

Go After 1161

Chapter 1161

After cuddling for a while, Raeleigh tried to push Jepherson away, for which he tightened his embrace even harder. He lifted his hand to wipe the teardrop off the corner of his eyes and took a deep breath. Due to his heart disease, his complexion turned wan. He supported himself by placing one of his hands on the wall, and hugged Raeleigh with the other hand. Presented with an opportunity, she raised her head and looked at Jepherson. "What happened to you? How can I help you if you don't tell me?"

"You can't help me." Jepherson pressed her head into his chest. "Give birth to him if you really want to. This tragedy didn't result from your fault. I should be responsible for it. I've dragged you into it."

He patted her gently. His hand movement was clumsy and heavy, as though there was a weight of a thousand pounds pressing down on it.

Raeleigh embraced him. "You've found your sister, haven't you?"

Raeleigh looked up at him, who was shaking his head. "I can't find her. I'll never find her."

Tears welled up in the corner of his eyes. Raeleigh was startled for a second, her heart sinking. "She..."

"Don't ask. Lamarre will come to us soon. Let's go." Jepherson let go of Raeleigh, wiped the tears off his eyes, held her wrist, and walked towards the elevator. Raeleigh couldn't see his pale face, but she knew that he was in a mournful mood.

After they entered the elevator, she gazed at him. "Have you searched thoroughly? Is there a mistake?"

Jepherson stared at her. "She won't come back."

Raeleigh peered at him. "Maybe you have been looking for the wrong person?"

"No, I'm very sure it's her." Jepherson turned his head away and stared blankly into space. Although he was a little overbearing, he had never done anything that would harm innocent people. Indeed, he was ruthless to certain people. With that being said, those people had committed evil deeds and they got their just paybacks. He wondered why heaven would have administered such a punishment to him.

Incest?

It was extremely absurd!

He didn't speak for a long time, as if he had become a piece of wood furniture. His eyes were fixed at the wall of the elevator, watching the images of the two people reflected on it in a daze.

He blamed himself for being so dim-witted. Raeleigh was nineteen years old, and his sister was also nineteen years old, but he had never made the connection.

He still remembered the emotions when he met her for the first time. Back then, she had appeared in the crowd and barged into his line of sight. He had turned around and noticed that she was gawking at him with her large gleaming eyes. They were full of mischief, curiosity, and a hint of naivety thrown into the mix...

He seemed to have found her among the tens of thousands of people, and was utterly captivated by her. She had not only bedazzled him with her comportment and grace, but also the way she frowned and grinned.

He thought that it was a marriage promised to him by heaven, and that the two of them could be like his parents, who managed to stay by each other's side forever. Unexpectedly, God had played a big joke on them by letting their first meeting leave an indelible impression on them, and then plotting such an unforgettable culmination to their romantic relationship...

Suddenly, Jepherson let out a bitter smile. Raeleigh was right in that autumn was accompanied with a sense of sombreness, especially that autumn. Wherever he was, a feeling of desolation would engulf him.

He had nowhere to hide, escape, or express his sadness.

When the door of the elevator opened, Raeleigh looked inquiringly at him. "Shall we go out?"

Jepherson came to his senses, asking, "What's wrong? Aren't you feeling well?"

She froze momentarily before she replied, "You are too keyed up. Take a rest in the afternoon. Grandma hasn't seen you for a long time. How about paying her a visit?"

"Yeah." Jepherson soon regained his composure. He let go of Raeleigh's hand, stepped out of the elevator, and turned back to look at her. She came out with her head lowered, throwing a glance at her hand, which had been released by him.

She wondered what exactly had happened to him. Could it be that his disposition had completely changed because the news of his sister's death was too devastating a blow to him?

It was just that death was irreversible. Those who were still alive had to continue on living. He shouldn't wallow in this frustrated state forever just because his sister was dead.

Raeleigh followed him out while stealing a glance at him. After that, she stretched out her hand to hold his. Initially, he wanted to withdraw his hand, but it was held tightly by her. She teased him. "What are you doing? No one can see it. What are you afraid of?"

Jepherson swept his eyes around their surroundings before he reciprocated by holding her hand.

"I'm not afraid. Let's go." He took her to visit Lamarre, who just came out of his office unhappily. As soon as he saw Raeleigh, he glowered at her. "You know what, I shouldn't have pinned my hopes on you."

Raeleigh shot a look at Jepherson and walked over. "Sorry, we are late."

"You know you're late?" Lamarre snorted cheerlessly while Raeleigh gave a sheepish smile. Jepherson had been so absent-minded that day that he had forgotten to book a restaurant and order the dishes beforehand. It wasn't until then that he took out his phone to do so.

Then, the three of them went to the restaurant. Afterwards, Raeleigh and Jepherson sent Lamarre back to the company before they returned to Raeleigh's residence.

After entering it, Jepherson went upstairs to visit Paige. Paige's eyelids had been twitching all day. She sat in her room, watching television. In fact, she did not enjoy watching it. Most of the time, she was just listening to the news. However, she was inexplicably on edge that day. Therefore, she turned on the television and watched it for a while. Meanwhile, Jepherson had arrived.

Upon hearing someone knocking on the door, she asked, "Who's there?"

"Grandma, it's me, Jepherson."

"Come in."

Only then did she switch off the television and raise her head to find that Jepherson was entering and closing the door.

She pondered briefly before she asked, "Didn't Raeleigh come back?"

"She is preparing some fruits downstairs. Have you had your lunch?" Jepherson asked as he sat down. Paige cast a look at him and answered, "Yes, I've eaten. How about you?"

"Raeleigh and I have had lunch outside."

"Great."

As she spoke, she glanced at the water pitcher, and Jepherson got up immediately and poured her some water.

She said, "You haven't come back for so long, I thought you had forgotten me. I didn't expect you to still be so diligent."

"How would that be possible? I had something to do over the past few days. I went home and chatted with Grandpa." Jepherson cracked a smile. Paige was shrewd enough to guess that Jepherson and Raeleigh had a disagreement, but now that they had a baby, they had no choice but to be a little more amiable.

"It's okay for young guys like you to pick a quarrel, but you shouldn't do it for no good reason. You're a sensible child, and I like you very much. However, problems can only be solved when you bring them up. If you don't, then they'll escalate into bigger trouble eventually, do you understand?"

"I got it. I'll consider it," replied Jepherson. Paige nodded while Raeleigh came in with some sliced fruits. She pushed open the door and placed the fruits on the table.

"Have some fruits. I'll clean up the room for you. You need to rest for a while as you've been tired lately."

Raeleigh turned around and went outside. Paige shot a sideways glance at her while lowering her head to drink the water. Subsequently, Jepherson chatted with Paige for a short time whereas Raeleigh tidied up his room. Actually, there was nothing much to be tidied. She just sorted out his pajamas for him, hoping that he could take a shower before resting, so that he could have a comfortable rest. He was a neat freak to begin with.

Following that, she called Jepherson, who then got up and went out of Paige room. He glanced at Raeleigh before going back to their room, at her heels.

Entering their room, Raeleigh suggested to help him with his shower, but he turned her down. Even though he rejected her ever so subtly, Raeleigh knew that he was purposely avoiding her.

Chapter 1162

Jepherson entered the bathroom and began to strip off. Raeleigh had said that she wouldn't get in, but she still opened the door and walked in, which astounded him. He stopped halfway and he didn't turn around. He put on his shirt again while she stood by the door and said, "I have run the water in the bathtub, but I haven't added the essential oil into it. Remember to add the essential oil yourself. It can soothe your nerves. It's over there, that blue bottle."

"Okay, got it."

Only then did Raeleigh turn and walk out. She closed the door and stood outside the bathroom for a moment. After that, she sat still at the side.

When Jepherson came out of the bathroom, she stood up and walked over with a bathrobe. Standing at the doorway, he wrapped the bathrobe around his waist before gazing at her. "You don't need to keep me company. I will wake up after a short nap."

"I can't be at ease, leaving you to your own devices. Sit here, I'll wipe your hair and give you a massage." Raeleigh pulled him to the front of the bed. After he sat down, she lifted her hand and draped a towel over his head. As she wiped his hair dry, she massaged the nerve points on his head, so that he could loosen up.

Sitting down, he rested his hands on his legs. Raeleigh was moving in front of him. All of a sudden, he extended his hands, wrapped them around her waist, and cuddled her in his arms.

Gluing himself to her, he took a deep breath.

He knew that he should let her go, but he just couldn't bring himself to do so.

Leaning against her, he allowed her to wipe his hair dry. Then, she used the hair dryer to dry it even more. She put down the hair dryer after his hair had almost dried up.

Jepherson went to lie down. Raeleigh stretched out her hands and tried to strip off his bathrobe, but she was stopped by him.

"Take off the bathrobe and put on the pajamas. I have prepared them for you." She gestured towards the pajamas on the side, and he also took a look at it, saying, "I will do it myself."

She watched as he got up from the bed and took his pajamas into the bathroom. He changed into his pajamas and came out again.

