

After losing her memory she abandoned her husband who cheated on her

Chapter 5 Are You That Fuckboy?

Eddie frowned and did not say anything.

He had recognized Hans.

'What does the powerful young master of the Grant family have to do with this woman?' he thought.

Hans's tone made Hellen very unhappy, and her face turned cold. She said in a low voice, 'Sir, do I know you? Has your mother taught you to be polite when you are out?' As soon as she finished speaking, Eddie, who was watching the show, laughed.

Hans's expression grew colder. He had not expected Hellen to speak to him like this.

'Sure enough, her previous humility was all an act. He thought.

He suppressed the monstrous rage in his heart and took a few steps forward before forcefully grabbing Hellen's slender wrist. 'Go with me.'

Hellen was truly angry now. She wanted to break free from his grasp and said, 'Are you crazy?'

Hans suddenly stopped walking. He looked up and down at her coldly. 'You're pretending well. Let's continue later.

'...' Hellen was momentarily speechless. She truly did not know what to say.

Moreover, her wrist hurt so much...

Hellen stared at Hans.

She thought that the person in front of her seemed to be crazy.

At this time, Eddie, who had been silent, said, 'Mr. Grant, you seem to have hurt my little sister.'

an?'

Hans said, 'Then, Mr. Levi, you interested in such a woman-'

Hellen was furious. She felt like a cannonball that was about to explode.

She struggled to shake off Hans's hand and said, 'Why do you have so much to say?'

Do you have the right to comment on others?'

Seeing that the situation was about to get out of hand, Eddie quickly got up and pulled

Hellen aside. 'Hans, did you hear that? She doesn't know you!'

Hellen rolled her eyes at Hans and rubbed her wrist.

'It hurts so much. What a jerk.' She thought.

'Eh, wait...'

'He's Hans Grant?'

She couldn't help thinking of her brother's words.

She asked without thinking, 'Are you that f*ckboy?'

'F*ckboy?' Hans found it hard to believe that Hellen would say something like that.

Hellen raised an eyebrow.

'Did I say anything wrong?'

'Based on his behavior just now, he is totally in line with a f*ckboy or a s*umbag!' Hellen

thought.

Hellen crossed her arms in front of her chest. Seeing that Hans was silent, she smiled sinisterly and said, 'You don't have to treat me like this. I really don't know you. I lost my memory in a car accident.'

'Lost her memory?'

Hans frowned as he was still in disbelief.

But when he recalled that Hellen's appearance was completely different from before, he also seemed to be able to completely believe it.

His gaze was as cold as ice, as though he were trying to probe something. As for Hellen, she faced him calmly.

It did not take long for Hans to sort out his emotions.

'It's better that way.'

He said coldly.

'Go to the Department of Civil Affairs tomorrow and complete the divorce papers.'

There was dead silence in the private room.

Hellen went silent for a long time before pointing at herself in a slightly stiff and disbelieving manner. 'Me?'

Hans said coldly, 'Am I talking about him?'

This 'him' was obviously referring to Eddie.

Eddie expressed his disdain.

Hellen just didn't know what to do.

'What... She got married two years ago!'

'After marriage... I don't think I've given birth to a child...'

Hellen asked tentatively, 'Do we have children?'

Hans did not answer, his eyes full of mockery.

Thus, Hellen understood that there was most likely no child here.

She also understood that this marriage of hers was not very pleasant.

She did not know how she had lived the past two years, but her memories were still the same as before.

The Jovano family had doted on Hellen very much. She was afraid of nothing.

Sometimes she was so angry that she even scolded her brother, let alone this man in front of her, who had never been nice to her since they had met.

'We better not have children,' Hellen said. 'I'll go to the Department of Civil Affairs to get a divorce tomorrow.'

Then, she looked at Hans calmly and said, 'I promise. If there's nothing else, you can leave.'