

## No Longer Lovesick After a Memory Loss Chapter 11 - 20

### Chapter 11 What Is Her Background?

All of a sudden, the comments online took a swift turn.

At the same time, another tweet caught the public's attention.

It was made by Matthew. 'Poor Freya. She gets all the slanders from you guys.'

Although his statement was quite ambiguous, it was clear that nothing had happened between him and Freya that night.

'The biggest plot twist as expected! Radley's perfect image was ruined overnight.'

'His ex-wife got divorced by him and got nothing. Now, she was even slandered. How unfortunate!'

'Shouldn't the Monaghan Group make an explanation?'

'Yes! They still haven't said anything. What's going on?'

'How could the rich be so manipulative with relationships? His ex-wife gets nothing from the marriage, and now, she has to endure the slanders.'

Radley saw the two tweets.

He also noticed the account with an all-black profile picture.

The account's previous posts had been all deleted, except the current pinned post that clarified their relationship status.

By sharing the intimate photo of him and Danna, the account owner easily hinted at the reason for their divorce.

Freya had ended everything between them with that tweet mercilessly.

Now, Radley also realized that he didn't know much about her.

He didn't know her family background and had never heard that she had an older brother. Even her profession was something of a haze to him.

At the thought of that, he frowned and pursed his thin lips tightly pursed into a straight line. His eyes were pitch black.

Suddenly, his assistant rushed in, sweating profusely. "Mr. Monaghan, our business partner pulled out of the deal that we had agreed on last time all of a sudden, and our company's stocks have been falling too."

The incident had a big impact on the Monaghan Group.

Radley's expression darkened. "Has the public relations department done anything?"

"Yes, they're working on everything they can do. The entire company is working hard to solve this crisis."

However, Radley still appeared restless. He pulled at his tie and was about to say something when the office door was pushed open again.

Rosie, his mother, walked in, wearing high heels. She looked surly as she threw her

handbag onto the table. “That girl! She doesn’t care about our past relationship and pushes the Monaghan Group to the edge of the cliff.”

Obviously, Rosie was indignant. “Reporters are surrounding the entrance downstairs. Since when do I have to sneak around like this? She puts us into this situation! Radley, why did you still speak up for her? Hurry up and ask her to delete that Twitter post!” Her sharp and quick tone made Radley’s head throb. He rubbed his temples wearily. “Mom, I didn’t know about that photo.”

The intimate photo of him and Danna could only have been taken by Danna.

And it was very clear why Freya had that photo.

When Radley recollected Danna’s previous trick, his expression darkened even more.

“Danna only took the photo because she loves you deeply...” Apparently, Rosie realized what was going on and tried to put in good words for Danna.

Meanwhile, Radley’s temples continued to throb, so he interrupted his mother with a deepened tone. “Mom.”

At this moment, the assistant held up his phone and informed nervously, “Mr. Monaghan, I can’t contact Miss Kaufmann.”

Radley’s expression became even grimmer.

And Rosie became angry again. “What exactly is her background? Did she marry you with bad intentions?”

Radley thought of Freya, who used to wait for him at home and always treasured him in her heart. His heart tightened.

...

Freya sat on the swing in her garden, admiring her own work on her phone. The more she looked at it, the happier she felt.

Those who wanted to take advantage of her had really picked the wrong person.

Freya was not a pushover.

Just then, Isabella called. She cursed at Radley first before getting to the aim of her call.

“Your brother invited me and Matthew to dinner tonight to celebrate your victory. I’ll send you the address now.”

Freya was puzzled.

They want to congratulate me on my victory? Why am I the last one to hear about this?

And how did Isabella know Matthew?

Later in the evening, Freya followed the address and found that Braxton and Isabella were already there.

Isabella was impatient and asked upon waiting for a while, “Why hasn’t Matthew arrived yet?”

Freya was quite grateful for Matthew’s support online, so she casually said, “Maybe he’s

been held up by something. Let's wait a little more."

However, after a long time, Matthew still hadn't shown up.

Now, Freya also vaguely felt that something was wrong and said to her brother, "Brax, why don't you call him?"

Braxton dialed Matthew's number. It rang for quite a while before it was answered.

Matthew must have said something. Braxton's look turned grim.

After the call was ended, Freya asked, "What happened?"

As Braxton hurriedly put on his coat, he explained, "We need to go to the hospital.

Matthew's brother got into a car accident."

The next second, Isabella also stood up. She pulled the still-dazed Freya and quickly headed out.

"The Hood family is a bit complicated. I'll explain on the way."

## Chapter 12 Hey, Why Didn't You Dodge?

"The Hood family is very strange. Since Matthew is little, they haven't liked him much.

After his younger brother was born, everyone in the family treats his brother as the heir.

"Maybe it's because when they were young, the adults always favor his younger brother, Matthew has never really liked his brother. And now, their father is sick. There has been a constant argument on the topic of the heir.

"So, Matthew's younger brother getting into a car accident now is not a good sign."

While Braxton was driving the car, Isabella briefly told Freya about the situation in the Hood family.

When the three arrived at the hospital, the operating theater's red light sign was lit up, which indicated that the surgery was still going on.

Matthew was sitting outside with his arms crossed on his knees. His face was expressionless.

"Matthew, what happened? How did your brother get into a car accident?"

After a few seconds of silence, Matthew responded, "He borrowed my car and went out to have fun."

Hearing that, the three froze.

It was Matthew's car that his brother drove in the accident.

The Hood family would make a fuss about this!

At this time, the operating theater's red light sign went out. Soon, a doctor came out, took off his mask, and shook his head. "We did our best."

Everyone's expressions changed dramatically, especially Matthew, whose face turned pale.

Freya didn't know how the Hoods had reacted when they arrived later because she was called into the mortuary.

More or less, those who died in a car accident needed their appearance restored by morticians.

This was Freya's first task after returning to work, and it was Matthew's younger brother. So, she did the job very carefully.

When the restoring work was done, Matthew's brother looked almost no different from when he was alive.

Her colleagues who previously looked down on her skills due to her two years of absence from work all fell silent.

...

When Freya saw Matthew again, it was at the cemetery.

The Hood family were weeping in grief together, except Matthew.

He stood on the side in black with no expression on his face.

In contrast, his mother cried so much that she almost fainted. "My son... My son!"

After crying, she threw herself at Matthew and hit him hard with her fists. "He's your brother!"

Matthew staggered. But he remained silent, and his gaze was full of bone-chilling coldness and disappointment.

Even his father, who was sick, came. He seemed pale and weak. But when he noticed the expressionless Matthew, he grew angry and slapped the latter hard in the face. "You wicked child! You even schemed against your brother! How ruthless you are!"

The cause of the car accident was later found to be brake failure.

Everyone thought it was Matthew's doing.

Being hit by his father, Matthew didn't move. He stubbornly endured the attack and stared at his father icily before saying word by word, "I'll repeat it again. It has nothing to do with me."

