

## Go After 1091

### Chapter 1091

Jepherson looked down at Raeleigh, who was quietly lying in his arms. He lowered his head and kissed her. Raeleigh raised her head and looked at him. Soon, she nestled in his arms and buried her face in his chest.

Jepherson tightened his hold around her and carried her back to the house. When they entered the house, he did not put her down. Instead, he carried her straight up to their room.

Zorion and Deanna were still around and had not gone home. When Deanna saw Jepherson carrying Raeleigh, she wanted to go over to have a look. However, Zorion grabbed her arm and said, "Stay here."

Deanna turned around and was met with her brother's unhappy face. However, Deanna felt a little upset when she saw the girl Zorion liked, in another man's arms.

"Zorion, I want to go home," Deanna suddenly said. Zorion was stunned and looked over at her. "Didn't you say that you wanted to stay for dinner? Have you changed your mind?"

"Yeah. I feel like going home now. Come on, let's go," Deanna said as she took Zorion's hand. She briefly glanced over at Santiago, who ignored her, before making her way to the main door.

As soon as Deanna and Zorion exited the house, they got into their car and drove off. Jepherson carried Raeleigh upstairs and sat her down on a chair. He then looked at her and asked, "What happened? Why do you look so depressed? Why don't you tell me? Maybe I can help you."

Raeleigh looked at Jepherson and said, "I'm fine. I'm just in a bad mood. I need a moment to calm myself down. Why don't you go and have your dinner first? I think I'm going to take a nap."

"How would I be able to eat if you're not going to eat?" Jepherson asked as he lowered his head to kiss Raeleigh. She did not know what to do. In fact, she was a little scared. However, she did not dare to avoid him. She had no choice but to suppress her sadness and return the kiss.

After they pulled away from each other, Jepherson interlaced his fingers with Raeleigh's. She turned to look at him and said, "But I don't feel like eating right now."

"Me too. I think it's better if we take a nap."

Jepherson took off his shoes, lifted the quilt, and lay down close to Raeleigh. She looked over at him before she turned to sleep on her side. He spooned her from behind and coaxed, "Close your eyes and go to sleep. Stop thinking about anything else. You'll be fine once you wake up."

Raeleigh wanted to rest. But as soon as she closed her eyes, she could see many people she knew before her. She saw those people whom she knew when she was little, as well as those who knew Jepherson. She could even see the information she read in the archives room, things that she did not want to see. She did not know what to do. It was as if she had fallen into a dark abyss and was unable to escape. She felt helpless and started to panic.

Jepherson did his best to comfort Raeleigh by patting her to sleep. She then gradually calmed down and fell asleep.

When Raeleigh was finally asleep, Jepherson quietly slipped out of bed. He tucked Raeleigh in before putting on his shoes and left the room.

Jepherson closed the door behind him and looked downstairs. Santiago was sitting at the dining table, waiting to eat. Both Scarlett and Hadrian were still here. However, neither of them made their way to the dining table. They had deliberately kept a distance from Santiago.

Jepherson descended from the stairs and made his way to the dining table. He pulled out a chair and sat across Santiago.

Serra came over to ask when she should start dinner, but Jepherson said, "Why don't you prepare Novalie's meal first? I'll bring it over to her later."

"Alright." Serra nodded before entering the kitchen. Santiago looked up at Jepherson and asked, "What do you want to ask?"

"What do you want to tell me?" It was not that Jepherson was curious, it was just that this matter had nothing to do with Santiago. It was Raeleigh herself who had a problem. However, Santiago and Raeleigh had been spending so much time together lately. Therefore, he was sure that Santiago must have discovered something.

"Raeleigh might be suffering from prenatal depression." Santiago lowered his head and glanced at his phone. After that, he said, "She said it herself."

"Do you believe her?" Jepherson asked. Santiago did not answer his question. Instead, he asked, "What about you? Do you believe it?"

Scarlett had no idea what Jepherson and Santiago were talking about. It sounded as if they were speaking in code. Can't they speak in layman terms?

After a moment of silence, Serra brought out Novalie's dinner. Jepherson stood up, picked up the food, and made his way upstairs to accompany Novalie.

When Novalie saw that it wasn't her granddaughter who brought in the food, she asked, "Is Raeleigh still in a bad mood?"

"A little," Jepherson said as he put the food down on the small dining table in her room. The two sat down to eat and chatted as they ate.

Novalie talked about herself absent-mindedly. "Raeleigh is actually not my biological granddaughter. I don't have kids."

Jepherson slowly raised his head while eating, to look at Novalie. He said, "I know that she's not your biological granddaughter, even if you did not tell me."

"Then, why didn't you reveal this matter?" Novalie asked as she smiled. Jepherson said, "I also know that Raeleigh was one of the kids in the orphanage and you were the one who adopted her. Furthermore, she was from the orphanage near our house. The one that had caught fire."

Jepherson said slowly. Novalie held the fork in her hand tightly and looked at Jepherson before saying, "Who on Earth are you?"

Novalie's eyes carried a hint of hostility that even Jepherson could not sense. If Jepherson had come here with a purpose to get close to Raeleigh and hurt Raeleigh, then she would not let him get close to her.

Jepherson placed some food on Novalie's plate and said, "I can't explain it clearly, but I met Raeleigh in school. I have no idea whether I have met her by chance but her appearance has an unusual meaning to me. It was inevitable for me to investigate Raeleigh."

"Are you saying that you have investigated Raeleigh?" Novalie thought for a moment and looked at the food on her plate. Jepherson said, "Yes. At first, I could not find anything until I met Xanthus. I felt a little strange. I don't know why but Raeleigh suddenly mentioned the orphanage fire. The only reason I managed to find information on Raeleigh was because of a dead person."

"Flynt threatened me and used Raeleigh as a bargaining chip. With that, he inadvertently killed the man. I conducted an investigation on the deceased. He was the former guard of the orphanage and the owner of the burger joint. His name is Wouter Forbes. The Cole family hired someone to pretend to be him. I was worried about Raeleigh, so I did a thorough investigation on her. Only then I found out that she was from the orphanage that had caught fire. I don't know much about the rest."

"You're telling me that you don't know much about Raeleigh, but you're sure that she's from that orphanage?"

"Here's the thing." Jepherson frowned as he spoke. "Actually, I have been to the orphanage that Raeleigh was from. It's just that it was too long ago and I can't really remember much. When I arrived at the orphanage, I fell seriously ill. My memory of that place is very vague, and my parents did not tell me anything. So, this matter ended up with nothing definite."

"This time, because of Raeleigh, I feel like I've returned to my old place. I've also been looking for something. Coincidentally, two things happened to be related to one another."

"Oh," Novalie said before she continued. "Have you told Raeleigh about this?"

"Not yet. There is still a lot that I haven't quite figured out and my grandmother has been very anxious lately. I intend to take Raeleigh back and tell her the truth, but she's a little apprehensive. She's worried that my grandmother would pretend to accept her because of the baby. She's also worried that my grandmother would separate her and our baby after she gives birth. I am also a little worried. That is why I've decided to help Raeleigh settle down here until the baby comes out. Only then will we figure out what to do."

When Novalie heard Jepherson's words, she said, "I agree with your idea, but there's always a disparity between your family and mine, be it identity or status. Regardless of how gifted Raeleigh is, she wouldn't be able to be at an equal level with your family. Don't you agree?"

Novalie was also a smart person. She was aware of her status very well, but she did not want to belittle anyone.

Jepherson's family had a high social status, but Raeleigh was not completely worthless. It was best to put that fact out there.

Jepherson immediately reassured her. "I'm aware. In my eyes, Raeleigh is more important than anyone. Nothing can stop me from loving her. Even if Raeleigh has nothing, even if she's not from a rich and powerful family, I will still love her just as much. There is nothing that can come between us."

"Love is life's daily necessity. Those people with power and influence, love probably has a different meaning to them."

"However, it's not what my parents taught me. They are sincere. They can give up everything for love."

"When my parents were young, the things that happened between them are well-known and they've caused a lot of trouble. But in the end, they ended up together. They finally realized their dream."

"I don't want anything bad to happen between Raeleigh and me. My mother told me that love does not require a reason or status. As long as I'm able to see her smiling face or her figure in a sea of people, then that's enough."

"Everyone has their own path to follow. If a person had not been in a relationship, then the person would not know what it feels like to love."

"Although I'm powerful and have a certain status in society, I can't guarantee what will happen to me in the future. I may fall ill one day and won't be able to move freely. Without anyone by my side when I grow old..."

"Life is full of suffering. However, when we feel good, then everything will be good. Even your heart would be at ease."

"I'd rather stay with the person I love. It's tough to predict whether the people around would leave me after taking away my money and status. Even if they didn't leave, they'd probably wish for my Tristany death in order to obtain everything I have."

"A child learns by imitating their parents. If their parents behave poorly, then so will the child."

"I've always felt that my mother was an excellent role model. When my father was around, she was not arrogant and patiently waited for him. When my father was poor, she never left him, instead she stayed and took care of him."

"And that's all that I want. I want a person who would stay with me for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, and in sickness and in health."

Novalie smiled and took a bite of her food. Then, she said, "Then, how do you know that Raeleigh is that person?"

"I believe in my own judgement and feelings. I also see something in her eyes. She has a pair of eyes that are very similar to my mother's."

"My mother said that eyes are the windows to the soul. I believe what my mother said and believe that Raeleigh will not leave me."

Novalie said, "Yes. I also believe that you will protect Raeleigh. That way, I will be relieved even if I die."

Novalie was satisfied and did not say anything else. She quietly ate her food.

After accompanying Novalie, Jepherson went back to the room to check on Raeleigh.

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When Jepherson entered the room, Raeleigh was still asleep, but it appeared that her sleep was a restless one. She was sweating profusely. It seemed as though she was being tormented by a nightmare. Jepherson immediately went to her and woke her up.

