

Go After 1171

Chapter 1171

Cynthia found it unnecessary. They had already known each other, therefore there was no need for them to get to know each other again.

She didn't extend her hand to shake Xanthus', whereas the latter didn't withdraw his hand but just stared at her. Several times, Cynthia helplessly swept her eyes over Santiago, who showed no sign of waking up. Later, she called out his name. Only then did Santiago open his eyes.

Santiago sat up and stared at the two people, who were confronting each other. Cynthia walked over. "You're awake?"

"Didn't you wake me up?" Santiago gave her a sideways glance while she lowered her head slightly.

Xanthus turned to look at them without saying anything. Santiago shot a glance at him. "Why are you here?"

"Raeleigh called me," Xanthus said while he sat next to Raeleigh, much to the displeasure of Cynthia. Her general impression of him was getting worse. Raeleigh was Jepherson's girlfriend, and they had been living together. She wondered what Xanthus was doing.

Santiago glanced at Cynthia and yawned. "I'm sleepy. Time for a nap. Leave Raeleigh to Cynthia. You'd better leave, since it's not convenient for you to stay here. Cynthia is pretty timid, so don't scare her."

Santiago tossed and lay down, after which Cynthia covered him with the blanket at once. She served him attentively.

Only then did Xanthus say, "I'll just sit at the side to keep Raeleigh company. I won't disturb you."

"Sure." Santiago yawned again, turned over, facing Raeleigh before he fell asleep.

Cynthia was speechless. No matter how much she had said, no one would pay her any attention.

Silence settled in the ward. Sitting beside Raeleigh, Xanthus started sizing up Cynthia.

She was wearing plain but elegant clothes, all of which were given to her by Santiago. Her former style was disliked by him because she looked staid in those clothes. More precisely, Santiago hated all the things that had a trace of convention in them.

Cynthia was also an easygoing person, especially towards Santiago. As long as he liked it, she would put in a lot of effort to do it, even aligning her style and eating habits according to his preference.

Xanthus didn't actually have a thing for women, and he didn't know what was going on with him. There were many women pursuing him in recent years, but he didn't take a fancy to any of them. Some of them were marked with flamboyance in their characters, some of them stood out with their gentleness, and some had good taste in fashion, but all of them failed to grab his attention.

He didn't feel anything special, as he was busy looking for his sister. In his view, almost all the women had been tagged with a 'Not My Sister' label.

Ergo, he was still a single, solo man.

Cynthia, a Cole family member, had appeared within his line of sight back in the day, but he did have an unusual feeling about her. He didn't dislike her, nor had he labelled her.

Just then, it was just on a whim that he had wanted to get to know her and let her know him in a formal manner. He did not expect her to overreact and be frightened. She had even woken up Santiago to seek protection from him. She was as delicate as a doll that had been cornered, not daring to make a sound.

Meanwhile, Cynthia was muttering in her mind, and her heart was fluttering about. In her eyes, Xanthus was really an unprincipled person. Not only had he tried to meddle in Raeleigh's and Jepherson's matter, he also kept ogling at her. It was so impertinent of him.

Even though Cynthia was disgruntled, she didn't dare to voice it out loud. She had already woken Santiago up once. It wasn't appropriate to do it again.

In the silent ward, Xanthus had been sitting for quite a while, but there was no sign of him leaving anytime soon. It gave Cynthia a feeling that he was after something from her.

Finally, Raeleigh got up, and Xanthus immediately turned to check on her. "Hey, are you up?"

Raeleigh replied, "Hmm." She had not slept too well, and that was why she rose so soon.

Rising to her feet was Cynthia, to attend to Raeleigh. She took a clean towel and was going to wipe Raeleigh's face, which was covered in sweat. Xanthus stretched out his hand. "Let me do it."

As a result, their hands touched each other, and Cynthia's hand recoiled in a heartbeat. Xanthus looked at her. "Give it to me."

She was about to blow her top, but Xanthus had already extended his hand, and he had this innocent face, which caused Cynthia to be flustered. She did not know how to react to it.

"Let me do it, and you can rest." Cynthia thought it was her duty to take care of Raeleigh. Xanthus was not obliged to do this kind of job, even if his relationship with Raeleigh was unusual.

Xanthus didn't heed her arrangement. He took away the towel from her hand and personally wiped off Raeleigh's sweat. He did it tenderly, as though he was doing it for his beloved. There was a moment where Cynthia felt the urge to push this man away from Raeleigh to protect her.

