

Talented 491

Chapter 491

She knew that Kieran must have felt that her assurance just now was not convincing enough, he was afraid that she would continue to pester him, she smiled to herself and said softly, "Brother, don't worry, I will keep my words, if I say I won't pester you, I will never pester you again!"

Kieran's brow was furrowing more and more, when was he going to draw a line in the sand with her?

Why was he in such a bad mood when he heard her being so adamant about distancing herself from him!

"Brother, if you still don't believe me, I can swear!" Freya lifted her face, a layer of sadness shrouded between her brows, but her slightly raised chin showed that she was proud and stubborn.

"I, Freya, swear hereby that if I ever pester you again, I will be beaten in heaven"

"Freya, I hope you keep your word!"

Not waiting for Freya to finish her oath, Kieran coldly cut her words off.

Inexplicably, he particularly did not want to hear her swear.

His mood got more and more depressed, Kieran felt himself particularly funny. She once pestered him, only because he was taken as a stand-in for his brother, now, she lazy to take him as a stand-in, want to kick him away!

Kieran gave a cold laugh, his voice cold, "If you pester me again, I will make you pay the price!"

The mockery at the corner of Freya's lips became even stronger when she heard Kieran's words, and her eyes looked deeply at Kieran before she suddenly laughed uncontrollably.

She laughed extra hard that tears flew out of her eyes.

After a long, long time, she stopped laughing, and she proudly wiped away the wetness from the corners of her eyes and said, word for word, "Brother, you are really worrying too much! If you were my man, I would naturally pester you, but now, I don't even want you to be a stand-in, so what am I pestering you for?"

"Don't worry, Brother, as disgusting as you think I am, I'm not that much of a bitch!"

Freya said with bitterness, which made Kieran's heart ache.

But the word "stand-in" in Freya's mouth was too harsh, and he didn't bother to look deeper into why his heart always became so strange when he faced Freya.

"Well, let's hope you're true to your word and don't continue to disgust me!"

After saying this, Kieran coldly let go of Freya's wrist, turned around, and left without looking back.

Freya stood in the same place as if she had lost her soul. Kieran had already entered the villa and she was still standing in the same place as if she was petrified.

It seemed as if a century had passed before she raised the corners of her lips.

Don't continue to disgust him!

She thought she would try to do as he wished.

Although, her heart would ache and she would be worse off than dead.

Freya usually hardly dares to drink, but tonight, her heart hurts so much and so much that she wants to numb herself with alcohol.

She had wanted to call Kiki out and have a drink with her.

But Kiki is now a public figure and in the limelight, she is afraid that Kiki will be photographed by the reporters drinking and will cause another furore, she still discourages the idea of calling Kiki out.

It so happened that Catherine called her to say that she was in a bad mood tonight and wanted to find someone to drink with, so Freya went to the appointment decisively.

Catherine is obsessed with the Blues, and she asked Freya to meet her at the Blues.

When Freya went over, Catherine was already inside the box.

Catherine has always been the image of a strong woman in Freya's eyes; she looks, this evening, extraordinarily vulnerable.

Catherine had already drunk a lot of wine and looked drunk, and as soon as she saw Freya, she let out a loud cry.

It was the first time that Freya had seen Catherine cry, and she couldn't help but be overwhelmed.

She was so bad at comforting people that she could only hug Catherine and awkwardly comfort her, "Catherine, what's wrong with you? Don't you cry."

"Freya, I feel bad inside." When Freya came over, Catherine finally found someone to talk to, she could not pour out all the grievances and resentment in her heart to Freya.

"Catherine, everything will be fine, don't always think the worst, maybe"

"Freya, my husband is cheating on me!"

Catherine's words made Freya instantly at a loss as to how to continue to comfort her.

The two of them were a model couple in the hearts of many people, from school to society, from youthful and ignorant to mature and successful, they knew each other all the way, and they were together, and they were envied by many people.

Many people in their crew had discussed privately that they felt that the two most unlikely people in this world to get divorced were Catherine and her husband, but to her surprise, Catherine now said that her husband had cheated on her.

From Catherine's mouth, Freya knew roughly the problems between her and her husband.

Catherine's husband, William Simpson, comes from the countryside and is a typical poor boy, while Catherine is a typical rich girl.

When love comes, status, position and wealth are all unstoppable. When Catherine was eighteen years old, she fell in love at first sight with a boy wearing a white T-shirt on the university campus.

From then on, the two began a blistering love affair.

When she was in love, William was really good to Catherine and Catherine was so in love with him that she was willing to give everything she had to this poor boy without reservation.

After graduating from university, William started his own business. Catherine's parents were opposed to them being together and naturally would not support him in his venture.

Catherine contributed all her money to help William start a business with nothing. William's talent for business was, in fact, not very good. At the most difficult time, the two could not even afford to eat instant noodles and could only buy pickles from the farmers' market and eat them with steamed buns.

Later, William's company gradually took off, and Catherine's career also entered the right track, so Catherine's parents finally nodded their heads and agreed to be together when they saw that.

William said he would treat Catherine well for the rest of his life, and Catherine took him at his word.

A love that has suffered together should last forever. Catherine never imagined that their love would lose out to a child.

Catherine has a severe blockage in her fallopian tubes, making pregnancy particularly difficult. William's mother, wished to have a grandchild, forced William and Catherine to find a surrogate.

Catherine does not want to find a surrogate, but she cannot resist his mother, so in the end, she has to compromise.

William's mother had already identified a woman from the same village as William, Grace White, who was willing to return the favour by undergoing a surrogacy procedure to help her and William have a child.

In order to have a smooth surrogate surgery, Catherine and William receive Grace into their home, only Catherine didn't expect that she would cancel her shooting schedule tonight and come home early only to bump into William and Grace having sex in bed.

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It's obviously not the first time that William and Grace have done this. In the midst, William's face is marked with obvious glee and triumph as he says that this time, Grace won't have to abort the baby, for she can have their child openly through a surrogate!

Looking at the unpleasant images in the room and listening to William's voice, Catherine was struck by lightning. She had never imagined that William had already gotten together with Grace a long time ago, and that Grace had even aborted for William.

What broke her even more was that William addressed her as stupid pig.

It turns out that ten years of youth, unreservedly given, in return for his address as stupid pig.

Catherine could not describe how she felt at that moment, how much she once loved William and how much she hated him at that moment.

She couldn't bear to rush into her and William's room and rip their faces off, but in the end, she held back.

