

Go After 1021

Chapter 1021

Raeleigh also did not expect that Santiago would eat all her leftovers. But at that time, if she tried to stop him, then she would be the one deemed insensible. It would have been inappropriate if she took it back to eat on her own too. In the end, she could only watch.

Jepherson on the other hand simply remarked, "You're indeed quite thin."

After saying that, Jepherson took a sip of red wine. The corners of his mouth were lifted up. Raeleigh didn't dare look at him because if she looked at him too much, then her eyes would hurt.

Raeleigh could not make sense of such a man.

Soon, Santiago finished eating Raeleigh's leftovers. Deanna bit her lip as she grimaced. What was he doing?

Zorion held his sister's hand tightly with a big smile.

Since the game was being played that way, Zorion thought it was fun.

Santiago had a gulp of red wine and wiped his mouth with a napkin. He looked at the time and stood up.

"We're leaving. There's work to be done at the school, so we can't accompany you any longer, Grandma. Please continue."

After saying that, Santiago stood up, pulled Raeleigh up with him, and left when she was still saying her goodbyes. Paige's face was drained of colour with her anger. Jepherson continued to remain calm and didn't take it seriously.

"Look. Just look. What's this?" Paige said, pointing at the door, whilst Jepherson seemed totally unaffected.

"Deanna? I must've scared you, haven't I?" Paige said to Deanna when she recovered her senses from her fury. Deanna stared at the door in a daze and didn't come back to her senses for a long time.

"Deanna, Grandma is talking to you." Zorion kindly reminded her. She then came to her senses and looked at Paige with her face red. "Grandma."

"Are you frightened of Raeleigh?" When Paige said that, Zorion wanted to laugh more. They were both female companions brought back home by her grandsons. But because of Deanna's excellent status, Paige doted on her with much fondness. Raeleigh's status was low, so she was always making things difficult for her.

They were both children of the Harvey family. Jepherson was treated like a noble prince, while Santiago was treated as though he was good-for-nothing.

To put it bluntly, wasn't Paige up to no good?

Deanna shook her head hurriedly. "No, it has nothing to do with Raeleigh. She's quite nice. We're also friends."

Paige was stunned. "My child. I think that you're a hundred of times better than Raeleigh."

"No..." Deanna wanted to give an explanation. Jepherson stood up and said, "I'll head back first."

After saying that, he stepped forward and left. Paige looked at him and said, "Jepherson, aren't you going to see them off..."

"Grandma, we're leaving too." Zorion could not bear to listen any longer. In the past, he did not think that Paige was a snobbish lady. He just thought that she was a little vain. Right then, it seemed that Paige was a seriously snobbish lady.

Deanna was also done hanging around. She hurriedly stood up and told Paige, "Then, I'll get going first, Grandma."

After that, she turned and went to chase after her brother, Zorion.

People in front of Paige disappeared all of a sudden, which made her feel odd and at a loss. She sat for a long time before getting up. It was all Raeleigh's fault. Did she have to attend just because she was invited? Didn't she know how to use her brain to think?

The more she thought about it, the less she liked Raeleigh.

When she went into Jepherson's room, he had not rested yet, so Paige sat down and said, "I'm really dissatisfied with this girl, Raeleigh. If it were not for the state of your younger brother, then why should I have to allow this person, who lacks elegance and grace, into the family?"

Jepherson lowered his head slightly and sent a text message to Raeleigh, as if he hadn't heard a word Paige had just said. Raeleigh, on her end, didn't mind what had happened that day. After all, she just came to have dinner and didn't care about anything else.

Jepherson chatted for a while before looking at Paige, his elbow pressing onto the couch as he maintained a serious face. "Grandma, when you first married into the family, did Great-Grandma dislike you as well?"

Paige was at a loss and was stunned by the question.

Thinking of what had happened to her back then, she still had a knot in her heart. There was nothing wrong with her, but her mother-in-law didn't like her, no matter what. It was all because of...

Paige looked at her grandson and asked, "What's wrong? Can't you stand it? Are you trying to lecture your Grandma?"

Jepherson stood up and said, "In those days, there was a decision my great-grandma couldn't make. Today, neither can you. One can't be hampered by anything if one likes someone."

"There's nothing wrong with Raeleigh. It's just that Grandma, you can't stand treating her as an equal. The way I see it, Deanna has her merits, and Raeleigh has her own uniqueness. There's no need to put them together to be compared against each other. If you feel that Raeleigh is not good enough for Santiago, then you can tell Santiago and ask him to end all contact with her. There are plenty of other people who want to pursue Raeleigh. In fact, I think..."

“There will be someone who’s willing to compete for the upper hand.”

Jepherson stood up and left. Paige was so stunned that she couldn’t even react. What was he saying?

Raeleigh left Harvey Manor and planned to go back to campus. Scarlett had stood behind them the whole time and had not eaten dinner. Santiago glanced at Scarlett in the rearview mirror. He drove them to a barbecue shop and had some barbecue with them.

Raeleigh couldn’t eat anymore because she was already full. Upon such a good opportunity, how could Scarlett have possibly passed on it?

Santiago sat at the side and drank some beer. Raeleigh could drive them back later.

Santiago and Scarlett were only responsible for sleeping.

It was twelve midnight, so there were not many cars on the road. Raeleigh drove faster, but when she made a turn at a curve, Raeleigh felt something was wrong. Right then, Santiago’s phone rang.

Scarlett was first awakened, followed by Santiago. He picked up the call and sat up. He glanced at the person behind them through the rearview mirror.

“Go and sit in the back.” Santiago turned his body sideways. Raeleigh looked ahead and said, “An accident might happen if I don’t stop the car.”

“You can go to the back. It’s alright as long as I hold onto the steering wheel.” Santiago insisted on doing so. Raeleigh thought for a while. There was no time to ponder over it. She immediately unfastened her seat belt and climbed from the front seat to the back. When Raeleigh turned around, Santiago immediately moved over. So, by the time she turned around and sat down, Santiago had already gotten into the driver’s seat. Raeleigh stared at Santiago with her beautiful eyes wide open. Santiago only hit the car brakes to a halt for a moment, and there was no swaying or anything else.

Raeleigh puckered her lips. “What’s going on?”

“When Mr. Santiago was a child, he could control the car even when he was sitting in the front passenger’s seat. It’s not a big deal. Raeleigh, let’s lie down and not interrupt Mr. Santiago.”

Scarlett pressed Raeleigh down as they lay down flat in the back seat. Santiago still remembered to buckle his seat belt. Raeleigh saw that from her position below and was stunned.

He could drive from the front passenger’s seat, so why would he care about a seat belt?

Santiago then glanced at the dozen or so cars that had caught up. He increased the speed of his car and turned it around. It would be dangerous at any other time if he had performed that manoeuvre, but it was midnight right then, and there were very few cars on the road. As long as he controlled the car well, nothing would happen.

The car turned so fast that the cars behind did not anticipate Santiago would have made the U-turn at such a high speed, such that they did not have time to brake properly before the rest of the cars behind smashed into them, leaving all of them scrapped.

At that moment, Santiago glanced at the cars behind them. He turned the car around and drove in another direction. Raeleigh and Scarlett got up from their seats to look behind and witness a series of explosions right at the spot where they had made a sudden U-turn.

Raeleigh and Scarlett scrambled to see what had happened, only to see the road behind them engulfed in flames.

Raeleigh calmed down then. Then, she turned to look at Santiago, who was driving the car. "Are they here for you?"

Santiago found it amusing. "What else could it be?"

Raeleigh puckered her lips. She hoped that those people were not the ones who were looking for her. What had happened more than a decade ago was still fresh in Raeleigh's mind. Those people had searched for her so intensely that they did not mind killing all the kids just to get to her. She did not need to see such a horrible scene. It was frightening just thinking about it!

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They did not manage to make it back to campus. Instead, Raeleigh was taken by Santiago to his villa. After entering the building, Santiago took a look at the time and saw that it was already two in the morning. He decided to call Jepherson anyway, and within an hour, Jepherson had made his way to the villa.

When he entered the house, Jepherson first went to look for Santiago, who was sitting downstairs. Seeing that he was fine, Jepherson ran upstairs to find Raeleigh.

Raeleigh heard someone knocking on the door and stood up to open it. It was Jepherson standing outside the door.

Raeleigh froze for a moment, and Jepherson reached out to pull Raeleigh into his embrace, squeezing her hard, as if he wanted to melt and merge his body together with hers.

Raeleigh remained silent the whole time. Raising her head, she fixed her eyes on the roof and raised her hands to hold Jepherson.

Jepherson was breathing hard, very hard. Raeleigh knew that he was afraid and worried, so he had rushed over in the middle of the night to see her.

She gently patted Jepherson. After a long time, she finally said, "I'm fine."

Jepherson released her, pushed Raeleigh into the room, and closed the door behind him.

Raeleigh looked at him and said, "I'm really fine. You can have a look if you don't believe me."

Raeleigh stepped back and twirled around, showing Jepherson her unharmed body. Since she knew that he was worried, perhaps it would be better right then that she proved that she was well.

Jepherson stood aside and didn't say anything the whole time. He looked better now that he saw Raeleigh was alright.

Raeleigh took a seat and said, "You don't have to worry about me. I'm fine."

Jepherson went to the other side and sat down. "A lot of things happened due to carelessness."

"But we were not careless." Raeleigh laughed. Seeing that Jepherson was quite nervous, she walked to Jepherson and massaged his shoulders. "Are you going back today?"

Jepherson smiled and looked up at her. "Do you want me to go back?"

Raeleigh blushed and kept her head down without saying anything.

Jepherson raised his hand and held her in his arms. He pressed her slightly forcefully against his legs and lifted his hands to undo Raeleigh's collar. Since he was there, of course, he would not go back.

The sun had just risen in the morning when Santiago received a call from Jepherson downstairs.

"You should pay a visit to the Cole family."

"Got it."

After hanging up the phone, Jepherson went to see Raeleigh, who was sleeping. He had asked for too much the night before. She was exhausted!

Downstairs, Santiago had some food. Then, he changed his clothes and drove to the entrance of the Cole family residence. He got out of the car and knocked on the door. No one opened the door. He kicked at the door of the Cole family residence. His actions were like that of a petulant three-year-old child. If they didn't open the door for him, then he would be anxious, lose his temper as a result, and would kick down their door.

