

Sweet Wife 881

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 881 Because You're Unworthy of It

It might have been her illusion, but Queeny had a persistent feeling that Ella was behaving somewhat differently than she usually did.

Queeny felt that Ella seemed very preoccupied today.

What on earth had happened?

With all these people around them, however, Queeny could do nothing but indulge Ella's reticence.

It was already noontime when they had finished the purchase.

Queeny suggested that they have lunch at a nearby restaurant.

Finally, they chose an expensive restaurant with gourmet food. On entering it, Ella went to the washroom.

Queeny paid no attention to it. She asked for an exclusive room for Ella and herself, and arranged for Dean and the others to dine at the adjacent room. Then she took a seat and began to take the order.

The food at this restaurant was mostly light in flavor. Queeny chose some dishes she liked, some that she thought would be to Ella's taste, and then added a pot of tea before she finished.

Meanwhile, Ella was making a phone call at the washroom.

Grabbing the phone tightly, she hissed between her teeth, "Have you decided not to help me?"

On the other end of the line was a man's low voice, smoldering with anger.

"I wish I could help you, Karida, but our relationship must be kept secret. If I lent a helping hand, everyone would know that you're my daughter, and the subsequent plan would be ruined. You should put the interests of the whole above everything else."

"I don't care about the interests of the whole! I only know that my mother-in-law is in danger and she will die if I don't help her!"

"Karida, as long as you take no action and keep them in limbo, they won't dare to hurt your mother-in-law. As they rely on you to help them with their plan, they will surely leave her alone. So don't get too panicky at this crucial moment."

"I don't care. I'll ask you one last time. Will you help her or not?"

There was a moment's silence.

A sigh followed.

"Karida, it's not that I don't want to help her, but I am hindered..."

Ella burst into a sarcastic laugh.

“Hindered? Well then, since you’re so much hindered, Mr. Zaccardi, I will bother you no more. From this day on, don’t ask me to do anything for you! Because you’re unworthy of it!”

With these words, Ella hung up on him.

On the other side.

Stephan stared at the phone with a deep frown.

Bella stepped out of the trying room in a suit of the Chanel style and asked, “How does it look? Does it look good on me?”

Stephen didn’t reply.

Bella cast a glance at Stephan, who was sitting there with a sullen face and knitted brows, enveloped in an air of gloom.

She paused, lowered her eyes and smiled, “Stephan, what’s the matter?”

Stephan snapped out of his trance.

Looking up at her, he saw the situation and nodded, “Yeah, it looks nice.”

It was obviously perfunctory.

Bella felt somewhat annoyed.

But she didn’t dare to vent her displeasure, just saying, “I’ll take it then?”

“Yeah, take it.”

Stephan took out his credit card for the salesgirl to swipe.

After the purchase, Stephan left the shop with Bella.

In the meantime, Ella went out of the washroom.

It was a hotpot restaurant. Queeny was pouring the freshly-arrived food into the pot when Ella came in.

Seeing Ella, Queeny smiled and said, “Sit down and have a taste.”

Ella took the opposite seat.

Queeny scarcely needed to look at Ella to detect that she looked worse than before. Her brows and eyes were brimming with melancholy too apparent to conceal.

Not betraying any emotion, Queeny said, “Ella, if you come across any trouble that I can help to solve, just let me know.”

Ella looked up at her.

She forced a smile and shook her head, “You can’t help me.”

How could Queeny help her?

Queeny's brows furrowed.

She had no idea what had happened to Ella, but Ella's disturbed look filled her with pity.

Queeny sighed.

"Well, if you don't want to talk about it, let's leave it aside and have lunch."

Queeny put a piece of cooked meat into Ella's plate.

Ella just stared at the meat without moving.

Her eyes and her mind were taken over by a mixture of feelings.

Seeing Ella so fixed, Queeny urged, "Come on, eat it."

Ella blurted, "Queeny, I want to drink. Can I have some wine?"

Queeny was surprised to hear that.

Only then did she discern that Ella's eyes began to redden.

Not knowing what had happened or how she could comfort Ella, Queeny could only acquiesce.

"Well, you can, by all means."

Queeny rang the bell. Soon a waiter came in.

Queeny asked Ella, "What kind of wine do you prefer?"

Ella replied, "Just any wine."

Queeny ordered a bottle of red wine not so strong for Ella.

After the waiter went out, Queeny looked at Ella worriedly and asked, "What on earth is the matter?"

Ella said, "Nothing. I'm just in a bad mood."

She bit her lips and cast a glance at Queeny.

"Sorry about that, Queeny. I know I am not behaving myself. I shouldn't bother you with my emotions. I'm really sorry."

Queeny's brows knitted.

She was at a loss how to console Ella. After all, she had no idea what was wrong with her.

She could do nothing but give a sigh.

"Let's have lunch first."

The wine was soon prepared and laid ready for them.

Ella poured a glass of wine for herself and then some for Queeny.

Not having fully recovered from her injury, Queeny could not drink too much. She only took some sips with Ella so that the latter would not drink alone.

Raising her glass, Ella said, "Queeny, thank you for being so nice to me these days. I propose a toast to you."

Queeny gave a faint smile, raised her glass and touched Ella's.

She took a sip, while Ella gulped the whole glass.

Seeing that, Queeny frowned lightly, but soon released.

Now that Ella desired to drink, let her be.

Queeny dismissed the platitude of "drowning one's sorrows". One could never solve his problems by merely getting drunk.

After sobering up, he would have to suffer from the hangover as well as facing the unsolved problem, which would only add to the dismay.

That was why Queeny would never choose to evade a trouble in this way.

With that said, she was aware that not everyone in the world thought the way she did.

If alcohol really had the magic of relaxing and delighting someone for a little while, she was willing to let him try.

If not, he could at least vent his feelings.

Thus, Queeny made no fuss about it.

Having taken a couple of glasses, Queeny quitted the drinking, but Ella continued one glass after another.

Chapter 882 She Was Missing

While Ella was drinking, she divulged to Queeny what had been on her mind for years.

"You know what, Queeny? I'm not really an orphan. I have a father, but I've never met him in my life."

It seemed that Ella wasn't good at drinking. She became tipsy after just a few glasses of wine.

Pouring wine for herself, Ella murmured, "He abandoned my mom before she gave birth to me. Since I was born, he has never come to me even though he knows he has such a daughter."

"I used to believe that he must have something that he found awkward to disclose, so I bore him no grudge even though he had never fulfilled his paternal obligations."

