

Go After 1131

Chapter 1131

In fact, Raeleigh did not fully believe the results of the blood test. There were too many doubts about it, but her attitude towards Xanthus changed that instant.

Raeleigh sat in the car. Xanthus said, "I'll send you back, buy some fruits, and visit your grandmother along the way. You're pregnant, and you should pay more attention to it. You shouldn't work too hard. You've been exhausted these past few days."

Raeleigh slightly raised her head and looked at Xanthus, who was in the driver's seat in front of her, and remained silent. Recalling memories of her being abandoned in an orphanage since she was a child, Raeleigh felt an indescribable sorrow in her heart. If no one had died, if the fire had never happened and everything had been normal, then it was alright for people to find a little girl they had lost years ago. However, she could not calm down. Although she was eager to prove that she was neither Jepherson's sister nor the child of the Harvey family, and the result proved that she and Xanthus were siblings, she could not see things the way they used to be.

Raeleigh slowly turned around and looked out of the window. She began to feel impetuous. Thinking that Xanthus had travelled a long distance to find her and at the thought of his mother, Raeleigh developed complex emotions and felt uncomfortable.

However, she wasn't completely sure of that matter and how she should face all those sudden changes.

According to the information, she had been sent to an orphanage. How could she have been from around here? It did not make sense at all.

Raeleigh kept quiet because she was uncertain about what was going on.

Xanthus smiled. "I'll explain the situation to Jepherson. We met outside by accident, so I'm just sending you back and visiting your grandmother."

Xanthus' considerateness made it difficult for Raeleigh to reject his offer. Moreover, she then had an indescribable feeling for Xanthus.

"No one knows that I'm out, but I left a message for Serra, hoping that they won't be worried," Raeleigh answered from the back seat as her emotions were muddled up.

Xanthus chuckled. "It's fine."

Raeleigh took some time before answering, "How do you know that I'm really busy these days?"

Was he keeping an eye on her?

"When one cares about a person, one will know whatever happens to her." Xanthus was amused and laughed cheerfully, with Raeleigh staring at him in a daze.

Xanthus gradually withdrew his smile. "Although I look like Dad, your facial features are similar to Mom's, along with other aspects as well. You can observe me carefully to see if there's anything similar between the two of us to confirm our relationship."

"I know that you're introverted. This is a result of our family's inherited genes."

Hmm...

"My studies are pretty good. Since I started school, I've always obtained full marks in all subjects. I've been on academic scholarships since I was a child."

I'm similar to Dad in this aspect. Mom's studies are so-so, and they're not as good as Dad's. Dad excels in everything."

Raeleigh pursed her lips. She did not know what to say, so she did not say anything. Xanthus was really conniving, avoiding her question like that, albeit he had given her the answers she wanted...

Raeleigh thought for a moment. "How did you manage to find me?"

"That's easy. After I discovered that you were sent to this orphanage, I immediately came here from abroad and searched for every information about the orphanage."

"After all, it happened a few years ago. You're now nineteen, and that incident happened when you were ten. It was not too long ago, so it was not difficult for me to obtain the information. What's more, there were many previous files in the orphanage. I checked the household registration and paid a visit to the person responsible for it."

"Although those from the orphanage are all gone, some are still alive. Some prominent individuals were the same children who grew up in the orphanage. The information I found is authentic and accurate."

"You're definitely my biological sister. I don't want to be mistaken."

Raeleigh thought that if that was the case, then her IQ was quite worrying. Compared to the man in front of her, her habits were totally different from his.

Xanthus' way of doing things was smart, but she...

A soft sigh sounded.

His words were reasonable. The orphanage was gone, and people had died in the fire, but the children from the orphanage were still alive, and some famous icons, who were from the orphanage, were still doing good.

Her fate was a joke.

Raeleigh felt ridiculous, but she also slightly relieved.

She sat in the back seat and began to observe Xanthus. Xanthus occasionally spoke a little.

When they arrived at the entrance of the shopping mall, Xanthus got out of the car and asked Raeleigh, before approaching the fruit stalls in front of it, "Would you like to get out and buy some fruits?"

Raeleigh shook her head after pondering for a while. "It's alright."

"Wait a minute. I'll be quick." Xanthus seemed to be in a good mood that day. As he turned around and buttoned up his shirt, he walked towards the grocery store. Inside, Xanthus selected and bought some

fruits. Raeleigh sat in the car and kept her eyes peeled. Apart from Xanthus' personality, all of Raeleigh's senses took after his temperament.

Not long after, Xanthus emerged from the grocery store. He bought a bag full of fruits and placed it on the passenger seat. Then, he got in the car and drove Raeleigh back to her residence.

On the way there, Xanthus told Raeleigh, "The blood type is only part of it. After a while, when Mom and Dad come over, they will compare their blood type with yours. Of course, we'll need your approval."

"Also... I'll continue to follow up and find all the information for you. Don't worry. This matter has been delayed for almost ten years. Although I'm anxious for you to approve me as your brother, I can't be too hasty. I don't want to make a big mistake and frighten you, as if I'm a creep."

Raeleigh was a little shy and could not tell what was going on. After a while, Raeleigh said, "I need some time to get used to it."

"I know, I'm not in a hurry, but... Raeleigh..."

Raeleigh froze for a moment. Xanthus was observing Raeleigh's reaction. He knew it was abrupt, but he wanted to close the distance between them.

"Can I call you that?" Xanthus asked Raeleigh. Raeleigh thought for a while and answered, "Sure."

"I'll pay attention to the situation." Xanthus smiled and heaved a sigh of relief, as if he was relieved from being rid of a heavy burden. At that time, their car had arrived.

Xanthus turned off the car engine, got out of it, picked up the large bag of fruits, and opened the door.

There were few people in the house right then, as everyone was busy searching for Deanna. Jepherson hadn't returned, nor did Santiago.

Raeleigh got out of the car and saw Stuart walking towards her anxiously. When he saw Xanthus, he was a little surprised and paused for a moment. Then, he greeted, "Young Madam Raeleigh, you're finally back. You almost scared us to death."

Without waiting for Raeleigh's explanation, Xanthus glanced at Raeleigh and explained, "I met Raeleigh on the way back. Since it's the weekend, and I plan to visit tomorrow anyway, I tagged along and brought some fruits, and to check on Scarlett as well."

Raeleigh was really impressed with Xanthus' explanation. She did not say anything, so Stuart led both of them into the house.

Chapter 1132

Novalie looked at the large bag of fruits in front of her, and then at the person sitting quietly across from her. She seemed to have thought of something.

"Dr. Osteen, is there anything that brings you joy recently?"

Novalie was smart. That was a reminder.

“There’s indeed a joyful affair.” Xanthus was quick-witted to know what she was talking about. He answered her while giving her a quick checkup.

Novalie hummed a reply. Then, she looked at Xanthus and asked, “I don’t know what it is, but do you mind sharing it with me?”

“Of course. You see, my younger sister went missing a few years back. This younger sister is my parents’ favorite child. When my mother was pregnant, she was taken great care of, so you can see how much importance they place on my sister. I was also moved and couldn’t wait to see her when I was young.”

“But an accident took my sister away. I’ve been trying to find her ever since. After so many years, I finally found her. Isn’t it something to be glad about?”

Novalie was smart enough to understand the underlying meaning behind his words. Xanthus was hinting at Raeleigh, she thought.

Novalie cast a glance at Raeleigh, who lowered her head. Since Xanthus had not left yet, it was hard for her to explain.

“If that’s the case, then it’s indeed a joyous affair. We should celebrate.” Novalie smiled. Xanthus glanced at Raeleigh and replied, “But my younger sister has been sensible and well-behaved since she was young. She’s also cautious. She still doesn’t trust me although I have a blood sample comparison with her DNA, and it proves that we’re highly matched, which meets the standard that indicates that we’re biological siblings of the same parents.”

Novalie answered with a knowing expression, “Then, your sister is indeed a fool.”

Raeleigh raised her gaze and glanced at Novalie. “Let me wash some fruits.”

Raeleigh walked over and took out some apples and grapes. Then, she immediately left the room.

“Slow down and be careful. You’re a mother-to-be, yet you’re still walking in a flurry. No one is chasing after you.”

Raeleigh closed the door and left in a hurry.

Xanthus’ expression grew more worried and he frowned as he stared at the door.

Novalie noticed all of that and was quite satisfied.

Xanthus looked at Novalie for a while. Then, he continued to check on her and talked to her.

Novalie said, “Raeleigh is fantastic in every aspect, but she experienced too many things when she was a child, so she can’t let it go.”

“In fact, there’s nothing wrong with Raeleigh. Although I was pleasantly surprised when I first saw Raeleigh, I don’t like her overly calm aura and that she matured too soon. She should live a life that suits her age.”

