

Talented 631

Chapter 631

Lucy's face was calm, her tone unchanged, "Fillip, let's get a divorce."

After a pause, she continued, "Fillip, I have already signed the divorce agreement, after you sign it, you will be free. Don't worry, I won't take a single penny of your property."

In fact, there is something that Lucy has not told Fillip.

Not only would she ask for a penny, she had also made a will that all her assets would be his, although she knew in her heart that Fillip would not have his eyes on her so-called inheritance.

However, she was really quite rich and her father, despite all the ridiculousness on the outside, had never treated her badly when it came to money.

Some time ago, she asked her assistant to help her liquidate the assets in her name and was shocked to see the amount of several hundred million.

It turns out that she has long been rich.

It was just that it had nothing to do with her right away. She will soon die, even more money had no more meaning.

She put some of the money on the card of a staff member who had been with her for years, and left the rest to Fillip.

Naturally, she hoped that the Fillip's family would become more and more glorious and that he would be able to live a life of peace, but with these legacies, even if one day Fillip's family went bankrupt and he fell on hard times, at the very least, he would have a solid backing.

"Lucy, are you in such a hurry to go and be with that man?"

Not waiting for Lucy to answer, Fillip roared again with a dark and sullen face, "Lucy, you're dreaming!"

With that, Fillip ruthlessly shredded the two divorce papers.

After marrying Lucy, Fillip spent almost every day thinking about divorcing her, but now that she has actually proposed a divorce, he finds that he is not happy about it.

Inside, it's still blocked beyond words.

It was as if, he had been abandoned.

Fillip felt particularly ridiculous, how could he have such an inexplicable feeling! Lucy was nothing!

He was so upset because he was used to being in charge and didn't like it when she asked for a divorce first!

"Fillip, what are you doing!"

Lucy did not expect Fillip to be unwilling to sign this divorce agreement, she half crouched down and tried to pick up the paper on the ground.

Before her hands could touch the crumbs on the floor, she had been slammed down hard on the bed by Phillip.

Afterwards, he quickly tidied up his clothes, his suit was straight and well-dressed, and he had the look of a young man in the hearts of countless young girls.

It was just that this young man had never given Lucy the slightest hint of warmth.

Lucy had, in fact, prepared two more divorce papers.

She wanted to take out the two agreements for Phillip to re-sign, and suddenly felt a pang of difficulty.

She quickly took her clothes and put them on herself, not wanting Phillip to see her disgusting and wretched appearance.

Lucy struggled to get to the closet to find her two spare copies of the divorce papers.

Before she could open the wardrobe, Phillip's mobile phone rang.

Without having to look, Lucy knew that it was Regina who was calling.

This late at night, only Regina would not let Phillip sleep in peace.

"Phillip, it was hard for me when Robin lost to Freddie. You know, Court is really important to me."

"Phillip, you won't let me lose, right? Why didn't you give a low score to Freddie today? For the semi-finals and finals, can you, please, give Freddie a super low score? Better yet, zero points."

"Phillip, I know that my request has been difficult for you, but I know it, you won't let me lose."

"Phillip, please don't let me lose. You won't let me lose, will you?"

Chapter 632

The fact that Phillip was able to compromise with his family and marry Lucy in order to realise his dream of designing shows that he truly loves fashion design.

Costume design, in his opinion, is sacred and cannot be desecrated.

He didn't want, for some reason, to pollute the piece of pure ground in his heart.

But now, Regina begged him.

After so many years of obeying Regina and going out of his way to make her happy and content, Phillip has gradually become confused as to whether this is because he loves Regina too much or whether it is just a habit he has developed over the years.

But whether it was because of love, or just a habit, Regina's request was one he would not refuse.

After a long silence, Phillip spoke softly, "Regina, I won't let you lose."

Hearing this from Phillip, Regina knew that he was agreeing to disregard the public eye and give Freddie a super low score.

Fillip is a pivotal member of the judging panel, and with his full support, Robin is one step closer to the title.

Her complete control of Court was also just around the corner.

Fillip had never let her down, but this matter was too important to her and she would not allow the slightest accident.

She wanted to, once and for all, tether Phillip.

She knew how much Phillip liked her, and if she gave him some favours, he would be more than willing to work for her.

With this in mind, Regina said to him in a soft voice, "Phillip, will you come over to stay with me tonight? I just had a nightmare and I'm so scared."

"Regina, don't be afraid, I'll be there now."

The smile on Lucy's lips was pale and helpless.

He actually had a tender side, only that all his tenderness was given to Regina.

Seeing that he was going out, Lucy suddenly wanted him to stay.

Perhaps it is true that people have some kind of perception before they die; she felt that she would never have the chance to see him again after he left this door.

He had never held her properly.

She wanted, before she died, to feel his embrace once more.

"Phillip!"

Hearing Lucy's voice, Phillip stiffened and turned around, "What is it? Regina is waiting for me."

Lucy smiled bitterly, see, he was always so righteous when he said Regina, as if, Regina was her wife and she was the unseen third party.

"Phillip, can you give me a hug?"

Phillip was stunned, he could not expect that Lucy would suddenly say such words.

Looking at the woman with pale lips in front of him, Phillip could not control himself and stepped forward, almost reaching out his hand and hugging her tightly.

But the thought of her coquetry with other men left him, in his mind, with nothing but sarcasm.

When Phillip turned around coldly and walked forward without looking back, Lucy gritted her teeth as she rushed forward and hugged him tightly from behind.

"Phillip, you've never hugged me."

"Forget it, Phillip, if you don't want to hug me, it's fine if I take the initiative to hug you."

Phillip's body stiffened and he almost couldn't resist turning around and hugging her. But when he thought of the many men she had been involved with, all that remained in his heart was bitter hatred and coldness.

He used almost all his strength to shake her off viciously.

"Lucy, you want a hug, go get that man!"

He disgustedly patted the clothes touched by Lucy, "Don't touch me! It's dirty!"

Having said this, Phillip left without the slightest lingering.

Lucy didn't expect Phillip to use such a strong force to throw her away, she was unprepared and her body hit the table inside the room uncontrollably and hard.

By coincidence, the hard corner of the table hit her hard right in her stomach.

In a flash, Lucy only felt that all the sensations between heaven and earth left was pain.

She was a literary person of sorts, but she could not, right now, find any words to describe how much her body hurt.