She stared at Raeleigh's tranquil countenance, wondering why Raeleigh was so obedient in front of Xanthus, and let him do whatever he wanted to her.

To Cynthia, Xanthus was clearly not a good person.

After wiping the sweat off Raeleigh's face, Xanthus sat down. He looked at Raeleigh and said, "You are very weak now. Don't expose yourself to the wind. Let's take a trip abroad after you are discharged from the hospital."

Raeleigh nodded. Cynthia cast a look at Santiago, who was sleeping on one side, and wondered when he would get up.

At the moment, she was the only person who was concerned about Raeleigh's safety. Santiago and even Raeleigh herself didn't fret about Xanthus's presence at all.

Raeleigh seemed to be fine. Xanthus stood up, washed the towel, and dried it on one side. After that, he went back and checked how warm the bowl of porridge was with his hand. It hadn't gone cold yet. Hence, he helped Raeleigh to sit up. The main thing was that Raeleigh needed to consume some food.

"It's beneficial for you to move a bit. Let's sit up for a while. I'll feed you the porridge, and then you can lie down again." Xanthus was a doctor, so Raeleigh trusted whatever he said, and she also believed that he would be kind to her.

Cynthia, who was standing at the side, was so anxious to help Raeleigh. "I'll do it."

"No, it's okay. Let me." Xanthus gave Cynthia no chance to intervene. She could only stand aside idly, feeling despondent.

It wasn't until Raeleigh had finished eating the porridge that she lay down again.

While Raeleigh was resting, Xanthus felt tired, but he didn't show any intention of leaving. Instead, he shrugged off his coat, unbuttoned his shirt, rolled up his sleeves, and went to the washroom to brush his teeth before he came out.

Cynthia's eyes fell on the beds inside the ward. It was a spacious VIP ward, and there were four beds in total. Even so, Xanthus should not stay here, at least in Cynthia's opinion, because he was a man and an outsider.

Pursing her lips, she wore a helpless expression on her face. Both Santiago and Raeleigh had fallen asleep, so she couldn't find anyone to express her disapproval of Xanthus.

Wearily, she trudged towards one of the beds and sat down on it. Three of the four beds were occupied, so the empty one would be hers.

Raeleigh was in deep sleep. Cynthia slipped her shoes off, changed into slippers, and went to the washroom to wash up. She emerged once again, changed into a set of pyjamas.

She went back to lie down on the bed and stole glances at Xanthus, with an air of unease hanging around her. What in the world, she thought, was he going to do?

That night, everyone was absorbed in their own solitary thoughts, including Santiago.

The next morning, Raeleigh opened her eyes to the morning sunshine. She gazed out of the window, uplifting her spirits.

Anyway, she had lost the baby. Since Jepherson intended to break up, then she would oblige, if not for any other reason than to spare him from estranging himself from her and to rid the baby by any means necessary.

Now that the baby was gone, he could relax as well. Raeleigh wondered if he would henceforth be freed from any shackles that was the baby.

Chapter 1172

Jepherson, who was lying on the sickbed, opened his eyes and looked at his surroundings. There was not a single person beside him. Stuart was standing at the door. He ran over when he saw Jepherson waking up.

“Where’s Raeleigh?” Jepherson asked right away as soon as he saw Stuart. Stuart bowed his head. “Miss Raeleigh is fine. She’s recuperating in her own ward, but she might not be in the mood to see you.”

It was the first time in his life to have lied to Jepherson, who then picked up the things around him and smashed them all. Stuart did not dare to dodge them, and his head was injured in the wake of everything.

Jepherson put down his hand and lay on the bed. He told Stuart to bandage the wound, and the latter complied, retreating from the ward. Stuart found someone to guard Jepherson for the time being.

Jepherson lay on the bed alone, waiting until Stuart bandaged himself up and came back. He felt that he had no strength. His body was feeble, and he seemed to have been drained, breaking out in cold sweat. When Stuart came back into his sight, he moved his lips and asked, “How is Raeleigh?”

He remembered that he had heard someone saying she had been trapped in the elevator, and the ground in it was covered with blood.

Jepherson closed his eyes, heavily. He could not imagine what had happened. It even struck panic in his heart.

“Mr. Jepherson, Miss Raeleigh has had a miscarriage.” Stuart was also unclear about how to tell Jepherson the news. Now that Jepherson had found out about it, he merely closed his eyes and did not bet Rhys the slightest bit of emotion.

Stuart stood still while Jepherson gave an order. “Get the doctor here.”