That didn't stop his father from giving him another punch.

He staggered. Then, he wiped off the blood from his lips.

Finally, Freya couldn't bear to watch it anymore. Besides, Matthew had previously helped her to clarify her innocence.

Hence, she went forward and pulled Matthew away before warning the latter's father coldly, "Sir, please watch yourself. We're in a cemetery."

After that, she pulled Matthew to leave.

Braxton originally wanted to stop his sister, but she was too fast.

So, he could only go to Matthew's father, Tripp Hood, and say calmly, "My sister has been spoiled since she was a child. Please forgive her rudeness."

Because of how Matthew was treated, Braxton didn't have a good impression of the Hoods either.

Tripp's face turned red with anger, and his chest was heaving. But due to Freya's background, he just waved his hand and said nothing.

On the other hand, Freya took Matthew to a tree nearby. Noticing his slightly swollen cheeks, she frowned and asked, "Hey, why didn't you dodge when your father hit you?" Matthew remained quiet.

Freya tiptoed and carefully examined his wound.

Somehow, she sensed that someone was watching her.

She looked around and found Radley, who was wearing a black suit, not far away.

He was gazing at them with an icy-cold expression.

### Chapter 13 Do All Men Like This Kind of Woman?

It was not just Radley. Danna was by his side, wearing a black dress and holding his arm. Seeing that, Freya couldn't help but sneer ironically.

She thought that after she had posted that photo, Radley would have some disgust toward Danna.

But, it seemed like he still loved Danna deeply.

Since the beginning, Freya had believed that the photos of her and Matthew were Radley's work. So, even though she had already retaliated, she still didn't like Radley. Surprisingly, in the next second, Danna came over.

"Freya, I explained to you before that it was because I love Radley too much that I..."

She looked guilty and lowered her eyes, looking very aggrieved.

Do all men like this kind of woman?

Staring at Danna coldly for a moment, Freya then lightly curved her red lips. "And?"

"I remember stating that I don't care about my belongings left in his place or him anymore."

She shifted her gaze to Radley and shrugged indifferently.

"Sweetie, have you heard of the saying 'two peas in a deceitful pod?'"

Instantly, Danna's face changed. She felt a sense of humiliation.

Radley lightly patted her on the back of her head.

"Radley..." she called a little aggrievedly.

His expression was very cold. His tall and straight figure was accompanied by an inherent sense of nobility and oppression.

Not wanting to get involved in the conversation between the two women, he turned to Matthew and said, "Now that the Hood Group is in your hands, I look forward to our collaborations in the future."

Matthew's gaze turned icy.

There was a lot of business between the Monaghan Group and the Hood Group. In the past, when his younger brother was working in the Hood Group, his brother often had disagreements with Radley.

Radley was a particularly cold and ruthless man, so his brother had always suffered losses in their disagreements.

Now that Matthew was about to take over the Hood Group, more conflicts had arisen within his own family as well as in the outside world.

If the Monaghan Group wanted to do something to the Hood Group at this time, the Hood Group would be at stake.

When Matthew thought of this, his expression became even grimmer.

Unlike Danna, who was immersed in love, Freya had thought about the situation too. She promised Matthew, "My brother and I will support you."

Radley apparently remembered that he still didn't know who Freya's brother was. Just as he was wondering, he noticed the expression on Matthew's face change.

Matthew stroked Freya's head and said, "Thanks, Kittie."

The tone was very intimate.

Taken aback, Freya then realized that Matthew might be deliberately provoking Radley, so she accepted the gesture.

Looking at this scene, Radley remained expressionless, and his gaze remained ice-cold.

Just as he was about to leave with Danna, Danna suddenly said to Freya, "Freya, next week is Madam Rosie's birthday. She told me that I can invite some friends. Would you like to come?"

Danna smiled sweetly as if Freya didn't give her a hard time just now.

On the other hand, Freya raised an eyebrow.

Danna was referring to Rosie Hamilton, Radley's mother.

And she was putting herself in the position of a host.

The Monaghans would definitely send an invitation to Freya due to her family background, so she didn't need Danna's invitation at all.

But for the time being, Freya didn't want Radley to know her identity.

Besides, she was curious about what Danna was up to.

So, Freya smiled and nodded. "Sure."

...

Soon, the time had come. It was the day of Rosie's birthday banquet.

Freya didn't go with Braxton but drove to the venue alone.

She was wearing a low-key black chiffon dress and a pair of red high heels, exuding a strong aura.

As soon as she entered the venue, she attracted countless gazes.

"Who is this beauty? Is she taken? Can I hit on her?"

"If I'm not mistaken... isn't that Freya Kaufmann?"

"Mr. Monaghan's ex-wife? And she's here to attend Madam Rosie's birthday banquet? Wouldn't it be awkward?"

"I have to say that Freya has changed so much. It's true that women become more beautiful after divorce."

"Indeed, she's stunning. I wonder whether she's here to make trouble today."

Freya heard the surrounding gossip.

Yet, her expression remained unchanged.

Not far away, Danna was talking to Rosie smilingly, holding the latter's arm. The moment she saw Freya, a touch of coldness flashed in her eyes.

But, she quickly put away that coldness and asked softly, "Madam Rosie, is Radley on the way here?"

#### Chapter 14 The Legendary Scandalous Male Companion

"Not yet, he has some business to attend to at the company. But he should be coming soon," replied Rosie.

Upon learning that Radley was not present, Danna breathed a sigh of relief before turning her gaze toward Freya.

"Madam Rosie, is that Freya? Did you invite her?" Danna furrowed her brows as if she was puzzled.

Rosie followed her gaze and saw Freya. Her happy expression immediately turned surly.

"How is she here? I didn't send her an invitation."

Freya was the one who caused the crisis in the Monaghan Group. Of course, Rosie would never invite Freya to her birthday banquet.

"Ah, did she sneak in without an invitation?" asked Danna in a whisper.

With her lips curled in a sneer, Rosie said, "Danna, go ahead. Do whatever you want."

Anything would be fine as long as Danna managed to embarrass Freya.

"Alright, Madam Rosie."

When Freya saw Danna approaching, she had just exchanged a glance with her brother.

Braxton warned her not to cause any trouble with his gaze.

Freya shrugged and turned to see Danna approaching her.

It wasn't that Freya wanted to cause trouble, but the annoying Danna kept coming to her. "Freya, how did you come in without an invitation?"

As expected, Danna's words attracted the attention of those around them.

When they heard that Freya had sneaked in without an invitation, some of their gazes changed.

Those who attended the birthday banquet were either rich or powerful. Naturally, they looked down upon such behavior.

Gossip and chatter filled the air.

"Freya, if you really wanted to come, you could have told me. It would have been fine."

Freya's expression was calm with a hint of a cold smile on her lips.