Xanthus retrieved the stethoscope and looked at Novalie.

Novalie glanced at the door. “What do you mean?”

“It’s not a complaint but it’s the guilt talking. I’ve met Deanna from the Atkinson family. With all due respect, our family is comparable to Rhys’s, and we’re better off than them. Although I’m a doctor, my family is prestigious and admirable.”

“If Raeleigh had not been kidnapped, then she would still be a child and would not have matured so soon. I could also take care of her and watch her grow like how Zorion witnessed Deanna’s growth. Of course... I won’t let Raeleigh turn out to be like Deanna, who’s not independent and doesn’t even know how to tell right from wrong.”

“However, I will not let Raeleigh carry such a burden.”

“I always feel that the world in her heart is burdensome, and that kind of heaviness suffocates her.”

“Since you’re telling me all this, are you blaming me for not taking good care of Raeleigh? I’m just an old lady who’s a beggar...”

“No, no... Please don’t misunderstand me. To me, you’re like Mother Theresa, who saved us from hardship. You’re our great benefactor. I’ll never be able to repay you even if I spend the rest of my life doing so. I absolutely didn’t mean to belittle you.”

“Although I grew up abroad and received foreign education, I’m still a citizen of this country, and I studied the culture of Tamberland. My father’s expectations of me are also too great. I know that we should repay other people’s kindness. You did a great favor for our Osteen family. How can I not be grateful?”

Novalie looked at Xanthus and responded, “You have a way with words.”

“You misunderstood me. I’m just telling the truth, but Raeleigh’s character is too calm and restrained, and she’s not even impetuous. Sometimes I feel distressed when I look at her. I should have come earlier.”

Novalie sighed and said, “Everything is predestined. I used to...”

Novalie pondered for a moment before she continued, “That’s enough. Let’s talk about it when you’re more comfortable with each other in the future.”

“Alright.” While Xanthus was talking to Novalie, Raeleigh came in from the outside with a fruit tRhys in her hands. She set the fruit tRhys on the table and invited Novalie and Xanthus to taste them.

Novalie and Xanthus talked for a while before Xanthus got up to leave. Raeleigh sent him to the door. Xanthus looked at Raeleigh and reminded her. “You always seem to be rushing around. Others will worry about you. Don’t always be so panicky in the future.”

Raeleigh stood at the door and looked at Xanthus, and then at Stuart standing by her side. Stuart hurriedly lowered his head and pretended as if he had not heard it.

If Mr. Jepherson were to learn about that, then new problems would arise.

After Xanthus left, Raeleigh looked at Stuart and asked, “When will Jepherson return?”

"I don't know. He ordered for me to return here. He has something to deal with," Stuart answered. Raeleigh did not know where he had gone. Perhaps, he was looking for Deanna.

Raeleigh turned around and entered the house. As she walked, she asked Stuart, "Is there any news about Deanna?"

"Not yet. Mr. Santiago has been looking for her, but he hasn't found her yet." Stuart lowered his head. He did not know what was going on, but they almost dug up the whole city, yet they still could not find her, and they did not know why.

Raeleigh resumed sitting on the couch. All of that happened so suddenly that everyone could not accept it.

Meanwhile, at the Atkinson family residence.

Zorion got out of bed, feeling slightly dizzy. He wasn't wearing any clothes, and he raised his hand as he rubbed his temples. What was happening?

Why was his head hurting so much?

After coming back to his senses, Zorion looked at the person next to him and was stunned to see a girl sleeping on the bed.

Reaching forward, Zorion pulled the quilt to take a look at the person under the blanket.

The person's face was covered, but the outline...

Zorion frowned and was reminded of what had happened the previous night. He lifted the hair off the sleeping person's face. When he saw her face, he was dumbstruck for a moment before he withdrew his hand.

He turned around, lifted the quilt, and got off the bed, grabbing his robes, and putting it on. He tied a knot and walked to the door.

The door opened. Zorion looked at the torn clothes on the ground and turned to look at the person slowly waking up on the bed. She sat up and grasped the quilt with both hands to cover her body.

Their eyes met. Zorion seemed to have witnessed the miserable scene of Deanna being assaulted once again as he walked to the door and closed it once more.

Chapter 1133

Zorion walked forward, step by step, and stopped to look at the people in front of him. "I did something I shouldn't have done last night. It's my fault. I lost control of my emotions and hurt you."

The girl looked at the person in front of her and stepped back. When she found that she was not feeling well, she stopped and replied, "Salman did something to you. That was his fault. I am not his biological daughter. My mother was kidnapped by him. My mother was pregnant for two months at that time. She was afraid that Salman would take revenge on her, so she could only bear the humiliation and the burden. In the end, she gave birth to me. Salman always knew that I was not his biological daughter. He wanted to strangle me many times, but he was lusting after my mother's beauty, so he kept me until

today. He wanted to get his hands on me, but he did not succeed. Not long ago, my mother died. I have nothing to do with him anymore.”

“You hurt me and owe me a favor. I want you to return it to me.”

Zorion was wearing a white robe, standing to one side as he fixed his gaze on the girl. She continued, “I want to get away from Salman’s reach, go abroad, and leave this place. You see...”

The girl lifted the blanket. Underneath the blanket, there were droplets of blood. Zorion had never encountered such a thing before, but he understood her point.

The girl was sixteen, and she was very young. He was well aware of that. Furthermore, he did not drink alcohol, so he knew what was going on. He still remembered their intense night together.

A glint of understanding flashed across Zorion’s eyes. “Did you do it on purpose?”

“I’m not in the mood to make a deal with you with my body. However, things have already happened, and I can’t do anything about it. I could neither kill you, nor could I die.”

She could not make sense of what happened the night before after being tortured for an entire night. The man in front of her looked like a gentleman, and he was not old either, but once he took off his clothes, he seemed like another person. His explosive power scared her. Let alone killing him, she could not even dare to think about getting revenge.

Besides, she was too weak. What could she do?

She had seen the man in front of her killing others without blinking an eye and had witnessed his murderous side.

The girl covered herself with the blanket and wrapped herself in it tightly. “I want to leave this country, and I want to leave this place. I can keep what you did last night a secret.”

“Also...”

She pursed her lips and said, “I can help you find your younger sister.”

“Help me?” Zorion’s eyebrows furrowed. The girl nodded and added, “I think I know who took your sister away. I can find him and lure him out.”

“Do you know him?”

At the mention of his sister, Zorion walked over and sat down beside the bed. He lifted his hand and grabbed the girl’s chin. “Are you playing tricks on me?”

Zorion gritted his teeth and lifted her chin.

The girl shook her head and looked straight at Zorion. “If I manage to find your sister, then send me away and give me two million dollars. If I fail to do so, then you can kill me.”

Zorion seemed to be deep in thought. “Do you know the consequences of lying to me?”

“I understand, but I’m not trying to deceive you. Give me one month, and I’ll find your sister. If I can’t find her, then it’s not too late for you to make a move.”

The girl gulped. Zorion let go of her, turned around, and stood up. He placed both of his hands in the pocket of his robe, pondering as he paced back and forth. In the end, he responded, "Half a month. We can't wait any longer."

"Four million. It can't be any less."

Zorion turned to look at the girl. "Do you know who the Atkinson family is in Capital City?"

"Do you know what it means to lose one's only family, one's dignity, and be left with nothing at all?"

They glared at each other, and Zorion gritted his teeth. "Ten days."

"Half a month."

...

The two of them were in a stalemate. Zorion's phone rang at the side. He walked over and answered the call. It was a message from his parents.

Zorion's body naturally stiffened. It was a phone call from Lottie.

"I understand. I'll pick you up together with Deanna. Deanna has been throwing a tantrum for the past two days. That's why she didn't answer the phone. I'm attempting to console her."

Zorion said with a faint smile in his voice. The girl looked at Zorion, lost in her thoughts. Zorion talked further on the phone, ended the call, and turned to look at her, who was staring at him. "What's your name?"

"Rossie Lautner."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Have you had your birthday this year?"

"No."

Zorion took a deep breath and fixed his dark gaze on Rossie's slender body. He was surprised.

"Four million in half a month. I'll send you away when you've found her." Zorion turned to the door. Rossie saw that the door was closed and lay on the bed, gripping the quilt and beginning to shed tears silently.

In the afternoon.

Zorion changed his clothes, injected himself with some nourishment, and ate some porridge. Then, he sat down in the living room. Rossie emerged from the room upstairs. She wore a frock that Zorion had asked someone to find for her. It belonged to a maid's daughter.

Deanna's clothes were special. For Zorion, Deanna's stuff was precious, and he would not give them to a stranger.

When she made her way down the stairs, Zorion turned around and had a look. He was stunned when he saw a dignified and beautiful figure appear in front of him.