"Raeleigh... Raeleigh..." Jepherson gently called out to Raeleigh. Her eyes opened as she looked right at him. "You're..."

"I'm Jepherson. Are you having another bad dream?" Jepherson asked as he wiped the sweat off her face. Raeleigh was panting and quite some time had passed before she finally calmed down. Jepherson wrapped his arms around her, covering her with the quilt. He queried, "What happened? Was it that scary?"

Raeleigh shook her head and replied, "It's alright. It's over."

"Why is it that you've only been having nightmares recently?" Jepherson kissed Raeleigh at the top of her head. She lifted her eyelids to meet his gaze and asked, "Have you ever gone through a traumatizing experience?"

"Of course, everyone has. I am no exception. But I'm sure you will not be able to guess what it is," Jepherson quipped. He mustered a smile, trying to ease her tension. Raeleigh tipped her head upwards. She wondered what would scare a person like Jepherson.

Jepherson embraced Raeleigh tightly. After he thought it over, he told Raeleigh, "I remember when I was in high school, I was very popular among girls because I was tall and my looks were decent. Hence, I have received many love letters and drawings."

"I was pestered for an entire semester, unable to do anything about it. Finally, I could not take it anymore. I told my Dad that I wanted to transfer schools."

"Right before I was going to leave, a girl suddenly appeared, but she chose a terrifying place to appear. I was swimming in the school's pool at the time when all of a sudden, she showed up in front of me clad in a sexy swimsuit. Then, she curtly told me that she liked me."

"I reacted innocently and just stood there expressionlessly. She then approached me and planted a kiss on me. The fear just about made my face go pale. I nTristany passed out."

"Ever since that incident, I had that same nightmare for half a semester. I would sometimes even get a fever from the nightmares."

"My parents poked fun of me because of it."

"Why does that sound so familiar?" Raeleigh recalled the time she first met Jepherson. For a split second, she was at a loss for words. It struck Jepherson as well and he added, "I'm not referring to you. This actually happened. Ever since then, I never go shirtless in public and I rarely go for swims now."

"Are you traumatized?" Raeleigh could not imagine how Jepherson felt. She guessed that he was probably overcome with embarrassment at that time.

"I was young then, around 14 years old. My school had organized a swimming competition. My mother thought that I was good at swimming, so she signed me up. She even said that she was going to bring the other family members to watch me compete. I agreed at that time, but I regretted it afterwards. If I had not agreed to join the competition, then that incident would not have happened."

"So, you've never participated in any competitions at school since then?" Raeleigh could envision it for sure. With Jepherson's approach to things, he would go to great lengths to prevent incidents like that from happening again."

"Not in high school. In university, I had to socialize a lot and occasionally had to enter events for publicity. Then, I happened to meet you." Jepherson was amused. He kissed Raeleigh on the forehead and cuddled her. "Sometimes, I wonder why that one incident in high school was a nightmare, but it felt like a beautiful dream when we met. It's completely different. I can't really remember that girl in high school anymore. I was panicking at that time, as if I had seen the devil. After that, my mother informed me that the girl was pretty and had a good figure, but she could only ever appear as the devil to me. At one point, I even shunned girls from coming close to me."

"Ever since I met you, things have changed completely."

Jepherson continued laughing. However, Raeleigh could not find it in herself to laugh. She wondered why.

Maybe the reason he subconsciously had a good impression of her was because they were related by blood.

Perhaps, from the beginning, it had always been familial love and not romantic love.

Raeleigh narrowed her eyes. Her face was pale as she turned around and snuggled into Jepherson's arms like a petulant child.

Jepherson lowered his head and asked, "Are you still not feeling well?"

Raeleigh shook her head. "No, I just want to lie in your arms like this."

"Go ahead then. Let me know when you're tired," Jepherson said. He patted Raeleigh on the back as though he was soothing a baby to sleep. Raeleigh did not want to say anything. If she was unwilling to leave, then how was she going to tell him about it? What would happen to their child?

Raeleigh's whole being was filled with reluctance. Every time she thought about her current predicament, she truly believed that there was nothing worse that could have happened in her life.

The more she kept to herself, the more depressed she felt.

Late at night, Jepherson finally lay Raeleigh down on the bed. She was physically and mentally exhausted. Jepherson held her in his arms and soothed her to sleep without turning off the lights.

When morning came, Raeleigh was met with the sight of Jepherson looking at her as soon as she woke up. They lay there, looking into each other's eyes. Raeleigh reached out first to wrap an arm around Jepherson's slender waist. He was still wearing the same white shirt and black trousers. He had not slept a wink all night. Even though Raeleigh was still asleep, he had a hunch that she was not sleeping well, as

if there were still matters weighing on her mind even in her sleep. Hence, he could not rest and watched her sleep until she woke up.

“You’re awake?” Jepherson leaned over to kiss Raeleigh, who lay frozen on the bed.

Raeleigh flipped over to lie on her back. Every morning, Jepherson would kiss the tip of her nose. After that, he would slowly make his way down and brush his lips against hers. Raeleigh lifted a hand, wanting to push him away, but she could not bear to do so when she looked into his adoring eyes.

She rested her hands on his shoulders before hugging him. He brought his lips close to her ear and kissed it. He asked, “What’s the matter? Please tell me. I’ll help you. There’s always a way out.”

Raeleigh did not answer, but she just continued holding him.

She did not dare to say anything. She could not say anything. She did not regret her current position. Although she had not liked him when he first pursued her, things had changed. She loved him to the very depths of her heart and soul. If he had not tried to get with her from the start, if they had known that they were related by blood, then everything that happened between them would have been lost. They neither would have loved each other nor would she bear his child. To her, that sort of life was devoid of any meaning.

It was not their fault for having crossed paths with each other. The love that blossomed between them was not a sin. Raeleigh was very reluctant to part with him, she really was. But she couldn’t allow herself to continue down the wrong path. It was the only thing she felt sorry towards Jepherson for.

As for their baby...

Raeleigh was even more unwilling to part with their child. The baby was a blessing to them. Even if they had done something unforgivable, the baby was innocent.

Raeleigh made up her mind after Jepherson kissed her forehead. No matter what happened, she would give birth to the baby. She would not tell Jepherson what exactly transpired between them. She was going to love their child well. She would take the baby far away and never return.

A single tear rolled down Raeleigh’s cheek. She did not want to leave Jepherson. She did not want him to see her crying either. When he turned around to face her, she quickly wiped her tears away.

Jepherson sat up and looked at her. “Do you want to get up? Or stay at home and rest?”

Raeleigh asked after thinking for a while, “Are we heading to the company today?”

“Logically, you should be going to the university, but you did not show up at the office yesterday... It’s up to you. I’ll accompany you wherever you choose.”

“Aren’t you busy?” Raeleigh asked in response. She looked extremely frail at that moment, but she did not notice it, because she was pretending to be strong.

When Jepherson saw Raeleigh in that state, he felt very distressed. However, he did not expose her facade. He merely came close to her, smiling, and enveloped her into an embrace. He then said, “Yes, I’m busy, but it’s my duty as a husband to do my best and accompany my wife all our lives.”

Raeleigh heard the word 'wife' and she could not help but to feel a wave of sadness wash over her, although she didn't dare to show it. She could only force herself to ask, "Well then, how much work do you have? If there's a lot, then I can help you. Once you're done, you can accompany me."

She had thought it over and decided that she did not want to obstruct his work.

Jepherson laughed and kissed Raeleigh. He said, "My dear wife, that's very generous of you. I will follow your orders then."

Jepherson's words tickled Raeleigh, and she finally smiled. The smile left Jepherson stunned. He kissed her again before getting out of bed.

"Well, let's head into the office today. When we're done with work, we'll go somewhere else. What do you think?" Jepherson quizzed her. Raeleigh nodded and got out of bed too, to wash up and get dressed. She followed Jepherson out of the room. Together, they went downstairs for breakfast.

The rest had already had their breakfast by the time Raeleigh arrived downstairs.

Raeleigh and Jepherson were the only ones having breakfast at the table then. Serra made some fresh toast and boiled eggs for them. Jepherson helped Raeleigh peel the eggshell off her egg in a public display of affection.

Scarlette especially, was overcome with envy. She wished that she were in Raeleigh's position instead! What a pity!

Scarlette heaved a deep sigh. She was unfortunate to have met a fool.

Santiago was fiddling with his phone, chatting with someone. Scarlette took a peek at his screen and saw the name Cynthia on the screen.

The first person who came to Scarlette's mind was Cynthia Cole. Scarlette felt extremely annoyed at Santiago. He was always doing these shady things. Out of all the women out there, why did he have to get involved with a woman from the Cole family? If he had a grudge with Flynt, then he should just deal with him personally. He did not have to drag Cynthia into this.

Even though Scarlette was angry, she did not dare to voice out her rage. She could lament to herself inwardly, without the guts to complain out loud.

After breakfast, Raeleigh followed Jepherson's lead as he approached Santiago. Jepherson told Santiago, "Raeleigh will be heading to the office with me today. Then, we'll go somewhere else in the afternoon. We most likely won't be back for dinner, so you don't have to wait for us."

Santiago looked up at Jepherson. All he said in response as he stood up was, "I'm going to the Cole family's place."

Jepherson met his gaze. "Did something happen to Cynthia?"

"It's probably a family dispute. Her mother found her a fiance. I'll go and check it out." Santiago put his phone away and strode outside. He got into the car and drove off right away. Raeleigh watched as Santiago left and turned to ask Jepherson, "Aren't you going to have a look?"



“It’s not necessary. Santiago has his own thoughts on the matter. I cannot interfere too much in his personal affairs. After all, I’m not him.” Over the years, Jepherson had always been that way. He always gave Santiago enough space, just as he did to Raeleigh.

Raeleigh thought for a while, and she then asked, “But what should we do if the Cole family does something to Santiago?”

