

## Talented 641

### Chapter 641

Freya had just tried to sneak away after doing that, but before she could put some distance between her and him, she noticed a pair of dark eyes staring at her face.

Freya was startled by this sudden situation, she looked at Kieran with sleepy eyes and cried out pitifully, "Brother ....."

Freya was not afraid of Mr. Fitzgerald scolding her, even when he threatened to break her legs, she was actually not that afraid, she was most afraid of Mr. Fitzgerald not saying anything, but staring at her in such a cold and austere manner, as if, in the next moment, he would throw her out of the window.

Although Freya stole a kiss from him, her mind is still turning quite fast.

Her eyes darted around, intending to turn right from wrong.

"Brother, I was obviously sleeping on the sofa, why did you carry me to the bed? We've agreed before that we're normal friends now, how can normal friends sleep in the same bed at night!"

"Brother, just be honest, did you try to take advantage of me secretly when you carried me to bed?"

"Heh!"

Kieran snorted, "Freya, it was you stole a kiss from me!"

"I didn't!"

Freya hastily denied, "I just accidentally touched your lips, I was sleeping so soundly, how could I have stolen a kiss from you!"

Freya was not good at lying, her ears were going blushed, but in order not to be thrown out by Mr. Fitzgerald, she continued, "On the contrary, you took me to bed while I was sleeping. Who knows what you did to me?"

"Brother, you must have stolen a kiss from me, too! Maybe, besides stealing kisses from me, you did something else to me!"

After Freya said this, she felt that her body was also a bit out of place, as if .....

Freya continued to accuse Kieran, "Brother, you're shameless!"

After saying so many shameful words one after another, Freya's face was getting flushing and flushing, fortunately there were no lights on inside the room, Kieran could not see the embarrassment on her face.

Of course, Freya could not see that Kieran's handsome face was getting darker and darker.

Kieran's face was unpleasant that he had been caught by Freya doing something good.

But, he won't admit it!

"Freya, you're really confident!"

Kieran stared coldly at Freya, "Don't worry, this body of yours can't tickle my interest one bit!"

Kieran's words did not show any mercy to Freya, but after hearing his words, she was not angry at all.

Because, she didn't believe a word he said.

Her body is her own and she knows better than anyone what she has been through.

The back of her hand was cool, could it be that she had sleepwalked up and apply ointment herself?

Freya looked steadily at Kieran's dark eyes, she did not answer his words, and suddenly, she hugged his arm like a puppy.

"Freya, let go!"

Kieran's voice was cold and stern, but tinged with a distinct hoarseness.

Freya knew that what she was doing now would probably accidentally piss Mr. Fitzgerald off, making it impossible for them to even be normal friends in the future.

But how could he get back into her arms without pushing him hard!

"No! No even to death!"

Kieran knew that if he did something, he would fall the trap of this woman, but he couldn't stand it anymore.

"Freya, you asked for it!"

## **Chapter 642**

Like a hungry wolf.

It was only after releasing himself hard into Freya's body that Kieran began to regret it.

They broke up and became normal friends, but they had sex. What a load of crap!

He despised himself for being so determined to keep his distance from her, but when she undressed and offered herself, he couldn't help himself.

But having done it the first time tonight, it doesn't matter to have the second and third time.

Kieran doesn't want to hold back.

So he decisively lifted the slender waist of the woman who had been tossed to sleep by him and continued to.....

When Freya woke up in the morning, she really felt like her waist was about to be broken.

And, all over her body, there were hickeys.

Freya's skin is really tender, probably, such force on other women's bodies, it does not leave much obvious marks, but on her body, with casual toss, it is indescribably frightening.

Freya looked aggrieved at the red marks on her body, and when she raised her face, she saw Kieran, who was standing on the balcony smoking.

“Brother .....

Hearing Freya’s voice, Kieran turned around. He crushed out the cigarette in his hand, and then walked inside the room without any haste.

“Brother, last night, we .....

Freya suppressed the shyness in her heart and said to Kieran, “Brother, we had sex last night. Is it considered getting back together?”

“Get back together?”

Kieran snorted disdainfully, “Freya, we’ve already broken up. You were the one who said that we are now just ordinary friends.”

Freya was so angry that she wanted to slap Kieran to death. Which normal friends would have sex together!

And, having sex several times a night!

She had been tossed to sleep last night, but she still had the feeling in her daze that he must have tossed her more than once.

When Kieran refused to admit it, Freya could only continue to reason with him with a blushed face, “Last night, it was you who took the initiative to carry me to bed! You took advantage of me, so you have to be responsible for me!”

After saying this, Freya’s face went more blushing.

She has always been thin-skinned and has never wanted to pester a man into taking responsibility for her, but he was her favourite Mr. Fitzgerald!

She wanted to grow old with him and she had to be brazen enough to snatch him back.

“Heh!”

Kieran smiled coldly, the face that was more handsome than Apollo, the sun god in ancient Greek mythology, but there was no warmth of the sun, only the cold from the eighteenth level of hell.

“Freya, it is just a night of sex, if I were responsible for every woman, I would be busy!”

“Freya, if you can afford to play, let’s continue to be ordinary friends, if you can’t, then get out!”

Freya was almost so angry with Kieran that she vomited blood. Last night, he was so obsessed with her body, and now, with clothes on, he denied it?

How is he so capable!

Freya was so angry that she wanted to yell, "Brother, you can't do this to me! You can't be so cruel to me! You must be responsible for me since you have touched me!" But she resisted the urge to yell and scream.

Freya gasped hard for a few breaths, trying to calm her heart that had exploded with anger, she hooked her lips and smiled coldly, "Then what are the two of us now? Ordinary friends would not have sex!"

Kieran did not speak immediately, his eyelids half-lidded, as if he was thinking very seriously about this question from Freya.

There was a long moment of contemplation before he said seriously, "Fuck buddies!"

### **Chapter 643**

"Ha!"

Freya was really exasperated by Kieran.

She found it really, really funny that she had chased after him shamelessly, trying to get back together with him, not realizing that in the end, after tossing and turning, they had just gone from ordinary friends to fuck buddies?