Standing in the room, she went into the bathroom too after she saw him come out. She cleaned up the bathroom before she returned.

“Take a rest first. I’ll go downstairs to have a look,” Raeleigh said, going outside and closing the door. What followed was her letting out a sigh outside.

As the door was closed, Jepherson adjusted his lying position. Closing his eyes, he had only grown more disconcerted. His mind was in turmoil at the thought of those investigation reports.

Not long after that, Raeleigh knocked on the door and went inside. Jepherson did not open his eyes at first, so she called out, “Jepherson.”

Only then did he open his eyes and look at her. “Hey, what’s up?”

“Drink this. This is the soup I just made. It can help you sleep better.”

Raeleigh helped him sit up. He emptied the soup, and she dabbed at his mouth with a tissue paper. Afterwards, she helped him lie down. “I am going out. Rest well.”

“Wait a minute...”

Once Raeleigh stood up, Jepherson called out to her. Raeleigh turned around and her eyes fell on him while he held her hand. “Tell me something about your childhood. I can’t fall asleep.”

Raeleigh went back to sit down on the bed and stroked his hair. “My memories about my childhood are vague. I’ll tell you about the recollections from when I was three years old. That’s the only period I can still recall.”

Sitting there, Raeleigh spoke casually, but her words had stunned Jepherson. He thought, “Three years old?”

Indeed, she had been sent away when she was three years old.

“Then, let’s start from the age of three.” Jepherson shifted to make some space whereas Raeleigh got onto the bed and leaned against the headboard. He then snuggled towards her legs, closed his eyes, and hugged her legs. Fondling his hair, she tried to remember the events that had transpired when she was three years old.

“I remember that when Brisa and I came out of the orphanage, she had been sobbing all the way. She cried very sadly, as if she had left her biological parents. Maybe it was because there were not many people taking care of us along the way, or maybe because the dean of the orphanage had wept so badly when we left that Brisa was very woeful and was sobbing non-stop.”

“She was a little older than me, but she was truly a crybaby. Along the way, I was...”

“Then, what was your name in the past?” Jepherson asked her with a croaky voice. Raeleigh lowered her head and looked at him. “Bowie. I was called Bowie, back then.”

Bowie?

Surely enough, it was her!

Raeleigh continued saying, “When I first arrived at the orphanage, the dean of the orphanage told us that our names had to be changed. Thus, I became ‘Shuna’, and Brisa became ‘Francia’...”

“‘Bowie’ was a nice name, but ‘Shuna’ wasn’t,” Jepherson commented. Raeleigh’s eyes were still on him as she said, “In any case, it was better than ‘Francia’. I really didn’t like ‘Francia’. I recall that Brisa refused to be called ‘Francia’ back in the day.”

“But we had to be obedient, so I didn’t defy the Dean.”

“When I was asked about the new name, I nodded and said I was alright with it.”

“Later, I separated with Brisa, but I don’t remember why we were separated. After that, I spent most of my time with a couple of children who were about the same age as me. I wasn’t used to living there at all. Soon, the children around me left one by one and went their own ways. Many families liked them and didn’t like me...”

When Raeleigh lowered her head, Jepherson nodded off while leaning against her. Raeleigh frowned slightly. It seemed that the medicine had taken effect.

Seeing that he was too exhausted, she had cooked a bowl of soup which could help him sleep. She had added a small dosage of sleep-inducing medicine into the soup.

She was surprised by the extent of his weariness. Usually, this dosage would not have worked even if it was given to the children. She hesitated for a long time before she made up her mind. She had specifically checked whether it would cause harm to the heart. After all, he had a heart disease.

She didn’t expect him to fall asleep so fast.

She slowly got down from the bed, helped him lie down, and covered him with the quilt.

She drew the curtains and went out, closing the door.

Noticing Raeleigh, who had exited the room, Scarlett walked to the stairs to meet her. While walking downstairs, Raeleigh said, “He is asleep.”

Hearing this, Serra and the others heaved a sigh of relief.

“What happened to Mr. Jepherson? If my memory serves me correctly, I had never seen him send Stuart away.” Scarlett was full of puzzlement.

Raeleigh shook her head. “How would I know something that even he himself doesn’t?”

Reaching downstairs, Raeleigh went into the kitchen, and Serra followed her. Raeleigh said, “Santiago probably won’t come back these few days. There’s no need to wait for him for dinner. Prepare some ingredients and make broth for Jepherson.”

“Also, don’t prepare too much meat. Make light meals instead, or else it will be too much effort for him to eat it.”

“Understood, Madam Raeleigh.”

After giving instructions to Serra, Raeleigh came back. Scarlett asked her, “Don’t tell me that Mr. Jepherson has found his sister, and that she has died?”

Raeleigh looked upstairs without answering. Perhaps Scarlett was right!

Chapter 1163

Getting out of the car, Santiago surveyed his surroundings. He lit a cigarette and took a puff of it while Hadrian stood aside and beheld the surrounding area of this place, Waverly Village. Initially, he had wanted to bring Scarlett along, but Santiago did not agree to bring a woman with them. Therefore, they had left her behind.

Hadrian was wearing a set of leather clothes. Santiago stood in front, smoking. Stuart was standing behind them in casual attire. The three of them got out of the car and were looking around.

“What did the news say?” Santiago asked as he leaned against the car and took a drag of his cigarette. Stuart answered, “It’s been said that Zorion took Rossie away from the Jack Town Hotel and never showed up here again.”

“Even Zorion himself doesn’t care, so why should we bother?” Santiago took another puff before he put out the cigarette by dropping it onto the ground and squashing it. Although he said that they shouldn’t let this issue concern them, he still walked towards the Jack Town Hotel.

After entering, he glanced around before he found a seat and sat down. Following that, he blended in with the customers by ordering some food and starting to tuck into his meal.

While he was eating, someone came and sat across from him. Santiago lifted his head to look at the person, who was quite good-looking. Only then did Santiago stop eating and raked his eyes over his surroundings. Finding nothing amiss, he directed his gaze to the person across from him. “What can I do for you?”

“Outsiders are not welcomed here. You should leave after this meal. The bill is on me.”

Listening to his words, Santiago took a piece of tissue paper and wiped his mouth. He leaned against the chair and asked, “Have I offended you in any way?”

“No, but you shouldn’t have come here. I have heard about you. Your name is Santiago, and you are very famous in Capital City. However, this place is no Capital City. It’s Waverly Village, a place ruled by Mr. Jacky. You shouldn’t have set foot in here.”

“I’m here for a meal, what’s so wrong about this? You’re doing business, aren’t you?” Santiago asked, to which Logan smiled. “Oh, we are doing business, alright. Except for yours. This meal is on me. The end of your meal will see you walking out from here.”

Getting up, Logan left, and Santiago continued to have his meal. Then, he stood up. “Investigate what’s the grudge between Zorion and him.”

“This person is called Logan. Before we came here, Mr. Jepherson had already asked someone to look into his background. The woman Zorion took away is called Rossie Lautner. I heard that it was Logan who looked after her when she was here. She was taken away forcefully, and a fight had broken out due to that.”

Stuart reported to Santiago while they left Jack Town Hotel. Santiago turned to stare at Stuart. “Why didn’t you tell me before we came here?”

“Before we came, I didn’t expect to cross paths with him so soon,” Stuart replied. Santiago gave him a push. “I’ll settle the score with you after we go back.”

After a few steps, something came to Santiago’s mind, and he turned to stare at Stuart. “Did Zorion win the fight?”

“He did,” Stuart answered quickly. If he hadn’t won, then how could he have taken Rossie away? Stuart had heard that there were more than a dozen people in the other camp.

Santiago turned around and chewed over this affair as he walked. He observed the people around him and returned to the car to take a nap at the back. Stuart got into the front passenger seat whereas Hadrian was behind the wheel.

“Mr. Santiago, what are we going to do next?”

“Contact the informer and ask him to come and meet me. Leave here first, and let’s not waste Logan’s courtesy of having treated me to a meal,” Santiago said as he began to take a nap.

Hadrian drove them out of Waverly Village. Stuart made a call to the informer in the village while Santiago was waiting in the car. It didn’t take long for someone to come out of the village. It was an old man in plain, regular clothes. At most, only ‘clean’ would suffice to describe his style.

He walked to the side of the car, and Stuart got out of the car and opened the door for him. Afterwards, the man got into it.

Stuart checked around and made sure that no one was spying on them before he got into the car. They left.

“Hi, Mr. Santiago,” the man greeted Santiago. Santiago sized him up. “You’re one of our own. Drop the formalities.”

While talking, Santiago took out a cigarette and offered it to the old man. The old man rejected initially, but Santiago insisted, and he obeyed Santiago at last. “Just take this, it will save you the trouble.”

The old man took the cigarette from Santiago’s hand, and Santiago hurriedly took out his lighter to light it for him.

The old man was flattered that Santiago intended to light the cigarette for him.

