

No Longer Lovesick After a Memory Loss Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1

You Can Have as Much Money as You Want

Late at night, Freya Kaufmann was already sound asleep when she suddenly felt her clothes being pulled off. She opened her eyes with fright.

It was Radley Monaghan, her legal husband.

The man's expression remained cold as usual. Even though they were doing the most intimate thing together at the moment, he couldn't even spare a gentle expression for her. They had been married for two years, but the number of times where he had come home had not exceeded ten.

Freya's face turned pale. She bit her lips as she tried to recall her memories, but her consciousness gradually dissipated. She eventually passed out under Radley's unrestrained plunder.

...

The next morning, sunlight shone through the slits of the curtains onto the bed. Freya slowly woke up as she felt soreness all over her body. She smiled bitterly.

Turning her head, she found that the spot next to her was already cold.

Radley had left long ago.

She had gotten used to it.

Freya got up from bed. The soreness all over her body that was hard to ignore made her movements slow. She picked up the clothes on the bedside and got changed, then tidied up the messy bed.

Click—

A faint sound was heard from behind her.

Freya turned around and saw Radley, dressed formally in a suit and leather shoes, opening the door and coming in.

Men who had been in high positions for a long time always had a cool and arrogant look in their eyes, as well as an innate nobility and dominance.

Freya was surprised. "You haven't gone to work yet?"

"Take this." Radley ignored her question but handed her what he had in his hand instead.

Freya took it unconsciously and looked down as she turned the packaging box over, only then did she see the words on it.

Contraceptive pills.

Unintentionally, she squeezed the package tight as she lowered her head and said softly,

"Radley, I don't want to take it...I..."

"Take it." Radley frowned and interrupted Freya immediately before she could finish her sentence.

He hated her submissive and acquiescence look.

Freya's eyes dimmed, and she pursed her lips.

She opened the packaging box and took out a pill, then picked up the glass of water that had been left overnight on the bedside, and swallowed the pill with the remaining water in the glass.

She didn't want to take them.

She was allergic to contraceptive pills.

Taking them would cause rashes over her.

But Radley didn't know.

He didn't care about her, what was the point of saying it?

Freya put the water glass back. Before she had the time to stand up straight again, she heard the man's cold voice again. "Freya, let's get a divorce."

The harsh words pierced Freya's ears. She looked at him incredulously. It took her a long time before she finally regained her voice and asked with difficulty, "Why now..."

Tomorrow...would be our second wedding anniversary.

Radley's voice was calm and indifferent, and his words were straightforward and cruel.

"Freya, you know that I don't love you."

"I married you because I needed a marriage partner, and you were obedient enough, that's all."

"And."

"She's back."

...

She's back.

In fact, Freya didn't know who "she" was.

But she had accidentally seen the photo in Radley's wallet and had heard the name that Radley unconsciously mumbled at night.

Freya's eyes turned red, and she instinctively reached for his sleeve.

Radley ruthlessly avoided her grasp and said bluntly, "You can have as much money as you want."

Freya's hand froze mid-air as she stammered, "Is this how you see me?"

So, he thinks I married him just for his money?

Radley frowned.

Did you not?

He remembered how happy she was when he gave her the secondary card to his bank account.

"The villas on the outskirts will also be put under your name. Get ready and go to the city hall this afternoon." After he spoke, his phone rang.

He quickly took out his phone and glanced at it, his eyebrows and eyes softened. “It’s all settled. Wait for a while, and I’ll be there soon.”

After hanging up the phone, he didn’t say anything more and left.

Freya stumbled down the stairs like a walking corpse and left the house.

The servant worriedly stopped her and asked, “Madam, what’s wrong? Where are you going?”

Freya’s voice was hoarse as she answered, “I’m just going out for a walk by myself. I’m fine.”

She wandered on the street aimlessly, not knowing where to go, but she knew that if she stayed in that house any longer, she would suffocate!

At this moment, her phone vibrated.

Someone sent her a picture.

Freya instinctively bit her lip.

In the picture, a slender woman was clinging to a man tightly. They were embracing each other, intimately entwined.

Her heart hurt so much as if it was about to burst.

Freya bit her lips until they bled. She felt cold all over, and she was trembling.

Her gaze became unfocused, and somehow, she walked across the street in a daze.

Suddenly, a passerby waiting for the traffic light shouted, “Watch out!”

Before Freya could react, she was hit by a truck and thrown into the air.

Chapter 2

How Can This Memory Go Backward?

Drip, drip, drip.

It was so quiet around her that the only sound that she could hear was the steady drip of the intravenous drip.

Freya moved her fingers and slowly opened her eyes.

Turning her head, she saw a man dozing off by her bedside. Just as she was about to get up, she realized that her body hurt so much that she couldn’t move.

In a weak voice, she called out, “Brax...”

Braxton Kaufmann was half-asleep. Startled by her voice, his hand slipped off his chin and he staggered.

Blinking, he saw that Freya was awake. His tone was not great, but he couldn’t hide his concern. “Are you awake?”

“Brax...” Freya mumbled as she was in unbearable pain.

Braxton was taken aback for a moment. He felt that something was wrong with Freya. Since she married Radley two years ago, she had rarely returned home, and he always felt that he had become estranged from his sister, but now...

Freya coughed, feeling her throat was on fire. "I want to drink some water."

Braxton wanted to say something, but when he heard that she was thirsty, he immediately got up to pour her a glass of water. He then carefully helped her to sit up. "You're lucky. You don't have any serious injuries even though you were hit by a car."

There were just some bruises and a few minor fractures.