Because she heard Grace and William discussing ways to seek to seize her property.

Catherine is very rich, after so many years in the entertainment industry, plus she comes from a wealthy background, she now, at least, has tens of millions in assets.

At one time, she was willing to spend all her money on William, who subsidised his business failures time and again with her own money.

But after seeing William's true colours, there was no way she could give the couple the money that should have been hers for free. Even if there was a divorce, it would be William who would be the one to get out of the house.

Catherine forced herself to calm down at the time, she wanted to take a picture of William and Grace to keep as evidence, but what a bad night, her phone ran out of battery.

Fearing that remaining at home might alert them, she suppressed all her resentment and left through clenched teeth.

A woman who is in love sometimes looks like a fool, but a woman who has been hurt by love is terribly sensible.

Now Catherine is so sensible.

As long as William and Grace thought she didn't know about them, she would always find an opportunity to make their true faces disappear.

After finishing her ordeal with Freya, Catherine's eyes were already wet with tears, and the excessive amount of alcohol made her body shaky as she leaned on Freya, laughing hysterically.

"Dr. Stahler, no, I'll call you Freya from now on! Freya, the man I've loved for ten years, the man I've loved with all my heart and soul, turns out to have been calculating to get me out of the house! Don't you think I'm stupid?"

"Catherine, don't be like that! That kind of scum will not end well!" Freya gently patted Catherine's shoulder, comforting her and said.

"Yes, it won't end well for him! He betrayed our relationship, he won't end up well!" Catherine giggled, "It's just that he said he would find a way to kick me out of the house."

"Catherine, no matter what method he uses, he won't get away with it! You install surveillance at home, as long as you capture intimate videos of him and Grace, they won't be able to make any waves!"

“Yeah, I’ve got to install surveillance! I can’t let him cheat on my relationship and take my hard-earned money to support another woman!” Catherine’s voice suddenly became very, very low, “But what’s the point of having so much money when my relationship is gone!”

“Catherine, you can’t think like that! Even if you throw away your money, you shouldn’t give it to them!” Freya clutched Catherine’s hand hard, “Catherine, cheer up, you see through the true nature of the scum man early, it’s a timely stop! You’re still so young, you’ll definitely meet a better man!”

Catherine looked at Freya’s hand, which was grasping her hand.

Catherine’s eyes, somewhat misty, sucked in a strong breath to keep tears from falling down again.

Freya couldn’t bear to see her feel so bad, and continued to rack her brains to comfort her, “Catherine, you’re so good, you’ll definitely meet a man who really treats you well! Catherine, throw away the scum to have a chance to embrace a good man!”

Catherine did not dare to expect that.

It took her ten years to see the true color of a man, how many decades are there left?

Catherine didn’t want to think about it any more, she raised her face in a pretend lighthearted manner, “Freya, let’s drink! Tonight, we won’t return until we’re drunk!”

When she thought of something, Catherine said with a smile, “Freya, I heard that there is a new group of young men in Blues, I’ll order a few, let’s have fun tonight!”

“Catherine

As Freya was just about to stop Catherine, the door to the compartment was already pushed open.

A dozen men in uniform walked inside the box, smiling as they sat beside her and Catherine.

Freya’s expression, instantly, froze.

In fact, the men of the Blues are still quite innocent. Catherine really didn’t order them in to do anything impure, but simply asked them to drink with her and Freya.

These men are very good at making people laugh. They can see that Catherine and Freya are in a bad mood, so they tell all kinds of hilarious jokes, so much so that Freya and Catherine almost break off in laughter.

They came in as wine chaperones and certainly did not forget their job. Freya actually did not dare to drink much, but they were too good at pleasing people and after a few jokes, several glasses of red wine had already entered her belly.

After drinking, Freya laughed out loud, grabbing the hand of the man sitting next to her and insisting on telling his fortune.

After that, Freya wanted to play cards with them.

But her head was dizzy and she wanted to go out for a breath of fresh air. She stumbled and pushed open the door of the compartment and headed in the direction of the washroom.

It was really interesting to see Freya telling people's fortunes. The few young men who had not yet had their turn to have their fortunes told by Freya were afraid that they would be forgotten, so they hurriedly chased after her and jokingly said to Freya, "Freya, come back! We're still waiting to be pampered by you!"

"Don't worry, I said I would spoil you all, and tonight, I will spoil you all one by one!"

After saying this, Freya giggled and turned around, she felt some pain in her head, as if she had hit the top of a wall, and when she raised her face, she met a pair of eyes that were overturned with waves of shock.

"Freya, you've really got it in you! Who are you going to pamper tonight?!"

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Freya looked steadily at the man in front of her.

She did not know who he was.

The "pampering" that Freya is talking about is really a very innocent way to go back and tell the fortunes of those few men and play cards, but when Kieran heard this from her, he obviously thought wrong.

Only, now that Freya was so drunk, she was in no mood to explain to him!

Those few young men saw Kieran staring at Freya grimly and could not help but feel worried about Freya, but he was Simon whom they could not afford to mess with, so they looked at Freya sympathetically and hurriedly turned around, intending to go back to the compartment to sing with Catherine.

"Stand still!" Before they had even entered the box, Kieran's cold as ice voice rang out behind them.

Their bodies shivered uncontrollably and they subconsciously turned to look at the icy face before them.

"Tonight, you keep her company?"

The men didn't know why Kieran would suddenly ask such a question, but they knew that whatever the reason for him asking it, they had better answer it obediently and truthfully.

They cannot afford the consequences of deceiving Simon.

After a brief exchange of glances, those few men pushed the one at the front to be their representative and answer Kieran's question.

That man who was pushed out, looked at Freya and then looked at Kieran, then stammered, "No no not just a few of us. We have a total of a total of eighteen men accompanying her tonight."

"Heh!"

Kieran sneered so hard that the corners of his lips were twitching, this woman really was capable!

She can't even satisfy herself with two men, she ordered 18 men in one night!

Freya was so drunk that her brain was chaotic, and in her daze, all she heard was something about eighteen.

Freya's eyebrows involuntarily knitted, she stretched out her fingers, and with a distressed face, she began to count.

"One, two, one, one, two, one, why can't I count to three? Don't be anxious, you guys! When I count to three, I will continue to come and spoil you all!"

"One two one, one two one"

Freya counted carefully on her fingers, but no matter how carefully she counted, she still couldn't count to three.

