

## Talented 1181

### Chapter 1181

Up for a bath?

Freya was so angry that she wanted to kick the door of the room in front of her straight open, however, she was afraid that her feet would hurt, so in the end, she chose to knock gently on the door.

“Medical Fairy?” Melody opened the door, and her beautiful and charming face carried a clear look of disbelief, “Medical Fairy, why did you come over so early?”

“The acupuncture is now, and the effect is about the same, after I gave Mr. Harper the acupuncture, I’ll go straight to bed.”

As Freya spoke, she kept surveying the situation inside the room.

Layton, to be exact, should be Kieran. Kieran was leaning on the bed, fully clothed, just now, he shouldn’t have done anything impure with Melody.

“Oh, then you should come in and give Layton acupuncture!” Melody spoke sweetly, “It is indeed quite tiring to get up in the middle of the night again! After you finish acupuncture for Layton, we’ll just be able to take a bath.”

Freya’s hand froze, and the medicine box in her hand almost fell to the ground.

Melody was really stubborn, she had already intervened so halfway, she hadn’t even forgotten that she was going to take a bath with Kieran later.

Freya racked her brain on what she should do later so that she wouldn’t have to ask her husband, to take a bath with another woman!

“Medical Fairy, how long will this acupuncture session take approximately?” Melody was in a hurry to take a bath with Kieran and didn’t want the acupuncture to delay too much, “I’ve already put the bath water on, if the acupuncture takes too long, the water will get cold!”

When Melody said this, Freya was placing the needles, her hand suddenly pushed hard, she really wanted to stick the silver needles directly into his bones, it would hurt him to death, see how he could still take a bath with other women!

“Acupuncture plus massage, it will take about an hour.”

Originally, Freya was only going to give him acupuncture, but in order to stall for time, she still planned to massage him until the sky was dark.

“So long!” Melody’s face scrunched up into a frown, “Forget it, it’s still Layton’s body that’s most important, I can take care of his bath another day.”

Melody had been brought up with a western education and was particularly open-minded, otherwise, she wouldn’t have just come to live on this side of the old mansion and had to bathe with Kieran together.

She moved a small bench and sat on the edge of the bed, where Freya was doing acupuncture and she couldn't help, so she couldn't help but be a little bored.

When she was bored, she wanted to chatter and talk to someone.

"Medical Fairy, how did you and Cealan meet? I heard from everyone that Cealan is really good to you."

Freya's hand froze, she really didn't want to talk about Caelan, that psychologically twisted demon, in front of Kieran!

As soon as she mentioned Caelan, she couldn't help but think of all the life-threatening torture that Alistair had suffered at his hands.

Melody just had this ability, she chatted with people and even if they ignored her, she could still entertain herself.

"Medical Fairy, do you also have a special special fondness for Cealan?" Melody smiled ambiguously at Freya, "You and Cealan are so in love, have you ever taken a bath together?"

"Ahem ....."

Freya almost choked to death on her own saliva, didn't this Melody want to take a bath with Kieran? Why did she somehow get involved with her and Caelan?

Melody's thinking was too strong for Freya to follow, and she didn't want to care.

Melody shivered weakly, she looked at Freya with a puzzled expression, "Medical Fairy, did you feel that it was suddenly so cold just now! I inexplicably got goosebumps!"

Hearing Melody's words, Freya realised something, and she lifted her face and looked towards Kieran's face.

As expected, there was a cold aura in his dark eyes that had not yet had time to close up.

When she met his cold, windy eyes, Freya almost couldn't restrain herself from snorting out a laugh.

Well, whether he pretended not to know her or pretended to be something else, his jealous nature could not be changed.

He was still the Kieran she loved the most.

"Medical Fairy, you haven't said anything! How far have you and Cealan come? Have you guys ever taken a bath together?"

Freya gently hooked her lips, "Me and Caelan ....."

"The two of us, there's nothing to talk about. On the contrary, I think, you and Caelan are really quite nice! Well, you guys take a bath together later, it's all pretty good!"

Freya's voice had almost recovered, and her voice was soft and melodious, it was still pleasant to the ear.

Her words, which Melody could not hear differently, sounded very different to some people's ears.

She was clearly saying that if he dared to take a bath with Melody or something, she would have to cheat him!

The air was instantly filled with the smell of jealousy.

Originally, Freya was still a little worried that Kieran might lose control and have some kind of story with Melody, but now, she suddenly didn't worry about anything anymore.

The man she loved deserved her best trust.

Therefore, she would trust him unconditionally.

"Layton, I still want to take a bath. I'll go put the water on again, without disturbing the Medical Fairy to give you acupuncture." After saying this, Melody happily went to put on the bath water.

Freya slowly dropped a needle on his leg, and suddenly, she let out a strange laugh, "Heh! There's someone to put the bath water on specifically for you and help you take a bath, Mr. Harper, you're having a nice life!"

"Hmm." The lowered eyelids covered all the thoughts in Kieran's eyes, and there was not the slightest ripple in his voice.

Hearing this from him, Freya was so angry that she didn't want to talk to him anymore.

However, Freya's mood soon became soothing as Jonathan suddenly pushed the door open and spoke to Melody who was in the bathroom, excitedly running the bath water, "Melody, someone from the Melody's family just came over to ask you to go home. Your father wants to talk to you about something important, and they called you, but you didn't answer."

Melody couldn't let go of the bath water she had just put halfway in, but she was more afraid of her father's temper, so she left Kieran's room reluctantly.

After Melody left, Jonathan stayed in the room, staring at Freya like a thief.

After giving Kieran an acupuncture treatment and a few simple massages, she went back to her room.

Not having to protect herself from her lover, Freya slept incomparably comfortably tonight.

In the morning, before she could open her eyes, there was a sharp knock on the door.

Freya got out of bed in a daze and opened the door, not expecting to see an anxious Dora standing outside the door.

Looking at such a Dora, Freya suddenly had a very bad feeling in his heart.

As soon as she pushed the door open, Dora spoke anxiously, "Miss Stahler, it's not good! Alistair has disappeared!"

## **Chapter 1182**

"Alistair is missing? What do you mean?!" Freya suppressed her wildly beating heart and forced herself to calm down.

“After leaving Dr. Helen’s lab yesterday, Mr. Harper left Alistair in the hands of two experienced nannies to take care of him. The residence where Alistair was staying was also guarded by many bodyguards, so by all rights, it should have been very safe, but the bodyguards outside his residence were all killed! The two nannies didn’t survive either! We didn’t find Alistair’s body!”

Hearing Dora’s words, Freya’s face became pale. Caelan’s castle was heavily guarded, and to be able to take Alistair away like nobody’s business, how terrifying was that person’s skill?

And what kind of torture is her Alistair going through right now?

“Where is Caelan now? I want to see Caelan!” Freya said as she rushed outside the old mansion.

There were a lot of cameras inside the old castle, it was impossible for that person to break into the old castle without leaving any traces, and if she wanted to find out information about that person, she still had to go find Caelan.

When Freya returned to the fortress, Caelan was leading his men to search for Alistair’s whereabouts.

When he saw Freya appear in front of him with a miserable white face, his demonic face had a rare unease written all over it.

He stepped forward and carefully grabbed Freya’s hand, explaining to her, “Stahler, I’m sorry, it was my mistake, I didn’t let anyone take care of Alistair. Don’t worry, I will definitely find Alistair! Find an intact Alistair!”

Freya hated Caelan, if he hadn’t pressed hard and snatched Alistair from her when she first gave birth, and after she escaped from the cage, he forcibly took her and Alistair back, her Alistair, wouldn’t be dead or alive.

