny was shocked!

She never thought it would end like this.

Her expression changed and changed again. "What's the good news then?" she said.

Felix relaxed and smiled. "We found something in him."²

Chapter 872 The Mysterious map

Queeny paused, frowned and saw Felix wave to Ford, who was standing nearby.

Ford immediately sent something up.

Felix took it and handed it to Queeny. "Look at this."

Queeny took it and saw that it was a map.

"It was a tattoo on his back," Felix said. "At first none of us could see anything weird, but it was Ford who realized there was something wrong with the tattoo and did some careful analysis to come up with a map and had it drawn."

Queeny frowns and looks at the squiggly lines. "What is this map of?" she asked.

Felix shook his head. "We had no idea."

"You don't know? What kind of good news is that?"

She was a little resentful.

Felix chuckled. "If that's all it is, that's not good news. But by accident, when Ford handed me the map, I found it looked familiar, so I took the piece of the Celestial Book we had bid for and compared them. Guess what?"

Queeny looked at him blankly.

Felix took the piece of the Celestial Book from the side and handed it to her.

“Compare them for yourself.”

Queeny took it, put it on a piece of paper, and compared them.

It took her a long time to realize that the map on the paper was the same as the one on the Celestial Book.

What was going on here?

“I suspect that the pattern on the Celestial Book is not a character at all, but part of a larger map,” Felix explained quietly.

“Didn’t we find that there were 12 pieces of the Celestial Book? Maybe each piece has a different pattern on it, representing a part of the map. All we have to do is find these 12 pieces of them, and we can put together a whole map, and finally find what we really want.”

Queeny frowned. It seemed vaguely to her that the matter was getting more and more complicated.

She looked at Felix and asked, “But why is it tattooed on his back? Aren’t they afraid of being discovered?”

Felix shook his head.

“I don’t know for sure, but it does suggest that he was lying to us, at least partially.”

Queeny frowned.

At this point, she thought of it, too.

If what he said was true, he was simply unhappy with what Felix had given them and could not leave without risking Felix’s revenge.

So when the other party came to him for help and promised him a lot of money, he agreed to do that.

So, what about the tattoo on his back?

There was no way he didn’t know what that tattoo was, or why would he agree to have it tattooed on his body?

But if he did, it means he was on to something.

Or maybe he was lying. He agreed to do this with a certain purpose.

They just happened to find him. Or was it all just a ploy to hide himself?

Was he actually the one they had been secretly sending to lurk next to Felix?

Queeny didn’t know and couldn’t be sure. She only felt that things were very complicated now.

Although most people were well aware of the story of the Celestial Book, in fact, only a handful of people had actually seen or read the patterns on it.

She did not know how the man had seen the design and tattooed it on his back.

She did not know for what purpose he had been lurking beside Felix.

If he wasn't really obeying those people at all, but had his own agenda, as she suspected.

So what would killing Felix do for him? What did he really want?

Queeny didn't know the answer.

And at this point, there was certainly no one to give her an answer.

Queeny had a strange feeling at the thought of it.

She felt as if her and Felix's every move had been accurately predicted from beginning to end.

No matter what they did, the enemy seemed to have no trouble getting what they wanted out of them and messing them up.

Who the hell was this guy?

What the hell was he planning all this for?

Felix clearly shared her confusion.

There was a pause. "I'll send someone out to go through all his contacts over the years, and who else is in his family. You don't have to worry too much. I don't believe there's gonna be nothing."

Queeny nodded and looked at him, unable to hold back her words.

"Be careful."

"Yeah, I know."

After she had left, Felix then gave Ford some more instructions to look into.

Queeny went out to find Ella and took her back to her room.

Ella looked at her and smiled. "Miss Horton, what were you and Mr. Bissel just talking about?"

Queeny turned to look at her and chuckled. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing. I'm just curious."

She blinked her eyes and she was obviously gossiping.

Queeny was strangely embarrassed by her observation. She had done nothing, but the look in her eyes made it look as if she had done something.

She could not restrain herself from raising her hand and tapping her lightly on the head, reprimanding, "Don't think so much!"

After a pause, she suddenly looked at her and smiled, "I saw you with Dean today. Have you known each other long?"

Queeny's inquisitive question made Ella's face turn red.

She faltered and said, "We, we didn't know each other for long."

Queeny tutted and shook her head. "Why doesn't it look like it to me? Judging by how well you know each other, it doesn't look like you just met."

Ella blushed even more.

She seemed worried, but did not know how to explain it.

It was a moment before she had to say, "Miss Horton, you must stop teasing me. Dean and I are just from the same place. That's why we talk a little bit more. There's really nothing going on between us."

There was a gleam of disappointment in her eyes as she said this.

Queeny was a very smart person. Though she had tried very hard to conceal her thoughts, she could see them at once.

She put away her smile, looked at her and asked seriously, "You're not together yet? Or do you like him and he just doesn't know it yet?"

At this point, Ella's face was so red that she seemed to be bleeding.????????????????

Chapter 873 A Generous Dowry

But at this point, there was no need for her to hide it.

So she nodded.

"He doesn't know what I'm thinking," she whispered. "I haven't talked to him about that."

After a pause, she looked expectantly at Queeny and whispered, "Miss Horton, what does a girl have to do to please a boy she likes?"

She really didn't know. She'd never been in a relationship. For the first time in her life, she liked a man, and all she could think about was him.

She longed to see him every day, but she was afraid that seeing him so often would make him dislike her.

So she could only contrive to find excuses and create a chance to encounter with him.

But the more she did so, the more uneasy she became. She always felt that this feeling was only her own one-woman show from beginning to end.