Suddenly, her head snapped up and she jerked her face up, her eyes suddenly lighting up.

"I got it! You're three! Come, you come and keep me company! When I've had enough, I'll spoil you!"

Saying that, Freya stretched out her hand and went to pinch Kieran's face, "Come on, show me a smile. Hey, hey, just smile like that!"

Seeing that Kieran still had a dark face and had no intention of laughing at all, Freya's face was wrinkled.

She wrinkled her eyebrows and looked at Kieran with great displeasure, "Just smile! What's wrong with smiling? With your black face, you look like someone owes you tens of millions, with your bitter face, who is interested in pampering you?"

Bitter face?

Kieran's handsome face darkened even more, she would rather pamper this group of men than pamper him?

As far as she was concerned, he was no better than this bunch of men who were out for sale?

"Freya!" Kieran gritted his teeth.

Freya's eyes were starry, she grabbed Kieran's arm hard to steady herself, she didn't even hear Kieran call out her name.

She turned her face and looked at the men with a bright smile, "You guys go back and wait for me! Don't follow me! I've already said I'll spoil you all, so it's not like I'll run away!"

When those few men heard Freya's words, they hurriedly ran into the front compartment, fearing that if they were slow, they would be lambasted by the terrifying Simon with his eyes again.

Seeing that the men had all obediently returned to the box to wait for her to pamper them, Freya couldn't help but smile in satisfaction.

She lifted her feet and continued on, but she found that the wall before her came back and she could not walk.

"Please move over! I'm busy!" Freya's hand was hard, so she intended to push Kieran away directly, but she failed.

“Heh! Busy?!”

Kieran’s voice sounded sarcastic to the extreme, “Busy going back to spoiling a bunch of pimps!”

“What pimps! Are you out of your mind! They’re so cute, they’re not pimps! They’re all my little stars!”
With that, Freya began to show off her pentatonic voice, “Twinkle, twinkle, little stars, how I wonder where you are”

The corners of Kieran’s lips twitched as he was furious.

He’s pissed off at this woman right now!

Yes! And she had the nerve to call him crazy! Why didn’t he break her legs!

The thought had just flashed through Kieran’s mind when a cold, threatening sentence spilled out from two thin, icy lips, “Freya, do you believe I’m going to break your leg?”

Break her leg?

Freya’s body jolted, this voice was so familiar!

Freya had a psychological shadow of this threat from Kieran, and the moment she heard these words, her alcoholic mind instantly sobered up, she was able to roughly see Kieran’s face clearly in front of her.

Freya burped and then smiled fawningly at Kieran in front of him.

No wonder, she felt that the man in front of her looked so good even with a dark face, so, he was Mr. Fitzgerald!

Her favourite, favourite Mr. Fitzgerald.

Freya hugged Kieran’s arm ingratiatingly, and her head rubbed against his arm like a puppy.

Kieran had a disgusted look on his face, but he did not shake off Freya’s hand.

Freya directly pressed most of her body against Kieran’s chest, and touched his well-muscled chest.

After being grabbed by Freya, Kieran’s body jolted as if he had been electrocuted, and he couldn’t help but shiver.

Freya didn’t notice Kieran’s strange appearance at all, she smilingly tilted her face up, “Mr. Fitzgerald, let me tell your fortune!”

Freya said, “You will meet a woman today, and, I am that woman.”

“Freya, I’m Simon!”

Seeing that Freya had mistaken him for his dead brother again, Kieran’s heart was not happy, and his voice suddenly became several degrees colder, “Kieran is dead!”

Freya’s body stiffened violently, and her originally boneless body instantly hardened into a stone block.

She stared blankly at the face etched deep in the marrow of her bones, her fingers withdrawing.

Yes, Mr. Fitzgerald is dead, dead in her heart.

Freya wanted to cry, but whether it was because of the alcohol, she giggled.

She continued to grab Kieran's hand, "You're not my Mr. Fitzgerald! Brother, let me tell your fortune!"

Kieran just wanted to stop coldly, Freya already smiled and spoke, "Brother, I figured out a big secret! Your head has shit in it!"

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He treats her so badly now, and all he can think of is Regina, his brother's murderer.

After saying it once, Freya still didn't feel relieved, she raised her voice, "Brother, you have shit in your head! There's shit!"

Kieran's face was so dark.

How dare this woman say he has shit for brains, who gave her the guts!

"Freya!"

These two words, almost popping out from inside Kieran's teeth, were full of threatening meaning.

Being threatened so coldly, Freya's body shivered uncontrollably, but wine strengthens one's courage and almost immediately, she ignored the danger in front of her.

Freya angled her face and looked at Kieran, smiling, "Brother, do you need me to dig out that in your head?"

With that, Freya stretched out her hand and began to scratch at Kieran's head.

Kieran was already angry with Freya, and now she dared to say that she was going to help him dig into his brain, he was so angry that he wanted to chop her hand off!

"Freya, do you believe I'll chop off your hand?!"

Freya hastily withdrew her hand, which was still secure on her wrist, as she subconsciously looked at her own hand.

Freya shook her hand and said to Kieran in a showy way, "It's alright, just chop my hand off!"

Looking at the woman in front of him, who was laughing so hard that she was on the verge of oozing, Kieran's heart was, for the first time, so powerless.

Threaten doesn't work, and he could not really beat her up.

He could only stare at her coldly, expressing his displeasure.

If other people were to look at Kieran, they would definitely be scared and go around, but the drunken Freya was too heroic and was not scared at all by the powerful aura on him.

Not only that, she grabbed his hand without fear of death and said with a smile, "Brother, why don't we chop your hand off!"

Freya even sang excitedly.

Freya is beautiful and has a high IQ, so it's easy to learn things, but she was not good at singing.

Kieran's handsome face was black, he was already on the verge of being infuriated by this woman, and now he had to endure this woman's voice through his ears!

Freya's magic voice attracted quite a few people's attention, Kieran didn't want to accompany her to be embarrassed here, he grabbed her shoulder rudely, "Freya, I'll send you back!"

Originally, Freya had been singing with unbelievable pleasure, but now when she heard Kieran say that he wanted to send her back, she immediately became anxious.

She struggled hard to get out of Kieran's clutches, but after struggling for a long time, she still failed. Freya's heart was burning with anxiety.

"Let me go! Let me go! I'm not going home! I'm going to spoil my little star! Twinkle, twinkle, little stars"

"Freya, come back with me!"