“There’s no need for that, Mr. Santiago. I have the lighter, I have it,” said the old man while he was about to rummage for his lighter. Santiago stopped him. “It’s my pleasure. You came here when you were young. You’ve spent your life and endured all kinds of hardships here. We, the Harvey family, have not expressed our gratitude to you. This is a small gesture I can handle.”

The old man was taken aback momentarily. He put down his hand, lowered his head, and took a puff of the cigarette. Hadrian rolled down the window while driving slowly. Inside the car, the old man said, “No, if it weren’t for the fact that Mr. Calvin had given me money and told me to come here, then I wouldn’t have been able to live till this day.”

“Let bygones be bygones. Don’t worry about it. You must have heard about the reason I wanted to meet you.” Santiago went straight to the point. The old man thought briefly before saying, “I’ve heard about it, but I don’t know the details. I know there is indeed such a case.”

“Mr. Santiago, tell me, what do you want to know?”

The old man was also a straightforward person. Santiago considered it for a short time. “I would like to know where Jacky is. Do you have any clues?”

“Not a problem. He may be a very powerful person, but he doesn’t usually show his face outside. We have no idea what he does for a living. Although running Jack Town Hotel is profitable, it doesn’t make a lot of money.”

“Every day, his subordinates will stop by Jack Town Hotel to eat and drink, and their expenses are easily sky high. He is rather low-profile and not arrogant.”

“I had seen him several times when he was a child. He looked even more beautiful than a girl.”

“But later on, as he retired from the public eye, he stayed in a house in Waverly Village, where there’s a plot of land outside. He likes farming. Sometimes, he will give the planted vegetables to us. It’s just that he lives by that type of an-eye-for-an-eye philosophy. For those who provoke him, there would be hell to pay.”

“His house should be in that direction.”

“Bring me there,” Santiago said, which caused the old man to shudder in fear. Santiago then comforted him by saying, “Since I’m asking you to go, I will guarantee your safety. Don’t worry.”

The old man was reassured. He was a lone man, so there was nothing to be afraid of. Now that Santiago had ordered him, it implied that Santiago thought highly of him. With such honor, he was willing to do it, even at the cost of his life.

Subsequently, the old man showed them the way and they went into Waverly Village. Santiago got down from the car, looked around, and walked forward. Stuart and Hadrian wanted to follow him, but he turned them down. What followed was his attempts in searching for Jacky from house to house.

After searching through a few houses, he did not find Jacky. There were only five or six houses there in total. Furthermore, they were all empty. There was no one in any of the houses.

Going back to the car, Santiago said, “Not a soul in sight.”

“What happened? There are people here at usual times.” The old man also went out to search around. After making sure that there was indeed nobody there, he came back in bewilderment.

Santiago stood outside for a while. “Stuart, you and Hadrian should bring the old man back to his home. Remember to protect him.”

“What about you, Mr. Santiago?” Stuart asked quickly. Santiago looked around. “I’m waiting for Deanna to come back.”

“That won’t do. If something happens to you, then we can’t afford it. Mr. Santiago, let’s go back together first and come here later.”

“No, I can’t wait any longer. Let’s end this as soon as possible.” Santiago refused to leave. He took out his phone and sent a text message to Cynthia, telling her not to call him. She received the message and no longer texted him.

“Get into the car and leave.” Santiago stood outside the car. Stuart and Hadrian did not dare to refute his words, but they did not leave.

Seeing that, Santiago’s face slackened. Only then did Stuart say no more and got into the car with Hadrian. They took the old man away, leaving Santiago alone in the village.

Chapter 1164

Deanna got up from the bed and stretched, seemingly a little confused. Had she taken her dinner the previous night?

She wondered what time it was at the moment.

She stirred from her bed and put on the clothes Jacky had just bought for her. She felt that it looked quite attractive, and even better than the ones she had worn before.

Coming down from the stairs, she intended to go out and pick some potatoes. Just when she stepped out of the house, she saw a few men talking to Jacky, who was habitually standing in front of them, his arms akimbo. As soon as she came into their sight, one of those men stopped talking and fixed his eyes on her.

Without so much as a word, Jacky whacked him on the head. “Another look and it’ll be the end of you.”

Leaving the crate in fear, Deanna turned around and fled from there swiftly.

Being scared silly, she entered the door and patted herself on the chest. That day, the man was going to force her to sleep with him. It was too frightening.

After catching a breath, she turned to look outside. She just wanted to sneak a peek, but it turned out that Jacky had already strode towards her and was waving his hand at her, signaling her to come out.

Only then did she walk out and stop in front of him.

“Do you know Santiago?” Jacky stared at Deanna’s small face with his piercing eyes.

“Ah!” Deanna exclaimed as she looked around. She thought Santiago was there.

When she realized that it was just false hope, she was disappointed. She shrank back. “I know him.”

Jacky approached her and placed his hands on his waist. “What is your relationship with him?”

“N-nothing,” Deanna replied quickly, but she began to stammer due to her anxiety. The more agitated she was, the more obvious her faltering tones.

Jacky glanced at the men standing behind him. “Haven’t you guys gawked enough? You wanna die?”

They said, "Boss, we're leaving now." And off they went. Deanna lowered her head and ducked. "I grew up in the Harvey family household. My mother and Santiago's mother are good friends. They are like sisters."

"I used to live there when I was a child, and my brother, too."

Deanna explained, still not daring to raise her head.

Jacky extended his hand and grabbed her chin, forcing her to raise it. "You don't want to have dinner, do you?"

"Yes I do," she answered without hesitation. Jacky gritted his teeth. "Did he ever touch you?"

In Deanna's mind, she was the one who had touched Santiago, not the other way round.

Shaking her head, she tried to look Jacky in the eye, as a sign of being honest-to-goodness. "No."

Only then did Jacky let go of her, after which she hurriedly rubbed her chin. She wondered if he was going to crush her chin with that much strength from him just then.

Santiago should be coming. She planned to teach Jacky a lesson after she met Santiago.

She felt homesick. It was also because of it that she had shed tears the previous day. It wasn't until Jacky had agreed to let her call home that she was a little happier. Otherwise, she would have wept non-stop during the last dinner.

"It's best if he didn't, or else I'll kill him." Jacky turned and walked towards the farm. He went inside and dug a few potatoes before handing them to Deanna. "Bring them back and wash them. I'm going out for a while. Don't run around, it's not safe here."

"Sure." Holding the potatoes, she went into the house to put them down before coming to the door to watch as Jacky left. Soon, he was gone, out of her sight.

After that, she went back to wash the potatoes while thinking about how Santiago had come to look for her. She felt a tide of sadness rising in her. If she left, then she would never see Jacky again. As hateful as Jacky might be, he hadn't been physically aggressive towards her. Instead, he had even bought some clothes for her.

However, this wasn't her home, and Jacky was a kidnapper. Not only had he abducted her, he also kept blackmailing her brother. He demanded a substantial amount of ransom every time.

She lifted her hands and counted it using all ten of her fingers. Her brother had squandered 150 million dollars on this, hadn't he?

She added up all the ransom.

It was 150 million dollars.

Deanna thought of this number, wondering how many zeros were in it.

It was an astronomical figure to her.

As she was counting, she heard someone's footsteps near the door. From what she could tell, it wasn't Jacky's, for he would always trot briskly.

This person sounded a bit hesitant, wandering behind the house. Deanna's eyes widened in bemusement. Could it be, she thought, a thief?

Deanna was about to run upstairs when she saw a wooden stick at the foot of the stairs. She then held it in her hand and turned back to wait for the intruder.

The sky had darkened, and the surroundings had been enveloped in darkness. Under the dim light, she stared at the person who had come in through the doorway. Perceiving that it was Santiago, she dropped the wooden stick from her hand, made a dash towards him and leapt into his arms. Luckily, Santiago was strong enough to stand firmly without being bowled over by her.

"Santiago," Deanna called his name, sobbing. He raised his hands to embrace her and pat her on the back. "It's okay now. Let's go."

Santiago had always been a decisive, no-nonsense person. He gently pushed her away, held her waist, and directly walked outside.

It was pitch-black outside but it didn't stop Deanna from staying close to him and following him out.

They made their long way in darkness. In the end, Deanna was too weary to move anymore. Nevertheless, she kept following Santiago without saying a word.

Noticing that she was falling behind, Santiago turned around and carried her on his back.

Leaning against his back, Deanna could feel his warmth. Therefore, she just lay prone on his back.

After trudging for a few miles, Santiago found it hard to continue. However, when he saw the main road ahead, he couldn't bring himself to a stop.

It was just that a few cars surrounded him just when he reached the main road. Following that, he had to stop.

Deanna was so terrified that she snuggled close to Santiago.

Santiago did not put her down. He turned and looked around the cars, which left a few Rhyss of light trails, penetrating the darkness. A few people got out of the cars, one after another. One of them was Logan, whom he had seen during the day. Logan stopped before him and said, "I've warned you not to come to Waverly Village since it's our territory. You didn't believe me. What's worse, you came and took Mr. Jacky's woman away. Do you know the consequences of doing that?"