“Nothing will happen. I doubt the Cole family would dare to do anything to Santiago. After the previous few spars, I’m sure they won’t dare to take action easily. Let’s head to the office first. If anything does happen, then I’m sure Santiago will inform us.” Jepherson assured Raeleigh.

Jepherson took Raeleigh’s hand and got into their car. On the other end, Santiago was approaching the Cole family residence.

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Santiago stopped the car and eyed the Cole family residence. The gates were wide open, meaning that they were expecting guests that day. Otherwise, they would never have left the gate open to allow people to come and go as they wished.

As soon as Santiago arrived, he parked his car right in front of the gates. He got out and stood there for a while. When the people on the other side of the gates saw him, they hurriedly went out to stop him.

Santiago pushed them away and bellowed, “Where is she?”

The Cole family members feared Santiago. He was only 17 years old but he was already driving all over the place, with no one who dared to keep him in line. His parents were not in Capital City and his older brother doted on him. His grandmother did not inquire into his affairs. He was allowed to run rampant on the roads, but if someone offended him or if he got into an accident, what were they to do?

“Mr. Santiago, are you sure you’ve come to the right place? How is it possible that the person you’re looking for is here?” One man tried to block his path as he quizzed Santiago. The rest hurriedly went into the house to look for Cynthia.

Santiago saw them heading inside, but he turned a blind eye to it. Like a ruffian, he kicked the man who had spoken. Santiago asserted, “I’m looking for Cynthia.”

“Miss Cynthia?”

The servant was scared out of his wits as he thought to himself, what was Santiago doing here? Did he find out that Miss Cynthia had an appointment with the son of a high-ranking official in Capital City. Did he come here to cause trouble?

Didn’t he have anything better to do? What did Miss Cynthia’s matchmaking session have anything to do with him? Who did he think he is?

The servant did not dare say it out loud. Everyone feared a person like Santiago.

“Miss Cynthia is currently not at home. She just went out,” the servant replied hurriedly. Santiago threw a displeased glance at the man before stepping into the manor compound. He took in the surroundings as he walked. Everyone was heading towards a certain direction, so Santiago followed suit. By the time

the Cole family Lennox emerged from the manor, Santiago was already making his way towards Elina's residence. Lennox hastily stopped him, saying, "Oh, hello Mr. Santiago! What brings you here today? Are you here to visit Old Master Brooklyn? Why don't you come with me this way?"

The moment Lennox saw Santiago, he had a sinking feeling that something was wrong. There were already rumors going around about the Cole family. Otherwise, Elina would not have been so anxious to find a partner for Cynthia in order to shut the gossipers' mouths up.

Lennox naturally understood the situation. Not many people knew about Miss Cynthia and Santiago. However, the truth would eventually come out. There was always bound to be someone reckless who would reveal their relationship to the public.

It was already old news to Lennox. It was just that not many outsiders knew about it.

Lennox was about to bring Santiago to a different area, but Santiago smiled and said, "I'm not here to visit him. I'm here to see Miss Cynthia. Where is she?"

Santiago's aura swept across the area in a domineering manner. Lennox's hands started to tremble. He had no idea why he was so afraid of Santiago.

"Miss Cynthia is busy right now. Mr. Santiago, why don't you come with me? I'll get someone to call Miss Cynthia over," Lennox coaxed. He intended to lure Santiago away, but Santiago refused to follow him.

"The man guarding the gate told me that Miss Cynthia was out, and now you're telling me that she's busy. I don't believe you. The Cole family are a pack of liars. Why don't you let me go and see for myself? I want to know, between you and that servant, who is telling the truth!" Santiago strode towards Elina's quarters of the manor. A group of people were gathered at the door. Lennox could not hold Santiago back, so he ordered them to come and try to force Santiago away.

"If anyone dares to touch me, then I'll punch them." Everyone stopped in their tracks as soon as those words came out of Santiago's mouth. Angered, Lennox retorted, "Mr. Santiago, you've gone too far. This is the Cole family residence. Old Master Brooklyn did not take any action only because you are from the Harvey family. Whatever it is, you're a son of the Harvey family. How can you be this unreasonable and barbaric?"

"Why don't you call me arrogant instead? That sounds much better." After saying that, Santiago continued making his way towards Elina. The people inside Elina's residence had already heard all the chaos going on. Elina was restless. She was currently chaperoning Cynthia to the matchmaking session.

Ever since Cynthia met Santiago, she started taking an interest in dressing up. Her style was simple yet elegant. That day, she had dressed well too, in a white dress with her hair down. She did not look like she was from the Cole family. She was not wearing any jewellery, so she looked ordinary. Sitting on a chair at the side and looking very unassuming, she did not make eye contact with anyone.

Yousif was there as well. No matter what, Cynthia was his daughter and the matchmaking session concerned her potential partner. As her father, he had to attend as well. Elina had informed him of it in advance, regardless if he showed up for it or not.

Cynthia's potential fiancé was the son of one of the top officials in Capital City. His father was also present that day. The Cole family was reputable while the man's family was also well-off. They had their own agendas.

Cynthia's date had also heard a lot of good things about Cynthia, so he was eager for the matchmaking session.

Among the rich, it was a shared desire to marry a woman from a reputable family. Furthermore, Cynthia was beautiful and decent. Even if the man did not like her, she would make a fine trophy wife.

As Cynthia was from the Cole family, it was natural that people flocked to her seeking to establish networks.

However, Cynthia was surprised to find out that the man was pushing forty years old.

If he was around her age, even if he was about thirty, then she could still accept it, but the other party was forty.

She had heard that he had divorced his first wife.

She was unable to find out why.

Cynthia was getting impatient. She was not fond of the man at all. So, she excused herself and went to the washroom. She sent a text message to Santiago just to rant about her bad luck. What she did not expect was that Santiago had already texted asking what had happened. What was more, Santiago had shown up in person.

Elina looked outside, feeling awkward.

"I'll go out and take a look," Elina told Yousif. They nodded at the people sitting opposite them and turned to leave. Just as they pushed the door open, Santiago stormed in. He did not even look at Elina.

When Santiago entered the room, his gaze swept over the entire place before it settled on Cynthia. He smiled and said, "Cynthia."

Cynthia was taken aback for a moment. She stood up and looked at Santiago. She asked in surprise, "Why are you..."

Cynthia did not finish what she was about to say. However, the expressions of the others in the room changed. Santiago immediately walked towards Cynthia as if he did not notice that. Raw anger shot through Elina as she pointed at Santiago and bellowed, "Who allowed you to barge in here like that? Throw him out!"

Yousif looked at Santiago without saying a word.

Cynthia's date and his father watched silently, as Santiago walked towards Cynthia, stopped in front of her, and asked her what she was doing.

The Cole family residence was thrown into chaos at that moment!

Elina, especially, was about to explode with rage.

## Chapter 1094

Elina pointed at Santiago and ordered her servants to drag him out. Santiago refused to move. He lowered his head and looked at Cynthia, saying, "I'm asking you a question. What's going on?"

Cynthia blushed. "It's a matchmaking session."

Santiago turned around and looked at the father and son opposite him. He strode over and asked, "Who are you two?"

"My name is Yitzhak Clark. This is my son, Zsolt Clark, and you are?"

"I am Santiago Harvey. I have never heard of you, but you don't seem like an ordinary citizen. There is one thing I don't understand."

"Please, tell me what it is." As soon as Yitzhak heard Santiago's name, everything became crystal clear to him. Santiago was not a person to be trifled with. Calvin and his wife were currently out of the country, on their honeymoon. Their sons did not have a single worry in the world. Santiago's true purpose was a mystery.

"Do you know that Cynthia and I are friends?" Santiago asked. Yousif shot daggers at a pale-faced Elina.

Elina was overcome with anxiety. It was too late to say anything to contain the damage.

Yitzhak immediately replied, "Oh, we had no idea. It seems that there's been a misunderstanding here. I guess we should make a move now."

Yitzhak glanced at Yousif and said politely, "I'm sorry, but we're going to leave now."

Yitzhak turned around and left with Zsolt. Elina immediately went stiff.

She looked around the room for Cynthia and could not help but to want to slap her.

Cynthia looked at Santiago, who was standing in front of her, and finally murmured, "I think it's best for you to head home first, I..."

"Servants, take Miss Cynthia back to her room and lock her up! Do not give her any meals without my orders," Yousif roared as he immediately stood up. He had been waiting for an opportunity to deal with Elina, and he had gotten it. Elina, on the other hand, took no notice of it. She was blinded by rage. Cynthia knew very well that she would be in hot water if she botched the session that day, but she did not want to drag Santiago into the mess. Hence, she pushed him away, saying, "Please leave."

However, Santiago did not leave. Instead, he looked at Yousif. "I'd like to see who would dare to lock Cynthia up!"

"You... What did you say?" Yousif pointed at Santiago as he bellowed in anger. Santiago raised his eyebrows and said, "No one can hurt Cynthia now that I'm here. Otherwise, I will make all of you suffer."

"You... You little... "

Elina was quiet. Santiago looked around and said, "Since none of you can make up your minds, then I'll have to look for someone who will give the final say on this matter."

After saying that, Santiago escorted Cynthia towards the door. At the doorway, they just so happened to bump into Flynt, who was returning from elsewhere.

Flynt stopped. Santiago stopped in his tracks too.

"Where are you taking Cynthia?" Flynt's expression darkened. He was supposed to go on a business trip to inspect the Cole family's assets abroad. To his surprise, before he even boarded the plane, he had received news that his mother had found a potential fiancée for Cynthia and they were currently in a matchmaking session. He had no choice but to rush home.

At the airport, suspicions raced through Flynt's mind. He did not hear a single word about it. It was such an important thing, because it concerned Cynthia's potential future life partner. How could they not tell him?