Kieran is so angry that, in this world, there is always a person he can't beat or scold, useless.

"I'm not going back! You robber, rogue, pervert, get off me!"

Freya finally broke away from Kieran's grip, she took several steps back one after another and looked at Kieran, "I'm telling you, you don't want me to pamper you! You're far behind my little star! Even if you beg me to pamper you, I won't even give you a second glance! Hmph!"

Freya arrogantly turned her face to the side. Originally, there were a few people who wanted to watch the action, but when they met Kieran's cold eyes, they all nimbly fled to their respective boxes.

"Freya!"

Kieran's eyes were on fire, he didn't even know what words to use to describe the anger inside him.

How dare she say again that he's not as good as those pimps?

Kieran went to grab Freya's arm, thinking that this time, Freya would hide again, but in the next second, Freya would nestle in his arms in a good manner.

The moment before, Kieran was so angry that he wanted to slap her to death, but now when he looked at her cute little cat-like appearance, his heart suddenly softened and he couldn't let out any anger.

Freya's brain, chaotic as mush, was also a little schizophrenic from the drunkenness.

She lifted her face to look at Kieran, giggling ingratiatingly, like a puppy wagging its tail, and her ingratiating look really made Kieran lose half of his temper.

"Freya, I'll take you home."

Seeing how drunk Freya was, Kieran couldn't care less about Fabian, who was still waiting for him inside the box. He picked Freya up in his arms, called Bradley, and carried him quickly towards the underground car park.

The moment he picked up Freya in a horizontal hug, Kieran couldn't help but be stunned, the feeling of holding her like this was so familiar, as if, he had hugged her countless times before in a gentle and cautious manner.

Kieran snorted and dismissed these nonsense thoughts from his mind, he had been a vegetable for so many years, it was impossible for him to have any encounter with Freya, and he would have such thoughts, because he was really possessed!

Kieran put Freya directly on the back seat of the car. Seeing that Freya was so drunk that he kept giggling, he thought about it and sat beside Freya, instructing Bradley to drive.

Freya was still sitting quietly in the car seat, when the car opened, she plunged directly onto Kieran.

She held Kieran's chin and, in a flirtatious manner, traced his eyebrows over and over again with her eyes.

"You're so good looking!"

Freya swallowed hard, looking as if she was overwhelmed by Kieran's gorgeous face.

Originally, when Freya yelled to go back and spoil her little star, Kieran was so angry, but now, when she suddenly praised him, his anger disappeared.

This woman has good taste!

"These eyebrows tsk, they look as good as if they were painted. And this nose, it looks like so high, and this mouth, it looks so good that I want to bite it."

Freya said and really did bite on Kieran's lips.

Her warm soft lips bit to his lips gently, Kieran's body froze, something instantly hot to explode!

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No self-control.

Freya was still nibbling on Kieran like a puppy, when Kieran turned against him and kissed Freya's lips fiercely.

Freya's brain was already so chaotic, plus she was so out of breath from the kiss that her brain simply short-circuited.

Bradley saw his boss form in the rear-view mirror and hastily raised his visor in silence.

The boss's body was always more honest than his heart, he turned into a fowl by being teased by Miss. Stahler!

He even said he didn't love Miss. Stahler and only wanted to take care of Regina for the rest of his life, how come he didn't react when Regina flirted with him!

When Kieran, after taking the initiative to kiss Freya, completely failed to notice that he had been despised by his senior special assistant.

For a moment, when Freya was in Blues, she was aware that her Mr. Fitzgerald had died in her heart, but then, her mind was confused again.

She would suddenly become so well behaved, just forgetting the fact that her Mr. Fitzgerald had died in her heart.

She hugged Kieran's neck hard and responded to his kiss with emotion, even if she couldn't breathe, she didn't want to let go of the man in front of her.

Such a passionate kiss gave her the illusion that the Mr. Fitzgerald she knew so well was back.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, how come I like you so much!"

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I like you so much that I even like your toes."

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I like you so much, you are so good looking! Mr. Fitzgerald, how come you're so good looking!"

Freya grabbed Kieran's big hand and was excited, "Mr. Fitzgerald, let me tell you a fortune! I can tell that you're turned from a fairy! No wonder you're so pretty, you're a fairy! The best looking fairy in my heart!"

Mr. Fitzgerald, again!

Hearing Freya's cry of "Mr. Fitzgerald", the fire in Kieran's body instantly cooled to ice.

He violently pushed Freya away from him, his handsome face tinged with blackness.

It turned out that she would suddenly become so well behaved, that she would compliment him on his good looks and offer to kiss him, not because she really thought he was nice, but because she thought of him as his dead brother!

She flattened her mouth pitifully, "Why are you pushing me?"

Suddenly, Freya's eyes were tinged with heavy uneasiness and apprehension, and she crawled more curtsy onto Kieran, saying in a pitiful manner, "Mr. Fitzgerald, is it because I've been drinking that you're angry with me?"

"Mr. Fitzgerald, I'm wrong, I'll never drink again! Mr. Fitzgerald, don't be angry with me anymore, okay?"

Freya blinked at Kieran, the word "pleasing" written all over her body.

Seeing that Kieran was still dark and sullen, Freya carefully cupped his face, said with serious devotion, "Mr. Fitzgerald, you really can't be angry anymore! A fairy can't be angry, Mr. Fitzgerald, you are a fairy, how can you be angry with me!"

"Freya, I'm not Kieran!" Kieran couldn't stand to continue being used as a stand-in, and he spoke without a trace of warmth.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, what's wrong with you? How come you don't even know who you are?"

Freya rubbed Kieran's face ingratiatingly and said as if she was coaxing a child, "I know, you're still angry with me! Good boy, if you are angry, you are not a fairy, don't be angry!"

"Mr. Fitzgerald, you're so good looking, what a waste if you always have a dark face!"

Suddenly thinking of something, Freya rubbed Kieran's face again and couldn't help but giggle out loud.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, tell me tell you something fully! Brother Simon obviously looks like you, but you're a fairy and he is ugly!"

"Yes, he is ugly!"

Emphasising the word ugly, Freya smiled even more brightly.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, do you know why even if Brother Simon has the same face as you, you're a fairy but he's ugly?"

"Why?!" Kieran forced down the urge to crush Freya to death and spoke through clenched teeth.

"Poof"

Before Freya could even say the words, she could not control her burst of laughter.