Santiago cracked a smile. "Where's Jacky? Ask him to speak to me."

Logan was about to say something when a person came out from a car. With her head resting on Santiago's shoulder, Deanna didn't dare to look up.

Santiago turned his head to look at Deanna, who was scared to be caught yet again. "Take a look, is it Jacky?"

Only then did she lift her head to steal glances at the man who had emerged from the car from the opposite side. When she saw him, she hurriedly said, "It's him."

Jacky scanned the people around him before he came forward and told Santiago, "Put her down and you may leave."

Santiago sized him up. "Are you kidding me? I've come all the way and brought her here, and you want me to put her down? You think that's possible?"

"Nothing is impossible. In my eyes, you're just a mouse, and I, a cat. I can kill you any time, and I can twist you around my little finger as I please. It's a piece of cake to me. I just want to know if she's lying to me."

After hearing Jacky's words, Deanna immediately tugged at Santiago's clothes. "Don't leave me behind. I'm afraid of them."

Jacky gnashed his teeth. "Put her down and you can leave."

Santiago was amused to hear that. "Nobody can force me to do anything. You're no exception. Since I've brought only me, myself, and I to this fight, I'm not worried about being outnumbered."

"Jacky Scott, I've heard of you before, and I don't give a rat's a*s about what you do. I'll bring Deanna away. She's lived the life of a spoiled rich lady ever since she was young, which is why she can't stay here. Besides, you can't afford to provide for her either."

Santiago was about to leave when Jacky sneered. "Then, we shall see if you manage to leave."

Chapter 1165

Before Jacky could do anything, more than ten people had already blocked Santiago's way. Santiago stopped and turned to look at Jacky. "You think these people can stop me?"

"They can't, but I can."

Jacky approached Santiago, his eyes gleaming with a ferocious look. He raked his eyes all over Deanna, who was cowering in terror.

"You?" Santiago smiled. "What if you can't?"

"If I can't, then you're free to take her away, just like her older brother," Jacky answered. Hearing this, Santiago crouched a bit to allow Deanna to get down from his back.

"Deanna, come down."

Deanna shook her head. "No."

"Listen to me. I said I'll take you away from here and I'll deliver my promise. If I can't, then I'll stay with you too," said Santiago. Only then did she come down from Santiago's back and stand aside.

"Bring it on. Let's fight."

Santiago walked over to the side, waiting for Jacky to come over. Under the streetlamp, the two men beheld each other. Jacky was ruffled by Santiago's appearance.

Before this, Jacky had only seen two most visually stunning human beings, one of which was Deanna, and the other one himself.

Now that Santiago was here, Jacky felt a great deal of pressure.

Although their good looks weren't quite the same, Jacky felt it would be no exaggeration to say that Santiago's appearance was awe-inducing.

Moreover, Santiago seemed to be very young.

"How old are you?" Jacky asked. Santiago did not hesitate to answer either. "Seventeen."

"Seventeen?"

Frowning, Jacky cast an inquiring look at Deanna. "Is that so?"

"Hmm." She lowered her head slightly. Right then, she could accept anything other than staying here. The living conditions here were too harsh for her. She could only have potatoes and steamed buns for her meals. There was nothing else.

She wanted to go home, but Jacky wouldn't hear of it.

She was scared stiff at the thought of having to stay here and couldn't go home.

Jacky gazed at her. "You told me that he didn't touch you? Do you still remember it?"

"Yes, I remember," Deanna replied, looking into his eyes. Jacky then laughed. "Then, were you lying to me?"

"No, he really didn't touch me. I do like him, but he doesn't like me." When she thought about this, she was still a little unhappy. If it weren't for Santiago, then she wouldn't have run away and got herself abducted. In her mind, it was all Santiago's fault.

While she was complaining to herself, Jacky asked, "Do you like him?"

"Mmm." Deanna craned her neck and looked at the shocked expressions in the surrounding people's eyes. Her head was lowered and she wasn't very certain if she still liked him that much then.

Jacky gritted his teeth. "Come here."

She stepped back, shaking her head vigorously.

Santiago glanced at her. "Go to him."

Deanna looked at him in surprise. "Aren't you taking me away?"

Impatience was written all over Santiago's face. "He won't hurt you."

Jacky shot a glance at Santiago before he walked towards Deanna. At the thought of wearing tattered clothes, eating potatoes, and being bullied, Deanne turned around and made a dash for the main road. Seeing her reaction, Jacky stopped. "Don't run, I won't chase after you."

Deanna kept sprinting towards the road, as if she hadn't heard him. Meanwhile, a car roared over from a distance, and it was insanely fast. Additionally, there were more than a dozen cars behind it.

Santiago's face fell as he looked over. "D*mn it!"

Stepping forward, Santiago yelled at her. "Stop! Don't go up there!"

Deanna shook her head. "No, you are all bad guys. I want to go home, I want Mom and Dad, I want my brother..."

Deanna couldn't care less. It was as if she could get home once she had made her way to the road. She ran desperately towards the road. As a result, when she made it to the road, the car was too close to her. In a flash of light, Deanna looked at the car, shrieked, and fell to the ground.

Afterwards, the car screeched to a halt, and the following cars also came to a stop, successively.

Jacky stood rooted to the spot, his face turning pale. "Little fool."

There was not even the slightest movement from Deanna. Behind him, Santiago was also left dazed. A while later, he shouted, "Deanna..."

Jacky threw a dirty look at Santiago before he strode towards the road. Just when he was about to get close to Deanna, a man had already carried her in his arms. After glancing at Jacky, he bent down and got into the car.

Instantaneously, Jacky walked to the side of the car and pulled open the door, intending to get inside. However, a group of men approached and surrounded him.

Jacky's men backed him up one after another. If they had been at an advantage in terms of numbers earlier on, then they were outnumbered at the moment. Any possibility of defeating the other party was out of the question.

"Leave her here, or else, you won't be able to get out of Waverly Village."

Jacky's men stood in front of the car and sat on the trunk, forming a human barricade. The glass windows of the car were tinted black, encumbering one from seeing the situation inside. In fact, Jacky was not bluffing. Without his orders, no one would be able to leave the village, even if they had managed to enter.

Santiago arrived at the road too. He lowered his head and surveyed the place where Deanna had fallen down. There was not a drop of blood on the ground. He then observed the license number on the car. It appeared to be Zorion's car.

It didn't take long for the driver inside the car to get down. He looked at Jacky and said, "Miss Deanna has bled too much. If we don't send her to the hospital at once, then it'll be too late."

Jacky's countenance turned deathly pale. "Let them go."

"Jacky, they..."

"Make way." Jacky took the lead to give way. He stared at the car, trying to catch a glimpse of Deanna, but before he could see it, the car had already left.

"Get that car, follow them," Jacky instructed. Logan brought along some men, ran down, and drove their own car through another intersection, closely following behind Zorion's car.

Jacky also wanted to get into his car. Santiago gazed at him for a moment. "Come with me. I'll take you there. You can't get in without me."

Jacky was mystified to hear that. "And why would you do this?"

"That's my business." After Santiago spoke, he shot a glance at the cars below. "You'd better stop your men from following them. The Atkinson family's power reaches every corner in Capital City. They're unconquerable there. It's not wise to challenge them there."

"Not necessarily." Jacky didn't care about Zorion at all. Had he been afraid of Zorion, he wouldn't have blackmailed him.

Santiago gave him a meaningful look. "She's in his hands. Do you want to fight him or do you want to have her?"

Jacky took a deep breath. "Let's go."

After that, Jacky got into his car and ordered his men to go out.

"Jacky, we'll go with you." One of Jacky's subordinates spoke to him when Jacky got into the car. "There's no need for it. Go back and release those two people, as well as that old man."

"What about you?"

"I won't die. Don't worry about me."

The act of going to Capital City alone screamed of a suicide mission.

Jacky started the car and whizzed speedily onto the road. Sitting in the front passenger seat, Santiago looked outside calmly as though nothing had happened. He made a call.

Concurrently, Jepherson had fallen asleep, and so, no one answered Santiago's call.

Santiago couldn't get through, therefore he called Cynthia instead.

After Cynthia picked up the call, she got out of her room to look for Raeleigh, who then answered the phone.

"I need to talk to my brother," said Santiago. Raeleigh replied awkwardly, "He hasn't had a good rest, so I gave him half a sleeping pill. He hasn't woken up."

"It's just half a sleeping pill, not the whole bottle of them. What are you so worried about? Wake him up, I've something urgent to tell him." Santiago didn't care. Consequently, Raeleigh had to go to the room upstairs and wake Jepherson up. She called out to him twice before he roused himself.

Jepherson sat up in a daze. He picked up Santiago's call and raised his wrist to check the time. "I got it."

Putting down the phone, he took his clothes and got up. Raeleigh asked him, "What happened?"

"We've found Deanna, but she might have been frightened. Currently, she's being taken away by Zorion. I'll go and take a look." Just when he wanted to change clothes, Scarlett happened to stand by the door. Jepherson's expression darkened. "How about you come in and get a good, hard look?"