Flynt was not a fool. Ever since Santiago had taken Cynthia away, his mother, Elina, had begun favoring his eldest sister, Yanora. Her attitude towards Cynthia had completely changed. Especially when Cynthia was there, Elina constantly made it a point to say that Cynthia could not be relied on for anything anymore as her loyalties no longer lay with the Cole family.

As Flynt was about to board the plane, it suddenly struck him what was going on. Elina had already come up with a plan to deal with Cynthia. Since Cynthia was of no use to the family, Elina had to take control of Cynthia in order not to bring shame to herself. Elina came up with the idea to marry Cynthia off to someone who would be able to support the Cole family. That way, Cynthia would still benefit the family somewhat. In the future, after she got married, Cynthia would have to rely on the Cole family. That way, she would naturally obey Elina.

Flynt's expression was stormy all the while as he headed home. No matter what had happened, Cynthia was Elina's blood and flesh. How could Elina treat her that way?

Flynt and Cynthia were close, so Flynt hurried all the way home. However, he was already too late. Santiago was one step ahead of him. When he arrived at the manor and saw Santiago's car, he did not bother to greet his father. He headed straight towards Elina's quarters. On the way there, he bumped into Yitzhak and Zsolt. Flynt's heart sank when he saw them.

Santiago was right. Their family was turning on each other. He roughly guessed why Cynthia chose to help Santiago. She probably knew that he, an outsider, would help her if she encountered any mishap, unlike her own family members.

People were unpredictable. But the Cole family, although they shared the same blood, were not willing to help each other. They had thrown Cynthia to the wolves.

What was more, the fiancée whom Elina picked for Cynthia was already 40 years old. He was old enough to be her father. Flynt could not help but to feel uneasy. Even if their family chose to set up arranged marriages for their children to benefit themselves, they should at least find someone in the same age range. Elina was obviously trying to back Cynthia into a corner.

When Flynt saw Santiago, he immediately blocked his path. Santiago sneered. "Are you blind? Can't you see me?"

Flynt paused for a moment. A shadow came over his handsome face. He said, "I'm not blind. I know what I should do. Since you're fine, I just want to thank you for coming over and stopping this farce. You should go. I won't welcome you, and I won't see you off either."

Flynt reached out to take Cynthia's hand, but Santiago put Cynthia's wrist behind him. "You did not ask me to come, and I won't leave because of you. Whatever problems you have, it's your business. I have something I need to do before I go. You may go now."

"Cynthia, trust me, I can protect you." Flynt knew that Santiago was not a person who would back off easily. However, he would not allow Santiago to play the hero. He could not afford to embarrass himself in front of Santiago.

Surely enough, in the end, Cynthia gave in to Flynt.

"Santiago, why don't you head back first? I believe that Flynt will be able to handle this. Please do not put Flynt in a difficult position," Cynthia begged as she tugged at Santiago's arm. Santiago pivoted around to look at her and said, "I can let this slide, but I will only leave after I know that you'll be fine."

Cynthia was taken aback for a moment. She followed it up by saying, "This whole thing is my fault. If I knew that you would come here, then I would not have told you about it."

Santiago was amused. His smile was bright as he said, "Even if you had not told me about it, I would have known. If I wasn't able to stop you today, then I would still be able to stop you tomorrow. Those two men, one is nearing 60 and the other one is about 40 years old. And how old are you? If you want to marry them, then you might as well marry me. I will officially reach adulthood in a few years. When that time comes, you can make use of me. That way, at least, things would not look as bad as they did today."

"You... you're one to talk? What are you saying about looking bad?" Elina stood behind them and questioned Santiago. Santiago looked at Elina and retorted, "You're asking your daughter to marry someone who is about your age. Don't you think that's low?"

"The Cole family is known to be one of the most powerful and noble families in Capital City. Although your status isn't comparable to the city officials, you should not sell your daughter off for nothing. It looks to me as if you're prostituting your daughter."

"You've gone too far. How are you from the Harvey family? I want to have a good talk with your parents."

Anger was driving Elina mad, but Cynthia and Flynt remained quiet.

## **Chapter 1095**

Cynthia tugged at Santiago's hand and pleaded, "You should leave. Things will get worse if you stay here."

"I'll only leave once you're fine. Come, I want to take you to see someone who can help sort this out. We'll ask him if this is your fate." Santiago walked past Flynt, bringing Cynthia towards Brooklyn's

quarters. The rest of the Cole family were gossiping outside. However, they were accusing Elina of selling her own daughter for the sake of her own selfish ends, and no one breathed a word about Santiago.

Flynt's face was drained of color. He briefly glanced at his parents, Elina and Yousif, who had come out of the room. He then turned around and left.

Elina's body trembled as she took two steps back. Her face had turned pale too.

Yanora quickly rushed over from behind to prop her mother up. When Yanora first saw Santiago, she was at a loss and stayed in the room, only running out after Flynt and Santiago had left.

Elina looked back at Yanora and said, "I'm so angry."

"Mom, don't worry. It will be fine. Let's go over and have a look, lest Old Master Brooklyn flies into a rage."

Yanora wanted to take another look at Santiago, even if it was just a fleeting glance.

Elina nodded and made her way towards Brooklyn's residence with Yanora.

Santiago entered the residence, stopping at the door. Brooklyn had already heard about what went on. He was not surprised to see Santiago here. He gave a couple of coughs before looking up at Santiago, who was holding Cynthia's hand. He asked, "What brings you here today? If my memory serves me correctly, I dislike you."

"I'm not here for you, I'm here for Cynthia," Santiago said unceremoniously as he stood at the door.

Old Master Brooklyn scoffed at Santiago and turned his attention to Cynthia. "Cynthia, why don't you explain what's going on?"

"It's..."

"Old Master," Flynt said as he made his way inside as well. Old Master Brooklyn looked over with an amiable expression on his face. "Flynt, you're here too?"

"I came back to settle this matter," replied Flynt while he walked over to Brooklyn's side. Brooklyn looked at Flynt and addressed him. "Then, why don't you handle it here? I just so happen to be free at the moment."

"Alright." Flynt swiveled around. Elina and the rest were already inside the room too.

Flynt walked up to Santiago and sized him up before asking, "Cynthia was in the midst of a matchmaking session just now. Then, you came here to cause trouble. What's your purpose?"

"Cynthia and I are friends. I cannot stand by and watch your family back her into a corner. You're forcing her to marry someone who is old enough to be her father! This is a joke! Cynthia is neither physically nor mentally inadequate. I don't understand what's running through your minds. Why do you want to marry her off to an old man? Is it to humiliate her? Or to punish her for being my friend?"

The more Santiago talked, the angrier Elina became. However, she did not dare to speak as they were in Brooklyn's presence. She was afraid that it would affect his impression of Flynt.

Flynt smiled. "Well, then. Don't you think you've crossed the line by coming in here and holding Cynthia's hand? If you didn't already know, matchmaking sessions are common for arranged marriages. The Clarks proposed a potential marriage between our families. What do you expect us to do? Reject them because the son is a little too old for my sister?"

"It's about time Cynthia gets married. If they can't wed Cynthia, then will there be anyone in the future who'd dare to propose to her?"

"Arranged marriages aren't a big deal. However, with what you did today, you've completely ruined Cynthia's reputation! Are you willing to take responsibility for your actions?"

"You said that you and Cynthia are friends. What proof do you have?" Flynt concluded.

"If I say we are friends, then we are friends. I don't need any evidence to prove it, just as I don't need to prove what I eat and drink on a daily basis. If you want to know so badly, then you'd have to cut me open to see for yourself."

"If you can't prove it, then it means that you're lying. Cynthia rarely leaves the house. How is it possible for her to know you? Just because you say she knows you, it doesn't mean she actually does." Flynt stared coldly at Santiago. Cynthia glanced at the silent Santiago and said, "We do know each other."

"Cynthia, you are too naive. If he wanted the best for you, then he wouldn't have come today. You could have rejected the Clarks today. Although I wasn't present, you could have called me. Why did you have to stir up a fuss? To you, am I worse than an outsider?" asked Flynt.

Cynthia was at a loss for words. Flynt was right. She could have called him, but Yanora had said that if she did not agree, then Yanora would have done so on her behalf. There was no way around it.

Cynthia mulled over it, but said nothing.

Santiago scoffed. "Do you think she still trusts you, her brother, after being betrayed by her own parents? If you really cared about her, she would not have been in this position today."

"Yes, you could have refused them, but Yitzhak Clark is a high-ranking official. His family and the Cole family could be said to be on equal footing. While they came here supposedly to see if Cynthia and Zsolt were compatible, they may have already prepared a dowry."

"Indeed, the marriage will be a beneficial outcome for both families. However, it was wrong for you to treat women as inferior beings. How are you willing to marry your sister off to someone who is old enough to be your father? Zsolt Clark is notorious for abusing women. Don't the Cole family know that he's divorced? Rumor has it that he grew tired of his previous wife and booted her out with nothing to her name. No one knows if his ex-wife is dead or alive now."

"Do you think it's an honourable thing to trade a woman for your family's interests?"

"Would it please you to see that old man having his way with your sister?"

"You are all a heartless lot. You're that cruel to your own sister. It's no wonder Cynthia never got a scrap of affection here. Let me tell you this, I don't care what happens to the Cole family, but I do care about Cynthia. Whoever dares to touch her, I will kill them," Santiago ranted.



“You...” Flynt began.

Santiago cut him off. “What? Am I sticking my nose where it doesn’t belong? I guess you don’t know me very well. I, Santiago Harvey, cannot be chained down. Don’t mess with me!”

“Cynthia is a legitimate child of the Cole family. You’re the next in line to take over the family. Yet, you cannot even protect your sister. And you have the guts to stand here and talk to me about this? What right do you have to do so?”

“She is my sister. I know her better than you do. I love her more than you do,” Flynt said through gritted teeth. Santiago laughed in response. “Actions speak louder than words. If Cynthia had been trapped by the Clark family today and suffered abuse at their hands, then I bet you wouldn’t dare to say or do anything! Would you dare to go to them? I doubt so! But as long as Cynthia is with me, I’ll kill anyone who dares to touch her!”