“You have a heart disease, and the doctors said you need to rest,” Stuart quickly replied. Jepherson gazed at Stuart for a while. “I know my own body well. Call the doctor over. I won’t die from this!”

Stuart could no longer dissuade him. He turned around and walked outside to summon the doctor. When the doctor came, Jepherson asked, “Tell me about my condition. Be honest.”

The doctor didn’t dare to lie to him, therefore he told him the truth about the physical condition of his body. After hearing it, Jepherson remained silent for a moment. He was the one who had made a mistake. He should be punished by God. He lamented, why had the retribution struck Raeleigh, depriving her of her child?

Jepherson pondered briefly before telling the doctor, “I got it. Arrange an operation for me. I need to go abroad immediately. Don’t inform others about this. Stuart, you’re fully in charge of it.”

“Mr. Jepherson, I’m worried that...”

“Enough, this is the final say. Regarding the consent papers, you can sign it. No doubts are permitted.”

Jepherson didn’t want to say anything else. Then, he shut his eyes, demonstrating no interest in listening to Stuart’s incoming protests. Stuart had to follow the doctor outside.

The doctors were all disconcerted. Santiago alone was enough to fill them with horror. Right then, Jepherson had also slotted himself into their personal list of doom, bringing horror to the next level.

Anyway, nothing was constant but their mortality, so they might as well just follow Jepherson's order.

They went back and began to prepare for the operation. That night, at 12 o'clock, Jepherson went to visit Raeleigh. He stood outside the door of the ward and peered inside. When Scarlett saw him, she stood up in excitement. But before she could speak, she was stopped by Jepherson. He placed a finger before his lips to hush her.

She said no more. All she did was raise her head to stare at Jepherson, whose eyes were brimming with tears. He stood outside the ward, engulfed in dejection. He didn't even have the courage to push the door open and enter.

At the end of the day, he reaped what he had sown.

He had ignored Raeleigh's wishes and taken her to the hospital, intending to terminate her pregnancy. However, Raeleigh had not been willing to oblige. His sole concern was how conflicted he was, but he had failed to notice Raeleigh's feelings. Not only didn't he regret what he had done, he had also put Raeleigh in harm's way. With such an abominable mistake, how could he bring himself to meet her?

After a while, when everyone was resting, he turned around and glanced at Scarlett. Without saying anything, he walked towards the elevator. Scarlett felt the urge to ask him if he wanted to enter, but she dared not. Her question remained unasked up till the last moment.

Not long after he went into the elevator, Raeleigh rose. She opened her eyes and stared at the door. She knew that Jepherson had come here and just left.

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The next morning, Scarlett went into the ward to visit Raeleigh. The loss of Raeleigh's baby was equally a great blow to Scarlett. She hadn't expected that Raeleigh would have lost her child.

She had been looking forward to meeting Raeleigh's baby, but this expectation had dissipated without so much as a warning. Nobody would be able to accept such a harsh reality.

Not to mention Scarlett, who had been envisioning countless moments in the future playing with the child.

Right then, that baby was gone, how could Scarlett not be sad?

"Mr. Jepherson was here. He stood outside and looked at you, and his face was sorrowful, but he didn't let me speak. Then, he left." Scarlett still told Raeleigh what had happened the previous night. Raeleigh just stared at her without a word.

She had been together with Jepherson for so long. Of course she could tell that he had been here. It was just that this accident had occurred so abruptly, and she had no idea how to respond when meeting him.

Scarlett was waiting for Raeleigh's response. Raeleigh, on the other hand, felt as though a weight had been taken off her chest. Now that it was useless to dwell on it, she'd better shut down her thoughts.

“Scarlette, when will my body recover? Could you please check with the doctor?” Raeleigh was unsettled that her grandmother would discover something if she stayed in the hospital for too long, so she wanted to be discharged from the hospital as soon as possible.

Scarlette found it hard to answer. What they were saying was not the same thing.

She looked at Cynthia. “Do you have any idea?”

Cynthia replied, “For your case, you can’t be discharged from the hospital so soon. It’s bad for your body.”

Cynthia had asked around. The doctor had said that Raeleigh would be fine in seven days, but plenty of women had attested to miscarriage being a lot worse than giving birth to a child. It might cause some irreparable damage to her body if she was not cautious.

Scarlette agreed with Cynthia. Raeleigh lay on her bed momentarily. “I need to be discharged from the hospital within a week. If it takes too long, then I’m worried that Grandma will lose sleep over me. You can rest assured that I will take good care of myself after I’ve been discharged, and I will explain to Grandma myself.”