"Not until now do I realize that I have been finding excuses for him to make myself feel better. He has no intention whatsoever to acknowledge me as his daughter."

"Although I've already grown up and I ask for nothing more than having a family like everyone else does, he will not grant me this little wish."

“Queeny, do you think I’m pathetic and silly?”

It had never occurred to Queeny that Ella should have such a pitiful origin.

Her heart grabbed by sympathy, Queeny patted Ella on the shoulder and said, “It’s not that you’re silly, but that your so-called father is unworthy of what you’ve done for him.”

Queeny had known since long ago that some people were not worthy of the parental titles.

So it didn’t surprise her at all that there should be such a man as Ella’s father walking the earth.

Although she was not acquainted with Ella’s father, Queeny could imagine from Ella’s words what a callous and selfish man he was.

With teary eyes, Ella mumbled, “I know he’s not worthy of it, but I’m dying for his acknowledgement. No one knows how much I wish to have a family.”

“Now it seems I will not have it, never ever. No family, and nothing else whatsoever.”

Ella’s voice trailed off.

Finally, she collapsed onto the table.

Queeny shook her shoulders and called, “Ella?”

Ella made no move.

Queeny gave a sigh.

Ella seemed to have really got drunk.

It was outrageous that Ella’s father, whoever he was, should be so cruel to his own daughter, denying her even when he knew her existence.

No matter who this man was, he should pray not to be caught by Queeny, or he would be penalized for what he had done.

With these thoughts, Queeny summoned the waiter and paid the bill, when all of a sudden, she was seized by a curious dizziness.

Shaking her head, Queeny felt it odd that she should be giddy without drinking much.

Could it be that her long rehabilitation had made her susceptible to alcohol?

Fortunately, the dizziness was only slight as tipsiness, so Queeny paid no attention to it.

Having paid the bill, Queeny woke Ella up and told her to go.

Much wine as Ella had drunk, she was not completely overwhelmed.

Not wanting Dean to see Ella so drunk, Queeny didn’t summon the bodyguards. She helped Ella to stand on her feet and went out with her.

“Queeny.”

Ella called faintly when they were heading out.

“Well, what’s it?”

“I’d like to go to the washroom.”

Queeny turned and looked aside. Seeing that there was a washroom in the corridor outside, she said, “OK. I’ll take you there.”

She helped Ella towards the washroom.

Dean and the other bodyguards were in the adjacent room and available at any moment.

But Queeny didn’t call them now, intending to ask them to leave together after they came out from the washroom.

Therefore, the bodyguards didn’t know at the moment that Queeny and Ella had already left their dining room.

The washroom was right at the end of the corridor. Having walked in, Queeny said to Ella, “Go ahead. I’ll wait for you here.”

Ella looked at her and simpered, “Queeny, you’re so sweet.”

Queeny sighed.

“Don’t mind me. Take care of yourself. Today is a special case. You’re not to drink so much again.”

Ella smiled, “OK.”

Letting go of Queeny, she turned and went inside.

Queeny waited at the entrance for a while, feeling the daze in her head getting worse and worse.

Supporting her forehead, she wondered, “Why am I such a weak drinker today?”

In the haze, she heard a rustle from behind.

Thinking it was Ella, she turned around.

Just then, a chill flashed across her back. With instincts gained from years of walking on the verge of death, her body outstripped her brain in reaction.

She immediately turned and struck a blow backward with her elbow.

But her arms went limp and the blow turned out devoid of any strength.

She was astounded, when a pang attacked the nape of her neck.

With a last strip of consciousness, she caught a glimpse of a man in a silver mask.

...

Queeny was missing.

It was fifteen minutes later that Felix was informed of the news.

Having finished lunch and heard nothing from the next room, Dean, who was always cautious, went out to have a look.

To his astonishment, the room was empty.

He summoned the waiter and learned that the bills of the two rooms had long been paid and that the two women customers had left no message as to where they would go.

Horried, Dean hastened to investigate.

However, the whole restaurant had been searched and there was no sight of Queeny and Ella.

They checked the CCTV and found that the last picture of the two women was taken as they went into the washroom.

For privacy's sake, there were naturally no cameras in the washroom.

So the two just vanished into thin air after they had entered the washroom.

Learning the news, Felix was incandescent with rage. He ordered a complete search of the whole city.

The restaurant where they had dined, as the focus of suspicion, was locked down straight away.

Felix checked the washroom personally and discovered that this place, seemingly enclosed by walls with no entrance other than the usual one, should have a wall that turned out to be a movable stone door.

Due to the intricate design of the washroom, the wall could be easily taken for a decorative device. Actually, it contained a secret gadget that allowed it to be pushed open.

Now it seemed highly probable that Queeny and Ella had been abducted.

And it was through this stone door that the kidnapper left the restaurant.

Having learned this, Felix immediately demanded an investigation starting from the door.

Outside the door, however, was a main street.

With all the hustle and bustle of the street, it was very difficult to carry out the investigation.????

Chapter 883 Filled with Alarm

Felix, however, was undaunted.

He had his men undertake a painstaking investigation, while he himself launched a secret inquiry into Queeny's whereabouts through other channels.

Felix, though anxious, was more or less reassured by the fact that Queeny had been missing instead of murdered on the spot.

He knew that there were now two parties after Queeny. Now that they had snatched her away rather than killing her then and there when they had the chance, Queeny's life should be temporarily secure.

In spite of that, an air of depression hung over the castle.

The wrath of Felix was palpable to everyone.

The bodyguards escorting Queeny and Ella on this trip were tortured by remorse.

They knew that their negligence was to blame for Queeny's disappearance.

They had already had their share of punishment.

Among them, Dean was the most anguished.

He didn't expect that his lapse of attention should lead to such an accident.

Recalling the pretty face of Ella and the trust of Queeny, Dean could have killed himself if they had ever suffered any tribulations.

The meticulous search continued.

On the other side, Queeny woke to the night.

Engulfed in sheer darkness, Queeny found her hands and feet tied up, her mouth bunged up with rags and even her eyes blindfolded.

On waking up she made a subconscious struggle, but immediately stopped when she realized the situation she was in.

She was filled with alarm.

What was this place?

Where was she?

Queeny felt a faint headache with sharp pain at the nape, which reminded her of the attack when she was waiting for Ella at the entrance of the washroom.

Shit!