It turns out that that kind of disease can hurt so much when it is in its advanced stages.

It hurts so much that she can't live with it.

Even though she was almost dead from the pain, Lucy struggled to crawl to the side of the wardrobe and, from the bottom tier, rummaged out two spare copies of the divorce papers, as well as, the will.

On the top of the will, she has signed it and there is no need to worry about any entanglement.

In fact, there will be no entanglement, her father was not lacking in this money, she has no children, no other relatives, so all her wealth can only be left to Phillip.

Just don't let him disgust her.

Blood, already staining her dress, was on the floor and when she saw it, she scrambled to get a cotton cloth out of the cupboard to wipe it.

He was very clean and he would have been angry that she had made the floor dirty.

Even when he disliked her so much, she still couldn't let him get angry.

But no sooner had she finished wiping the front than another bright red drip would fall from the back.

Not being able to wipe it clean, Lucy simply stopped wiping.

Her consciousness was growing more and more chaotic, she pressed hard against her belly, which hurt as if something had ruptured inch by inch.

Something occurred to her and she scrambled to find a pen and paper from inside her bedside table to leave her last wish.

Her fingertips were trembling terribly, the few words that were normally so simple to her, at this moment, she could not write it down.

Inside the room was extraordinarily quiet, and she could clearly hear the blood dripping, which take her life with it, fading little by little.

After tossing and turning for the better part of an hour, beads of sweat oozed from her forehead before she finally finished writing those few short lines.

Collapsing to the ground in a crumpled heap, Lucy's vision gradually became blurred.

She knew that she was probably at the end of her life.

At the end of her life, she was especially eager to hear Phillip's voice.

That was the man she had longed for and adored since she was a child.

It took a lot of effort for Lucy to pick up the phone that had fallen to the ground.

Her eyesight was no longer able to see the screen of her phone, she still found Phillip's phone number in a flash.

No matter what communication tool she was on, Phillip's name was always at the top of her address book.

"Phillip....."

When the call came through, Lucy had just opened her mouth and she heard a delicate female voice that was bone-chilling.

"Phillip, slow down"

Tears rolled silently down from the corners of Lucy's eyes, and she suddenly smiled.

She smiled and said to the other end of the phone, "Good."

He has completely and utterly got that girl in his heart, he has finally got what he wanted.

Quite good.

The phone slowly slipped from Lucy's hands as she tried to hang up the call, and before she could grab the phone that had landed on the floor, her hands dropped violently.

Eyes tightly closed, eyelashes not half fluttering, she has completely left this world.

Chapter 633

Freya didn't know what was wrong with her, her right eyelid had been throbbing wildly since she returned from the Blues, and after she pinched herself several times, but her right eyelid was still throbbing badly.

Freya was not a superstitious person, but the frantic throbbing of her right eyelid still gave her a very bad feeling.

Until, she received a call from Freddie.

“Freya, bring some medicine over.” Freddie had been beaten up by Phillip, and he felt ashamed to go to the hospital in his current state, so he decided to ask Freya to come over and treat the wound on his face.

He didn’t care about appearance, but he wanted to get his goddess’ autograph in a few days, and he didn’t want to scare her.

“Medicine? What kind of medicine?” Freya clenched the phone in her hand, and that bad feeling in her heart grew stronger.

Freddie had no intention of hiding from Freya and told her the truth about the fight between him and Phillip tonight.

After hearing Freddie’s words, the nerves in Freya’s body instantly tightened up, “Freddie, you said that Lucy she helped you block it? Where did Phillip hit her?”

“Tummy!”

Thinking of how fierce Phillip was towards Lucy, Freddie’s face was dark, “Freya, Phillip is really something! Why is my goddess so blind, marrying a heartless bastard like that!”

“At that time, I really wanted to fight with Phillip, but I was afraid that my goddess would be caught in the middle, so I came back first. Freya, when I thought of the painful look my goddess received from that blow, I hated that I could not kill Phillip.”

“Freddie, did Phillip really hit Lucy’s stomach?” Freya asked again with a trembling voice.

Freddie was not stupid, he heard the unusual sound in Freya’s voice, “Freya, you seem to be very nervous. What’s wrong with my goddess?”

“Freddie, I don’t have time to explain to you now, I have to go over and see Lucy now!”

After hanging up the phone, Freya quickly dialed up Lucy’s number, but she dialed several times in succession, and all that came from the phone, over and over again, was that cold and mechanical female voice.

“Sorry, the number you have called is temporarily unanswered.”

When the fourth call still went unanswered, Freya dared not wait any longer, she took the car keys and rushed outside the room at a fast pace.

When Freya rushed outside Lucy’s villa, Freddie also happened to rush over.

After hearing Freya’s words, he knew that something bad must have happened to Lucy and he was uneasy not to come over to see if she was alright with his own eyes.

“Freya, why are you so nervous after hearing that my goddess got hit in the stomach by Phillip? What’s wrong with my goddess?”

The door to Lucy's villa was unlocked, so Freya pushed the door open and rushed inside while saying to Freddie, "Lucy has uterine cancer, advanced stage."

The expression on Freddie's face shattered in an instant, and his mouth, which remained open, could not be closed.

His hands trembled gently, and the veins on the back of his hands were clearly visible. How he wished he had heard wrong, how could the goddess he loved so much have this damn disease!

Only after a long, long time did Freddie tremble and find his voice, "Freya, is my goddess still able to have surgery? Will she still be able to live?"

"The surgery is not working for her anymore."

The living room was empty, but the door to Lucy's bedroom was open, apparently Phillip had left in a hurry and did not even have time to close it for Lucy.

Surgery is useless.

Freddie's lips kept trembling.

Did Freya mean to say that her goddess would not survive?

Freddie covered his heart in pain, his body was so bent that he could barely stand. Could she not, anymore, wait for him to become better and stronger and stand side by side with her?

Thinking of the fist that originally landed on him this evening smashed into Lucy's belly, Freddie's face went pale.

Her body, with advanced uterine cancer, must have been terribly decayed, and how could she have withstood the punch she received!

Freddie held onto the wall to steady himself and quickly rushed inside the living room after Freya. Before he had even stepped into Lucy's bedroom, he smelled blood.

How can there be such a strong smell of blood?

Freddie realised what was happening, he didn't have the courage to walk into the room in front of him.