He doesn't know anything. He didn't even know she liked him, and he couldn't possibly end up with her.

But she dared not pluck up the courage to tell him.

At this time, Ella's mood was very contradictory.

But there were few people she could really trust in this place, even though she had been there a long time.

Servants also had their own cliques. Even though everyone seemed to be on good terms and get along.

But she knew in her heart that such friendships were unstable, even fragile.

If she confided her secret to one of them today, the castle maids would know by tomorrow that she had a crush on one of Felix's own guards.

Regardless of what Dean would think, she would be embarrassed.

Therefore, although she had a crush on him for so long, she still suppressed her mood and did not mention it to anyone else.

Queeny looked at her and knew what she was thinking.

After a moment's reflection, she said softly, "In fact, in my opinion, if two people really love each other, there is no need to deliberately please each other."

"Because if it's real love, he'll be happy no matter what you do. Your joy, anger, laughter and scolding are the most cherished things in his eyes."

"However, you two are in a different situation. Maybe he doesn't know what you're thinking, or maybe he also has a crush on you and just too shy to ask. Just like you."

"The worst that can happen is that he regards you as a friend, or a dear little sister, and does not care for you in that way."

"Either way, remember that you can give and please him, but only in ways that make you happy and keep you safe."

"As soon as you see something wrong, get out of there. Don't be sloppy. Don't let him hold on to your weak side, or you'll easily suffer."

Ella looked at her and nodded vaguely.

It was a moment before she said, "Miss Horton, I seem to understand a little bit. Don't worry, I know what to do."

Queeny smiled and patted her on the shoulder. "Are you twenty?"

Ella nodded, "Well, yes."

"Don't be afraid to love, and if you do get together, I'll give you a generous dowry."

Speaking of this, Ella's face turned red again.

She nudged her slightly and said, "Miss Horton, you're talking nonsense."

Queeny burst out laughing.

Queeny was in a good mood after teasing Ella. She went to her room and did some reading until it was late.

The next day, she secretly asked Donald to investigate Dean.

The results came back fast. Dean's profile was clean. He was also a good person, and had a good reputation among the bodyguards.

Earlier, a new captain had to be chosen because of what happened to the last bodyguard captain.

A lot of people elected him, and he would be a direct report to Ford if he hadn't been too junior and young to do the job.

In any case, this man was trustworthy.

Queeny was relieved to see this.

In the evening, after supper, she lay down on a cool chair on the balcony to enjoy the cool.

Summer was not quite over yet. It was the hottest season of the year.

It was fine to stay at home during the day, but she felt a little bored at night and was too lazy to go out for a walk, so she simply moved a chair to watch the stars on the balcony.

She lay for a while with a dull pain in her head.

She had a feeling of drowsiness and nausea.

So, she hurried someone to call Ella.

Ella came in. Seeing her face, she said, "It's so hot these two days. Are you suffering from sunstroke?"

Queeny was stunned, frowning, "I don't think so. I didn't go out during the day. I stayed in my room with the air conditioner on."

Ella felt a little worried and said, "Why don't I call the doctor?"

There was a resident doctor in the castle anyway.

Queeny hesitated and finally shook her head.

"Forget it. Never mind."

So much had been going on lately. It was not the first time she'd been like this. She had asked the doctor the last time he came to examine her leg. He checked it out and found nothing wrong.

She felt that maybe it was really too hot this period of time, and she was stuffy here every day, so she would feel uncomfortable.

So she didn't want to make a fuss. Felix was still hurt, and if he knew she had called the doctor, he might think something was wrong with her.

Then he would come looking for her, and there would be all the fuss and worry.

Queeny didn't want people to worry about her. It wasn't a big deal anyway, so she kept it quiet.

Seeing her like this, Ella became even more worried.

She thought for a moment and said, "How about I massage you again with essential oil to see if you will feel better?"

As she said this, Queeny suddenly remembered how comfortable she felt when she massaged her last time and nodded.

“Okay, that’s it. You go ahead.”

Ella nodded and quickly turned around to get those things.

She soon got it back. Queeny didn't move either. She laid her recliner flat on the balcony for her massage.

She had to say that Ella’s craft really won her heart.

Her little hands, as if they had been enlightened by a god, were almost magical.

She pressed it against her scalp with a force so precise in its importance that it made her sleepy.

Queeny laughed and quipped, “What am I gonna do if I can’t live without this?”

Ella laughed, “Then I’ll follow you all my life as long as you need me.”

Chapter 874 Get Suspicious

Queeny couldn’t help but chuckle.

But on second thought, she shook her head.

“No, you still have to have your own life. You’re here for a job. You can’t risk your life for a job.”

Her words silenced Ella.

In the night, the girl’s face was calm and cold, and her eyes were so dull that she seemed to care nothing, which was a far cry from her usual lively and shy self.

Queeny, lying on her back with her eyes closed, did not notice anything unusual about her look.

She kept saying, “I still want you to have your own happiness. Find someone who likes you and you like them, get married, have kids, and live a perfectly happy life. This is the happiest thing in a person’s life.”

Ella looked at her and suddenly asked, “Is it really happy to live an ordinary life?”

Queeny raised her eyebrows, slightly opened one eye and said, “Of course.”

Ella curled her lips and said nothing.

Queeny closed her eyes and continued to enjoy her massage, saying: “Ella, you haven’t experienced the extraordinary, so you don’t know how great and rare the ordinary is.”

“People like us who live in danger every day don’t know if there is a tomorrow for us. We may never have the chance to enjoy the happiness that you have.”

“Every night, even though there’s a lot of security outside, my mind is always alert when I close my eyes. I was afraid that if I didn't pay attention, someone would pounce on me and wipe my throat.”