After taking a sip of water, Freya handed the glass of water back to Braxton.

"Where's Radley?" Braxton placed the glass on the nightstand. He crossed his arms and snorted. "The hospital said they called, but he didn't answer."

Freya was a little confused. "Who's that?"

She thought for a moment. "Was he the one who brought me to the hospital today?"

Now Braxton was confused. "Huh?"

It took a while for him to regain his senses. "What do you mean? You don't know who Radley is?"

Seeing Freya shaking her head in complete puzzlement, Braxton jumped up from his chair and frantically pressed the call button beside the bed.

Ten minutes later, the doctor finished examining her. "Although there are no serious injuries to her body, there is damage to her hippocampus and a segment of her memory is lost."

Braxton thanked the doctor and then turned to Freya.

Moments later, he blurted out, "How old are you this year?"

Freya looked confused. "23."

Braxton was stunned. What? How can her memories go back in time?

But...

Braxton's eyes lit up.

Now! This is the perfect opportunity for me to save my mentally-impaired little sister!

He coughed and warned her solemnly, "The Radley I mentioned earlier is a sc*mbag.

Radley Monaghan. Stay away from him. As far away as possible. Do you understand?"

Freya nodded in confusion again.

...

Freya's injuries had healed after a few days of hospital stay, and Braxton brought her back to the Kaufmann Residence.

Although she had not returned home for two years, she ran into the house with familiarity as her memories were those of two years ago.

Freya saw her mother watering the flowers in the garden. She went over and hugged her.

“Mom, I’m back. Why didn’t you come to see me for the past few days?”

Sylvia Marshall already knew about her daughter’s amnesia from her son. Although she missed her, she couldn’t bring herself to meet her. Thus she had been waiting for her at home.

Until today, Freya was expected to come back. Sylvia, who didn’t want to go outside to water the flowers because of the winter cold, went to the garden early in the morning. She watered the flowers absent-mindedly, and the servant beside her shouted, “Madam! Watch out. You’ll drown the flowers if you don’t stop watering them!”

Now, as her daughter hugged her, Sylvia’s eyes turned red at once. She patted her daughter’s head and said, “It’s because your brother didn’t tell me.”

Braxton was speechless. He was not going to take the blame for this.

“Good girl. Go in first. Your favorite dessert is already prepared for you.” Freya cheered in joy and ran into the house.

Sylvia’s gaze followed Freya’s disappearing figure, her heart heavy with a jumble of emotions. After a while, she turned to Braxton, her tone cold and stern. “Erase all of Frey’s medical records. Make sure that Radley cannot find her, and if possible, ensure that they never cross paths again in this lifetime!”

“Yes, Mom.”

Ten years ago, Dad passed away in an accident. It was Mom herself who raised and expanded the Kaufmanns’ business to regain its dignity.

Now that she was not interested in worldly affairs, Braxton almost forgot that she was a resolute and unwavering woman who had built the Kaufmanns from scratch.

With the family now complete, Braxton felt a sense of relief. Now, his little sister would no longer have anything to do with that sc*mbag.

She was once again the little princess of the Kaufmann family.

Chapter 3

Disappearing Into Thin Air

In the tall Monaghan Building...

The president’s office on the 66th floor was dead silent. The atmosphere there was so tense that it could make people suffocate.

“Do you mean you haven’t found anything after all these times?” Radley looked up at his assistant as he questioned. His tone and gaze were calm, but he was still terrifying somehow.

“Yes, Mr. Monaghan. It was... It was as if Madam had disappeared into thin air.” The assistant didn’t even dare to speak at his usual volume. He was so nervous that he sweated as he spoke.

Disappeared into thin air?

“How can a person disappear into thin air?” Radley asked, narrowing his eyes.

The assistant dared not reply. At that time, he found himself in the most helpless situation throughout his working years. He had been unable to find any information about Freya despite searching for years.

“Keep looking,” Radley ordered in a deep tone as he was feeling increasingly impatient, and the assistant wiped away the cold sweat from his forehead before he left.

On the other hand, Radley was annoyed by the news. He tugged at his tie, picked up his suit jacket, and went home.

It was just as quiet as his office in the villa. Radley vaguely remembered that the warm yellow lights would always be on in the living room whenever he returned home while a beautiful and obedient woman would be resting on the couch, waiting for him.

However, it was pitch black now.

Radley reached out and switched on the lights. He felt uneasy as the light suddenly brightened up the room, and he closed his eyes. Then, he opened his eyes and glanced at the empty room.

No one would be there waiting for him anymore... No one would be taking off his coat and preparing a table full of food.

At that moment, he pressed his hand against his heart, and that was the first time he felt such coldness in his home.

...

Meanwhile, Freya felt like she was going to bore herself to death after recuperating at home for almost half a month especially when everything she needed would be prepared and handed to her nicely.

On the other hand, Braxton had already done cleaning up. Even he couldn’t bear to see her in such a state at that time. “Why don’t you go out and have some fun?”

Freya’s eyes immediately lit up, and she made a phone call to her best friend.

Isabella Parker was surprised when she received her call. “Why did you suddenly decide to call me?”

At that moment, Freya was sitting on the rocking chair in her own garden with her feet up, soaking up the sun. “I’m calling you to hang out and have fun,” she said.

However, Isabella found it even stranger. They had been keeping in touch over the past two years, but Freya had never taken the initiative to ask her out. Her excuse would

always be she wanted to stay home and cook for Radley, and she wouldn't stop talking about him in front of Isabella.

It was driving Isabella insane.