Upon hearing this, Scarlett left right away while Raeleigh helped him change his clothes.

Just getting up from a deep slumber, Jepherson did not recall his current relationship with Raeleigh at all. He quickly put on his clothes and coat, and walked out. Raeleigh watched him go out and followed him.

"I want to go, with Scarlett, too." Sensing that Scarlett was not at ease, Raeleigh made a suggestion. Jepherson took a brief look at them. "Let's go."

After exiting the door, Jepherson called Zorion. "Where are you? Have you found Deanna?"

...

"Yeah."

Hanging up the phone, Jepherson sent a text message to Santiago. Both of them were heading for the hospital.

Zorion had entered Capital City's zone, so Jacky's men had to stop the car. Jacky told them to go back first while he went to the hospital with Santiago.

But when they arrived at the hospital entrance, there were people coming down and blocking them from entering it.

Santiago called Zorion, who brushed him off by asking his subordinate to answer the call. Santiago snorted in response to that. "What's your name?"

The subordinate didn't dare to tell his name. He kept apologizing, and he then subtly hung up the phone.

Standing aside, Jacky was concerned about Deanna, and his mind was in chaos. He had already taken out his phone to make a call when Santiago grabbed his hand, stopping him. "Keep your cool. Don't try to raise h*ll."

"I want to see her." Jacky had never been like this before. He felt so on edge and unsettled, and had lost his ability to consider things carefully.

Santiago released his grip. "Don't worry. I'll let you see her."

"Why did you help me?" Jacky furrowed his brow.

"There's no reason, nor does it need to have a reason."

Jacky fell silent for a moment. "What's going on between you and her?"

"We grew up together," Santiago explained simply. Jacky was perplexed briefly before he calmed down a little. "Does she like you?"

"She liked my brother at first, and then me."

"What do you mean?" Jacky's brow knitted deeply. Santiago gazed at him. "She is still a child."

Jacky sneered. "A child who doesn't know what she wants?"

Santiago did not reply but he checked his watch instead. At that time, a luxurious limousine stopped behind him.

Scarlette got out of the car hurriedly and opened the door at the back. Subsequently, Jepherson came out of it, followed by Raeleigh.

The two of them got out of the car, exchanged a look, and walked to the hospital together.

Santiago swept his eyes over them and waited for them to come over. When they had reached the entrance, he introduced Jacky to them. "Meet Jacky Scott, the man who kidnapped Deanna."

Jepherson threw an indifferent look and stretched out his hand. "My pleasure."

Raeleigh stood aside speechlessly. She wondered if any rule book dictated that courtesy had to be shown to a kidnapper.

Chapter 1166

Raeleigh sat outside the ward. Deanna had undergone the examination, and she appeared to be alright. It was just that she had been weeping while holding Zorion's hand since she woke up, as if she had suffered a great grievance and death was beckoning to her.

It wasn't until then that Raeleigh found out Zorion was accompanied by a girl named Rossie.

She looked pretty and elegant in her dress. She just sat there quietly without saying a word or looking at anyone. Her bright, big eyes were like the stars and the moon, twinkling with a unique charm.

While Zorion was keeping Deanna company in the ward, Rossie had been sitting outside. She neither moved, nor did she look around.

Raeleigh observed her for a while, discovering that her attire was pretty modest. She had wrapped her neck with a red silk scarf.

In the past, Raeleigh hadn't understood why some people would cover their necks completely. But at that time, Raeleigh recalled something.

Raeleigh frowned, realizing the reason Zorion had been keeping a low profile recently. There was such a person beside him.

Jepherson sat beside Raeleigh. He didn't seem to care much about anyone, including the woman in front of him, Rossie.

He fixed his nonchalant eyes on one side. He, too, was waiting to know about Deanna's condition.

Santiago stood aside with his hands in his pockets. He had also been waiting for the news.

Jacky, on the other hand, was also standing at the doorway. He came in with Jepherson, which astonished Raeleigh. Zorion's men were not afraid of Santiago. Instead, they were afraid of Jepherson.

At that moment, the most anxious person was none other than Jacky. Although there was only a door between Deanna and him, it made him feel as though they were a world apart.

Raeleigh gazed at him. Although he didn't show anything, Raeleigh could see from Jacky's eyes, which were fixed at the door of the ward, that his whole heart was with Deanna.

...

The door of the ward was pushed open, and the nurse walked in. It was time to give her a new dose of medicine.

Jacky stood up and walked towards the door. He went inside successfully without being stopped by anybody. Raeleigh was rather surprised to see that.

The nurse was bewildered when she turned her head to find that a man was entering the ward with her. After that, she blushed as she gazed at Jacky. She thought, "What a handsome man! What happened today? Why are hotties making an appearance here in the hospital?"

Jacky acted as if he didn't see the nurse before him. After going into the ward, he headed straight for Deanna, who was sobbing. He stopped, extending his hand to touch Deanna's tear-stained face.

The nurse was disappointed to find that he was into another girl.

As soon as Deanna saw Jacky, her large eyes further widened. She was so frightened that she didn't dare to move. She tugged at Zorion's hand, refusing to let go.

The expression on Jacky's handsome face didn't change much, but he didn't look at Zorion. As he stared at Deanna, she instantly shifted her position to avoid being touched by Jacky.

Jacky spoke with a low voice. "Don't move."

As a result, she sniffled twice and stopped moving.

Zorion raised his head to look at Jacky. "Are you Jacky Scott?"

"I am," Jacky admitted frankly. He swept his dark eyes over Zorion. "Tomorrow, I will pay you a visit for a marriage proposal."

Deanna was flummoxed by his words.

Zorion ruminated momentarily. "My father is not here, and I can't make the decision when it comes to my sister's marriage. Anyway, it's too Tristany for you to propose a marriage. You're just a kidnapper, so you don't have the right to do so. It's a cakewalk for me to kill you. I just don't want to make a big deal out of it. It might be a blessing in disguise for Deanna that you took her away from her previous danger, but you didn't send her back in time, and you let her suffer a lot. I'm not going to forgive you for this."

Jacky stood in front of Zorion. In the face of Zorion's criticism, he only gave a flippant smile. "You mean that I can't match your family's status?"

"What do you think?" Zorion's eyes were as deep as the ocean, and his inscrutable countenance gave little away.

Jacky cast a glance at Deanna before raising his hand to pull off something from his neck and threw it towards her, causing her to flinch.

She looked down, seeing a jade pendant.

“This is my betrothal gift. She can put it on, but she can’t discard it. Even though it may not seem to be valuable in monetary terms, it is worth half of your Atkinson family’s properties. It’s true that I can’t match your family’s status today, but we have a long road ahead of us in the future. When I gain a foothold in Capital City, I will come and marry her.”

“By then, I hope you remember that she is already mine.”

Zorion furrowed his brow slightly. Something came to his mind, and he turned to look at Deanna, who was terror-stricken. She quickly handed it back to Jacky. “J-Jacky... take it back.”

“To go back on one’s words, it is something that cannot be recovered. No way will I take it back. Keep it properly. Don’t lose it.”

After saying that, Jacky glanced at Zorion before turning around and walking out of the ward.

He strode straight out without looking back.

Raeleigh knitted her brows. She had seen Santiago’s unabated confidence before. It was different from Jacky’s.

Jacky’s confidence was rather low-key in her eyes.

After Jacky left, Raeleigh looked inside the ward opposite her. She wondered what had happened inside. Noticing that nobody had moved, she stood up and walked to the ward, intending to check on them.

Deanna was holding the jade pendant and observing it. She had never seen it before, so she was quite curious.

She kept looking at it as she wiped her tears. She had returned to her usual self.

“Zorion.” She handed it to Zorion, who then took it and gave it a once-over. Engraved on one side was the name ‘Scott’, while the other side was a dragon.

“Keep it. Don’t lose it.” Zorion had seen this kind of thing before. It should be more than just a pendant, but he could not recall where he had laid eyes on it before.

How could Jacky have owned such a thing?

Waverly Village was nothing if not a provincial village. What mystery could be hidden in there?

“Oh,” Deanna replied. She hung it on her neck and tucked it underneath her clothes. She had shed enough tears, so she told Zorion that she was tired and lay down on the bed to rest.

Zorion consoled her briefly before he came out of the ward.

Seeing Raeleigh, Zorion was startled for a second. Then, he stared at her for a while. He had some inexplicable feelings for her, which was strange even to himself.

It was beyond a shadow of doubt that he had a crush on her. But right then, he had Rossie, and although his bond with Rossie was established based on a different manner, he felt very conflicted to have fallen in love with two women at the same time.

“Get out of my way.” Zorion assumed a stern attitude. Raeleigh was stunned for a moment before she retreated to somewhere else. Seeing that, Jepherson frowned intensely. Santiago turned around to gaze at Zorion, who walked past him and talked to Rossie. “Stay with Deanna. Someone needs to be with her when she wakes up.”