But she knew in her heart that now, was not the time to quarrel, the most important thing was to find out the whereabouts of Alistair.

That man had killed so many people, his methods were brutal, he didn’t take human life seriously, if her Alistair fell into his hands, she didn’t know how much suffering she would have to suffer!

“Boss, I just found this outside the door!”

A man dressed all in black, hurried in and delivered an envelope to Caelan’s hand.

Freya was standing right beside Caelan, and she could clearly see the words on the envelope.

“Tell Freya to come to the Green Sandbank and exchange her life for the child’s life! Otherwise, you will wait to collect that child’s corpse!”

Originally, Freya was still panicking in her heart, but when she looked at the piece of paper in Caelan’s hand, her heart suddenly settled down.

That person’s ultimate goal was her, which meant that before she appeared, her Alistair was still safe and secure.

“Caelan, please take me to Green Sandbank, okay? I don’t know where the Green Sandbank is.” Freya lifted her face to look at Caelan and said what she had just said again, “Caelan, please take me to the Green Sandbank! If you are not willing to go, will you let your men show me the way?”

“Stahler, I can’t let you go and risk your life!”

“Caelan, I’m not going to take a risk! I am going to save my Alistair! If you don’t let me go, I won’t survive!”

Freya said, suddenly hooking her lips and smiling at Caelan, “Caelan, I know, you will definitely say that you won’t let me die. But, you can stop me for a while, can you stop me for a lifetime? Caelan, if I lose Alistair, I will die sooner or later!”

“Stahler!” Caelan’s eyes were instantly swept with bright red blood, he looked at Freya steadily and finally sighed helplessly, “Stahler, I’ll go with you to Green Sandbank! I won’t let anything happen to you!”

Not expecting Caelan to be so nice today, Freya couldn’t help but be a little surprised.

However, this was for the best, saving her a lot of breath.

Green Sandbank was a bit far from this ancient castle where Caelan was, and they sped for nearly an hour before they reached their destination.

From a distance, Freya saw Alistair.

Alistair was hanging from a rope high up on the top of the mast of a dilapidated ship, and the other end of the rope was held tightly in the hands of a man wearing a duck-tongue cap, who would let go of the rope in his hands and Alistair would fall hard from the top of the mast onto the deck, splattering blood and flesh.

The mast of that ship was so high, it must have been twenty metres at any rate, and the consequences of a man plummeting from that height would be unthinkable!

“Alistair!”

Freya was so anxious that tears were falling out of her eyes, and she wanted to hold her Alistair in her arms, but she raised her hand so hard that she could not reach him.

The distance was so great that Freya could not see the expression on Alistair’s face.

She knew that his dried up face should be expressionless, but she also knew that even if it was expressionless, he was still afraid in his heart.

How could such a small child, hanging from such a high place, not be afraid!

“Let Alistair go! Hurry up and let him go!” Freya anxiously yelled at the man standing on the deck, “It’s me you’re looking for! I’ll give you my life! Will you let Alistair go?”

“Freya!” The man standing on the deck slowly pulled down his duck-tongued hat, his voice was condensed with boundless hatred and malice, his look seemed to want to eat her flesh and drink her blood.

Freya looked fixedly at the man in front of her, she was unquestionably sure that she had never known such a person, she really could not figure out why he would have such a deep hatred for her.

But even if she couldn't figure it out, she didn't dare to offend this man so easily, she nodded her head forcefully, "Yes, I'm Freya, I'm coming over! Put down Alistair, you hang me up there and drop me to death, okay?!"

The man didn't answer Freya's words, but stared at her gloomily and spoke word for word, "Freya, do you know who I am?"

"I am Preston Booth, Regina's real father! You killed my Regina, you made her die with scars and wounds all over her body, Freya, I will make you pay the heaviest price, to avenge my Regina!"

Freya really didn't expect that this man would be the same man who had fornicated with Gracie.

Regina deserved to die for her evil deeds, and the only thing she hated was that she had died without forgetting to harm people and let her own father, out to pounce again.

Her husband was a bad man, but the nanny who died was so innocent!

The only thing she hates about Regina is that she doesn't forget to kill her own father, and then let him come out and pounce on her. She said, "I'll agree to die any way you want me to, all I ask is that you don't hurt Alistair!"

"Now that your child's life is in my hands, you know the pain, don't you? Freya, do you know how much it hurts in my heart when Regina died tragically at your hands? I'm so sore, why should I let you live!"

With that, Preston made a gesture to release the rope he was clutching in his hand.

### **Chapter 1183**

"Don't!"

Freya was so anxious that her heart was jumping out of her throat, and she yelled at him in a hoarse voice, "Don't hurt Alistair! Please, please don't hurt him!"

"When Alistair is gone, you'll never be able to threaten me again! Are you willing to let me live in this world? You don't want to, so don't hurt Alistair, I'll give you my life! I'll do whatever you want me to do!"

Fortunately, Preston had just scared Freya, he didn't let go of the rope in his hand.

He tied the rope in his hand directly to the deck as he got up and stared at Freya with a smirk, "Freya, come over here!"

"Stahler, don't go over there!" Caelan stepped forward and grabbed Freya's hand in a death grip, afraid that she would really go over and give her life to Preston.

Freya didn't want anything to happen to Alistair, but she wasn't stupid either.

She knew in her heart that if she went over there so foolishly, she would not be able to change Alistair's situation, she would only die for nothing.

She looked with red eyes at Alistair, who was hanging from the top of the mast, and it took her almost a lifetime of strength to avert her gaze.

“Let Alistair go! If you let Alistair go, I will go there! I don’t trust you now that Alistair is still in your hands, and who knows if you’ll still be unwilling to let Alistair go even after I’ve been there?”

“Freya, there is one thing that I think you should know clearly in your heart.” Preston sneered, his well-maintained face, smiled with the same resentment as Regina, “You now, simply do not have the capital to bargain with me!”

“If you come over, this child of yours and Kieran’s may still have a chance of survival, but if you don’t come over, he will only have a chance of death!”

He moved the knife in his hand, inch by inch, towards the rope on the side, “Freya, if you cut this rope, there will really be no need to talk about anything between us!”

“Indeed, it is no small regret that I cannot kill you with my hands today and avenge my Regina. But seeing you in pain over the loss of your own child is not a joy! Freya, I think that I might enjoy this joy too!”

Listening to Preston’s words, Freya almost exploded with anger.

But her soft spot, being pinched by him to death, no matter how much resentment and anger she had in her heart, she could only hold back for the time being.

She took a deep breath and let herself speak in as calm a tone as possible, “Preston, losing Alistair would indeed be worse than death for me. But Regina’s greatest wish in this life is for me to go to hell! I think you want to fulfil her last wish even more!”

Closing her eyes heavily and slowly opening them again, Freya spoke word for word, “Preston, I’ll go over there!”

“Stahler!” Caelan was still unwilling to let go of Freya’s hand, his eyes narrowed dangerously as he stared deadly at Preston, who was not far in front of him.

“Preston, let go of Alistair! If you dare to hurt Alistair by half a hair, you won’t be able to leave here alive either!”

“Ha!”

Hearing Caelan’s words, Preston could not control his wild laughter, “Since I dared to come here to take revenge, I never thought of leaving alive!”

“When Regina was alive, I wasn’t able to take good care of her as a father, now that she’s gone, I can’t let her have any more regrets! After I have avenged her, I will go down there to look for her, and I will tell her myself that I am her real father, and that I have avenged her!”