Then, Isabella tentatively asked, "Well, where do you want to go? A bar?"

To her surprise, Freya replied without any hesitation, "Sure."

Inside the bar, there were colorful lights flashing relentlessly.

Isabella was waiting for Freya at the entrance, and an eye-catching sports car pulled up in front of her before long. Then, a woman in black high-heels got out of the car. She lowered her sunglasses with her finger and smiled when she saw Isabella. "There you are."

Isabella was stunned.

What was wrong with Freya today?

Wasn't she supposed to be a dutiful wife for Radley? Yet, she was properly dressed and she looked so confident and sexy today.

"You really came out today. What about your..." Isabella couldn't finish her sentence.

Freya shrugged as she interrupted, "My what? My brother allows me to hang out, alright.

Oh, so, I want to tell you that I had a car accident that damaged my brain, and I lost two years of memories."

"What?"

Isabella's eyes widened as she couldn't believe what she had heard.

No wonder.

However, she suddenly felt it was a blessing rather than a tragedy for Freya. This was a perfect opportunity for Freya to forget that sc*mbag, Radley.

It was a good thing indeed!

Isabella immediately hugged Freya by her shoulder and almost celebrated out of joy.

"Let's go, I'm really in the mood today. Let's have some fun!"

The drum set on the stage was empty when they walked into the bar, so it was very quiet inside.

"Do you want to show what you can do?" Isabella raised her eyebrows and looked at Freya before saying, "I'll go dance instead."

Isabella paused for a moment before leaving. "Do you still remember how to play it?"

Then, Freya smiled as she cracked her knuckles. "Watch this."

At that moment, Radley happened to see that scene when he stepped into the bar.

Freya, who was on the stage, had a wild and carefree look. Her thick black hair that swung with her movements along with the sunglasses on her head made her appear even more gorgeous.

She skillfully played the drum set in front of her with her red lips curled up. She exuded a proud and confident energy all over at that moment.

Radley immediately stopped when he noticed Freya.

The people next to him saw his expression turn ugly and followed his gaze. They were shocked by what they saw as well. “Oh my, isn’t that Mrs. Monaghan?”

At that time, Radley’s eyes were as dark as night. They were completely black like spilled ink. He had been looking for Freya for several days, and it was as if she had disappeared into thin air.

He never expected to see her in a place like this!

Chapter 4

An Outdated Pick-Up Line

The man followed and asked Radley, who had a cold expression as he walked toward the seats, “Aren’t you going to speak to Mrs. Monaghan, Radley?”

“She’s not Mrs. Monaghan,” Radley replied.

Furthermore...

Radley’s icy gaze was fixed on Freya, who was beaming with a smile. At that moment, he wanted to see what was wrong with her, and why was she acting strange today. The two of them took their seats following that.

Radley was focused on Freya. He felt as if she was like a stranger. For the past two years, Freya had been meek and submissive, with her long black hair hanging down and rarely wearing makeup in his presence. She was pretty, but also bland and unremarkable. But now, she wore vibrant makeup, applied lipstick, and played the drums. She expressed herself in a way he had never seen before.

At that time, Radley gulped down a glass of wine instantly.

Freya smiled after finishing the drum performance and receiving applause. Then, she casually stretched, revealing a glimpse of her fair and slender waist. She looked around and saw Isabella dancing with a man, and it seemed she was too occupied to have time for her. So, Freya got up and left the stage.

“Hey, beauty,” someone next to her called out lightly.

Freya wasn’t sure if the man was calling out to her, but she turned her gaze toward the voice. She saw a tall and handsome man leaning against the bar with his facial features accentuated by the soft lighting. He had a teasing smile on his face, and his suggestive narrow eyes made Freya feel uneasy. She unconsciously furrowed her brows upon seeing that. “Can I help you with something, sir?” Freya asked.

Matthew Hood looked at her for a while and said, "You look familiar."

But, Freya wasn't impressed. "What an outdated pick-up line."

"Aren't you the lady in Brax's house?"

Freya was quite surprised. "Do you know my brother?"

Matthew immediately laughed after hearing that. Then, he walked up to her and put his arm around her shoulders. "My name is Matthew Hood. I'm your brother's friend. Don't you recognize me?"

However, Freya was not used to being touched by strangers and felt uncomfortable. She frowned and quickly pushed his hand away. "Don't touch me like that. Doesn't matter if you are my brother's friend or not."

"Wow, I see you're quite the feisty wildcat, with sharp claws even."

"Come on, let's have a drink."

Freya tried to refuse, but Matthew had already taken her into a private room before she could react.

What was going on?

How could Matthew take Freya into a private room just like that?

Freya was being cautious as she quietly reached for her bag.

But, she saw Matthew call over two beautiful women in the next second, and he hugged one of them on each side.

Freya only watched him coldly before asking, "Does my brother act like this too?"

Matthew waved his hand to have the women beside him leave upon hearing that. Then, he leaned on his knees and looked up at Freya. "Do you want to know, Kittie?"

He patted the space beside him in a teasing manner. "Come here."

Freya's expression suddenly turned cold. She stood up and looked down at him as she warned, "I'll leave this second if you keep up like this."

Matthew smiled and made a surrender gesture. "Okay, okay, I'm sorry. I won't do it again. Are we good now?"

At this moment, a sign of interest could be seen in his eyes.

This Kaufmann lady is interesting indeed.

"Well, it remains unknown if your brother has feelings for someone or whatever the other reason is, but—"

The door of the private room was suddenly banged open just as Matthew was about to get to the point.

Freya was so shocked that she almost cursed.