Even though she was still recovering from her injury, her agility was so exceptional that it would be very unlikely for a sneak attacker from behind to overpower her with one single stroke.

She had confidence in her alertness and the instincts she had gained from years of wandering on the brink of death.

But this time she met her Waterloo.

Lying on the floor, she recollected all the details before she was knocked out. It struck her that she had been physically unwell at that time.

The dizziness had retarded her reaction.

Damn it! She shouldn't have drunk the wine.

Normally she was immune to a few glasses of wine, but not if it had been spiked.

But it was highly improbable.

When she was in the Rosefinch Branch, she had drilled her body to cultivate the immunity against various drugs for the sake of self-protection.

For some drugs against which it was impossible to gain immunity through physical drills, corresponding vaccines had been employed. Therefore, the attempts to drug her would normally fail.

With all these precautions, how on earth could she be knocked out?

Queeny was puzzled.

Unable to figure it out, she quit the rumination.

She made a struggle and found that the ropes tying her hands and feet were very tightly knotted, not in the usual way, but in a secure way exclusive to gangdom.

The captive might as well not struggle, otherwise the knot would become tighter and the ropes would sink into his flesh and cause more suffering.

Queeny took a few deep breaths.

Unable to move or see anything and compelled to resort to her hearing, she concentrated and listened carefully to the surroundings.

Nothing but silence.

As silent as in a sealed place, without even a trace of wind.

But for the tangible damp floor underneath, she would have been convinced by the silence that she was dead and on her way to Heaven.

Considering the case, Queeny clenched her teeth and strived to sit up.

She didn't have a clue who the attacker and kidnapper was, but she did a physical check and sensed that she was unscathed and in good condition.

It was evident that she had been stunned out of consciousness and brought to this place, but had not been hurt until then.

Generally, an opponent could have killed his captive right on the spot if he had intended to.

That was why Queeny had no worry about her life for the moment.

It was Ella that she was concerned for.

Actually, she had vaguely sensed that the abductors must be related to the two gangs who had been after her.

They couldn't have taken all the pains for nothing. Bringing her here instead of murdering her straight away indicated that she was of some value to them.

A useful person might suffer more or less, but his life wouldn't be threatened.

The antonym was a useless person.

While the former was to be spared, the same couldn't be said for the latter.

At the moment, Queeny didn't know who Ella really was, so she still deemed Ella as an ordinary maid.

She thought Ella might have been brought here too when the kidnappers saw Ella with her and fretted that the girl might inform others of the news or do other things that would sabotage their plan.

But judging from what she had gathered with her hearing, there was nobody around other than herself.

If Ella was not here, where could they have taken her?

Queeny dreaded to think further. After all, Ella was not only useless to them, but could be an unexpected burden.

They would probably kill her as they usually did.

Thinking of that, Queeny writhed in panic.

Should anything happen to Ella, Queeny could never bring herself to face Dean, and she would have a guilty conscience for the rest of her life.

Sarah had died because of Queeny. As Ella reminded her of Sarah, Queeny treated Ella nicely as a compensation.

Could Queeny's benevolence lead Ella to the same fatal end?

No! Impossible!

Queeny would never allow the tragedy to happen again!

With such determination, she started to inch forward.

Not knowing where she was, she judged from the damp wooden planks beneath her that she was in a wooden house.

She wanted to explore the surroundings. Unable to move with hands and feet tied up, she could only rely on her legs to drag herself around bit by bit.

A long while had passed before Queeny managed to reach the wall on one side, sweating all over.

The ropes on her wrists and ankles tightened more and more with her endeavor, almost making her bleed.

Heedless of the pain, she groped around with her palms, with her back to the wall.

Some time later, her eyes lit up.

She felt a wide crack which, if she had it right, should be where the door was.

What a piece of luck!

A big thrill running through her, Queeny slowly stood up along the vertical plank.

Sure enough, she touched a doorknob behind her after a while.

Chapter 884 Show Mercy

Queeny turned the doorknob with force, but it wouldn't budge.

The door might have been locked from outside.

It was within Queeny's expectation. Thinking for a moment, she left the door alone and began to fumble beside it inch by inch.

Meanwhile, a talk was taking place at a villa not far from the cabin.

A glass of red wine in hand, a man was sitting in front of a monitor, drinking and watching the screen.

On the screen was a woman groping strenuously along the wall in a dilapidated cabin.

She listened attentively while exerting herself.

The man raised his brows and asked, "What's she doing there?"

Behind him stood a guy in a silver mask with his arms crossed in front of his chest, who said, "Probably checking the surroundings."

The former man was a bit surprised, but immediately gave a laugh.

"Interesting."

The silver-masked guy gazed at the woman on the screen and asked, "Chief, actually I don't quite understand. What do we take her here for?"

The man who was addressed as chief said in a throaty voice, "Why? Are you scared?"

The masked guy frowned.

"It's not that I'm scared, but Felix Bissel has been looking for her like mad. He has made a mess of quite a few of our clubs. His search is so frantic and extensive that I'm worried sooner or later he will find some clues and hold us accountable. If he comes to us, I'm afraid..."

"Afraid of what?" The chief turned to look at him with a mocking smile. "You think the Zircon Association is no match for Felix Bissel?"

The masked guy lowered his head to evade the chief's scolding eyes.

"I wouldn't say that. It's just that things are complicated now and there's another group meddling with it recently. I'm afraid somebody will take advantage of it."

Hearing the words, the chief turned around and sneered.

"Rest assured. Nobody can take advantage of it, because I never give them the chance."

Saying that, he took another drink of the red wine, his eyes directed towards the screen growing more sullen than before.

The masked guy didn't dare to say more.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," the chief called.

A tall, lean man strode in.

"Ramon, here you are. I've been looking for you everywhere."

Ramon turned around. Seeing the man, he smiled.

"Halley, you've been as busy as a bee lately, wandering all over the world. What are you doing here?"

He stood up, walked to Halley and gave him a polite hug.

Halley laughed and said, "I'm not as busy as you, Ramon."

Saying that, his eyes fell on the monitor before him.

He raised his brows in an interested manner.

"Aha, what do you get her here for?"

Ramon cast a glance at Halley and turned to the screen. "Halley, she's an old acquaintance of yours, your junior fellow apprentice. Don't you feel pity seeing her in my hands?"

Halley let out a short, nonchalant laugh.

"Pity for what? You won't kill her."

Ramon was dumb for a second.