Old Master Cole had just finished his breakfast when the old Lennox hurried over to inform him.

His brows furrowed as he listened. "Jepherson's younger brother?"

"It's him. I could see that he's the little devil of the Harvey family." The old Lennox lowered his head. Old Master Brooklyn's eyes squinted as he asked, "What's he doing here?"

"I don't know. He's famous for being mischievous and a troublemaker in Capital City. There were many troubles in the past few years. I heard a few years ago that he was fooling around with some girls when Faddey Lee's eldest son went up to criticize him and uttered rather unsavory words. The next day, that boy had one of his arms chopped off. Ever since then, Faddey took his sons away and has never showed up in Capital City again."

"Which Faddey Lee are you referring to?" Over the recent years, Brooklyn had been living in isolation and rarely went out. He had only heard about many people from outside sources, but he didn't remember them.

"He's the one who worked with Master Yousif. Remember how they used to be very close? Later on, he was nowhere to be found. If it weren't because our Cole family were in the background in this matter, then the whole Capital City wouldn't know what to say."

"You mean, is this that little mountain tiger of a child?" Old Master Cole's brows knitted as he stared at the old Lennox. Lennox thought to himself, "And it's one hungry tiger that bites any person it sees."

“Calvin is not a fool. How did he manage to raise a child like this?” Brooklyn leaned to the side. Although he was old, he was not senile. Just by looking at his eyes, one could tell that he was a shrewd person.

The old Lennox hurriedly said, “This has something to do with the Harvey family’s rules. The Harvey family has never attached much importance to their second son. Children nowadays are all rebellious. If they were the slightest bit inattentive, then they would turn out this way. Then, even if they were to discipline them afterwards, it won’t work anymore.”

“The way you put it, you seem to be chastising the Harvey family. Why is it then that I don’t believe that a person as shrewd as Calvin would allow his son’s virtue to be ruined that way?”

Brooklyn knew it well in his heart. Perhaps, he was a fierce tiger raised by Calvin by design. He had trained it to behave in such a way.

When the time came, the Harvey family would send down two ferocious tigers. Who in Capital City would have a place to hide?

The old Lennox was slightly stunned. An idea flashed through his mind, and he immediately understood. He lowered his head slightly and said, “In that case, Old Master Brooklyn, what would you like to do about it?”

“Call him in. Let me have a look at him.” Old Master Cole wanted to know what the h*ll Calvin was doing. On one day, he would send his eldest son to cause trouble, and the next day, his second son. Was he trying to bully the Cole family because he thought that they had no one of significance left?

“Yes.” The old Lennox turned around to deal with that matter. It didn’t take long for him to exit the Cole Manor’s courtyard. When he reached the door, he saw Santiago kicking the door.

The old Lennox pretended not to see it. As the saying went, even pigs feared the strong. To put it bluntly, people who were afraid of death were all cowards. The people who didn’t care about their lives were all butchering knives. If another knife cut against it, then they wouldn’t be able to cut through it, and there wouldn’t be any blood.

“Mr. Santiago, please calm down.” The old Lennox hurriedly ordered the door to be opened. Santiago stepped in from outside and looked at the old Lennox. “Where’s your old man?”

“Old man?” The old Lennox was speechless. That child was too uncouth. If it weren’t for the Harvey family backing him up, then he would’ve been hacked to death outside the door.

“Are you the family Lennox?” Santiago said as he looked towards the courtyard. That day’s weather was nice, and the sun hung high. There were a few people in the courtyard who were admiring flowers. Santiago looked inside and saw Flynt’s two elder sisters and his mother at a glance.

Stepping forward, Santiago walked towards the group of people. The moment they met, he looked at Flynt’s second sister, Cynthia, and sized her up.

Cynthia was Yousif’s and Elina’s second daughter. She had a high status within the Cole family and was the daughter of the legal wife, so she was valued by others.

Elina's appearance was not bad, so were her sons and daughters. One of the two daughters was gentle and quiet, while the other was charming and adorable. Between the two daughters, Cynthia was the latter. She was the charming and adorable one.

Seeing another person suddenly appear in front of them, Elina and her two daughters were stunned, especially Cynthia, who suddenly found herself staring at the handsome man in front of her. For a moment, she could not collect herself. Her heart suddenly turned all mushy inside, and it fluttered in a panic.

Elina, who was by her side, wore a distasteful expression and said, "Lennox, who's he? Why doesn't he know the rules?"

The old Lennox immediately replied, "Madam. It's the Second Young Master of the Harvey family, Santiago. He's here to pay the Old Master a visit."

Elina did not expect that either. Her expression changed drastically. When she looked at Santiago's undisguised gaze, she was immediately in a bad mood.

"A member of the Harvey family?"

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Santiago glanced at the others before he smiled at Cynthia. He then turned to the old Lennox and said, "Let's go."

The old Lennox was busy calming himself down. He wondered what Santiago was up to and why there was something so strange about him.

Elina was left out in the cold. She turned around to look at Santiago, who had already left. She was slightly angry. The Harvey family had harmed her family before.

What were they doing there?

Elina turned to look at her two daughters. Her eldest and second daughters were both looking towards the direction in which Santiago had left. Her second daughter's face was still somewhat red. How could she not know that she was longing for love? Elina's expression instantly darkened. "Cynthia."

"Yes." Cynthia turned to look at her mother, Elina. "Mother."

"Do you know who he is?" asked Elina with a dark expression. Cynthia was also a smart person. She thought for a moment and said, "I know. He's from the Harvey family."

"It's good that you know it. Everyone in Capital City knows about it. Mr. Santiago of the Harvey family is an idler, and an ignorant and incompetent one. Don't you be tricked by his dashing appearance, got it?"

Elina did not wish for her daughter to be harmed. She had heard of Santiago's reputation as well.

Cynthia hurried to say, "I know."

Elina nodded and glanced at the thoughtful eldest daughter, Yanora. "Yanora, what do you think?"

Yanora took a look at her younger sister and said, "He came straight to us just now. He came prepared. It's just an illusion that he had taken a fancy to my younger sister. He was just trying to entice her."

"You heard that, Cynthia?" Elina asked. Cynthia was slightly displeased. She did not agree with her eldest sister's words. Since Santiago was an idle person, why would he have so many schemes? Was she jealous?

However, Cynthia was also a smart person. She said, "I think so too."

"Well, it's good that you know that. Even if he didn't want to entice you and had real feelings for you, it's never gonna happen."

"Flynt is already in his twenties this year. Both of you are older than him, one by two years, and one by three. This person called Santiago, no matter what, he's still younger than your brother by a few years. Looking at it in this manner, he's only seventeen to eighteen years old. Both of you aren't young anymore. The age difference between you two is too great."

"I've had this experience. You should know that it's not a big deal for a man to be a little older. The most important thing is that the woman is younger. If she is older, then what's the purpose of her marrying into his family? To mother him?"

Elina had been through those things. After the euphoria from the short time of a new pursuit had passed, nothing would be left.

Yanora and Cynthia looked at each other and said to Elina, "We get it."

"It's good that you know that. Let's go. I'm tired too. Let's go back and rest."

...

"Old Master, the Second Young Master of the Harvey family wishes to pay you a visit."

"Come in." Brooklyn coughed twice, wheezing, and leaned on the bed. Santiago followed Lennox through the door. The room was spacious, and its decoration was of a higher quality. Santiago glanced around the room, and it was apparent that Santiago had no respect for rules, customs, and manners. He even said upon entering the room, "Is he here?"

Brooklyn observed Santiago from the side, who was looking at his people. He could not help sighing. Calvin was indeed an outstanding man. No matter how his child had been educated, his reputation was outstanding. In Capital City, if his two sons claimed to be second place, no one dared to claim first place.

Thinking of that, Brooklyn frowned. Flynt too was one of the most outstanding men out there, but his aura paled in comparison to that of Jepherson and Santiago. The apple did not fall far from the tree. It was the father's fault however the child turned out to be. If Yousif had been obedient since he was a child, then he might have raised such a son. But it was a pity that he did not care about such a thing. His concern was to fool around with women all the time, which disappointed him.

Brooklyn stared at Santiago. It took Santiago half a day before he could see Brooklyn. It seemed that he had found his purpose of coming there.

“Pleasure to meet you, Old Master.” When Santiago saw Brooklyn, he looked at him up and down. He then bowed to Old Master Cole with a posture that was inculcated in him from his family background.

Brooklyn didn’t say anything at first. He looked at him for a few seconds before saying, “How are you related to Calvin?”

“I’m his son.” Santiago smiled with a hint of mirth in his eyes.

Brooklyn pondered for a moment. “Is Jepherson your elder brother?”

“Yes, he’s my big brother.”

“Does your big brother know that you’ve come here?”

Brooklyn’s intended meaning was so deep that even the old Lennox of the manor did not catch it, but Santiago was able to tell. He smiled and said, “Why should I let my brother know about it?”

“You only need to answer my question.” Brooklyn didn’t waste anymore words.

“How am I supposed to know if he knows or not?” Santiago said as he glanced at the chair on one side. He pulled the chair and sat on it, thinking, “Do you think I can’t sit just because you haven’t allowed me to do so?”

Santiago was seated on a chair with his back facing Brooklyn. The old Lennox was shocked. He was about to go up to Santiago to stop him, but Brooklyn gave the old Lennox a look, signalling that he didn’t need to worry about that matter.

Only then did the old Lennox step back. His heart was filled with thoughts. What was the Harvey family trying to do? He heard that Hudson was not at home. He had already gone overseas for a long time. Calvin too was not at home. The two of them were not at home. The family affairs were delegated to Jepherson. Since then, the siblings had come uninvited again and again. Wasn’t that somewhat unjustifiable?

“If your brother doesn’t know about this, then I’d better call him. I’ll ask him to bring you home,” Brooklyn said. Santiago immediately said, “Why are you looking for him? I didn’t come here to look for him. I came here looking for you. Even if he comes, I’ll still say what I have to say.”

“Oh?” Brooklyn frowned as his heartbeat was like flashes of lightning.

“What do you want from me?” Brooklyn coughed twice. The old Lennox hurried up to help and patted his hand, saying, “The Old Master’s health has always been poor. If you have something to say, Mr. Santiago, then why don’t you say it another day?”