Shouldn't she admire the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald, such a old-fashioned man, still knew the word fuck buddies?

Freya also genuinely felt that the relationship between her and Mr. Fitzgerald was truly magical enough.

From husband and wife, to strangers, to lovers, to later ordinary friends, and now even better, straight to fuck buddies.

Really, between two people, there will never be such a complicated relationship as the one between her and Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Well, it's quite good!" Freya was so angry that her lips twitched for a while before he said with a seeming smile.

She lifted her face, those brimming yet clear eyes staring at Kieran for an instant, "Your idea is really quite good! Then let's be fuck buddies from now on!"

After saying this, Freya added another sentence in her mind, "Mr. Fitzgerald, don't you regret it! Don't regret it at the end of your life!

When you regain your memory, even if you kneel down, in this life, we'll only be fuck buddies!

However, Freya really feels that it is not bad to be fuck buddies, at least, to be able to accompany Mr. Fitzgerald every day, moreover, Mr. Fitzgerald has handsome face and good body shape.

The only thing is that doing the sex thing doesn't have to be binding on the other person, and neither of them is in a position to interfere with the other when they each find a boyfriend or girlfriend or marry.

Freya thought angrily.

Fine, she'll find a boyfriend tomorrow, she'll have two lovers to piss him off!

After this morning's incident, Freya was in a bad mood all day, and apart from seeing patients, she spent the rest of the day in a grim sneer.

After a cold laugh, Freya's heart was filled with a wave of indescribable sadness.

She knew that it was a disguised way of humiliating her that Mr. Fitzgerald called them fuck bodies.

It costs money to find a prostitute or a lover, but this kind of sex is purely free.

As a qualified fuck body, by definition, she should go to his villa tonight, but when she thought of this morning, he threw a box of morning-after pills to her with a cold face, she suddenly didn't have the courage to go to him tonight.

The undisguised disdain and contempt in his eyes pierced her heart and soul.

Not wanting to go to Mr. Fitzgerald's villa, Freya asked Kiki to go to Blues.

Kiki is about to get married to Quinn, and she also wants to have a pre-wedding liberation and get drunk with Freya this night.

Hearing Freya say that Mr. Fitzgerald said that they were fuck buddies, Kiki was also outright pissed off.

"I found out that after Mr. Fitzgerald lost his memory, he's been making a fool of himself every day! Freya, when he regains his memory, he'll apologize to you, don't even forgive him!"

"Kiki, you know I will forgive Mr. Fitzgerald." Freya sighed quietly, "I like him so much! He just relies on the fact that I like him to bully me so much!"

"Freya, what are your plans for the future? Do you really want to be Mr. Fitzgerald's fuck buddy?" Kiki asked as she looked at Freya with a heartbroken expression.

Freya grabbed the wine glass in front of her and dashily drained the red wine inside, "Yes! Why not! It's just sex! If he dares to do it, why wouldn't I dare!"

Kiki wanted to grab the glass from Freya's hand, she knew how bad Freya's drinking was, but seeing Freya's uncomfortable look, she still withdrew her hand.

It is said that drunkenness is the solution to sorrows. Perhaps, with a little wine, Freya will not feel so bad.

"Freya, you've had quite a lot of wine, let me take you back to Kelsington Bay." Kiki saw that Freya was addicted to drinking, and she eventually snatched the glass from her hand.

But Freya stubbornly snatched the glass back, "Kiki, let me drink! I want a drink!"

When Freya tried to pour herself a drink, she shook the bottle and found that it was surprisingly empty inside.

Without the wine, she didn't bother to keep asking for it, she just looked at Kiki and smiled with a sad face.

"Kiki, Mr. Fitzgerald forced me to take acyeterion. He said it was cheap to be a fuck buddy with me."

“It costs money to find a prostitute, so why wouldn’t he want a fuck buddy like me on his doorstep!”

“Kiki, how can he say that?”

“If he said this, how distressed he’ll be when he gets his memory back!”

“Freya, don’t feel bad, everything will be fine.” Kiki clutched Freya’s hand heartily, “I don’t believe that Mr. Fitzgerald won’t recover his memory for the rest of his life! He will remember you one day!”

“Freya, why don’t you take the paternity test to Mr. Fitzgerald, maybe he will believe that the paternity test is true?”

“Kiki, it’s useless, Mr. Fitzgerald won’t believe it. He’s already subconsciously identified himself as Simon, and if I take the report over, he’ll just think I’m playing some kind of conspiracy again. But no matter how badly Mr. Fitzgerald treats me, I won’t blame him, he’s just forgotten about me, I don’t blame him.”

What Mr. Fitzgerald had done recently had indeed been hard on Freya’s heart, but she thought she could understand him.

It was as if she had always identified herself as Freya, and if a person suddenly came along and told her that she was not Freya but someone else, she would not believe it.

Freya drank a bit too much wine, she lay on Kiki’s shoulder, cried and laughed for a while, and then fell into a deep sleep.

Freya was so drunk that Kiki could not get her back alone, so she took out her mobile phone, intending to call Freddie and ask him to come over to help.

Before she could pull out her phone, she only felt pain in the back of her neck and her body fell uncontrollably onto the sofa behind her.

The moment before Kiki lost consciousness, she seemed to be hearing Dylan’s voice.

He said, “Kiki, do you know how miserable my sister is? You and Christ have caused her so much misery, and I want to get it back from you a thousand times over!”

Penny is now miserable?

In the darkness, Kiki thought somewhat wearily that it had indeed been a long time since she had heard from Penny.

But, she didn’t really know what had happened to Penny.

Kiki didn’t think too much about it, because the next second, her consciousness was completely engulfed by the infinite darkness.

After Kiki was carried away by Dylan, a woman dressed all in black walked up to Freya.

Her face, shrouded in gloom, was not visible enough with a pair of heavy sunglasses.

Suddenly, she stretched out her hand and gently touched Freya’s face, the corners of her lips curled up in a smile that was creepy.

“Freya, do you think that if you had slept with your own brother, would Bernice be happy in hell?”