Then he chortled

Reaching out and patting Halley on the shoulder, he said, "You're right. I just do what my boss demands and have her here in exchange for something. I know nothing else about it. Don't fret. I know who she is to you. Once we get what we want, I will let her go and won't make her suffer."

With these words, Ramon winked at Halley mischievously.

But Halley paid no heed of him and took a piece of fruit from the table to eat.

After that, he slowly said, "Let's get down to business. I'm here to ask you a favor."

Ramon swirled the wine and gazed at Halley with piercing eyes. "What favor?"

"The thing is..."

Halley pulled a chair over, sat down, and launched into the details of his business.

While the men were talking, the masked guy turned and left the room.

Not until half an hour later did they finish.

Halley stood up from the chair and smiled, "I'm much obliged to you, Ramon."

Ramon touched fists with him and said, "You and I can do away with the banalities."

"If there's nothing else, I'll leave you now."

"All right."

Halley walked to the entrance, when Ramon teased again, "Hey, shall I show mercy on the woman or not?"

Halley paused.

Turning around, he gave a faint smile. "Ramon, if you think I need you to do it, then please do. If you don't think so, then you don't have to. Basically, it has nothing to do with me. It's all up to you."

Halley finished the words and left.

Ramon stood there in trance.

Seconds later, the silver-masked guy came in, giving a cold frown at Halley's distant figure.

"Chief, what did the rascal mean by saying that?"

Ramon had replaced the previous cheeky grin with chilly indifference.

"What else could he mean but to tell me that I don't need to sound him out anymore."

He turned and cast a look at the screen.

In a frigid voice, he said, "Go fetch her."

Fixed for a second, the masked guy responded immediately, "Yes, sir."

Having made quite an effort to grope all over the room, Queeny came to a conclusion.

It was an enclosed wooden house of about 20 square meters, with a door at the front and a nailed-up window beside it. She could hear faint sounds of water behind the house, which might come from a river or a lake.

The floor was damp. When she reached one corner, she felt some wet web-like things which she conjectured should be tools for fishing.

This cabin might have been the abode of fishermen, which was now used for her imprisonment.

Judging from the fact that she was kept in a cabin instead of the headquarters or other secret places, the party that captured her could probably be another one rather than the one that she had assumed.

Still pondering over the situation, Queeny heard footsteps from outside.

Startled, she sat back to where she had been initially.

The silver-masked guy opened the door. Seeing Queeny sitting there obediently and thinking of what he had seen on the monitor screen, he was somewhat amused.

He went to her, took the rags from her mouth and said in a throaty voice, "Why didn't you call us when you woke up?"

Queeny was sure that she had never heard the man's voice, which was deep and a trifle hoarse.

She inquired coldly, "Who are you?"

The guy raised his brows and gave a laugh.

“Don’t worry. You’ll know sooner or later, but not now.”

Saying that, he bent and picked her up.

President’s Sweet Wife

Chapter 885 It’s Brother

Queeny gave an instinctive struggle, but with her arms solidly clamped, she was unable to move and could only throw a blindfold scowl at the guy.

The guy issued an icy laugh.

Without saying more, he heaved her upon his shoulder and went out.

Queeny was horrified.

One would feel an acute sense of insecurity with one’s feet off the ground.

Not knowing who this guy was or where he was taking her, Queeny was overwhelmed with misgiving.

She secretly tautened her body for a desperate fight.

Before she could even move a finger, however, she heard the guy’s cold voice.

“Don’t waste your energy. I hate to fight with a woman, so don’t challenge my patience. Be good, and I’ll put you down when we get there.”

Queeny’s ready strike froze.

The guy’s shoulder was burly and muscular, the jutting muscles stabbing her belly.

It was obvious that this guy also practiced martial arts.

Tied up and a captive, Queeny thought now that her life was not threatened, she’d better assume an obedient façade and wait for a better timing to strike back.

With these thoughts, her taut muscles gradually slackened.

A few minutes later, Queeny gathered from the sound of the footsteps that they had entered a house and were walking on a carpet.

She concluded that they were almost there.

Sure enough, the guy soon paused and let her down.

“Chief, she’s here.”

Chief? Of what?

Queeny frowned.

Still perplexed, she felt a shadow pass over her eyes and then a hand get around to the back of her head and untie the blindfold.

Stung by the sudden light, Queeny grimaced.

Opening her eyes, she saw a neat and opulent room.

Standing before her was a tall man in a black jacket and black trousers with his hands in the trousers pockets, looking down at her with a vague smile.

"Miss Horton, we meet at last."

Queeny was stunned.

She fixed her eyes on the man's face. A blizzard of pictures flashed across her mind, countless fragments of unknown episodes dashing by.

A sharp headache descended on her.

She clamped her head, breaking into sweat with the pain.

"Ah!"

A stifled roar escaped her throat. Queeny curled up on the floor and trembled with the headache.

What was the matter?

How could this happen?

This face, this face...

The face suddenly came nearer.

He looked at her and cooed in a soothing voice, "What's wrong, Miss Horton? Is it a bad headache?"

"You must feel my face quite familiar, don't you? Feel we've met before? Good girl, we have indeed, when you were tiny. You remember? I took your hand, held you in my arms, and bought you sweets. What did you call me then?"

Gazing at him, Queeny broke into tears.

"Bro...Brother..."

The man smiled and reached out to caress her face.

"Yeah, it's Brother. Don't cry, good girl. Brother adores you."

Saying that, the man picked her up from the floor into his arms.

Watching the scene, the silver-masked guy stood flabbergasted.

"Chief..." he stammered.

"You have no business here now."

Ramon cut him off coldly. "You can go out."

"Well..."

The masked guy hesitated. Ramon threw him a chilly glance, and he finally retreated grudgingly.

Queeny was taken to the bedroom.

She was pale and drenched in sweat, as if she had just been salvaged from the water.

She glared at Ramon, who put her on the bed and fetched a towel to softly wipe the sweat off her face.

"Queeny dear, do you feel bad? Come on, have a good sleep. Brother's here with you."

Queeny's mind was in chaos.

It felt like her mind was being gnawed at by something, which caused this terrible headache.

Some fragments of memory not belonging to her surfaced from the depth of her mind. She shuddered with the attempts to ban them.

Looking at Ramon and listening to his soft words, she began to feel drowsy in spite of herself.

At last, unable to resist the sleepiness, she sank into slumber.

When she woke up, it was already late at night.