She pretended to be mysterious and pressed her lips to Kieran's ear, shouting, "Mr. Fitzgerald, this is a secret that cannot be told, but, as you are a fairy, I can tell you."

Bradley, who was sitting in the front, looked innocent.

"Say it!"

Getting Kieran's permission, Freya's tone was raised, "Mr. Fitzgerald, I really only tell you this secret. Because because Brother Brother Simon is brain-dead!"

"Poof"

Bradley, who was driving, could no longer control himself and could not help but burst out laughing. The steering wheel in his hands seemed to suddenly become uncontrollable, and the silver-white Lamborghini almost ran into the stinky ditch.

Braindead!

Kieran's handsome face instantly turned into an ice sculpture, his eyes were cold and austere as he stared at Freya, his eyes so deep and cold that they almost pierced Freya with ice holes.

Although there was no further noise from the back, Bradley could clearly feel the sudden drop in air pressure in the car.

He felt that the fact that the air pressure in the car was suddenly so low was not only due to Freya's "brain-dead" remark, but also to his uncontrolled laughter just now.

Fearing that his fierce and ruthless boss would cut him to pieces, Bradley cleared his throat, intending to say something to earn his way out of the situation.

“Simon, I didn’t hear what Miss. Stahler said, I really didn’t hear anything! I really didn’t mean to create a sound just now, my throat has been itching lately and I didn’t control it for a while.”

“Get out!”

These words made Kieran more and more irritated. Bradley’s body shook and he decided to get away after sending the boss home.

Kieran was so angry that he wanted to call someone brain-dead!

Freya, who was about to be crippled by the ferocious Mr. Fitzgerald, was completely unaware of the danger in front of her as she continued to smile and hold Kieran’s face, “Mr. Fitzgerald, I know a secret about Brother Simon!”

Freya continued to whisper to Kieran, she almost exerted her power, yelling, “Brother Simon is not only brain-damaged, but also physically disabled! He still dares to get engaged to Regina, what is wrong with him?”

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Disabled?

What had given this woman the illusion that he was disabled?

Why didn’t he beat her to be disabled?

Bradley, the senior special assistant who was concentrating on driving, came close to creating some kind of dissonance again.

Fearing that he would once again exasperate his Boss, Bradley had to use almost a flood of strength to stifle his laughter.

But even if he hadn’t laughed out loud, Bradley was holding in his laughter so much that his body was trembling uncontrollably, and when his feet shook, he almost made the low-key luxury Lamborghini rush to the stinky ditch again.

“Freya, say that again!”

It took a while for Kieran to find his voice, and he suppressed the urge to break Freya’s neck as he threatened word for word, “Who did you just say was physically disabled? Say it again!”

Freya, who had been severely threatened by Kieran, still didn’t realise the danger she was facing, she gave a heated giggle, tilted her head and fell asleep directly on Kieran’s shoulder.

Kieran, who was planning to beat Freya to the point of disability, froze his raised hand, but this fist could not land on Freya’s body.

Especially when he felt Freya’s body pressed tightly against his, his heart, which was so angry just now that it almost exploded, instantly turned into candyfloss as well.

Kieran raised his eyes coolly, he felt that the woman on top of him slumped on his shoulder like this must be uncomfortable, and with a soft sigh of resignation, he flattened her body so that her head resting on his lap, and she could sleep comfortably.

After that, Kieran turned his face to the side and squinted his eyes, looking thoughtfully out of the window at the traffic.

With some people, you really have to turn a blind eye. Every time he faces Freya, he always does something that even he cannot understand, so he prefers to ignore her existence.

Kieran was planning to ignore Freya's existence all the way to the villa, but the scenery outside the window was meaningless, he admired it for a while, his eyes still couldn't help but drift to Freya's face.

She must have slept restlessly, her pretty brow furrowed and her mouth pouting slightly, as if someone had upset her.

When he thought of Freya's appearance, Kieran couldn't help but smile.

This woman looks better when she is sleeping, or at least, she would not piss him off.

Most of the women around Kieran are used to heavy make-up, but Freya hardly ever wears any.

Kieran felt that those heavily made-up faces always had an indescribable greasiness to them, and this face in front of him was so refreshing that he could not help but want to touch it.

With this in mind, Kieran did so.

He reached out his hand and couldn't help but trace Freya's eyebrows, caressing over her smoothly defined cheeks. The feel of her face was even better than he could have imagined, warm and smooth, as if it were fine silk, and he could not help but love it.

Kieran couldn't help but bend his face down and pressed his lips firmly against Freya's.

This moment of closeness is like being dipped in poppies, and he can't stop.

What Kieran is most proud of is his strong self-control, but at this moment, all his self-control has collapsed.

Suddenly, a slap was thrown hard into his face.

Kieran was instantly sobered by the slap.

Realising what he had done to Freya, he was so shocked that he almost threw Freya, who was lying on top of him, out of the car.

At this time, Kieran noticed that the slap he had just received was thrown by Freya.

Freya's face wrinkled into a ball, she was still sleeping soundly, but couldn't help but mutter in a small voice, "How dare you disturb my sleep? I'll beat you to death!"

Saying that, Freya raised her hand and flung it at Kieran's face again.

Given Kieran's nature, if a woman had repeatedly slapped him, he would have chopped her hand off, but he couldn't do it to Freya, and besides, he really felt he was being a bit shameless.

Just now, he had kissed Freya while she was asleep, kissing this woman who he despised the most, and he deserved it when she slapped him!

Instead of sending Freya back to Kelsington Bay, Kieran took her back to his villa in the city centre.

Regina hadn't even spent the night in his villa, and tonight, he brought back his most hated drunkard.

He told himself that he would let Freya spend the night at his villa, not because she was unusual in his mind, he just didn't want a drunk to teach Jaden and Jayla a bad lesson.

Kieran originally wanted to leave Freya in the guest room, but seeing how drunk she was, he was afraid that something would happen to her, so in the end, he took her back to his room.

After taking Freya back to his room, Kieran was in a quandary again. His room only had a king-size bed, and tonight, he couldn't share a bed with his brother's woman, could he?

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Kieran coldly swept a glance at the woman who was sleeping in the bed, and with the force of his hand, he grabbed her up like a chicken and threw her onto the sofa.

By allowing her to sleep on the sofa in his room, he had been kind enough to her.

Kieran let go of Freya and was about to take a shower and go back to bed when Freya's head tilted and she vomited all over herself.

"Freya!"