#### **Chapter 644**

The woman standing in the gloom is Gracie Morris, Regina’s mother.

She half-lowered her eyelids and laughed coldly at Freya’s delicate face. If Freya was awake now, she would have gotten goose bumps from her laughter.

“Freya, I originally wanted to send you straight to Bernice, but now, I’ve changed my mind. I do think that it’s more fun to have you and Jacob together in incest!”

“Freya, when you become Jacob’s woman, and he finds out that you are his sister, how wonderful it would be?”

This evening, Freya and Kiki had their drinks in the lobby of Blues. They were sitting in a rather remote location, and with the dazzling light and shadows in Blues and everyone busy with their own business, no one really noticed Freya’s situation.

When Dylan carried Kiki out just now, someone saw him, but Kiki’s face was buried in his chest, and he was holding Kiki not like a kidnapping, but like carrying his drunken girlfriend home, so no one thought much of it.

“Freya, do you know how much I hate you? Bernice stole my man, and now, you’ve stolen my precious daughter’s man, I hate you so much that I wish to kill you with a thousand cuts!”

“But soon you won’t be in a position to steal a man from Regina, so you’ll be with your own brother, unseen for the rest of your life!”

After saying this, Gracie fiercely withdrew her hand from Freya’s face, she, in fact, wanted to directly tear Freya’s face, but some of the things she had done a while ago had already aroused the suspicion of the Wells family, and she now did not dare to blatantly let her hands be covered in blood again.

Gracie gave a wink to the man standing behind her, who understood and quickly picked up Freya, who had fallen on the sofa, in a horizontal embrace.

The man was wearing a wide black trench coat, and Freya’s face just buried in his trench coat, so the guests coming and going could not really see the face of the woman in his arms.

What’s more, in the Blues, a man hugging a woman, such a situation could not be more normal and no one would even think twice about it.

Freya had been sleeping soundly, but after being picked up by that man, she suddenly opened her eyes slowly.

But when she opened her eyes, there was still darkness before her.

Freya’s head hurt so badly that she had wanted to close her eyes and go back to sleep for a while, but the unfamiliar scent made her heart panic to the extreme and she fiercely stretched out her hand, then life the man’s clothes covering her away.

“Who are you? Let go!”

Freya tried to push the man away with the force of her hands, but the man's strength was too great and his arms were like iron pincers, so she could not push him away.

"Let go of me!"

Realizing the danger, Freya was so anxious that she struggled desperately, despite her dizzying head, "Put me down! Help!"

The man didn't expect Freya to wake up suddenly, he was afraid that he might attract the attention of other guests, so he hastily pulled out a hand and covered Freya's mouth with force.

Freya opened her mouth and bit hard on that man's arm. She thought that if she bit so hard, that man would have to let her go, but as if he didn't know the pain, he continued to cover her mouth with a deadly grip.

She couldn't call for help, she couldn't break her grip, only allowed her to be carried upstairs to a compartment.

Where is Kiki?

Freya suddenly realised something very serious, if Kiki was fine and she was suddenly carried away, there was no way Kiki would not stop it.

In other words, Kiki is certainly powerless to stop it now.

What have they done to Kiki?

Freya wanted to ask this man where Kiki was and what they had done to her, but, with her mouth so covered by him, her mouth could only make a whimpering sound.

The man carried her up to the box on the top floor, and as soon as he pulled open the door to the box, he quickly threw her in.

The inside of the compartment was dark, thick black and particularly insecure.

Freya rushed to the door of the compartment, and with force in her hands, she tried to rip the door open.

However, the door to the compartment had been locked from the outside, she couldn't open it.

Freya fumbled to turn on the light inside the compartment and she saw that there was a big black bed on the compartment closest to the window, which was empty.

Freya's consciousness was getting more and more chaotic and her vision was getting blurred, she now simply didn't have any spare brain cells to think.

She staggered over to the bed, wanting to lie down and sleep through the night.

But, as she had just laid down on the bed, her head was vaguely clear.

She had been forcibly locked into this compartment, and here, it was dangerous.

She can't find Kiki either, she has to go find Kiki!



Freya struggled to get up from the bed, her upper and lower eyelids kept fighting. With that little amount of alcohol, it was the limit for her to stay awake for a short while after being drunk.

Freya's body stumbled violently and she fell straight to the ground.

Her hands kept clawing at the ground, but no matter how hard she grabbed, she couldn't get up off the ground.

When Jacob came out of the bathroom, he saw this scene that a woman in a white dress, lying on the floor, scratching, her feet slightly tilted, which was charming and cute.

Jacob has always been cautious, he just didn't expect someone to have the audacity to drug his wine tonight.

He had always been restrained and naturally after being drugged he would not seek out a woman to vent his frustrations, he went straight to his room and took a cold shower.

He never thought that a woman would somehow appear inside his room.

Is this the woman the Wells family got?

Even if he thought her back was a bit seductive, Jacob's first instinct was to throw her out.

"Get up! Get out!"

There was a distinctly fierce aura in Jacob's voice, a man who had emerged from the Shuraba with a hellish spectre that was uncontrollably gut-wrenching.

If she had been sober, Freya would have been frightened by Jacob's voice, but she had always been slow to react when she was drunk, and she really didn't feel afraid of the voice.

Moreover, she was now so drunk that she had long forgotten where she was.

She just muddled through thinking, did someone come to her for a fortune telling?

Freya turned her face and looked at Jacob, a handsome face not far away constantly swaying back and forth, but she couldn't really see it.

Later, that face, again, began to appear phantom, and eventually, it became Mr. Fitzgerald's face.

## **Chapter 645**

The private room on the top floor of the Blues is said to be a private room but is actually more like a guest room.

The private rooms on the top floor are luxuriously decorated and in no way inferior to the presidential suites of five-star hotels.

The chandelier inside the living room, with its hazy light, sprinkled on Freya's face, setting off her face delicate.

Jacob froze, how could he have not expected that the woman inside the box would be Freya?

The only woman he has ever moved to in all his years of living.