Santiago was shooting daggers with his eyes at Flynt. Cynthia slowly looked at Santiago. Her whole body was stiff, and tears flowed from her eyes. Up till that moment, regardless whether he meant what he said or not, she would endure it all. Even if she would be destroyed in the future, she would treat him just the same.

Cynthia quickly wiped her tears away and took a look at the people around her. These people were her family members, but none of them pitied her. On the contrary, it was Santiago, who everyone cursed as a bastard and a lecher, who had her back at that crucial moment.

## **Chapter 1096**

So what if Santiago was a b\*stard? In the end, he was the only one who was willing to help her. But these family members of hers?

Although they were her family, they were the ones sending her off to h\*ll.

Cynthia briefly glanced at Yanora, who was staring at Santiago. She was the one who requested her to agree to the marriage, but why wasn’t she saying anything right then?

“If you can, then kill me,” Brooklyn suddenly spoke, his voice carrying a hint of anger. Santiago looked over and snorted. “Is there a need for me to do that considering your age? Look at your children and grandchildren! If this continues on, then I’m sure that you will die in a fit of rage sooner or later.”

“Mr. Santiago, I think that’s enough. Old Master Brooklyn is already in poor health. Do you think he’ll recover if you keep talking like that?” Lennox was good at reading the room. He quickly walked over to Santiago and intervened.

Santiago lambasted them without any shred of propriety. “I don’t care about that. All I’m here for is an explanation from you guys.”

“Explanation? You’re the one who should be explaining to us!” Brooklyn let out a snort as he sat up, trembling. Lennox hurried over to prop him up.

Brooklyn settled himself into the seat and said, “You’ve ruined Cynthia’s reputation. Speak for yourself. How are you going to settle this?”

Santiago cast a glance at Cynthia and he then asked Brooklyn, "Tell me, what are we to do?"

"You were the one who came to our manor and destroyed Cynthia's reputation. Are you willing to admit that mistake?" Brooklyn asked. Santiago thought it over and replied, "Yes."

"Santiago," Cynthia murmured as she tugged on Santiago's arm. Santiago glanced at Cynthia and reassured her. "Don't worry, I won't let anyone do you wrong."

Tears began rolling down Cynthia's cheeks, but she quickly wiped them away. Santiago told her, "Don't cry."

Cynthia nodded. She was aggrieved, and it was as though she was a child hiding behind Santiago, waiting for him to stand up for her.

"Good on you for admitting it. So, what are you going to do next?" Brooklyn asked. After thinking about it, Santiago answered, "I'm still young. I'm only 17 years old. My elder brother, Jepherson, is not yet married and my family has never liked me. I cannot get married before Jepherson. Once he gets married, I will marry Cynthia, but only if she consents to it."

"Since that's the case, then I'll agree on Cynthia's behalf. I approve of your marriage. Go back and tell your parents to come over with a formal proposal," Brooklyn said from his seat. When he gave the order, everyone in the room was shocked, Yanora most of all.

Flynt turned around to look at Brooklyn, saying, "Great-Grandpa..."

Brooklyn raised his hand to stop Flynt from speaking. Flynt stopped himself short.

"What other requests do you have, Santiago?" Brooklyn asked.

"I hope that you guys won't trouble Cynthia in the future, and you are not to interfere in her affairs. Otherwise, I will come here and cause another ruckus. Since Cynthia is now my fiancée, you guys have no right to treat her badly. If the Cole family cannot afford to wait for me, then I can take Cynthia away right here and now. I have no riches to my name, but I'm confident that I can support Cynthia."

The Cole family members were shocked at Santiago's assertion. They could tell that he was subtly ridiculing them.

Elina stumbled backwards. She was at a total loss for words.

She did not approve of the marriage because she held a grudge towards the Harvey family. Jepherson was the reason that Eloisa and MLexienna were dead. If her daughter were to marry into the Harvey family, then what did that mean?

Stunned, Elina remained in a daze.

"Don't worry, the Cole family can afford to raise her. I don't know what happened today but I will investigate. I will do my best for Cynthia. As for you, don't forget your words here today, or you will be punished," Brooklyn threatened.

“You don’t have to resort to threats. I did this out of my own free will, so you don’t have to force me to do anything. You won’t have to kill me or anything,” Santiago responded, and he then glanced at Cynthia. “Come on, I’ll take you back to my house.”

Santiago turned around, pulling Cynthia’s hand. Cynthia looked back at her family. She couldn’t very well leave just like that.

“It’s alright, you can go. I’m not dead yet. No one will harm you,” Brooklyn assured her. Cynthia gave Brooklyn a long look before following Santiago’s lead and leaving the manor.

As soon as Cynthia left, Brooklyn picked up a teacup and hurled it to the ground.

Yousif and the rest of the Cole family members were all scared out of their wits. Elina was even kneeling.

Yousif eyed Elina and Flynt. He thought that his moment had finally come and he could finally seize back control of the Cole family. Thus, he hurried over to Brooklyn and lowered his head, about to tell Brooklyn something. However, Brooklyn raised his hand and slapped him squarely in the face. “Useless man.”

Yousif was so frightened that he began trembling all over. He kept his head down and did not dare to make any sound.

Subsequently, the entire Cole family had already convened in Brooklyn’s room. It looked like a family gathering.

Brooklyn said, “In the future, any proposals to wed children of the Cole family, except the illegitimate ones, have to go through me. Don’t you all go around thinking that you can do as you wish here. Those spineless men who rely on women should be ashamed of themselves!”

“Even if you want to find a suitable match for a child of the Cole family, you should find a decent-looking one. I don’t want the baby to come out ugly! That’s all, you all can get lost.”

No one dared to speak again. The Lennox walked up to Elina and helped her to her feet as he said, “Madam, let’s head back first.”

Elina knew that she had tested Brooklyn’s patience to its limits.

She did not dare to refute anything. She hurried to thank him, and she then scuttled out of the room with Yanora.

“Alright, everyone, you may disperse now,” Lennox instructed. Soon, most of the Cole family members had left the room.

After they had left, Brooklyn glanced at Yousif and told him, “Although Elina caused this, that doesn’t mean you’re innocent.”

“If you hadn’t been so profit-driven and tried to take advantage of your daughter to climb the social ladder, then this would have never happened.”

Yousif was angry and aggrieved, but words failed him.

Brooklyn waved a hand around, dismissing him. "You're not allowed to leave the manor for the next few days. I want you to reflect on yourself."

Yousif's expression was evidently stormy. He turned around and strode out. At that moment, Brooklyn looked at Flynt and called out, "Come here."

Flynt walked over to Brooklyn and stopped by his side, his eyes meeting his gaze. "Yes, Old Master Brooklyn?"

"Do you object to how I handled things today?" Brooklyn asked Flynt. Flynt processed it for a moment, and he then replied, "No, I don't. It seems like the only option. At first, I intended to force Santiago to submit to us, but I never thought that he would be that cunning. He actually avoided the trap I set for him."

Brooklyn smiled with satisfaction. "I'm glad you did not disappoint me. You are courageous and astute. Since you managed to think of that solution, it means you know the priorities in this fiasco."

"Since Cynthia loves Santiago, even though there's a huge age difference, he doesn't seem like he would treat her badly from my assessment of him. Santiago said himself that he would not be able to marry her just yet. In other words, we have to wait for a few years. If you can seize control of Capital City by then, this decision we made today becomes insignificant."

"I know. Thank you for your guidance, Old Master Brooklyn," Flynt said, with no way of venting his turmoil over the matter. He hated that it had come to that, but he had no choice.

## **Chapter 1097**

Santiago led Cynthia to his car after they emerged from the Cole family residence. He drove back to his house first. By then, it was already noon.

Santiago was not a fan of how Cynthia was dressed that day. While she looked pretty, it also made her look distant, high above the rest of the world.

Hence, he brought Cynthia to the mall to buy her a new outfit. Cynthia tried it on, standing in front of the mirror, and looking at herself from every angle. Although she was not used to wearing clothes like that, she did indeed look more youthful.

"Let me see." Santiago eyed Cynthia, who remained standing there. She asked him, "How do I look? Do I look alright? I'm not accustomed to dressing up like this. Do you think these shorts are too short?"

Santiago glanced at her shorts and replied, "No, they're not. You should stop wearing high heels. They're bad for your spine. Let's get you some sneakers."

Santiago turned around and looked at the shoes displayed nearby. He picked a pair of sneakers and handed it to Cynthia. Her feet instantly felt more comfortable when she put them on. Santiago paid for the clothes and shoes, and together they left for another store, where Santiago bought her two more outfits. After that, he brought her to a hair salon.

"Mr. Santiago, what would you like me to do to her hair?" The hairstylist stood behind Cynthia as she inquired. With his legs crossed, Santiago sat behind them and peered at Cynthia's hair. Then, he said, "Give her a hair treatment, but leave her hair color alone. Trim the ends. That's all."

Cynthia let out a sigh of relief. Her long hair was one of the assets she was most proud of. She was a little worried that he wanted her to chop it all off.

The process took an entire afternoon. Cynthia rose from the seat and turned around to get Santiago's opinion, only to find him asleep on the couch with a fashion magazine on his lap. It seemed that he had lost interest and had fallen asleep quite a while ago.

Cynthia watched his sleeping face for a moment before she called out, "Santiago."

Santiago slowly opened his eyes. He put aside the magazine, smiling at Cynthia as he praised her. "You look very pretty."

Santiago got up and glanced at the hairstylist. "Alright, good work today."

Santiago led Cynthia out of the salon, upon which they got back into his car and headed to a jewelry store. Santiago bought a set of emerald jewelry for Cynthia there.

Cynthia had seen many things in the Cole family, but frankly, she had never seen such luxurious jewelry before.