She opened her eyes and found herself on a luxurious bed.

Startled, Queeny got up instinctively and checked herself.

Then she heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, her clothes were intact and her body felt nothing wrong.

Unlike a man, it was not death that a female dreaded most when she got caught by the enemy.

It was the humiliating violation before death.

Queeny didn't boast lofty principles, but she'd rather fight herself to death with her violators than allow them to get away with their brutality.

But now it seemed everything was fine.

While relieved, she grew more curious about why they captured her.

Queeny got out of bed and went outside.

She had thought that the kidnappers must be keeping a close eye on her, having taken such pains to get her.

There must be dozens of men on guard, if not fortified gates, barbed wires or things like that.

To her amazement, she was free to walk anywhere from the bedroom to the sitting room and beyond.

Until she walked to the gate, she had caught sight of nobody besides herself.

Queeny's heart pounded violently in her chest.

Looking around and confirming that there were none, she was tempted to escape.

If not now, when?

It might have been a trap, but Queeny didn't care.

She strode out of the gate.

However, she had barely stepped beyond the gate when she realized something eerie.

She stopped and turned to look behind her.

Greeting her eyes was a vista of undulating mountains lying in silhouette, like a huge wild animal looming in darkness. The villa in front of her was ancient and imposing, with a curious hint of familiarity.

Queeny stood in bewilderment.

She was sure that she had never been here before.

But why did it feel so familiar?

The sharp pang of headache attacked her again.

She couldn't help but clasp her head and look down, feeling something pulsating fiercely in her bosom and threatening to jump out of her throat.❏❏

Chapter 886 Chaotic Memories

Queeny crouched down, bent double with the acute headache.

Two voices alternatively took control of her mind.

To leave here or not?

Oddly, she had a vague feeling of sentimental attachment to this place, which seemed rooted in her mind while being resisted by her subconsciousness.

Beads of cold sweat rolled down her forehead.

Her lips grew pale. Episodes of memories sprang to her mind like scenes of a movie.

"Look! What're they?"

"Zoe, leave the flowers alone. They'll die and lose their beauty if you nip them off."

"But they're there for us to watch and pick. You're so prim and proper. I don't like you anymore!"

The tiny girl threw a tantrum and stomped away.

The boy, who was much taller than her, frowned in hesitation. But he soon followed and got her back.

"There, there, don't be angry. I'll get the flowers for you, all right?"

The girl gave him a mischievous blink with her limpid eyes.

“Really?”

“Yep.”

The boy set his lips in a line and clenched his fists. “I’ll do it right now. Just wait for me here.”

He walked to the flowers growing in a clump of thorns.

The girl waited close by, gaily telling the boy to pick the ones that she liked. Seeing that he had got all of her favorites, she cheered in excitement.

The boy suffered quite a few wounds from the thorns, but he bore them without a grumble.

It took the boy a long time to obtain all the flowers the girl desired.

The little girl was exhilarated. She took the flowers, planted a kiss on the boy’s cheek and said in a silvery voice, “You’re the best brother ever. I simply adore you.”

The boy cast an indulgent glance at her and shook his head. “It’s late. Mother is waiting for us at home. Let’s go home.”

The girl nodded and the boy took her hand. They walked together towards home.

Their small figures were gilded and their shadows lengthened by the setting sun.

Queeny snapped into consciousness.

She widened her eyes in horror and disbelief.

How could it happen?

How could those memories be there? Never had she seen the little boy or been to this place, let alone having all the above experiences.

But why were those scenes so vivid in her mind?

They were so vivid that they felt like her own experiences. That adorable little girl was nobody but herself as a child.

Was it...really herself?

Had she ever been here before?

And who was that brother?

It suddenly occurred to Queeny that she had called someone brother before she lapsed into a coma just now.

All the color drained from her face.

Crouching and clasping her head, she fended off the memories with her whole being.

No, they could not possibly be hers!

She was the small-town girl who had been abandoned by her father with only her mother to rely on.

She was the girl who had been driven away from home by her stepfather at eight and had gone to seek help from Mr. Webber and grown up in the orphanage.

She had nothing to do with the little girl in the scenes! She could never have lived such a life!

Those memories could not have been true!

Queeny denied them desperately. Meanwhile, Ramon and the silver-masked guy were watching her on the screen of the monitor at a room in the villa.

They saw Queeny walk out of gate but go no further, holding her head in anguish.

A triumphant smile hovered on Ramon's lips.

He raised the glass and took a drink. "You see, Asher. I was right about it."

With a darkened face, the man called Asher gave a light snort of contempt.

"I thought she had a strong will. Turns out she's just as weak-minded as others."

Ramon raised his brows.

Then he shook his head.

"No, you're wrong."

Asher paused.

Ramon said in a deep voice, "I wasn't sure hypnosis alone would make her buy it all, so I did something extra before today."

Surprised, Asher asked, "What was it?"

Ramon looked up at him and smiled, "Don't you remember? The bottle I gave you for Karida to use on her."

Asher was more puzzled.

"But you said it was just a sedative to make her less vigilant about Karida so that she would take Karida out and we would have a chance to get her."

Ramon shook his head.

"There are many ways to help Karida win Queeny's favor. No need to waste a divine thing like that. You know, it was given to me by my trainer. There was only this one tiny bottle of it left in the whole world. Now it has all been used on her."

"Still, she's not fully convinced that she's my sister. What an excellent woman that Felix Bissel has trained!"

He pulled up one corner of his mouth with interest and took another sip of the wine.

Asher's eyes broadened in astonishment.

"You mean the bottle you gave to Karida was..."

Ramon nodded.

“The last bottle of illusion potion in the world has gone. I wouldn’t have used it if not for our great cause in the future. But it’s well worth it if we can use Queeny as bait to get Felix, wipe out the Dragon Club and do away with Ambario and the Bissel family all at the same time.”

Ramon words made Asher’s eyes light up with excitement.

“You’re right. This woman is very important to Felix Bissel. He’ll be at our mercy as long as she’s in our hands. It’ll be such a piece of cake to get him.”

Ramon roared with laughter.

At this time, however, the woman on the screen made an unusual move.

Taken aback, Ramon and Asher stopped laughing and fixed their eyes on the screen.

The woman slowly stood up after the painful struggle.

Straightening up with determination in her eyes, she began to drag herself out with wobbling steps.

The two men’s expressions changed.

Ramon issued a cold snort.

“It’s amazing that she should have such a strong will, but she can never escape from my hands!”