Looking at the face in front of him that had intruded into his dreams countless times in midnight dreams, Jacob instantly felt that the drug inside his body, which had been easily suppressed by the cold shower just now, had started to frantically invade every nerve in his body again.

His body, for a moment, was terribly hot, and his eyes could not be controlled to glow.

His body, especially as he watched her smilingly take a step towards him, was hot as a branding iron.

“Freya.”

Jacob opened his mouth, his sharp eyes locked on Freya’s face, unknowingly, but tinged with a layer of indescribable softness.

After he took over the reins of the Wells’, he was thunderous and ruthless in his methods, damaging the interests of many elderly members of the family.

Those elderly were shoving women at him almost every other day in an attempt to break down his layers of defences and get some advantage out of him.

Unfortunately, he was so cold-hearted that he threw out all the women.

If, this time, it was another woman they had sent, he would not have hesitated to throw her out of the window, but the woman standing in front of him now was Freya.

She smiled lightly at him.

He suddenly felt that this time those elderly were so to his liking that it was not a bad idea for him to give them some favours.

After meeting Freya, he had investigated Freya’s background. She was a widow of Mr. Fitzgerald, and it was widely rumoured among high society that she had been banished from the Fitzgerald family after Mr. Fitzgerald’s death.

He doesn’t care that she has been married and has had children, he will protect her.

“Hey handsome, let me tell you a fortune!”

Freya stared dumbly at Jacob in front of her, she had drunk too much wine tonight, heaven and earth were shaking, the only thing she could see, now, was that face of Mr. Fitzgerald.

She wants to tell him his fortune!

“You’ve drunk?”

Jacob frowned, Freya looked like she had drunk.

What he did to her while she was drunk seemed a bit of taking advantage of the situation, but she didn’t seem to hate him, and besides, he would be responsible for her, and it wasn’t a loss for her.

Freya stumbled forward and grabbed his wrist with one hand.

She lifted her face to look at him, and there was a distinctly pleasing look on that face.

“I’ll tell your fortune ..... I’ll tell your fortune, and in the future, don’t leave me again, OK?”

Jacob's throat tightened, could it be that this long unrequited love was not his wishful thinking, but that she actually missed him in her heart too?

Jacob knew that the possibility was really slim and remote, but at this moment, he still wanted to deceive himself.

"I'll tell your fortune ....."

When Jacob was in a trance, Freya had grabbed his wrist, "I see, you like me."

With that, Freya raised her face and just giggled out softly.

Mr. Fitzgerald likes her!

How could Mr. Fitzgerald not like her!

Even if he had lost his memory, even if he had hurt her time and again with the most vicious words, she could still feel that, in fact, Mr. Fitzgerald was deeply attracted to her!

Originally, tonight, Jacob had no intention of being a decent man, and after hearing Freya's words, he was even more completely unable to control himself.

With a turn, he fiercely pressed Freya against the door of the room in front of him, and his burning kiss, then, covered her lips.

The man's voice, which had lost its usual coldness, was tinged with certain loveliness.

He said, "Freya, I will be responsible for you."

Kieran did not work late tonight.

Thinking that in the evening Freya would come over to pester him for dinner, he drove his car to the villa just as it was time to leave work.

Kieran was chagrined in his mind.

This morning, what he said seemed to be a bit hard to hear.

He said that Freya was not as good as a prostitute, for he had to pay for a lady, but she was totally free.

He knew that Freya was so heartless, but when he thought of her face in the morning, he couldn't help but feel pain in his heart.

Tonight, he will be kind to her.

After all, he was happy with her, the fuck buddy.

When Kieran returned to the villa, he found that Freya had not come over.

The hospital is also just getting off work now, and she may not arrive before him with his car driving so fast.

He subconsciously took out his phone to see if there were any messages from Freya. After swiping through his phone, Kieran's face took on a distinctly disappointed look.

Not a single missed call or message.

Kieran suddenly had an indescribable irritation in his heart, didn't she like to shamelessly pester him?

How come she didn't even send him a single message all day today?

Kieran grumpily lit a cigarette, he suddenly had the feeling that he was not cherished anymore.

That feeling was extraordinarily hard to bear.

Perhaps his words in the morning had really broken her heart.

He took the initiative to cook tonight, after all, they will have to be fuck buddies or ordinary friends in the future, it is still somewhat necessary to maintain a good relationship.

Kieran got up, took out the ingredients from inside the fridge and went into the kitchen.

Now, he only hoped that Freya wouldn't feel so bad because of what he had said this morning, forgetting that he had once said that he would never look at Freya, a shameless woman, again in his life!

There are quite a few ingredients inside the fridge, and Kieran has cooked several dishes. He is smart and learns things quickly, so it is naturally not difficult for him to do things like cooking.

Only, after he finished cooking, Freya still didn't come over.

He went inside the living room to check his phone, which also remained excessively quiet.

Kieran was so angry that he wanted to throw his own phone out, but after thinking about it, he grabbed his own phone and dialed Freya's number.

Almost immediately, the call was answered, and after a short silence, Kieran tried to hang up again.

Clearly, she was the one pestering him, and now, he's chasing after her ass!

He's just addicted to being a bitch!

A long, slender finger, sliding across the phone screen, was about to end the call, but Kieran heard a man's voice, saying, Freya, I will be responsible for you.

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He knew that Freya was so heartless, but when he thought of her face in the morning, he couldn't help but feel pain in his heart.

Tonight, he will be kind to her.

After all, he was happy with her, the fuck buddy.

When Kieran returned to the villa, he found that Freya had not come over.

The hospital is also just getting off work now, and she may not arrive before him with his car driving so fast.

He subconsciously took out his phone to see if there were any messages from Freya. After swiping through his phone, Kieran's face took on a distinctly disappointed look.

Not a single missed call or message.

Kieran suddenly had an indescribable irritation in his heart, didn't she like to shamelessly pester him?

How come she didn't even send him a single message all day today?

Kieran grumpily lit a cigarette, he suddenly had the feeling that he was not cherished anymore.

That feeling was extraordinarily hard to bear.