To her, Danna was brainless, although Danna sometimes could be intelligent in small ways.

Freya straightened her back. Her slender and fair neck made her look like a proud swan. She raised her red lips, about to say something, when a hand suddenly was placed on her shoulder. She was pulled into an embrace.

At the same time, a somewhat unruly and cold voice sounded. "She's with me. Do you want to see my invitation?"

The voice was very familiar.

Sure enough, Freya turned her head and saw Matthew raise his eyebrows. He was looking at Danna in a half-smiling and half-sarcastic way.

For a moment, Dana's expression stiffened.

She didn't expect Matthew to come so timely.

The atmosphere became awkward, and those who were whispering gradually quieted down.

Matthew was Freya's scandalous male companion.

And they actually interacted out in the open like this.

Although Danna and Radley were talked about behind their backs, everyone in this circle wouldn't dare to gossip openly due to the Monaghans' power.

Right then, a freezing voice cut through the silent air slowly. "Mr. Hood, I have to give you credit for your ability to turn the tide and rescue the Hood Group from my grasp."

This week, the Monaghan Group launched a comprehensive campaign to suppress the Hood Group. Radley thought Matthew was a playboy, so he was surprised when the latter repeatedly and successfully saved the dying Hood Group.

"Thank you," responded Matthew with an insincere smile.

Radley walked slowly to Danna's side. She immediately took his arm. "Radley."

Seeing that, Freya sneered.

This caused Radley to glance at her.



Freya didn't avoid his gaze. Her gaze was straight and calm.

Radley's words pulled Danna out of an awkward situation, but Freya wasn't willing to let Danna off the hook yet.

When Freya wanted to speak again, Danna interrupted her gently. "Freya, I misunderstood earlier. Please forgive me."

Freya did not respond. Matthew had already taken her away after letting out a cold snort. Matthew led her to a table and handed her a glass of champagne. "Why bother arguing with that kind of woman? There's no need to stoop to her level."

Meanwhile, Freya took the glass but didn't drink the champagne. She swirled it and replied, "I'm gonna cause another trouble tonight, believe it or not."

"Is she still a threat to you, Kittie?" Matthew didn't seem to care what she might do and laughed nonchalantly.

Freya didn't answer.

She didn't know the specifics of the two-year marriage she had with Radley, but she had lost when they divorced.

A while later, Matthew went to talk to the other guests. Braxton was also chatting with someone. A bit bored, Freya went out into the backyard.

Bathed in moonlight, the fountain in the backyard was shimmering with sparkling radiance.

Some guests who preferred peace and quiet were hanging out in the backyard. Freya sat down by the fountain and played with her phone.

She had only just settled down for a few minutes when Danna walked toward her with her dress held in her hands. Danna was smiling softly with a look of concern.

"Freya, why are you out here?"

## Chapter 15 A Gag Reflex

Freya had hated Danna's hypocrisy since the first time she met Danna. At this moment, Freya tugged at the corner of her lips and said, "There's no one else now. Just get straight to the point."

Hearing that, Danna put away her smile and tilted her head to look at Freya. "You know what I'm going to say. Now that you two are divorced, please stay away from Radley."

She could feel that Radley had been paying a little too much attention to Freya.

On the other hand, Freya stood up and laughed loudly. "Sweetie, are you alright in the head?"

Since when am I close to that sc\*mbag?

Danna's expression turned dark, and then she put on a weeping face. "Freya, it's all my fault. I shouldn't have..."

As she spoke, she took a step forward.

Realizing Danna's intention, Freya had a hint of coldness in her eyes and curled her lips mockingly. Then, she dodged to the side slightly. Danna, standing in front of her, was unable to retract her hand and her body that had already leaned forward.

Plop. Danna fell into the fountain and splashed a large amount of water.

"Ah!" she screamed in panic and could barely control her facial expression.

Initially, she had planned for Freya to fall into the fountain.

The water in the fountain was icy-cold. Before long, Danna felt so cold that her face almost turned blue.

People around all looked over. With a pale look, Danna asked in a trembling tone, "Freya, why did you push me?"

Freya watched coldly from the side. Her expression remained placid as if she had just watched a boring play.

At the same time, hearing the noise, the guests inside were also attracted and came over.

Radley saw the scene in the backyard. His expression became icy and gloomy. Quickly, he strode to Danna's side.

"Radley..." Danna's eyes turned red when she saw him, and she reached out her arm to him. Her face was very pale.

Radley carried her out of the freezing water and gave Freya a cold glance.

Receiving his glare, Freya didn't feel anything and returned his gaze straight.

Radley's eyebrows furrowed.

"Are you crazy?" He sounded a little incredulous and dropped such a sentence before striding past her.

This sc\*mbag really has no brain.

Crossing her arms, Freya did not mind people gossiping and pointing at her. She walked back into the house slowly.

"Did she just push Danna into the fountain?"

"Seriously? Doesn't she realize where she is?"

"Isn't it a bit too much to push someone into the fountain?"

"The jealousy of a woman. Tsk, tsk."

As Freya listened along the way, she wished she could slap each of them on the face.

Jealousy? Who can I be jealous of?

Jeez, these people's brains are built in the same way as that sc\*mbag's.

Freya headed to the control center when Rosie stopped her with a surly face. "What do you want to do again? Do you think the scene isn't bad enough?"

Ignoring Rosie, Freya connected her phone to a computer in silence.

Rosie's face sank, and she was about to step forward when Matthew came out of nowhere and blocked her path with a smile. "Mrs. Monaghan."

Rosie was frustrated.

On the other hand, Danna had changed her clothes and followed Radley down from upstairs.

She came to Freya's side and asked gently with a grievance, "Freya, did I do something wrong?"

Blinking her long eyelashes, Freya put an index finger to her rosy lips and made a soft "shh" sound.

"The show is about to begin. Let's watch it quietly."

Immediately, the big screen flickered, and a video appeared.

Danna was shocked. Blood left her face.

On the screen, the entire process of Danna trying to push Freya into the fountain but losing her balance and falling into the water was played.

The video was shot so clearly that one could tell that Freya did not even lay a finger on Danna.

Instantly, the guests around erupted like a pot boiling over.

"Danna self-directed the whole farce? Impressive."

"Oh, I just remembered. Isn't Miss Kaufmann supposed to be the legitimate wife? How can the mistress be so brazen?"

"Danna knows that she's the mistress. And yet, she still steps into their relationship. Jeez, I hate these fake b\*tches."

Danna's face turned red. Her frail body was trembling. It was as if she was about to black out and fall to the ground the next second.

At the same time, Radley's expression was also unpleasant. After a while, he walked toward Freya and lightly pressed her hand. His voice was deep and freezing as he said, "Enough."

"Enough?" Freya raised an eyebrow and stared at him. "How can it be enough?"

She wanted to question him how could this be enough compared to her two years of humble and groveling marriage life.