Chapter 887 Grave Peril

With these words, Ramon ordered, “Go fetch her.”

Asher said deeply, “Yes, Chief!”

Outside, Queeny was still in struggle.

She didn’t know why she had those curious memories, but she did know that she must leave the place right now.

The single reason was that she sensed grave peril looming large apart from that strange, faint feeling of attachment.

A voice in her mind had been telling her to run, run for dear life!

She gritted her teeth, straightened up and began to stagger out.

Just then, a shadowy figure appeared from nowhere and stood in her way.

“Where are you going, Miss Horton?”

She looked up and saw it was the silver-masked guy.

With darkened face, she demanded grimly, “Who are you exactly?”

The masked guy smiled and said, “Now that you’re so curious about who we are, why not stay to have a look? Perhaps you’ll find out if you do.”

Queeny gnashed her teeth.

She knew that she was very fragile without any strength, suspecting that they had secretly done something detrimental to her.

Physically speaking, she was now no match for the guy.

What could she do?

When she was still considering, a sudden gust of wind swept towards her.

Astounded, she dodged it swiftly by instinct.

The masked guy paused and smiled, "Marvelous. But you can't escape, Queeny. You can ignore your own safety, but don't you want to know what has happened to the girl brought here along with you? Don't you want to find out why we've got you here? Are you really going to leave without any clues?"

Queeny was stunned.

The man had spoken out all her concerns.

First of all, she was indeed anxious to find out who they were and why they captured her.

Second, she did worry about Ella, for she had never seen Ella or heard anything about her since she woke up.

She had cherished some hope that they had knocked out Ella and left her at the restaurant because they couldn't be bothered to take an extra burden.

If so, Ella would stay out of danger.

But what the man said implied that Ella was also in their hands.

Alarmed, Queeny quit the intention of a prompt departure.

She demanded in a deep voice, "What on earth do you want?"

The masked guy gave a smile and made an inviting gesture instead of an aggressive one.

"Please go inside, Miss Horton. Our chief will explain everything to you."

He bowed slightly in invitation.

Queeny hesitated, aware that he had given her no choice despite his politeness.

She made up her mind to confront whatever was waiting for her and figure all the things out.

She stepped in upright.

Ramon had already been in the luxurious sitting room, waiting for her on the sofa.

On entry, she caught sight of the figure on the sofa and her eyes dimmed.

She walked over with a sullen face.

Ramon looked up.

The contact of their eyes set a curious feeling surging in Queeny again.

Too familiar.

The face and the eyes were so warm and familiar that they seemed imprinted in her mind a long time ago.

She almost blurted out the word "Brother".

But she managed to suppress it.

She set her lips in a grim line and stared at him obstinately.

A hint of surprise flickered across Ramon's eyes.

He had known that she was bleakly strong-willed, but he didn't expect her will to be so iron-like.

With the two bottles of illusion potion used on her and his exclusive way of hypnosis, she should at least evince no more defiance.

But of course, he didn't betray any of these thoughts.

Instead, he put on the most benign smile and said to her, "Just sit down."

His tone and smile were so genial that he seemed the most innocuous person in the world.

But the kinder he was, the more alert Queeny became.

She knew full well that there must be something sinister under a façade of undue cordiality.

These people couldn't have taken all the pains to get her here for a casual chat.

She said nothing and sat down.

There was a pot of coffee and two cups in front of Ramon.

With the coffee ready, he poured two cups and set one before her. "Have a taste."

Queeny stared at her cup without moving.

Ramon smiled like he had expected it, taking up his cup to have a drink.

Then he said, "You can rest easy. You wouldn't have been here if I had intended to kill you. It's just a normal cup of coffee."

He took another sip to assure her.

Queeny hesitated, but finally succumbed to the raging thirst and drank her share.

Seeing this, Ramon was relieved.

He smiled, "You're very puzzled, aren't you? Who am I and why have we got you here? You must be full of questions."

Queeny stared at him coldly and said nothing.

But her eyes betrayed her perplexed mind.

Smiling faintly and shaking his head with sadness, he said, "I knew you would be offended by the way I got you here, and even refuse to acknowledge me as your brother."

Queeny's brows puckered in a frown.

Two key words caught her attention. She asked, "Acknowledge you?"

Ramon gave a nod.

Looking at Queeny with a serious face, he asked, "Queeny, do you really have no memory of me? Do you really not remember who I am?"

He seemed to be filled with anticipation, which was shadowed by a trace of anguish.

His eyes triggered those fragmentary scenes in Queeny's mind.

A young boy and a tiny girl playing together blithely, picking flowers and flying kites.

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 888 Never Forgive

Queeny's expressions changed. Struggling to keep up a stern face, she snapped, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Not taking offence, Ramon just shook his head with some disappointment. "Do you really remember nothing about me? Or are you just trying to evade it although you've already remembered everything?"

He fixed a piercing gaze on her.

Queeny was slightly annoyed, sinking into ambivalence because of those curious memories in her mind.

She was at a loss whether to believe him or not.

She was unsure about his words because she actually had few memories of the years prior to her mother's remarriage into the Dempsey family.

Maybe because she was too young to remember anything then, she had not even a shred of memory of what had happened before she was around six years old.

She knew that one's recollections of the early childhood would fade with one gradually growing up.

Therefore, she had thought little about it before.

But now she was forced to plunge into the depth of her memories by the familiar little girl and the intimate dialogues in those uncanny episodes in her mind.

Could it be...that she had really known this man in front of her?

Could the man be the very young boy in the scenes?

How were the two of them related? Why had she been here as a little girl?

A bewildered look flashed across Queeny's eyes.

Ramon looked at her and said deeply, "Queeny, I can understand it if you really don't want to face this truth. After all, it was because I had lost you that you fell into the wrong hands and had your identity changed. I am to blame for it."

Queeny was shocked.

She stared at him in disbelief.

"What did you say? You lost me?"

"Yes."

Ramon nodded and said, "Queeny, we are brother and sister, born to the same parents. This place is where we lived when we were kids and when our parents were still alive. But I lost you because of something that happened later, and I've been looking for you all these years with no luck. Do you know how worried I was?"

His eyes brimmed with affection.

Queeny knitted her brows at the touching words and the familiar face.

Strangely, she couldn't feel a grain of sympathy or attachment to him.

She replied icily, "So that's why you've abducted me?"

Ramon was dumbfounded.

