

## Chapter 616

After hearing Thomson's words, Tyrion started to nod fervently as he quickly replied, "Of course, of course. How could a hidden family like us make the first move?"

Then, Thomson started to speak calmly with an air of superiority, "Make sure you understand this. Although Karen has been popular within our social circles these days, she is nothing compared to The Three Greatest Hidden Households. How could I possibly bring myself down to contact her?"

Tyrion nodded hurriedly. After all, he was merely one of the many subordinates of the hidden family. He had to be respectful above all else.

He was trembling, scared of saying anything wrong that would offend Mr. Yeager.

"Well then, what are your plans for Willa?" Tyrion asked then.

After all, they did not know when Willa would wake up. It was a waiting game.

"Since I've rescued her, I'm going to take her in as my own. She should join the Yeager family as well," Thomson said as he looked towards Willa who was lying motionless on the bed.

"What do you mean, sir?" Tyrion was stunned. He followed Thomson's gaze and turned to look at the comatose Willa as well.

"You've been with me for almost twenty years now. You should know what I plan to do," Thomson tilted his head to look at Tyrion.

His tone was difficult to discern. It had sounded both like a question and a warning.

Tyrion hurriedly bowed his head in apology and asked, "I'm sorry, Mr. Yeager. Could you please explain it to me?"

"My son has always been a playboy, flirting with women everywhere. He always complains about not being able to find his dream girl. Look here, Willa's decent. She could become my son's wife..." Thomson suggested faintly.

"What? Mr. Yeager, you want Willa and Young Master to get married?" Tyrion choked out, shocked.

"Yes, I do have that idea in mind. Willa looks good, seems like her personality would be decent as well. She'll do alright as my daughter-in-

law. Her genes combined with my son's would bear beautiful children, I'm sure. Why did you think I rescued her in the first place?" Thomson stated.

He did not look the least bit affected by any tide of emotion. It was astounding to watch.

"But she doesn't have a high enough status. How could we justify letting her climb to the top of the social ladder just like that?" Tyrion asked in a hurry.

Willa did not own many properties. How could someone like her be matched with the Yeager family?

Willa was basically playing the role of Cinderella right now.

"Well, there's no other way to it. Since Miss Whitlock has disagreed with our proposition and her other siblings simply won't do, Willa would be a good alternative. It'll all be down to my son. If he doesn't find her fanciable, we could just let him get her pregnant and drive her away later on..." Thomson replied.

"That's true. Once Young Master has his own children, he would definitely become more mature," Tyrion nodded.

This seemed like a relatively easy solution.

According to Young Master's past behaviours, he would definitely dump Willa.

"I guess she can consider giving birth to a child for us as repayment for our help," Thomson mused.

"I see. Do we need to discuss this with Young Master then?" Tyrion asked.

"What? Why would we need to do that?" Thomson asked in a flat voice.

"Mr. Yeager..." Tyrion started to tremble again.

"I know my son and his weakness towards beautiful women. Once he sets his eyes on Willa, he'll... Oh! She seems to be waking up!" Thomson exclaimed suddenly, spotting some movement on the bed from the corner of his eye.

"Mr. Yeager, should we go check on her?" Tyrion asked.

"Hold on a moment, let me make sure. You're certain her memories will somehow be affected?" Thomson asked.

"It is highly possible."

"Alright then. Run along, go get Young Master over here," Thomson instructed.

With a firm nod, Tyrion left.

Thomson then proceeded to let himself into Willa's room.

Willa was in agony, her head hurt so much. She felt like she had just woken up from a long, tedious dream. There were so many people in there that she could not recognize. She couldn't remember any names, now that she thought about it. All she could recall was that there was a young man in her dream named Chuck.

"Where am I?" Willa asked weakly. She blinked her eyes open and sat up with difficulty. She touched her head that had been aching insistently ever since she woke up.

She looked around and did not find any semblance of recognition spark in her mind. It was so strange.

"Have you woken up?" Thomson asked, letting out a quiet laugh as he walked in.

"I guess... Who are you?" Willa asked, confused.

"My name is Thomson Yeager," Thomson introduced himself.