Looking at Freya, who had dazedly climbed up from the sofa and vomited, Kieran really wanted to throw her out of the window.

Although Freya didn't puke on him, she was covered in her own puke and he was in the same room with her, so if he didn't deal with her filth, he'd be smelt to death by her!

He sighed slightly helplessly before resigning himself to picking up Freya and walking towards the bathroom.

Kieran is a very serious cleanliness freak, even if it was Regina, he would be uncomfortable if she got too close to him or touched his personal belongings.

But now, hugging Freya, who was covered in filth, he surprisingly did not feel disgusted.

Even, looking at her face, which was scrunched up into a frown, his chest ached.

He didn't want to admit that she was special to him, so when he saw her eyes open in a daze, he said in a cold voice, "Clean yourself up!" and turned to leave the bathroom.

Freya's head was so dizzy that she struggled to lift her eyelids, only to feel the whole bathroom spinning.

In fact, she is a very alert person, and tonight, she would indulge herself to sleep over just because she heard Mr. Fitzgerald's voice, and she was reassured from the bottom of her heart, so she slept defencelessly.

Just now, she heard Mr. Fitzgerald's voice again, which proved that she was still with him.

As long as there is Mr. Fitzgerald around, she is still safe even if she is drunk.

Freya gave a giggle and a burp, her head lolling as she continued to sleep through the night.

Kieran had been waiting outside for nearly half an hour, but Freya still hadn't come out of the bathroom.

What started as impatience gradually turned into worry; she wouldn't have drowned in the bathroom, would she?

Some thoughts, once born in his mind, took root. Kieran could not stay outside any longer, he pushed open the bathroom door and rushed in.

Freya didn't drown, but she actually fell asleep again inside the bathtub!

Her long hair, which fell casually over her body, was seaweed thick and set off her face even smaller.

Her chin already submerged, she must have drowned if her body had continued to slide!

"Freya!"

The water has long since turned cold.

She was drunk and had been in the water for so long, it's a wonder she didn't catch a cold!

Kieran felt he was angry with her again!

He was so angry he wanted to break her legs!

Kieran felt that he had made an absolute mistake in bringing Freya back tonight!

But now that she had been brought back, he couldn't just throw her out.

Who knows if after he throws her out, she'll run back to Blues to spoil whatever little star she's got!

Kieran was pondering what to do with Freya, but the mobile phone inside Freya's windbreaker suddenly rang urgently.

"Freya, where did you run off to? Let's drink"

The voice coming from inside the phone was Catherine's drunken voice, and Kieran was about to hang up on her straight away, but a man's voice came into his ears.

"Freya, why haven't you come back yet? We're all ready and waiting for you to come back and spoil us!"

Kieran's anger that had been easily suppressed rose up again, and his dark eyes were locked on Freya's face for an instant.

She wasn't going anywhere but here tonight!

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The more he thought about it, the angrier he became, so angry that he wanted to break her legs and throw her in the pigsty again.

But before he could act on it, her pitiful voice was heard inside the room.

“Mr. Fitzgerald, my stomach hurts”

Freya’s pitifully pouted, “It hurts”

This damned woman is using him as a stand-in again!

Why doesn’t he slap her to death!

Kieran felt that he had once again refreshed all his boundaries in front of Freya, he was already so angry that he wanted to slap her to death, and what happened?

As a result, he didn’t even bother to beat her up, so he went out to buy her medicine and had to coax her to drink it, using up all the patience he had.

After feeding Freya the medicine, her face, which was wrinkled into a ball, finally regained its serenity and she fell into a deep sleep.

Seeing that she no longer cried out in pain, Kieran finally let out a sigh of relief.

He hadn’t even realised that his concern for her body had outweighed his exasperation at being treated like he was a stand-in.

After Freya went to sleep, Kieran could not sleep at all.

He lit a cigarette and stood on the balcony.

It occurred to him that Freya had always been repulsed by his smoking, and on a few occasions she coughed several times when he smoked in front of her.

Realizing that he was thinking of Freya again, Kieran couldn’t help but let out a low curse.

But after a low curse, he crushed out his cigarette, and in silence he now looked out of the window at the lights of the houses.

Previously, Kieran felt that when a man and a woman are together, they are just getting along as plainly and there is no need to have a heartbeat.

He had also always felt that he was destined to be entangled with Regina in this life.

Engaged, married and.....

Now, suddenly, he was a little unsure.

Suddenly, he yearned a little for that loving relationship.

But when he thought of the wounds Regina had left on her belly for him, and of his promise to make Regina his only wife in this life, his heart sank.

He could not continue to be confused by this woman, and he would not, moreover, entangle himself with his brother's woman!

When Freya woke up, she was directly dumbfounded by the situation she was in.

What's with the pyjamas on her?

She clearly remembered that she had worn a trench coat with a chiffon shirt last night, but not she was in a new and unfamiliar outfit?

Freya's mind was running fast, she usually remembered what had happened when she woke up.

Last night, she accompanied Catherine to drink and sing in the box and told the fortunes of a group of very cute men.

Later, she went out of the box and seemed to have bumped into Mr. Fitzgerald.

Yes, she did indeed run into Mr. Fitzgerald.

Freya shook her head hard, and the images inside her head became clearer and clearer.

She told Mr. Fitzgerald fortune, and she said

She said that Mr. Fitzgerald has shit in his brains!

No, it's not just that, she also made an offensive remark about Mr. Fitzgerald being brain-dead!

Brain-dead?

Freya jumped up from the bed with a start, how dare she say that about Mr. Fitzgerald, she would definitely be abused into brain damage!

There is no doubt that she was brought home by Mr. Fitzgerald last night, and it seems she even threw up. If she threw up all over Mr. Fitzgerald, she would just commit suicide!

Her stomach was hot and indescribably comfortable, Freya vaguely remembered that last night, there seemed to be a pair of big, gentle hands that were rubbing her stomach.

Freya's heart fluttered with joy, the feeling of last night was so real and clear, for Mr. Fitzgerald had actually been taking care of her!

Yesterday afternoon at the entrance of Mr. Fitzgerald's villa, she was looking for death and he was indifferent, she was, at that time, really dying of distress.

But her love for Mr. Fitzgerald is like a weed that never burns out and grows again in the spring breeze.

Freya stretched out her hand and smilingly touched her stomach, she proudly raised her chin, Mr. Fitzgerald, I'm not one to break my word, you're the one who came to mess with me again. Trying to get rid of me? Dream on!