He hadn't expected Queeny to be so frigid.

With dim eyes, he said deeply, "Queeny, now that our parents are both dead, you're my only family in the world. I will not have you away from me."

"So you got me back by kidnapping."

Queeny let out a sneer.

Ramon tried to explain, "If I hadn't used this means, you wouldn't have come back willingly."

Queeny was speechless.

Ramon continued, "You've been curious about who I am, right? I'll tell you now. I am the chief of the Summit Branch of the Zircon Association. You must have heard of it."

Queeny jolted in astonishment.

Eyes dilated, she stared at him in disbelief.

Of course she had heard of it!

It was none other than the Zircon Association who stirred up the war between the Rosefinch Branch and the Dragon Club.

With the appearance of the Celestial Book, Felix and Queeny had more or less ruled out the possibility that the Zircon Association was the main manipulator backstage.

But it was beyond doubt that they had played some surreptitious part in the war, even added fuel to it.

Queeny's eyes chilled with the thoughts.

She sneered, "So you know Halley and the lot of them?"

Ramon looked at her serenely and nodded, "Yes, I do."

Queeny burst into an ironic laugh.

"Thought you'd have me moved to tears and filled with thanks by kidnapping me and feeding me with childhood memories, so that I'd acknowledge you readily? It's so naïve of you lot!"

She paused, then put on another sneer. "And you had plotted the kidnapping before this one?"

She was referring to the time when she had a car accident, got salvaged from the water, and rescued by Felix halfway.

She had thought that Ramon would deny it.

But he nodded after just a second's hesitation.

"Yeah, it was also my doing. I'm sorry I have to resort to such means every time, but otherwise I can't have you here for a proper talk, considering the conflicts we've had before."

Queeny had to admit that he was right.

It was his interference with the affairs between the Rosefinch Branch and the Dragon Club that had led to today's situation and killed legions of her fellow members. She would never forgive him for that.

Not to mention that he was consorting with Halley and their lot, the prime culprits of the catastrophe.

Therefore, how could she acknowledge him blithely?

Her eyes chilled again with these thoughts.

She said sternly, "If by a proper talk you mean reconciliation and me taking you as brother, you can drop the idea forever. Even if we are really brother and sister, I will not be reconciled with you lot, not to mention my doubts about our relationship for the moment."

Her words put a damper on Ramon's hope.

"Do you really hate me and my men so much?"

Queeny retorted, "How can I possibly think otherwise?"

Ramon was choked by her cold and disgusted eyes, and put on a hurt expression.

"Well, the previous events were indeed our fault, but I didn't know you're my sister back then."

He paused and breathed a sigh.

"I know I can't justify myself to you and you'll never forgive me. It's all right. Just stay here for some time and think it over. Then we'll see what we can do."

With these words, he waved to signal that she could leave.

Queeny raised her brows.

She hadn't cherished much hope that Ramon would easily let her go.

With the silver-masked guy still watching outside, Queeny thought there could be men lying in ambush though she had seen no other guards.

She knew that she was confined to this villa even if she wasn't imprisoned.

Thinking about that, she asked suddenly, "Where's Ella? What have you done with her?"

At her inquiry about Ella, Ramon's eyes lit up a bit.☞

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 889 A Task

Ramon looked up at Queeny and said, "Don't fret. I know you're fond of that girl, so I've done her no harm. Go and have a rest, and I'll get her to you later."

Seeing that he really meant it, Queeny rested assured.

She turned and walked upstairs.

After she had left, Asher stepped in.

He frowned in Queeny's direction, obviously fuming at her attitude towards Ramon.

Aware of his inferior rank, however, he knew that he wasn't entitled to a judgment, so he just asked, "Chief, shall I bring Karida here?"

Ramon gave a nod.

"Go get her and impress on her the words we told her. If she dared to say otherwise..."

A murderous look flickered across his eyes.

Asher took the hint immediately and replied, "Yes!"

He turned and left.

In no time, Ella was brought over.

At the sight of Ramon, she was jolted out of her placidity and dashed to him.

"Where's my granny? What has happened to her?"

Seeing her so threateningly close, Ramon squinted his eyes.

He said coolly, "Don't worry. She's fine, for we have favors to ask of you."

Breathing erratically, she stared at him with hatred.

"Where is she? I want to see her."

She grabbed him by his sleeve.

Ramon threw a glance at her clenched fingers and gave a dismissive laugh.

"Of course you can see her, but not before finishing a task."

With the words, he pointed his head at the room upstairs and said, "Go and convince her that she is my sister, and tell her what a miserable life her brother has lived all these years. As long as she acknowledges her relation to me and agrees to stay here, I'll give the old woman back to you. What do you say?"

Ella was burning with fury.

"You said you would give Granny back to me if I brought Queeny out. Are you cheating me?"

Ramon squinted and smiled evilly.

"Yeah, I'm cheating you. So what?"

"You villain!"

Mad with anger, Ella raised her fist to hit him.

However, when she met his smiling yet wintry eyes, her fist froze in the air.

She thought of Granny, whose life was still at stake.

If the man had suffered the slightest injury, Granny could have lost her life.

Her hand went limp as if drained of strength.

She looked at him and said in a hoarse voice, "Ramon, I beg you. Let her go. She's just an innocent granny. Let her go, and I promise I'll do anything you want, OK?"

She implored desperately.

But Ramon showed no mercy.

Still wearing a cold look, he gave a light smile. "Oh, how pitiful! But my dear Karida, what did I tell you? I don't like promises or pledges, because they're all empty words."

"One will do whatever I say as long as I have in my hands something he treasures, so what's the need to listen to those empty words?"

The pleading in Ella's eyes gradually turned to hatred.

She relaxed her grip on him, straightened up and demanded grimly, "Will you let her go or not?"

Ramon raised his brows.

"Will you do the task or not?"

Ella pressed her lips tight without speaking.

Asher came up.

He bent and whispered to her, "Karida, I'll tell you what. Our chief has a thousand ways to get what he wants, while you have no choice but to do as he says if you want to save your granny. It's our chief who rules the game, so think twice before you do anything that you'll regret later."

He finished and straightened up.

Slowly, Karida balled her hands into fists.

She clenched the fists so tight that the nails almost sank into the palms, her face somber and stiff with the sharp pain.

A long time later, she relented and sneered.

"OK, I'll take the task."

She paused for a second and added, "But you have to promise me this will be the last time. It's true that you're ruling the game, and I can do nothing but play by your rules."