“Whether it’s poor or not, I have to say it either way. I didn’t come here just for fun. Don’t any of you try to stop me. Didn’t the Old Master say nothing? Why do you care so much?” Santiago’s words didn’t allow for anyone to speak at all. The old Lennox was speechless after hearing that. He couldn’t speak a single word for a long time.

Brooklyn wiped his mouth and raised his hand and waved it. “Stand aside. I’m not about to die.”

Only then did the old Lennox move to the side. Brooklyn leaned against the bed and stared at Santiago for a while before saying, "Tell me. What do you want from me?"

"Can you please reign in your grandson?" Santiago's words stunned Brooklyn. "My grandson?"

"Flynt!" Santiago reminded him. The old Lennox hurried over and said, "Mr. Santiago, that's not the Old Master's grandson. Young Master and you are of the same generation. He's the Old Master's great-grandson."

"Great-grandson?" Santiago was slightly taken aback and looked at Brooklyn for a while, saying, "It doesn't matter who he is. Are you going to reign him in or not?"

Brooklyn chuckled. "The child, Flynt, is the most obedient and sensible of the children in the Cole family. Did you come to my house to complain?"

"Complaining is a small matter. This is a matter of life and death. Old Master, just because you say that he's sensible and obedient today, that doesn't mean that he doesn't do bad things, that he can't be a treacherous criminal or a lecherous person. The better the person seems to be, the more they don't love themselves. As for what they do outside, who knows?"

Brooklyn didn't say anything and waited for Santiago to continue. Santiago didn't mince his words either. He added, "When I went home last night, I brought my girlfriend for a midnight drive. On the way home, a group of people chased after us, wanting to kill me. Fortunately, I was quick-witted and escaped. When I look back and think about it, I don't have any enemies. The only thing I did was beat up Flynt in school, and then at night, that happened."

"You hit our Young Master?" the old Lennox asked hurriedly. Santiago lifted an eyebrow. "He snatched my girlfriend away. Can't I hit him? If your wife has been harassed, then would you leave it alone, swallow your anger, and be willingly cuckolded?"

As soon as Santiago said that, the old Lennox immediately lowered his head and flushed. He was speechless, quarreling with an uncultured person.

Brooklyn's brows twitched. "How do you know for sure that it was our Flynt who sent those people?"

"I don't have enemies, and the only friction I have had was with Flynt. Who else if not him?"

Santiago's question left the old Lennox speechless. Brooklyn laughed.

"What does your life and death have to do with me? What's the use of looking for me? My words don't hold any authority nowadays. What's the point of looking for me?" Old Brooklyn laughed.

Santiago thought for a moment and said, "Then, I won't hold back on formalities anymore. If your great-grandson provokes me again, then I'll break his arms and legs. Don't blame me then."

Santiago stood up to leave. He thought about it and sat back down. He looked at Brooklyn and said, "There's one more thing I want to tell you."

Brooklyn was quite vexed and didn't pay any attention to him.

Santiago said, "When I just came in, I saw two older sisters in the courtyard. I like one of them. Tomorrow, I will tell my eldest brother to arrange for a marriage for me and ask him to bring me to propose marriage. I'm not sure, what kind of betrothal gift does your family want?"

The old Lennox's face turned pale. "Was that what had happened just now?"

Brooklyn slowly looked at Santiago and said, "You are too young to talk about marriage. Besides, my two great-granddaughters are Flynt's older sisters. You and Flynt had a bad fight, and you want to have a relationship with my two great-granddaughters. You are too ignorant. Not to mention your eldest brother, even if your parents come, I will not agree. Now go, don't come here any more!"

Brooklyn had no good impression left of the Harvey family, so he directly drove them out.

Santiago stood up. "I can let Flynt's matter go if he doesn't come to provoke me. But his sister's matter is separated from this. When it comes to love, what matters is that it has to be reciprocated. In any case, I fell in love with her at first sight. If you think I'm not suitable, then it's because you're already old. I'm young, energetic, and strong-willed. I think that girl is very suitable for me and it is undeniable."

"It's completely undeniable?"

Brooklyn was so angry that he held his breath and looked at Lennox. Lennox was busy tugging at Santiago. He said, "Second Young Master, the old master is in poor health. You'd better leave."

As he spoke, the old Lennox pulled Santiago out. Outside the door, Santiago pushed the old Lennox away. "Don't get all touchy with me. I don't like it."

The old Lennox was very angry. He had never seen such a shameless person.

Santiago walked out as he asked, "What's the name of Flynt's sister?"

"Well..." The old Lennox thought to himself, "Do you think you are even qualified?"

Seeing that the old housekeeper didn't say anything, Santiago said, "I'm thinking, it's okay if she doesn't go out at all. But if she were to leave the house and something happens to such a beautiful woman, What say you..."

"Oh, Second Young Master, don't talk such unspeakable nonsense."

"You can eat whatever nonsense you want, but you should not talk nonsense."

"That may not be true." Santiago's expression was one of ignorance. He stepped forward and walked into the courtyard. Just as he was about to leave, Cynthia came out from the side, wearing a tight-fitting coat that resembled a dress. Inside, she wore a long skirt and a hat, giving the impression that she was like a floaty fairy.

Santiago's heart stopped for a moment when he saw Cynthia. He cried out, "My lady."

The old Lennox heart thumped. He hurriedly walked over and tried to stop Santiago. "Second Young Master, let's go this way."

“Move aside, the door is in front of us.” Santiago pushed the old Lennox away. His posture was like that of a bully. He strode over to Cynthia, who witnessed the scene, blushed upon seeing him and lowered her head slightly. She didn’t dare to look at him anymore!

A glint flashed across Santiago’s eyes. “Flynt is going to be so pissed!”

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“Miss, are you heading out?” Santiago asked with a smile. The old Lennox hurried over to them, but he didn’t manage to stop him.

“Yes, I’m going out.” Cynthia waited for the car at the entrance. The driver had already gone to fetch the car, and she did not expect to bump into Santiago.

Santiago addressed her as ‘Miss’. She didn’t know what she was feeling. Was she too old?

She was in her twenties, several years older than him.

Cynthia lowered her head slightly. She didn’t dare to raise her head to look at Santiago, but her face flushed red anyway.

How could the old Lennox not know what was going on? He wanted to stop her, but he didn’t know what to say. If he didn’t stop her, then it wouldn’t make sense either.

What kind of person was Santiago? His reputation had long been ruined.

Cynthia was like a moth to a flame.

It was useless for the old Lennox to be anxious. Santiago took two steps towards her and lowered his head, saying, “Miss, I’ll send you over.”

“Is that a good idea?” Cynthia looked up at Santiago. Santiago pursed his lips and laughed all of a sudden. “Of course, it’s great.”

Cynthia’s heart skipped a beat. How could there be such a good-looking person in this world?

“Miss Cynthia, the car is here.” The old Lennox saw their family car and hurried to remind her. Cynthia looked at it slowly and felt somewhat disappointed, but she did not reveal it and just said, “I accept your good intentions. You may carry on your own way.”

After that, Cynthia went to her car and bent down to sit inside. The old Lennox breathed a sigh of relief. Then, he opened the gate, and the car drove out. Cynthia lowered her head and said nothing.

Santiago appeared slightly disappointed. He glanced at the old Lennox and said, “I’m leaving.”

The old Lennox nodded his head. Santiago returned to his car and drove off.

The gate closed, and the old Lennox spat on the ground, “What was that? If it weren’t for your father, Calvin, then you would’ve died many times over.”

...

Santiago looked into the rearview mirror, and a hint of amusement flashed across his eyes. He accelerated the car and caught up with Cynthia's car as fast as lightning. He then cut ahead of her car and stopped it horizontally, forcing her car to come to a stop as well.

The driver was so shocked that he immediately stepped on the brakes, and it almost threw Cynthia out of the car. She hurried to hold onto the seat.

The driver stopped and broke out in cold sweat from the fright. Cynthia tried to get out of the car in a flurry and asked, "What's wrong?"

"It's the Atkinson family's car." The driver had received special training. The Atkinson family's car also had a mark, so he could recognize it at a glance.

Cynthia still felt somewhat odd. She looked in front of her with a puzzled expression. "Atkinson family?"

"Yes, it's from Mr. Rhys Atkinson's family. Their family crest is on the car. It's the same as the Cole family's, but this car had just been parked in front of the Cole family residence," the driver explained. Cynthia's thoughts shifted, and she looked ahead. Indeed, it was not anyone else, but Santiago who pushed the car door open.

Santiago pushed the door open and got out of it. He lit a cigarette and took a puff, throwing the lighter onto the car seat as he turned around to look at Cynthia's car. Cynthia's heart felt as if it had been stolen, and she immediately wanted to go up to him.

The driver said in the car, "Miss Cynthia, Mr. Flynt has disallowed all contact with outsiders."

Cynthia also knew that, but she just couldn't control herself and wanted to go out.

Santiago looked ahead for a while. He then took a drag on his cigarette. He threw it onto the ground, walked to the side of the car, and knocked on the door.

The driver swallowed hard and looked at Cynthia through the rearview mirror. "Miss Cynthia, do you want to make a call to Mr. Flynt?"

"No, he's busy. He will be worried and rush over in a hurry if I make the call. I don't think he's malicious."

Cynthia's nervous heart raced, and she clutched the bag tightly in her hand.

The driver was afraid of getting into trouble, and it was too late to make a call. Santiago was a well-known devil incarnate of a playboy in Capital City. If he caused trouble, then wouldn't he be beaten to death when he left home?

"Miss Cynthia, what should we do next?" The driver could only ask Cynthia. Cynthia thought for a while and said, "Open the window. Let me ask him what he wants with us. We're from the Cole family. He's not going to hurt us in broad daylight."

"Yes."

The driver wound down the window. Outside, Santiago was smiling brightly.

Although Cynthia was in her twenties, there were many rules in the Cole family. The daughters of the Cole family were bound by their duties and would not act recklessly. Quirina was raised outside and could never be openly accepted as a member of the Cole family. So, naturally, she had no rules or restrictions to abide by and did not care about the family unit.

Seeing Santiago's smile, Cynthia was stunned for a moment before her face flushed red, but she calmed herself down and asked Santiago, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I forgot to ask what your name is. I asked Lennox, but he didn't tell me." Santiago's tone was tough, but he sounded like a spoiled child.

Cynthia blushed, and her heart pounded wildly. She lowered her head and said, "Cynthia."