Even ordinary clothes could not conceal Rossie's delicate appearance.

Standing to one side, Rossie saw Zorion and suggested to him, "Let's go and find your sister."

"Can you do it?" Zorion had already eaten and taken a nutritional jab. However, he remembered that Rossie had not eaten anything. They also had an intense time together the night before.

He did not doubt her ability, but she seemed to be too well.

"I've been working outside since I was a child, and my body can take it. Don't worry about that. If you have had something to eat, then let me have some too. I'm hungry."

Rossie spoke mechanically and her face was devoid of emotions.

"Bring some food here," Zorion instructed a servant. Soon, someone placed a platter of brioche, a bowl of broth, and two side dishes of salad and scrambled eggs on the table.

In the end, Rossie ate all of them.

Zorion looked at Rossie. If he remembered correctly, the maid served her four pieces of brioche.

She was a girl, how could she have finished the four pieces of brioche, the bowl of soup, the rest of the salad, and the scrambled eggs?

Zorion's gaze without thinking fell upon Rossie's stomach. Even if it were a bucket, it would still bulge after stuffing so many things in it.

Turning around, Zorion faced the door. Rossie got up after eating her fill and went to the bathroom to wash her hands, coming out in no time.

"I can leave now," Rossie said, standing at the door. Only then did Zorion stand up and stride towards the door. Someone was about to bring Zorion's coat over for him when Rossie chimed in, "You have to listen to me when it comes to searching for a missing person."

Zorion stopped in his tracks. "Do you think that'll happen?"

"I think it's possible, unless you don't want to look for your younger sister," Rossie replied as she walked up to Zorion. She stopped in front of him and fixed her gaze on him.

Chapter 1134

Zorion finally compromised, deciding to listen to Rossie's advice, and changed into something more low profile. He put on a pair of jeans, a T-shirt, and a casual jacket.

After he got dressed, Rossie looked at Zorion with a small grin, and her expression was a little melancholic.

"What? Is this not alright?" Although Zorion was experienced and knowledgeable, he really had no idea how to dress like the average Joe.

Rossie shook her head and replied, "That's unfair. People like you will look posh in whatever you wear."

Zorion frowned slightly. "Are you complimenting me?"

"I guess so." Rossie had been busy all morning and was a little anxious. "You ought to bring some cash along with you. We might stay overnight and have to bring some food as well. Is it possible to get us a second-hand car, something ranging around 100,000 dollars? Once we have everything, then we'll leave."

"A second-hand car?" That was basically a foreign concept to him, so Zorion stared at her in surprise.

"You're going after a kidnapper, yet you want to pull up in something flashy? Do you think the kidnappers are dumb?" Rossie sighed matter-of-factly, with her tone straightforward and frank. After that, Zorion immediately ordered his men. Soon, everything was ready. At three o'clock in the afternoon, they departed from the Atkinson family mansion.

As soon as Rossie got in the car, she said, "You'll have to ask your men to leave. Don't make them follow us either."

Zorion drove while Rossie stared intently at the map. It was as if she was looking for something.

As per her instructions, Zorion called up his subordinates and dismissed them all.

Of course, this also included Santiago.

At that time, Santiago had just returned to the car and was taking a sip of water. Suddenly, he received a call from Zorion.

"You have to leave. I'll have to do this on my own. I'll come up with a solution." Zorion glanced at Rossie, who was sitting next to him. As he talked, he continued on towards the desNorahtion in his beat-up car.

After Santiago ended the call, he proceeded to take a nap in his car. It was already dark by the time he woke up, and he decided to head home only then.

At that time, Zorion had already arrived at Waverly Village.

Rossie and Zorion had spent the entire day searching but to no avail. They quickly pulled into a hotel, got down the car, and went to look for dinner.

Zorion barely spoke along the way, doing what Rossie suggested. He had no idea why he trusted her so much. However, he had been searching for a week and yet there was no news. It would be better for him to take matters into his own hands and search on his own rather than to wait for the police.

They went straight into the hotel and checked into their rooms. However, the receptionist informed them that they were no longer serving dinner at that time, so Rossie then led Zorion out of the hotel. She was carrying a backpack that contained a flashlight, a map, and a phone charger among other things.

Then, they began walking around in search of a diner, or any place that served food.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Zorion asked as he followed her. He was wearing a baseball cap because Rossie said his face attracted too much unnecessary attention.

At the mention of this, Zorion pursed his lips, remembering Rossie’s annoyed tone when she told him this.

After walking for a while, Rossie said, “I am hungry, but I’m sure there are some people who are hungry as well. Generally, gangsters like to frequent barbecue stalls at night. Some of them will stay to eat, and some will get takeaway. Let’s try our luck. You have been looking for them for so long, so they wouldn’t dare to come out. I doubt they can go a day without a couple of beers and some barbecued meat. It’s their favorite pastime and I’m sure we’ll see them.”

The two of them continued to walk until they saw a brightly lit stall and immediately headed there. After finding a table, Rossie then made her way towards the counter and placed an order.

Rossie creased her eyes into a smile, warming up to the owner of the stall. She picked up the local dialect previously when doing odd jobs, so she spoke like a village local.

She asked the owner, “Sir, how much do you make in a single day?”

The owner raised his eyebrows and looked at her. “Not much. Just enough to break even.”

“My boyfriend and I got expelled. We are looking for something to do and this looks easy. Can you teach us? I don’t mind working, as I’m a hard worker.”

Zorion listened in on the conversation between Rossie and the owner. At first, the man was a little hesitant because he was afraid that they would end up coveting the business. However, the moment he heard that Rossie’s boyfriend was an outsider and when he saw Zorion’s clueless face, he smiled and became a little chattier. He agreed to let them be employed with his business, but they had to chip in some dough.

Delighted, Rossie proceeded to make small talk with the rest while waiting for her food. Once the food was ready, she fetched it to the table and began eating.

Rossie then handed Zorion a piece of jerky. He had no appetite, but then again, he still had to eat something. So, he began to dig in.

At that time, two people came by and ordered takeout. They made some small talk while waiting, and they then immediately left once their food was ready. Seeing so, Rossie hurriedly took out some cash and paid for the food, briefly talking to the owner. After that, she tugged Zorion away and followed behind them.

Rossie did not dare to stick too close. While walking, she said to Zorion softly, “Those people are gangsters. The owner just asked them why they hadn’t come for so many days, and they answered that they had been busy. If they weren’t up to something, then why didn’t they come? Look at the way they are dressed, they stick out like a sore thumb, don’t they?”

The people in Waverly Village were all speaking in the local dialect. Zorion grew up in Capital City, so he could not understand what they were saying, but Rossie could.

Zorion swept his eye across his surroundings and tried to look for those two, but he lost them.

Around ten o'clock, the two finally returned. Rossie sat in the car, exhausted, leaning against the door, and was about to fall asleep.

"Let's go and look for her." Zorion refused to give up. His sister was in the kidnapper's hands. The longer it took for him to find her, the more uneasy he felt.

Rossie glanced at him. "I doubt those people would come out again, at least for tonight."

"The villagers are a tight-knit group. They rarely speak to outsiders. Even if they knew that Deanna had been kidnapped, they would not call the police. They would not alert the authorities no matter how much money you offer them."

"If you want to find your sister, then you have to learn to be patient."

After saying that, Rossie turned around and went to sleep. Zorion could not sleep, so he wandered on the streets a little bit more. However, he failed to find any clues that night, so he went back to sleep just as the sun began to rise.

While Zorion slept, Rossie would observe the streets from the car. It was either that, or she would drive around on the road. Whatever she did, she would hang around the same area.

A while later, Rossie even got out of the car to inquire about rent. She intended to look as if she was here to look for a job and wanted to stay in Waverly Village.

When they saw her decrepit car and how young she looked, they would automatically assume that she had run away from home. They did not doubt her at all.

After a while, she became familiar with a few of them.

Rossie even went to the pub to play some cards, with Zorion tagging along.

The both of them didn't win a single match, acting all grumpy and frustrated after losing round after round. The locals watching will clap and hoot with them, and someone even advised them to calm down.

After a few more rounds of card games, the locals warmed up to them a little, treating Rossie and Zorion as one of their own. They even began gossiping.

A woman mentioned someone named Jacky.

Although Zorion could not understand a single word, he could still make out a little about this person, Jacky.

It was especially so whenever Rossie stared at one spot while listening. That meant there was a lot of information being gleaned.

After a while, Rossie excused herself to the washroom, asking someone to replace her. In actuality, she had left the pub, following the woman earlier.

Chapter 1135

Soon, Rossie came back from the bathroom, and Zorion stared as he took over her seat.