“People, after all, are afraid of death. Even after all these years, I can’t say I’ve lost sight of life and death. Who wants to die young if they can live?”

“But it’s because we don’t want to die, because we’re afraid of death, that people like us live in fear every day and every night.”

“And if fear takes over most of your life, then the wealth and status you have will not bring you much happiness.”

“Ella, I really want you to be happy. Don’t be like me. I had a chance, but I blew it, and I didn’t know where to go in the end.”

Her voice trailed off as she spoke.

Ella continued to massage her gently. The oils on her fingertips gave off a faint, pleasant scent that seemed to come from a long way away and made her feel relaxed and just wanted to get drunk in it.

She looked down at the woman in front of her.

She seemed asleep and lay there with her eyes closed.

She took off her guard and looked so thin, just like an ordinary girl, like a gentle and harmless angel.

Angel...

She muttered the words to herself, and suddenly felt ironic.

She remembered that long ago, in the afternoon when Queeny was most thirsty, she had brought her plum soup to relieve the heat without her asking. That was how she pinched her face and said she really was her little angel.

But was there an angel like her?

For some reason, her eyes suddenly turned red, and her eyes were full of sadness and pain.

Queeny woke up half an hour later.

When she woke, the stars were all over her head, and the lake wind was blowing on her face and body, cool and pleasant.

She was somehow covered with a thin blanket. She turned her head and Ella was gone.

She picked up her phone, checked the time, and realized that more than an hour had passed since she had been lying there.

Her heart grew cold, and she frowned gently.

What was wrong with her?

Why did she fall asleep so soon when she was wide awake just now?

Queeny sat up, frowning.

Just then, Ella came out of the room and saw her wake up. She cried out in surprise and hurried over.

“Miss Horton, are you awake?”

Queeny nodded and stood up, clutching her hair as she asked, “How did I fall asleep again?”

Ella took the blanket from her hands and smiled as she packed up. “Maybe you are really tired. I was just getting my massage stuff in, and I was hoping to get out soon, but then you woke up.”

Queeny did not speak.

After seeing Ella put everything away, she followed her into the house.

It was very late by this time.

Ella ran the bath for her. She took her clothes, walked in, looked at the bathtub with some flower petals, and suddenly turned around and asked, "Ella, what was that massage oil you just used on me?"

Ella stared up at her and smiled, "It's a bottle of Flowers Oil that I refined by myself."

"Can you show it to me?"

Queeny asked. After a pause, she explained, "I feel it's quite useful. I'll try it on Felix someday. He has had trouble sleeping at night since his injury."

Ella did not have any abnormal look on her face. She still smiled and said, "Okay, I will get it now."

Queeny nodded before turning and walking into the bathroom.

When she came out of the shower, Ella had already brought that bottle of oil.

She handed it to her and said, "This bottle is new and unopened. Please give it to Mr. Bissel to try."

With a sheepish smile, she said, "But I refined it all myself. This is an old method I learned in the country at home, and it may not be very pure, I wonder if Mr. Bissel would like it."

Queeny forced a smile. "He'll love it."

Ella smiled and then said, "That's good."

Queeny nodded. Seeing that it was getting late, she let her go to bed, and she herself was ready for bed.

After Ella left, she lay quietly on the bed alone.

Because of the moonlight and the stars, she kept the window open.

Late at night, there was a lake wind blowing in, adding a trace of cool. She could see stars as she looked over the bed.

Queeny turned on the lamp, took out the bottle of essential oil and looked at it in the light.

It was an ordinary bottle of essential oil. At least from the outside.

She scowled slightly.

Two massages, and both times she fell asleep unawares.

Was it really a coincidence? Was she just too tired, or too comfortable?

Queeny didn't know either.

But at this time, she must be careful.

She whipped out her phone and sent Felix a message.

Felix was upstairs in the bedroom.???

Chapter 875 She was Overthinking it

Soon after he got the message, he sent someone over.

Queeny didn't have to wait long before Ford arrived.

He knocked softly on the door outside and Queeny went to open it. Seeing that it was him, she handed him the bottle of essential oil.

Perhaps knowing she was in her nightgown and in the privacy of her room, Ford kept his head down and didn't look up much.

When he took it, Queeny whispered, "Find out what it's made of, and let me know as soon as you have it analyzed."

Ford nodded, murmured "yes," and then turned to leave.

Queeny closed the door.

She felt a little better when it was given away.

When she got into bed again, she felt a rush of sleepiness and fell asleep soon.

The next day.

At breakfast she and Felix were still alone in the dining room.

Both of them had the habit of eating and sleeping without speaking, so no one spoke at the table.

It wasn't until the meal was over that Queeny said, "There's something I want to talk to you about."

Felix took one look at her, slowly lowered his cup of tea, and whispered, "Let's go to the study."

So she got up and pushed his wheelchair to the study.

In the study, Queeny turned and closed the door, walked to the sofa and sat down, then said: "You were injured earlier, and too many things at that time, so there is something I haven't had a chance to tell you."

Felix looked at her. "What is it?"

Queeny held out the map he had drawn and said, "Ella said she had seen this map before, the one on the Celestial Book."

Felix was stunned.

He was surprised.

In fact, not only he, but Even Queeny was surprised when she first heard about it.

But he was quick at last, and in a moment his countenance returned to normal.

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly.

Queeney shook her head. "I don't know exactly. Didn't you give me a file to look at on the day you left for the next city? When I was reading, Ella just came in and saw the picture on it."

"According to her, the pattern on the Celestial Book in the picture looked familiar to her, as if she had seen it from somewhere. But she couldn't remember exactly where."