But before she could speak, she suddenly felt her stomach churning, and a nauseating feeling surged up.

Her face changed, as she realized that it was not a good sign.

She slapped away Radley's hand, clutched her abdomen, and let out a loud retching sound.

Radley was surprised by his ex-wife's reaction.

A gag reflex? Does she have an aversion even to my touch now?

## Chapter 16 She Is the Kaufmanns' Young Lady

Freya suppressed the nauseous feeling in her stomach and looked at Radley's subconscious step back. She smirked. "Mr. Monaghan, you better stay away from me. I'm allergic to sc\*mbags."

The next second, the feeling surged up again. Freya's face turned pale.

Radley stared at Freya with a piercing gaze. Allergic to sc\*mbags? Since our divorce, she has found all sorts of ways to provoke me. She had transformed from a meek little lamb to a troublesome beast with sharp claws.

"Freya, we are already divorced," Radley said coldly. "You don't need to play these games."

What game is he talking about?

Freya's beautiful eyes widened. She was wondering if Radley thought she was trying to get his attention.

This sc\*mbag might have a good-looking appearance, but where did he get the confidence from?

The nauseous feeling made Freya unable to argue with him. She took a deep breath, trying to calm down but then heard Braxton's voice.

"Frey, what's wrong?" Braxton had been looking for his sister since the surveillance footage had been played.

Although it was satisfying to watch, he was afraid that his sister would be bullied, so he rushed over to support her.

Braxton went to Freya and asked. "Frey, are you feeling unwell?"

Freya patted her neck and said, "I feel a little nauseous. Maybe it's because I was looking at an ugly guy."

Radley's expression became colder as he stepped forward. "Freya, get over here!"

How could she act like this in front of the public?

Even when we are divorced, she should have more self-respect!

Radley's hand was about to touch Freya's hair, but Braxton had already protected his sister in his arms.

Braxton looked at Radley coldly with sharp eyes. "Mr. Monaghan, you better stay away from her."

That kind of imposing manner seemed like he was ready to start a fight at the drop of a hat.

Radley's hands were confiscated, and his gaze carried a hint of coldness.

"Freya, come here." The tone was light, but the momentum behind the words was commanding.

Freya sneered at Radley. Was it a habit of his to speak to her in this tone?

Since she woke up from her car accident and met this sc\*mbag, he had always looked down on her.

It made her realize how low she used to be, worshiping this sc\*mbag as a god, and consequently becoming extremely humble.

She Is the Kaufmams Young Lady

"Sorry, where do you get the confidence to think that you can call and dismiss me as you please? Freya said coldly. "We have already divorced. You should speak to me with a more respectful attitude?"

Radley had called her twice, but Freya remained motionless in Braxton's arms. Non she spooking to ord note because of Bratton Katam

The Kaufmann Group had always been a rival to the Monaghan Groups

Radley felt a nameless anger rising in him His brows and eyes were frosted over Trx only been a few days since our divorce. First there's Matthew Hood and now Braxton

Kaufmann I never realised that you had this ability before. When did you start dating Mr. Kaufmann”

Radley didn't know why he was angry, but he couldn't control the evil fire inside him

His voice was loud. Since the people around them were already paying attention, they could all hear what

he said.

Even the weak and almost fainted Danna stumbled to Radley's side.

She spoke softly and weakly, trying to fan the fire. “Radley. I was just talking to Prexa earlier about this. I found out that she was having an affair with Mr. Kaufmann when you were still married. I couldn't help but feel angry for you. That's why I acted impulsively.

Freya raised an eyebrow, amazed by Danna's ability to twist things around.

She jokingly stared at Danna and said. “Miss Delgado, it's better to be a little more mindful of your dignity as a person. Don't just get hit on the left cheek and then offer the right one to be hit again

Danna lifted her head and spoke bravely, like a delicate white flower under the pressure of the evil Freya.

“Freya, I don't want to say this, but we both are girls. It doesn't matter how you treat me, but you can't keep hurting Radley like this

The people around them started to whisper and comment on the situation.

“What a drama! The plot twists keep coming”

“What plot twist? That Danna is obviously a hypocrite. As for Freya, I'm not sure

A few clever people whispered. “Braxton Kaufmann, Freya Kaufmann. Do you

It was just too much of a coincidence that they shared the same family name.

uvx realize....“

Freya heard this and laughed. The nausea in her stomach had subsided. She walked a few steps to D and said. “My relationship with Braxton is not just limited to when I was married to Radley. In fact, we’ve been listed together in the same household register since I was born.”

As Freya casually said this, the whole place fell silent. Everyone looked at each other in disbelief and wondered if they had heard it correctly.

Freya crossed her arms and looked disdainfully at Dana. “Miss Delgado, are you saying that I had an affair with my own brother while I was still married to Radley Monaghan?”

Brother... Freya was Braxton’s sister?

She Is the Kaufmanns’ Young Lady

This statement was like a bombshell that shocked everyone in the room.

“Freya is the daughter of the Kaufmanns?”

“That well-protected precious gem of the Kaufmanns!”

“What the f\*ck! How come Radley didn’t know about this? What kind of husband is he? He has never really cared about Miss Kaufmann, has he?”

Someone whispered. “The Kaufmann family has always been powerful and on par with the Monaghan family. Was Miss Kaufmann forced into this marriage?”

Some of the daring playboys in the room spoke up. “Miss Kaufmann, did you get a share of the property after divorcing Mr. Monaghan?”

Freya crossed her arms and looked at the pale-faced Dana before turning her gaze to the ice-cold face of Radley,

Freya spoke calmly. “I don’t care about the Monaghan family’s petty assets. Even if Mr. Monaghan was willing to give them to me. I wouldn’t take them.”

Freya’s smile was dazzling and full of arrogance.

Radley's eyes darkened even more, staring intently at Freya. Was this her true face? She had been deceiving him all these years!

At this moment, Braxton pulled Freya back and looked sharply at Danna.

"Miss Delgado, your words tonight are enough to have the Kaufmann family charge you with defamation.

"But I don't want your name to be mentioned in the same breath as my sister's. You're not worthy. So, if you dare to act arrogant in front of my sister again, don't blame the Kaufmann family for being ruthless."

Braxton pulled Freya away. The people around them gave them space. Even after their figures disappeared, some people sighed as if they had just woken up from a dream.

At the corner of the second floor, Matthew was leaning on the railing with great interest, watching a spectacle unfold. His thin lips curled up in amusement.

Wow, Kittie really won the show. Look how dark Radley's expression is!

He chased after Freya in the direction she left from the crowd.

The banquet continued. Danna still felt a buzzing in her ears as she clung to Radley's arm.

Is Freya really the daughter of the Kaufmann family?

"Radley...." Danna reacted and leaned on Radley with a pale face, her lips trembling a few times. "I-I didn't know. She misled me. Maybe she hated us so much, that's why she embarrassed us in public, right?"

