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With that, Hannah quickly hung up the call as she was afraid that Helen would ask her about it.

"Undergarments?"

Helen was clearly perplexed. How would one spill her drinks on the undergarments? Did she drink without her clothes on?

Then, a wicked smile crept up on Helen's face. She uttered to herself, "Oh, I guess I know why now."

"Hello, something's up. I'll see you at the usual place!" Jason was talking on the phone.

That was not the first call he made. He was in the midst of gathering all his buddies to devise a plan to avenge Hannah. As with the "usual place" he mentioned, it was the most exclusive nightclub in the city—Paradise.

Not long after that, the private room where Jason was in was filled with people, both males, and females, who were around the age of Jason. All of them were dressed in an exceptionally lavish style which showed their manifest identity as the heirs and heiresses of affluent families.

"Someone bullied my sister. What do you think I should do about it?"

Jason lay back on the sofa and asked them in a straightforward manner.

"Bullied your sister? F*ck that b*tch!" Said one of the short-tempered youngsters.

"F*ck, all you know is f*ck. But what happens after that? I say we use our brains and deal with her step by step, leaving her with no chance to rise ever again," uttered another young man who seemed mild-mannered and gentle.

"No, wait a minute. When did you have a sister?" Asked a woman who dressed in very manly attire.

As soon as the question was asked, the entire private room went silent and all of those who were present had their eyes fixated on Jason. Evidently, all of them were inquisitive about it.

Seeing as such, Jason uncrossed his legs, and after a momentary pause, he explained, "Actually, she's kind of like a sister-in-law to me as she's married to Fabian. All of you must have known that it was Fabian's wedding day today, but someone had plotted a car crash and it happened right in front of my eyes!"

Jason described what had happened very truthfully. These people in the room sitting together with him had been his friends since middle school and high school. Hence, he could rely on them.

"You're talking about Fabian's wife?"

"It can't be. How could anyone dare to touch his woman?"

"Why are we still discussing here? Let's find a car and cripple that jerk first."

…

Listening to the jabber ringing across the room as everyone tried to voice their opinions, Jason waved his hand to subdue them and said, "Alright, let's pipe down. I've already thought about it. I can't let this person off the hook so easily. Listen to my instructions…"

As they heard Jason speaking again, everyone fell silent and came closer to him.

As Jason was busy making arrangements, he received a call from Hannah. "Hello, Hannah?"

"Jason, where are you? Come over to my house now. Fabian is looking for you."

"What? Fabian is looking for me?" Gazing around his buddies in the room, he answered shortly after, "Wait for me. I'll be there soon."

"Alright, you guys proceed with our plan. There's something going on and I got to go now," Jason told his friends as he hung up the phone.

Then, he left for the marital home of Fabian and Hannah.

In the car, Jason was contemplating something. He received news that it was Yvette who instructed someone else to induce the accident, but in his mind, he was still very suspicious of Lyna. What really happened? Can it really be that this matter has nothing to do with Lyna and that I've actually misunderstood her?

But it can't be. Jason didn't think that the matter was as simple as it seemed. He kept replaying the scenes when the accident happened in his mind.

He was in the car in front of Fabian's car, and when he realized what had happened, Fabian's car had already skewed toward one side.

There were two cars at the scene and if both cars shot at Fabian's car at the same time, Fabian wouldn't have escaped. One of the cars must have been slower.

Wait a minute. There could have been two different groups of people behind those two cars. Ah, one group was instructed by Yvette, and another by Lyna.

That's right! It becomes much more reasonable now if that's the case.

Jason nodded his head lightly in the car and thought he could analyze it together with Fabian when he reached there. Sure enough, the amount of information he got could never come close to that of what Fabian received. Maybe Fabian has already found out about the two groups of people behind the car crash.

Very soon, Jason reached Fabian's place. As soon as he got off the car, he saw a cab stopping in front of him, and Helen came out of the cab soon after.

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"Why are you here?"

As soon as Helen pushed the car door open, she saw Jason who was about to go in, so she asked in surprise.

"Why can't I come, huh? So you're allowed to come to visit your sister and I'm not allowed to visit Fabian? Also, it's Hannah who called me over this time!" Rather displeased, Jason replied.

"Well, of course you're allowed to. Let's go in."

With that, Helen strode forward to the villa and couldn't help taking larger and quicker steps.

She had a guilty conscience as she knew exactly why Hannah called him over. It must have been because Hannah was afraid that he would stir up troubles.

"Tsk. Why is she in such a hurry?"

Looking at Helen walking at such a hurried pace, Jason couldn't help twitching his lips.

Helen knocked on the door, and it was Fabian who opened the door for her. Hannah must be embarrassed to leave the room because she has no clothes to wear. Thinking of that, Helen laughed softly and asked Fabian, "Fabian, where's Hannah?"

"Oh, Hannah's in the bedroom."

Fabian pointed at the room which Hannah was in as he answered and was about to close the door.

"Fabian, hold on. There's still me."

Jason called out quickly, but he couldn't refrain from complaining within his mind. Hey, why does he only see her? Hello? I'm right behind her.

"Why are you here, too?"

Fabian wasn't very surprised to see Helen, and when he saw the bag Helen was carrying, he knew Helen had come to bring Hannah some clothes for change. But what is Jason here for?

"I… I was called upon by Hannah."

Jason was a little irritated. Why? Can't I just come for a visit? Must there be some issues going on then only I'm allowed here? What an ingrate of a man. He forgot about me as soon as he got himself a wife.

"Hannah asked you to come, huh? Well, come on in then."

Fabian was a little curious as to why Hannah had asked Jason to come.

When Helen got to Hannah's room, she noticed that it was locked, so she called out softly, "Hannah?"

Upon hearing that, Hannah got off the bed, wrapping herself in the towel, and opened the door.

"Hannah, why do you have to lock the door?" Helen couldn't help but ask.

"Err, I… I'm used to living by myself. It's a habit. It's just a habit," Hannah explained in embarrassment. At the same time, she took the bag from Helen and led her to the bedside.

"I see. Alright then." Helen didn't say anything else.

"You said that Jason had found the person who tried to kill me. Are you sure? Who's that?"

Hannah took out the undergarment Helen had prepared for her, pulled the towel off, and started putting it on.

They had been sharing a bedroom since young, so naturally, Hannah had no qualms changing in front of her sister.

"Oh, it was Jason who received the information, but judging from his tone, it should be accurate. Anyway, I'm not too sure, but I do know who it was. It's the celebrity who always stars in period dramas— Yvette!" Helen told Hannah.

"What? It's her!"

At that moment, Hannah had already put on the undergarment and was taking other clothes out of the bag, but as she heard that, her hand paused mid-air for a while.

However, she came round it very soon and continued to dress herself up. She wasn't very surprised by the fact that Yvette was trying to harm her. That woman and her assistant have been making all sorts of bitter remarks in front of me every time they see me, and they've always sounded crude and harsh. Besides, she was so complacent when she was together with Fabian and acted as though she was his wife.

"Hannah, I really don't understand what that woman has to do with you. She's an actor. What was she coming against you for? Why didn't she just get herself together and play her role in the drama?"

Helen knew nothing about the matter so it was understandable that she would feel strange about it.

"It's all because of Fabian!" Hannah couldn't help but grumble.

She could still remember carrying the camera under the scorching sun and watched the two of them being so intimate with one another.

"Fabian? What do you mean?"

Helen was more confused. What does this have to do with Fabian?

"Oh, nothing. It's nothing."

Hannah quickly glossed over it, and it was only then did she realized she let it slip. She didn't want Helen to have a bad impression of Fabian.