Seeing Preston so insensitive, Caelan’s demonically handsome face was instantly covered in gloom, his left hand slowly pulled out his gun, he really wanted to, in one shot, kill Preston, but he was worried that before he died, he would cut the rope and let Alistair fall to the ground in a bloody mess, and Freya completely collapsed.

Slowly withdrawing his gun, Caelan's handsome face was rarely tinged with a few moments of helpless self-deprecation.

When he fought with Kieran, what he was most proud of was that he didn't have any weaknesses.

But now, he had a weakness.

His soft spot was Freya.

"Caelan, let go of me! I have to go and save Alistair!" Freya glared at Caelan with red eyes, "Don't make me hate you for the rest of my life!"

"Stahler, you're just sending yourself to your death if you go over there!"

Caelan didn't want Freya to hate him, but he was even more afraid that she would die, "Stahler, I can't let you die in vain! I can't live without you!"

"I know, I'm sending myself to my death by going over there. But if I don't go over there, Alistair will have to die now! I can't afford to gamble on Alistair's life! Preston is right, right now, I simply don't have the capital to bargain with him!"

Freya put in all her strength and tried hard to break Caelan's grip, but she still couldn't.

She secretly ground her teeth, "Caelan, let go of me! If you let go of me, I'll be grateful to you for the rest of my life!"

Caelan wanted to say, "Stahler, I won't let go of you, not even to death.

But when he saw the tears in Freya's eyes, he could not say these words.

It was as if, even if he left her behind, if Alistair died, her heart would not be able to live.

The first time in his heart, Caelan's heart was so tormented and mixed, in the end, he still let go of his hand little by little.

"Freya, I'm going to count to three, if you haven't appeared in front of me after I count to three, I guarantee that you and the child will be pulverized!"

Preston proudly raised the knife in his hand, "One!"

"Preston, I'm going over there now!"

With her body free, Freya lifted her feet and rushed in Preston's direction, she had just run a few steps when a low, mute voice, like one barked on a blazing fire, rang out behind her.

"Don't go over there!"

Freya suddenly stopped her feet as she turned around, only to see Kieran sitting in a wheelchair, with Jonathan pushing him, slowly moving forward to where Caelan was.

Although he was wearing a mask on his face, and underneath it, there was an ugly disguise, and although he was unwilling to admit that he was her Kieran, no matter how much she pressed him, even so, seeing her, her aching and restless heart became instantly settled.



It was as if, as long as he was there, no matter how many trials and hardships lay ahead, they could all turn into beautiful rainbows.

“Layton, why are you free to come over?” He didn’t look like a brother or a friend, they looked more like enemies who were at loggerheads.

“Why, do I still need to report to you when I do something?” Kieran’s voice was still mute and hard to hear, but sitting on the wheelchair without moving like a mountain, there was a taste of looking down on the world.

It was as if, of all things in heaven and earth, of all beings, he was the only king.

“Two!”

Preston’s voice continued to ring out, and Kieran’s eyes did not fluctuate in the slightest.

He looked carelessly at Preston, who was standing on the deck and had already decided to break the ice, and spoke indifferently, “Preston, don’t you feel that you are missing something? Isn’t it ridiculous that you dare to make a statement here when something so important is missing?”

#### **Chapter 1184**

“You don’t have to scare me on purpose! I won’t fall into your trap!” Preston roared loudly, but his heart was inexplicably a little weak, the man in the wheelchair, his eyes were too deep and had a sharp edge that made him inexplicably chill.

But the thought of having such a big trump card pinched in his hand instantly grounded him again.

“Freya, you don’t have much time to think! If you don’t come over, I’ll cut the rope!”

“Three!”

“No!” Freya was so anxious that she stretched out her hand as hard as she could, trying to grab the rope in Preston’s hand, but no matter how hard she stretched her hand, she still couldn’t grab the rope.

Preston had a creepy grin on his face, the knife in his hand was inching closer to the rope in his hand, his eyes bursting with a sinister fierceness, his hand, if he moved just a little bit more, could completely cut the rope!

“Preston, calm down! I’ll go over! I’ll go over there! I promise you everything! I only beg you not to hurt Alistair! Don’t hurt him!”

“He’s just a child who doesn’t know anything, and it’s me you hate! Drop me to death, kill me with a thousand cuts, whatever you want, come at me!”

Seeing that Freya was about to reach the cruise ship he was on, the corners of Preston’s lips could not help but curl up in a triumphant manner.

He was a good fighter, ten Freya’s might not be his match, now he was so close to her, she couldn’t escape him!

He would first kill Alistair, so that Freya would be in pain! Then, he would kill her with a thousand cuts, so that he could pay tribute to the spirit of Regina!

With this thought, Preston's hand suddenly pushed hard, and the knife in his hand, he cut fiercely at the rope.

However, when Preston saw the woman who was rudely pushed out behind Kieran, the knife he wielded could not be cut on the rope.

Gracie.

Preston had never imagined that Gracie would be brought here and fall into the hands of these people!

Kieran's fingers, with one click or another, were tapping on the front of the wheelchair, looking careless to the extreme.

He lifted his face, unperturbed, yet with a breathtakingly powerful pressure.

"Preston, one life for one life. You can kill that boy by all means! If you kill him, I will immediately have this woman killed!"

"Preston, leave me alone! Kill that bastard! Kill Freya! Avenge our Regina! Regina died so horribly! I can't die without avenging her death! Preston, kill them so that our Regina can rest in peace!" Gracie yelled at the top of her lungs, her eyes red.

She had already undergone plastic surgery, although she could not regain her past beauty, her face now still looked aesthetically pleasing, only, her heart was so heavy with hatred that when she opened her mouth, her whole face could not be controlled to take on a creepy and hideous appearance.

"Gracie ....." Preston looked at Gracie who had been pushed to the ground in a daze and mumbled.

His eyes, which looked complicated to the extreme, contained bitter love, struggle, and heart-wrenching pain.

"Preston, what are you still dawdling about! Do it now! Do you really want our Regina to die in vain? Kill them! Kill Freya! Only Freya's blood will be able to sacrifice to Regina's spirit! Preston, do it now!"

Gracie was so anxious that she wanted to rush to the cruise ship in front of her and cut the rope herself, so that Freya would die, but several bodyguards were holding her in a tight grip, so she couldn't move.

"Preston, you can do it." Kieran coolly swept a glance at Alistair who was hanging from the top of the mast, his eyes had a quick flash of pain, but it was only a fleeting moment before he returned to that cold and sullen as ice look.

"Anyway, that child, who is no relation to me, dies, and I don't feel any pain. I also hope that when this woman dies, you will also be painless!"

Kieran lazily raised his eyelids, the murderous aura in his eyes revealed, he turned his face, coolly and lightly swept a glance at Gracie, then, lightly spoke to his men, "How noisy! First, cut off her tongue!"

The loss of Regina was painful for Gracie, but she was also afraid of death, especially a miserable death after all the torture.

She subconsciously reached out her hand to cover her mouth and prevent these people from having their way, but before her hand could reach her mouth, a man had a death grip on her wrist.

A sharp pain came and her slender wrist, which had been viciously snapped.

Next, it was her tongue.

Gracie was most afraid of pain, and the pain coming from her wrist instantly caused cold sweat to seep from her forehead, and a face that was even more contorted into a ball.

Preston loved Gracie like a demon, she had always been the most noble and holy being in his heart, and he held her like a treasure, how could he not want to see her suffer like this!

“Stay away from her!” Preston stepped forward, wishing to immediately take Gracie into his arms and take good care of her.