"I can't accept this. I know you're helping me, but this is far too expensive." Cynthia refused Santiago's gesture.

Santiago raised an eyebrow. "What are you afraid of? A little jewelry won't kill you. The way a woman dresses will reflect on her husband as well. Plus, the money that I'm spending is my brother's."

"Then, that's all the more reason I can't accept it." Cynthia insisted as she pushed the items back. Santiago opened the box, took out the emerald necklace inside and put it on her. Cynthia looked down and saw the necklace glimmering around her neck. Was there a woman in this world who didn't like jewels?

Santiago picked up the matching earrings and helped Cynthia fasten them. He then helped put the bracelet on her wrist. All of this happened before Cynthia's eyes unwittingly.

Cynthia was about to take them off, but Santiago stopped her. He reached out for her left hand and slid the ring onto her finger.

"I've given all of these to you. If you don't want them, then you can throw them away, but I'm sure there are many who would fall over themselves to snatch them up."

"From now on, you are my girlfriend, so you must look good in public."

"Everything here is paid for using my brother's money. I won't be well-off in the future, so it's fine if I use a fraction of his money today."

While Santiago was speaking, the manager at the store was sweating profusely. What was Mr. Santiago doing that day? How was he going to explain to Mr. Jepherson that his brother had spent ten million dollars? He was being too frivolous.

Cynthia looked at the jewelry and then back at Santiago. She asked, "Do you really think that it's alright? Won't your parents reprimand you?"

“Don’t worry, my brother is the one in charge now, not my parents,” Santiago asserted as he walked out of the store with Cynthia. He added, “Come on, we’ve been out for nTristany the entire day without having eaten anything. Let’s go and grab something to eat first. We can continue shopping later.”

“I think it’s time for me to go home. It’s getting late. I’ll have to pass on dinner,” Cynthia replied, looking at the sky outside. The sun had already set. She would get into trouble if she did not head back to the Cole family residence then.

“There’s nothing to worry about, I’ll drive you back there after dinner,” Santiago reassured Cynthia. They got into his car, whereupon he drove to a restaurant.

Santiago pulled into the parking lot and entered the restaurant with Cynthia. He had reserved the entire restaurant for the two of them, and a troupe of service crew waited on them hand and foot.

It really wasn’t what Cynthia was accustomed to. Although the Cole family did indulge in their wealth, the difference was...

“You all can leave now. I’ll call for you if I need anything,” Santiago instructed the waiters to leave. Silence filled the atmosphere around them. The couple ate heartily. Santiago had red wine with his meal.

After dinner, just as Santiago was about to get into the driver’s seat, Cynthia immediately interjected, “You were drinking.”

“Then, why don’t you drive?” Santiago went around to sit shotgun. Cynthia knew how to drive, but...

“Do you trust me?” Cynthia asked as she settled herself into the driver’s seat. Santiago did not answer. Cynthia had no choice but to steel herself to drive. On the road, Cynthia asked Santiago about their desNorahntion. To that, Santiago replied that they were going back to his place. When they arrived at his house, Cynthia informed him that she wanted to head home, but he urged her to stay for a while. The color immediately drained from Cynthia’s face upon hearing that.

“Are you scared that I’ll take advantage of you?” Amusement was written all over Santiago’s face. “This is where I live. I was raised here from childhood. There aren’t many rooms, considering how many of us there are. Jepherson was lucky, he had the nicest room and the whole room to himself. But he had to leave.”

Cynthia thought it over and said, “I should at least inform Flynt about this.”

Cynthia believed that if there was one person who still cared about her in the Cole family, it would be her younger brother, Flynt.

Santiago immediately took Cynthia’s phone and made a call to Flynt. Flynt picked up almost immediately, as he had been waiting for that call all the time. Ironically, the only thing he could do right then was to look out of the window while waiting for Cynthia to come home.

“Santiago speaking. Cynthia is going to spend the night at my house. I will send her back tomorrow. She was worried that she would get in trouble, so I thought I’d call to inform you.”

After saying that, Santiago hung up. Flynt was seething inwardly. He choked back on his frustration and threw his phone against the door.

As for Cynthia, she did not leave Santiago's house. She remained there with him.

Cynthia only realized later that the house was not the most comfortable place to stay.

However, she did not mind it at all. At night, Santiago washed two apples and gave one to Cynthia. They ate as they chatted away.

The two of them lay on separate sides of the bed. Santiago turned off the lights first and asked, "Why don't you change out of your clothes and wear this instead?"

Santiago threw a shirt of his to Cynthia. Cynthia carefully changed into it. Santiago, too, changed into a pair of pyjamas. Turning on the lights, he looked Cynthia up and down. Then, he smiled and told her, "You look good wearing my shirt."

Cynthia immediately blushed. She was rendered speechless.

"You usually talk a lot. Why are you so quiet today?" Santiago leaned to one side of the bed and pulled the quilt up. He continued, "You must be tired after that hectic day. You should sleep."

"Okay." Only then did Cynthia put her clothes away and lay down on the bed, covering herself with the quilt.

After Santiago lay down and talked for a while, he soon fell asleep. Cynthia was unable to sleep no matter how hard she tried. However, when she looked over at the sleeping Santiago, whose face was illuminated by the moonlight that seeped through the curtains, the corners of her lips involuntarily curled up. Even if he did not love her, she was willing to be bound to him. It was just that in the future, she might need to grow old on her own.

Cynthia did not sleep a wink all night. When she woke up in the morning, Santiago brought her out for breakfast and drove her back home.

After she returned to the Cole family residence, Cynthia went to greet Brooklyn first, accompanied by Santiago. Santiago even told her that this was their first visit as an engaged couple.

Cynthia blushed, saying nothing in reply as she followed behind Santiago to see Brooklyn.

## **Chapter 1098**

Raeleigh slept through the night. When she woke up, she realized that she hadn't returned home the previous night. Instead, she was on the top floor of a hotel with Jepherson. He was sprawled beside her naked, with his arms wrapped around her body. A slight dizziness was muddling Raeleigh's mind. She leaned against the bed and tried to collect her thoughts. The day before, they had gone to the office. Jepherson had been extremely busy with a never ending pile of work. They had planned to head out after they were done with the work, but they hadn't had the luxury to do that. Raeleigh had banished all thoughts of leaving the office and stayed behind to help Jepherson with his work. With the two of them working together, they finally finished all that had to be done, but Raeleigh was exhausted by that point. So, Jepherson had brought her to where they were currently. The beauty and romance of the place culminated in them making love again the night before.

Raeleigh continued leaning on her side and exhaled slowly. They had s\*x again?

Raeleigh had no words for her present state. If she continued on like that, then she would definitely fall apart.

However, she was reluctant to leave Jepherson. What should she do?

Raeleigh gripped onto Jepherson's arm and he hugged her back, waking up at that moment.

As soon as Jepherson opened his eyes, he lowered his head and kissed Raeleigh. He asked, "Did last night tire you out?"

Raeleigh shook her head. A triumphant smile appeared on Jepherson's face as he said, "Since you're not tired, then I will help myself."

After saying that, Jepherson sat up and pulled Raeleigh into his arms. He gave her another kiss. Then, his hand made its way to her thighs. Without meaning to, Raeleigh allowed him to have his way with her again.

Raeleigh bit her lips and turned away in embarrassment. Although she felt some trepidation in her heart, she could not bear to push him away.

...

They lay in each other's embrace after another round of love-making. A moment later, Jepherson pulled away and picked Raeleigh up, taking her into the bathroom for a shower.

When they emerged from the bathroom, Jepherson lay Raeleigh back down on the bed for a while. He told her with a sigh of relief, "We won't be going to the office today."

At that moment, Raeleigh had still been immersed in her world of self-blame and remorse. Jepherson's words had shook her. She looked at him and said, "Didn't you say that there's still a lot of work today? Today's Friday, I'm sure you have many matters to attend to."

"I don't feel like it," Jepherson replied without skipping a beat. He took Raeleigh's hand and put it on his chest. With narrowed eyes, he added, "Let's have some fun today. We'll go somewhere without any other people. Let's go to the sea, what do you think?"

Raeleigh said, "It's a little too cold for that, don't you think?"

"It isn't officially autumn yet. I want to go out to the ocean and see if there's any mackerel there." Jepherson widened his eyes suddenly, which spooked Raeleigh. Her heart raced in her chest and she stumbled back a little. She had gotten a real fright from Jepherson's sudden movement.

"What are you doing? You scared me." Raeleigh's face had turned pale. Jepherson realized that he had gone too far at that point. He walked over to her side and reached out for her hand, folding her into a hug.

"Do you feel better now? I nTristany forgot that you were pregnant." Jepherson was full of worry. It caused Raeleigh to feel somewhat embarrassed, and she grew flustered. However, she lay there in Jepherson's arms meekly, showing no sign of leaving his warm embrace.



“I think it’s best if you were to go to the office and finish all of your work. We can go to the seaside afterwards,” Raeleigh suggested. After a moment, Jepherson asked, “Will you be accompanying me?”

Raeleigh nodded. “Yes, I will.”

“Then, let’s go,” Jepherson said as he got out of bed. He and Raeleigh put on their clothes and together, they left the hotel.

The couple had breakfast together and proceeded to the office. As soon as they arrived at the office, Jepherson headed straight into a meeting. The purpose of the Tristany morning meeting was to discuss the sales plan for Phantasy Dream and Duke. The cars had not been produced yet. So, they would be focusing on marketing and publicity in the initial stages.

As a matter of adhering to the company’s strategy, they would have to first come up with a plan before testing the waters in the market. The market’s reaction would determine whether or not they should follow their original promotion plan or change their pace.

Raeleigh had exerted herself the entire day before. She had not slept until after midnight and had woken up at six o’clock that morning. She felt a little sleepy.

However, the real reason behind her sleepiness was her pregnancy.