On the other hand, Matthew frowned, and he shouted furiously, "Who the hell are you?"

At that moment, another tall and handsome man with a gloomy expression was seen standing at the door.

What is happening? Matthew wondered who the unexpected guest was. Is he looking for Freya?

“You have quite the guts to leave for days without any news about your whereabouts.”

Then, Radley walked into the room, and he stopped in front of Freya with his lips tightly pursed. A sense of malice could be felt in his voice.

What is this guy doing? He’s talking to Freya? Does she know him?

Matthew was even more confused now.

Radley swept his cold gaze over Matthew and stopped on Freya after that. Then, he mocked with a hint of sarcasm. “I didn’t expect you to hang out in a place like this.”

At this moment, Freya was furious.

Who is this person?

Why did the man come in and just start giving weird opinions? Besides, Freya didn’t even know him at all!

Chapter 5

Are You That Sc*mbag?

Matthew frowned but didn’t say anything.

He recognized the incomer.

What do the son of the powerful Monaghan family and my best friend’s sister have anything to do with each other?

Meanwhile, Freya was pissed off by Radley’s tone. Her face darkened, and her clear voice carried a hint of annoyance as she scoffed. “Excuse me, do I know you? Has your mother not taught you to be polite when you’re talking to people?”

As soon as she finished speaking, Matthew, who had been watching from the side, burst out laughing.

In contrast, Radley’s face turned even colder. He didn’t expect Freya to speak to him like that.

She must have been pretending to be meek and submissive in the past.

He suppressed his anger, approached Freya, and tightly grasped her delicate wrist. “Come with me.”

Now, Freya was really pissed off. She wanted to break free from his grip. “Are you crazy?” she shouted at him.

Instantly, Radley stopped in his tracks and looked at her with a cold gaze. He scanned her up and down. “Nice act. We’ll continue that later.”

Freya was speechless for a moment.

Her wrist hurt.

She glared at Radley.

This guy must be really crazy.

At this moment, Matthew, who had been silent all along, spoke up. “Mr. Monaghan, it seems like you’re hurting Freya.”

Radley smirked and commented something irrelevant, “Oh, Mr. Hood, are you interested in this kind of woman too?”

Freya was very angry and felt that her rage was about to explode like a bomb.

With difficulty, she pulled her hand away from Radley’s grasp. “Hey, why do you talk so much? Besides, who are you to criticize?”

Sensing that the situation was about to get out of control, Matthew quickly stood up and pulled Freya to his side. “Mr. Monaghan, didn’t you hear her? She doesn’t know you.”

Freya rolled her eyes at Radley, rubbing her wrist.

Her wrist hurt a lot, so she cursed at Radley silently again. What a sc*m of a man!

Wait...

So, he was Radley Monaghan?

Suddenly, she remembered what her brother had said.

Without thinking much, she blurted out, “Are you that sc*mbag?”

Radley was surprised that Freya would say such a thing. He gritted his teeth and repeated coldly, “Sc*mbag?”

Freya raised her eyebrows.

Did she say something wrong?

Based on Radley’s behavior just now, he was either a sc*mbag or a j*rk.

Freya crossed her arms, whereas Radley’s face was getting darker and darker. With a poker face on her beautiful face, she finally said, “You don’t have to treat me like this. I honestly don’t know you. I had a car accident before and lost my memory.”

Did she lose her memory?

With his brows furrowed, Radley wasn’t completely convinced.

However, at the thought of Freya’s completely different attitude from before, he was inclined to trust her explanation.

Under his cold and probing gaze, Freya remained calm and composed.

Soon, Radley had calmed down his emotions.

“It’s even better that you lost your memory.”

His voice was icy, and his handsome features were shrouded in frost.

“We’ll go to the city hall tomorrow and get a divorce.”

The private room fell into silence.

Freya was quiet for a moment, stiff and feeling incredulous. Then, she pointed to herself and asked, “Me?”

Pulling his lips into a mocking curve, Radley responded, "It can't be him, can it?"
He was referring to Matthew.
Hearing that, Matthew spat out a curse.
On the other hand, Freya was utterly shocked.
Unbelievable. I was married in the last two years?
I don't have any children, do I?
Holding her breath, she tentatively asked, "Do we have children?"
Radley didn't answer, only giving her a cold and sarcastic look.
Hence, Freya understood that they probably didn't have children.
And she also understood that their marriage was not a happy one.
She had no idea how she had survived those two years, but her memories now were still the same as what she had before the said marriage.
Spoiled by her family, she was sometimes so arrogant that she even scolded her own brother, let alone the man in front of her who had been showing a grim face since they met.
"Good." Freya's face looked grim as well, and she let out a breath of air. "We'll get a divorce at the city hall tomorrow."
Then, she looked straight and calmly at him. "Now that I have made the promise, you can leave if you have nothing else."
Radley's gaze deepened a bit more. "I hope you keep your promise."
Without any hesitation, he turned and left.
What a sc*m of a man!
Again, Freya cursed in her heart, almost wanting to punch Radley in the back.
How did I marry him in the first place?

Chapter 6

The Photos Taken in Secret

As Freya was still lost in thought, Matthew suddenly spoke up. "Kittie, I never would have guessed that you're married."

Freya sneered. "And now, I'm about to become a divorced woman. Mr. Hood, I'm leaving."

Matthew watched her leave the private room. His narrow eyes were filled with a hint of inexplicable amusement as he gazed at her slender and straight back.

Coming out of the room, Freya took a deep breath and pushed the events of the day out of her mind. She called Isabella to get the latter's location.