Perhaps his words in the morning had really broken her heart.

He took the initiative to cook tonight, after all, they will have to be fuck buddies or ordinary friends in the future, it is still somewhat necessary to maintain a good relationship.

Kieran got up, took out the ingredients from inside the fridge and went into the kitchen.

Now, he only hoped that Freya wouldn't feel so bad because of what he had said this morning, forgetting that he had once said that he would never look at Freya, a shameless woman, again in his life!

There are quite a few ingredients inside the fridge, and Kieran has cooked several dishes. He is smart and learns things quickly, so it is naturally not difficult for him to do things like cooking.

Only, after he finished cooking, Freya still didn't come over.

He went inside the living room to check his phone, which also remained excessively quiet.

Kieran was so angry that he wanted to throw his own phone out, but after thinking about it, he grabbed his own phone and dialed Freya's number.

Almost immediately, the call was answered, and after a short silence, Kieran tried to hang up again.

Clearly, she was the one pestering him, and now, he's chasing after her ass!

He's just addicted to being a bitch!

A long, slender finger, sliding across the phone screen, was about to end the call, but Kieran heard a man's voice, saying, Freya, I will be responsible for you.

## **Chapter 647**

This is a misunderstanding!

If Mr. Fitzgerald were to share a room with a woman who only had a bath towel around her waist, she would have to be furious.

Now, when he sees her and Jacob like this, it's a wonder he's not angry!

Especially, he likes to be jealous!

Freya did not know what to do now that she saw Kieran standing at the entrance of the box.

She desperately wanted to clear up any misunderstanding Mr. Fitzgerald had about her, but her drunken brain was extraordinarily slow to react and she couldn't think of a way to deal with it.

She could only stand foolishly in place and call out to him in a pleading manner, "Brother."

As if Jacob did not see Kieran, he repeated to Freya again with immense seriousness, "Freya, I will be responsible for you!"

Freya's brain hurts so much that she can't even stand up. Jacob said he would be responsible for her in front of Mr. Fitzgerald.

Kieran's cool laugh rang through the air as soon as Jacob's words left his lips.

"Heh!"

Freya's body shivered uncontrollably as she stumbled towards Kieran, "Brother, let's go home ....."

Freya's brain was now terribly slow, but there were some things that she was quite capable of doing.

It really doesn't matter what other people are feeling, as long as Mr. Fitzgerald doesn't get angry.

When she jumped on Kieran, he subconsciously tried to shake her off, but both her hands were wrapped around his waist, so he couldn't shake them off at once.

Freya sensed Mr. Fitzgerald's grumpy mood of wanting to throw her out, she hugged him even harder, she pouted and said pitifully, "Brother, you are so late! Will you take me home?"

Kieran stared coldly at Freya.

Jacob also noticed Kieran at this time, the warmth in his body fading away inch by inch, leaving only a fierce aura with obvious ferocity.

"Let her go!"

"Brother, take me home! He's sending me to feed the wolves!" Freya seemed to see a ferocious hungry wolf lunging at her, she pitifully pressed her head against Kieran's chest, "Save me, I don't want to be sent to feed the wolves!"

"Brother, he may have a problem in his head."

Seeing that Freya was so dependent on Kieran, Jacob's face became more and more unpleasant.

For the first time in his life, he wants to be responsible for a woman and she says he's out of his mind!

Well, this woman has the nerve!

Jacob knew that Simon was Kieran's Brother, and he and Freya were also considered relatives, but even if they were relatives, it was still too ambiguous for a grown man and woman to hug each other like this.

Jacob sensed something keenly, but almost immediately, he dismissed his thoughts again.

Freya is obviously nostalgic for the departed Mr. Fitzgerald, and she will rely on Simon like this only because, she is afraid that he will send her to feed the wolves.

Jacob's brow was wrinkled, he wanted to be near her so badly and yet she was so afraid of him, it made him tedious.



Originally, when he heard Jacob's words on the phone about being responsible for Freya, Kieran still wished to crush Freya, but now when he saw how dependent she was on him and how much she seemed to hate Jacob, his heart instantly warmed and softened.

He was not without any judgement; the door to this compartment, when he had just come over, had been unlocked from the outside, and it was clear that she would be in this compartment tonight, having been set up.

Since, it was not she who had taken the initiative to throw herself at Jacob, he forgave her.

"Jacob, behave yourself!"

Kieran picked Freya up in a horizontal embrace, and without even looking at Jacob, he carried her with him as he walked quickly outside the box.

Staring deadly at Kieran's back, the heavy fury in Jacob's eyes was overwhelming.

Only, with only a bath towel around him now, he didn't immediately chase them out.

This woman was afraid of him, which irritated him, he had to do something to qualify for the plunder.

After being carried out of the box by Kieran, Freya hurriedly started calling Kiki.

After her brain stopped functioning, her fingers did not obey her, and she fumbled with her phone for a while, but could not find Kiki's number.

"Brother, I'm going to get Kiki!"

"Just now Quinn has already picked up Kiki and gone back." Kieran lied.

Just now, he received a call from Quinn that something had happened to Kiki, and he mobilized a lot of his men to help Quinn to find Kiki.

If Freya went over now, she wouldn't be able to help in any way, she could only be anxious. He didn't want her to worry too much, so he could only lie to her first.

If it was in normal times, when Kieran said this, Freya would definitely not have believed it.

How could Kiki ignore her and just go back with Quinn first?!

But now, her brain was controlled by alcohol and she was horribly sluggish, she just thought that Kiki must be safe with Quinn, then she would be relieved.

While her head was getting dizzy, Freya was extraordinarily eager to tell someone's fortune.

After being carried to the back seat by Kieran, Freya lay on top of him, soft as a good little kitten.

Suddenly, she grabbed his arm, then raised her face and said with a smile, "Brother, can I tell your fortune?"

"No!" Kieran refused coldly, she was neatly dressed and must not have been bullied by Jacob, but the thought of Jacob's burning eyes when he looked at her made him uncomfortably unhappy inside.

Having been rejected by Kieran so abruptly, Freya was upset, and when she turned her face, she saw the back of Bradley's head.