"Lucy!"

It was only when Freya's cry of pain rang out in the air that Freddie's sanity snapped back to life.

He stiffened and took one step towards the room in front of him, and as far as the eye could see, it was a vast expanse of dazzling red.

And the goddess of his heart, his only faith, fell motionless in the blinding scarlet.

"Freya, she's fainted, let's get her to the hospital!"

With that, Freddie quickly took out his mobile phone and tried to call the emergency number.

But before he could dial his phone, he heard Freya's sullen voice again, "Freddie, it's no use! Lucy is already gone."

Freddie's hand shook and the phone in his hand slid down in a disheveled manner.

As if struck by lightning, he stiffened and slowly lowered his head to look at Freya and the Lucy in her arms.

"Freya, what did you say? Who's gone? What do you mean already gone?"

"Freddie, Lucy is gone."

Freya's voice trembled, seeing her best friend in this state made her feel bad, but she didn't like to deceive herself, and she could only tell Freddie the truth.

"It's gone."

All the light in Freddie's eyes shattered in an instant, and all that remained was boundless pain and withering silence.

The love he was chasing had only just begun, how could it be gone?

When Freya saw Lucy looking like this, she knew that Phillip must have bullied her this evening. On her arm, there were obvious scrapes, and perhaps, he had even hurt her rudely.

Looking at Lucy, who was lying motionless in her arms, Freya's eyes were also tinged with a heavy sorrow.

She genuinely felt sorry for Lucy and was even more heartbroken.

She knew that it was Phillip who hastened Lucy's death, and she wished to give him two big slaps, but Lucy was his wife after all, and she still had to inform him of her death.

Lucy's phone was not set to lock, so Freya grabbed her phone from the floor with trembling hands and dialed Phillip's number from the recent calls.

Phillip really didn't have sex with Regina this evening.

When he went to Regina's flat, she did take the initiative to throw herself at him.

But he didn't know what was wrong with him, he felt bored in the face of the enthusiasm of the girl he had been chasing for so many years.

All that came back and forth in his mind was Lucy's always carefully pleasing face.

Chapter 634

Everyone in the whole world knows that Lucy loves him.

He also thought that Lucy loved him to the bone.

But if Lucy really loved him, how could she mend that hymen again and again!

He didn't believe that every time he fucked her, she happened to have her period!

They had already had sex countless times long ago, and if it was for him, there was really no need for her to mend that hymen over and over again; she would have gone to mend it only to please another man.

Thinking that Lucy was likely to go to Freddie or another man now, Phillip suddenly couldn't stay on Regina's side.

He desperately wanted to get Lucy to his side!

She was his woman after all, how could he allow that an indiscreet woman to cuckold him!

After rinsing his face hard with cold water, Phillip walked out of the bathroom with the intention of going home.

He walked out of the bathroom just in time to see Regina clutching his phone.

Regina was obviously not expecting him to come out so soon, and she scrambled to put his phone back on the table in front of her.

Regina has always been good at hiding her emotions, and in a flash she was back to her gentle self.

She smiled gently at Phillip, "Phillip, just now Lucy called you, and I accidentally pressed answer. Phillip, she said she wanted you to go home."

Thinking about the voice she had just disguised on the phone, Regina's heart was faintly pounding.

But she knew well the character of Lucy, who was also always bland, and she would certainly not question Phillip about that phone call.

Not having had time to delete that call, Regina felt that it would be easy to muddle through with that statement.

Going home?

A strange, indescribable warmth and softness suddenly appeared in Phillip's heart. It turned out that Lucy had not taken advantage of his absence to find some men.

She was looking forward to his return home.

Phillip wanted to go home.

Although before, he never bothered to consider his and Lucy's villa as his home.

Seeing that Phillip kept staring at her with complicated eyes, without saying anything, Regina suddenly had an indescribable feeling of unease in her heart.

But when she thought of Phillip's infatuation with her, her heart instantly became peaceful and sure again.

She walked step by step in front of Phillip, the corners of her lips curved, and her face was breathtakingly beautiful.

"Phillip, you won't go back, will you? I will be very sad if you go back."

Regina gently hugged Phillip's arm, this man loved her, he would rather break his own head than let her be sad.

Her soft body, seemingly, rubbed against Phillip's, trying to make his desire for her.

If it had been a few days ago, Regina would not have been so forthcoming with Phillip because she was worried that it would affect the outcome of her artificial insemination, but she had just learned yesterday that her artificial insemination had failed this time.

She could now be reckless, and anyway, she would not receive her next artificial insemination until the day after tomorrow.

"Regina, I have to go back."

To Regina's disbelief, Phillip pushed her away.

Phillip's face carried an emotion she couldn't read. He moved his lips as if he wanted to say something to her, but in the end he didn't say anything.

Phillip's eyes drifted away, and he suddenly remembered that when he had just left the villa, he had shaken off Lucy with force.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed her stomach hitting the corner of the table hard.

Tonight, she had taken a punch from him for Freddie, and there was already a scary bruise on her stomach, and she had just bumped into the corner of the table.

"Phillip, what did you say?"

There was a faint choke in Regina's voice, "Phillip, have you fallen in love with Lucy? If you fall in love with someone else, I will be very sad."

In the past, when Regina said that she was sad, Phillip wanted to go through difficulties for her, but now, there was no pity in his heart, only indescribable tiredness and irritation.

Even so, it had become a habit for him to be nice to Regina, and he said to her in as gentle a tone as he could, "Regina, I won't fall in love with Lucy!"

How could he have fallen in love with that woman who was addicted to fix her hymen!

How dirty she must be!

Phillip still wanted to say a soothing word to Regina as he always did – I only have you in my heart.

But he didn't know what was going on, but it was something that he was increasingly unable to say.

It is as if no longer from his heart.

"Regina, get some rest early, I'll go back first." After saying this, Phillip grabbed the phone on the table and quickly walked outside Regina's room.

"Phillip!"

Regina hugged Phillip tightly from behind. For the glory of Court, this time, she had to rely on Phillip, she had to control him, so that he could willingly work for her, as he did before.

“Phillip, don’t go

Regina pressed her face against Phillip’s back and gently rubbed it, “Phillip, if you truly love me, stay, okay?”

Phillip didn’t say anything, he just couldn’t help but remember that when he left the villa just now, Lucy had hugged him tightly from behind.