Radley's mood was complicated. He was still angry about being deceived. The thought of the transformed Freya, who had become so stunning and piercing, made him feel restless.

Feeling a slight tightness in his arm, Radley lowered his gaze to find that Danna's hand was tightly

She Is the Kaufmanns' Young Lady



## Chapter 17 Never Explored Her Past

Freya and Braxton had just left the venue when they heard a voice behind them.

“Kittic, wait for me.”

Braxton turned around, protecting Freya with one hand and blocking the approaching person with the other. “Hey, can’t you call her properly?”

Matthew was blocked in his path. He shrugged and didn’t seem to care. “I think this nickname suits her

well.”

Before Braxton could speak with a frown, Matthew had gone around to Freya’s front. “Kittie, you were amazing today. I’ve never seen anyone make Radley so angry and still could leave unscathed.”

Freya gave him a cold glance. “Do you have a grudge against Radley? You’re happy to see him angry, huh?”

Matthew smiled. “No grudge before, but who knows about the future.”

As he spoke, his bright eyes were fixed on Freya with a playful smile.

Freya felt nervous under his gaze and pulled the corner of her mouth. “Brax, let’s go back.”

It was better to keep a distance from Matthew.

Before getting into the car, Matthew tried to steal a ride, but he was quickly stopped by Freya’s quick action of closing the car door. He rubbed his nose and then tried to do the same thing with Braxton, only to be met with disappointment.

The car drove smoothly on the way back to the Kaufmann family’s home.

Braxton drove and looked at Freya through the rearview mirror from time to time. “Freya, are you feeling unwell? You looked pale at the banquet.”

“I’m okay. Maybe my routine hasn’t been consistent lately.” Freya looked up and smiled brilliantly at Braxton. “You don’t have to worry.”

Since her accident, she had been celebrating with Isabella and reconnecting with her old friends. Her nights had been quite busy.

“It’s best that you stop going out at night,” Braxton reminded her.

Freya absentmindedly agreed. She rested her chin on her hand and looked out the window.

In the mouths of her brother and Isabella, she had loved the b’stard Radley deeply but had been betrayed and cheated on.

When they mentioned this, they were filled with righteous indignation, but to Freya, it was like waking up to find that two years had passed.

Two years had vanished just like that.

Thinking of that se mbug Radley, Freya itched with anger.

For the past two years, she had only thought that she was being foolish. From now on, she would have to pick up her skills again.

Fortunately, the tural home had not yet resumed work, so she had time to improve her skills.

For a moment, Freya’s mind was filled with her future goals and plans.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in the Monaghan family had become heavy.

Radley and Danna sat on the sofa in the living room while Rosie walked down the spiral staircase from the second floor and sat opposite them.

“Your grandmother has gone to bed. Can you tell me what’s going on with Freya now?” Rosie lowered her voice but couldn’t suppress her anger. “How did she become the Kaufmann family’s daughter? Is she trying to fool us?”

Radley’s eyes darkened. “She... Braxton isn’t that stupid)

This kind of thing couldn’t be kept a secret forever. The Kaufmann family did indeed have a daughter who they treated like a precious gem.

They protected their young miss like a treasure and wouldn’t let her out of the house easily.

Everyone in Caltun knew of the existence of the number one socialite, but no one had ever seen her face in the media.

Rosie was furious but didn’t dare to wake up Daniella with a loud argument.

“So what’s this all about? Our family and the Kaufmann family have always been competitors. Did she marry you while hiding her identity because she wants to plot something?”

Danna tried to persuade Rosie on the side. “Madam Rosie, don’t worry. Even if Freya wants to do something, it’s useless now. Fortunately, Radley has already divorced her.”

While appearing to persuade Rosie, she was actually adding fuel to the fire.

Rosie’s anger was further fueled. She muttered about whether Freya had stolen any confidential information from the Monaghan family.

Radley sat there with his ink-black eyes slightly narrowed, his tall figure leaning back slightly on the sofa.

They had been married for two years, and Freya had never mentioned her identity.

Not even that she had a brother, let alone being the daughter of the Kaufmann family.

No wonder he couldn’t find her when she disappeared, and the hospital records were wiped clean!

It was no doubt that The Kaufmann family had this ability to do those!

Radley's forehead throbbed as he thought of Freya's alluring face and proud demeanor today, feeling like something was missing and feeling angry and lost.

He suddenly realized something.

Freya had indeed never said anything, but he also had never bothered to ask.

He had simply picked someone to marry, just because his grandmother liked Freya.

He had never had the desire to explore her.

Never Explored Her Past

Freya...

Radley broke apart each letter of her name, pondering over them and her existence.

Amidst his scattered thoughts, his clothes rustled slightly.

He snapped out of it and met the concerned gaze of Danna.

"Radley, let's go back. Let your mom rest early."

After nagging for a while, Rosie noticed her son's absent-minded look and warned him discontentedly. "Be careful. I think that woman has bad intentions!"

Radley was annoyed and frustrated. "She has been in the Monaghan family for two years. If she wanted to plot something, she would have done it already."

"What do you mean?" Rosie raised her eyebrows sternly,

Danna stepped in to smooth things over. "Radley, please understand your mother's feelings. She's not in a good mood since Freya caused a scene at her birthday banquet today."

Her voice was gentle and soothing.

Radley didn't say anything more.

After leaving the Monaghan family, the car drove to Danna's residence.

She hesitated. “Radley, I’m the only one at home. Can you accompany me?”

Radley remained silent and motionless in the driver’s seat.

Danna bit her lip and got out of the car alone.

Rosie’s birthday banquet had spread in Caltun. Everyone knew about the big news of Freya, the daughter of the Kaufmann family, having married Radley before,

And by the time everyone knew of the news, Freya and Radley had already divorced.

Urban myths started to circulate.

“Beware of b\*tches, or even as the daughter of the Kaufmann family, you can still be cheated on!”

Meanwhile, Freya was resting comfortably at home.

She had been staying up late frequently before, but Braxton had now ordered her not to go out at night. She had also picked up her skills again.

In her bedroom, she held a small camera and filmed her desk.

The desk was filled with various opened cosmetics. Freya introduced their uses one by one. She then placed the tripod of the camera on the table, facing herself.

“Today, I’m going to teach you about special effects makeup. In many movies and TV dramas, you can see some actors gaining hundreds of pounds...”

She then introduced each cosmetic product one by one and also applied a bronze-colored foundation. Besides putting on makeup and face paint, she also attached a mustache

A Ragnar Lothbrok, appeared on the screen. From a delicate and beautiful woman, she transformed into a rough and masculine Viking, even nailing the spirit of the character

## Chapter 18 Ex-wife Living Lavishly

After finishing recording the video, Freya taught her followers how to remove makeup effortlessly.

These skills were actually necessary for her since she worked as a mortician.