"I wondered if she was wrong, but later, when we found out that the spy who was in the guard had the map on him, I knew it wasn't the only place."

"More than one person must have seen it. So it's possible that Ella actually saw it somewhere by mistake."

Felix frowned deeply.

He was silent and did not say anything. Queeney knew he was thinking about the possibility.

After a pause he said, "So she hasn't remembered all this time?"

Queeney shook her head.

Felix was silent again.

Queeney said quietly, "I mean...Should we send someone to her hometown to check it out? I heard that after she graduated from a school in her hometown, she came to work here directly through the introduction of acquaintances. She was young and had not been to many places. Maybe if we check around, we might find something."

"That might work," said Felix thoughtfully. "It's just..."

He paused. Queeney raised her eyebrows and surmised, "Are you afraid to alert the suspect?"

Felix nodded.

He thought for a moment and then said, "Do you ever get the feeling that no matter what we do, what we find, how we look, everything seems to be under the control of the enemy? And at the end of the day, we realize that we've gone full circle, that all of these clues are just smoke screens, and we still haven't found anything."

"I'm a little worried that this will be the same as the others. It looks like we have a clue, but in fact, we still can't find anything, and we're just being fooled around."

Queeney frowned when she heard it.

"It's possible," she said quietly.

After all, after all this time, they had more or less figured out the habits of their enemies.

Felix looked at her for a moment, then heard her say, "Let's leave it at that. For now, I trust Ella. Let's just wait and see if she remembers anything. Maybe when she does, we won't have to do the investigation."

Felix nodded.

Just then, the door of the study was knocked from outside.

Felix called "Come in." The door was opened and Ford came in.

But when he saw Felix, he just said hello and went straight to Queeny.

"Miss Horton, this is what you asked me to look into last night. The results are in."

With that, he handed her a report, respectfully.

Queeny took it and looked at it carefully.

Felix watched and felt a strange sensation.

It was like, the castle was like a big family, and he was the head of the family, and Queeny was the mistress of the family.

Some of those who had previously been under his command and required his ideas had now been handed over to her.

And those who had been faithful to him now served the mistress of the house as well as him.

Unity between husband and wife would make them stronger?

He smiled at the thought.

Queeny didn't know what he was thinking.

She was still absorbed in the report.

All the ingredients and effects of that bottle of Flower Oil had been written out in the report.

There was a slight frown between her eyes.

Did she really think too much before?

Felix had only received a text message from her last night asking him to send Ford over. In fact, he had no idea what it was about.

So at this point, seeing the report in her hand, he asked curiously, "What is it?"

Queeny looked up and said, "Nothing, it's just a regular report."

After saying that, she did not let him read, but straight put the report away.

Then she took out the bottle of Flowers Oil that had not been used up for inspection and handed it to him.

"Here, here's something for you."

Felix gasped with a gleam of surprise in his eyes and then reached for it.

"What is it?"

Queeny smiled. "It's Flowers Oil for massaging. It can soothe the spirits and help you sleep and it works very well. Try it."

Chapter 876 Take her to go Shopping

His eyes lit up.

He looked up at her. "Massage? Will you do that for me?"

Queeny was speechless.

Her smile vanished and she said angrily, "You wish! Do it yourself!"

Then she got up and walked out angrily.

Felix didn't expect her to be angry at first, and he didn't even realize he was wrong.

Next thing he knew, she was at the door and he realized what he had said. "Oh, I didn't mean that," he said hastily. "Don't get your head around it, I..."

"Whatever you mean by that."

Queeny turned around and said, "I'm telling you, put all your crazy thoughts about me away, or else...Hum!"

She raised her small fist in a threatening gesture before striding out.

Felix felt wronged.

Seriously wronged.

He sat there thinking he hadn't done anything. It was her that had come up with everything. How could it be his fault in the end?

He sighed helplessly and could not help but think that the girl's mind was really hard to guess.

The ancients did not deceive him.

He turned to look at the bottle of essential oil Queeny had left behind, picked it up and looked at it.

He pictured a woman massaging him with it, and a smile came to his lips.

Well... It would be nice if she really wanted to.

On the other hand.

Queeny left in a huff, and as soon as she reached the stairs, her pace slowed.

She wasn't really angry.

It was not anger so much as her own state of mind in which she did not know how to respond to Felix's flirting.

Although she has learned to cherish the people around her, and not to pay too much attention to the past.

But knowing the truth was one thing, and being able to do it yourself was another.

She could not really forget, or let go of, what had happened before. So naturally, there was no way for her to go straight back to him as if nothing had happened.

Queeny thought she preferred the current relationship to that one.

They were not as sticky as a couple. They were more like comrades-in-arms, friends, trusted partners who could give their backs to each other.

She always felt that she was lucky to have such a person in the world anyway.

As for the rest, she didn't want to think about it yet.

They would play it by ear and see what happened.

With these thoughts she was relieved and walked briskly downstairs.

Downstairs, Ella was talking to a maid who was cleaning vases.

She looked up to see her coming down, then she greeted the maid and trotted over, smiling, "Miss Horton!"

Queeny nodded.

Because the bottle of essential oil had been tested and found to be clean, Queeny realized she was overthinking it.

She actually suspected Ella had done something to the bottle of Flowers Oil because she had fallen asleep twice.

Although it was troubled times and it was right for her to be cautious.

But when she saw Ella's innocent smiling face, she could not help feeling guilty.

She said to Ella, "What are you doing today?"

Ella was stunned and shook her head, "Nothing."

Queeny smiled and said, "Since there's nothing to do, come out with me."

Ella's eyes lit up when she heard she was going out.

She nodded. "Ok, where are we going? Do you want me to bring anything?"