When she found Isabella, Isabella was drinking with great enthusiasm.

“Let’s go.” Freya waved at her bestie.

“Now?” Isabella staggered to stand up.

Seeing that Isabella’s face was reddened, she knew that her bestie had too much to drink.

Freya could only accept the situation and walked up to her friend, gritting her teeth.

“Why didn’t you tell me that I’m married?”

In a haze, Isabella murmured, “Huh? I thought you already knew.”

She wrapped her arms around Freya’s neck. “Didn’t your brother tell you?”

Hearing that, Freya cursed Braxton in her heart.

He had told her that Radley was a sc*mbag, so why didn’t he also tell her that she was actually married to that sc*mbag?!

Meanwhile, Isabella was quite drunk, so Freya took her friend back to her family’s house.

As soon as they entered the door, Freya saw Braxton sitting on the sofa with a sullen expression and crossed legs.

At the sound of them entering, Braxton looked up. “Oh, there you are.”

But when he saw his sister supporting Isabella’s body, he was surprised.

“Why is she here?”

“Huh?” As Freya panted heavily, she threw Isabella onto the sofa.

Isabella bumped into Braxton, uttered a sound of discomfort, and frowned.

Braxton’s body stiffened. Awkwardly, he pushed Isabella’s head to the other side with one finger.

In the meantime, Freya went to the table and drank a big glass of water before instructing her brother, “You should help Isabella to the guest room.”

“Hey...”

Before Braxton could say something, Freya suddenly turned around and gave him a cold stare. “I haven’t settled the score with you yet.”

“Huh?”

Instantly, Braxton shut up.

Although he didn’t know what was going on, it was obviously wiser to stay quiet at times like this.

He turned back and kicked Isabella’s toe lightly. “Hey, can you stand up?”

With her eyes shut, Isabella didn’t respond. It seemed that she was on the verge of falling asleep.

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Standing in front of Isabella and looking down at her for a while, Braxton eventually let out a heavy sigh, bent down, and carried her up from the sofa. One of his arms went under her legs whereas the other went under her back.

When her brother carried Isabella into the guest room, Freya was still standing in the same spot, dazed.

A while later, she came to her senses, rubbed her chin, and smiled.

It seemed that something had happened between those two during the two years she had lost her memory.

Freya returned to her room, took a shower, and lay down in bed to prepare for sleep when she suddenly recalled the man whom she had met in the bar.

That man could be considered her husband now.

Then, she remembered her old phone.

After the car accident, she bought a new phone and kept the old one in a drawer in her room.

At the thought of that, she turned on the bedside lamp, got out of bed, and found her old phone.

There was no important information on the phone, as she wasn't the type to keep a diary. However, she loved taking photos.

Freya clicked into the photo album, and her fingertips froze on the screen.

All of the photos were about her everyday life.

Some of the photos showed her preparing a table full of dishes, and she was clearly waiting for someone. There were also photos taken in rooms that she was not familiar with. Photos of Radley took up most of the storage, actually.

There were photos of his side profiles and backs.

Clearly, they were taken without permission. Some were even very blurry because they were taken in secret.

Seeing those photos, Freya clenched her phone and felt a strange discomfort in her heart, even though she couldn't remember anything.

Soon, her gaze fixed on the last photo.

It was a photo of a woman and Radley embracing each other.

The discomfort in Freya's heart disappeared right away and was replaced by anger.

Radley was indeed a sc*mbag!

He cheated on her during their marriage!

The next day, Freya got up early and went to the city hall.

Radley was also punctual.

He wore a white shirt. His figure was tall and slender. Under the sunlight, his features were unbelievably handsome.

In contrast to his features, his expression and aura were extremely cold.

Freya suspected that she might have married him because of his good looks.

"You're on time today," he mocked. Freya was irritated by his icy and derisive tone.

She gave him an indifferent glance and said, "Cut it out. Let's get this divorce over with." Upon saying that, she walked into the city hall on her own. Radley watched her back and furrowed his brow slightly. Last night, he had asked his assistant to look into her medical history, but no hospital had any records of Freya's past medical treatment. And there was no information about the car accident either. So, was her amnesia real? If it wasn't, then why did she suddenly become so resolute? Somehow, he couldn't seem to... Upon standing there still for a while, Radley eventually ignored the abnormality and followed Freya into the city hall.

Chapter 7

Sweetie, There's No Need to Curse Yourself Like This

The divorce procedure was completed very quickly.

Soon, coming out of the city hall, Freya stared at the divorce certificate in her hand, at a loss for words.

She never thought that she would divorce at a young age.

Life was unpredictable.

While she was still lost in her thoughts, Radley suddenly spoke in a cold voice. "Pack up your things when we get back."

His commanding tone seemed like a habit to him, whereas Freya instinctively frowned.

When Freya didn't respond, Radley lowered his gaze and looked at her.

Her expression was cold and indifferent too, very different from the gentle and obedient demeanor that he used to see from her.

But one thing remained unchanged. No matter what expression she had, Freya was beautiful.

In the past, her beauty was lifeless. But now, it was full of personality and sharpness.

After a few seconds, Freya responded with a nonchalant and indifferent attitude, "Oh, just throw them away. I don't want them anymore."

Radley's brows furrowed, and he was about to speak when a soft and pleasant voice called out. "Radley."

Both Freya and Radley turned to look.

A woman in a light blue long dress was walking towards them. Her features were delicate and pretty, and she had a charming smile. When she approached them, she lightly hooked her arm around Radley's and asked, "Are you done? Let's go."