“Preston, as I said, that child is not important to me, just go ahead and get rid of him!”

Kieran saw that his men had already pinched Gracie’s jaw, he spoke indifferently, “Cut it off all at once!”

When he saw Gracie’s wrist being twisted, Preston was already so distraught that he almost went crazy.

He loved Regina, but at the end of the day, he still loved her, and in this life, the only person he loved the most was Gracie.

But what Kieran meant was that he was obviously going to chop Gracie’s tongue several times.

How could the noble and proud Miss Gracie bear such pain?

“Don’t hurt her! Don’t you hurt her!” Preston could no longer contain the pain in his heart, and his voice trembled as he roared.

“Preston, leave me alone!” Gracie knew that if they missed this great opportunity, they would never be able to avenge Regina in the future.

She was afraid of dying, but she was also unwilling to let Freya suffer just like that.

“Preston, if they want to cut off my tongue, you cut off that bitch Freya’s! The two of us, one life for one life, I’m not losing out!”

“No, there’s also that sinful child born to Freya and Kieran, one life for me for two of theirs, I have made a fortune!”

“But Gracie .....” Preston’s face, with obvious hesitation, obviously, he still could not give up Gracie.

“No buts!” Gracie stubbornly cut Preston’s words off, “Preston, don’t let me think you’re a coward!”

“You are Regina’s real father! She has your blood in her body, how can you bear to let our Regina die without peace of mind? Preston, have you forgotten how tragic her death was?!”

“She was covered in blood, there was hardly a piece of good flesh on her body! She was in pain, she was desperate, she was scared! Our Regina died so badly, why should the culprit who killed her, live well!”

Gracie's words caused the scarlet in Preston's eyes to intensify, as if he had gone mad, he spoke word for word, "Freya, that vicious bitch, she must pay the price!"

### **Chapter 1185**

When Gracie saw that Preston had been convinced by her, she spoke with renewed vigour and malice, "Kill Freya! Kill the bastard that Freya and Kieran had! Only when they are dead will we have the nerve to face Regina when we die."

Gracie's voice came to an abrupt halt, as the knife in the hands of Kieran's bodyguard was already ruthlessly pressed against her mouth, and if she said another word, she would be stabbed until she was drenched in blood.

No, even if she didn't speak again, she started to bleed.

The sharp knife pressed against the side of her lips, pressed down so hard that blood splattered.

The intense pain through made Gracie want to let out a scream, but she didn't dare to open her mouth wide with force, because, if she opened her mouth just a little bit more, the knife in the man's hand, would completely poke her mouth through.

"Gracie!" Preston's eyes were red with desire, he could not wait to rush to her and shield her from the storm, he also took a step forward, but thinking that Alistair was now his biggest rely on, he finally retreated.

If he had no more hostages in his hands, he would be even less able to save the woman he loved!

"Preston, do it! Kill Freya and that child!" Kieran touched the armrest of her wheelchair as if inadvertently.

Preston's face became pale, he also wanted to kill Freya and this sinful child, but if they died, Gracie, too, would not survive!

"Don't hurt Gracie! Don't you hurt her!" Seeing the knife in Kieran's bodyguard's hand, ruthlessly slashing at Gracie's tongue, Preston could no longer restrain the pain rushing out of his heart.

He stared at Kieran with a deadly gaze, just like a dog in a lost home. Suddenly, all the fierce light in his eyes sank a little, leaving only an endless decadence.

"Let Gracie go! As long as you release Gracie, I will spare the life of this sinful bastard!"

"No....." Gracie shook her head vigorously, she was now scared to death, but she was even more unwilling to lose all her efforts just like that, only, just as she was about to say something else, the sharp knife fiercely slashed through the corner of her mouth, and she could only wail in pain.

"Gracie!"

Preston's mental defences completely collapsed as he untied the ropes from his hands bit by bit. Freya thought that he was trying to drop Alistair, so scared that her heart almost leapt out.

Luckily, he was not trying to drop Alistair, but to lower him down from the mast.

Seeing Alistair's tiny body getting closer and closer to the deck, Freya couldn't help but let out a soft sigh of relief.

She stepped forward and tried to snatch Alistair from Preston's hands, but Preston was so strong that he tightly grabbed Alistair into his arms before she could even get close to him.

"One life for one life! If you let Gracie go, I will immediately let this sinful child go!" Preston's large hands moved, inch by inch, to Alistair's neck, "Otherwise, I'll strangle this sinful bastard to death right now!"

"Don't you hurt him!" Seeing Alistair, whose face had turned bloodless, Freya's heart ached so much that her heart was about to break.

Alistair's lips were so white that not a trace of blood could be seen, and Freya knew that he must be very, very scared, but his face was still without a trace of expression, and his eyes had only a deep, dead silence.

"Send Gracie over here! Make sure we get out of here safely!" Preston jumped down from the deck with Alistair in his arms and continued to make his conditions to Caelan and Kieran, "Send us to the border! When we get to safety, I will naturally let this sinful bastard go!"

Kieran did not say anything, his eyelids lowered, hiding most of the emotions in his eyes, it was unknown what he was actually thinking.

Seeing him like this, Freya was angry and anxious, Alistair was his child, how could he not be the least bit anxious for their baby!

But when she thought of the cliff, Kieran had fallen off the cliff to save Alistair, Freya was not angry anymore.

She believed in her man.

No matter what he did, there was always a reason, he couldn't just stand by and watch their Alistair get killed, otherwise, he wouldn't be here today.

"Don't hurt him!" Fearing that Freya would be upset, Caelan spoke in a stern voice, "As long as you don't touch Alistair again, I won't make things difficult for you!"

"Layton, do me a favour, take this woman to the border!"

Only after listening to Caelan's words did Kieran coolly sweep a glance at Gracie, whose face was covered in blood, he seemed to be hesitating about something, and only after about a minute did he lightly instruct his men, "Send her to the border! One life for one life!"

Having received Kieran's command, his men hurriedly escorted Gracie to the border of the Free State.

The knife in Preston's hand was pressed against Alistair's neck, and his eyes were glued to Gracie's face, afraid that Kieran's men would hurt her again.

Gracie was in so much pain that her consciousness was already somewhat muddled, and now, unable to speak, she could only numbly allow these men to forcefully push her forward.

The border of the Free State was not too far from this coast, and outside the border, there were people to meet Gracie and Preston.

After leaving the border, Preston's courage was suddenly bumped up.

After all, inside the Free State, the Harper family was so powerful that he had no power to fight back at all, and now, with his people everywhere outside, he didn't have to be so afraid of Caelan and the others.

His eyes, painfully, swept over Gracie's face, and then he spoke sinisterly, "Gracie is injured! This sinner, what makes him unharmed!"

"Even if it's one life for one life, the wounds on their bodies must be equal! That's true fairness!"

With that, Preston clenched the knife in his hand and was about to stab it fiercely at Alistair's face.

"Don't!" Freya could no longer restrain the pain in her heart, she rushed forward like a madman, "You stab me in the face! Don't hurt Alistair! Don't hurt him!"

"Fine, then I'll stab you in the face!" Preston was very quick to do so, he reversed the tip of the knife and was about to slash Freya's face.

"Preston, how dare you!" Caelan's voice was so grim and cold that it dripped into ice. He wanted to pull Freya over, but he was afraid that, if Alistair was hurt, she would hate him for the rest of her life.

"Preston, since you're insincere, there's no need to change." Kieran spoke without a moment's hesitation, with an appearance of full concern, "Let them die!"

Preston's face changed dramatically, and he hastily withdrew the knife from his hand, "I'll exchange! Let Gracie go!"