"Bradley, let me tell your fortune, okay?"

Without waiting for Bradley to speak, Freya smiled and said, "You will have a woman soon."

"Well, you might get kiss."

Hearing Freya's words, Bradley almost choked to death on his own saliva.

Seeing Bradley's reaction, Freya couldn't help but ask in a bit of confusion, "Bradley, why are you so excited? You haven't really been kissed, have you?"

"If a woman kissed you, you wouldn't be so excited. Is it that the person who kissed you was a man?!"

Crap!

Bradley's foot slammed down, almost causing Koenigsegg to spin in place. Miss Stahler's fortune telling was so accurate!

With this, it made Freya's head hit the car seat in front of her, it's a wonder she couldn't feel Bradley's excitement!

She looked at Bradley dumbfounded, "I really got it right? Bradley, you've really been kissed by a man?!"

"Bradley, Winnie has been chasing you for so long and you're ignoring her, is it because, she's the wrong gender? I think I know a great secret, I'll be silenced!"

"Before I get silenced, can I ask one more question? Bradley, who was the man kissed you?"

## **Chapter 648**

When Freya asked him, Bradley couldn't just ignore it, but he really didn't have the guts to tell Freya that the person who kissed him was his boss!

Bradley wanted to cry, in order to not offend to offend the two, he could only speak, "I ..... I do not know."

"You don't know?!"

Freya was directly stunned, "You were kissed and you didn't even know who he was?!"

"Miss Stahler, just don't ask, I really don't know."

Bradley really wanted to cry, he knew in his heart that his boss was very image conscious in front of Freya, if he dared to tell Freya the truth, his boss would still abuse him to death!

"I got it!"

Hearing Freya's voice, Bradley's heart instantly lifted, how did she know again?

What did she know?

Kieran's eyes, too, fell on Freya's face, and his throat suddenly tickled a little, so he couldn't help but cough a few times.

That kiss incident was a psychological shadow on Bradley, and why not on him!

He still recoils when he thinks about it.

He felt sick to his stomach, and if Freya found out, she'd dislike him!

"Miss Stahler, what do you know?" Bradley asked.

"I know who kissed you!"

Hearing Freya's words, Bradley almost knocked the steering wheel out of his hand.

Feeling Kieran's sharp gaze landing on the back of his head, Bradley decided to ask further.

Even if Freya guessed that his boss had kissed him, for the sake of his boss's manly dignity, he would have to deny it!

"Who ..... who?"

"A man who is strangely ugly!" Freya said with unparalleled certainty, "You don't even want to mention him, he must be ugly!"

"Yeah, he's not only ugly, he's psychologically twisted! Well, he must have a serious mental defect!"

"Bradley, you poor thing, you've been kissed by a psychologically twisted psychopath!"

Bradley winced, he too felt sorry for himself, tomorrow, most likely this psychologically twisted psychopath would beat him to death!

After sympathizing with Bradley, Freya turned to Kieran for empathy, "Brother, why do you think some people are so twisted? Bradley is so pathetic!"

The corners of Kieran's lips twitched. Psychological twist?

Well, tonight he'll show her what it means to be psychologically twisted!

Bradley was trembling all the way, afraid that after Freya had said that he was so pitiful, Kieran would also say in a meaningful way that, well, he was indeed so pitiful.

That would make him really miserable tomorrow!

Luckily, his boss didn't say that, so did that prove that he didn't have to have his leg broken?

Fearing that Freya would discuss any more kiss discussions, after sending her and Kieran back to Kelsington Bay, Bradley rushed outside as if to escape.

In fact, Freya doesn't have much energy to discuss any kiss with Bradley now.

She had a weak stomach, she couldn't eat all day today, and after drinking so much wine in the evening, she had such a pain in her stomach after telling Bradley's fortune that she didn't even have the strength to speak.

The more her stomach hurt, the clearer her mind, the clearer she remembered that this morning, Mr. Fitzgerald had forced her to take that kind of medicine, and she also remembered clearly that in his heart, she was lower than a prostitute.

Originally, most of Freya's body was still snuggled up to Kieran, and after her mind gradually became clearer, she wanted to keep some distance from his body.

She moved her body away from him and flopped down on the other side of the window, staring out at the traffic outside the car.

It was hard for her.

Recently, she has been pleasing Mr. Fitzgerald, and coaxing him, in fact, she also wants someone to coax her.

Kieran didn't notice Freya's difference, she had suddenly become so quiet, he thought it was because she was sleepy from the alcohol again.

The relationship between them now was not much better. If she did not take the initiative to lean on him, he naturally would not take the initiative to approach her.

Kieran thought that, being so staggeringly drunk, she would take the initiative to let him carry her when she got off the car.

Surprisingly, she got out of the car by herself and didn't even bother to walk over to take his hand.

Was he going to take her hand?

He doesn't have that kind of time!

Kieran deliberately slowed down his steps, and after several steps, she still had no intention to approach him, so he simply did not bother to wait for her, his long straight legs took a step, and in the blink of an eye he had disappeared in front of Freya.

Freya's stomach ached more and more, and cold sweat broke out on her forehead. Looking at the star-studded night sky, she couldn't help but remember that once upon a time, it was also a starry night, amidst a shower of rose petals, when he got down on one knee and proposed to her reverently.

He said that he would be good to her for the rest of his life.

He was also the one who said, "Freya, you are lower than a prostitute."

Obviously, still the one who once loved her the most, how come now he makes her hurt so much!

Freya was suddenly angry that he had forgotten her, that he had made her hurt so much.

If it was in normal times, she would not have been angry with Kieran, but when she was drunk, she was extraordinarily stubborn and she just did not want to care about him.

Freya knew that he must have gone back to his room by now, and she didn't want to go to his room to look for him, so she plopped down on the sofa in the living room, intending to sleep through the night.

In fact, after tossing and turning most of the night, she was really a bit sleepy, only, her stomach ached too much for her to sleep.

Freya curled up on the sofa, clutching her stomach hard to ease the pain, but no matter how hard she clutched her stomach, the pain continued unabated.