Radley's expression softened visibly, and he responded with affection, "Alright, let's go." Silently, Freya watched from the side.

If she hadn't lost her memory, she wondered what she would have felt to watch this scene.

Although she had lost her memories, her heart still felt uneasy.

How could someone flirt with another woman in front of the city hall right after his divorce?

Freya couldn't help but feel sorry for herself for having married him in the past.

Seeing the woman nestling up to Radley like a bird, she snorted. "Shameless."

She spoke in a light tone, so the two didn't hear what she said, but she caught their attention.

The woman, Danna Delgado, let go of Radley's arm and walked up to Freya with a soft smile. "Freya, I heard you lost your memories."

Somehow, Freya felt disgusted at the sight of the woman.

But she didn't show it and just replied flatly, "Yes."

Danna's smile grew even wider. She took a step forward, as if to give Freya a hug, and whispered in Freya's ear, "Well, he's still mine."

A tight frown formed between Freya's brows.

Now, she could tell that there was something going on between the woman and Radley.

Meanwhile, standing up straight, Danna acted as if nothing had happened and asked sweetly, "Freya, your makeup looks really great today. Do you know that I usually don't wear makeup because I'm bad at it? Can you help me with doing my makeup in the future?"

"Since you're aware that I've lost my memories, you should know that I have zero clue about who you are, let alone that you don't wear makeup."

Freya had only put on light makeup today, and the aggressiveness in her stunning features had been softened. Nevertheless, her tone was merciless.

After a short pause, Freya put on a faint smile and continued lightly, "But, you know what I do for a living.

"I usually only do makeup for the deceased. So, sweetie, there's no need to curse yourself like this."

Instantly, Danna's face changed, though she still maintained a sweet and gentle demeanor in front of Radley, to which Freya silently rolled her eyes.

Just then, Radley called in a deepened tone, somewhat annoyed, "Freya."

Without even sparing a glance at them, Freya responded indifferently, "You two can stay and be lovey-dovey in front of the city hall. I'm leaving."

With that, she turned around and left.

She indeed only did makeup for the deceased.

Because she was a mortician.

In other words, she restored the deceased's appearance and body to the former state.

...

After two years of unemployment, Freya had to return to her previous workplace to ask whether they were hiring.

As soon as she entered the building, she was greeted by her former acquaintances. "Freya Kaufmann? You're back?"

Freya curved her lips and nodded.

At the same time, she also overheard some gossip.

"Is that Freya Kaufmann? The one who quit her job after marrying into a wealthy family?"

"Yes, I heard she was quite good at work, but the family that she married into didn't like her job and forced her to quit."

"It's been so long since she worked. Who knows whether she's still good at the job?"

"Well, wealthy families have a lot of rules and taboos. They don't like their family members dealing with the dead every day, as they believe that it would affect their business."

"So, she's back to work now because she was kicked out?"

Freya easily picked up on what her former colleagues were saying along the way, and she was still thinking about what she had heard when she arrived at the manager's office.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

How could she have willingly given up her job to marry Radley? She must be dumb.

Fortunately, she lost her memories and divorced Radley now.

She had come out of the misery pit just in time.

Chapter 8

Now, You're Bossy

When the manager learned that Freya wanted to come back to work, he was very pleased.

"That's great! We're currently in need of people, and as you know, people would rarely apply for this job."

Freya was also delighted. "Can I start work soon?"

"Of course, I'm just worried that some might gossip..."

"I'm not afraid."

She had already listened to all of that along the way here and believed that with her capabilities, any gossip would soon go away.

So, Freya filled out some forms for her new job on the spot.

The manager assigned her a new office, and she spent the whole afternoon unpacking her belongings. When she walked back to the office, carrying a pile of books, she saw the certificates of appreciation and photos hanging on the wall.

And she was on one of them.

Looking up at the photo of her younger self, which appeared somewhat babyish, she couldn't help but smile. Even though she had not worked in the past two years, she believed she could nail her job.

By the time she finished unpacking, it was already getting dark outside.

She stretched lazily, feeling a bit weary, and picked up her blazer that was hanging by the side. She draped it over her arm and leisurely made her way out.

There was a low-key black Bugatti parked on the side of the road. Freya took a casual glance at it and then looked away. Suddenly, someone called respectfully, "Madam."

There was no one around, so the word "Madam" could only be directed at her.

Furrowing her brows, she noticed a man with glasses smiling at her. "Madam, Mr. Monaghan is looking for you. He wants you to go back to the family's house with him tonight."

The car window was slowly rolled down, and Radley's flawless profile appeared in Freya's sight.

His gaze was icy, and he stared at her as if he wasn't asking her to do him a favor.

Hence, Freya felt a little mischievous. She smirked and spoke firmly, "First of all, don't call me 'Madam.' Secondly, if Mr. Monaghan has something to say, he can get out of the car and tell me himself."

The assistant was in a dilemma and was about to turn around to say something to Radley when the latter opened the car door and got out.

"Now, you're bossy." Radley lowered his gaze and looked at her.

With her eyebrows raised, Freya gave him a look and was about to reply, but he continued, "I'm not asking the favor for myself. Grandma wants to see you."

Noticing Freya's confusion, he added, "Grandma is getting old, so I haven't told her that we got divorced. And she likes you a lot."

...

One of Freya's great virtue was that she was very filial, especially to the elders.

And even more to those who liked her.

Perhaps Radley had figured that out because he had a confident look as if he was sure she would agree.

Although she felt a little disgruntled, she would never let herself be at a disadvantage.