When Preston exchanged Alistair and Gracie, he actually wanted to play some tricks, but both Caelan and Kieran were more sophisticated than him, so he was afraid that his tricks would hurt Gracie's life instead, and in the end, he obediently handed Alistair over.

After holding Gracie in his arms, Preston didn't dare to delay at all, greeted their men and dashed off to the road ahead.

Kieran and Caelan did not deal with Preston and his men on the spot, however, they did not intend to let them go.

Preston could not escape from their grasp.

After Preston and his men left, Caelan's eyes suddenly pierced Kieran's face like a knife, "Layton, why did you come here today? Who the hell are you?!"

## **Chapter 1186**

Without waiting for Kieran to say anything, Caelan asked again in a cold voice, "You are Kieran, right?!"

Hearing these words from Caelan, Freya's heart was raised to her throat.

She knew that Kieran was very capable and gifted, but this was, after all, the territory of the Harper family. Moreover, now that he was injured in his leg and could not even stand up, if his identity was really exposed, with the level of resentment the Harper family had towards him, he would definitely not be able to leave this place alive.

Kieran's eyes, however, were not the least bit flustered.

His face was covered with a silver mask, and Freya could not tell what his expression was like underneath it.

But she could clearly feel that his body was filled with an indescribable sneer.

He leaned back in his wheelchair, and his whole aura became more and more lazy and cold, his thin lips moved gently, and a voice with a bit of hoarseness poured out from his mouth.

"Yes, I am Kieran."

He usually spoke, giving people the impression that he was detached and cold, but at this moment, his voice was rare with a bit of laughter, but it seemed even more disdainful of everything around him.

As he listened to his voice, which was full of mockery, the tense vigilance of Harper family dispersed a little.

He stared at him unblinkingly, and suddenly, he too hooked his lips and smiled cynically.

He was relieved that the person in the wheelchair could not possibly be Kieran.

Yes, Kieran had fallen off the cliff and into the blazing lava, how could he still be alive!

It was just that his Layton, who had always been fierce and ruthless, was now willing to stand up for Freya and Alistair, which made him feel, somewhat unbelievable.

"Layton, you're really joking! How could you possibly be Kieran! Kieran has long since died!"

Caelan turned his face and gave a gloomy glance at Alistair, who was being held tightly in Freya's arms, "I'm just a little curious as to how Layton, who has always been thin-skinned, would suddenly be so kind as to come and help my Stahler save her child!"

The atmosphere around them, which had only slightly eased, instantly became tense again.

Kieran didn't take Caelan's pressing steps seriously at all, he still had the same casual and unrestrained look.

His pair of dark eyes slowly fell on Freya's face, "If her child dies and she collapses and goes crazy, who will cure my leg!"

"Dr. Stahler, I help you save the baby, you will cure my leg, won't you?"

"Yes." Freya spoke with unparalleled certainty, if he really was the great devil Layton, even if he helped her, she would only chop him on the leg, but he was her Kieran.

The man she loved most.

So, no matter why he pretended to be Layton and was unwilling to identify her, she wanted their family to be reunited and never be separated again.

Originally, after recognising Kieran, Freya couldn't wait to identify with him, but now, she understood that she couldn't be that impulsive anymore.

They were surrounded by a flood of beasts, and if they took one wrong step, there would be no turning back.

Now, she could only pretend not to recognise him, to go along with all his actions, to guard him in her own way.

Freya did not return to Caelan's ancient castle.

Edward was anxious to get his precious second son back to health, and after making sure that Alistair was unhurt, she went back to the old mansion with Kieran.

In fact, she particularly wanted to take Alistair with her and look after him personally, but she knew in her heart that Caelan could not possibly agree.

She could only settle for the second best and leave Alistair in the care of his people first, and she could occasionally go to the old castle to see Alistair.

Originally, Freya was quite worried that Melody would come over and pester Kieran to take a bath with him again or something, but fortunately, she didn't come over for the past two days.

He didn't show affection to Melody, and even if he continued to ignore her for the past two days, she felt a lot more comfortable.

Sometimes, she especially wanted to say a few sweet words to him about their kids and their Alistair, but every time she gave him a treatment, Jonathan would stand by and stare at her like a thief, and she had absolutely no chance to communicate with him in private.

After spending these few days at the old mansion, Freya also learned quite a lot of information from the servants' mouths.

For example, Jonathan was Layton's most important beloved, who had been with him for many years and had been born into death for him many times.

But for some reason, every time she saw Jonathan, Freya had a strong feeling that he was aware of Kieran's identity, and that he, in turn, did not want Kieran to identify with her.

Freya felt that if Jonathan was really Layton's beloved, after knowing that Kieran was a fake, he would definitely have to get him killed first so that he could help Layton take revenge. She really couldn't figure out why he was so loyal to Kieran again now.

What she couldn't figure out, Freya didn't want to continue wasting her brain cells.

She now, had to take the opportunity to heal her face.



Previously, in Caelan's ancient castle, she had no chance to touch the medicinal herbs, but now at the old mansion, the medicinal herbs over here were at her disposal, and she would not let go of such a good opportunity.

Moreover, there was a large area of special medicinal fields on the back of the old mansion, and what was planted in those medicinal fields were all plants that contained severe poison.

Freya wanted to use the method of attacking poison with poison to completely cure the poison in her body, she had to go to that medicinal field to find some poisonous herbs that could be used.

After giving Kieran a massage and acupuncture in the afternoon, Freya took a bamboo basket and went to the back of the mountain.

Usually, few people in the old mansion would come to the back of the mountain, which was really quite desolate and had an eerie feeling in the middle of the day.

Freya was not that timid, but as she listened to the strange cries of various insects and beasts on the back of the hill, her back still felt chilly.

She quickened her pace, thinking that she would hurry up and find the several poisonous herbs she wanted and return to the old mansion to prepare the antidote.

She didn't know who had planted this medicinal field, but it was obvious that it hadn't been tended to for a long time, and all kinds of weeds had grown around it.

Freya put on her rubber gloves and she saw several particularly valuable poisonous herbs at a glance.

She was so happy that she stepped forward and tried to pluck these poisonous plants into her small bamboo basket.

Before she could walk into the field, she felt a tightness around her waist and a tall, strong man hugged her tightly from behind.

Freya was taken aback by the situation and when she reacted, she subconsciously tried to break his grip.

Instead, Pete held her a little tighter, and his handsome, mixed-race face wore a distinctly unkind look, "Dr. Stahler, I've been waiting for you for a long time, and you're finally here!"

"You let go of me! What the hell are you trying to do?!" Freya asked as he violently pushed Pete away and looked at him with a wary expression.

"Dr. Stahler, what do I want to do?" A cruel smile curled up on Pete's face, "I think what I want to do most today, apart from possessing you, would be to kill someone and bury a corpse!"

### **Chapter 1187**

Freya's eyelids popped out, she stared coldly at the handsome, upright man in front of her, she had never offended him before, she really couldn't figure out why he was treating her like this.

However, the people over here, one and all, were not quite right in the head, one couldn't really think of them in a normal way.

Freya didn't have to wonder for long, and soon, Pete censured and sneered, "Dr. Stahler, are you thinking, you and I have no grudge, why would I be so hard on you?"

"Because, Helen is my sister!"

"If it wasn't for you, my sister Helen wouldn't have been locked up in the dungeon by Cealan! My sister has suffered so much in the dungeon, and I will get back what you have inflicted on her a thousand times over!"

Freya scrambled back, but Pete was faster than she was, and with a lunge he pinned her down directly onto the dirt to one side.