"But don't forget that a cornered dog will bite. I'll make your life a misery if you ever drive me to despair!"

A forbidding air emanated from her, which made the two men raise their brows in surprise.

"Interesting," Ramon said.

He stood up, tidied his clothes, and cast a glance at Ella.

With a light smile, he said, "Let's go."

He led her upstairs.

Queeny was sitting in the room.

She gazed out of the window at the bare lawn. The lamp outside the villa threw its faint light upon the bench underneath, giving an air of melancholy loneliness.

Queeny's mind was in chaos.

The strange memories surging up enveloped her in panic and fear.

Although she had adamantly stated to Ramon that she would never acknowledge him as her brother, a vague sense of misgiving was gnawing at her heart.

She had a persistent feeling that what had happened was just an illusion.

It was as if the woman sitting here had been someone else other than herself.

She felt like she was floating in air. It surprised her to notice her fingers placed on the windowsill trembling slightly.

The fingers seemed to have their own will. She didn't feel quite herself once she thought of those scenes.

What on earth was the matter?

Her brows furrowed.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

"Queeny, have you slept?"

Queeny turned around.

She recognized the voice, which belonged to the man called Ramon, who had claimed to be her brother.

Now that he had let her go, what was he doing here?

Frowning, she responded after hesitating for a second, "No."

The door was pushed open, and Ramon stepped in with a girl.

At the sight of the dainty figure behind him, Queeny widened her eyes and lit up with delight.

"Ella!"

"Queeny!"

Ella rushed to her with surprise and elation.

Chapter 890 Feeling Guilty

Queeny stood up and greeted Ella with a big hug.

"Finally, Queeny! I'm so glad to see you unhurt. I was so worried about you."

She was still shivering with fright in Queeny arms.

Holding her, Queeny felt somewhat guilty.

She knew that Ella was just an innocent girl who had never experienced kidnapping in her life.

It was because of her that Ella had got into such trouble.

The guilty feeling building up, Queeny patted Ella on the shoulder and cooed, "There, there, all is fine now."

Still sobbing, Ella lifted her head from Queeny's shoulder.

Wiping her tears, she asked, "Queeny, what's it all about?"

Queeny threw a chilly look at Ramon, who was standing at the door.

"Nothing. Don't worry, you'll be fine."

Seeing that Queeny had been eyeing him with hostility, Ramon recognized that he was unwelcome here, so he shrugged and went out.

Queeny went over to shut the door.

Not until she was sure that their conversation would not be overheard did she return. Having scrutinized Ella carefully and made sure that she hadn't suffered any injury or abuse, Queeny heaved a sigh of relief.

She took Ella's hand, sat with her on the bed, and asked, "How are you? Did they make you suffer?"

Ella shook her head.

It could be told from her expressions that she had been traumatized.

But she struggled to put on a calm exterior so that Queeny wouldn't feel anxious or guilty.

Her efforts only made Queeny all the more disturbed.

Ella said, "I'm all right. They just locked me away without abusing me, but they wouldn't tell me anything about you. I was mad with worry."

Seeing her crying like that, Queeny was filled with pity.

She rubbed Ella's head to comfort her. "There, there, everything's OK."

She patted Ella on her back to ease her sobs.

Ella looked up at her with grave apprehension.

"Queeny, who are these people? Why did they get us here?"

Queeny frowned and thought for a second, then decided not to tell Ella the truth lest she be frightened.

She explained in a soft voice, "They're from another party. They've got me here because of my private affairs. You've only been brought along incidentally, so they won't hurt you. Don't worry."

Ella shook her head promptly.

"I'm not worrying about myself, but about you..."

Queeny smiled.

"No need to fret about me. Have you ever seen me taken advantage of?"

Ella couldn't think of any such occasion.

She gave a relaxed laugh.

"Queeny, you're the cream of the crop. Nobody can have the upper hand over you!"

Queeny nodded and said to her, "So if I ever spot a chance to escape, you must go as I tell you. Do you understand?"

Ella's laugh froze.

Queeny paid no heed to her and continued, "I am the one they want, so I can't escape for the moment. I'm no match for all these people. But you have a chance. I'll tell them to let you go, and as soon as you

leave here, go to the castle to tell Felix about my situation. Never hesitate for the sake of me, remember that?"

Ella's expressions changed.

She shook her head violently and said, "No, I can't leave you behind."

Queeny frowned.

"You're not leaving me behind. It's better to go out for help than to be stuck here together."

Saying that, Queeny glanced out of the window, feeling an invisible eye in the infinite darkness watching her every move.

She didn't know why, but she did feel very insecure at this place.

Sarah had already died because of her, so she would try her best to keep Ella from danger.

All men are born equal. She wouldn't allow one more person to lose his life for her.

She set her lips in a line and said to Ella suddenly, "To tell you the truth, the man who brought you here just now can probably be my biological brother. We lost touch with each other when we were small and didn't meet until now. He's eager to take me back, but I won't acknowledge him because of some past conflicts."

"What happened in between can be a bit complicated, and you don't have to know that. All you need to know is that he won't kill me easily, so you don't need to worry about my safety."

"What we need to do now is make our situation known to our people. Go to Felix after you leave here, and he'll manage to get me out, all right?"

Ella stared at her and nodded after a good while.

"All right."

Having paused for a second, she said, "But...how can I get out of here?"

Queeny contemplated it for a moment.

Actually, even now she wasn't totally convinced that Ramon was telling the truth.

But the hazy memories were indeed there in her mind. If her memory hadn't tricked her, they could very probably be brother and sister.

Ramon might have captured her for more reasons than the one he had claimed, but it was doubtless that he wouldn't kill her for now.

There must be a reason why Ramon was so eager to get her acknowledge their relation.

With these thoughts, Queeny said, "I'll think of a way. We can pretend to do as he says, but we won't let him get his way."

She looked at Ella and said in a low voice, "We'll have to count on you. Do stay safe."

Ella gave her a serious nod.

For the sake of their safety, Queeny asked Ella to stay and sleep in her room.

It was already late morning when they woke up the next day.

Ella had woken earlier than Queeny and already got dressed.

Seeing Queeny up, Ella chirped, "Good morning, Queeny! Shall I get you water for grooming?"

Queeny nodded.

Ella had prepared the toothpaste for her. Having groomed herself, Queeny cast a glance at her face in the mirror.

It might have been her illusion, but she felt the face somewhat strange.