The path of stimulating Mr. Fitzgerald to recover his memory is not going to work, so Freya can only think of other ways to break up him and Regina.

Yesterday afternoon, she said that she wished him and Regina a happy engagement, but those words were false.

She and Regina were enemies and she will not let Regina be pleasant as long as she has a breath to breathe.

What she said about the so-called letting go, the so-called Mr. Fitzgerald died in her heart, was just a moment of desperate self-loathing. She could let go and really let Mr. Fitzgerald die in her heart.

Freya quickly got up from the bed and could not control the corners of her lips as she saw the brand new clothes already ready on the bedside table.

Today she has to accompany Regina to choose a dress, she has a tough battle to fight, with the warmth of Mr. Fitzgerald last night, she has to return triumphant today!

Freya accompanied Regina to the largest shop in the city. As soon as she entered, the branch manager Johnson warmly greeted her, "Miss Wells, we have prepared twenty sets of dresses for you, these are all new creations by Mr. Phillip, take your pick."

Regina nodded politely and elegantly to Johnson, she told him not to follow her, then she turned her face and looked at Freya with a big smile and said, "Freya, I'm going to be your sister-in-law soon, are you very happy? Oh right, you haven't said a word of congratulations to me yet!"

Chapter 499

"Congratulations?" Freya smiled, not upset by Regina's words.

"Engaged to a man who doesn't even have you in his heart, Regina, don't you find it ironic that I'm saying congratulations to you?"

Hearing Freya's words, Regina was stunned, but, almost immediately, she regained her usual graceful composure.

"Freya, you are jealous!"

The smile on Freya's face grew brighter, "Regina, you know better who is jealous!"

Saying that, Freya handed her phone to Regina, "Last night, I accidentally had a night with Simon!"

Freya's mobile phone screen was currently showing a selfie of her, lying on her back on a large bed in her pyjamas, and from within this selfie, the arrangement of the wall behind her could be clearly seen.

Regina had never spent the night in Kieran's villa, but she had seen the layout of his room, and the place where Freya was obviously Kieran's room.

After taking a good look at this photo, Regina's face suddenly changed; Freya was wearing a nightgown and she had obviously spent the night in this big bed.

If she sat on Kieran's bed, he would frown, but he allowed Freya to spend the night in his bed! Could it be that even though he had forgotten everything, he was still recklessly in love with Freya?

Regina took a deep breath, she was now having some difficulty breathing, she asked with red eyes and a hoarse voice towards Freya, "Last night, what did you do?!"

"Freya, what have you done with Simon?!"

Freya did not answer Regina's words directly, but said with a smile, "Regina, I should have taken the wrong pulse before, Mr. Fitzgerald is not impotent after he lost his memory! Oh, it's also possible that he is impotent with other women, but not with me!"

Freya felt that she was really quite bad for taking such selfies for Regina to see and for deliberately making her misunderstand what she had done with Kieran, but one does not have to use open and honest means to deal with someone like Regina.

"Freya, shut up!" Freya's words stung Regina's heart so much that she forgot to maintain her usual celebrity appearance even though she was now in a public place.

It was only when she saw the shop assistants looking at her and Freya inquiringly that Regina noticed her behavior.

She forced herself to calm down and lowered her voice to Freya, "Freya, don't try to sabotage my relationship with Simon, Simon has said that he will only treat me well in his life, and he simply despises women like you who only pester him!"

Freya put on a smile, "Well, I do. However, you are not wanted even though you pester him!"

Regina knew that Freya was sarcastically saying that there was no marriage between her and Kieran, and this was indeed a pain in her heart that could never be overcome, but she had already undergone the artificial insemination procedure, and when she checked that she was pregnant, all Freya's complacency would be routed!

With this in mind, the corners of Regina's lips couldn't help but curl up, "Freya, what are you so proud of? Don't forget, I'm the one who will be engaged to Simon tomorrow, and I'll be the one who will get married to Simon and receive a certificate! I'm the woman that Simon is rightfully entitled to!"

"And you, Freya? You are Kieran's woman, even if you shamelessly want to warm Simon's bed, you don't want to stand by Simon in name only!"

"Freya, do you know what this behaviour of yours is called? You're called incestuous! Simon will never be able to be with his sister-in-law in his next life! Freya, you are destined to never get in your way!"

"Incestuous?" Freya did not budge in the slightest as she met Regina's gaze, smiling more brightly.

"Not to mention that Mr. Fitzgerald can't be Simon, even if he really is Simon, what kind of incestuous is it for me and him?"

"Regina, I don't take the blame!"

"Regina, do you think that one day when Mr. Fitzgerald learns that you caused a car accident, killed his own brother and put him under deep hypnosis, do you think that he will kill you himself?"

Yes, Freya had previously consulted one of her accomplished senior in the field of psychology about Kieran's situation. Kieran had lost his memory but still identified himself as Simon, he could not simply be brain damaged, but was deeply hypnotised.

Her senior's reply to her was much the same as her own suspicion that he too felt that Kieran was deeply hypnotised.

She asked her senior if he could hypnotize Kieran again to wake him up, but he said, no.

He was afraid that another deep hypnosis would not only fail to restore Kieran's memory, but would also make him mentally deranged.

Her senior said that in Kieran's case, the possibility of recovering his memory was extremely small, and the biggest possibility was that he would identify himself as Simon for the rest of his life.

Hearing Freya's words, Regina hastily denied it, "Freya, I don't know what you're talking about! Kieran has long since died, he is Simon!"

"Regina, is it fun for you to keep deceiving yourself like this? You know he's not Simon!"

"Freya, you are the one who deceives yourself! Kieran is already dead! Freya, I know you can't accept the fact that he died tragically, but dead is dead, and he'll never come back!"

"Is that so?" Freya stepped forward, her eyes sharp, "Regina, you must know how tragic Simon's death was. Except for that face of his which was barely intact, there was hardly a piece of good flesh on his body."

"Doesn't it hurt your conscience to face a face exactly like Simon's every day? Won't you wake up with nightmares when you dream at midnight?!"

Pressed by Freya like this, Regina couldn't help but remember that the day she had someone kill Simon, Simon had already woken up.

She just stood by and watched as her men viciously slammed Simon's head against the stone.

Simon has been lying down for so many years, his muscles are atrophied and he cannot move, but those eyes of his are so dark that they glow.