Explaining that they had lost quite a lot of money, Rossie immediately made the decision to leave, adding that she was not feeling well.

Then, she and Zorion stood up and left.

In the car, Rossie told Zorion, "I saw the same person at the barbecue stall last night, up ahead."

"But now, they are extremely vicious. I'm not sure whether they will hurt Deanna. Besides, I haven't seen your sister. I want to go and check the place out to make sure that your sister is in there before coming up with a plan to save her."

Zorion sat there for a while, and he then said, "I'll come with you."

"No, you can't. I'm sure they will recognize you. You and your sister have the same eyes. In fact, the two of you look alike. Plus, you don't exactly fit in, and people around here will be suspicious. I'll have to stay behind and work to build connections. You should drive back home and wait for news from me. Don't worry, I will make sure that I find your sister and send you a text every night. As long as I don't call you, it means I'm safe, but you're not allowed to call me."

Zorion sat in the car for a while and briefly glanced at the time. It was getting dark.

"I'll stay here for one more night. If they happen to bring Deanna out tonight, then it'll save us a lot of trouble."

Rossie thought for a moment and said, "Fine, if it makes you happy."

The two of them waited in the car. At night, there were indeed a few people who emerged from the place that they had been keeping their eyes on. However, they did not follow them that time.

Rossie whispered, with her eyes widening, "I'm sure that it's them."

"In that case, I'll wait for your updates here tomorrow. I'll only leave after you manage to find a way in." Zorion nodded at her. In fact, he just wanted to make sure that she was safe.

"Alright then. It's getting late, so we should get some rest."

After that, Rossie then curled up as she did the previous night and fell asleep.

Zorion leaned to one side and was about to close his eyes when he caught a glimpse of Rossie's skin, resulting from her shirt riding up while in the fetal position. He could not help feeling a little hot, and he then hurriedly shut his eyes, feeling bothered by it.

At that time, she had already fallen asleep.

The next morning, Rossie began the process of job hunting in the village, with Zorion driving closely behind her. Rossie eventually found herself in front of a hotel. She then entered the hotel and not long after, Zorion received a text message.

"They agreed to hire me. You can go home now. We will keep in touch."

He put away his cell phone and glanced at the entrance of the hotel, with the name plastered in front of it.

After quickly taking a picture, Zorion drove away.

As soon as Zorion arrived back at the Atkinson family mansion, he immediately changed out of his clothes and sent the picture he took to his subordinates, ordering a thorough investigation.

The Jack Town Hotel was built many years ago, whereby the owner of this hotel decided to name it after his son.

The owner's son was Jacky Scott, and everyone called him Jacky.

Since he was a kid, Jacky was very mischievous and would wreak havoc for everyone.

When he grew older, it was no surprise to everyone that he had taken the wrong path and became a gangster, and was frequently involved in fights and robberies. Everyone in Waverly Village knew that he was a bad egg.

However, Jacky treated the locals well enough. His parents were kind and simple, and Jacky did not possess any skills. He was considerably average overall.

Zorion read up on the information as he smoked a cigarette. He stood on the balcony for a while, not having slept a wink that night.

The next morning, Zorion got up and made his way towards Waverly Village once again. He did not enter but he just drove past it.

Rossie knew that he had arrived, so she quickly excused herself from her work by telling the manager that she urgently needed to buy some sanitary pads. When she saw Zorion, she immediately got into the car.

"What are you doing here?" Rossie looked very puzzled. They had previously agreed not to meet up anymore, yet he still came, so she could not help but to feel surprised.

"I came here hoping to find some clues. Have you managed to find anything?" Zorion asked her, and his eyes lingered on her intently.

Rossie told him about the information she managed to gather. "I still haven't seen Jacky. I heard from his men that he has his own house, but they did not mention where it was. They seemed worried about you coming to find Deanna, so they kept mum on a lot of information. Furthermore, I'm relatively new around here. It's inappropriate for me to ask too much in case they get suspicious."

"One of the gangster's called Logan. He has a good impression of me and even offered to show me around. I have a feeling he knows where Jacky is. The employees in Jack Town Hotel seem to have high regard for Jacky. I have a feeling that Logan might be one of Jacky's pals."

"Give me a little more time. I will definitely get to the bottom of the matter."

Since she needed to get back to work, Rossie was pressed for time and hurriedly bade goodbye. Just as she was about to get out of the car, Zorion grabbed her wrist. "Please, don't sell your body in exchange for information."

Hearing this, she turned around and looked at him, feeling a little stunned. She thought for a moment. "Don't worry, I will not. It was just an accident with you. It won't happen again."

Then, Rossie hurriedly got out of the car and made her way to the supermarket. Not long after she left, a handsome man in leather clothing emerged from the Jack Town Hotel lobby, observing the streets.

A few moments later, Rossie exited the supermarket and made her way back to the hotel. As she drew nearer to the hotel, she did not know why but she seemed a little unhappy for some reason. However, the man standing there was smiling very brightly. Later, he took out his wallet and gave her fifty dollars. She turned around and went straight to the supermarket. After a short while, Rossie came back and the man looked at her with a grin on his face. As soon as she approached him, he pulled her hand and went straight in.

Zorion saw everything, and his face darkened as he gritted his teeth. He started the car and was about to leave, but the irrational rage that pulsed through his veins made him turn off the engine.

He opened the car door, got out, and walked towards Jack Town Hotel. Then, he went inside.

As soon as he entered, he found Rossie dressed in a French maid outfit. She was wearing a black mini dress, white stockings, and red high heels, along with a white apron. She paused when she saw him. "Welcome... to Jack Town Hotel. How many of you are there?"

Zorion entered the door and briefly glanced at Rossie who came out to welcome him. "Just one."

After staring for a while, he walked over to his table, leaning against the wall while looking at his surroundings. Rossie walked over with a tablet in her hand. She politely stood to the side and asked, "Sir, what would you like to have today?"

"What do you recommend?"

Zorion withdrew his gaze and stared at Rossie's chest. The uniform that she was wearing was a little tight, as the manager had obviously given her a uniform of a smaller size. It looked as if her bust was on the verge of bursting out of her outfit.

Zorion's face darkened. He picked up the menu from the table and flipped through it, gnashing his teeth in silence.

Although Rossie looked calm, her heart was pounding in her chest.

"Have you decided, sir?" Rossie had no idea what Zorion was up to, or why he seemed so moody. He had entered the hotel without any disguise.

"I haven't had my breakfast. I'm fine with anything. Why don't you decide for me?"

"Alright, then." Rossie immediately keyed in an order. She continued to ask, "Do you need anything else?"

"No, thanks. I'm good."

Zorion lowered his head and noticed Rossie's skirt. It was so short that it was barely covering her butt.

Of course, there were many people around and they were all staring at her, which irritated Zorion to no end. It was making his blood boil.

Logan had just emerged from the bathroom when he caught Zorion staring at Rossie. He then immediately walked over to Zorion's table.

Logan stopped at his table as Zorion slowly raised his head to look at him. And then...

Chapter 1136

"Rossie."

"Yes?" Rossie looked at Logan. He had his hand wrapped around her shoulders as he led her away.

When Rossie raised her head, Logan asked, "What are you doing?"

"Can you see that I'm entertaining the customers?" Rossie smiled brightly. The customers were drooling at the sight of her.

Otherwise, she would not have attracted Logan's attention.

Logan looked at Rossie in a daze and he then said, "Why do you need to entertain them? Let someone else do it. Didn't I tell you that I have the final say here. You don't have to do anything. Go and quickly change out of this uniform."

Then, Logan led her away in his arms. Rossie turned around to look at Zorion. Logan turned her face towards him and said, "Look this way."

Rossie lifted her head and did as she was told. The two then headed into the hotel.

Zorion took a deep breath and clenched his fists. He sat at the table as those in the room began talking about what they had just witnessed.

"I've never seen Logan treat a woman in such a manner before."

"I heard that when he first saw her, he threw away all the glasses and allowed her to use his."

"What's more, we're not short on staff. We barely have any work to do. I heard that their rooms are next to each other. Do you think they're...?"

"Isn't it obvious..."

...

Zorion gritted his teeth as he felt a flicker of irritation, fixing his deadly glare on the food in front of him. He took out some money and placed it on the table before heading out through the door.

He then texted Rossie, asking her to come out and meet him.

However, Rossie did not read his text, and hence, she did not show up.

Zorion stood outside, not leaving. It wasn't until night time that he saw Rossie and Logan emerging from the hotel. They seemed to be heading towards the barbecue stall. It was just the two of them, with Logan holding onto Rossie the whole time.

Rossie was quiet, but she did not reject him.

Then, Zorion gave her a call. Rossie had no choice but to answer the phone.

“Why are you calling me? I thought we had a deal? You agreed to head back home while I stay behind in Waverly Village to work.”