“Sure, I’ll come.” Freya crossed her arms and slightly lifted her chin. “Tell your assistant to drive my car back, or I won’t be able to go to work tomorrow.”

Radley narrowed his eyes at her words.

If his assistant drove her car, then he would have to drive himself.

Was she asking him to be her driver?

Tsk, she had planned it well.

At the same time, Freya stared back at him.

She bet that he would have to agree.

As expected, Radley lifted his chin to motion his assistant.

Smirking, Freya fished out her car key and threw it into the assistant’s arms. “It’s a white Land Rover, thanks.”

Then, she opened the back door of the Bugatti, bent slightly, and got in.

The assistant held the key in hand and hesitated. “Mr. Monaghan...”

With a poker face, Radley ordered flatly, “Do what she said.”

At this moment, Freya poked her head out of the window and gave the assistant an address.

Of course, she wasn’t stupid enough to tell the assistant the address of her family’s house.

She only gave him the address of her own small apartment.

After spelling out her address, she raised her eyebrows at Radley and beamed brightly.

“Let’s go.”

The car window was then closed, and her profile disappeared from Radley’s sight.

He let out a faint laugh before sitting in the driver’s seat.

In the back passenger’s seat, Freya felt relaxed and crossed her legs.

Finally, she made this arrogant man suffer a bit.

Along the way, Radley briefly recounted to her the things that she used to do when visiting his family in the past, which bored Freya to no end. Eventually, she waved her hand to stop him. “I know, I know. Who wouldn’t know how to make the elderly happy?”

Radley was really worried that she would give herself out. After all, the current her was vastly different from her past self.

However, when he saw her put on a loving smile, run happily to his grandmother, and affectionately call the latter “Grandma,” he realized that he had overthought things.

Freya amused the elderly lady with her antics. The latter couldn’t hide her fondness for Freya.

While Freya was also beaming, she secretly thought that the elderly lady was very lovable and much better than her grandson.

“Freya, you haven’t come to see me in so long. Do you not miss me already?”

“How could that be? Grandma, I’ve been too busy lately.”

The old lady lightly flicked Freya on the forehead and said, “You sweet talker. Here, have some freshly cut fruits. It’s still a while until dinner.”

“Okay!”

Just as Freya extended out her arm, she heard a displeased voice behind her. It was sharp and sarcastic.

“Who taught you the bad habit of eating without washing your hands after coming home?”

Chapter 9

She Must Have Been a Lovesick Fool

Freya withdrew her hand and turned to look.

A noble-looking woman slowly descended the stairs. She dressed appropriately and had exquisite makeup on. However, her eyes were filled with displeasure and disgust toward Freya.

So, Freya instantly knew it was probably the woman in front of her who didn’t like her and forced her to resign back then.

Radley called out. “Mom.”

Knowing the woman’s identity now, Freya only nodded at her, then smiled and said to another elderly lady, “Grandma, I’ll go wash my hands.” She was Radley’s grandmother, Daniella Harper.

Radley stared at Freya’s back for a while as she walked to the bathroom.

He thought she would confront his mother as she did to him.

At the thought of that, he tugged on the corner of his lips. Then, he said to his mother, Rosie Hamilton, who came to his side, “Mom, Freya...”

Although Rosie didn’t like Freya, she restrained herself from showing that in front of Daniella and only responded lightly, “Shouldn’t you wash your hands after you come home?”

Freya was done washing her hands. She ignored Rosie and chatted with Daniella.

Soon, the servants called for dinner.

Freya helped Daniella sit down at the dining table and glanced at the dishes on the table. Her smile faded slightly.

She liked spicy food. However, the dinner today seemed so bland that it appeared unappetizing.

Since she was married to Radley for two years, the Monaghans must know her preference.

Rosie must have instructed the chef to make it bland when she went into the kitchen just now.

Freya only took a few mouthfuls before putting down her cutlery.

Radley noticed that she didn't eat much and frowned, but he didn't say anything.

It was Daniella who asked, "Freya, why aren't you eating more? I remember you love these."

Freya's heart skipped a beat. She was surprised.

It seemed that the Monaghans really had no idea about her preference.

Just what had she done before for the sake of Radley? Did she go out of her way to praise a table of dishes that she didn't even like?

She must have been a lovesick fool.

And, she must have acted too well. Anyway, she couldn't break the image that she had built all of a sudden, so she just smiled and explained, "I'm not hungry today, Grandma. It's okay."

After dinner, Radley and Freya were ready to leave.

Daniella was very reluctant to bid goodbye. "Freya, I really like you as my granddaughter-in-law. If there's anything that you're unhappy about, you must tell me, okay? I'll help you to teach my stupid grandson a lesson!"

The old lady had lived for a long time, so of course, she could see through family matters at a glance.

Some things couldn't be faked.

However, Freya didn't say much. She just smiled and promised, "Okay, Grandma. Don't worry. Radley treats me well. I'll come to see you more often."

Just as the two were about to leave the family's house, Rosie suddenly called to her son.

"You stay. I have something to say to you."

Before Radley could reply, Freya had already decided. "I'll leave first then."

Perhaps sensing that his mother had something important to say, Radley gave up on leaving together and said to Freya, "Wait, it's too late. I'll have the driver take you."

Freya didn't mind. "Sure."

During the whole time, she had never looked at Rosie.

This annoyed Rosie very much.

After Freya had left, Rosie called her son into a room.

Out of sight of others, she couldn't bear to hide her disgust toward Freya any longer.

"That girl was really rude today. Where is her manner..."