Normally, makeup was all that was needed for the deceased, but in some special cases, the body could be mutilated.

In these situations, these skills would come in handy to restore the body.

Sometimes, the makeup skills of a mortician were even better than those of a professional makeup artist.

After finishing everything, Freya uploaded the video to her account.

Recently, she registered several short video accounts, where she shared makeup tutorials and occasional health knowledge.

Freya's idea was simple. She wanted to give a good name to the lonely profession of a mortician, and the first thing to do was to expand her influence.

After uploading the video, she sat on the couch and fiddled with her phone.

Although it had only been a little over ten days, because the videos she had posted earlier had extreme before-and-after makeup comparisons, they blew up. The platform had been promoting her as well, so she had already gained tens of thousands of followers.

This speed of follower growth attracted the attention of many MCN companies who then contacted her privately.

Freya read through the comments on her previous videos and answered any questions she was interested in.

After finishing, she slid her finger and scrolled to the next video.

A video of a woman putting on makeup and transforming appeared, and when Freya saw the woman's face, her expression immediately darkened.

“Why is this b\*tch everywhere?”

On the screen, Danna was wearing a fairy-like high-end dress, with a full face of makeup and special effects, imitating Cinderella while holding a small white rabbit, and swaying around.

At first glance, the soft and delicate special effects made it almost impossible to see her face clearly.

Freya felt disgusted as she watched the video. She opened the comment section to take a look. Most of the comments were praising Danna.

Danna, I’ll always support you!”

“Danna is forever a goddess. When are you taking on a new role in a new TV show?”

Occasionally, some rational fans said that Danna was already very beautiful and didn’t need excessive airbrushing, but these comments were met with hundreds of replies scolding them.

She scrolled the video away casually. The b\*tch’s face disappeared, and her mood finally eased a bit.

In the afternoon, Freya sat on the couch, holding a book that she had bought at an auction years ago. It was a traditional medicine book from ancient time called “The Compendium of Medical Wisdom”.

When she bought this book, it was sold as an antique at the auction, but she saw its medical value.

That era was the most prosperous period of traditional medicine development, and even the founder of the era had some medical knowledge.

Although modern medicine was also very refined, many exquisite ancient formulas had been lost to history.

Freya turned a page and looked at the prescription.

It was a pity that she lost her memory before she had a chance to read it.

Freya propped up her chin. When she was engrossed in reading, her phone rang.

She picked it up and saw that it was Isabella calling.

“Freya, come to Azure Club tonight to work.”

Ereya lazily replied, “Braxton won’t let me go out at night. If you want to make plans with me now, we have to make it in the morning.”

“In the morning? Does anyone go to Azure Club for breakfast?” Isabella’s voice rose. “Why is Braxton so controlling? Don’t mind him. I’ll come pick you up tonight.”

Freya had been at home for so many days and had rested enough.

She thought for a moment. Life is so bland if it continues like this. She needed some nightlife.

“Okay, but don’t come to pick me up. I’ll just sneak out to meet you”

At eight-thirty in the evening. Freya had dinner with her mother and brother at home. She was as obedient as usual. Then she went to bed in the second-floor bedroom.

After all, she had been well-behaved for half a month. Sylvia and Braxton didn’t notice anything wrong.

At 9 p.m., Freya, dressed in a tight silk top with a waist-revealing design and a short skirt, threw a rope ladder from the second floor and climbed down smoothly.

She successfully reached the ground and went out the back door. She took a taxi to the Azure Club, afraid of alarming her family.

Once inside the Azure Club, Freya found the private room number easily and was shocked upon entering.

Isabella was sitting in the middle of the sofa, with four men on each side. Eight handsome men looked at her as soon as she entered the room.

There were all kinds of them, from younger men to older men.

Freya turned around and wanted to leave, but was stopped by Isabella holding a microphone.



“Hey, do you dare to run away?”

Freya stopped. Her red lips slightly raised, and a sense of oppression flowed out. “Why wouldn’t I?”

Isabella laughed like a bully. “If you run, I will call your brother and ask him to check if you’re in your

room.”

Half an hour later, Freya sat next to Isabella, holding a glass of juice. Her mouth slightly twitched.

A young man came over. “Miss, do you want a drink?”

Freya glanced at him. “I have had a bad stomach recently, so I don’t drink.”

The young man blushed under the fierce glare from Freya.

The lady was so domineering and glamorous. He adored her so much!

Isabella seemed to have been triggered, pulling the collar of a dominant-like guy and appearing to be drunk. “Tell me. Why do you despise me?”

The dominant-like guy couldn’t maintain his composure and said, “Miss, I don’t despise you.”

Isabella’s eyes were blurred and she gritted her teeth. “I am the daughter of the Parker family. I am not some lowly woman. Why do you...”

Freya listened to some clues and tentatively asked, “Isabella, who are you talking about?”

Isabella waved her hand. “Who else? It’s that-

She swung her wine glass, spilling red wine all over Freya’s top.

Freya’s velvet top was wet from alcohol, and she felt sticky all over. Freya got up to go to the bathroom to clean up.

The faucet in the private room bathroom was broken, so Freya went to a public bathroom in the hallway.

She had just walked to the bathroom door when she saw the young man following her.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to help you,” said the young man with a sincere expression, and his face was blushing slightly.

Freya didn’t think he had any malicious intentions. She looked him up and down.

“Can you lend me your jacket?”

The young man blushed and nodded his head vigorously. “Sure, as long as you don’t mind...”

Freya took the young man’s jacket and went into the bathroom. She was wearing a camisole underneath. and luckily it wasn’t too wet. She threw the velvet top in the trash can and put on the young man’s jacket.

When she came out, the young man approached her with small steps. “Miss, you look so pretty in this jacket.”

Freya smiled. Although she didn’t come to the club often, she had seen some escorts with her girlfriends before but never saw one as innocent as this young guy.

With a playful thought in her mind, Freya patted the young man’s shoulder. “How can you be in this

||

business when you’re so pure?”

Before the young man could reply, a cold and stern voice rang out.

“Freya!”

Freya's hand was still on the shoulder of the young man when she turned her head and saw Radley walking towards them from not far away.

Gosh, I am really unlucky!

Why do I keep running into this sc\*mbag wherever I go?

Radley came to talk about business. He had originally planned to come out to take a break. But as soon as he came out, he saw a woman with a hot figure pulling a male escort out of the restroom not far away.

The woman was even wearing a man's jacket.

This kind of thing was common in the club. What else could guests do when they brought male or female escorts to the restroom?

When the woman's voice came through saying, "How can you be in this business when you're so pure?", Radley's mind was struck by lightning.

It's Freya?

Radley suppressed his anger. A hint of sarcasm appeared on his cold and stern face.

"What are you doing here?"

## Chapter 19 You're Hurting Met

Freya was only patting the young man's shoulder, but Radley suddenly appeared and provoked her.