"Thomson Yeager? Sorry, I don't seem to know who you are. Did you save me from something?" Willa asked as she rubbed at her aching head. She kept feeling like there was something in particular that she could not remember.

"That's right. Do you not remember anything?" Thomson walked up to her in concern.

"I-I can only recall that my name is Willa. Other than that, everything becomes a blur... God, my head hurts!" Willa wailed a little towards the end.

How had she been rendered into such a state? Why couldn't she remember anything?

Was it because of her headache? Her heart felt jumbled up inside. She had the impression that there seemed to be a person in her heart that she wanted to see right now.

Who was this person?

She couldn't remember who it was or how they looked like. She could not recall anything.

Willa shook her head a little, trying to make sense of her thoughts.

"You don't remember anything at all?" Thomson asked. His eyes lit up.

"That's right. I can't seem to remember... I only recall that I have a person I like very much, but I don't remember their name or how they

even look like... My head really hurts," Willa explained, feeling upset.

As soon as she started to will herself to recall her past, a terrible headache would ensue.

How did she manage to forget the person she liked so much?

After multiple attempts to access her memories, she still couldn't remember.

"Alas, you don't remember? You've forgotten Loomis, haven't you?" Thomson sighed out.

He hoped his plan would work.

"Loomis? Who's that?" Willa asked, at a loss.

The name was too strange. There was no such name in her memory at all.

"Loomis is my son and also your lover! Have you forgotten?" Thomson sighed once more.

"Loomis is my lover?" Willa was even more confused now.

Was that so? Why couldn't she recall anything?

"Yes! You were both even ready to get married! I can't believe you've actually forgotten about him. Oh, Loomis will be crushed once he finds out..." Thomson bemoaned, looking sad.

Willa was on the verge of a breakdown now. Marriage?

Had she gotten engaged with this Loomis?

She did not have an inkling of who he was at all.

"Wait, just who is Loomis? I don't remember him. The name's too unfamiliar to me. I think the person I like seems to be called Chuck..."

Willa tried her hardest to dig through her thoughts. It gave her a splitting headache.

At this time, a gentle and worried voice asked, "Willa, are you awake?"

Willa was shocked to see a handsome man walk in. He had a pair of blue eyes and looked foreign, but he had features that seemed to imply that he was biracial.

"You are?" Willa asked, confused. She couldn't have possibly met this person before, right? Why did he seem so unfamiliar?

"It's me, Loomis. You've actually forgotten about me?" Loomis sighed.

"You?" Willa was at a loss. The elder from before had told her that her lover was this Loomis that stood before her.

However, that did not seem to be the case. She was pretty sure that the

person she liked was called Chuck.

She couldn't remember much more after that.

"Yes, it's me. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have taken you out and let you fall off the mountain. Willa, please forgive me," Loomis walked over to her, love pouring out of his eyes as he regarded her.

"Did I fall off a mountain?" Willa asked, touching her painful head.

"You did. I'm sorry, but it was all so sudden. You slipped and I couldn't catch you in time. I could only watch you fall... I'm so sorry, please forgive me," Loomis said as he reached out and grabbed Willa's hand with gentleness.

Willa did not feel comfortable letting him touch her like that. Hurriedly, she struggled to pull out of his hold, "Don't touch me."

"I'm sorry. I just missed you so much," Loomis said.

"It's alright, really..." Willa shook her head a little to clear her thoughts. Then, she said hesitantly, "Look, my head really hurts and I really want to sleep, so could you all...?"

"Oh, of course. Yes, you should rest more," Loomis sighed softly as he said lovingly.

Willa proceeded to close her eyes after that.

Loomis spared a sneaky glance at Thomson as the two left the room.

"Dad," Loomis greeted with a smile.

"You seem quite happy with how that turned out..." Thomson said calmly.

"Oh, of course, I've heard of Willa before, but she was never within my reach because she was out of the country most of the time. If I had bothered to deal with the hassle of travelling, I would have already won her heart by now. Dad, do you mean for us to get married?" Loomis asked with giddy excitement.