Queeny smiled and said, "No, let's just walk down the street. Let's go."

Then she led her out.

Donald learned that they were going out, so he arranged a driver for her and asked Ford to arrange a team of bodyguards to escort them all the way.

Whether it was coincidence or Ford's design, Dean was among the team of bodyguards who escorted them.

Queeny saw it and smiled. On the way out, she gave Ella a playful look.

Ella was blushing, her head bowed, and she looked extremely shy.

Queeny felt amused, but also a little envious of such a simple young love.

It was nice to be simple.

There were not too many interests involved, and they didn't have to think too much about grudges. They could be together as long as they liked. How nice was that!

She put Ella in the same car with her and the car drove off smoothly.

Queeny decided to go out today for no other reason than that she was bored at home and wanted to go out.

Even though it was still dangerous to be out there. But it wasn't going to be a quick fix, and she couldn't be cooped up all the time because of it.

In addition, due to her misunderstanding of Ella, she felt that she had hurt her kindness although she should not know it.

After such a long period of time, she really regarded Ella as a friend, so she felt even more guilty.

So she wanted to see if there was anything suitable to buy for her as a way of atone for her guilt.

But of course, Ella was unaware of all this.

When they arrived at an upscale mall nearby, Queeny said, "You can have a look later. If you like anything, just let me know. I'll buy it for you."

Ella was stunned. She was flattered.

"For me? Really?"

Queeny smiled. "Of course, have I lied to you?"

Ella was stunned.

She smiled rather sheepishly. "But I didn't do anything. Wouldn't that be inappropriate?"

She said, but there was a definite move in her eyes.

Because Queeny took her to one of the most exclusive shopping malls in the neighborhood, where everything was top-of-the-line.

As a maid, she dared not even look up as she passed by, let alone wander in.

Not to mention buying what was inside.

But now there was an opportunity before her to choose from, and of course she was tempted.

Queeny saw her awkwardness and laughed. "It's not inappropriate. You call me sister, and I give you a present. Isn't it very normal?"

Hearing this, Ella seemed relieved.

She smiled and said, "That sister is too valuable. I should have called you more, so I could have gotten more."

Queeny knew she was joking. The Ella she knew was never that pushy.????

Chapter 877 Ruthlessness

So she said, "Tut, if you find a husband, I'll give you anything you like."

Ella blushed again.

She glanced warily at Dean, who was following at a distance, and then glared slightly at her. "Miss Horton!"

Queeny laughed.

In fact, she came out this time not only to take Ella shopping, she did have some personal things to buy.

The castle was fine. Donald was considerate, but he was still a man.

Queeny was a woman and needed some things that women used in private. Although she had all those things ready in her room, she was embarrassed to ask Donald to buy them when they ran out.

So, while she was out today, she planned to buy more for herself.

Queeny had a card that belonged to Felix.

She had grown up with Felix, and now that they were in the same boat, she had never thought it wrong to spend his money.

So, she was kind of a spender.

Felix had plenty of money, of course, and he might have been happier if Queeny had spent it, or more.

That meant Queeny didn't treat him like an outsider.

Anyway, he didn't know exactly how much money he had. They were surely endless, and he would have given them to her if she could only spend them.

So, a while ago, Felix asked Donald to give her a black card.

There was no upper limit. She could use whatever she wanted.

Queeny certainly wouldn't be overly polite to him.

Now that her life was tied to Felix's, he would not mind her spending his money.

The two of them began to wander around the mall.

At the beginning, Ella was a little tied up. She was a little constrained, perhaps because she was not used to it.

And it was unknown if it was Queeny's delusion. But Queeny always felt that although she looked happy, she actually seemed to have something on her mind.

But Queeny couldn't ask too many questions if she didn't want to talk.

After all, everyone had a right to privacy. Although she regarded Ella as a friend, she didn't want to interfere in her life too much.

First they stopped by the jewelry shop on the ground floor.

Queeny was not very interested in jewelry. The jewelry she usually wore was also a few simple styles.

Because she had been fighting for years and big jewelry would affect her movements. They were also conspicuous and inconvenient for her daily life.

So after years like this, she had also developed her low-key and restrained aesthetic.

Now she rarely wore large jewelry, even on more formal occasions.

But since they were all here, they would definitely look around.

So Queeny took Ella from the first counter to the next.

No one knew her, but when they saw the bodyguards behind her, they knew she must be somebody.

So they treated her all the more gallantly.

They shopped for a while. Queeny had her eye on a red agate bracelet. The work was simple and, above all, she remembered that the silver needle she had worked out would fit inside.

After buying the bracelet, they went to the second floor.

The second floor was where they sold clothes.

These clothes were all famous international brands. Queeny showed Ella around, but didn't find anything she liked.

Ella was always eager to have a try, but she was not used to it and was afraid of telling Queeny. Finally, she could not summon up the courage to tell her.

Queeny saw it and took her time.

There were certain things that would hurt one's pride if others said that. She might as well have let herself take that step.

She truly regarded Ella as one of her friends, so she also intended to change her.

After walking around on the second floor, they didn't find anything they liked. So the group of people went to the third floor.

The third floor was also where they sold clothes.

The only difference was that the second floor was full of top brands' ready-to-wear shops, while the third floor was full of various international brands' custom studios.

There were also a handful of ready-to-wear items in the store, all of which were limited, with only one or a few pieces in the world.

After the pair picked a store and went inside, Queeny asked them to show her their new designs.

And they certainly dared not delay. They brought out the design book and introduced it to her while she looked at it.

Queeny listened intently as she looked at the colorful new models.

But in fact, she didn't like many of them.

Until she reached the last page and her fingers paused.