"Cynthia?" Santiago nodded. "I've noted it."

Stretching out his hand, Santiago placed his hand in the car and pulled Cynthia's cold little hand. He spread out her palm and wrote a string of numbers in her palm. "Remember it, okay?"

Cynthia's heart was also very calm. She was a smart girl. If she couldn't even remember a phone number, then she would really be useless.

She looked at Santiago and did not reply, but she had already given him an answer. "I'm going to pick someone up at the airport. Don't block my way. There are other people here, and they're all looking at us."

Santiago looked around and said with a smile, "Then, I'll get going. See you later."

Turning around, he returned to his own car. Cynthia clenched her fists tightly. She calmed herself down and said, "Let's go."

The driver breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Santiago, who had already driven away in front of him. Only then did he drive towards the airport at ease.

Cynthia quietly keyed in the phone number into her phone in the car and sat aside as if nothing had happened, but she still told the driver, "Holsen, don't tell anyone what happened today."

The driver glanced at Cynthia in the rearview mirror. The young mistress's words were to be obeyed. However, at first glance, Santiago did not seem like a nice person. If he cheated on Miss Cynthia, then he would be responsible for it as well.

"Miss Cynthia, Santiago has a bad reputation in Capital City. You can't trust him," the driver reminded her.

Cynthia said, "No matter how bad a person is, he has a good heart and character. What's more, we will benefit from being acquainted with people like him."

The driver thought for a while and agreed. Then, he said, "Miss Cynthia, you're much more far-sighted. I've worried too much."

"It's good as long as you don't speak a word of it." Cynthia didn't want her matters to be interfered with by others.

In fact, according to her family's wishes, it was her destiny to be married off to someone who could assist her younger brother in the future.

But among those who had achievements among the political elite, how many of them were not in their forties or fifties?

She was also a woman. In the face of such an ending, how could she accept it?

Even if she could marry the child of a high-ranking official, who could guarantee that the child of the high-ranking official wouldn't be more infamous than Santiago?

Cynthia's heart gradually melted. She took the initiative to send Santiago a text message. Even though she didn't say anything, she sent him a smiley face emoji.

"I'm at the back," Santiago immediately replied with a text message to Cynthia. Cynthia turned around to have a look. Surely enough, Santiago was right behind them, at a distance that was neither too far nor too close, following them.

Cynthia was stunned for a moment. She lowered her head and smiled. Then she began to chat with Santiago.

After Cynthia's car reached the entrance of the airport, only then did Santiago's car leave. Cynthia sat in the car and did not get out of it immediately. Instead, she sent a text message to Santiago, asking him to be careful on the road.

Santiago did not reply to her. He drove back to his villa.

Chapter 1025

Raeleigh had woken up by the time Santiago returned home. As she had overslept, she was a little anxious when she walked downstairs. She had to sit for an exam.

As she contemplated, she realized that she had not been doing anything in the past week.

"No worries, Jepherson will make the necessary arrangements," said Scarlett, who was standing by her side.

"Nah, it's okay," Raeleigh said. "I'll sit for the exam." She glanced at Scarlett. It annoyed her that Scarlett had been perpetually lacking in independence.

"Hey, Santiago, you're back," Scarlett said. She stood up the instance she saw Santiago. Giving no reply, Santiago headed straight for the kitchen to grab some snacks. He acted as if he did not see Scarlett.

"Jepherson has always left some food for you," Scarlett said.

Raeleigh recollected that Jepherson had instructed that some food should be allocated for Santiago when she had her meal with Jepherson a moment ago. Scarlett was right.

While Santiago was eating, Jepherson walked downstairs. He did not say anything when he saw Santiago. The two siblings had been uncommunicative. It felt as though they interacted with each other through eye contact.

Jepherson could be seen adjusting his collar before walking towards Raeleigh. He lowered his head and kissed her. "I've got to go now," he said. "I have some matters to attend to. Santiago will send you to school. Good luck in your exam."

Raeleigh glanced at him. She did not bother responding. She knew there was no point whining then.

Jepherson had given his gesture of concern. Therefore, it would be inconsiderate of her if she were to whine.

Since Raeleigh was unresponsive, Scarlett chipped in, "Young Master, if Raeleigh is able to pass the exam, then what about me then?"

"What do you think?" Jepherson said indifferently. After a brief pause, he added, "I guess I'll stick with Raeleigh."

Not saying anything further, he turned around and walked out of the house. Then, he got in the car and left.

After eating and drinking to his heart's content, Santiago put the cutlery on the table.

"Let's go," Santiago said as he made his way out of the house. Raeleigh took her belongings and followed suit. Scarlett tagged along.

"What's it like sitting for the progress test?" Raeleigh asked while walking.

"No idea. I haven't sat for the test." Santiago had not put in much effort when he sat for the exam. He answered the questions haphazardly and then handed over the form and test paper.

On the other hand, Raeleigh had spent much time preparing. Santiago thought it was unnecessary.

As they reached the school, Santiago led them to the dormitory. They left the school and went for dinner soon after Raeleigh tidied up her dorm and scanned through some information. It was late into the night by the time they finished their meal. They then went home. Since Raeleigh could not fall asleep, she chatted with Jepherson under the quilt.

Scarlett stared at Raeleigh and said, "Let's talk."

Raeleigh did not bother answering. Neither did Santiago. Every now and then, Cynthia would ask about him.

Santiago put his cell phone aside. He had been looking at it before nine o'clock. It was past nine o'clock then. He had fallen asleep.

Feeling bored, Scarlett looked at them. She did not rest well.

While Scarlett was still sleeping soundly, Raeleigh woke up before six the next day. After freshening up, she went for breakfast. Santiago kept her company. At about seven o'clock, a teacher could be seen waiting for Raeleigh in the lecture hall. The teacher led her into one of the rooms. When she entered the room, she saw six or seven automotive designers. Someone handed Raeleigh the examination paper, informing her that she had to complete the design on her own. The theme was 'Youth'.

The stipulated time was two hours. Raeleigh had been staring at the few people at the opposite end of the room, including Raeleigh. Each of them had prepared a question with a specific design theme. Raeleigh drew a card. It was one written with the word 'Youth'.

Raeleigh put on her thinking cap to pinpoint what constituted youth.

Was it being young? Was it about a dream? Or was it being free-spirited?

After some thought, Raeleigh sketched a rough outline on the paper. She drew inspiration from Santiago's aura, which was rebellious, wild, unrestrained, and full of energy...

Soon after that, Raeleigh started to create designs. It took her more than an hour to sketch five pieces of drawings, which included the interior and exterior of the car. The design was a brand new breed of sports cars.

The car featured only one color. That of the noble violet...

It had scissor-doors with a sleek and aesthetically pleasing silhouette. Its lighting design was revolutionary. She named her design 'Dream', which she thought was befitting of the theme of the design.

"I'm done with the design," Raeleigh said as she stood up and bowed before her examiner. She knew it can be tiring on the part of the examiner to stand around to keep her company.

Excited, she walked towards Raeleigh to take her work. The design took her breath away when she laid her eyes on it. She remained composed and handed over the work to Jepherson.

Jepherson was a little bewildered when he saw the design. He scrutinized the design and saw the word 'Dream'. Then, he raised his head and looked at Raeleigh. "What are you trying to convey?" he asked. "What does a dream have to do with youth?"

Raeleigh stood there and said, "Youth is like a dream. Violet is a dreamy color, and lively to boot. So is a youth. A youth is wild, free-spirited, unrestrained, passionate, and confident..."

"Most cars in the market are way too commercialised," she added. "They're sporty but not necessarily wild. They appeal mostly to the market segment consisting of mature grown-ups. None of them truly embodies the spirit of youthfulness."

"Sports cars best epitomize youth."

"I take it that you're trying to say that youth is tantamount to a fantasy. Am I right?" Jepherson said.

"Well, yeah sort of," Raeleigh replied.

Jepherson handed the design blueprint to the other designers. They were pleased with the design.

"Alright, you nailed it," said the designers. As Jepherson looked at them, he said, "Come over here."

Raeleigh walked towards Jepherson. He directed his gaze at her left hand. "Raise your hand," he instructed.

Raeleigh raised her left hand. Jepherson then reached out and touched her wrist before untangling the bracelet from her hand.

Everyone was taken aback. Jepherson remained as cool as a cucumber. He took the bracelet and stamped it with his seal. Then, he proceeded to stamp her design blueprints. Everyone looked over and saw his name on the seal.

Jepherson then stamped Raeleigh's certificate with his seal. After wiping her bracelet with a piece of tissue, he held Raeleigh's hand as he put on the bracelet on her wrist. Then, he stood up and extended his right hand to congratulate her. "Congratulations, you made it," he said.

He was amused to find her looking bemused.

Raeleigh hesitated for a moment before extending her hand to receive the handshake. "Thank you," she said.

"You're welcome," Jepherson said. "You totally deserve it." He then handed her the certificate. "I'll be your mentor for a year, personally coaching you as you transition into the working world. Here's to a successful mentorship. This is your certificate."

Raeleigh took the certificate. Her bracelet gleamed. The rest of the designers looked disappointed. They could have been the one to sign her up as a mentee, if Jepherson did not make a sudden appearance.

What a missed opportunity!

Raeleigh accepted the certificate. As Jepherson picked up the design blueprint, he said, "This blueprint shall remain confidential. The company will invest in its production. I wish to reiterate that under no circumstances that this blueprint be leaked. Otherwise, you'll have to face the music."

Jepherson's face darkened. His sudden change of mood took Raeleigh by surprise.

Everyone looked stone-faced. They were aware of the rules. If a vehicle's design would enter production, then its blueprint shall not be leaked whatsoever. Whoever leaked it would have to pay for it.

The Harvey family treated everyone well. Be that as it may, they would never forgive traitors and spies.

Everyone knew that if it weren't for their uncompromising stance on this issue, the Harvey family would not have achieved its current status in society.

In other words, the Harvey family would spare no expense to uncover the truth. They would go to great lengths to investigate a problem. No perpetrators would be let off the hook. Some would be booted out of the automotive design industry while others would have to pay a heavier price. Such was the power and influence of the Harvey family.

As soon as he finished talking, Jepherson took Raeleigh's blueprint and left. The others watched as he made his way out of the room. When he was out of sight, everyone congratulated Raeleigh.