Logan ate the kebab as he kept his eyes on her.

Zorion’s voice was cold as he said, “If I see you guys together again, then I’ll kill him.”

Then, Zorion hung up the phone. He did not know how to describe how he was feeling, but all he knew was that he was inexplicably furious because of Rossie.

Zorion started the car and drove away. Rossie lowered her head to look at the screen of her phone, bewildered.

She really wanted to take a look around, but she did not dare to do so.

“What’s going on?” Logan came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her. Rossie had no choice but to say, “I used to be close with this guy in school before I was expelled. I had some savings, but he gambled it all away. I ran away in the heat of the moment, and he called to ask me to go home.”

Rossie did not have a good childhood and always resorted to lying. She became so used to lying that lies came out naturally without her even blushing.

“Alright. It’s no big deal. Come on, let’s go. I doubt that he would dare to come here. If he does, then I’ll beat him to a pulp.” Rossie was dragged back.

As soon as Zorion entered the house, he kicked down a vase, shattering it into pieces.

The servants did not dare to move. At that moment, Santiago was sitting in the living room when he heard the commotion. He then came out to see what was going on only to notice the broken vase, scattered all over the floor.

“You must have lost your mind.” Zorion’s appearance was dishevelled. He even threw the jacket he was wearing onto the ground once he entered the house. He was overcome by anger that he could even burn the house down once he was out of control.

Zorion stood there for a while before he looked over at Santiago. “What the h*ll are you doing here?”

“Jepherson asked me to come and check on you. I have no idea why, but he’s been busy recently. I barely even see him.”

Santiago received a call from Jepherson before he came there. The call lasted barely ten seconds.

Zorion did not welcome his arrival, so he said, “I’ve found Deanna. You can return home now. Do not come and find me if there’s nothing important.”

After saying that, Zorion made his way up the stairs and into his room. The servants had never seen him lose his temper that way. Santiago briefly glanced upstairs and thought to himself, “Who should I listen to?”

No one liked him, but in the end, Santiago did not leave. He went upstairs and knocked on the door.

On the other side of the door, Zorion was staring at the white sheets on the bed. When he heard the knock on the door, he hurriedly used the quilt to cover the bloodied sheets.

Zorion then turned around and opened the door. He was a little irritated as he asked, "What the h*ll are you still doing here?"

"Have you really found Deanna?" In fact, the real reason Santiago had not left yet was because he was worried about Deanna.

During that period of time, everyone was busy. Santiago had been so busy that he had lost a decent amount of weight.

But he had grown taller.

"I will handle Deanna's matter. Tell Jepherson that I have everything under control. You can return home and have a rest. Raeleigh needs someone to take care of her now. I remember you mentioned that Jepherson was starting to look for your sister again."

If Zorion had not reminded him, then he would have forgotten all about it.

"I know. I'll leave now." Santiago turned around and made his way over to Raeleigh's place. He knew he should put the Atkinson family's affairs aside and go home to take care of Raeleigh.

Zorion closed the door behind him after Santiago had left. He lay down and stared up at the ceiling before finally closing his eyes. However, when he closed his eyes, images of Rossie's torn off clothes flashed through his mind.

Zorion then opened his eyes and tried to get rid of the image. Later, he closed his eyes, and the memories of that day flashed through his mind again.

That night, he did not have a good night's rest.

The next morning, when Zorion woke up, he checked his phone and saw that Rossie had texted him. She texted him to warn him not to head over to Waverly Village anymore, or else their plan would be ruined.

"Let me check up on you. What are you doing?"

"I'm in the bathroom. What else can I do? You're very nosy."

"I'm coming over right now. I'm not nosy enough." Zorion got out of bed and got dressed. He quickly put on his pants and was about to put on his shirt when his phone rang. Zorion checked his phone only to realize that it was Rossie who was video-calling him. He briefly looked at his current appearance before answering the call.

Rossie's mouth was agape as she asked with a stutter, "What are you doing?"

Zorion's gaze was deep as he stared at Rossie. She was currently dressed in her normal clothes.

"Nothing. I just woke up."

“You just woke up?” Rossie’s face flushed red as she spoke. If Zorion hadn’t mentioned it, then she would not have noticed that he was shirtless.

“You got up and did not even manage to put on a shirt...” Rossie was whispering, and the others couldn’t hear her, but she heard someone outside the bathroom calling out, “Are you done?”

“I’m almost done.”

Rossie immediately ended the video call and texted Zorion instead. “I need to get out of the bathroom.”

Zorion threw his phone aside and walked to the mirror to look at himself before making his way into the bathroom to take a shower.

Zorion was in no rush to head out that day, so as soon as he emerged from the bathroom, he gave Rossie a call, but she did not pick up the phone.

Zorion got up and went outside. He instructed the servants to change his bed sheets and clean his room.

Zorion sat alone in the living room for a while. He wasn’t feeling tired, and he was feeling much more relaxed than the previous night. Soon, he fell asleep on the couch.

Chapter 1137

By the time Zorion woke up, it was already eight o’clock in the evening. He was probably too tired and had fallen asleep as soon as he lay down on the couch.

When he opened his eyes, Zorion turned on his cell phone and saw that Rossie had indeed sent him a text message. However, it was a picture of her and Logan. There was a huge field behind her. It couldn’t be identified, but he could roughly tell that it was in Waverly Village.

Zorion sat up and called Rossie. However, she did not answer and texted him instead.

“I did not see anyone, but I heard a woman’s voice. She’s in a house.” With that, she did not say anything else. Zorion immediately stood up and brought his men over to search for field pasture in the picture.

As soon as Zorion arrived at Waverly Village, he realized that there were a lot of wooden houses and that they all seemed identical. It would take time for him to find the correct house. In the end, he had no choice but to call Rossie for help.

He made another call, but no one answered.

He even texted her but was met with no reply. Zorion stood at the intersection. His men exchanged glances. No one dared to say anything.

“Let’s try to find it ourselves, but be careful not to alarm those around,” Zorion ordered. At eleven at night, he received Rossie’s reply.

“I fell asleep. I did hear a girl talking. I went to the place to try to find the girl earlier, but I heard that she had been taken away by someone named Jacky. I can’t describe his features for you. I’ll try to find a picture of him.”

“Can we switch to a video call?” Zorion made his way back to the car and turned on the car headlights. However, Rossie refused to turn on her camera.

“I was sleeping. I’m still in bed.”

“Turn on your camera.”

Zorion had already switched to a video call, but Rossie refused to turn on her camera.

“I really am in bed.”

“With whom?”

Rossie was rendered speechless. “What nonsense are you talking about?”

“I’m not talking nonsense. Turn on the camera, and the truth will be revealed.” Zorion gripped his phone and was somewhat impatient. He unbuttoned the top two buttons on his shirt.

The driver could barely look at Zorion.

The young master was seething, the chauffeur thought. Was he going to kill someone?

Rossie found it rather laughable. “You’ve gone too far. I’m in bed! How can I let you see me in bed?”

“Why not? Are you afraid? My men searched through the area, and they couldn’t find the house you mentioned. What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Are you doubting me?”

“What do you think?”

...

In the midst of the silence, Rossie finally turned on the camera. However, Zorion could not see anything as it was too dark from her side. He could only observe that the screen was wobbling.

Zorion was still dissatisfied and he ordered, “Turn on the lights. I want to have a look.”

“You...”

After a moment of silence, Rossie got out of bed, turned the lights on, and found a place to sit. When Zorion finally saw her face, he immediately calmed down. Then, he instructed, “Let’s head home.”

The driver immediately started the car. Rossie, who was on the other end, stared at Zorion, who was enveloped in darkness. She did not ask for anything. She was so sleepy. “I’m going back to bed.”

“No, you can sleep right where you are.”

“Are you kidding me?”

“No, I’m not.”

That was the first time Rossie had to deal with such a person. It was very frustrating having to deal with him to the point of having exhausted her brain cells. In the end, she could only follow Zorion’s instructions. She lay down, left the lights on, placed her cell phone under the quilt, and closed her eyes.

When Zorion saw that she was about to fall asleep, he, too, suddenly felt a little tired. However, in the end...

A few minutes later, Rossie's phone ran out of battery. The video call abruptly ended.

Zorion held his phone and leaned back in his seat. Soon, he arrived back at the Atkinson family mansion. He got out of the car and saw a box placed at the entrance. It was rather inconspicuous, so no one took notice of it. It was only when Zorion lowered his head that he saw the box.

A servant went over and picked up the box. He opened, unwrapped it, and found a dress as well as a letter.

When Zorion saw the dress, he immediately recognized that it was Deanna's.

He then ripped the letter open and read the contents. It was a letter from Deanna.