At that time, Rossie was under the control of others. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been so compliant. She got up and went into the ward once Zorion had told her so. Closing the door, she sat beside Deanna.

Afterwards, Zorion sat down and leaned against the chair, looking at Jepherson. “Why did you bring her here?”

Chapter 1167

Jepherson was none too pleased to hear that. “You know, Raeleigh hasn’t offended you in any way.”

Zorion glanced at Raeleigh and laughed. “She hasn’t offended me alright, but I didn’t do anything to her. I just told her not to block my way.”

“I know very well how you treat Raeleigh. I just want to warn you that there won’t come a day when you’ll be able to do anything to her.”

“So what if I do something to her? What can you do to me?” Zorion retorted. Raeleigh went near Jepherson and pulled him. “Forget it. Let’s go. Since Deanna is fine, Scarlett can be at ease too. Let’s go back first. We have no business here anymore.”

Raeleigh had a very bad feeling at that time. She felt that Zorion was going to make a clean break with them since Deanna had been found.

It was Santiago who had found Deanna, but Zorion hadn’t expressed his gratitude at all. Raeleigh thought it was too ungrateful of him to have said those harsh words.

Nonetheless, Raeleigh didn’t want them to stir up trouble and quarrel over her. That was why she pulled Jepherson from the seat.

Jepherson passed through the corridor with Raeleigh in his arms. He stopped after a few steps and turned back to look at Zorion, who remained seated. “Nobody wants to find fault with you. Something is already wrong from the very beginning. I also regret it.”

Jepherson left with Raeleigh after he finished his words. Only then did Zorion turn to stare at his back.

Santiago walked up to Zorion. “Be careful.”

Zorion looked up at Santiago, who had already left. “Mind your own business.”

Santiago did not look back. He turned around and walked to the other side. After that, he followed Jepherson and Raeleigh into the elevator. As the door of the elevator was closed, Raeleigh said, “You didn’t have to pick a bone with him.”

Jepherson shot a glance at her. “He was in the wrong.”

“For certain shameless people, you don’t need to treat them with civility and respect,” Santiago said, thrusting his hands into his pockets. Raeleigh was lost for words. The two brothers were definitely born from the same parents, but how were their manners and behavior totally different?

Raeleigh didn’t say anything else. The two would solve their own affairs.

In addition, they were on the same page regarding this matter, which was against Zorion. Given that Zorion had a relationship with the Harvey family, they wouldn’t cross the line. Therefore, Raeleigh was not worried about it.

When they stepped out of the elevator, Santiago yawned as he walked, feeling a little tired.

Raeleigh looked at him. “Are you tired?”

“Kind of. I will go back and rest.” Santiago took a nap in the car after leaving the hospital. Raeleigh happened to sit beside him. Hence, he nestled his head against her shoulder. Jepherson shot daggers at him before he picked up Raeleigh and placed her on the other side. Santiago woke up and stared at Jepherson. Neither of them spoke, which landed Raeleigh in awkwardness.

Raeleigh sat aside, explaining, “Santiago is exhausted. He didn’t do it on purpose.”

Jepherson held her hand, shushing her. Raeleigh pursed her lip in vexation.

Santiago didn’t pay any attention to him. Sitting in his seat, he continued to yawn. He was so sleepy that he just lounged in his seat, with his eyes watery. In the end, he could only lean his head against the headboard, trying to catch some shut-eye.

Raeleigh studied Santiago and said to Jepherson, “He didn’t, like, mean anything?”

“Stop talking. If you go on and on, then I’ll throw him out,” Jepherson said, wrapping her in his arm. Raeleigh was speechless. Shouldn’t he throw her out instead of Santiago?

When the car arrived at Raeleigh’s residence, she was about to get out of the car when Jepherson woke Santiago up, told him to get out of the car, and then instructed the chauffeur to drive the car away.

Raeleigh looked out of the window in confusion and asked him, “Why did you let Santiago out and not me?”

It was so late then. She wondered, why didn’t he want to let her rest?

“Let’s go to the hotel,” Jepherson spoke as he squinted. Noticing that he was also weary, Raeleigh said no more. Afterwards, she followed Jepherson to the hotel, and they went upstairs. After entering the room, Raeleigh intended to take a shower, and Jepherson didn’t tag along.

In the past, she had always wanted to take a shower herself to avoid the awkwardness of being in the same shower room with him. But that time, he actually stayed outside.

As Raeleigh stepped into the shower room, she left a gap on purpose. However, she heard the sound of the door closing when she was in the middle of her shower. The door was really closed, she noticed.

After Raeleigh came out of the shower, Jepherson had already returned from another place after showering. He changed into his pyjamas, dried his hair, and lay there.

Raeleigh fixed her eyes on him. She dried her hair before approaching him.

She got onto the bed and nuzzled up to him. After looking at her for a while, he took her into his arms.

Resting in his arms, she took a look at what he was doing with his tablet. "It seems that you have been checking up on things irrelevant to your work."

"I have been working all this while. It's rare that I have some free time to indulge myself in stuff that is not work-related." Jepherson put down the tablet. He had been looking at some overseas properties with the intention of finding a place for a vacation. He wanted to take Raeleigh there for a period of time, just the two of them.

Subsequently, both of them started to lie down. Regardless of their proximity, they were both engaged in their own thoughts.

Raeleigh put her hand on Jepherson's body and cautiously moved downwards, caressing him. Generally, it was Jepherson who made the first move whenever they made love. Even though Raeleigh was used to what he usually did, she still could not bring herself to perform like him. It was not in her character to initiate anything when it came to s*x. That said, when Raeleigh did so, he pressed his hand against hers. "Not today. I have a backache."

Raeleigh furrowed her brow. "Your back hurts?"

She got up and lay on his body, chastising herself for her carelessness. It was possible for him to reject her if something really happened to his body.

Jepherson's eyes fell on Raeleigh's disturbed expression. "It's not very painful, just a minor sore."

Raeleigh stared into his eyes momentarily. For the first time, she was not sure if he was lying, so she did not dare to say anything. She just planted a kiss on his lips.

After kissing him, she did not leave immediately but gazed at him. Jepherson smacked his lips and his breathing grew increasingly rapid. He then cuddled her. Apparently, he felt reluctant to let her leave. With that being said, his rationality compelled him to push her away. Such a catch-22 situation had caused him to be incomparably tormented deep down.

Raeleigh lowered her head and lavished another kiss on him. She wanted to help him unwind himself. She could even feel the stiffness in his body, as if his blood had coagulated in its entirety.

She looked at him. "If you are unwilling, then we can sleep separately. Otherwise, we will only be uncomfortable."

Just when she got up, he pulled her back. Before she could look back, he already had her pressed underneath him.

Chapter 1168

Raeleigh lay still as Jepherson flipped over and positioned himself on top of her. She looked him in the eyes, motionlessly. In the past, she would have been worried, afraid, or shy, but that time, she wasn't.

She looked at Jepherson. Although she hadn't made an attempt to seduce him, she was waiting for him, wholeheartedly.

Jepherson rode on her, tensing up with carnal desire. However, the thought that Raeleigh was his sister, whom he had been looking for over the years, had hurt him to the core, as though it had stabbed him right in the heart, and blood was dripping from it, soaking the entire place with red liquid.

His breathing steadily calmed down. His guilty conscience had prevailed over his then banished s*xual desire, and what was left in him was an incurable wound. His feelings for her were the salt to his wound, calling forth the fact that he had defiled his own sister.

Regarding their first intercourse, it was he who had forced her into it. Had it not been for that, they would have been able to maintain a relationship other than husband and wife.

Jepherson got up and went to the shower room for a cold shower.

Meanwhile, Raeleigh was lying on the bed. Only after a dozen seconds had passed did she finally come to her senses and follow him.

The door of the shower room was locked. Raeleigh felt as if there was a big stone weighing on her chest. She was so depressed that she could not catch her breath.

Lying down on the bed, Raeleigh thought her first attempt to seduce Jepherson had ended in failure.

She picked up her phone and browsed it for a short time as she had also been keyed up over the past few days. It didn't take long for her drowsiness to get the better of her, but Jepherson hadn't come out. Therefore, she had to sleep first.

By the time Jepherson came out of the shower room, Raeleigh had already fallen asleep. Looking at her bare arm, unease coursed through his entire body.

After drying his hair, he walked to Raeleigh's side, covered her with the quilt, took her phone, set it on silent mode, and put it aside. Then, he turned around and went out of the room. After closing the door, he sat outside until late at night. Only then did he get up and go back to lie down beside Raeleigh.

As soon as he lay down, she instinctively wrapped an arm around his waist, trying to seek warmth. He wanted to push her away at first, but he couldn't bear to do it in the end.

Raeleigh knitted her brow slightly, listening to his breathing, which gradually became steady. It took her a long time to fall into a deep slumber quietly.

Raeleigh woke up Tristany in the morning, but she didn't wake up as Tristany as Jepherson did. He had woken up much earlier than Raeleigh. Besides, there were no other people in the room when she stirred.