Without hesitation, she grabbed the young man's waist.

"What else can we do here?"

Radley stared at her hand. His voice was laced with ice. "You are really good at acting. I never knew you were so unrestrained before."

Freya pinched the young man's waist and laughed arrogantly.

"There's a lot you don't know about me. After all, your eyesight is not that good."

Even a b\*tch can attract your attention!

As she spoke, she grabbed the young man and was ready to leave.

The sight of this se mbag made her angry and frustrated. She was angry that she had lost two years of her youth for nothing.

The young man was already scared, so he followed Freya obediently.

As they brushed past Radley, Freya felt a tight grip on her wrist.

When she looked up, she realized it was Radley grabbing her. His eyes were cold. "What did you do with him in the bathroom?"

Freya frowned and tried to shake him off, but Radley held on tightly.

She squinted her eyes and turned to look at the young man. "Go on. Wait for me back there."

The young man hesitated but eventually left.

As soon as the young man was out of sight, Freya turned to Radley. "I'll give you one chance. Let go!"

No response.

Very well.

Freya sneered and stopped struggling. She used the force of Radley grabbing her hand to dodge and broke free from his grip in an instant.

With lightning-fast speed, Freya swiftly slipped away and grasped Radley's hand in a reverse grip. With deft movements, she leveraged her body to flip him over her back.

Clean and perfect movement.

Radley fell to the ground and his vision turned black for a moment.

He had excellent skills, but he never intended to use them on a woman. After all, when Freya was in the Monaghan family, what she did was nothing more than embroider. He couldn't believe what was happening now.

After Freya threw him, she clapped her hands and was ready to leave.

As soon as she took a step, her ankle was grabbed by Radley. He was angry but restrained himself. He said in a low voice. "Surprise, surprise. It turns out you can fight."

Freya raised her eyebrows and lifted her foot sharply, intending to strike at Radley's private parts.

Vicious and cunning!

With his guard up, Radley dodged and swiftly pressed Freya against the wall with his hand.

Radley was tall. His eyes filled with domination, exuding an aura of someone who was used to being in control.

Frowning, Freya was about to retaliate by bending her knees and hitting him where it hurt, but the next second, Radley had already pressed his knee against hers.

Their bodies were pressed tightly together and Freya couldn't move her legs. This seemingly ambiguous posture was actually very tense.

Freya's eyes were sharp. Radley was a head taller than her. His handsome face was like the temple of a god. He lowered his eyes slightly and looked at her with a cold and sharp gaze.

"Still wanna fight?"

Radley's face was very close to hers. A faint scent of agarwood mixed with a strong scent of maturity wafted from him.

Freya was furious, but after struggling a few times, she found that she was really no match for him.

She narrowed her eyes. A plan came to mind.

In an instant, her bright eyes were filled with moisture and looked watery.

“You’re hurting me.” Her voice was low, like a feather brushing Radley’s heart.

His face fell, and he wondered what tricks she was up to, but his hand instinctively loosened.

The next moment, Freya picked up the vase on the washbasin and smashed it at him fiercely.

She remembered that Radley was the president of the Monaghan Group, so she didn’t aim at his head and only hit his back.

The target was down with just a single strike, and Freya sprinted toward the private room. There was no time to turn around.

That se mbag might have been despicable, but his skills were enough to take down several special forces. soldiers without him breaking a sweat.

A clever woman wouldn’t suffer any losses, so she had to run quickly.

Freya ran all the way back to the private room. Although Azure Club was in Caltun, it was too close to the Monaghan family’s influence.

She had just set someone up. There might be trouble later.

Freya greeted the escorts in the room. “Everyone, out.”

She then turned to the trembling young man in the corner and said, “You, come over and help me carry

her.”

The young man obediently picked up the already asleep Isabella and followed Freya out of the club’s door.

It was already late at night. They didn’t drive there. Now, they couldn’t even call a taxi.

Freya was anxious, but then a black Hummer pulled up in front of her. With one hand on the steering wheel and the other arm resting on the car window, Matthew said, "Kittie, what a coincidence."

Freya immediately directed the young man, "Put her in the back seat."

Matthew said nothing as he watched on awkwardly.

The young man quickly put Isabella in the back seat. Freya then quickly got into the passenger seat.

Matthew looked at the person in the passenger seat and was speechless.

In the seat, Freya turned to look at the young man and frowned.

Radley saw how he looks, and who knows if he'll take it out on him if he couldn't find me.

"You, get in the car.

The young man didn't hesitate and got in the car.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Matthew stared with wide eyes. "Kittie, what's this about? Are you trying to kidnap the daughter from the Parker family?"

Throughout the entire ordeal, Freya didn't exchange a word with Matthew. She went about her business with efficient precision, not even giving Matthew a glance.

"Just drive!"

Matthew caught a glimpse of a familiar figure chasing after them from the club and smirked. "Alright, you owe me half of the ransom when we get it."

The black Hummer disappeared into the night.

As the car drove down the road, Freya finally let out a sigh of relief.

"Kittie, you owe me a big favor this time," said Matthew, slowing down the car.

Freya closed her eyes and suppressed the discomfort in her stomach. The car had been going too fast, and she didn't feel like talking.

Matthew smiled. “If you want to repay me, why don’t you treat me to a late-night snack?”

In the back seat, Isabella woke up and vomited.

Matthew was agitated. “Hey, hey! Open up the window for her!”

The young man’s voice sounded helpless. “It’s too late...”

Matthew slammed on the brakes, and the car stopped. He turned to look at Isabella in the back seat. “Oh gosh! I am a clean freak! Get her out of here!”

On the passenger side, Freya was so overwhelmed by a sharp brake that she could no longer suppress it. She covered her mouth and let out a loud dry heave.

Matthew stared at her in horror. “Kittie, hold it in!”

Freya took a deep breath. The smell in the car was pungent.

Matthew threw wet wipes and tissues over, and the young man worked diligently to clean up the mess in the back seat.

By the time the car windows were opened for ventilation, they had lost their appetite for late-night snacks.

Matthew resigned himself to driving Isabella back to her home and then took Freya back to her house.

As he left, he looked frail and weak. “Kittie, remember the favor you owe me.”

In the night breeze, Freya and the young man were staring at each other.

The young man’s eyes were sincere and bright.

Freya rubbed her forehead. “What’s your name?”

The young man said. “My name is Edward Fraser.”

“Why do you work as an escort?”



Edward looked uneasy. “This is my first time doing it. My classmate asked me to come, saying that I could earn a month’s living expenses just by drinking some alcohol.”

Freya frowned, thinking that it was a naive idea.

He was lucky that he was in the hands of Freya and Isabella. If he had fallen into the hands of female clients with more extreme tastes, he wouldn’t be so naive now.