"Congratulations."

"Congrats."

Raeleigh's head teacher was proud of her. Never had he expected that Raeleigh would be personally mentored by Jepherson. He was pleased and this would mean that Raeleigh would not move elsewhere. Instead, she would remain in his class.

After thanking the designers, Raeleigh left alongside her head teacher. They were chatting as they made their way back to the classroom. He told her that he had wished that she would remain in his class as she would be a beacon of hope for other students, who would subsequently look up to him as a discerning teacher and was able to recognise good talents.

Without hesitation, Raeleigh acceded to his request immediately.

Scarlette and Santiago could be seen waiting for her when they returned to the classroom. The moment Scarlette saw Raeleigh, she dashed towards her and asked, "Raeleigh, how was it? Did you pass?"

"Yes, I did," Raeleigh said smilingly.

Santiago flashed a smile. The news did not take him by surprise as Raeleigh was a designer par excellence.

"Raeleigh, you've got to tell the principal," said the head teacher. "He looks forward to hearing from you." After a brief pause, Raeleigh said, "Alright, I will."

"Off you go. I can't come along. I have a class now." The head teacher went into the classroom as soon as he finished talking. He announced this piece of news to everyone.

Accompanied by Santiago and Scarlette, Raeleigh made her way to the principal's office to tell him about her success. Delighted, he congratulated Raeleigh.

While they were leaving, Scarlette grabbed Raeleigh by the arm and asked, "Let's celebrate, shall we?"

Raeleigh looked at her and said, "Well, I wanted to tell Grandma about this."

She would surely be overjoyed.

Scarlette paused for a while and said, "If that's the case, then let's buy some food and celebrate at home then. What do you think?"

"Yeah, sure," said Raeleigh.

Santiago then drove them to a mall. Raeleigh trailed after them as they shopped to their heart's content. Raeleigh told them that she could not finish all the food. However, neither of them listened to her. They bought loads of food and drinks.

Since Raeleigh was not buying anything, she killed time browsing some books at the bookstore as she waited for them. Just as she took a seat, someone approached her.

Raeleigh raised her head. It was Zorion. "Hey, why are you here?" she said.

"I was window-shopping when I saw you from afar," he clarified. "You had a test. How was it?" Zorion was standing as he talked, while Raeleigh remained seated. Feeling uncomfortable, she then stood up.

"Yeah, I passed," Raeleigh said. Deanna walked up to them and said softly, "Congratulations."

“Thank you,” Raeleigh replied smilingly.

Deanna remained quiet thereafter. She could be seen swaying behind Zorion. “You wanted to shop, didn’t you?” Zorion said. “Go ahead then.”

“Alright then.” She wanted to buy some wet wipes. It did not bother her if she did not purchase them anyway as she just wanted to hang around in the mall.

She turned around and left. “Deanna’s alone, is that okay with you?” Raeleigh asked.

Zorion clasped his hands behind his back as he turned around. “She has grown up,” he said. “She needs to learn to be independent.”

“Let’s trail after her,” Raeleigh said. She was worried about her safety. Before getting to know Zorion, it had never crossed her mind that the world was a hazardous place to live in. Danger could strike anytime and anywhere.

Even though Raeleigh had gone through numerous bad experiences in life, she had always shrugged them off as mere coincidences or some occasional bad luck. She used to presume that not all places were unsafe. However, she had changed her mind.

She then believed that trouble could strike anywhere and everywhere.

Raeleigh went ahead to trail after Deanna. Zorion followed suit. As they walked, Zorion asked, “What’s the theme of the design?”

Raeleigh was taken aback. Jepherson’s stern face came to her mind. “I’m afraid I can’t say anything,” she said. “The design will be put into production, so...”

“It sounds like it’s going to be a hit in the market,” Zorion said with a smile. Raeleigh glanced at him and said, “Well, let’s hope it will take off.”

“Oh, come on. You’ve got to be more confident of yourself,” Zorion said. Raeleigh thought for a while and said, “I am confident. But I guess you need lady luck to be by your side at times before you can pull it off. Occasionally, I draw inspiration from people around me. Lanox was conceptualized when I saw Deanna and you sitting together at the beach. I did not expect that it would be a limited-edition production. I’ve hoped that you will have one to your name.”

“No worries, we’re good,” Zorion said. “Deanna loves our present car.” He did not bother explaining much. He had always been his reticent self.

People tended to be relentlessly obsessive when it came to pursuing worldly success. Zorion had lost himself in the past too. Ever since he befriended Raeleigh, he had turned over a new leaf and became less attached to material wealth.

He was at peace with himself by virtue of that shift in perspective.

Zorion placed his hands in his pocket. Being tall and slender, he glanced around as he walked. Like a reservoir that was slowly drying up and nearing its final days of existence, Zorion’s state of mind was one of calmness and acceptance as he resigned himself to his fate. As a result, he looked older than his age.

In the past, he had been smart for someone his age. The same could be said of his emotional intelligence right then.

After walking for a while, Raeleigh said, "Glad to hear that."

Zorion looked at Raeleigh and said with a smile, "Are you alright? I didn't catch you off guard, did I?"

"Nah," Raeleigh replied immediately. Although she was not accustomed to his behavioural change, she actually liked it.

"Excuse me. Excuse me." While they were walking, a lady could be seen chasing after a kid sitting in a toy car. Raeleigh watched as the kid sobbed. She seemed petrified. Immediately, she dashed forward to stop the car even though she barely had the strength to do so. Zorion was stunned. He extended his hand to grab hold of the car. The lady held the child in her arms, trying her best to console the poor kid.

Zorion loosened his grip before turning around to look at Raeleigh. "Are you nuts?" he said. There was a tinge of displeasure in his gaze.

Raeleigh remained silent. She was tongue-tied when she saw Zorion giving her a reproachful look.

Was she being a fool for attempting to save a kid?

Was it foolish to stop the toy car by blocking it?

The onlooking crowd could be seen encircling Raeleigh and Zorion. They were blabbering about how they managed to save the kid. Carrying the kid, the lady walked towards them. "Thank you so much," she said.

The kid was still sobbing. Raleigh looked at her before directing her gaze towards the floor and said, "The flooring is anti-slip. Why in the world did you push the toy car to such a distance?"

Embarrassed, she replied, "Well, she just wanted to have some fun. I didn't know that it would speed off the moment I pushed it."

The lady blushed. Her remark left Raeleigh speechless. Raeleigh secretly thought that she was one lousy mother.

"Good to know that she's alright," Raeleigh said. "Don't accede to her whims and fancies next time." Then, she looked around and wondered where Deanna was.

"Where's Deanna?" Raeleigh asked. Zorion realized that they were supposed to look for Deanna. He walked out of the crowd and went about searching for Deanna. Alas, she was nowhere to be seen.

"There's a commotion here," Raeleigh said. "Why didn't it catch her attention?" She was puzzled and worried. Zorion thought for a while before turning around and squeezing through the crowd to find the lady and her child. It turned out that they had left.

Raeleigh trailed after him. Now that they had gone, she knew she had been taken for a ride.

"Now what?" Raeleigh asked as she looked at Zorion. Zorion took his cell phone and called Deanna. However, she did not pick up the call.

"It's gonna be alright," Zorion said. As soon as he hung up the phone, he glanced around. Then, he grabbed Raeleigh by the arm and led her to the surveillance control room.

As they retrieved the CCTV footage, they found out that Deanna had been abducted.

"Scarlette, where are you?" Raeleigh called Scarlette while she was viewing the CCTV footage. Scarlette had been looking for her. She could be seen standing near the spot where Raeleigh sat a moment ago.

"I'm looking for you," said Scarlette. "Where have you been? Santiago have been distressed." Scarlette knew that she would be alright. True enough, she was safe and sound.

Santiago took the phone and said, "Where are you?"

Raeleigh was dazed for a while. Then, she said, "I'm in the surveillance control room. Deanna was here, but she's been abducted. Wait outside. Zorion and I will be there in a bit."

Raeleigh put her cell phone in the bag. Zorion stood up and looked at her. He had been on tenterhooks. Now that Deanna was kidnapped, he was all the more agitated. Somehow, he was able to regain his composure as he stared at Raeleigh.

Raeleigh looked at him and said, "Let's head out. It's gonna be alright. Don't worry."

Raeleigh's optimism was infectious. "Yeah, it's gonna be alright," he said as he nodded.

"Come on, let's go," Raeleigh said. "They're close by."

Raeleigh turned around and made a dash for the entrance of the mall. Scarlette could be seen waiting for her. Santiago had driven off.

Scarlette walked towards Raeleigh and said, "Hadrian's here all along. He sent me a text message when he saw those abductors taking Deanna away. Look."

Scarlette understood the gravity of the situation. Even though she did not take a liking to Deanna, she put that aside right then.

Scarlette showed Zorion the text message. There was an address. A photo was attached too. He realized that the abductors had taken Deanna to a house in some remote suburbs.

Even though Capital City was large, there were not many housing estates in that area. Zorion had been to some of the estates. He could tell the exact location at a glance.

Zorion got it.

Chapter 1026

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"It sounds like it's going to be a hit in the market," Zorion said with a smile. Raeleigh glanced at him and said, "Well, let's hope it will take off."

“Oh, come on. You’ve got to be more confident of yourself,” Zorion said. Raeleigh thought for a while and said, “I am confident. But I guess you need lady luck to be by your side at times before you can pull it off. Occasionally, I draw inspiration from people around me. Lanox was conceptualized when I saw Deanna and you sitting together at the beach. I did not expect that it would be a limited-edition production. I’ve hoped that you will have one to your name.”

“No worries, we’re good,” Zorion said. “Deanna loves our present car.” He did not bother explaining much. He had always been his reticent self.

People tended to be relentlessly obsessive when it came to pursuing worldly success. Zorion had lost himself in the past too. Ever since he befriended Raeleigh, he had turned over a new leaf and became less attached to material wealth.

He was at peace with himself by virtue of that shift in perspective.

Zorion placed his hands in his pocket. Being tall and slender, he glanced around as he walked. Like a reservoir that was slowly drying up and nearing its final days of existence, Zorion’s state of mind was one of calmness and acceptance as he resigned himself to his fate. As a result, he looked older than his age.

In the past, he had been smart for someone his age. The same could be said of his emotional intelligence right then.