She got up, put on her clothes and washed up. Afterwards, she went to the doorway to look for Jepherson and called him to ask where he was. No one picked up the call. She went downstairs through the elevator. She wondered where he had gone, so she kept calling him after stepping out of the elevator. All of a sudden, she heard his phone ringing when she walked to the reception desk in front of her. Thus, she followed the direction of the sound. As a result, she came to a room, and what she saw shocked her.

Perhaps, it was because it was too Tristany that there were very few people around. At that moment, there was a man sitting on the edge of the bed, and sitting on his thighs was a woman, who was decked out in the latest fashion and had a pleasant voice.

The woman was swaying her waist provocatively. Raeleigh had never done that before. Her porcelain thighs underneath the miniskirt had been exposed whereas the man's pants had been unzipped, which painted the picture of...

It was not that Raeleigh couldn't accept it. After all, it was not a wonder that a man and a woman would have s*x together. What she could not accept was that the man in there was Jepherson.

Raeleigh couldn't begin to imagine what they were doing.

After a round of writhing, the woman moaned with pain, which then graduated to pleasure. Concurrently, Raeleigh closed her eyes, turned around, and walked to the back of the wall, step by step, with no one the wiser. She didn't come near the room again.

Raeleigh heard the satisfying groan of the man, followed by moans of ecstasy from the woman before everything fell silent.

Subsequently, Jepherson said, "Don't let anyone see us. Let's go."

"Okay," came the murmur.

The woman tidied herself up slowly. Raeleigh could not stand listening to them anymore. She turned around, propped her hand on the wall, and staggered towards the elevator. Along the way, with the little strength she had left in her legs, as she entered the elevator, she collapsed.

Jepherson saw Raeleigh walking unsteadily into the elevator. No sooner had he stood up that his former mask of lust slipped off his face. He glanced at the female staff who had just acted provocatively with him. "Leave."

The female staff did not dare to say anything else. She quickly tidied herself up and turned to leave.

She was very beautiful, but Jepherson had not been aroused at all. She suspected that he might be an impotent man.

After she left, he strode towards the elevator as he was still concerned about Raeleigh.

To his dismay, the elevator wouldn't come down after he reached there and pressed the 'down' button. From the looks of it, it might be stuck somewhere up there.

Jepherson dialed a number. "Check the elevator." It was a problem for him when Stuart was not around. Nobody else could perform the job up to his expectation.

Soon, there came a reply. "M-Mr. Harvey..."

The staff on the other end of the line couldn't conceal the tremor in his cadence.

"Spit it out." Jepherson's face was frigid. The staff's faltering tones had only made him more apprehensive. "God d*mn it!" He started regretting his decision to put on a sham s*x act in front of her.

After a moment, the staff mumbled, "Miss R-Rae..."

"Do you want to die?" Jepherson tore the collar of his shirt twice in a fit of rage. Consequently, the button snapped from the collar and fell to the ground and shattered.

His clothes were specially designed, and the buttons were all high-end products. It was not the first time for the buttons to have dropped, but it was the first for them to have shattered.

Listening to the phone, he bent down to pick up the button, but it was this tiny button which cut his finger.

His fingertip hurt. He then stood up, gazed at the blood on his finger and looked at the elevator door. He suddenly became agitated and slammed the elevator door, hard. "Raeleigh, Raeleigh..."

He banged the door outside with all his might. Simultaneously, he heard the voice of the staff through his phone. "Mr. Harvey, Miss Rae... The elevator is full of blood. Miss Raeleigh has fainted. The elevator is malfunctioning, and she has been trapped inside, but we have called the ambulance and the technician. You can rest assured that they will be here soon."

The staff broke out in cold sweat. Never would they have expected that something bad would happen to the elevator just when they had overlooked it for a few seconds. They wondered if they were going to be fired.

Jepherson's phone trembled slightly before it slipped from his palm and crashed to the ground in an instant. With a bang, the whole screen of the phone cracked.

Jepherson's heart ached. He leaned against the elevator door, with his face drained of blood. He raised his hand and knocked on the door of the elevator. "Raeleigh... Raeleigh..."

Amidst his shouting, his vision went black and he toppled over!

Chapter 1169

By the time Santiago arrived at the hospital, Raeleigh had already had a miscarriage. The doctor came out and informed him of the news, causing him to kick the doctor to the ground.

"Now that the baby is gone, nothing will come to a good end." Santiago looked as if he was out for blood. The doctor got up from the ground, trembling. He lowered his head in horror, as though he were a lowly creature before a tyrant.

It was a fact known to all that no one who messed with Santiago Harvey was still left unscathed, if not devoured.

At any rate, when Raeleigh was sent here, the baby was already gone. Not even by forcing them to die would the baby come alive!

Santiago's gaze had been filled with ferocity. It landed on the door of the operating theater while he gradually regained his composure. "Since the baby couldn't be rescued, save the mother. I will remember each of your names. If, in the future, she can't give birth to another child, then you folks will not live to see another day. Ditto your families."

“Don’t even think of emigrating or escaping anywhere. Unless you’re six feet under, I will find you even if you’ve fled to the ends of the Earth.”

“M-Mr. Harvey.” The doctor hurried forward, shivering. Santiago stood there for a while. “Shoot.”

“You see, the mother seems to be fine now. As for giving birth in the future, there won’t be a problem. We can guarantee that as long as the father is also alright, she can give birth again.”

Santiago glared at the doctor with his cold eyes, as if he demanded blood. “Is there a problem with the father?”

The doctor was so scared that he broke out in a cold sweat. “No... no.”

“Then, why don’t you get your a*s moving?” Santiago turned around. The doctor hastily ran back to arrange for Raeleigh’s surgery. Only the best was included in the procedure, for it was Raeleigh’s life on the line.

Santiago stood outside for two or three seconds, glancing at Stuart, Scarlett, and Hadrian.

Scarlett had been crying her eyes out. Little did she know what was wrong with her. She had never behaved in this way before. But at that time, she was the one who couldn’t keep her cool.

Seeing her weeping, Hadrian stood beside her, not knowing what to do.

Stuart just came here to look for Santiago.

“Is he dead?” This was the first thing that came out of Santiago’s mouth when he saw Stuart, who was then frightened and lowered his head. “Mr. Jepherson isn’t in a good condition right now. Mr. Santiago, please go and sign the papers.”

“What papers? To book a spot for him in the morgue?” Santiago’s attitude and voice silenced Stuart in a way beyond what was possible.

Even so, he had to say something, and he was ever so close to dropping to his knees. “Mr. Santiago, the two of you are blood brothers.”

Over the years, there were only a few people whom Stuart could not see through, one of which was Santiago.

Sometimes, he had the impression that Santiago’s frivolousness was a pretence, and underneath, he might be a scheming sort of person.

If Jepherson died at that time, the entire Harvey family would fall under Santiago’s responsibility. Even if everyone in the family was distressed, they would not do anything to Santiago, for he would be the last heir of the Harvey family standing.

Stuart knew that he was not in a position to think in this way, but with the current situation, it was natural for him to think so.

“No sh*t, Sherlock. Were he not my brother, I’d kill him!” With that, Santiago strode towards the emergency room where Jepherson was in.

The doctors were on tenterhooks before he came. None of them dared to perform any emergency first aid on Jepherson. They just tried to sustain his life.

Santiago did come, but his intimidating aura caused the doctors to shake like a leaf. He didn't seem to have come to sign the papers.

It was more like he was here as their Grim Reaper.

Before this, they had claimed that they wouldn't perform an operation if a family member hadn't signed the consent form. At the moment, they didn't dare to say a word more.

Santiago stretched out his hand once he reached the emergency room. "Give it to me."

A doctor handed the form to Santiago. After reading it, he tore it to shreds and threw them into the air.

Like snowflakes raining down, they scattered all over the place. Santiago's lips curled into a smirk. "He lives, you live."

His words scared the living daylights out of the doctors. Santiago continued saying, "In Capital City, there's nothing I can't accomplish. For those who displease me, I will get even with them."

"Without Jepherson to keep a leash on me, I will raze Capital City to the ground!"

One after another, the doctors gulped, sweating in fright.

Raze Capital City to the ground?

Then, would they be allowed to live? The doctors wondered so.

"Do you copy?" Santiago asked. One of the doctors hurriedly answered, "C-copy."

"If you copy, then get your a*s movin'. If you can't save him, then each and every one of you must die with him. May God have mercy on your souls, for I have none."

The doctors exchanged looks, and Stuart instantaneously walked over. "Let's begin the operation, to the best of your ability. Your efforts would be appreciated by Mr. Santiago if you succeed. On the contrary, if something goes wrong, then you'll regret the day you were born."

Upon hearing Stuart's words, the doctors turned around and went back, getting into the groove.

In fact, Stuart knew what these doctors had been thinking about. They thought Jepherson was going to kick the bucket. If he died, then the Harvey family would be Santiago's to rule. In their minds were what Santiago's attitude would be in this issue.

Did he want Jepherson to live or not?