As soon as she started complaining, Radley's eyebrows furrowed slightly, and he interrupted his mother indifferently, "Mom, don't you have something to say?"

Rosie stopped complaining about Freya. She gave her son a cold glance before slamming a phone in front of him and saying, "I just saw this today. Take a look."

Radley picked up the phone and frowned instantly.

There were several photos showing Freya and Matthew posing together in the bar on that night.

Freya's face was clear in the photos, but Matthew's was not very visible.

Some of the photos were taken with an angle that the two seemed quite intimate.

Radley tightly held onto the phone, pursing his thin lips. His eyes darkened.

After a while, he exhaled a long breath and said deeply, "Mom, it's a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding? You tell me it's a misunderstanding with these photos here?"

Seeing that she was about to say something more, Radley placed the phone with the screen facing down on the table and calmly announced, "Mom, Freya and I are divorced."

Chapter 10

She Played Around After Marrying the Rich

"You two are divorced?" Rosie was shocked for a few seconds before turning overjoyed.

"When did it happen?"

"A few days ago."

Getting the delightful answer, she didn't dwell on the matter of the photos anymore.

Radley didn't pay much attention to the photos either, until the next day when the matter suddenly went viral.

'Infidelity in marriage?'

'How could she cheat on the president of the Monaghan Group? Is this woman dumb?'

'Just by looking at this woman, you can tell that she's a cheater and always seeks pleasure from different men.'

'She was caught with the man in a bar. Really shameless!'

The netizens' hateful comments flooded in like a tide. They were all directed at Freya.

Braxton always checked his phone at breakfast. That morning, as usual, he held a cup of coffee in one hand and scrolled on his phone in the other.

When he saw the news, he almost spat out the coffee in his mouth in surprise.

What was going on?

How did Matthew know my sister?

Braxton wiped his mouth with a piece of napkin and immediately called Matthew.

The phone rang for a while before Matthew answered it. His voice was still a bit hoarse, obviously still in a daze and not yet fully awake. "Hello?"

“What’s going on between you and my sister? She’s just divorced, and you’re already trying to take advantage of her? You have some nerve!” Braxton’s voice was fierce. At first, Matthew was a little confused. But when he saw those pictures online, he understood.

He smirked and responded slovenly, “I didn’t do anything.”

But who knows what would happen in the future?

Immediately, Braxton warned, “If you dare to lay a finger on my sister, I won’t spare you!”

Freya had finally got past Radley. She couldn’t fall into the hands of Matthew, another player, again.

Matthew just smiled nonchalantly. Then, he remembered something.

Before hanging up the phone, he casually hinted, “By the way, I was surprised that your sister got married before, and even more so that it was to Radley Monaghan.”

“How did you know?” Braxton was taken aback. He hadn’t even told Freya about her marriage yet.

“I met him that day.” Matthew lazily yawned, obviously still quite sleepy. He didn’t say much and hung up the phone.

After the call, Braxton stormed straight into Freya’s room.

“Freya!”

Freya had already heard the sound of the door opening and had furrowed her brows.

When she felt the restlessness of her brother standing beside her, she slowly opened her eyes and asked with a puzzled expression, “What’s wrong?”

Her innocent look made him furious. He held up his phone and shoved it in front of her.

“Take a look yourself.”

In an instant, Freya became wide awake.

The more she scrolled, the more her face sank. When she got to the end, she was about to flare up.

“Who posted this?”

“I don’t know who posted this, but it’s obviously aimed at you. Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it.” Braxton had a solemn look too.

Hearing that, Freya put the phone away and looked up. Her gaze became extremely composed. “No need. I can handle it myself.”

Sensing her determination, Braxton could only nod.

“Alright, if you can’t handle it, come to me. I’m your brother.”

As he walked out of the room, he couldn’t help but turn back and remind her out of concern, “Radley is not a good man!”

Freya grinned. After her brother had left, she got up to wash up. While brushing her teeth, she worked on her speech in silence. Her phone rang.

It was a call from her manager

“Freya, don’t come to work for now. The entrance of our workplace is blocked.” The manager sounded a little tired.

With a short pause, the manager asked, “Those photos online... They’re not real, are they?”

Freya was silent for a few seconds before answering, “They’re real, but they’re taken from a misleading perspective.”

The implication was that she had indeed spent time with a man in a bar, but the intimacy wasn’t real.

The manager also went silent for a few seconds, unsure how to respond. Finally, he could only say, “Just stay home for the next few days and avoid the public.”

Freya responded lightly, “I understand. I’ll take care of it. Sorry for any inconvenience I may have caused.”

After hanging up, Freya looked at herself in the mirror.

Her face was expressionless, and her eyes were as calm as a lake.

She hadn’t expected Radley to be so ruthless. He must have slandered her just to marry that woman as soon as possible.

In that case, she would fight back.

Upon washing up, Freya went downstairs for breakfast as usual. She was so calm that Braxton felt a little uneasy just looking at her.

It was like the calm before a storm.

With no response from the involved parties, the rumors online continued to spread and became more heated.

‘I heard this woman climbed her way into marriage. And now, she’s cheating on her husband!’

‘Jeez, how can she play around after marrying the rich!’

It wasn’t until the afternoon that Freya turned on her old phone and uploaded a photo.

Shortly after that, she released a statement.

‘Radley Monaghan and I have gotten divorced. The man in the photos is a friend of my brother’s, and the photos were taken from a misleading perspective. Hence, the intimacy isn’t real.’

The statement was uploaded together with a few photos of a divorce agreement, a divorce certificate, and an intimate photo of Radley and Danna Delgado.