"Zorion, these people are only willing to let me go for a huge sum of money. They said that if it weren't for them, then I would have been violated by that old man. These people were merciful to me by not violating me."

"However, these people are afraid of you. They're afraid that you'll kill them after giving them the money. That's why they refuse to tell you where I've been held hostage."

"You should give them the money. Also, they accused me of poisoning their dog and killing their chickens. They want compensation. They even refused to feed me. However, I've worked hard, and today, they gave me a meal and two pieces of fruit."

"Zorion, could you please give them the money? I want to go home."

It seemed like Deanna had been suffering, but when he read that she had not lost her virginity, he heaved a huge sigh of relief.

That night, Zorion spent the rest of the night watching the surveillance footage. However, he found it odd when he did not find the person he was looking for.

The next day, Zorion received a call from an unknown number. The person had used a voice modifier.

"Mr. Atkinson?" It sounded like a demon's voice over the phone. It was not very clear. Zorion sat on the bed and questioned, "How much do you want? Name your price. I will not blame you for anything as long as Deanna is safe. After all, you saved her. It doesn't matter if she suffers a little, and money is not a problem."

"Mr. Atkinson, you're quite easygoing. In fact, you're too nice. We dare not accept your kindness."

The person on the other end of the line had a bad attitude. Zorion vaguely knew who the person was.

"Are you Jacky Scott?" Zorion frowned. After a moment of silence, the other party responded, "Looks like you've done your research?"

"I heard a little about you. Your reputation precedes you, so I roughly know that it's you. If you have something to say, then say it. And, give me your account number. I'll immediately transfer the money to

you. I, Zorion Atkinson, am a man of my word. I mean what I say. I'm easy to talk to as long as my sister is safe."

"There's nothing wrong with her. I must say, she does have a bit of a temper at the beginning, but she's much better now. However, she killed my chickens and poisoned my dog."

"It's fine if she killed the chickens, but I've had the dog for seven years!"

"I made her work for me for two days. I think it's a fair trade."

"I think so too. My sister has been pampered ever since she was a child. She does have a temper, but she's not a horrible person. If you send her back to me, then I'll keep to my word and transfer you the money."

"Haha... I don't trust you. The more you behave in such a manner, the more I don't trust you. Let me think about it."

Then, Jacky hung up the phone. Zorion hurriedly called back.

It did not take long before he answered the phone. However, to his surprise, it was Deanna who answered the phone.

At that time, Zorion had absolutely no idea of Deanna's current state. She was wearing an ugly shirt while sitting on the floor, waiting for her meal.

As long as she was well-behaved, they would feed her.

Deanna initially wanted to fight back against her kidnappers, but when she saw Jacky's threatening gaze, she became worried. It was dark outside, and she was worried that if she did not compromise, then he would kick her out into the dark. She was afraid of the darkness, and it was cold outside. So, she had no choice but to answer the phone, as her life was at their mercy.

Just like the letter she had written the previous night, she had to say those things against her will as she had neither seen the dog nor the chickens. So, she was slandered and had to admit her mistake.

"Zorion..."

Deanna answered the call and cried into the phone. Tears welled up in her eyes. It was as if she was suffering.

Zorion clenched his fists and sat up straight.

Chapter 1138

"Deanna, did they bully you?" Zorion's body turned stiff before he put on any clothes.

Deanna shook her head furiously.

"Don't cry. Did you forget what you've said when you were little? You said that you would only cry in front of me."

Zorion had actually forgotten about that matter a long time ago.

He thought of it all of a sudden that day. He hoped that Deanna would be able to stay strong without him around.

Deanna sniffed and felt extremely aggrieved. She sat on the floor and cried like a child, wiping the tears off her face with the sleeves of her torn clothes as she said, "Zorion, I've learnt my lesson. I'm all grown up. It must have been hard for you to take care of me. I should not have run out of the house. It's all my fault that I wasn't sensible."

"I promise that I will not run away again."

When Deanna thought of the consequences of her running away from home, she felt uncomfortable all over. Tears streamed down her face. Jacky, who was standing beside her, suddenly kicked her. It wasn't hard, but it caused Deanna to stumble a little. She turned around and looked at Jacky through her teary eyes. Even Jacky was mesmerized by her.

Deanna's nose was red at that moment. She took a deep breath and remembered that she hadn't eaten yet.

"Zorion, could you please give them the money? I still have to compensate them for killing their chickens and poisoning their dog. They saved me, and I'm well-fed here."

"I know. Tell them that I'm willing to give him however much he wants. Hand the phone to Jacky."

Zorion's eyes were a little red, but his voice remained calm.

For Zorion, it was his family fault's that Deanna was not independent. They could not blame anyone else for the way she turned out. They were willing to have her turn out that way.

Others neither have the right to comment about it, nor should they care about it. There wasn't a need to change anything as long as Deanna was fine.

Deanna sniffed as she handed the phone over to Jacky. Jacky took the phone over and said, "Speak."

"Please do not hurt my sister. I can give you whatever you want. Money is a small matter. You also have a family. I know that by calling me, it means that you have no intentions to hurt Deanna. A couple of days ago, I went to Waverly Village to look for my sister. I had no intention of hunting you down. I want to find my sister, that's all."

Zorion raised his hand to wipe his tears away. He had never had a calmer tone.

"Transfer five million dollars in instalments to my bank account to cover for your sister's food and clothing. I'll assure you that your sister will be safe. We'll talk about the rest later."

"Fine, give me your account number and I'll immediately transfer it to you."

"You're a straightforward person. I won't fight with you. Waverly Village is my territory, and I'm aware of your presence. I also know about your spy, Rossie. Logan is my best friend. You ought to take her away. Otherwise, I'm not sure what the consequences would be."

"Fine, I'll ask her to leave. I'll transfer the money to you right now."

“Do you have anything you want to tell your brother?” Jacky looked at Deanna. Deanna immediately grabbed her phone and said, “Zorion, I don’t like this set of clothes. Could you please get me some decent clothes?”

“Alright, I get it.”

“Thank you.”

There was a brief moment of silence.

After Jacky took the phone back and ended the call, Deanna turned around to look at him. Jacky put the phone away and stared at her for a moment. He gestured for her to come over. Deanna took a step forward and knelt down.

“I want a massage.” Jacky lay flat on his back. There were a lot of wooden huts in Waverly Village, and they consisted of two floor levels. The upper floor of the hut was for storage while the first floor was where others slept. Jacky lay on the bed and placed his hands under his head, allowing Deanna to massage him.

Deanna did not dare to obey his words in the beginning. He had wanted to violate her, so she had forced herself to do it.

At night, Deanna would sleep beside him and allowed herself to be his bolster.

Deanna was afraid of Jacky. Even though Jacky was dashing and had a heroic and intimidating face, she was still unwilling to approach him.

Deanna could not get any dirtier. She was getting sick and tired of all of that.

However, if she did not listen to his orders, then he would definitely throw her out. She was afraid of the dark and did not want to get kicked out.

“Put in more pressure,” Jacky said as Deanna massaged him. She immediately exerted slightly more strength, and soon, Jacky fell asleep. When Deanna realized that he had fallen asleep, she immediately sat down at the side and got some rest, giving herself a massage.

She would occasionally give her family members a slight massage, but she had not expected it to be so tiring massaging someone else. Furthermore, each session lasted two hours. It was more than she could handle. Plus, he did not give her any food.

She could pretend that she was on a diet, but she did not feel the need to lose any weight. However, Jacky was always saying that she was plump. It really angered her to death.

Deanna stared at Jacky. She personally found that Santiago was good-looking, but she did not expect to find someone even better looking than him. He was really driving her mad. She hated him. She wondered how it was possible that he was so good-looking?

Deanna stared at Jacky in a daze. Why were his eyelashes so long?

Were they fake?

Deanna stared at Jacky for quite a while before she reached over to touch his eyelashes. They did not fall off. They were real.

Sitting in the room, Deanna realized that there were two steamed buns and some vegetables on the table in front of her after she looked around.

She remembered that they were given to them by an old lady. He said that he did not want it, but he did not allow her to eat them either.

Was he asleep right then?

Deanna pondered about it for a long time before she quietly snuck over and grabbed a steamed bun. She sat on one side and hurriedly nibbled on the bun. As she was afraid that Jacky would notice her, she turned around with her back facing him, hoping that he would not find out that she had eaten the buns.

Jacky opened his eyes and looked at Deanna. She was such a fool!

It was the perfect opportunity for her to make her great escape, but she chose to eat the buns instead.

The moment Jacky flipped over in bed, Deanna was so frightened that she choked on the steamed bun, rubbing herself on the chest. Jacky opened his eyes all of a sudden and sat up when he saw Deanna's face turn red, with tears streaming down her face. Jacky got up and walked towards her. He opened her mouth and said with a grave expression, "Why do you look so anxious?"