Pitt had eyes the same colour as Helen's, turquoise eyes that always gave off a particularly deep feeling, but Freya knew that the siblings didn't know how to feel deep, they only harmed people.

She grinded her teeth as she put all her strength into her body and tried to push the aggressive Pete away.

Only, before she could even begin to exert herself, a cold, shiny knife suddenly appeared in his hand.

"Dr. Stahler, you came over here to find herbs to cure the poison on your face, didn't you? Don't waste this strength, you're going to die soon, so why bother!"

"Pete, you let go of me! Now I'm treating Layton's leg, if anything happens to me, Edward won't spare you!"

"Heh!" Hearing Freya's words, Pete couldn't help but laugh strangely as he exaggeratedly pointed a knife at his face, "Dr. Stahler, are you scaring me? Sorry to disappoint you, I am not intimidated!"

As he spoke, the cold, gleaming knife in his hand was already pressed to Freya's mouth.

"Dr. Stahler, what do you say, I carve a flower on your face? What kind of flower do you like? Do you like peonies?"

A pervert!

Freya was so angry that she wanted to curse, but she knew in her heart that now was not the time to play with her words.

With Helen's twisted mind, her brother was no better!

Now, the most important thing was to find a way to survive.

If she survived, only then would there be hope.

"Yes!" Freya tried to suppress the panic in her heart and spoke in an unperturbed manner, "Anyway, you said that I will definitely die today, even if you cut my face, it doesn't matter!"

"I just hope that you will give me a quick death today, I don't like to drag it out!"

Pete's hand that was clenched on the hilt of the knife gave a beat, and he casually threw the knife in his hand aside with a rampant smile.

“Interesting! Dr. Stahler, you’re a lot more interesting than I thought you’d be! Suddenly I don’t want to carve flowers on your face! Let’s go, I’ll take you to a nice place!”

With that, Pete pulled Freya up from the ground without a word and dragged her towards the mountain.

Freya wanted to take out a silver needle and stab Pete hard on his death point, but after being dragged up by him, she realized to her misery that her hands, as if they had turned to stone, were so stiff that she could not move them.

Freya’s face changed greatly, she was a doctor, no matter her vigilance, or her ability to identify various drugs, she was strong enough, she really did not expect that, without knowing it, Pete could put such an evil poison on her body.

Yes, the Poison King’s most favoured adopted son, the one who inherited the Poison King’s mantle, his ability to poison people was naturally strong enough!

Freya’s heart was beating wildly, she was afraid that it would not be that easy for her to get out today!

But she would never give up her hope for survival until the last moment!

Halfway up the hill, there was a house made of green bricks. It wasn’t very big, but it had all kinds of equipment inside.

Pete grabbed Freya straight away and went to the bedroom, ruthlessly slamming her onto the big bed inside the bedroom.

After being dragged for so long, Freya was already dizzy and she was even dizzier after being slammed like this.

Before Freya could take a proper breather, Pete’s magnified handsome face appeared in front of her again.

“Freya, do you know what I will do with your corpse?”

Without waiting for Freya to answer, Pete spoke again, “I think you must have seen the insect pond inside Caelan’s dungeon!”

“His poisonous insect pond is, to be honest, a bit of a shame! Do you know what a real insect pond looks like? Throw you in, and within two minutes, the living will turn into white bones!”

“Freya, don’t worry, when I’ve had enough, I won’t kill you easily I’ll, let you enjoy the fun of a real worm pool!”

Listening to Pete’s words, Freya’s back could not restrain the chill.

The worm pool in Caelan’s dungeon was twisted enough, she didn’t expect that, with Pete, there would be an even more terrifying worm pool.

“Freya, why aren’t you begging me?” When Pete was torturing people, he loved to hear people beg for mercy, and after he had scared her for so long and she hadn’t begged for mercy, he couldn’t help but feel a little bored.

“If I beg you, you will let me go?” Freya sneered, “You won’t! You’ll only get more pleased if I beg! Then why should I let someone I hate get complacent?!”

“Funny!” Pete smiled so much, but no matter how bright and brilliant the smile on his face was, it didn’t make people feel half warm, only a bone-chilling gloom.

Suddenly, Pete reached out his hand and gave Freya’s face a malicious squeeze.

“It’s a pity that such an interesting woman was born with such an ugly face! Even if you are barely usable, playing with her, the taste must be greatly reduced!”

Pete looked at Freya condescendingly, “Freya, the women I’ve played with are beautiful. If it wasn’t for my sister, I wouldn’t have such heavy tastes to go after an ugly bitch like you!”

“How bad do you think Caelan’s eyes should be to like an ugly bastard like you? To even give up a great beauty like my sister for you?”

“Is it possible that you’re good in bed?”

Pete cackled strangely as he grabbed Freya’s collar, “My curiosity has suddenly been piqued! Okay, I’m going to find out how good you are!”

Freya was trembling with hatred, she really wanted to spit in Pete’s face, but her body was stiffer than a stone, she couldn’t even put up passive resistance.

She could only watch as Pete’s face got closer and closer to hers, and she heard him whisper something in her ear in disgust, “Freya, actually, I’m good too!”

## **Chapter 1188**

Freya wanted to slap Pete’s handsome but disgusting face, but only then did she realise that she could move her hand!

Pete was so good with poison, he would not have made such a mistake if he had drugged her.

Then why was she able to move her body so quickly? Could it be that it was another thing about the kind of medicine that was injected into her face by Caelan?

Right now, Freya had no time to think about these things, she only wanted to ruthlessly abuse this psychologically twisted Pete.

Pete was so proud of his poisoning skills that he didn’t even notice Freya’s strange appearance.

A malicious, sly glint floated in his eyes, which always seemed to be condensed with deep emotion, and his rather plump lips pressed just a little towards Freya’s ear.

“Freya!”

Intense pain, in Pete’s body, spread rapidly.

So painful that, Pete didn’t even know where exactly Freya had stabbed him with the silver needle.

His handsome face was instantly furious to the point of fierceness, and he wanted to ruthlessly break Freya's neck, but before he could raise his hand, his body fell to the ground uncontrollably.

Freya quickly got up from the bed, fearing that Pete would soon rise from the ground, and after briefly straightening her collar, she stabbed him hard several more times.

Heh!

Trying to torture her to death after taking her body by force?! And feed her poisonous insects?

She wanted to see who was the one being tortured today!

Freya was a girl with a vengeance, and if Pete and Helen didn't want her to live, she wouldn't let them live either!

Freya only grabbed Pete's arm, and with the force of her hand, she dragged him viciously towards the outside of the house.

Just now, at the bottom of the hill, she had heard the cries of many insects and beasts, and the cries from halfway up this hill were even more pronounced.

If she hung Pete up, she would definitely be able to attract a lot of good things, and it would be up to him to survive or not.

Freya thought well of stripping him and hanging him from the trunk of a tree, to see if he would dare to bully girls at every turn in the future.

However, the ideal was good, but the reality was too bleak. Pete was tall and had a sturdy build, so it was difficult to drag him out of the tree, not to mention hanging him up.

Freya was struggling with how to get him out, and the door of the house was kicked open.

Freya's heart thumped, she thought it was Helen coming over, but unexpectedly, it was two little beggars with muddy faces who came in.

Their bodies, too, were dirty, as if they hadn't changed their clothes in hundreds of years.

Freya was stunned, she subconsciously felt that these two little beggars should be Pete's accomplices.

She looked at them warily, she thought, the two little kids were not difficult to deal with, but she was afraid that they had other helpers.