Freya was in so much pain that she wanted to cry.

Mr. Fitzgerald would not have spared her such pain.

But now with he would deliberately make her hurt.

When Kieran returned to his room, he saw that Freya was late in coming up and he couldn't help but be a little worried.

He lit a cigarette irritably, crushed it out, and walked briskly downstairs.

When he came downstairs, he saw Freya lying on the sofa, her two shoulders twitching, looking so pitiful.

She was crying.

Kieran's mind became even more annoyed.

He was so annoyed that he wanted to crush her shoulders.

"Freya, if you cry again, believe it or not I'll break your legs!"

Freya was already having a hard time, and when Kieran's words were so cold, she felt even harder inside, and her shoulders shook more.

Kieran cursed lowly in frustration and walked quickly to the sofa, he lifted Freya's chin as he tried to tell her to stop crying.

Before he could say these words, he suddenly noticed that Freya's lips with obvious redness and swelling.

"Freya, what did you do with Jacob?! You kissed, didn't you!"

## **Chapter 649**

"It's none of your business!" Freya growled under her breath.

If it were usual, she would have eagerly explained to him that there was nothing between her and Jacob.

No, not really nothing, she had been forcibly kissed by him.

But she didn't like it at all.

But now, she was just angry, she didn't want to explain to Kieran, no matter how much he misunderstood her, she was too angry to explain to him.

"Freya, say it again?!"

Kieran's voice was heavy with threat, but Freya seemed to be oblivious to all this. She stubbornly raised her chin and repeated what she had just said, "I said, it's none of your business!"

When she misbehaved so badly, Kieran was so angry that he could not crush her jaw, but he could not so in the end, he could only coldly shake her off.

"Brother, you're angry, aren't you?"

Freya suddenly pulled her lips and smiled gently, only, her smile was tinged with a bit of childish exasperation.

"Brother, even if you're angry, it's none of your business! Who do you think you are to me!"

"You're not my boyfriend, and you're even less my husband! You're just my fuck buddy! A fuck buddy is in no position to control me!"

"Brother, not to mention that I just kissed another man, even if I had slept with another man, you have no right to control me!"

"Freya!"

Kieran's handsome face was as dark as a starless night, and he stared at Freya without a moment's hesitation, with a look that seemed to want to eat her alive.

Freya turned her face aside because she was angry, she didn't see how gloomy Kieran's face was now, so she was still bold.

"Wait, Brother, I'll go on a blind date tomorrow! Yes, I'll find a man to marry soon! Then, we'll continue to be fuck buddies! Anyway, we don't have to be responsible for the sex, so when we're done, we can just leave. It is good that we can be fuck buddies all our lives."

"Freya!"

Kieran was so furious that he wanted to tear Freya's mouth apart.

She still wants to go on a blind date? She wants to find a man to marry, and she wants to be fuck buddie with him for the rest of her life?

This woman treats him like a free pimp, doesn't she!

If, indeed, she dared to marry another man, he feared, he would make the world a river of blood.

Just as the thought flashed through Kieran's mind, he heard her say again in that voice that pissed him off, "Brother, you treat me like a free prostitute, but in fact, you're a free pime in my mind, too! We're the same!"

"Yes, you're a free pime in my mind, don't you like to make me take that kind of medicine? Even if you don't let me take it, I'll still take it! I'm not going to give you a baby!"

Freya's voice suddenly lowered quite a bit as she repeated again, "Yes, I will take that kind of medicine and I will not give you children. In this life, in the next life, I won't give you children!"

It was clear that he was the one who forced her to take that kind of medicine, but listening to her cry that she would not give him a child, his heart was still indescribably grumpy.

Even, he couldn't help but grind his teeth, "Freya, how you dare!"

"Heh! What wouldn't I dare!"

Freya's stomach hurt so much, but the stubbornness in her body didn't diminish a bit, "I won't give birth to a child to a fuck buddy! Brother, don't worry, I will never carry your child!"

Looking at Freya's hand over her belly, Kieran was directly exasperated by her.

Yes, she only wanted to give birth to his own brother in her life, how would she want to have his child?

Freya seemed to think that the few words she said weren't harsh enough, she increased her tone again, "Brother, just wait and see, when I succeed in my blind date, I'll give birth to someone else's child! I'll give birth to a football team and piss you off!"

What a talent!

And she wants to give another man a football team!

When he thought of the way Freya was holding another man's hand with her big belly, Kieran was so angry that he almost broke down and went crazy.

He couldn't hold back any longer, and as he leaned down, he kissed her hard on the lips.

"Brother, don't you touch me! You ....."

Freya did not say the words that followed, Kieran's kiss was too passionate and swallowed up all her words in an instant.

Freya's heart was indescribably aggrieved.

Are they now, again, in the role of the fuck buddies?

Although she had told him this morning that it was fine, she really didn't want to do that.

He was her husband, the love of her life!

Freya didn't know where she got the strength to push him away violently when he couldn't hold himself.

She yelled at him with red eyes, "Don't you touch me, Brother, I hate you!"

"I hate you! I wouldn't have sex with you!"

Kieran was already angry, and when Freya kept going against him, he was even more furious. He raised his hand, wanting to break the legs of this woman, so that she wouldn't be so arrogant.

But when his hand rose, he couldn't bring himself to really hurt her, so he could only give her a punishing slap on her ass.

Kieran's slap was not heavy, but Freya still felt that she had been beaten up by him, plus her stomach hurt so much, her heart was flooded with aggression.

“Brother, you stay away from me! I hate you so much! I don’t even want to have sex with you anymore! I don’t want to see you, I never want to see you!”

Kieran’s eyes were as deep as a black hole, and even with the upward curve of his lips was still frighteningly cold.

See, this woman finally told the truth, she doesn’t want to see him at all.

If he didn’t have this face like Kieran, she would have been sick for days if he touched her, not to mention having sex!

He had already made up his mind to break it off with her, and now, since she had admitted that she hated him so much, why should he continue to make a fool of himself!