He was born in the United States and had never travelled to where Willa had lived before. However, he knew of Willa's existence.

She was known to be both beautiful and intelligent.

This was a woman he had a crush on for a while. When Tyrion had informed him of Willa's presence, he had rushed over here in excitement. When he arrived and saw Willa in the flesh for himself, he had nearly tripped over himself in glee.

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"If you like her, I hope you find this marriage arrangement agreeable. There are not many women with good genes like hers," Thomson said.

"Alright, but... you're sure she's really lost all her memories?" Loomis asked, turning to catch another glimpse of Willa on her bed.

"I'm sure. Look, didn't it play out well just now?"

Loomis smiled faintly at the memory. He was a pretty charming fellow, so he could make this work.

He had just been asking out of curiosity anyway.

"But she doesn't seem to trust me..." Loomis continued. When he had touched Willa's hand just now, her subconscious reaction was to pull back from him and to tell him not to touch her coldly.

This woman was very resistant to his charms.

However, the more she resisted, the more it enticed Loomis.

It was a challenge he could not back down from.

Willa wasn't a bumbling idiot; she was smart. It would be interesting to see how far he could go to convince her that he was her lover.

After all, Loomis was not one to back down from a challenge so easily.

"You're a giant flirt. What kind of woman would trust you?" Thomson retorted.

"Dad, you only have yourself to blame! I've learned it all from you after all..." Loomis teased.

"You're getting more and more insolent these days..." Thomson replied without any anger. After all, he was his favourite son after all.

"Alright then. This decision you've made... I like it," Loomis said as he continued to stare longingly at Willa.

She was gorgeous.

She looked so delicate right now that it was love at first sight for him. He had never felt like this for anyone before.

"Well then, that settles it. You do know why I agreed to this, right?" Thomson questioned calmly.

"What is it? Did you want to elevate Willa's status?" Loomis asked, pretending to be confused.

"Stop joking around, Loomis. If you don't get me a grandson in a year's

time, I'm getting rid of her," Thomson warned, right before leaving.

When he had stumbled upon Willa's injured state, he had already planned it all in advance.

For an aged man like him, he thought Willa was a beauty. She was 1.72 meters tall and had beautiful features. The children she would bear would no doubt inherit her genes.

They would be tall and good-looking.

The Yeager family was a powerful hidden family, so they needed more descendants to carry their family name into the far future.

Willa could help them do just that.

"Don't sweat it, Dad. I won't let you down," Loomis chuckled as he said.

He proceeded to snap his fingers to summon help.

Within moments, someone made their way over hurriedly, "Young Master, what can I help you with?"

"Get the best congee cooker here at once," Loomis instructed.

"Mr. Alvin has just left. He has a shop to tend to," The other man explained cautiously.

"Smack!"

Loomis had landed a slap on the man's face, narrowing his eyes as he said, "Want to repeat that?"

In fear, the man started to get on his knees, "Sorry, Young Master. Please, hold on a moment. I'll call for him right now."

"Get him back here in ten minutes. If he's not here by then, I'll kill him! Ask him to prepare a pot of congee for me. I want to present it as my own to Willa," Loomis smiled as he said.

With a firm nod, the man hurried away.

Loomis turned to look at Willa through the glass again and muttered to himself with a smile, "Beauty, this is a golden opportunity for you to climb the social ladder I'm offering you. You'd better appreciate this."

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Willa did not fall asleep after she was left alone. She had been thinking about that peculiar Loomis guy. If they really were a couple, why didn't she feel even a hint of a passion for him?

All she felt was unfamiliarity.

Willa sighed and vaguely recalled the characteristics of the person she had liked. He was someone that she thought was cute. He was

younger than her and may even still be studying in university. However, why did she feel a little sad and lost when she thought about him?

Could it be that he was unavailable? Was she pinning for this person?

Thoughts were running a mile through her head. She was starting to piece together bits and pieces of this person, but the image was really vague...

A while later, she blinked her eyes open when she caught a whiff of something that made her mouth water.

"Willa, I've made this for you myself, come eat a little. You've always been very fond of my congee. Here, have a taste. It might jog your memories," Loomis said as he brought the food over to her and fed her with the spoon.