It’s amazing how he reacts to just a hug like that.

It’s a bit funny, the woman he hates most hugged him and he reacted, but Regina, whom he loved, hugged him like this and his body, however, didn’t feel anything different.

Phillip became indescribably confused, did he really love Regina?

If he really loved her, he would have been able to hug her, so how could he have been unable to make any waves in such an intimate encounter?

But if the person he loved was not Regina, who did he love?

Phillip’s mind was so confused that he didn’t bother to think about it any further.

He was just about to push Regina away and continue on his way, but his mobile phone rang.

When he saw that the caller ID was Lucy, Phillip frowned, but picked up the phone quickly, even he, himself, did not notice how urgent his action was.

“Lucy, what are you trying to do again?!”

Phillip gently rubbed the name on the caller ID, his heart softening, but his voice was still habitually full of impatience.

“Phillip, this is Freya.”

Freya’s voice was faint, but with a detached coldness and, it seemed an indescribable resentment.

Phillip had been knowing Kieran for so many years, so naturally he knew Freya, and he couldn’t understand why Freya would use Lucy’s mobile phone to call him, and had such obvious resentment towards him.

He was just about to ask Freya what she wanted from him, but he heard her voice suddenly tinged with sobs.

“Phillip, Lucy is dead, come back and say goodbye to her.”

Chapter 635

Time as if it stood still for a moment, after a long, long time, Phillip stiffly moved his lips, “What did you say? Who are you saying is dead?”

“Fillip, Lucy is dead, you are her husband, no matter how much you disliked her, you should come over to take care of her afterlife.”

Fillip’s lips opened again, but no sound came out.

Twice Freya repeated that Lucy was dead, and no matter how much he wanted to deceive himself, he had to admit that it was not a hallucination on his part.

But even if it was not his hallucination, he would not believe Freya’s words; he only believed that it was a malicious joke.

“Freya, it was that woman who told you to call me, wasn’t it? That shameless woman, what is she trying to do again!”

Fillip carried without a trace of warmth, and if one looked closely, one would find that his dark eyes carried a clear sense of panic.

No matter how hard he tried to suppress it, the pain in his chest wouldn’t go away.

“Fillip, Lucy has gone, I hope you will show her more respect.”

Freya really didn’t want to talk to Fillip anymore, she knew how badly he treated Lucy, but she didn’t expect that now that Lucy was gone, he would still call her as a shameless woman.

Freya’s eyes couldn’t control the sourness, Lucy, how could you marry such a heartless man?

Freya only turned her face and saw the will on the table, along with a piece of paper stained with blood.

She sniffled hard before she found her voice, “Fillip, forget about what I said if you don’t believe me. I will take care of Lucy’s afterlife, her will and last words are on the table in your room, when you have time later, read them.”

After saying this, Freya simply hung up the phone.

She knew how much Lucy loved Fillip, and she definitely wanted him to say goodbye to her, but unfortunately, he wouldn’t.

Forget it, she and Lucy had been friends, she would see her off, she wouldn’t let her go on her way alone in this silent night.

After Freya hung up the phone, Fillip did not come back to his senses for a long time.

He still did not want to believe Freya’s words, but Freya’s words just now did not seem like a lie, and she said something else about Lucy’s will and her last words.

Fillip’s eyes suddenly widened, bloodshot.

Could it be that that woman is really dead?

How could she have died just like that!

No, there’s no way Lucy is dead!

Fillip pressed his chest hard, his body couldn't control leaning forward. He didn't know who his heart was hurting so much for, he didn't want his heart to hurt so much, but no matter how hard he tried to restrain it, that pain kept on increasing.

Even if the call was a trick by Lucy, a ridiculous prank, he was still uneasy if he didn't go back to see if Lucy was okay.

You've tricked me back, Lucy, just like you wanted!

You win!

"Fillip!"

Regina tried to pull Fillip's hand, but he was running too fast for her to catch up.

Looking at Fillip's fading figure disappearing into the night, Regina's face twisted almost out of shape.

This man was most devoted to her, what had possessed him this evening?

She wouldn't let him go back to Lucy! She still wants him to work for her for the rest of his life!

Unable to catch up with Fillip, Regina started calling him.

In the past, whether Regina called him or sent him a text message, Fillip would deal with it first, but now, listening to the ringing incessantly, there was only indescribable boredom in his heart.

He was already married, for five years.

And in the five years he has been married, he has never shown a smile to his wife, he has given all his patience and tenderness to Regina.

Thinking of Lucy's pale face, Fillip only felt his heart ache even more.

He didn't have sex with Regina, but he was a married man who disregarded his wife and worked for Regina, which was, well, cheating.

For the first time in so long, Fillip realised that he seemed a bit cruel to Lucy.

As time passed, Fillip's heart grew more and more irritable, and he slammed the accelerator, frantically rushing towards his and Lucy's villa.

A drive that normally takes more than 40 minutes, this time it took him less than 20 minutes to arrive.

Outside the villa, two cars were parked and the villa's gate was left open. He couldn't care less whose cars they belonged to, he rushed towards the living room as fast as an arrow off the string.

"Lucy!"

There was a clear impatience in Fillip's voice, "Get the hell out of here! Don't you dare pretend to be a ghost to me!"

"Lucy, I don't believe it!"

Fillip actually didn't want to yell at Lucy this evening, but he was so irritable and there was a wave of unspoken anxiety that he could only use his bad temper and still cover up these inexplicable emotions.

He and Lucy's bedroom door also left open, Phillip quickly step forward, "Lucy, you shameless woman, get the hell out of here"

Phillip's voice came to an abrupt end as he smelt the heavy smell of blood.

Phillip's breath stopped for a moment, how could there be such a strong smell of blood in their room?

Could it be that it wasn't a prank, but Lucy was really dead?

How could she suddenly die!

Could it be that the words he said tonight were so heartbreaking that Lucy couldn't bear to commit suicide?

Phillip stood stiffly at the bedroom door, and suddenly he was afraid to lift his feet and step inside.

But even if he was unwilling to face what was to come, what had happened could not be changed.

He stood in the bedroom doorway and could clearly see that a large patch of blood red spread across the floor of the room.

Lucy had been carried to the bed by Freddie, her lips curled in a light, relieved smile, as she lay there motionless.