The clerk smiled and said, "This dress is also our new line for the summer. It is a high-end limited edition. There are only five pieces in the world and only one in Asia. Its entire skirt is inspired by leaves. The mint green color is fresh and sunny, which matches the design. Wearing it will make you feel like a cool breeze."

Queeny looked up at Ella.

Ella was not really that kind of beauty, but she won for her delicate features. If she were dressed up, she would really be a beautiful and cute woman.

She couldn't help smiling.

When a girl was in love, she had to dress up to attract the attention of the man she liked.

So she pointed to the dress in the album and asked, "Do you have it in stock?"

The clerk smiled and said, "Yes, you are just in time. The only one in Asia is right here in our shop. No one has tried it on yet. I'll bring it for you."

"Okay. Thank you!"

The clerk smiled and left.

Ella looked at the dress in the picture book, and her eyes lit up.

"That's a beautiful dress," she complimented.

Queeny said, "You think it beautiful, too?"

"Yes." She nodded heavily.

"Well, when they get it, you can try it on."

"What?" Ella was stunned.

Then she waved her hand awkwardly. "I can't, I..."

"Why not? You're so beautiful and clean, and it goes with the dress. I think it would look good on you."

Ella glanced at the prices on the album and counted them silently.

One two three four five six...Six figures!

How many months' salary would that be worth?

She could never afford it.

Queeny noticed her gaze, covered the price with her fingers, and smiled softly. "It's okay. Try it on. No matter how expensive or good the dress is, it's for people to wear. If it fits, we'll buy it, if it doesn't, then we'll see."

Ella bit her lips.

After some mental struggle, she could not resist the dress and nodded yes.

Just then, her cell phone rang.??????

Chapter 878 Blessings

Queeny nodded. "Okay!"

Ella took the phone and walked out.

She looked at her thin figure and felt a touch of tenderness and compassion in her heart.

Actually, why was she so nice to Ella?

Because all this time, she'd been taking care of her as best she could and it pleased her.

And it was also because she kind of went through her and saw Sarah Dempsey in her.

They were both girls in their first bloom. At such a splendid age, they were equally strong in character, untainted by their birth. Full of hope for the future, they were a very different kind of person from herself.

But Sarah was dead.

She died for her before she could be good to her.

So, she did not know what kind of strange psychology was working on her.

Queeny sometimes looked at Ella's thin figure as if she saw Sarah Dempsey through her.

There was something she could not fix, she thought.

Then she had better let the rest of the girls she could see like Sarah have a good time.

It was a way of making up to Sarah.

Queeny's thoughts drifted a little further, but by this time, the clerk had already brought the dress.

She smiled politely and respectfully. "Would you like to try it now, miss?"

Queeny shook her head. "It wasn't me. It was my sister. Leave it there. She's out to answer the phone."

The clerk had thought that the girl who had followed her, with her awkward face and her poor manner, was only one of her servants.

Now she turned out to be her sister.

The smile on her face brightened a little, and she nodded. "Ok."

After about three or four minutes, Ella came back.

When she returned, Queeny could see something dark and wrong in her eyes, even though she had managed to keep the smile on her face.

She frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

Ella shook her head.

"Nothing. It's just a call from my family."

With a forced smile, she touched her head and said, "It's just those things. Never mind."

Queeny curled her eyebrows slightly. As far as she knew, there was no one in Ella's family. Queeny didn't know if she was referring to the orphanage by home stuff.

But she didn't think much about it. She patted her on the shoulder and said, "Don't think about it too much. We'll talk about it later."

Then she motioned to the skirt that had been laid aside and said, "Go try it on."

Ella nodded.

The clerk took the dress and led her to the fitting room.

When she entered the dressing room, Queeny sat still, bored, and got up again to continue shopping in the store.

The bodyguards who came with them, of course, wouldn't come into the store, because that would hurt business and make everyone uncomfortable.

But they did not dare go very far, and waited outside the door all the time. So if there was any movement inside, they could rush in.

Queeny strolled around for a while, but didn't see anything she liked. Seeing the other two clerks following her, she waved her hands and said, "You go about your business. Don't worry about me."

"Well," they said with a smile, "if you need anything, please let us know."

"Okay!"

Queeny nodded and they left.

When they had left, she walked to the door.

She paused, only to see Dean and a team of bodyguards standing there not far from the door, eyeing the passers-by with wary eyes.

At the same time, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the store.

Perhaps, seeing her standing in the doorway, he thought she had something to say to him, so he came up quickly.

"Miss Horton, what's the matter?"

He asked quietly.

Queeny looked at him and saw that the man in front of her was straight and handsome. He was one of those men who neither looked particularly strong nor emaciated.

He had two thick black eyebrows, showing a bit of valor, and was charming in his serious work.

No wonder Ella liked him.

She chuckled and said, "Nothing. I just saw you all standing there. Thank you for your hard work."

Dean was stunned, probably not expecting her to say this, then he smiled sheepishly.

"That's our duty."

He was probably not a very eloquent man, so he didn't know what to say after he said this.

He stood there, scratching his head awkwardly.

Queeny saw this and suddenly an idea occurred to her.

She chuckled. "But since you're here, you might as well do me a favor."

Dean looked grave and said, "Miss Horton, whatever you say."

Queeny laughed, "You don't have to be so serious. I just want you to come in and see if a dress looks good."

"What?"

Dean probably never thought Queeny would ask him for this in his life.

Queeny looked at him and raised her eyebrows. "Why, won't you?"

Dean was so embarrassed and awkward that he didn't know what to say.

After a while, he stammered, "No, just... Well, I..."

He did not know where to put his hands, and it was a long time before he managed to get a complete sentence out.