Sitting beside Jepherson, Raeleigh was in low spirits. The discussion at the meeting only made her feel sleepier. Jepherson was talking, so everyone was looking at them. Raeleigh had dozed off at that time.

Jepherson glanced at Raeleigh beside him, and reached out to pull her into his arms. Raeleigh immediately woke up and pried her eyes wide open, slightly embarrassed.

“Come here a little,” Jepherson instructed. Raeleigh looked at the people around them. She was the type to get up immediately and apologize to everyone, then muster enough energy to stay awake for the rest of the meeting. But at that moment, she was unable to do so. She was going to leave in a few days, right? She could just treat this as imprinting a memorable moment to Jepherson, by allowing him to do as he pleased.

Raeleigh stood up, moved her chair closer to him, and sat back down. As soon as she sat, Jepherson patted his lap. She froze for a moment. Was he asking her to lie down on his lap?

“You can lie on my lap and rest for a while. We’ll go back together after this meeting.” The rest of the people present at the meeting were in disbelief at Jepherson’s words. Raeleigh laid her head gently on Jepherson’s thighs. From Jepherson’s other side, Stuart rushed over with a chair for Raeleigh to rest her legs on.

After that, Stuart went back to his place and stood there, poker-faced. His hands were clasped behind his back and he was dressed in black from head to toe.

Raeleigh closed her eyes and tucked her hands underneath her face as she lay on Jepherson’s lap. Jepherson placed a hand on her body and patted her soothingly as he said, “Continue with the meeting.”

The discussion resumed as everyone presented different ideas for the sales plan. On the other hand, an exhausted Raeleigh soon fell asleep. Jepherson kept on patting her back as she slept. By the time she was deep in sleep, the meeting had ended.

Everyone in the room exchanged glances. Jepherson bent down and picked Raeleigh up, carrying her in his arms.

Stuart immediately packed up and left with Jepherson.

When Stuart emerged from the conference room, Jepherson was already at the lounge. Raeleigh was sleeping on the couch, looking completely at peace.

As Jepherson had work to complete, he went to sit at his desk and attend to said work, but not before he took off his coat to cover Raeleigh with it.

Raeleigh had no idea how long she slept for. She finally woke up after some time.

When Jepherson noticed that she was awake, he dropped what he was doing and looked at her, asking, "You said that you weren't tired, so why did you fall asleep?"

Raeleigh got up from the couch and retorted, "I just felt a little sleepy."

"Is that why you fell asleep?" Jepherson teased her, slightly amused by her answer. In reply, Raeleigh said, "I had a good nap. If you need my help for anything, then I'm ready."

"Just rest. I'm almost done. After I'm done, let's go get something to eat. It's getting late, you must be hungry," Jepherson said as he briefly glanced at the clock. Raeleigh sat back and watched him at work. Jepherson was very serious when it came to work. She had never seen anyone as absorbed in their work as him. She wondered whether he was tired after sitting up straight for so long. It had been a good few hours.

Raeleigh merely sat on the sofa and observed him. This view fascinated her, but suddenly it struck her with a wave of sadness.

She did not want to leave him, but what could she have done?

Did she really want to continue on like this? Did she want to continue hurting others and herself?

## **Chapter 1099**

By the time Jepherson finished his work, the sun had already set. Raeleigh left the office together with him. As they walked, she asked Jepherson, "Your family owns an automobile company and you're the boss. Why do you have so much work to do? Does that mean that your family is involved in other businesses as well?"

The corners of Jepherson's mouth lifted in a smile. It was rare for Raeleigh to ask such things, and she had evidently put some thought into it.

"Yes, although we are an automobile company, we have other matters to oversee as well. However, those business ventures aren't our main streams of income. We're just dabbling out of interest, basically testing the market. Cars are expensive. For some well-off people, it's a necessary mode of

transportation. But due to the expense, not everyone buys more than one car. Of course, the rich can afford as many cars as they like. If they don't like a car, then they can just put it aside. What about ordinary citizens? It may take them years to save up for a car. Cars have become a luxury for many people. Plus, the market for cars differs greatly from twenty years ago when it was first growing and expanding. Sales have dropped in recent years."

"Our daily necessities like food and clothes cost about a couple hundred dollars while a car can cost up to a hundred times more. The former are necessities but you can survive without the latter. It depends on a person's budget and their purpose."

"Food and clothes are essential to everyone, but without a car, one can still walk, right?"

"A car is not like a diamond. You can't just take it home and keep it in your jewelry box. A car needs petrol to run and occasional maintenance. It could be more expensive than raising a kid. Not everyone can afford the cost."

"There are many other competitors out there, but one has to think twice before purchasing a car produced by the Harvey family. After all, those who can afford these cars aren't the general population. Some may say they can't afford our cars, but to be more accurate, they consider the type of car that would best signal their status and wealth. The more people buy cars, the more these sorts of considerations arise."

"This is why we limit the production of our cars."

"It's too expensive, so of course you will have to limit it. Otherwise, the company will tank," Raeleigh said as the thought occurred to her. Jepherson looked at Raeleigh and replied, "You're right."

Raeleigh pondered for a moment and continued, "So, the Harvey family also does other businesses to ensure that they can make up for this loss."

"You can say that."

"However, those businesses inevitably increase the workload of the Harvey Group, whose primary income is from the automobile industry. That's because you need to monitor all the staff."

Raeleigh finished. Jepherson smiled. "I can't hide anything from you."

"This is all basic common sense," Raeleigh retorted. During the course of their discussion, they made their way outside the office. The couple waited at the gates. Stuart went ahead to instruct the chauffeur to drive the car over. When the driver arrived, he quickly opened the door for them. After they entered the car, Raeleigh and Jepherson continued discussing the company's affairs. Raeleigh's conclusion was that Jepherson was not as free as Santiago. While he had more power than Santiago, he basically had no freedom at all.

Evidently, his life was not an easy one, what with having to run a multinational company with businesses all over the world.

Raeleigh felt Calvin's bias towards Santiago keenly. Hadrian, Jepherson's own father, had deliberately handed everything over to Jepherson.

Raeleigh and Jepherson went to the hotel to have a meal. After eating, Jepherson began looking up places to go while Raeleigh lay quietly in bed, thinking about their relationship.

“How about the Mediterranean countries?” Jepherson handed the tablet in his hand to Raeleigh, wanting her to choose a destination from the list that was displayed. Raeleigh looked at it for a while and replied, “I never thought of going that far away. What about you? Do you like these places?”

“I can’t say for sure. I never went anywhere that particularly stood out to me. Maybe because I didn’t have the right person with me, it was the same wherever I went. All the places I traveled to were the same to me,” Jepherson responded.

Jepherson lay down and put his hands behind his head, quietly recalling a certain incident. Raeleigh took some time to process it. She then said, “I’m the same. I never had anywhere in particular that I wanted to go, ever since I was a child. Didn’t you say that you wanted to see the ocean? Let’s do that then. It’s not like I wanted to travel far anyway. We shouldn’t put our work off for too long, so why don’t we just go out to the nearby seaside for two days? Didn’t you say you wanted to eat mackerel?”

“Have you eaten mackerel before?” Jepherson asked Raeleigh. She shook her head. “A mackerel is a fish, isn’t it? Fish are fish, who cares about the type?”

“You’re really something. Well then, I’ll bring you to the sea to catch some mackerel,” Jepherson said. He was a man of his word and wasted no time fulfilling his promises. He brought Raeleigh to the seaside the very next morning.

Once they arrived at the beach, Raeleigh first noticed the luxurious private yacht docked at the harbor. When they arrived, someone got off the yacht. Raeleigh sized the person up. Only the truly wealthy could afford a yacht like that.

Jepherson led Raeleigh onto the yacht. Raeleigh had been under the assumption that it would only be them that day, but she saw Scarlett and Hadrian there too when she stepped foot on the yacht.

Raeleigh did not know how to react for a moment. She had thought that she would be able to spend these last few days alone with Jepherson. Scarlett and Hadrian showing up was a complete surprise.

Although it was somewhat of a pity, the more the merrier, right?

“Raeleigh, are Hadrian and I in the way?” Scarlett shot a glance at Raeleigh as she asked her that. Well, what could Raeleigh say in reply?

“Yes, you all are a bunch of third wheels. What are you going to do then? Are you going to jump off?” Raeleigh pretended to be displeased.

While they were chatting, two people came out from the inside of the yacht. The person walking ahead asked, “Does that mean that we’re also in trouble?”

Santiago was only clad in a pair of Sadiel shorts. With his hands tucked into his pockets, he looked more arrogant than ever. His lean physique and silky smooth hair left Raeleigh stunned for a moment. His smile was devilish.

What a strange world. Raeleigh wondered how two brothers, from the same parents, could be so different.

The older brother was completely different from the younger brother...

Raeleigh froze at that train of thought. She suddenly realized that she was the same as them.

She had the same parents as them. They were siblings.

Raeleigh smiled, as she observed Santiago's bright grin. He was supporting himself with one hand on the wall, leaning back while chewing gum.

Then, Raeleigh looked behind him to see who the other person was. Raeleigh did a double take at how skimpily the person was dressed.

That person was...

### **Chapter 1100**

Cynthia Cole?

Cynthia was wearing a loose, white T-shirt which sported a short phrase. She had paired it with a pair of pink shorts. Although her outfit's color scheme differed from Santiago's, they looked like a couple when they stood together.

Cynthia walked out and glanced at Santiago. She was obviously embarrassed, from how intensely she was blushing.

"Hello, I'm Cynthia Cole, Santiago's friend," Cynthia greeted them shyly.

Santiago smiled. "This is my elder brother, Jepherson, and that's my future sister-in-law, Raeleigh."

Cynthia did not know what to say in reply. She eyed Santiago again. Raeleigh, on the other hand, unwittingly looked at Jepherson. He was probably taken aback too.