Her face, paler than usual, she lay quietly in bed, like a sleeping beauty waiting to be kissed awake by a prince.

It is just that there is not a trace of life in such a beautiful painting, only an indescribable deadness and desolation.

"Lucy!"

Phillip suddenly lifted his feet and he rushed towards the bed with red eyes.

Seeing Freddie standing by the bed, he raised his hand and threw a fist at his face, "Freddie, what did you do to her?!"

Chapter 636

Freddie did not speak, his scarlet eyes held a deadly cool mockery.

He felt that Phillip's words were really particularly funny. Who was the culprit that Lucy would become like this?

He already knew roughly what happened between Lucy and Phillip from Freya's mouth, if Phillip hadn't forcibly aborted her baby, if he hadn't hurt her again and again even after her terminal cancer, how could her heart have stopped beating in her best years!

Freddie really wants to beat up Phillip, but right now, Lucy's body is still in the room, and he doesn't want her to face endless arguments when she's all dead.

Lucy's body had been changed into a brand new outfit by Freya.

After death, a person's body slowly becomes stiff and at that point, it is not easy to change clothes.

So, no matter how uncomfortable Freya was, she still changed Lucy's clothes first.

Lucy had just gotten too messy on her and Freya wanted her to leave with dignity.

"Lucy!"

Freddie didn't say anything and Phillip didn't continue to talk nonsense to him as he stumbled and lunged to the side of the bed, hugging Lucy's body hard.

He wished he could feel the powerful beating of her heart, he wished he could hear her voice even after he had taken her into his arms.

He hoped to hear her say to him, as she always did, Phillip, you're back.

He wanted to see a light, ingratiating smile lift up on her face.

He knew that Lucy was the dream girl of countless men, the most characteristic beauty in the entertainment industry. She was always cold and icy no matter who she was to, and only in front of him would she show her girl-like adoration and ingratiation.

But Phillip did not hear Lucy's voice, nor did he feel the beating of her heart.

Her body is still warm, but her eyes will never open again.

She would no longer smile lightly and say to him, "Phillip, I have cooked your favorite meal, will you have something to eat?"

She wouldn't be gently hugging his arm, begging with a bit of unease, Phillip, tonight, don't you go to Regina, okay?

She would no longer just look at him with affection, her eyes as cold as frost with a depth of love that could not be dissolved.

She will never again

"Lucy!"

Phillip shook Lucy's body hard. He told himself that she was only asleep and that she would wake up if he shouted her name, but no matter how loudly he shouted for her, he shouted until his voice was hoarse, she still lay motionless in his arms.

He could even feel clearly that her body, inch by inch, was becoming stiff and cold.

Phillip's heart was suddenly filled with indescribable trepidation.

He clutched Lucy's hand hard, he wanted to warm her body, but her body became stiff and cold. She had been pestering him since she was 15, she had to pester him for life!

What's the point of her dying like that?

She's being irresponsible!

"Lucy, wake up!"

Fillip said to Lucy in a dreamy voice, "Lucy, wake up! I know you're just asleep! Wake up! As long as you wake up, we'll be fine from now on. I won't look for Regina anymore, I won't stay out at night anymore, I'll stay with you every day, watch the sunrise and sunset with you, watch the clouds roll in and out with you, okay?"

Fillip stretched out his hand, his fingertips trembling as he caressed Lucy's face, her skin, as fine and smooth, only, there was already a hint of coolness that caused his heart to twinge like a knife.

Life, at times, is really quite funny.

There are some people who are alive in the world and you feel nothing, but when she is gone, you feel that a bloody hole has been dug out of your own fresh heart and it will never beat again.

Fillip looked at the motionless woman in his arms with red eyes, he could no longer feel the beating of her heart.

He had been reluctant to admit that he was actually attracted to Lucy, but no matter how much he deceived himself, he had now understood.

He likes Lucy.

No, it's love.

He was cold and indifferent in nature, and rarely had that kind of compassionate heart. Back then, when he saw how hard it was for Lucy after losing her mother and would give her a chocolate, he had, in fact, unknowingly fell in love with her.

It's just that his love for Regina has become a habit, and he is so obsessed with pleasing her that he has forgotten what it's like to have a pounding heart.

Later, he was forced by his family to marry her, and was even more hypnotically bored with her.

"Lucy, I don't hate you anymore, I won't be mean to you anymore, open your eyes, okay?"

Fillip gently stroked Lucy's brow and eyes, how he wished his fingertips brushed over her eyelids and she would abruptly open her eyes and smile at him with arched eyebrows.

Fillip, I'm pretending to be dead to fool you!

I'm trying to trick you into going home!

Lucy, how I wish, you were lying to me.

Freya thought that Fillip only had Regina in his heart, and how could she have imagined that he would hold Lucy like this, as if he was afraid that the most precious treasure in his arms would be snatched away.

Having loved, Freya could naturally see that Fillip was actually deeply in love with Lucy, only that it was too late for him to understand his heart.

Freya couldn't help but sigh in her heart, if only, when Lucy was alive, Phillip could show her his heart, how great it would be!

As he was lost in her own thoughts, Freya suddenly heard Phillip's heart-breaking voice, "How could she die! How could she die!"

He was like questioning Freya and Freddie, but more like murmured, "Lucy, why do you leave me? You killed yourself because you wanted to get back at me, didn't you? Lucy, who gave you permission to hurt yourself!"

Freya felt that it was quite sad that at this point in time, Phillip still thought that Lucy had committed suicide.

She knew that if Phillip knew that Lucy had died because she was sick, he would have felt even worse, but she didn't pity Phillip, he had hurt Lucy so badly because of Regina, he deserved it no matter how hard he felt.

Besides, Phillip, as Lucy's husband, had the right to know the truth.

"Lucy didn't commit suicide." Seeing Phillip's body visibly stiffen, Freya continued anyway, "She died of uterine cancer, late stage."

Something shattered inch by inch on Phillip's face, and he murmured lowly, his voice as hoarse as if it had been run over by a wheel.

"Cancer, advanced stage"

"How can she have cancer! How could she have gotten that damn disease!"

Phillip's eyes were red, and he suddenly remembered that when he had tossed Lucy this evening, she had been resisting.

She said that she was sick and she was having a hard time, but he thought she was lying, that she was keeping her body for that man, and he was even harder on her in a fit of anger, and he never thought that she was really sick.