Perhaps, on the one hand, she saw him as a stand-in for Kieran, greedily drawing on his warmth, but on the other hand, she was secretly disgusted!

“Heh!”

Kieran gave a cold laugh and turned around without any trace of warmth, “Freya, as you wish!”

Freya had just thrown such a big tantrum, but she was actually expecting him to coax her.

She was really easy to be coaxed. She liked him so much that she could rejoice for many days if he would only say one soft word to her.

But not only did he not coax her, he simply ignored her.

Freya was afraid that Mr. Fitzgerald would really ignore her.

She rushed hastily off the sofa, she wanted to chase Mr. Fitzgerald back, but her stomach suddenly tore with such pain that she couldn’t bear it for a moment and her body fell heavily to the ground.

## **Chapter 650**

Hearing a loud noise, Kieran turned around sharply, and he saw Freya falling pitifully to the ground, his body in pain to the point of spasms.

“Brother, my stomach hurts .....

Seeing the fine beads of sweat seeping from Freya’s forehead, Kieran knew that this painful look on her face was not a pretence.

He had known before that she had a bad stomach.

How dare she drink so much wine with such a weak stomach? This woman, she’s just looking for trouble!

Although he was so angry that he could not break her legs, seeing this painful look on her face, Kieran resigned himself to carrying her back to the sofa and carefully went to take care of her.

“Brother, I’m sorry, I was wrong.”



Freya whispered to Kieran, "Brother, just now, I shouldn't have been so mean to you, and I shouldn't have made you angry. I will be good and obedient in the future, let's not fight anymore, okay?"

"I know, you don't want to get back together with me, you just want to keep that kind of relationship with me. As long as you don't get mad at me, I'm willing to stay in that kind of relationship with you... Brother, don't leave me, okay?"

Freya felt that she was really spineless, after all this time, just hoping that Kieran would coax her, but in the end, she still had to lower her head and coax him.

Seeing that Kieran's expression didn't seem to soften in the slightest, still looking high and mighty, Freya continued to make further efforts to coax this foul-tempered man.

"Brother, don't worry, even if we can only have that kind of relationship, I won't get entangled with anyone else, I won't go on a blind date, I won't get married, I'll just stay by your side for the rest of my life, okay?"

Kieran knew that Freya was bowing her head in such a condescending manner, most likely just because he had this identical face to Kieran's, but listening to this soft voice of hers, his heart still couldn't control the fluttering.

It trembled so much that he wanted to hug her properly.

Kieran forced himself to remain calm and just responded so salty.

Hearing this voice of his, Freya knew that the two of them were back to their harmonious relationship.

It wasn't what she wanted, but it was better to have this little relationship than to have him leave her behind.

It wasn't as legitimate as being boyfriend and girlfriend, but there was nothing wrong with her asking him to feed her something, was there?

With this in mind, Freya spoke softly, "Brother, I haven't eaten anything today and I'm hungry."

Kieran grunted, see, he just can't be too nice to this woman. He takes care of her for a bit and she resolutely would ask for more!

Although he thought so, Kieran resigned himself to heat up a bowl of millet porridge for Freya.

Freya looked at the man walking out of the kitchen and her eyebrows instantly arched.

This couldn't be the dinner that Mr. Fitzgerald had prepared especially for her, could it?

Suddenly she wanted to get more.

She blinked at Kieran, like a puppy waiting to be pampered by its master, "Brother, my stomach hurts so much that I have no energy left. Can you feed me?"

Seeing Freya's face growing white and the beads of sweat still beading on her forehead, he still sat upright next to her and fed her the porridge.

Without adding sugar in the millet porridge, but when it reached Freya's stomach, it was sweet.

Like a spoonful of honey, it fizzes quickly in the warmest and softest part of the heart, and the sweetness of it lingers on and on.

And it really would have been perfect if Brother had been softer and resumed a boyfriend and girlfriend relationship with her.

With a bowl of millet porridge down, Freya's stomach felt better, and she nestled in his arms, soon falling into a deep sleep.

Freya had a very bad, very bad dream.

She dreamed that he was with Regina.

He said, "Freya, I don't care to stay in this relationship with you now, I want to be with Regina."

In her dream, Freya cried!

She tugged pitifully at his cuffs and pleaded with him, "Brother, I will be very good and behave, I will listen to you in everything, don't you be with Regina, okay?"

He shook her off coldly, but there was endless tenderness when he looked at Regina.

Suddenly, he turned his face and said to her word for word, "Freya, do you know why I am not even willing to be fuck buddies with you?"

"Because, you're so ugly!"

With those words, he left with Regina.

Freya was so irritated by their voice.

As soon as Kieran turned his face, he saw her in tears of pity.

Closer, he could still hear her whimpering.

She moved her lips as if to shout someone's name, and Kieran's body suddenly tightened.

She's dreaming about his dead brother again, isn't she?

If she dared to call out his brother's name in his arms again, he would throw her out of the window right now.

Freya did call out to someone, only, she was not calling out to Mr. Fitzgerald, but to Brother.

She cried out, "Brother, don't leave me, okay?"

"Brother, I will treat you very, very well, don't you be with Regina, okay? Brother, it's so hard for me when you ignore me ....."

She blurred out a few words before she started crying again. She nestled aggressively under the covers, and kept burrowing into his arms, really cute.

The pity in Kieran's heart instantly flooded.

This time, she shouted for him.

Is it possible that even if she still thinks about Kieran, unknowingly, her heart is also inhabited by his shadow?

Kieran's eyes, uncontrollably, deepened.

Freya, if the person you like is me, I will haunt you to death!

Kiki was taken to the Western Suburbs Cemetery by Dylan.

Halfway through the journey, Kiki was already awake and she subconsciously dialed Quinn for help.

Before she could tell him where she was, her phone had been snatched away from her by Dylan and thrown aside in the stinking gutter.

Dylan turned his face, the barely handsome face twisted like a demon.

"Kiki, my sister is dead. She couldn't stand the torture in prison and committed suicide."

"Kiki, tell me, how should I send you to hell since you've caused my sister so much trouble?"