"Miss Horton, I'm too rough to pick out your girls' clothes. Well... I may not be able to help you with this."

Queeny laughed, "That's okay, just tell the truth. Sometimes a woman's opinion doesn't count, and we don't know if the clothes look good until we see how you guys like them."

Her words made Dean's heart swell even more.

For some reason, Felix Biseel's cold, stern face flashed into his mind.

He shivered and tried to resist, but Queeny lost her patience and pulled him in.

"Come on, be a man. I'm just asking you to see if the dress look good. I'm not gonna eat you."

Then she pulled him straight into the shop.

Dean, "..."

Mr. Bissel, I didn't do this on purpose. I wasn't thinking about it. I dared not do anything. Miss Horton made me do it.

You must not be jealous, must not blame me.

Dean prayed silently. He had no idea that the dress Queeny asked him to look at was Ella's.

Meanwhile, in the fitting room.

Ella sat there, and the dress that should have been tried on by her was laying aside.?????

Chapter 879 Incredible Identity

The fitting rooms of international brands were very large, covering more than ten square meters.

Her face was expressionless, and in front of her stood a man.

The man's face was covered with a silver mask that made it hard to see his features, but he was thin and his voice was low and cold.

"We've given you plenty of chances, and you've had plenty of chances to do it, so why didn't you do it?"

Ella looked at him coldly.

There was no longer in her face the awkward and rustic smile that she had outside.

There was nothing but cold indifference.

She looked at the man and said coldly, "How do I know that when I finish my work for you, you will spare my family?"

The man sneered and slowly advanced.

When he had reached her, he suddenly struck her under the chin and said in a ghostly voice, "What do you think is the use of keeping your family? To let them help us farm? Well... Karida, you should know that once we get Queeny, you'll be of no use to us. Well, your family, of course, is useless, so why should we hold them anyway?"

Ella, the girl he called Karida, was unperturbed by his words.

She continued in a hushed voice, "If you want me to help you, you must leave my family alone. At least let me know they're safe, or I'll never help you even if I die!"

She said, her eyes sharp.

The man looked at her and narrowed his eyes.

“So you’re not listening to me?”

Ella didn’t say anything.

The man suddenly laughed grimly.

It was like the tongue of a viper, and it sent shivers down one’s spine.

He leaned in close to her and whispered, “That phone call you got outside wasn’t from your family. It was from Stephan Zaccardi. Right?”

Ella was shocked.

She looked at him in surprise.

The man continued, “Stephan Zaccardi’s illegitimate daughter is now eighteen years old. As a Zaccardi, you grew up in an orphanage. You finally grew up safe and secure, thinking you could recognize your father, but not only did he disown you, he sent you to Felix to lurk here as a little servile maid. Don’t you have a little hate in your heart?”

Ella was shocked to the extreme.

She stared at the man for a long time before she said, “I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“Oh, you don’t admit it, that’s okay. Your old lady at the orphanage is dying anyway, so if you don’t help us, I might as well kill her first. We have to send someone to take care of her, and listen to her curses every day, which was really annoying.”

When he said this, Ella stood up immediately.

“Don’t hurt her!”

However, her shoulder was soon pressed down by the man.

The man pressed her hard to get her back into the chair.

“I won’t kill her if you listen to me,” he whispered.

Ella’s eyes were red.

The man took a package of pills from his shirt.

“How many times have you used the oil I gave you?”

Ella glared at him coldly. She had resisted answering. But she remembered the indignity of her grandma at the orphanage and answered with red eyes, “Four times.”

“That’s enough. Put this in the water she drinks today. I’ll be watching you in the dark, and when you’re done, I’ll give you the signal, and follow my signal. Do you understand?”

Ella clenched her chin and asked, “Where’s my grandma?”

The man chuckled. "Don't worry, she's fine. In exchange for Queeny's life, I will deliver her to you in one piece."

Just then there was a soft knock on the door.

"How are you, Ella? Are you ready?"

Startled, they both turned to look at the door.

The man took a look and smiled. "Well, I won't say any more to you. Mark my words and I'll go."

With that, he went out the other exit like a ghost.

Meanwhile, Ella still sat there and pressed her lips together. After several seconds, she tried to control her anger and excitement and answered in a steady voice, "I'll be ready soon."

Then she got up and hastily put on the dress.

Outside, Queeny heard her voice and was slightly relieved.

She waited outside for a while with Dean, but Ella didn't come out.

She looked at her watch and saw that it had been more than ten minutes. The design of the dress was not complicated, and it should not have taken that long.

She was worried. That was why she was asking. She was relieved that there seemed to be nothing wrong.

After waiting outside for a while, Ella finally came out.

Everyone was so impressed by her.

The girl in front of them was tall and slim. A knee-length dress in mint color, with a design of leaves and some tiny white pearls on it, just like rain and dew falling on it. It went with her delicate, fresh little face, like some spirit who had come out of the forest and fallen into the earth.

Dean stared blankly.

Ella didn't expect Dean to be here. She was stunned for a moment, and then her whole face turned red.

She looked nervously at Dean, then at Queeny, and asked, "Miss Horton, is it nice?"

Queeny smiled and nodded. "Yes, very nice."

Then she turned and poked Dean with her arm. "What do you think?" she asked.

Dean came to his senses.

His handsome face flushed suddenly. He didn't know where to put his eyes, nodding in a hurry, "Very, very pretty."

Queeny couldn't help laughing.

Ella's face turned red, too.

Queeny sighed as she looked at them.

That was as far as I could help you, she thought.

Before, she was unsure about Dean's feelings for Ella. Now it seemed that he also liked Ella, but both of them were reserved and did not say it.