And, it's the kind of disease that kills her.

Chapter 637

Phillip is not a doctor, but he still knows a lot of common sense.

He knew that with advanced uterine cancer, there would be intermittent bleeding and especially no conjugal sex.

Every time he had sex with Lucy during this recent period, there would be visible blood marks on the bed sheets.

At that time, he even thought it was Lucy who had done something shameless again, and even, he had hurt her with the most vicious words, thinking she was dirty.

In fact, she's not dirty, she's not getting a fix of her hymen to please anyone, she's just sick.

She was sick, why didn't she tell him?

No, even if we told him, it would be useless.

He would not believe her, and tonight, she said she was in pain, she was having a hard time, she also said she was sick, and he still didn't believe half of it!

Fillip pressed hard on his heart. Why does it hurt so much!

Before he could properly soothe the pain in his heart, Freya's voice, tinged with obvious sarcasm, reached his ears.

"Fillip, Lucy will get this disease, and perhaps, it has something to do with you!"

"You had her baby forcibly aborted."

"You got a doctor that treated her badly and didn't give her a clean shave."

"Although that miscarriage was not the direct cause of Lucy's illness, it did, to a certain extent, increase the chances of her getting sick."

Not every woman who has had a miscarriage or unclean shave will get uterine cancer or cervical cancer or whatever, but having a miscarriage or unclean shave does increase the chances of getting these diseases.

Lucy is one of those unlucky few.

Fillip looked at Freya, standing in a daze, and every word she said was a sentence to his soul.

He dreaded to think that he would be the one who indirectly killed her!

If he had known that she would get this damn disease since he had let someone forcibly abort their child, he would not have killed their child himself in the first place, even if Regina had cried herself to death!

Fillip was in a daze.

How could he have been such a bastard that year, killing their own child because of Regina's words?

Regret?

He actually regretted it all along.

At the time, because of his disgust at being forced to marry Lucy, Fillip wanted to make her hurt in a million ways.

Taking away her baby was to make her hurt more.

But when he saw the bloody piece of meat that the doctor brought out of the operating theatre, he regretted it then.

Only he was so proud that no matter how much he regretted it, he would only say that it was Lucy who deserved it and that he had never expected that child.

Only he knew in his own mind how many times he had woken up in midnight dreams.

Again and again he dreamed of the baby calling out to him as daddy, and he asked, "Daddy, why don't you want me?"

Every time, he couldn't help but shed tears. He opened his eyes and wanted to hug Lucy, but in the end, all the tenderness still turned out to be worse for her.

"Actually, Lucy doesn't have to die so soon."

Freya's voice continued, "When Lucy found out she had the disease, it was already advanced, but as long as she cooperated with the treatment, she could still make it until your birthday."

Freya smiled bitterly and continued, "Advanced uterine cancer is the most taboo to do conjugal things, especially, when you have physically harmed her."

"Fillip, it was you who hastened Lucy's death."

Fillip's expression hurt to the point of trance.

His birthday is nearly two months away.

In other words, she had, in fact, two months to live, but because of the harm he had done to her time and again, her beautiful life had withered away prematurely.

Yes, tonight, his fist landed hard on her belly.

So frightening marks, he thought, just to make her sore, but she was very sick, it was killing her!

And, when he left the villa tonight, he pushed her away viciously.

He saw it, her stomach hitting the corner of the table hard, her face crumpled in pain, her body wincing.

How much it should have hurt her then!

She was in too much pain, so she never wanted to wake up again!

"Lucy, I'm the one who got you killed."

The heavy smell of blood spread in Fillip's throat as he bent his face down and looked fondly at Lucy's face.

The corners of her lips were gently upturned; did she feel that death, for her, was a relief?

Or is it a relief to leave him?

Lucy, how could you want to leave me!

Seeing a piece of paper with several lines of writing on the table, Fillip knew that those were the last words left to him by Lucy.

He hastily grabbed the piece of paper, the writing on which was messy and hard to read, not at all like Lucy's usually graceful and elegant script.

It is clear that she wrote these lines in a moment of extreme distress.

“Fillip, thank you for being willing to marry me in the first place.”

“Fillip, you will become the greatest costume designer in the world.”

“Fillip, I’m sorry for ruining your love and dominating you for so long.”

“Fillip, may you and Regina grow old together.”

“Fillip, bury me next to my mother, I have dominated you for so long, so I want to set you free.”

Fillip was in so much distress that he couldn’t sit on the bed to steady himself. She wished him and Regina a long life together.

How could she wish him and Regina to grow old together!

She also said that she was sorry for him, when it was clear that he was the one who had made the mistake.

She also wanted to set him free.

Fillip grabbed his heart hard. Lucy, how could you, even in death, not want to be buried with me! You’re not setting me free, but you’re killing my heart!

This heart, which has stopped beating along with you, can’t get free!

“Lucy, don’t you dare leave me! You can only be buried with me! You can only be buried with me!”

Fillip said over and over, spellbound.

Thinking of the phone call Lucy had made to him just now when he was over at Regina, Fillip was particularly eager to hear her voice again.

His phone call was recorded, and with a trembling hand he found the call he had just made and tapped on it.

He thought that he could hear Lucy’s soft voice, that he would hear her say, Fillip, come home, okay?

In that way, he would not hesitate to say to her, Lucy, I’m going home, and every night from now on, I’ll come home as soon as I can from work and stay with you.

However, when he clicked on the call recording, what he heard was not Lucy’s voice, but Regina’s voice.

“Fillip, slow down

There is a lot of deliberate sound created by Regina.

Fillip’s face paled completely, and after a long, long time, he heard Lucy say in that relieved and self-deprecating voice.

“It’s pretty good.”

Chapter 638

The phone in Fillip’s hand slid down.

At this point, he could no longer describe his sadness with heartache; he only knew that he really hurt inside, so much so that he could kill himself.

It turned out that at the end of her life she didn't say that she wanted him to go home, she just said that it was pretty good.

Such a relieved voice made him tremble.

She doesn't want him.

Before she died, she had decided that she didn't want him.

He did not know whether she had called him first or whether she had written those words first, and he knew even less about the emotions with which she had written those words.

She loved him so much, so much that she had no self, and before she died, she called him and she still heard that voice, it must have hurt in her heart.

How can it not hurt!