After walking for a while, Raeleigh said, “Glad to hear that.”

Zorion looked at Raeleigh and said with a smile, “Are you alright? I didn’t catch you off guard, did I?”

“Nah,” Raeleigh replied immediately. Although she was not accustomed to his behavioural change, she actually liked it.

“Excuse me. Excuse me.” While they were walking, a lady could be seen chasing after a kid sitting in a toy car. Raeleigh watched as the kid sobbed. She seemed petrified. Immediately, she dashed forward to stop the car even though she barely had the strength to do so. Zorion was stunned. He extended his hand to grab hold of the car. The lady held the child in her arms, trying her best to console the poor kid.

Zorion loosened his grip before turning around to look at Raeleigh. “Are you nuts?” he said. There was a tinge of displeasure in his gaze.

Raeleigh remained silent. She was tongue-tied when she saw Zorion giving her a reproachful look.

Was she being a fool for attempting to save a kid?

Was it foolish to stop the toy car by blocking it?

The onlooking crowd could be seen encircling Raeleigh and Zorion. They were blabbering about how they managed to save the kid. Carrying the kid, the lady walked towards them. “Thank you so much,” she said.

The kid was still sobbing. Raleigh looked at her before directing her gaze towards the floor and said, “The flooring is anti-slip. Why in the world did you push the toy car to such a distance?”

Embarrassed, she replied, "Well, she just wanted to have some fun. I didn't know that it would speed off the moment I pushed it."

The lady blushed. Her remark left Raeleigh speechless. Raeleigh secretly thought that she was one lousy mother.

"Good to know that she's alright," Raeleigh said. "Don't accede to her whims and fancies next time." Then, she looked around and wondered where Deanna was.

"Where's Deanna?" Raeleigh asked. Zorion realized that they were supposed to look for Deanna. He walked out of the crowd and went about searching for Deanna. Alas, she was nowhere to be seen.

"There's a commotion here," Raeleigh said. "Why didn't it catch her attention?" She was puzzled and worried. Zorion thought for a while before turning around and squeezing through the crowd to find the lady and her child. It turned out that they had left.

Raeleigh trailed after him. Now that they had gone, she knew she had been taken for a ride.

"Now what?" Raeleigh asked as she looked at Zorion. Zorion took his cell phone and called Deanna. However, she did not pick up the call.

"It's gonna be alright," Zorion said. As soon as he hung up the phone, he glanced around. Then, he grabbed Raeleigh by the arm and led her to the surveillance control room.

As they retrieved the CCTV footage, they found out that Deanna had been abducted.

"Scarlette, where are you?" Raeleigh called Scarlette while she was viewing the CCTV footage. Scarlette had been looking for her. She could be seen standing near the spot where Raeleigh sat a moment ago.

"I'm looking for you," said Scarlette. "Where have you been? Santiago have been distressed." Scarlette knew that she would be alright. True enough, she was safe and sound.

Santiago took the phone and said, "Where are you?"

Raeleigh was dazed for a while. Then, she said, "I'm in the surveillance control room. Deanna was here, but she's been abducted. Wait outside. Zorion and I will be there in a bit."

Raeleigh put her cell phone in the bag. Zorion stood up and looked at her. He had been on tenterhooks. Now that Deanna was kidnapped, he was all the more agitated. Somehow, he was able to regain his composure as he stared at Raeleigh.

Raeleigh looked at him and said, "Let's head out. It's gonna be alright. Don't worry."

Raeleigh's optimism was infectious. "Yeah, it's gonna be alright," he said as he nodded.

"Come on, let's go," Raeleigh said. "They're close by."

Raeleigh turned around and made a dash for the entrance of the mall. Scarlette could be seen waiting for her. Santiago had driven off.

Scarlette walked towards Raeleigh and said, "Hadrian's here all along. He sent me a text message when he saw those abductors taking Deanna away. Look."

Scarlette understood the gravity of the situation. Even though she did not take a liking to Deanna, she put that aside right then.

Scarlette showed Zorion the text message. There was an address. A photo was attached too. He realized that the abductors had taken Deanna to a house in some remote suburbs.

Even though Capital City was large, there were not many housing estates in that area. Zorion had been to some of the estates. He could tell the exact location at a glance.

Chapter 1027

“Did Santiago see the message?” Zorion asked Scarlette as he took the phone.

“Yes, he did,” she said. “He told us not to worry.” Zorion looked at Raeleigh. As he put Scarlette’s phone in his pocket, he took his phone and made a call. He then walked out of the mall. Scarlette grabbed Raeleigh by the arm and trailed after Zorion.

It was a one-minute phone conversation. In less than three minutes, they walked out of the mall. More than ten cars in black could be seen parking outside. Because of the special mark on the cars’ windshield, they knew that those cars belonged to the Atkinson family. The traffic police would refrain from interfering even if they caused a traffic congestion.

They were respectable members of the society. The police had always held them in high regard.

The police should not be the only entity tasked with ensuring that public security was upheld. At times, concerted effort from multiple parties was required.

Zorion walked towards one of those cars. He then turned around to look at Raeleigh and Scarlette. Raeleigh got into the car right away. Scarlette followed suit.

As soon as Zorion got into the car, someone closed the door. The driver then drove off and headed towards the housing estate where Deanna was locked up. The rest of the drivers tagged along.

Raeleigh was a little uneasy as she sat in the car. Not only did she worry about Deanna, she worried about Santiago too. After all, he was alone...

Scarlette was agitated too, since Hadrian was right in front of her.

In contrast, Zorion was as cool as a cucumber. It had been a smooth ride thus far. Raeleigh looked at Zorion with a frown.

Had she been going through a spate of bad luck? She seemed to be in distress whenever she met Zorion.

.....

Zorion remained silent. Then, he glanced at Raeleigh and said with a smile, “It’s gonna be alright.”

Raeleigh pursed her lips as she looked out of the window. “Hopefully...”

...

Santiago arrived at the desNorahtion. He got out of the car and directed his gaze upwards as he closed the car’s door.

Night fell. The immediate vicinity was enveloped in a yellow hue, so much so that it looked like a painting of a bygone era.

Santiago glanced around. At that moment, he saw Hadrian. "Hey, Santiago," Hadrian greeted.

"Where's the exact location?" Santiago asked. His expression was deadpan while his fierce gaze was piercing.

"That cottage, over there," Hadrian said. "I don't think it's a kidnapping though. They're just trying to teach Zorion a lesson. It seemed to me that they want to touch Deanna indecently."

Santiago looked at Hadrian and said, "Wait here."

Hadrian grabbed Santiago by the arm and said, "About seven or eight people are in there."

"All the more I need to get in there," Santiago said as he shoved Hadrian. "I'll come along then," Hadrian said as he trailed after him.

"Just stay here," Santiago instructed. "Keep a lookout for Flynt and see if he's here. Make sure he doesn't stir up the hornet's nest. Zorion will be here in a bit."

Then, Santiago headed straight for the cottage. A black car could be seen parking outside the cottage. He sneaked a peek at the car to ascertain that nobody was in the car. Then, he made his way to the cottage and opened the door gently. As soon as he heard Deanna screaming, he kicked down the door.

Seven or eight men could be seen attempting to make advances at Deanna. Even though they had not done anything yet, one man was snapping pictures with his cell phone.

"Who are you?" said one of them the moment he saw Santiago.

Santiago could tell that he was not a local judging from his accent. As he flashed a smirk, he walked towards the man who was snapping pictures. Santiago kicked him. The man's phone fell to the ground as he dodged. Santiago trampled the phone with his solid leather shoes. Clicking sounds could be heard as the phone shattered.

All the men were startled.

"Hey, young man. Don't stoop to our level," said one man. "We're hooligans. Somebody paid us for these shenanigans. You like the girl, don't you? Well then, go ahead. We haven't done anything."

At that moment, Deanna was so frightened that she started crying. Her shirt had been torn. She was too ashamed to see anyone.

"Santiago... Boohoo..." Deanna cried as soon as she started talking. She huddled up in the corner of the cottage. Santiago frowned and said, "Buzz off, I don't want to kill you. You're hooligans? Well, so am I."

"So, you're Santiago Harvey?" Although they were not locals, they knew who Santiago was as they had been in Capital City for quite some time.

"Sod off," Santiago said as he strode towards Deanna. She was sobbing uncontrollably.

“Nah, we can’t leave. Go ahead if you want. We got to play by the rules. We’ve got the money. We’ve got to get the job done.”

“Get the job done?” Santiago said with a smirk as he was amused. “You son of a b*tch, don’t you know who she is?”

They looked at each other. Since they did not know who Deanna was, they did not say anything.

Santiago said, “She’s the daughter of Rhys Atkinson. Zorion Atkinson is her brother. Don’t you think you’re in deep sh*t now?”

“Say what? Rhys Atkinson?”

Those men trembled. The one who just stood up grabbed a chair and hurled it at Santiago. Santiago dodged it. He then turned around and kicked him before getting into a fistfight with him. Soon after that, the man passed out. The rest of the onlooking men then encircled Santiago. Unperturbed, Santiago motioned one of the men to come forward. Santiago then kicked him abruptly, catching him off guard.

One of them said in a rough tone, “Come on, you’re not playing by the rules.”

“Playing by the rules, huh?” Santiago smirked. “You would have been dead if I had played by the rules.”

As he spoke, Santiago struck a few men. He did not find it difficult even though he was fighting against a few men alone. One by one, he struck each man effortlessly. After that, he walked towards Deanna and grabbed hold of her arm. Shocked and terrified, she could be seen trembling.

“Such a pain in the neck,” Santiago said as he looked at Deanna. As she was sobbing, he took off his jacket and slung it over her shoulder. He then bent over to carry her and walked out of the room. All of a sudden, one man stood up and hit his head with a wooden stick.

Santiago turned around and kicked the man who then fell to the ground. At that moment, his head was bleeding.

Santiago felt a damp feeling in his back. He knew it had been a sharp blow as he was feeling giddy.

He took a deep breath and continued making his way to the entrance of the cottage as he carried Deanna. He then kicked down the door and walked out of the cottage.

Zorion had arrived. When Hadrian saw Santiago walking out of the cottage, he dashed forward. He noticed that his back was covered in blood. “You’re injured,” he said.

Deanna held Santiago tightly with both arms, as if she wanted to die in his embrace.