Freya’s voice became stern. “You’re in your twenties. Aren’t you aware of what may happen when you work as an escort? Why do you believe what your classmate says? Which university are you from?”

Edward panicked. His big eyes became watery. “Evergreen. Evergreen University. I have no choice. I need money. My brother is sick.”

A prestigious university, and he was doing it for his family.

Freya’s heart softened a bit. She asked for Edward’s bank account number and transferred ten thousand dollars to him.

“Find a place to stay tonight. I’ll contact you tomorrow, and we’ll talk then.”

Edward wondered. Does this beautiful lady want to keep me as a toy boy? But he was a principled person.

She is kinda cool though... and kind.

And he seemed to have fallen in love with her at first sight.

Holding his phone, Edward struggled with his

## Chapter 20 Did She Want to Keep Me as a Toy Boy?

Freya returned to her bedroom through the rope ladder by the window. She then rolled the rope up and tucked it under the bed.

After freshening up, she felt drowsy as she lay down on the bed.

Her phone rang a few times. She glanced at it. It was an unknown number, so she turned it off and went to sleep.

The next day, Freya was busy all morning. She uploaded her beauty vlogs before she remembered her phone.

She opened it and saw five missed calls.

One of the numbers seemed familiar. She worried it might be from the funeral home, so she called back.

A cold and deep male voice answered, “Hello.”

It was Radley!

His voice was distinctive, even over the phone. It sent a chill down her spine. Freya hung up and promptly added him to her block list.

It made her a bit angry when she thought about what happened last night. But then she remembered the young man she forgot about. She remembered that they exchanged numbers last night.

She switched on her phone and saw two messages.

The message from Edward said, ‘Miss, are you there?’

Another message was from the bank. Edward Fraser has transferred 9950 dollars to you!

Frowning. Freya replied, ‘Yes, do you have time at 2 p.m.?’

Edward replied quickly, “Yes!”

Freya sent him the address of the coffee shop she usually went to. It was already late, so she quickly tidied up and told her mother before driving to the coffee shop.

The coffee shop was not far from the Kaufmann Group’s building. When Freya arrived, Edward was already there. He looked a bit uneasy, and his big eyes scanned around.

When he saw Freya, his eyes lit up.

“Miss!” Edward stood up excitedly.

Freya was amused by him. “This is not military training. Let’s sit.”

Once they were both seated, Freya shook her phone. “I sent you the money for the hotel. Why did you transfer it back?”

“I found a small inn for 100 dollars a night, and I had a 50 on me,” Edward explained in a low voice. “Thank you.”

Freya furrowed her brows slightly. Caltun was a rapidly developing city and a first-tier city in the country.

Last night under the darkness, she couldn’t see clearly. But today, with the bright sunlight shining through the window, the young man looked even more handsome.

He had naturally curly short hair, bright clear eyes, a high nose bridge, and thin lips that added a hint of sharpness to his otherwise harmless demeanor.

He was almost 19 meters tall. The only drawback was that he was too thin.

Freya remembered what he said last night. “You said yesterday that you took that job for your brother. Can you tell me more about it?”

Edward lowered his head and told her about his family’s situation.

Despite thinking of herself as one with a heart of stone, Freya couldn’t help feeling a little sympathetic for him.

Edward’s family was once a well-educated family, but both his parents died early. His brother worked hard and became a professor at Evergreen University. However, for unknown reasons, his brother attempted suicide by jumping off the highest building on the campus. Despite surviving the fall, he ended up in a vegetative state.

Currently, his brother relied on medical equipment to survive in the ICU. The daily cost was several thousand dollars.

Edward was still in his third year at university. His family had to sell their ancestral property to support his brother. He had no other choice but to become an escort through a classmate's introduction.

After listening to his story, Freya thought for a long time before asking. "Do you know where your brother was injured according to the hospital?"

The vegetative state was usually caused by brain injury.

Edward lowered his gaze and said with a hint of sadness, "There is a blood clot in the brain. We'll have to see how it goes in the future. There is a possibility that he could suffer brain death if it lasts for a long time, but there is also hope of waking up. It's hard to say for now."

Freya had an idea in mind as she looked at Edward. "You're studying photography, right? Do you want to work and study at the same time?"

Work and study at the same time?

Edward clenched his fists secretly and gathered his courage. "Are you trying to keep me as a toy boy?"

Freya's eyelids twitched. "I don't have that intention for now."

Edward felt a sense of loss after he breathed a sigh of relief. "So, what do you mean by work and study at the same time?"

Freya showed her short video account on her phone. "I've been creating makeup videos recently and have a few accounts, but I don't know much about photography. Sometimes, the lighting is not good enough to show the most realistic effect. Would you like to be my assistant?"

"Sure!" Edward nodded firmly.

Did She Want to Keep Me as a Toy Boy?

Freya smiled. "Don't you want to ask about the salary?"

"You are a good person. I trust you," Edward replied.

Freya's gaze dimmed. "You're too trusting of others, but since you agreed, come to my place tomorrow for a trial period of three days. If you pass, I'll cover your brother's medical expenses and give you an extra 3,000 dollars per month for living expenses."

Edward was stunned and excitedly nodded his head. Then he bit his lip and shook his head. "You may not know how much my brother's hospital expenses cost. It's thousands of dollars per day."

"I know," Freya interrupted.

"You can easily find a professional photographer without having to pay so much." Edward continued.

Freya laughed. "Edward, everyone has their low points. If you feel like you're in the dark, you should seize the only hope. This is not the time for you to be polite.

"If you think I'm giving too much, you can work for me for free for a few years when your brother gets better." Freya smiled gently.

Edward clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

"Okay!"

Freya gave him a ray of hope in his darkest hour. Even if it would take his whole life, if he could really wait until his brother recovered, he would work for her for free for his entire life.

Freya chatted with Edward for a while and gave him a hundred thousand dollars in advance to cover the hospital expenses. She also sent her address to him.

At the same time, she asked for Edward's brother's hospital room number.

"I have to go to class now. I'll be on time tomorrow." Edward stood up. He had classes in the afternoon.

Freya smiled and waved. "Go ahead."

After Edward left, Freya sat alone in the coffee shop. She picked up her phone and entered another system after a quick operation.

She immediately contacted the director of Caltun General Hospital.

‘Dr. Griffiths, I heard that there is a patient named Jamie Fraser in your hospital. I want to take a look at his medical records.

The other side quickly replied, ‘Dr. Harlan, I’ll send them over right away.

Then, the other side asked timidly, ‘Dr. Harlan, do you have any free time lately? We have many doctors who have returned from studying abroad in our hospital. Would you like to give a lecture?’”

Freya typed back, ‘Maybe in the future. I’m busy these days.

Ethan Griffiths quickly sent Jamie’s medical records and also an emoticon that was normally used by middle-aged men. ‘You must be working on some medical secret research, right? I understand.’”

Freya was speechless. She was clearly working on makeup videos.