Stuart was relieved to behold what had happened. As long as Santiago was genuinely nice to his brother, Jepherson would be fine.

Santiago sat down and leaned against the chair. The doctors were busy rescuing Jepherson. Two hours later, they finally sent Jepherson out of the emergency room. When they saw Santiago, they told him, "Mr. Santiago, you can rest assured that Mr. Jepherson is out of the woods now."

“Is he out of the woods today, or in the future too?” From what he said, the implications were that if something happened to Jepherson the next day, then they would still need to die, and that he was asking them to explain Jepherson’s illness.

The doctor quickly explained, “There’s probably something that has been putting a lot of strain on him mentally and physically, to say nothing of his heart disease, which has existed since forever.”

“It isn’t easy to be cured. A long-term recovery plan is required. He can’t be too tired, and he can’t be too worried about anything.”

“That is to say, he will spend the rest of his life as an invalid.” Hearing this, Santiago shot daggers at the doctor, who then rectified, “Well, not exactly. You know what they say. Happy heart, happy body.”

“I see. Stuart, take good care of him. I’ll go and check on Raeleigh.” With that, Santiago glanced at Jepherson before turning around and walking away.

He arrived at Raeleigh’s ward. Her surgery had long since ended, and she was sent to a ward. Scarlett was still wiping her tears outside of her ward. She didn’t dare to go in and have a look.

Hadrian stood by the door, keeping an eye on Scarlett to ensure that her emotions were stable.

When Santiago came, she stood up and greeted him while shedding tears. “Mr. Santiago.”

“Hey. Take a break. If you continue to cry, then you will look ugly. You can’t take care of Raeleigh in this way. Hadrian, go back and bring Cynthia over. I will call her. By the way, tell Serra that my brother is sick, and that Raeleigh is taking care of him here. We can’t let the cat out of the bag. Also, get some clothes for Scarlett. She isn’t in a proper mental state right now. We need to arrange for her to be admitted to the hospital too, so that she won’t go back and leak anything. It’ll only make things worse.”

Pursing her lips, Scarlett thought, “Have I ever made things worse? Now that Raeleigh has ended up like this, shouldn’t I be sad?”

Scarlett just couldn’t wrap her head around this matter. She wondered how in the world Raeleigh wound up in this condition.

Chapter 1170

After making the arrangements, Santiago pushed the door open and entered. Scarlett watched the door close before she slumped in dejection once again.

Once Santiago had entered the ward, he walked to Raeleigh’s side, sat down, and looked at her. Her face was white as snow. This is how a woman was like when she lost her child through miscarriage. Other than that, she was covered in sweat.

Santiago slipped his hand under the quilt and held her hand. It was so cold, just like the hand of a dead person.

After a while, he put her hand back.

Gradually, the sky darkened. Santiago got up and went to stand by the window for a moment before he came back to sit beside her. After that, he stood up again. After enduring one such restless spell throughout the night, he finally sat still.

Soon, it was dawn. Raeleigh also rose at the break of dawn. She opened her eyes slowly and stared into space. Everything felt like a dream, as if they had travelled light-years previously, and were very far away from her!

Raeleigh fixed her hollow eyes on the white ceiling, devoid of any expression.

Santiago extended his hand and placed it on her forehead. He felt her forehead and compared it to his own, making sure that she didn't have a fever.

Getting up, Santiago went to pour Raeleigh a glass of water while she looked at him from the side. He added some sugar into the glass and blew on it, and the finishing touch was putting a straw into it. "Drink some water."

Raeleigh was lying still. He delivered it close to her mouth and pinched down her chin before sticking the straw into her mouth with a poker face. "The baby may be gone, but you can always have another in the future. If you're gone, then there will be nothing left."

"I have already figured out what happened. He deliberately found someone to irritate you. He must have encountered a certain issue. I will ask him later. There's a problem with his heart and he is currently still in a coma."

Raeleigh frowned. "In a coma?"

She turned her face away and did not drink the water. She contemplated something, but she couldn't figure it out.

Santiago put down the glass and stared momentarily at her. "You should know that he wouldn't have committed such an idiotic mistake for no reason."

Looking back at him, she placed her hand on her belly to stroke it quietly.

Santiago glanced at her hand. "This child isn't fated to come and meet you, but it's okay. You'll have twins in the future to make up for it."

Raeleigh fell into a stupor. It took her a long time to turn her head away. She lapsed into silence the whole time.

Santiago had been sitting by her side for a while when Cynthia knocked on the door from the outside. Actually, she had already arrived earlier, but she didn't come in because she saw them talking inside. She had been standing outside all the while.

The knock at the door drew Santiago's attention. He stood up and opened the door, taking in her luggage.

Cynthia had a pair of bloodshot eyes. Hearing the news that Raeleigh had had a miscarriage, she had cried along the way here. She had gotten over it initially after she reached here, but when she saw Scarlett's teary face, she began to be overwhelmed by the sorrow again.

She had just sobbed before she wiped off her tears and entered the ward.

Santiago smiled. "What are you crying for?"

She lowered her head and didn't answer as Santiago set the luggage aside. She quickly took off her jacket and approached Raeleigh. "How are you doing?"

Before this, Raeleigh couldn't bring herself to smile no matter who came to visit her. That said, she managed to force a smile when she saw Cynthia.

"I'm fine. Why are you here?" Raeleigh glanced at the huge luggage. Cynthia replied, "Scarlette doesn't know how to take care of people. I'll do it."

"There's no need for that. I'm fine." Raeleigh did not even have the strength to speak. Obviously, she was just putting on a brave face.

Cynthia did not say anything else as she was aware that Raeleigh would refuse even if she said anything.

She got herself busy by pouring Raeleigh a fresh glass of water and adding some brown sugar in it.

Only then did Santiago lie down on the couch.

"Are you tired?" Cynthia's eyes fell on him. He shot a glance at her. "I'm sleepy. I'll take a nap. Pay a visit to my brother later, see if he's well."

"Okay, I'll go as soon as I finish my job here. Have a good rest." Cynthia bent down and covered Santiago with a blanket. After Santiago closed his eyes, she turned to look at Raeleigh. Afterwards, she cleaned up the place and asked Raeleigh, "When did you wake up?"

Raeleigh checked the time. "It has been a while."

"Are you hungry?" Cynthia continued to ask, to which Raeleigh shook her head.

"You can't leave your stomach empty. I'll grab something for you and visit Jepherson while I'm at it. Get some rest first." Cynthia told her before she went out to pay Jepherson a visit.

Raeleigh watched as Cynthia left. The latter then stole a glance at Santiago. Her words were reasonable that it was intriguing for someone like Cynthia to be one of the Cole family.

Raeleigh remained silent in the quiet ward. Thoughts had been brewing in her head. In the end, she grabbed her phone, which had been put aside, and made a call to Xanthus to prevent him from worrying about her.

As a result, Xanthus rushed to the hospital. When they met, his face was even paler than hers. Raeleigh gazed at him helplessly. "It's not his fault. I accidentally fainted in the elevator."

Raeleigh didn't say anything else, but Xanthus was very aggrieved about it. He wouldn't let it go so easily.

"You need to rest now. One of these days, I'll arrange a full body checkup for you."

"Mom and Dad told me that they wanted to come, but I don't think it's a good idea now. I'd better take you back to see them after you recover."

Although Xanthus felt that bringing her back was uncalled for, since it would be a joke for their parents to meet her in her current state.

Raeleigh nodded calmly.

However, Xanthus knew that she was used to bottling up her feelings as she had experienced her fair share of adversities ever since she was a child.

The absence of tears didn't necessarily mean an absence of pain. The emotional baggage that she was carrying was enough to bear witness to her suffering.

With Xanthus as her company, she gradually fell asleep. Cynthia was taken aback when she came back.

Surprised, Cynthia stood by the door momentarily before she walked over and put down the bowl of porridge in her hand. She greeted Xanthus politely. "Hello, Dr. Osteen."

Xanthus was still holding Raeleigh's hand, and the latter reciprocated the gesture. Cynthia found that his action was rather flagrant even if they were siblings.

It was just that she was in no position to poke her nose into where it was unwanted. Nevertheless, she still dropped him a friendly reminder. "Miscarriage can take a heavy toll on one's health. It's better if you put her hand in the quilt."

After being reminded, Xanthus did as she said. Following that, he stood up to thank Cynthia.

"Thank you for taking care of Raeleigh. I truly appreciate it," Xanthus said. Cynthia turned to give him a strange look. "I didn't do it for your appreciation. Why would you thank me? I'm doing all these because of Santiago. Furthermore, Raeleigh and I are friends. Save your gratitude."

Xanthus found it funny and immediately asked, "We haven't gotten to know each other officially, have we?"

She seemed to be baffled. "We've already known each other."

"The name's Xanthus Osteen. Let's get our first meeting right." Xanthus stretched out his hand towards her. His finger joints were well-defined, and there was a faint pink in the palm of his hand and the inner side of his fingers. For a moment, a thought flitted across Cynthia's mind. "Maybe that's how doctors' hands look like."