By this time, Dean had already understood Queeny's intention of inviting him in.

It wasn't her dress, it was Ella...

He blushed a little deeper and did not dare to look at her. As if she, fresh and clean and beautiful, once met his eyes, would immediately become dirty.

He muttered, "Miss Horton, I've seen the dress. I'm gonna go out now." ???????

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 880 There was Something Wrong With her

Queeny didn't want to give Dean a hard time. After all, she knew Dean had done a lot to get to this point.

She had made the first move for them, and it was up to them to decide what would happen next.

So, not reluctantly, she nodded, "Yes, you can go out now."

Dean then turned and walked out.

After he left, Queeny came up again and took a good look at Ella.

From top to bottom, from front to back, she was satisfied.

She nodded. "Yes, it looks good on you."

Then, with a wave of her hand, she told the clerk, "We'll take it. Check, please."

Ella saw this and quickly reached out her hand to stop her.

"Miss Horton."

Queeny paused and looked at her. "What?"

"I..."

She looked at her and tried to say something, but she didn't say a word. There seemed to be a great deal of mixed emotion in her clear eyes now.

Queeny looked at her with a slight frown.

She realized that Ella really had something in her mind today, not her own delusion. So she turned to her and asked softly, "What happened?"

Ella bit her lip, and there was a struggle in her eyes. After a long pause, she shook her head.

She forced a smile and said, "I just feel I can't take such an expensive dress from you. After all, I'm just a ser..."

"Stop it!"

Before she could finish her sentence, Queeny interrupted her.

Queeny looked at her, sighed, and said, "What's wrong with your identity? Should servants be born inferior, and servants unworthy of good clothes? Ella, no one is born cheap. Everyone's life should be decided by herself. Even though you are only a servant now, you may not be a servant in the future. At the very least, so what if you're a servant all the time?"

"All the people in this world who make their own living should not be looked down upon. I gave you that dress because I like you, because I appreciate the care you've taken of me, and it doesn't mean anything else."

"And you don't have to feel guilty about it, you just have to be who you are, okay?"

Ella looked at her quietly. Queeny felt that those bright eyes were filled with sadness for some reason.

She pursed her lips and nodded heavily.

"I got it."

Queeny pressed down her anxiety, touched her head, and whispered, "Don't think about it, it would be my fault if, because of my good intentions, I made you uncomfortable."

She thought Ella was touched by her pride because she gave her such an expensive gift, so she comforted her and didn't think of anything else.

Ella nodded.

Queeny then asked the clerk to check again, and in the meantime, to wrap up her clothes.

Ella was wearing the new dress when they went out. "Clothes make the man." They were right.

Queeny was very close to Ella when they were walking together, but people could still see the difference between them at a glance.

But Ella had changed her clothes by this time, so when they walked together again, people would believe them even if they said they were sisters.

After that, Queeny took Ella to several stores.

Finally, she bought herself a pair of shoes. When she passed a men's clothing store, she suddenly saw a piece of men's clothing hanging in the window and felt a little tempted.

It was a grey suit, and Felix didn't wear suits very often, or perhaps because he didn't spend much time with her.

But somehow Queeny sensed that the suit would look good on him.

So, without thinking, she went inside.

The clerk who served her was a young man who looked as bright and handsome as if he had just graduated from college.

He approached her politely and asked her what she wanted.

Queeny pointed to the men's suit and asked him to bring it down for her to see.

He did as he was told, and the grey suit fell into her hands. Queeny examined the fabric. It was the kind Felix would normally like.

A smile crept across her face as she thought of the man in the suit.

She was looking at it, and all of a sudden, a familiar figure appeared ahead.

It was a middle-aged man who had probably just finished trying on his clothes and was about to go to the front desk to check out.

And next to him, there was a woman.

The woman wore a couple-colored dress, with fine eyebrows and a tall figure. She took his arm and they looked very affectionate.

Queeny paused.

The smile on her lips disappeared in an instant.

He seemed to see her, too. He raised his eyebrows unexpectedly and came over.

"Miss Horton, long time no see. I didn't expect to see you here."

Stephan Zaccardi politely stepped forward and hugged her.

Queeny also reached out, gave him a little hug, and took it back.

She smiled. "Yes. Mr. Zaccardi, are you out shopping?"

Stephan Zaccardi looked around at the woman next to him with a doting smile. "Well, I didn't want to come out, but Bella said she was bored at home, so I went out with her."

Queeny's eyes rested on Bella Collins beside him.

It was only been a short time, but Bella Collins looked very different from what she remembered.

The Bella Collins she remembered was proud, headstrong, bold, fierce, a person who showed her emotions.

But what about this woman in front of her?

She was dressed up and her makeup was elaborate. She had the faint air of a mature woman. She was already a decent lady who kept everything to herself.

"In that case," she said with a smile, "I'll leave you alone."

With these words she handed the dress to the clerk for the bill.

She didn't know Stephan Zaccardi very well, and her relationship with Bella Collins was quite awkward, so there wasn't much to talk about.

Stephan Zaccardi saw this and naturally did not hold her back.

He turned and spoke to Bella Collins, and they walked away.

Bella Collins turned and gave her a cold stare before she left.

Queeny felt it, but didn't respond.

Either way, she and Bella Collins were more enemies than friends. All her choices were voluntary and she was in no position to say anything.

After the four separated, Queeny paid the bill, grabbed the clothes and headed out.

Halfway there, she noticed something wrong with Ella's face.

Frowning, she asked, "What's wrong with you? Why do you look so pale?"

Ella turned to look at her and forced a smile. "I'm fine."

Instead of being relieved, Queeny frowned.