Chapter 1028

Tongue-tied, Santiago thought that he was going to die.

Deanna was still crying. A few curious onlookers were staring at them. As Zorion got out of the car, Scarlett followed suit.

Raeleigh was bewildered as she got an up-close look at Santiago. “Hurry up, get to the hospital,” she urged.

As Raeleigh shouted, Zorion carried Deanna immediately. She clung to Santiago, refusing to let go. Eventually, she loosened her grip and Zorion was able to carry her.

Thereupon, Santiago lost his balance and fell. Immediately, Raeleigh clasped him in her arms and yelled, "Santiago, Santiago."

Deanna's face turned pale due to the hysterical crying. At that moment, she looked at Zorion anxiously and asked, "What's wrong? What's wrong?"

Scarlette glanced at her and rolled her eyes.

"Hadrian, help me out," Raeleigh shouted. Hadrian bent over to carry Santiago before walking towards the car. Raeleigh got into the car quickly. Agitated, she started the car immediately. In a matter of seconds, she sped off.

Zorion carried his sister into the car. He instructed the driver to trail after Raeleigh.

Deanna kept crying in the car. She clasped Zorion's hand and asked if Santiago would die.

"No worries, he's gonna be alright," Zorion said reassuringly as he held her hand and combed her hair. "He was cracking up a joke a moment ago, wasn't he?" His face darkened when he realized that her shirt had been torn.

"Have those guys been detained?" Zorion asked. "Yes, we managed to catch them," said the driver.

"Let them drink some salt water," Zorion said nonchalantly. If he was not on his way to see Santiago, then he would have made these people pay for it.

"Got it, Young Master," said the driver.

Xanthus could be seen walking out of the hospital when Santiago arrived. He was on his way back to his school. He did not expect to bump into Santiago when he came to the hospital to get some medicine. He tagged along to have a look at Santiago. He was both a surgeon and an orthopedic doctor, although he did not quite shine as a surgeon. He stayed in the hospital for a while. It was a bitter pill to swallow to find Santiago injured. Raeleigh wondered if she had brought bad luck to him as he had landed himself in trouble when they were out together.

Xanthus took a piece of tissue and gently wiped Raeleigh's forehead. Stunned, she took the tissue and thanked him.

"You're welcome," Xanthus said. "Fate seems to bring us back together. I've got a pretty good impression of you actually. Unfortunately, my parents are not around. Otherwise, I would have introduced you to them." Xanthus had been gentlemanly. Raeleigh had butterflies in her stomach as she looked at Xanthus. Now that she heard Xanthus's words, she was all the more moved by him.

"I'm sorry," Raeleigh said. "I'm not in a good state of mind. I hope my mood doesn't affect you." She remained silent thereafter. All she wished for was that Santiago would be safe.

Zorion and Deanna walked into the hospital. As soon as he saw Raeleigh, he led Deanna to a corner before walking towards Raeleigh. "Is Santiago alright?" he asked.

“I’m not sure. He’s still in the operating theater.”

Raeleigh had certainly hoped that he would be safe and sound. Nonetheless, she was worried as her white blouse was drenched with blood stains.

Raeleigh informed Hadrian to call Jepherson. He would likely arrive at the hospital in a bit.

Zorion directed his gaze at the operating theater. As he walked a few steps, he saw Xanthus furrowing his brows.

Zorion did not say anything. Instead, he stood outside the operating theatre and waited patiently.

Half an hour later, Jepherson arrived at the operating theatre. He walked towards Raeleigh. As he sat down, he held Raeleigh in his arms.

Raeleigh laid her hand on Jepherson’s torso. “What are we supposed to do now?” she asked.

Jepherson said with a smile, “It’s gonna be alright.”

Then, she kept silent.

Not long after that, the surgical lights in the operating theater were turned off. Immediately, Zorion walked over and pushed the door. “There’s a surgical wound,” the doctor explained. “We’ve taken the necessary steps to prevent scarring. As per your request, we’ve applied silicone adhesives to prevent the formation of scars. Post-surgery scarring can be avoided as long as the patient stays away from water for one week.”

Raeleigh heaved a sigh of relief as she stood up.

Zorion lowered his head as he directed his gaze at Santiago. His face was exceedingly pale, likely caused by excessive blood loss.

“Thank goodness Santiago’s around,” Zorion said as he looked at Jepherson. “Otherwise, the incident would have taken a turn for the worse.” At that moment, Jepherson looked at Deanna, who was still weeping pitifully. Jepherson did not think that she was responsible for Santiago’s predicament.

He looked at Zorion and said, “The person at fault is the mastermind. I guess you know who’s behind this mess. Anyway, there’s nothing much we can do now. Just be careful.”

“Right, I got you,” Zorion said. He frowned as he glanced at Deanna. Even so, he would not let this pass.

The doctor wheeled Santiago to the ward. Raeleigh and Scarlett trailed after them.

“I got to make a move,” Zorion said. “Deanna’s traumatized. We’ll be back later in the evening.” Then, they left the hospital.

Jepherson made his way to the ward.

Everyone had been ignoring Xanthus. Nonetheless, he kept looking at Raeleigh. It was not until Raeleigh was out of sight that he decided to leave.

In the evening...

At an abandoned warehouse in the suburbs, Zorion could be seen sitting on a chair as he looked at the few men who were forced to drink endless bottles of salt water.

“Shoot, who’s behind this mess?” Zorion said as he snapped his fingers.

Those injured men felt a weird burning sensation in the body as they downed the salt water. Two men were urinating in their pants.

Zorion disregarded their suffering.

Zorion had always been mild-mannered. All the Atkinson family members could attest to that, including their staff members.

Be that as it may, he had a fiery temper. He would be rather ferocious whenever he flew into a rage.

Those men would need to pay for it for abducting Deanna. Zorion would not let this pass easily.

“We can’t disclose his name,” a teary-eyed man said. “Our family’s life would be in jeopardy if we were to divulge anything.”

Zorion sneered. “You’re a family man, huh? Why didn’t you think of your family members while you were messing around?”

“I know you’re trying to put food on the table. But can’t you get a decent job?”

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“I’m sure you have taken countless lives. This isn’t your first offence, is it?”

Zorion’s words sent shivers down their spines. They had a feeling that their deaths would be preceded by some excruciating tortures.

“Each one of you has a criminal record. And you’ve robbed women of their chastities. I’m sure you’ll continue committing crimes if I were to set you free. I might as well send you to h*ll.”

Zorion snorted and said, “One last time. Who’s behind the abduction?”

Everyone kept mum. Suddenly, one of the men said, “I’ll tell you. I’ll tell you...”

Zorion looked at him and said with a smile, “Well then, shoot.”

At the very least, he could be spared a torturous death.

Chapter 1029

It had been two days since Santiago woke up. He was still feeling dizzy. His headache had not subsided either.

As he woke up, he saw Raeleigh and Jepherson by his side. The rest of the visitors had left.

“How are you feeling?” Raeleigh asked.

Santiago laughed and said, “Feeling groggy, of course. Haven’t you seen my current state?”

Raeleigh was speechless. “I was just expressing my concern,” she said.

Sitting at the opposite side of the ward, Jepherson's face darkened.

It was at that moment that Santiago added, "I feel a little pain."

Jepherson's mood had visibly improved. Raeleigh looked at Santiago and said, "Be sure to tell me immediately if you ever feel unwell."

"Okay, I will." Santiago then smiled at Jepherson and said, "I'm feeling alright. You may make a move."

"Nah, I'll stay here and look after you," Jepherson said. Amused, Santiago then replied, "No worries, Raeleigh's here. Go."

Jepherson remained seated. Santiago reckoned that he would not want to leave. Hence, he stopped cajoling him to leave.

Now that Santiago had woken up, Raeleigh went to buy him some porridge and eggs. However, Jepherson stopped Santiago from eating the eggs, as they were not good for his wound-healing regimen. Raeleigh was not aware of it, so she felt a little sheepish. She then gave the eggs to Jepherson.

Santiago could not get up to eat. Jepherson fed him, although it was not quite appropriate to see one man feeding another man.

Therefore, Raeleigh took over.

Raeleigh held the bowl with her left hand and the spoon with her right hand. She then blew on the porridge to cool it off. At that moment, someone knocked the door. Zorion and Deanna came in.

The two siblings paused for a moment as they stood at the entrance of the ward. Deanna had even dressed up and put on some light make-up.

It was rather decent make-up. She looked beautiful.

Raeleigh did not turn around. She was feeding Santiago a spoonful of porridge. Santiago seemed as though he was mesmerized. Puzzled, she then turned around to look at Zorion and Deanna. "Such stunningly good-looking siblings," she thought.

Deanna walked towards Raeleigh. She paused for a while and said, "Let me help you."

Raeleigh hesitated. "Are you sure?" she said.

Raeleigh would not have asked if it was Scarlett volunteering to help to feed Santiago. Since it was Deanna, she felt compelled to ask.

Santiago was recuperating from the operation after all. He had to eat well, so that he could recover.

Deanna thought for a moment and said, "I used to feed my parents and my brother whenever they're sick. Although I can't cook and do laundry, I can certainly tend to people whenever they're sick."

Raeleigh nodded and stood up. "Right, have a seat," she said.

"Okay," Deanna said as she reached out to hold the bowl carefully. She was afraid of being clumsy, lest Raeleigh thought she could not do a good job. Raeleigh smiled as she sat down.

Despite feeling a little awkward, Deanna was quite focused on her task. She scooped a spoonful of porridge and blew on it repeatedly to cool it off. Her efforts were so painstaking that she gave the impression that she wanted to cool that spoonful of porridge by putting it into her mouth before feeding Santiago.

Santiago had a headache. Besides that, he was ravenous. Therefore, it did not matter who fed him.

Santiago opened his mouth as Deanna fed him. Soon after that, he almost downed the entire bowl of porridge. There were two eggs initially, but Jepherson ate them. Indeed, a growing 17-year-old teenager had a hearty appetite.

Raeleigh stood up. "Santiago, are you still hungry?" she asked.

Santiago looked at Raeleigh and said, "Yeah."

"I'll go and get some food then," Raeleigh said before walking out of the ward. As she closed the door, Jepherson glanced at Deanna before directing his gaze at Santiago.

He seemed to be deep in thought.