"Lucy, I didn't I didn't touch Regina, I didn't touch her"

Fillip repeated these words over and over again as if he were possessed, but no matter how many times he said them, she couldn't hear them anymore.

After the intense pain, Phillip suddenly hated Regina.

If she hadn't taken it upon herself to answer his calls, if she hadn't deliberately created that unpleasant sound, perhaps, he would have had the chance to hear Lucy's voice again.

It turns out that the woman he spent so many years chasing and obsessing over was the one who was so inconsistent with her appearance!

He even killed his and Lucy's only child with his own hands for the sake of such a woman!

"Lucy, I'm sorry, I'm sorry"

"Lucy, I seem to be in love with you"

Unfortunately, he understood too late that his wife had passed away and no amount of remorse could bring her back.

On the day of her funeral, rain fell from the sky, not the usual summer downpour, but a fine, drizzling rain.

It was as if, God was also grieving for this wonderful and unfortunate woman.

Freya also went to Lucy's funeral. She stood in front of Lucy's grave, on which a picture of Lucy had been taken before was pasted.

When she is photographed, she seldom smiles, and her face is so bland that she can't take her eyes off it.

Phillip wore a black suit, staid and solemn, with black sunglasses, Freya was a bit far away from him, she could not see the expression on his face.

At the end of the funeral, the crowd dispersed sparsely, but Phillip did not leave.

He stood in front of Lucy's tombstone and suddenly knelt down on one knee, as if proposing marriage in a pious manner.

He had been holding an umbrella for Lucy's tombstone, as if he was afraid that the rain might spill on top of her tombstone.

Just when Freya thought Phillip would stay on one knee like that, he suddenly bent his face down and planted a deep kiss on Lucy's tombstone.

When she came to Lucy's funeral today, Freya had already tried hard not to shed tears, but when she saw this kiss from Phillip, she couldn't control the tears.

It turns out that he already loves Lucy so much!

Lucy, if you knew, would you feel relieved?

Maybe, it doesn't matter anymore.

After all, Phillip did not bury Lucy next to her mother's grave. He erected a monument without words next to Lucy's grave, and Freya knew that it was a monument that Phillip had erected for himself.

Alive, he could not accompany Lucy to grow old, and when he died, he wanted to be with Lucy till the end of time.

After leaving Lucy's grave, Freya's mood, in particular, remained particularly low.

Freddie looked even harder than she did, the sunny boy with the traces of undried tears hanging from the corners of his eyes.

But Freddie kept looking at Freya and smiling hard. He said, "Freya, I will be the best fashion designer and I will not let my idol down."

Hearing Freddie's words, Freya didn't know what to say.

In the twenty-five years of Lucy's life, all the tenderness was given to Phillip. Perhaps, in her heart, Freddie was just an insignificant passer-by, whether he was down and out in life, or successful and famous, she would not care.

But Freya wanted Freddie to pull himself together, so she just smiled at him.

One should always have a goal and persistence when living. Perhaps the persistence in Freddie's heart for Lucy will enable him to design better works and have the motivation to live better.

The death of Lucy made Freya feel that life is really short and unpredictable. Perhaps one moment ago, a person is alive and well, and the next, they leave this world in silence.

She wanted to cherish every second of her life and spend more time with the people she loved, even if she died in a moment, at least she would not let down the good years.

In the evening, after Freya personally cooked a meal for the two little ones, she went to the supermarket, bought food and went to Kieran's villa in an effort to rekindle old feelings with him.

Kieran's villa still hasn't changed its password, and the large villa is empty and unspeakably cold.

Freya put the ingredients she couldn't use for the time being in the fridge first, and she selected a few ingredients to prepare a good meal for Kieran.

For two people, four dishes and a soup, it was very generous.

After Freya finished cooking, Kieran still hadn't returned to the villa. She then realised that she had been so preoccupied with cooking that she had forgotten to ask in advance whether he would return to the villa for dinner tonight.

With this in mind, Freya hurriedly took out her mobile phone and sent him a text message.

"Brother, when do you get off work?"

"What is wrong?"

Looking at Kieran's concise reply, Freya could imagine the expression on his face right now, how cold it was.

But Freya didn't feel the least bit self-conscious about being disliked, she continued to reply in a pleasing manner, "Brother, I'm at your villa, I've cooked, let's have a meal together when you come back."

"Not available!"

Well, he didn't even have time to go home because he didn't want to see her.

Freya really didn't want to break up with Mr. Fitzgerald, but she knew in her heart that in the current situation, she could only retreat, otherwise she wouldn't even have a chance to get close to Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Brother, although you broke up with me, we are now considered ordinary friends, right?"

After a long interval, Freya finally waited for his reply.

"Yes."

"Since we're ordinary friends, it's normal for us to have a meal together! Brother, you wouldn't dare to have dinner with me as an ordinary friend, would you?"

After sending this message, Freya couldn't help but feel smug, Treating some people, she can't just compromise, she had to use the method of provocation.

If she had said so, he certainly wouldn't refuse.

The message came, and Freya hurriedly looked down to check, as she waited for Kieran to give in to her!

Chapter 639

Give her knowledge of Kieran, she felt that he would not refuse.

However, Kieran replied with a simple and concise “Yes”.

Freya only had a dumbfounded face, what did Mr. Fitzgerald mean by this, did he want to have a meal with this ordinary friend or not?

Freya is not a roundworm in Mr. Fitzgerald’s stomach, she can’t understand what the man deep inside is thinking, so she simply doesn’t waste any more brain cells and sits in the living room waiting for the rabbits.

Even if Mr. Fitzgerald didn’t want to have dinner with her, this was his villa after all, so she didn’t believe that he would not come back!

Freya waited for less than half an hour before she heard the sound of a vehicle outside. She knew it was Mr. Fitzgerald who had returned and hurriedly put the food inside the microwave to heat it up.

When Kieran entered, Freya was standing at the door of the living room, she looked at him with a smile, “Brother, from now on we are ordinary friends, between friends, we have to love each other more!”

Love each other?

Kieran frowned. Who cares to love this heartless woman!

But he was holding his breath in his stomach, and he didn’t bother to talk such nonsense to Freya.

When Kieran didn’t say anything, Freya didn’t get angry. With a smile in her eyes and a brisk pace, she took out the food from the microwave oven and put it on the table attentively.