In her hand, she secretly squeezed the silver needle tightly, she was planning to give the two little beggars a shot if they dared to pounce on her, when two brittle voices rang out in the air.

"Mommy!"

Mommy?

Freya's body, instantly, was as if it had been fixed, and then, her eyes reddened, and big drops of tears rolled down from the corners of her eyes.

"Jaden! Jayla!"

Freya was the only one who took one side and embraced the two little ones into her arms with all her might, letting her tears flood down.

She really missed these two babies of hers too much, during those years abroad, they were hardly ever apart, but lately, they had too many partings, and those misses made her liver break.

“Mommy, don’t cry! It hurts so much to see you crying.”

Jayla patted Freya’s shoulder, her face, which was becoming more and more like Freya’s, was also covered with crystal tears, she missed her mommy so much.

“Mommy, how have you been?” Jaden also patted Freya’s back soothingly and spoke like a little adult.

“I’ve been doing very well.” Freya wiped away the tears at the corners of her eyes, “By the way, I’ve seen your daddy! I just can’t figure out why he doesn’t want to meet me!”

“Mommy, daddy might have to do something very important, he .....

“Mrs. Fitzgerald!” Before Jaden could finish her sentence, Fabian rushed in with a gust of wind.

Seeing Pete, who was lying motionless on the ground, Fabian came up and gave him a fierce kick.

“Mrs. Fitzgerald, this man is not a good person at first glance. What are you going to do with him?!” Fabian moped and kicked his foot, that is, the last time his injury had not yet fully healed, and moving so hard he pulled the wound, causing him to bare his teeth in pain.

But even though he was trembling with pain, Fabian’s heart, which loved to abuse people, still didn’t stop for a moment.

“Mrs. Fitzgerald, why don’t you just leave him to me?! I’m the best at abusing people!”

Freya was worried that she didn’t have the strength to hoist Pete up by herself, now Fabian volunteered to come over and take on the heavy responsibility, so of course she agreed.

“Well, it doesn’t take much abuse, just take off his clothes, hang him up and beat him up!” Freya spoke indifferently.

When she thought of the two little ones, Freya immediately felt that it was not right to strip Pete of his clothes. Fabian said, “I like that! Don’t worry, I’ll make sure it’s perfect for you!”

With that, Fabian gleefully dragged Pete down to his abusive home.

Pete should have harmed quite a few people inside this house, and as Freya walked outside, he saw that there were quite a few bloodstains and ropes with obvious bloodstains on them in the corner of the wall outside.

Fabian took the rope from the spot and directly took a bundle of rope and tied Pete up.

He also left a pair of shorts on Pete’s body, as he was concerned about the two pure flowers of his country.

Inside the house, there was a lot of dry firewood. Fabian had a great imagination and after he had hung Pete up with the help of Jacob, he even lit a small fire with dry firewood at his feet and smoked him with a branch while he roasted him.

Freya was afraid that if he woke up and saw Fabian and the others, he would know their whereabouts and do them a disservice. Freya plucked some poisonous herbs from a small medicinal field and crushed them into his mouth.

Fabian was so addicted to torturing people that he hummed a little rhyme as he beat Pete, "Roast suckling pig, hey! I'm asking if you feel good! Are you happy? Hey!"

Fabian sang, baring his teeth in an explosive manner that made Jacob, who was always temperamental, laugh.

Freya looked at the two youngsters who kept adding firewood, and at Jacob, who was standing like a strong pine, and her eyes could not help but get wet again.

Once, she thought that she could only fight alone.

Now, more and more people she cared about were standing beside her.

From Fabian's mouth, Freya also finally knew the reason why Kieran was so reluctant to identify with her.

## **Chapter 1189**

Before Kieran took over the Fitzgerald's, he had been in the special operations unit with Fabian, and he was also the captain of their team.

The team led by Kieran was the elite of the entire special operations unit.

The last mission they had been on was to round up Caelan and his father, and the base they used for their evil deeds.

However, the so-called base that the international investigation team had worked so hard to find out was in fact a trap.

In that mission, all thirty-six members of their team were sent, and in the end, only two people, Fabian and Kieran, returned.

Those who had not experienced that mission personally could never imagine how tragic it was for heroes to fight to the death against the forces of evil.

Even more, they could not imagine how tragic it was to see thirty-four living people, elites who had fought one against one hundred, being brutally put to death.

The youngest of their teammates was only eighteen years old.

Another teammate, whose girlfriend was pregnant, waited for this mission to be over and went back to marry her.

But all his girlfriend had to wait for was his cold effigy.

Even in this life, she had no chance to wait for his ashes.

Their remains had been destroyed by Caelan in an extremely cruel manner, and the heroes of a lifetime were unable to return to their roots, the simplest of wishes.

They had paid such a terrible sacrifice, but the hidden power of Caelan still added to the instability of the society.

After Simon's accident, Kieran retired from the army and took over the Fitzgerald's. Although he was away from the sword and sorcery, he was not able to take over the family.

Although he was far away from those swords and spears, Kieran seemed to have turned into a businessman who had been in the business world, but in fact, he had never forgotten the blood they had once spilled together.

He had always secretly inquired about the real location of the base.

He had also always wanted to deal a fatal blow to Caelan and his father.

They did not have such noble sentiments as saving the living, but they could not do it either, leaving their teammates having thrown their heads and spilled so much blood in vain.

In fact, sometimes, in a mission, those who survive, suffer more than those who die.

Every day, those who are alive are haunted by countless nightmares and suffer through heartbreaking pain.

As soon as they closed their eyes, there were bright red figures of their teammates who had died tragically.

It was a nightmare that they could not get rid of for the rest of their lives, and it was also a responsibility that they could not leave behind for the rest of their lives.

Kieran looked indifferent and cold, as if he had no heart, but in fact, he was a man who was ultimately righteous and most attached to his feelings.

He watched his teammates die one by one in front of him, and he didn't say anything, but in fact, in his heart, he hurt more than anyone else.

Moreover, that teammate of theirs who was waiting to go home to get married, also saved Kieran's life.

At that time, there were gunshots and explosions, and although Kieran was good in his skill, he could not beat too many. He was assassinated by Edward's men and was badly wounded in the abdomen.

It was their teammate who jumped on him, shielding him with his flesh and blood, and he survived, but his teammate, however, died instantly.

On his back, were bloody wounds, broken flesh and blood all turned into colours that caused Kieran pain.

It was only recently that Fabian and Kieran found out that the base used by Cealan and his father for their evil deeds was in the Free State.



But Free State was too big, and Caelan was most cunning and cautious, so they simply could not find out its exact location.

Fabian did not know how Kieran had managed to replace Layton's identity, but the fact that he could stay in the Free State as Layton was really the best way to find out where the base was.

Here, every step was incredibly difficult to take, and he certainly could not identify with Freya.

Because then, it would only drag Freya down with it.

After hearing Fabian's words, Freya's tears had long since wet her face.

Although Freya had not seen with her own eyes the battle that took place many years ago, she could think know how cruel that battle was.

Thirty-four great men died tragically in the most tragic manner.

The base that Edward built single-handedly hid the greatest filth in the world, and countless innocent people, because of what was in the base, died tragically and their wives were torn apart.

If someone hadn't been working so hard to destroy the base, Edward would have only become more rampant.

We were born in a time of peace, growing up in the sunshine, enjoying the quiet years with peace of mind, not knowing that if it wasn't for someone who fought against the evil forces with their own blood and lives, we wouldn't have the so-called quiet years, only broken families.