It was not long before Raeleigh returned to the ward. As she walked into the ward, she removed the lunchbox's lid. Deanna took the lunchbox and noticed it was chicken porridge. She reckoned that Santiago's hunger would likely be satiated.

Deanna blew on the porridge. Santiago could be seen gazing intently at her little rosy lips. Raeleigh saw him staring at Deanna intently, as did Jepherson and Zorion.

Raeleigh snuck a glance at them. Then, she walked to the other side of the ward and took a seat. She remained silent thereafter.

Santiago had eaten his fill. He still had a headache.

"Are you alright?" Deanna asked. "Is this pillow not comfortable enough? Shall I get you another pillow?" Deanna stood up, wanting to go and buy him a pillow.

"Nah, it's okay," Santiago said. "I want to get some sleep." Then, he tugged the blanket and closed his eyes.

"Oh, okay." Deanna obliged. Like a child, she then obediently sat down.

Zorion looked at his watch and said, "I'll go and grab a bite. Anyone joining me?"

He then stood up. Jepherson and Raeleigh followed suit.

"Hey, what about Santiago?" Deanna said. She took umbrage at them leaving all at once.

"No worries, Hadrian and Scarlett are outside," Zorion said. Agitated, she said, "But Santiago's a patient."

"He's doing well." Zorion insisted, as if he was trying to make life difficult for Deanna. She scowled at him and said, "But he's a patient."

Amused, Zorion then said, "Alright then, what are we supposed to do?"

“One of you has got to stay here,” Deanna said.

“Well then, you can stay here,” Zorion said irritably. Raeleigh glanced at Jepherson, who had been silent. Jepherson opened the door and walked out of the ward. “Go ahead if you’re hungry, I’ll stay,” she said.

“I’m not hungry yet,” Deanna said. “Go ahead.” Indeed, she was not hungry. She was merely worried about Santiago.

“Alright then, I’ll go ahead,” Raeleigh said. “I’ll get you some food. What do you want to eat?” Deanna thought for a moment. She didn’t have much of an appetite. Since she saw Santiago eating chicken porridge, she said, “Chicken porridge, thanks.”

“Okay, got it,” Raeleigh replied before turning around and leaving for a meal with Jepherson and Zorion.

As the door closed, Deanna sighed dejectedly. “Look, everybody’s gone. No one’s gonna look after you.”

Santiago seemed to have fallen asleep as he did not respond to Deanna’s remark.

After confirming that Santiago had fallen asleep, she looked around the ward. To her surprise, she saw no fruit baskets in the ward. Not even one.

She then called Zorion.

“Would you like to join us?” Zorion asked the moment he answered the call. Deanna said, “Why in the world are there zero fruit baskets in the ward?”

Zorion looked at Raeleigh and Jepherson. “You’d like a fruit basket, huh?”

“What do you think?” Deanna asked rhetorically. Zorion laughed, “Alright, I get you.”

“Zorion...”

“Yes...”

“Get one that’s of higher quality.”

“Got it.”

Deanna hung up the phone. Then, she went to wash her hands. As she took the lunchbox and threw it into the trash can, she noticed that no one was outside the ward. Panicking, she wondered why no one was around.

Deanna hurried back to the ward and closed the door. As she took a seat and looked at Santiago, she phoned Scarlette.

She had wanted to avoid answering the call. Nonetheless, she picked up eventually after some thoughts.

“I’m in the next room,” Scarlette clarified. “I’m eating. I saw you coming out of the ward. No worries, all is well.”

Deanna stood up and walked out of the ward. She snuck a glance at the adjoining room. Surely enough, she saw Scarlette waving at her.

Relieved, she then hung up the phone.

As she went back to the ward, she looked at Santiago's face. His face was that of a troublemaker's. She could not help but lean in closer to look at him attentively. A strange thought crossed her mind. Then, she reached out to touch his lips. She withdrew her hand as soon as she touched his lips.

Chapter 1030

Santiago twitched. As his lips itched, he lifted his hand and wiped it. This terrified Deanna. Immediately, she put her hand behind her back as she shook her head, as if subconsciously trying to assert that she was not the one who touched his lips.

It just so happened that Scarlett walked past the ward. As she saw Deanna's overwrought expression, she wondered if she had gone hysterical again.

Deanna took a seat, pretending that nothing happened as she waited for Raeleigh and the rest to return to the ward. Santiago was still asleep.

Raeleigh brought some chicken porridge while Zorion was carrying a fruit basket. Jepherson came back empty-handed.

Scarlett had a feeling that Deanna was not mentally sound. She grabbed hold of Raeleigh's arm and whispered in her ear.

"Stop making a fuss over this issue," Raleigh said as she shrugged her off. She then walked towards Deanna and handed her the chicken porridge. "Dig in while it's still hot," she said.

"Okay," Deanna replied. She took the porridge and started eating. Raeleigh then headed straight to see Santiago. She laid her palm on his forehead. Then, she tucked him in.

At that moment, Santiago woke up. Raeleigh was not sure if she had kneaded too hard when she touched his forehead.

"Ahhh..." Santiago yawned. He stroked his face before pulling back the quilt. Bemused, Raeleigh then tucked him in once again lest he caught a cold.

Jepherson walked into the ward. While waiting for Raeleigh, he took a seat.

Raeleigh looked at Santiago and asked, "Has the headache subsided?"

"Try getting a traumatic head injury yourself, how about that?" Santiago said as he twitched his eyebrow and glanced at Raeleigh. As she was even-tempered, Santiago's sarcasm was like water off a duck's back to her. However, others might take umbrage at his mockery.

No one else could afford to offend Santiago.

Deanna was visibly displeased. "What's with Raeleigh showing excessive concern to Santiago?" she thought.

"Let me ask the doctor if he can prescribe some painkillers for you," Raeleigh said. "Nah, it's okay," Santiago said. "I was just pulling your leg. Got you."

Raeleigh was speechless. "Why was he cracking jokes at this moment?" she thought.

As he glanced at the door, he said nonchalantly, "I'm doing well. I've eaten and drunk to my heart's content. You're all busy people. Go and get moving."

"No worries, we're free," Zorion said smilingly. At that moment, his car crossed his mind. "My car, give it back to me," he said.

Zorion paused for a moment. "You lost the bet," Zorion said. "That car's mine now. We made a bet and you lost. And now you want your car. How ridiculous can it be?"

"Liar, when in the world did I make a bet?" Santiago said contemptuously. Deanna could not help but to be amused. Raeleigh couldn't care less. She was level-headed enough to tell who was right and who was wrong.

"Deep down, you know very well if you've made a bet," Zorion said. "Mind you, I've got the CCTV footage when you came over to my house and made a bet. Lose the bet, lose the car. You can't take the car back. Don't you think that's unreasonable?"

Zorion was precisely trying to the truth upside down.

"Well that car's not mine anyway," Santiago said. "It belongs to Raeleigh. Give it back to me and I won't call you to account. If you refuse, then no biggie. Sooner or later, I'm gonna get it back."

Deanna almost burst into laughter as she looked at Santiago. Raeleigh and Jepherson remained quiet.

Everyone knew that despite what Zorion said, he did not truly mean it. Be that as it may, no one bothered to clarify. At times, silence was golden.

After standing for quite some time, Raeleigh sat beside Jepherson. Santiago did not say anything as he was exasperated.

As she finished her food, Deanna turned around and looked at the ward. She then stood up and proceeded to throw the lunchbox in the bin outside the ward. After that, she turned around and walked into the ward.

When she walked into the ward, she saw the fruit basket that Zorion bought. She unwrapped the fruit basket, took some fruits, and went to the bathroom to rinse them.

Raeleigh stood up as she wanted to help her. However, Zorion stopped her immediately.

"Let her do it by herself," Zorion said. "She's a grown-up. She knows how to go about washing fruit." Since Zorion insisted that Deanna washed the fruit by herself, Raeleigh gave in. Then, she turned around.

Scarlette was standing outside the ward. She saw what happened. "That's the way it should be," she thought.

After washing the apples, Deanna wiped them with a serviette before giving each of them an apple.

"Raeleigh, here's yours," Deanna said as she gave an apple to Raeleigh. She then left without looking Raeleigh in the eye.

She sat down and peeled the rest of the apples using a paring knife.

“Give me the apple,” Santiago said as he took an apple from Deanna. “You don’t have to peel it for me.” Deanna gave him a wide-eyed stare. Santiago had almost finished munching the apple as he lay on his side.

“Is he playing the fool?” Raeleigh thought as she stifled a giggle.

“Why did you eat the skin?” Deanna said bashfully. “I haven’t peeled it yet.”

Zorion stood up and said, “I guess it’s about time to make a move. Call me up if there’s anything you need.”

“Zorion, shall we stay a little longer?” Deanna asked the instant she heard Zorion saying that he wanted to make a move. Zorion looked at Jepherson and Raeleigh as he grabbed hold of Deanna’s arm. “Nah, we’d better be making a move. We’ll come back tomorrow.”

“Alright then,” Deanna said as she reluctantly left alongside Zorion.

As they left, Raeleigh spoke to Jepherson in private. She reckoned that it was better not to tell the truth straight from the shoulder when Zorion and Deanna were around.

“Still feeling unwell?” Raeleigh asked Santiago after they left. Santiago shook his head and said, “Nah, I’m feeling much better. I’ll get some rest. You should get some rest too.”

“Okay.”

As Santiago fell asleep, Raeleigh lay down.

Jepherson stayed over at the ward to look after Santiago. It was not convenient for Raeleigh to stay over. She was a lady after all.

In the next few days, Raeleigh found herself learning a lot.

She made a mental note of each lesson.

Jepherson had some matters to attend to the next day. After explaining to Raeleigh what she ought to do, he left.

As she sat by Santiago’s side, Zorion and Deanna came for a visit. They brought some soup for Santiago.

“Raeleigh, would you like to have some soup?” Deanna asked. “There’s plenty of soup. Come on, you’re not overweight.” Raeleigh looked at Santiago. Then, she stood up and said, “I’m good, thanks. I don’t like soup anyway. I’m buying something. Have a nice chat with Santiago.”

As Raeleigh made her way out of the ward, Zorion said, “I’ll tag along.”

“Okay,” Deanna replied, turning around. Relieved, she then looked at Santiago and said, “Drink the soup.”

Santiago was holding his phone as he looked at her. He did not say a single word.

“Well, drink your soup,” she said.