But in the next moment, Raeleigh heard him say with a smile, "I heard that you were endowed with both beauty and talent. Well, seeing is believing. It's so nice to finally meet you. If you don't mind, you can consider me as your elder brother the way Santiago does, and you can refer to Raeleigh as your sister-in-law too."

Cynthia was left completely stunned.

Raeleigh was equally surprised and stood there, dazed.

"Go ahead, since he gave you the green light." Santiago smiled evilly. Raeleigh came to her senses and interjected, "Since you're Santiago's friend, that means that you're our friend. It's nice to meet you."

"Likewise," Cynthia responded extremely politely. However, she just could not bring herself to consider Jepherson and Raeleigh as her brother and sister-in-law.

Santiago then turned around and headed for the deck of the yacht. It was only then did Raeleigh realize that he had a tiger tattooed on his back.

The tiger tattoo took Raeleigh's breath away. It was a majestic tiger indeed.

Santiago led Cynthia onto the deck, mentioning something about starting up the yacht. Raeleigh watched them leave. After they were out of earshot, she asked Jepherson, "Did you know about that?"

"About what?" Jepherson queried back. Raeleigh hesitated for a moment, observing his expression. "Did you know that Santiago and Cynthia became friends?"

"I don't really know much, but he's already eighteen. I'm sure he's capable of making his own decisions. When I was eighteen, I already started working at the Harvey Group. I had to make a lot of decisions on my own," Jepherson answered as he walked forward, ready to change his attire.

Raeleigh trailed behind Jepherson and piped up, "Sometimes, I don't even get the feeling that you're brothers. The two of you have very different personalities."

"Ever since Santiago and I were young, we were taught to be independent. If we make any mistake in doing so, then we would have to take responsibility for our actions. That's all there is to it."

Jepherson went to his and Raeleigh's room. He put down the backpack that he brought and took out the clothes inside. He, too, had brought a pair of Sadiel shorts, perfect for the beach. However, he opted not to go shirtless like Santiago and donned a plain white T-shirt that he had brought. He handed Raeleigh a pair of blue shorts and a similar shirt as his.

Once they were both changed, Jepherson led Raeleigh out of the room. He helped Raeleigh tie up her hair. Together, they went onto the deck to enjoy the sea breeze.

As Jepherson and Raeleigh arrived at the deck, he asked her, "Is it cold?"

Raeleigh shook her head. "Nope."

With the breeze gently sweeping across her, Raeleigh leaned against the railing of the yacht, watching the rippling of the waves rise and fall. She wondered how Jepherson would react if she left.

But she did not dare to continue down that line of thought. There were some things that she could not allow to cross her mind. The more she thought about it, the more unwilling she would be to leave.

She could not think about all that. She should spend all her time with him while she still could.

Raeleigh smiled and out of nowhere, kissed Jepherson on the cheek. Jepherson had been looking at the sea. Her kiss caught him off guard. It was rare for Raeleigh to make the first move.

Why did she do that?

Jepherson looked at Raeleigh, with his back to the sea, and enveloped her carefully into a hug. With one hand on the railing, he wrapped his other arm around Raeleigh's waist.

"What are you so happy about? You're so bold that you made the first move to kiss me. Were you thinking about doing more than that?" Jepherson deliberately teased her, he had a bright smile on his face. Raeleigh blushed intensely at his words. She turned to look around them. When she made sure that Scarlett and Hadrian were nowhere to be seen, the redness faded from her face.

"Am I not allowed to kiss you?" Raeleigh demanded. Jepherson laughed. "Of course you can. In the future, do this sort of thing more often, okay?"

Raeleigh was amused by Jepherson's words. What sort of thing was he referring to?

A moment lapsed. Deep in her thoughts, Raeleigh allowed herself to sink into Jepherson's embrace, and said, "The sea breeze is amazing, it makes me want to hold you and follow you to the ends of the world."

The urge to cry overwhelmed Raeleigh, but she held back her tears.

Jepherson raised his hand and patted Raeleigh gently. She mustered a faint smile. Although he did not know why, he knew that Raeleigh had been depressed and was doing her best to cover it up. She did not want to tell him about it.

"I'm willing to take you to the ends of the world, if that's what you want. Nothing can get in between us." Jepherson hugged Raeleigh and kissed her on the cheek.

Raeleigh nodded and smiled after she pulled away from him. Nevertheless, she felt a bitterness at that moment. If only she knew how harsh and hurtful it was.

"How long will it take us to reach the spot where we can catch mackerel?" Raeleigh asked Jepherson. A thought suddenly occurred to Jepherson. He started, "Raeleigh..."

"Yes?" Raeleigh looked at Jepherson. He looked as if he had something important to ask. But Jepherson's next words were, "Do you really know what a mackerel is?"

Raeleigh thought for a moment. "Isn't it a beltfish?"

The corners of Jepherson's mouth twitched. The expression on his handsome face showed that his guess had been right. He broke out into full-on laughter, leaving Raeleigh a little confused.

"What are you laughing at? Tell me." Raeleigh was a little anxious. What had she said wrong?

"Here's the thing. Beltfish are a sub-species of cutlassfish. They are long and slender, and can grow up to three metres long and about 20 centimetres wide. But we usually eat smaller ones, around 60 centimetres long."

"Some people call them beltfish, some call them hairtail fish. They have various names. This species of fish is long and slender, hence the various names such as 'belt', 'hair' or 'tail'."

"But they are not mackerel."

Jepherson seemed like he was giving a lesson about fish to Raeleigh. She quietly stared at Jepherson, blushing, and asked, "What are you trying to say?"

Jepherson gently tapped Raeleigh's nose. "My point is, you're one of the top students in Elkton University, who excels in every subject, but you have no idea what a mackerel is. Isn't that funny?"

Raeleigh thought it over. "What does being a top student have to do with knowing what a mackerel is?"

Jepherson hugged Raeleigh again, grinning from ear to ear. They gently swayed on the deck, making Raeleigh feel as though they were dancing. She held him tightly and furrowed her eyebrows. She wondered what a mackerel was, then.

Wasn't it a beltfish?

It was just another kind of cutlassfish.

.....

"What are they doing? Are they dancing?" Standing at the window and watching Jepherson and Raeleigh out on the deck, Cynthia asked Santiago without thinking too much about it. Santiago answered, "They're saying sweet nothings to each other. Can't you tell?"

Cynthia was taken aback at the response. She immediately turned around and faced away from them.

Santiago was gripping the yacht's steering wheel, propelling the yacht towards their destination. When he saw Cynthia turn away, he chuckled but did not say anything. He changed the topic and asked, "Has anyone in your family given you a hard time?"

Cynthia recounted what had happened and shook her head. "No, they treat me really well."

"That's good. If someone treats you badly, then you must let me know immediately. You can just call me. I'll go over to help you." Santiago asserted.

Cynthia looked at Santiago and told him, "You don't have to worry about me, really. I'll be fine. I've been fine all these years."

"That was the past. Things are different now." Santiago was careful with his words. Since their families were not on good terms, and Cynthia was currently in a relationship with him, he knew she would be having a rough time. As the person who dragged her into that whole mess, he couldn't very well sit by and do nothing.

"There's no difference," Cynthia insisted. Turmoil wrecked her heart. She frowned as she thought about what Yanora had said to her when she came over to her room the previous night. Yanora had told her that she and Santiago were not suited for each other.

When she thought of how Yanora slyly peeked at the jewelry she wore before she left, she was overcome with a sense of discomfort.

Santiago glanced at Cynthia and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Cynthia quickly replied. She hesitated for a moment, before asking, "What do you think of Yanora?"

"Your sister?" Santiago thought it over. "Did she cause any trouble for you?"

"No, I just want to know what you think of her."

"I've never really paid any attention to her. What does she look like?"

Cynthia was speechless. She was silent for a good moment, and she then sighed in relief. Yanora had wanted to come out with her that day. She claimed that she wanted to have a good talk with Santiago about their relationship. However, Cynthia suspected that that wasn't Yanora's true intention. She had a feeling that Yanora just wanted a chance to meet Santiago.



“Why aren’t you wearing the necklace that I gave you?” Santiago queried. Cynthia processed his question and responded, “I thought it was too eye-catching, so I left it at home.”

“You have to wear it out next time. You don’t have to take it off when you sleep or whenever, really, unless it makes you feel uncomfortable. One day, that thing may save your life,” Santiago urged. When Cynthia heard that, she had absolutely no idea what he meant. But later, she suddenly understood that he had everything planned out for her. It was just that she did not know about it at the time, as she had been kept in the dark.

It was not until many years later that she finally understood the meaning behind those words.

Scarlette was sitting quietly on one side of the deck as she watched Jepherson and Raeleigh. She was very disdainful of them. Jepherson clearly did not have a good sense of humor, so how could he make Raeleigh that happy? It was really strange.

Scarlette thought of the fool with her. He had neither said anything to her, nor had he done anything. Scarlette seethed with hateful jealousy and envy.

Hadrian appeared from the side of the yacht, wearing a loose black T-shirt and a pair of white shorts. Scarlette was a little annoyed when she saw him. She wanted nothing more than to kick him into the sea.

Everyone else was dressed similarly according to the occasion, but he just had to be different from everyone else. He looked like he was attending a funeral instead.

Hadrian walked to a corner and stood with his hands in his pockets. He stared at the surface of the sea and looked around. He seemed to be inspecting the surroundings. It was as if he was afraid that there would be an ambush at any time.

While Hadrian was looking around, Scarlette gave him a kick. However, she miscalculated her kick and nTristany fell into the sea. If it weren’t for Hadrian’s help, then she would have fallen into the water for real.

The shock sent Scarlette into a nervous breakdown. It took her quite a while to finally return to her senses.

Raeleigh, on the other side of the deck, looked at Scarlette and shook her head. She was at a loss.

Scarlette knew that it was impossible to kick Hadrian into the sea but she still attempted to do it. What a fool!