Deanna was so miserable that she felt like she was on the verge of death. She cried even harder when she heard his question.

Jacky had never seen such a foolish person. She almost choked to death while she ate the steamed buns, still not knowing what she should actually be doing.

Jacky picked up the steamed bun and handed it to Deanna. "Here, have a bite."

Deanna didn't dare to eat it. Jacky angrily took a bite of a steamed bun and shoved the rest into her mouth. Deanna's eyes widened, not knowing how she should react. Jacky took a sip of water, grabbed her chin, and poured some water into her mouth. Deanna was stunned as he made her drink the water. Slowly, she managed to swallow the food in her mouth.

When Deanna noticed that everything was alright, she heaved a sigh of relief and took another deep breath as Jacky remained staring at her lips. When he realized that she had stopped crying, he lowered his head and gently bit down on her soft lips as he pulled her into his arms. After pushing him twice, she did not dare to refuse him, but she was somewhat scared. Her breathing was a little heavy.

If she refused, then would Jacky kill her?

And bury her to destroy all the evidence?

Chapter 1139

When she thought of her tragic fate, Deanna pursed her lips and suppressed the urge to cry, forcing herself to hold back her tears.

What was she supposed to do?

Jacky thought of stopping, but he could not bring himself to do so.

If he wanted to stop, then he would have stopped long ago. He would not have waited until then.

After kissing for a little while longer, Jacky finally pulled away. He seemed to be in a good mood that day. After taking a look at the food, he walked over and sat down. He took a bite of his food and looked at the dumbfounded Deanna, saying, "Come over and eat."

Deanna thought for a moment. She had to eat in order to replenish her strength.

Deanna turned around and picked up the steamed bun that had fallen to the ground. She did not mind that it was dirty. If she was at home, then she would definitely not have picked it up. However, at that point, she was willing to eat anything.

She briefly brushed the dirt away and was about to put it in her mouth when Jacky said, "It's dirty."

Deanna raised her head to look at Jacky. Her lips were red and swollen after Jacky's kiss, and her cheeks were puffed up. When he saw her appearance, he gulped. He looked away and exhaled deeply.

He picked up a steamed bun and handed it to Deanna. "Here, eat this one. Give me yours."

Deanna knew that her reaction was usually slow, but at that time, that was not the case. She truly did not understand what Jacky meant.

Right then, Deanna could not tell whether he was telling the truth or whether he was lying.

"Are you dumb?" Jacky reached out for the steamed bun in her hands and put it aside. He then gave her a fresh bun and said, "Have this one."

Deanna slowly wiped her hands and accepted the steamed bun. She looked at Jacky with a face full of suspicion but she did not say anything. She took a bite of her steamed bun hesitantly, not daring to taste the other dishes on the table.

Deanna was scared out of her wits. Right then, she felt that as long as she obeyed his words, she could do anything.

If she threw a fit, then he would kick her out of the wooden hut. There were a lot of mosquitoes outside, and the mosquitoes there were much bigger than the flies. If she was bitten, then it would take a long time before the itch went away.

She did not want to get bitten by any mosquitoes again.

Deanna swallowed the steamed bun and said, "My brother is rich, and he keeps his promises. Don't worry. I'm sure he'll give you a lot of money."

Jacky took a bite of the food and served it to her, mouth-to-mouth. He waited for her to open her mouth.

After a while, Deanna opened her mouth and swallowed the food Jacky had given her. She neither thought about rejecting it, nor did she know how to handle the situation. However, when she saw the plate of meat on the table, she drooled at the sight of it.

When Jacky saw that Deanna was finally eating, he took a bite of his steamed bun.

Jacky rested his elbow on the table and crossed his legs underneath the table. He was wearing a black shirt with the top two buttons unfastened. It exposed a large portion of his chest.

However, Deanna was not interested in it at all because Zorion, too, was very hunky.

“Do you know how to drink?” Jacky stood up. He picked up a bottle of white wine and placed a glass on the table.

Deanna had never tried any alcohol before, so she shook her head and said, “No, I don’t.”

“You’re from a rich family. How could you not know how to drink?” Jacky’s dark gaze swept across Deanna. It was as if he did not believe her words. Deanna explained, “My brother does not allow me to drink. The same goes for my parents. So, I usually resort to drinking fruit juice.”

“Fruit juice?” Jacky found it amusing. Deanna lowered her head and took a bite of her steamed bun. Her heart was pounding in her chest.

“Do you want me to prepare some juice for you then?” Jacky asked. Deanna hurriedly shook her head. “There’s no need for that. I’m good.”

“In that case, drink with me. Just one sip. I’ll give you three meals today.”

“I really do not know how to drink.” Deanna hurriedly shook her head. She managed to eat one steamed bun and a few pieces of meat. She knew that she would not starve to death that day, so she did not want to drink.

Jacky’s face was full of amusement. He picked up his glass and chugged the wine. He drank it as if he was drinking a glass of water.

Deanna became even more nervous. Her heart was thumping in her chest. Even though she did not want to drink, Jacky had already started. What would happen if he got drunk?

“My brother said that alcohol is harmful to one’s health,” Deanna said as she took a bite of her steamed bun. Jacky laughed. “Are you afraid that I’m going to violate you when I’m drunk?”

“No...” Before she could finish her sentence, Jacky patted the spot in front of him and beckoned for her to sit down. Deanna did not move at all as she stared at her surroundings. It was only after a long time that she ate a mouthful of the steamed bun and went over to sit down.

Jacky untied the scarf that was wrapped around Deanna’s head. Her long black hair dripped over her shoulders like a waterfall.

Jacky fixed his gaze on Deanna, who had her head lowered to avoid his gaze. He asked, “Do you have a boyfriend?”

Deanna shook her head, not daring to speak. Her hair covered her face.

After drinking another glass of wine, Jacky continued to ask, “If you don’t have a boyfriend, then have you ever slept with a man?”

Deanna was like a tortoise shrinking into its shell, not saying a word.

Jacky put down the glass and tucked her hair behind. His gaze was depthless as he asked, "Don't you rich kids like to sleep around in your teenage years?"

Deanna hurriedly shook her head. "No, no..."

Jacky lifted his eyebrows. He let go of Deanna's hair and continued drinking. After he emptied the contents of the wine bottle, he got up and went to sleep.

When Deanna realized that he was heading to bed, she immediately finished the bun in her hands as well as the dishes on the table. When she saw the dirty bun, she hesitated before reaching out to grab it. She did not mind that it was dirty. She quickly took a bite and eventually finished it.

Since he was drunk, he would certainly have no idea what he had done. When he woke up, he would have forgotten that he had eaten.

After Deanna was done eating, she wanted to go to the washroom. There was no bathroom upstairs, and it was Jacky who would usually bring her to the bathroom. Even though it was a little troublesome and it was in the middle of the night, she had to go. Whatever the case was, it was still better than relieving herself right on the spot.

Deanna knew that the door was locked and that she could not get down.

She went over to the bed and gently nudged Jacky. "Jack..."

Deanna hesitated and wondered if he would get angry with her calling out his name?

Deanna had no idea whether he had heard her or not.

After nudging him for a few minutes, Jacky opened his eyes and looked at her in a daze. "Have you finished eating?"

Jacky was slightly tired and wanted to sleep.

"Yes, I need to go to the bathroom." Deanna did not seem comfortable. Jacky remained lying on the bed for a while before raising his hand to hug Deanna. "Then, give me a kiss."

Deanna pursed her lips. "I... I..."

"Are you going to kiss me or not? If not, then you can relieve yourself right here."

Deanna's face instantly flushed red. She felt rather aggrieved as she looked around. Where was that place? Why...

She pursed her lips. He was drunk and no one would know anyway.

After thinking for a moment, Deanna lowered her head and pecked Jacky on his lips. She could taste the alcohol in his breath as she choked. She hurriedly pulled away, but Jacky pulled her into his embrace and held her head as he kissed her. Tears started streaming down her face as she whined and shook her head.

He smelled bad.

Only after a long time had passed did Jacky finally let go of Deanna. He wanted to go to the bathroom as well. Only then did he get up from the bed and bring Deanna downstairs, opening the door, heading down the stairs. Deanna stumbled down the stairs as if she was drunk. When she arrived at the simple and crude toilet, she hurriedly entered the stall and relieved herself. When she was first brought there, she refused to enter, but she eventually got used to it and did not mind it anymore.

It was true to say that people can adapt to their surroundings.

It was something that could not be changed.

When Deanna finally emerged from the toilet, she saw no signs of Jacky. She found it strange.