Heroes have no names, heroes have no monuments, but those who sacrificed their lives on the front line of the fight against the forces of evil, each and every one of them are immortalised.

Seeing Freya crying so hard, Fabian's lips moved slightly.

There was one sentence that he could not bear to say to Freya after all.

This time, there was another reason why Kieran was unwilling to identify with her.

Kieran held the determination of certain death.

It was not that easy to destroy Edward's base, someone had to make the most tragic sacrifice.

Kieran chose to sacrifice himself.

Over the years, Kieran had never mentioned a word about his teammates who had died, but he had never forgotten their unfinished mission.

He lived to shoulder the hardest responsibilities.

"Mommy, don't cry, daddy didn't mean to disown you!" Seeing Freya's tears falling incessantly, Jayla was heartbroken, she stretched out her little hand and gently wiped away the tears at the corners of her eyes.

"Mommy, daddy is a big hero, he will definitely make the bad guys pay!" Jaden also spoke with unshakable certainty.

Freya didn't want to worry the two little ones, she tried to raise a bright smile, "Yes, my Kieran is a big hero!"

She turned her face to look at Fabian, "Fabian, don't worry, I won't try to ruin Kieran's plans, I will, I will support him unconditionally, I believe everything will be fine. When the time comes, I will take him home with me!"

Hearing Freya's words, Fabian inexplicably had a sour nose.

Mrs. Fitzgerald wanted to take Kieran home with her.

He was afraid that in the end, she wouldn't even be able to bring back his ashes.

What Fabian disliked most was grieving, he didn't want to convey negative emotions, he smiled, "Of course! With Kieran, Edward and Caelan have to kneel down and beg for mercy!"

Fabian daintily wiped his nose, "Actually, I also want to hear Edward beg for mercy!"

Jaden gave Fabian a disgusted look, he was just about to say something, but he heard the sound of hurried footsteps not far away.

## **Chapter 1190**

Freya also heard the sound, and her face changed slightly.

She was afraid that the people from the Harper family would find the two youngsters, so she hurriedly asked Fabian and the others to hide inside Pete's house.

Seeing that they had found a place to hide, Freya was finally relieved.

"Caelan, I didn't lie to you! Freya, that shameless woman, really hooked up with my brother!"

Not far away, there was Helen's voice ringing out, and Freya secretly ground her teeth, not expecting her to have gotten out from inside the dungeon!

She didn't expect that this time, Pete had laid hands on her so that Helen could bring Caelan over to catch the adultery!

Freya thought it was ridiculous, there was nothing between her and Caelan, so what kind of adultery was he catching?

However, even though she had never wanted to be with Caelan, she knew in her heart that with Caelan's temper, if she really let him see her and Peter together and make love, she wouldn't survive.

Luckily, she was wise enough not to let Helen's dirty scheme succeed.

She should also be thankful that Caelan had injected the drug into her face, otherwise, she probably wouldn't even be able to move now.

"Cealan, I've already seen it! That bitch Freya, she's no good! The first time she saw my brother, she was throwing her eyes at him!"

"Shut up!" Caelan's cold voice rang out, obviously, Helen's racket was boring him.

Helen shivered in fear, but soon, she found her voice again.

Her voice was not as strong as it had been earlier, but had taken on the softness of a woman.

She spoke delicately, "Caelan, you have to believe me! I don't mean to deliberately slander Freya. I just can't stand the fact that she obviously likes to go around hooking up with men, yet she always pretends to be a chaste and virtuous woman in front of you!"

"Caelan, I can't see you being played by a bad woman! I can't see you treating such a dirty woman like a treasure! Caelan, I can't see anyone bullying you and trampling on your heart!"

"Caelan, you're about to see that bad woman for what she really is!"

As Helen's words fell, she had already appeared in front of Freya with Caelan in tow.

"Freya, what are you doing?!"

Helen had already discussed with Pete that when he took advantage of Freya, he would go from inside the house and roll to the front of the house so that he could easily be caught by Caelan.

So, as soon as she stepped into the of land halfway up the hill, she put on a disbelieving look and yelled.

Well, the next thing she knew, there was no need to put on that incredulous look on her face.

For, to her dismay, she found that her brother, who should have been pressed against Freya, alive and well, was hanging from a tree trunk, dead and miserable.

"What am I doing?"

Freya raised the branch in her hand and unceremoniously flung it at Pete, "Roasting a suckling pig!"

"You ....."

Helen really didn't expect that Freya would dare to treat her wise and powerful brother, as a suckling pig to roast, for a moment, she was so angry that she was directly unable to speak.

She stared at Freya viciously, with a look that seemed to want to cut her to death by a thousand cuts.

Unfortunately, she was standing next to Caelan, so she couldn't even move a little finger of Freya.

She could only stare roundly with resignation and roar, "Freya, what the hell have you done to my brother? Put my brother down now! If you do this, he will die!"

"Brother! Brother!"

Helen lunged forward and tried to rouse Pete, but with the dry wood still burning at his feet and her love of cleanliness, she couldn't get near him for a while.

It was Pete, who had been unconscious for a long time, woke up at that moment.

He opened his eyes and stared confusedly at Helen and Caelan not far ahead of him, and then slowly swept a glance at Freya who was standing beside him.

The confusion in Pete's eyes grew heavier when he saw Freya holding a branch in a leisurely manner.

Wasn't he on top of Freya, and besides, they had a big battle coming up, how could she still be standing around so leisurely?

And, under his feet, why was it so hot?

Pete subconsciously lowered his head and saw the blazing fire beneath his feet, and even though he was as wise as he was, his face, even though he was wise, could not help but change.

His face, especially when he saw what he was wearing, became pale.

If he was hung any lower, he wouldn't be able to keep these feet!

"Freya, let go of me! What the hell are you trying to do to me?! You bitch, I'll kill you!" Pete's eyes were red with fear as he swung his fist down hard at Freya, but she wasn't afraid of him at all.

She got up slowly and added several more pieces of firewood to the fire, the flames scraping up so high that they instantly reached Pete's feet.

Pete screamed in pain, but luckily the flames only went up a little, otherwise he would have died of pain.

But even so, it was not pleasant.

His eyes grew fiercer and fiercer as he stared at Freya for an instant, "Freya, you did this to me, I can't spare you!"

"Caelan, save my brother! You have to help my brother! My brother can't hold on much longer!"

Helen pleaded with Caelan before turning her face to Freya and shouting in anger, "Freya, I know you covet my brother's young body!"

"But when a man and a woman are together, it's supposed to be about what you want! My brother won't touch you, he thinks you're ugly! How can you be so vicious that you want to kill my brother out of hate! Freya, you make me sick!"

Freya only looked at Helen with a dumbfounded expression, she stiffly reached out her hand and nodded at her face.

She'd grown love for Pete?

Funny!

Pete wasn't that stupid, and when Helen kept winking at him, he spoke up, "Yes, Cealan, this ugly woman wants my body! I'd rather die than obey! She was so enraged that she did this to me!"

"Caelan, you must not spare such a vicious and lowly woman!"

Pete's words once again refreshed Freya's outlook, and she lifted her face and gave him a smirking, non-smiling look.

He looked quite strong in stature, but this awkward strength was not in the same class at all compared to Kieran's lean stature.

Yes, he was indeed considered handsome, but compared to Kieran, he was a complete clown.

The actual fact is that even if she had been in over her head and had experienced a man like Kieran, she would not have coveted Pete's body which was not really that good.

Before Freya could recover from the disgust of the so-called "young body", Caelan's cold voice rang out in the air.

"Stahler, what the hell is going on!"