He stared at her, every word, like a curse, as he said, "Regina, you will go to hell!"

At midnight, Regina woke up countless times from nightmares in which she dreamt that Simon had come to her, covered in blood, demanding her life, saying that she would die a horrible death.

She was scared, but she didn't regret it, and she didn't hesitate to destroy Simon, in order to get what she wanted!

Freya saw beads of sweat seeping from Regina's forehead, she knew that Regina's psychological defences were not that strong anymore, she quietly turned on the recording of her phone. As long as Regina did not deny it, she could use this recording to tear off Regina's hypocritical fake face, revealing her vicious and hideous face, and also let Mr. Fitzgerald know that she was not lying to him, he was really her Mr. Fitzgerald!

Chapter 500

Freya had underestimated Regina's mental strength, and in just a few seconds, not a single ripple could be found on Regina's face.

"Freya, you only have nightmares when you do something wrong, I have a clear conscience, why should I have nightmares?"

"It was hard for me to bear the death of Kieran, and I will never forget for the rest of my life that I grew up with Kieran, and you were the woman that Kieran loved the most, so no matter how rude you are, I will not be bothered with you."

Freya sneered in her heart. Regina's words made sense!

But since the fox has a tail, sooner or later it will reveal itself!

Both Regina and Freya spoke in very low voices, and with the smiles on both of their faces, people who didn't know the inside story would have thought how close they were.

The twenty dresses prepared for Regina in the shop are all from the hand of Lay's costume design director, Phillip.

The dresses designed by Phillip are impeccably perfect, and all of his designs are produced in limited quantities worldwide in order for the Fitzgerald to show its superb style.

The dresses designed by Phillip are highly sought after in the circle and hard to find with a thousand dollars, but now, twenty dresses were sent for Regina at once.

In fact, Freya was quite envious. When she was in university, Phillip had already become famous, her dream once was to become a top fashion designer like Phillip. Not to mention having so many dresses designed by Phillip at once, even if she touched them, she could still be very happy.

Regina could see how fond Freya was of these dresses, she hooked her lips in triumph, and her eyes carried a clear flair, "Simon had Phillip design so many dresses for me at once, which one should I choose?!"

Regina casually picked up the dress hanging in front of her and flung it in front of Freya, "How about this one?"

It was a champagne gold gown with a fishtail design and a skirt embellished with lace, aristocratic yet flirtatious and romantic.

Without even trying it on, Freya could imagine how beautiful the dress would look on Regina.

Regina was already elegant and graceful, and this gown on her was sure to make her look like a queen on high, standing in the middle of the crowd, glowing with glory, and receiving the awe and praise of countless people.

In asking this, Regina was clearly not seeking Freya's opinion, but simply showing off.

Without waiting for Freya's answer, she picked up another dress aside, "This one is also good, alas, all the dresses designed by Phillip look so good, it's so hard to choose!"

“Simon is so nice to me and let me choose from so many nice clothes, isn’t that trying to wear me out!”

Freya lowered her eyes and let out a cold laugh.

Regina is now holding a silver backless gown, this one with a sequined design.

In fact, dresses with sequined designs are really quite downmarket.

But this gown designed by Phillip, from top to bottom, gives nothing but luxury.

Every single piece of sequin on this gown is hand-stitched on and, moreover, it is studded with diamonds.

When this dress was released, Freya had seen the model wearing it on the catwalk. The moment the model appeared, it was like carrying the starlight in the sky.

Regina is obviously better looking than the models walking in the show.

She wanted to touch it!

Freya forced herself to withdraw her eyes from the dress, no matter how much she admired Phillip, she could not show a hint of indiscretion in front of her love rival.

Freya raised her eyelids with a bit of laziness, she pulled her lips and smiled with her eyebrows arched.

“Letting you pick out a few clothes, he is being nice to you?”

Freya deliberately moved a few points closer to Regina, “Regina, I can’t believe you’re still so naive despite all the bad things you’ve done! Let me give you a word of advice, men are not being nice to you by making you tired of picking things out.”

As if to whet Regina’s appetite, Freya took a while before she spoke unhurriedly, “A man who makes you tired in bed is only good for you!”

“Freya, you are shameless!” Regina’s face turned blushed, she had never expected Freya to say this to her in such an open manner.

She had always tried to create the appearance that Kieran doted on her, and people in her circle, too, said that they were a lovely couple, but Freya always managed to stick a needle in the softest spot in front of her body, making her so embarrassed that she couldn’t breathe.

“I’m shameless?” Freya rubbed her waist, “Regina, do you think we’re funny? You say I’m shameless, but last night I spent the night in bed scolding Mr. Fitzgerald for being shameless!”

“Well, Mr. Fitzgerald is indeed shameless, my back is about to be broken by him!”

“Freya!”

Regina was so hateful that she almost gnashed her teeth, but although she was vicious, she was not as eloquent as Freya, and for a moment, she could not think of any damaging words to hit back at Freya.

“Regina, you don’t have to call my name over and over again, I’m not so brain-dead that I don’t even know my own name!”

Freya coolly swept a glance at Regina's pinched and wrinkled gown and said wistfully, "Regina, you'd better choose the gown for your engagement! Mr. Fitzgerald likes it when you're tired in the bed!"

Regina was so angry that her body trembled, the more she looked at the gown in her hands, the more upset she became, she could not bear to tear the gown in her hands.

But she was sensible after all. If she tore up the gown that was delivered to her in public, there was no telling how badly it would be publicised!

Seeing that Regina was so angry with her that she couldn't breathe, Freya was really happy in her heart, but what Regina had in her hand was after all her idol's design dress, she couldn't let her idol's work be ruined like this, she still couldn't help but say, "Regina, you're not so angry that you want to tear up this dress, are you?"

"Should I say that you are brave, or should I say that you are pitiful? Mr. Fitzgerald only likes to tear the clothes off my body and is not interested in yours at all, so is it possible that you want to tear off your own clothes yourself in order to seek psychological balance?"

Just now, Regina was already so angry with Freya that her fingertips were trembling. After hearing Freya's words, Regina was so angry that she almost spurted out a mouthful of blood.

How could Freya be so shameless as to say such words? Last night, were they so intense again that Simon fiercely tore the clothes on Freya's body like a beast?!

Regina could no longer control it, so she wanted to smash the clothes in her hands hard on Freya's vividly smug face.

Before she could smash the clothes down in her hands, Kieran's voice rang out behind her.