Tonight, she made seafood lump soup, the soup was a bit too full and when she brought it to the table, the soup overflowed, the hot soup poured over her hands.

Freya’s face twisted that she couldn’t help but turn white. In fact, she quite wanted to pathetically put her hand out in front of Kieran to gain some sympathy, but she knew that he hated her now and if she did that, he would only think she was being pretentious, so she put her burned hand behind her back.

The hot soup poured over the back of her hand, instantly reddening a large area, which would definitely cause blisters in a while.

Kieran’s brows knitted together, he almost couldn’t control himself and grabbed Freya’s hand over to examine the injury on the back of her hand, but thinking that now they had broken up and were just ordinary friends, he finally stood still in all cold silence, not saying a word.

Freya did not like the atmosphere to be too stiff, and during the meal, she kept talking to Kieran to regulate the atmosphere, and even if she got no response at all, there was not a single shred of depression.

She likes Mr. Fitzgerald so much, even if he is only willing to give her a cold face, she is happy to be so close to him.

After finishing the meal, Freya cleared the table and then went to the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Kieran was about to go upstairs, when he saw Freya carrying the bowl into the kitchen, he couldn’t help but think again of the large patch of red on the back of her hand.

He couldn't resist turning around and following Freya right in the direction of the kitchen.

When he reached the kitchen door, his footsteps stopped abruptly again. Their current relationship was, at best, an ordinary friend after a breakup, not to mention that she only had a hand injury, and even if she had her hand chopped off, it would be irrelevant to him.

With this in mind, Kieran stopped staying downstairs, turned around and headed upstairs to his room.

The back of Freya's hand was already quite sore, and it hurt even more when it got wet while washing the dishes.

She wanted to go outside to buy some medicine for her burns, but Mr. Fitzgerald didn't kick her out, and she couldn't bear to leave like that, so after thinking about it, she decided to ignore the injury on her hand for the time being and stay with Mr. Fitzgerald.

It shouldn't be a problem to stay overnight at a normal friend's house or something!

Freya smilingly went upstairs and stood at the door of Kieran's room, "Brother, it's so late, it's not safe for me on the road, so why don't I just stay here for a night?"

Fearing that she might be thrown out by Kieran, she hurriedly continued, "Brother, don't worry, I'll sleep on the sofa, I know we're ordinary friends, I know what to do."

"Whatever!"

Kieran didn't promise to let her stay overnight, but his words weren't exactly kicking her out, so Freya happily went downstairs, intending to take a shower and then have a good night's sleep on the sofa in the living room.

Kieran's villa is very large and has quite a few guest rooms, but, he has no intention of having guests stayed here, and inside the guest rooms, so there are no beds.

The bed in his room was the only one left in the large villa.

Freya didn't like sleeping on the sofa, but when she thought that she would be able to have breakfast with Mr. Fitzgerald in the morning, she happily lay down on the sofa with her blanket after taking a shower.

What will she make for breakfast tomorrow morning?

Dumplings?

Freya thought about it and decided to cook noodles, the last time she gave Mr. Fitzgerald dumplings, but they were thrown away by him, he might not like them, he always liked to eat noodles cooked by her.

Thinking of the image of Mr. Fitzgerald eating her noodles tomorrow morning, the corners of Freya's lips couldn't help but rise, and soon, she drifted off to sleep.

Kieran was completely sleepless after his bath.

He had just treated the woman so coldly, she would, by now, have gone back.

Although he felt that Freya must have gone back, Kieran still intended to go downstairs to have a look.

However, he had just reached the stairway when he saw Freya cowering on the floor.

Apparently, she had just slept on the sofa, but because she was not a good sleeper and because the sofa was rather narrow, she rolled off the sofa.

She was sleeping soundly, probably dreaming of something beautiful, and the corners of her lips curved, uncontrollably, upwards.

Perhaps the ground was too hard and she couldn't help but frown again, as if to make herself slightly more comfortable, and she rolled over and went back to sleep on her back.

He turned around, trying to ignore Freya's presence, but the ground was too cool and even in early summer, sleeping on the floor was not good for health.

To Freya he was not cold-faced and cold-hearted enough after all, and with a quick step downstairs, he threw her into the upstairs room.

Ordinary friends?

Kieran snorted, well, their relationship is not ordinary!

However, since they had already broken up, Kieran had no intention of touching Freya again.

He placed her on the far side of the king-size bed and with that he lay down on the other side of it.

There is a large area in between, as if there was a river.

It's just that someone wants to cross this river.

Chapter 640

2-3 minutes

It kept Kieran awake late into the night.

Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore and threatened viciously, "Freya, behave yourself! Otherwise, I'll break your legs!"

In a daze, Freya heard someone say something about breaking her legs, and she was even more certain that it was Mr. Fitzgerald who had returned.

In this world, there is only Mr. Fitzgerald, with a dark and sullen face, yelling about breaking her legs, but in the end, he couldn't even touch a hair on her head!

She wanted to touch his face, which is so dark.

Freya let out a giggle as she reached out her hand, and went to touch Kieran's face.

Seeing that his bold and ordinary friend dared to touch his face, Kieran's handsome face sank even deeper.

As he was just about to chop up Freya's hands, he noticed that, on the back of her hands, several blisters had actually formed.

The skin, so delicate, was red and swollen with blisters, and looked extraordinarily frightening and pitiful.

Kieran's heart, which was covered with cold, was suddenly indescribably warm and soft. He swept a cold glance at Freya's face, but resigned himself to finding the ointment from the cabinet and rubbing it on her.

After rubbing the ointment, Kieran was afraid that she might wipe it off if she moved around, so he could only grab her hand and tell her to stop moving around.

Freya was quite good this time, and after the cool ointment was applied to the back of her hand, she was instantly obedient.

It was just that, after tossing and turning for so long, Kieran was even more unable to sleep until the early hours of the morning, when he drifted off to sleep.

When she woke up in the morning, she was startled to feel a pair of strong arms tightening around her.

She was clearly sleeping on the sofa at night, how could she be confined like this?

A familiar scent, slowly lingering on the tip of her nose, Freya instantly understood, the person holding her was Mr. Fitzgerald!

Mr. Fitzgerald couldn't let her sleep on the sofa!

Freya's heart softened, she turned her face and saw that Kieran was already asleep, so she bumped her guts and dropped a kiss on his lips.