She looked around and eventually found Jacky with his back facing her as he relieved himself. By that time, Jacky had already pulled up his pants and was about to turn around to approach Deanna.

Deanna hurriedly turned around to avoid looking at him.

Jacky came up from the back and started walking back to the wooden hut with Deanna following behind. As soon as they arrived back at the hut, Jacky lay down while she stood by the window and looked downstairs.

Jacky then asked her to come over to accompany him. She did as she was told.

However, if Deanna were to lie down, then she was afraid that she would be taken advantage of and would not dare to move. She could not object to Jacky and would usually allow him to hug her to sleep, but something wasn't quite right that day. Jacky frequently ran his hands along her body. She kept swatting his hand away, but it was pointless. It wasn't long before his hands started roaming all over her body again.

He suddenly ripped her clothes apart and placed his hand on Deanna's body. She was so scared that she was on the verge of tears.

Only then did Jacky close his eyes and sleep. He slept until the sky turned dark before he brought her out for dinner.

Zorion called Rossie, but she never answered the phone. So, he personally drove over to Waverly Village to find her. When he got out of the car, he entered Jack Town Hotel alone.

After entering the lobby, someone came out to greet him. Zorion went to a table and sat down. After placing an order, he waited for Rossie to come out.

After waiting for an hour, Zorion saw no signs of Rossie. He then sent her a text message, informing her that he was waiting outside of Jack Town Hotel.

Soon after he sent the text, Rossie emerged from the hotel and walked towards Zorion when she spotted him.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came here for you. Come on, let's go," Zorion said as he stood up. He wanted to leave with Rossie, but she did not get up.

Zorion took two steps forward and turned to look at Rossie. "What's wrong?"

"I'm not leaving. I want to stay. You can go." Rossie stood up and turned to look at those who came out from the back.

Logan was the one leading the group of people with several people behind him. He had never seen any of them before.

Zorion thought for a moment and asked, "Are you worried that I won't be able to leave this place?"

"No, I want to stay. You can leave. Logan doesn't care about my purpose. We reached an agreement."

Zorion smiled. He turned around and walked over to Rossie's side. He glanced at Rossie and looked at the few people walking over. "Rossie is mine. I've already notified Jacky that I'll be taking her home. If you have anything to say about it, then you can take it up with Jacky."

"Jacky is not here. I have the final say. If you want to leave, then I won't stop you, but Rossie has to stay. She has already promised to be my girlfriend."

Logan glanced at Rossie. Rossie did not speak. Zorion did not ask her either. Instead, he raised his head and shot a calm glance at the others. "I was the one who sent her here. Why must you make things difficult for her? If you want her to stay, then it's fine, but you'll have to fight me. Come on. All of you can charge at me at once. If I win, then she'll come with me. If I lose, then you can have her."

Chapter 1140

Rossie was a little confused. She had no idea how she ended up in Zorion's house. At that time, he was clearly outnumbered, yet he managed to defeat all of them unscathed until they were all lying on the floor. He taught them all a lesson, but he did not end their lives. He even brought her out alive.

Rossie sat on the bed where she had lost her virginity. The bed was soft, and the bedsheets had been washed. However, she was somewhat confused. What was Zorion trying to do? Was he going to hold her hostage?

Rossie sat in the bed and pondered over it. Zorion pushed the door open and came in all of a sudden. He was dressed in black from head to toe. He resembled a movie star.

Zorion was a handsome man. He was tall, and his body was well-proportioned. His facial features were especially striking, and he had a set of deep black eyes that were impossible to read.

Rossie pursed her lips. She was not used to that feeling. When she was observing Zorion, he looked at her as if he was expecting something.

Pursing her lips, Rossie turned her face away. At that moment, Zorion's eyes flashed with a trace of disappointment. He walked up to Rossie and asked, "You didn't accomplish your mission. What do you plan to do?"

Rossie was thinking about something else, but she was stunned when she heard his words. Then, she said, "You brought me out of there. We had agreed on our original plan, but you kept showing up. And now you're blaming me for not succeeding in this mission?"

Zorion took a seat in a chair behind him, crossed his legs, and said, "What are you saying? Are you saying that I should take the blame?"

Rossie knew that Zorion was not one to be trifled with. She said, "I'm not blaming you, but you're responsible for this matter. If you hadn't..."

"If I hadn't come to take you home, then would you have followed Logan?" Zorion's expression was cold, and his entire body exuded a murderous aura. Rossie did not know what to say to him. At that point, if he wanted to cause trouble for her, then she could not do anything to stop him. She decided it was best if she kept quiet. She sat on the bed and looked at Zorion. On the other hand, Zorion was a little impatient. He walked over to Rossie and sat down beside her. He looked as if he wanted to say something but stopped after giving it a second thought.

Rossie could not figure out what was going through Zorion's mind. Initially, she felt that things were simple. She would find Deanna, receive her reward, and leave that place. However, it looked like it was impossible right then.

Unfortunately, things did not go according to plan. She did not understand why Zorion kept showing up in Waverly Village and even wanted to video call her. If it wasn't because of him, then she might have succeeded.

And right then, he had even beaten up those people in the village.

How was it possible for them to continue their investigation?

Rossie looked like a child when she was angry, especially as she was so beautiful. She looked attractive regardless from which angle one looked at her from.

Zorion waited for Rossie to speak, but she did not say anything. So, Zorion said, "From today onwards, you'll be my girlfriend. No matter where you go, you're not allowed to be even half a step away from me."

Rossie looked up at Zorion and asked, "You're joking, right?"

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Zorion suddenly stood up and pressed her down on the bed. She was so frightened that she raised both her hands, wanting to push him away. However, did she have any right to stop him from doing what he wanted?

"Don't. You promised me," Rossie almost cried out. She was only sixteen years old.

Zorion's mouth twitched. "Are you afraid of me?"

Rossie shook her head, but she said, "I'm still young."

"Are you?" Zorion ran his hands along Rossie's body. She was so frightened that she bit her lip. When he saw that she was about to cry, he let out a muffled grunt as he flipped over and lay down on the bed.

Rossie wanted to leave as soon as he got off her. However, he grabbed her wrist and said, "Come and accompany me."

Rossie was pulled back by Zorion. She collapsed into his embrace and did not dare to move any longer.

Zorion pulled Rossie's hand and hugged her. He turned over and buried his head in her hair to indulge in her scent. She was so scared that her entire body became stiff, not daring to move.

Zorion again ran his hands along her body. When he noticed that her body was stiff, he stopped his movements.

"Did I scare you?" Rossie could feel his hot breath on her neck when he asked the question. Her neck was the most sensitive spot. She didn't dare to move, and she shuddered.

Zorion did not wait for Rossie's reply. He tightened his hold around her. However, Rossie was even more frightened and could not help but to let out a moan.

"Please, don't." When Rossie noticed that it was inappropriate to do so, she hurriedly shut her mouth.

However, it was too late. Zorion got up and slightly propped himself up to take a good look at her. Rossie did not dare to meet his gaze. Her face was flushed, and her breathing was heavy.

Zorion lowered his gaze to look at her. "Did it hurt that night?"

It was fine if Zorion had not asked. However, when she heard his question, her face became even redder as tears threatened to spill over.

It was her first time. It felt as if her entire being had been ripped apart. She was still young. How much courage did she have to face that r*pist? He had already promised her that he would pay her and let her go once the matter was done. Right then, he had gone back on his word. He even referred to her as his girlfriend.

Would a wealthy family like his want a person like her?

What was more, she was only sixteen years old. She did not have any experience in love.

Rossie wanted to die. Of course, she wasn't willing to do so. As a result, Zorion lowered his head and forcefully kissed her. He restrained Rossie's head from swinging back and forth, prying her tightly clenched teeth open as he plundered her mouth.

Rossie, who was entangled with him, was almost out of breath. Zorion felt that he had not crossed the line. On the contrary, he wanted more. His hand kept groping Rossie's body.

They were all past the age of puberty. They were still deeply confused about love, especially about their bodies' reaction. Even if Zorion's will was firm and Rossie strongly resisted him, they still succumbed to their desires.

Under Zorion's sometimes rough and at times gentle attacks, Rossie was soon defeated. She eventually stopped struggling.

Zorion caressed Rossie's soft body and got up to straddle her. He took off his shirt and lowered his head to unbutton Rossie's shirt. When he thought of the uniform Rossie had worn in the hotel, a burst of lust immediately shot up to his head. Without giving himself any time to hesitate or contemplate, he immediately entered this state of mind.

Rossie was completely powerless. She could only wave her hand to stop Zorion from coming on to her. However, she did not have the strength to do so. In the end, Zorion took a piece of clothing and tied her hand up.

She tried to untie her hands and lifted her head to twist her body, which, on the contrary, aroused his desire. He made her suffer from the pain of death!