Willa shook her head hurriedly, "Thank you but I can eat it myself."

"It's okay, I don't mind feeding you. Come on, open wide," Loomis smiled as he scooped up a spoonful of the congee, ready to feed it into her mouth.

"Really, there's no need for this. I'll do it myself!" She exclaimed.

Willa had retreated to the far end of her bed. She really did not feel good about this man.

She was sure that she would have never tolerated anyone as forceful as Loomis before. Surely the person she liked wouldn't act like that.

Loomis frowned a little at her but quickly replaced it with a smile, "Alright then, if you insist."

It had been a long while since Willa had last eaten, so she was awfully hungry. She had to eat something now to replenish her strength.

After she finished the food, she felt somewhat better.

"Let me take you out for a walk..." Loomis offered, stretching out his hand.

"Please stop trying to touch me. Look, I can get down myself. I don't like people touching me," Willa said as she got out of bed by herself.

Her recovery was going immensely well. When she had woke up before, she barely had the energy to walk. She willed herself to get better quickly so she could remember the person that was occupying her mind at the moment.

"I used to hug you all the time in the past and you've never refused me. But now... have you really forgotten me?" Loomis sighed, looking heartbroken.



"I'm sorry but I don't remember you at all..." Willa said, feeling a little helpless. Her memories had been presented to her in different forms of hazy dreams, so she had an inkling about the people she had used to know. However, this man here was a complete stranger to her. She had no recollection of him at all.

Was this because she really had amnesia? Or was this some sort of ploy?

"Sigh, the doctor did tell me that you were seriously injured. He said that it would cause short-term amnesia and that you might forget about me... To be honest, I'm incredibly upset about that, but I'm so glad that you survived that fall. We can make up for the lost memories together in the future," Loomis said gently.

"Make up?" Willa questioned in confusion. Did she really lose her memory and forgot about this man?

"Yes, let's build new memories together," Loomis reached out towards her again, trying to hold her hand in his.

"Don't touch me!" Willa snapped, taking a hurried step back from the man which almost made her lose her balance. Then, she continued in a panic, "I need some time. I'm sure I'll remember it soon..."

"Alright, I'll give you time. Be careful," Loomis said in reply, trying to cover up his outrage at this woman's stubbornness.

He found her stubborn nature equally enticing as well. She had become more attractive to him now. He wanted to conquer her.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't be yelling at you like that. But please understand that I just need some time alone," Willa lowered her voice.

After all, he had saved her life. It was not right for her to raise her voice at him.

"It's okay. Rest up a little, alright?" Loomis replied softly in dismay.

"Are you really my lover?" Willa asked once more.

"Alas, I don't think I am now..."

"Can you briefly tell me what happened between us?" Willa asked then, feeling curious. She really had no memory of their time together at all.

"Of course! Well, we first met at a gathering. When I first spotted you, you had been all on your own, so I wanted to come to say hi to you. When I got over to you, you actually refused me! You even slapped me! I didn't know what to do with myself after that. But a little while later, you eventually came up to me and apologized. We became friends after that..."

"The first time I kissed you was on the rooftop. At that time, the moon lit up your features and you looked mesmerizing... I couldn't resist but give you a kiss that day and you haven't refused me ever since," Loomis said with a smile as he recalled their 'memories'.

"On the rooftop? No, no, I distinctly remember it being the lawn... Yes, it was outside the bar! A man had kissed me, it was just a slight peck on my lips. That was my first kiss..." Willa muttered to herself.

The situation was not going great for Loomis.

In his annoyance, he had managed to think of a way to spin this around, "You still remember your ex-boyfriend? "

"Ex-boyfriend?" Willa echoed. She was at a loss.

"Yes, don't you remember what he did to you? He was abusive! He always treated you like dirt! He would always beat you, yell at you... Have you forgotten all that? The person who took your first kiss is a b\*stard!" Loomis exclaimed.

"A b\*stard?"

Willa was confused beyond belief now. She did not understand why she would cherish this kiss so much if that was the case. It simply made no sense!