Scarlette and Cynthia exchanged looks. Presently, Raeleigh didn’t hold out much hope. She appeared to be so collected that no one could say anything about it. When it came to a romantic relationship, those who were inexperienced might be clueless, but those who were experienced would be aware that they were in no position to comment much on others’ relationships. Only the parties involved would know whether their relationships could stand the test of time.

“Okay, I’ll ask the doctor. If we get the permission, then let’s get you discharged.” Cynthia stood up and was going to ask the doctor. Meanwhile, Xanthus came in. He had gone out to fetch some water in the morning. When he arrived at the door, he overheard their conversation.

He was well aware of Raeleigh’s feelings. So, he had already made up his mind on how to deal with this matter.

Pushing the door open, he cracked a smile. “I hope I’m not disturbing you.”

After the pleasantries, Xanthus then added, “You can be discharged in a week. Don’t worry about this.”

Raeleigh wore a smile. “Alright.”

Scarlette and Cynthia gaped at each other, their brows knitted.

What did he have to do with this? They wondered simultaneously.

Xanthus came in and set the flask in his hand down. He then walked to Raeleigh’s side and performed a simple checkup for her. He acted as if they were close, as if they were a couple.

Cynthia approached Santiago and pulled him. “It’s getting late. Wakey-wakey, rise and shine.”

Only then did Santiago slowly stir, but he did not respond at all, completely taking no notice of how Xanthus and Raeleigh got along with each other.

Chapter 1173

For the past few days of Raeleigh hospitalization, Jepherson hadn't shown up. At first, Santiago didn't pay attention to it. Later, he went to look for Jepherson, only to find that he was out of the country.

Santiago called him, but the one who answered the call was always Stuart, and Santiago gave him a good scolding. In the end, Stuart no longer dared to pick up his call again.

When the day came for Raeleigh to be discharged, Jepherson seemed to have disappeared off the face of the Earth.

Scarlette sat sullenly in the front passenger seat while Hadrian drove the car. Raeleigh and Cynthia sat in the back.

Knowing that it was time for Raeleigh to be discharged from the hospital, Deanna also came, although Zorion did not.

Deanna turned up with the protection of bodyguards.

Scarlette finally understood what it meant to have survived a traumatic experience.

Arriving at her home, Raeleigh got out of the car. Cynthia took away all the things from her hands, refusing to let her carry anything. Raeleigh looked at her. "I'm fine."

"A little caution goes a long way." In Cynthia's view, women deserved to be spoiled every once in a while, especially when Raeleigh was not in good health.

Once Santiago got out of the car, he received a phone call from Paige. On the phone, she vented her anger, told him to go back, and asked where Jepherson had disappeared to. "Madness, this is madness," was one of her many gripes.

Santiago didn't say anything. He hung up the phone and turned to look at the two women. "I need to go back, something came up. I'll leave Raeleigh to you."

"Go. I know what to do." Cynthia always listened to Santiago. She wouldn't raise any objections in whatever he did.

"Take good care of yourself." Santiago glanced at Raeleigh before he turned around, returned to the car, closed the door, and took out a pack of cigarettes. He had not smoked for a week. Right then, he started smoking again.

Raeleigh fixed her eyes on Santiago, who was smoking inside the car. She thought, "It's been this season, he shouldn't..."

On second thought, she realized it wouldn't be a problem for him even in that season as he was always healthy.

Everyone had gotten out of the car. Deanna walked to Raeleigh's side and sized up Cynthia. After that, she asked Raeleigh, "Raeleigh, where is Santiago going?"

"Home," Raeleigh answered. Deanna gazed at Raeleigh. "I see. Raeleigh, you have had a miscarriage. You should pay more attention to your health. Geez, I didn't even know that you were pregnant."

Cynthia goggled at Deanna in stupefaction. Scarlett used to tell her about how Deanna was not too bright. Right then, it seemed that Deanna's problems were more than just not being too bright. She couldn't read the room at all.

Scarlett came from behind. She was one of the reasons that Deanna had gone missing. Initially, she wanted to throw shade at Deanna, but she did not do so, and she even adopted a friendlier attitude towards her.

"Let's go in. Remember not to bring this matter up, no matter what. I'm sure Grandma will be sad if she knows it." Raeleigh had gone through such a mishap. There was no way Novalie would be pleased to hear about it.

Deanna turned around and looked at Scarlett. "Scarlett, in your opinion, why did Jepherson leave?"

Scarlett felt awkward. She stole a glance at Raeleigh. She had grown accustomed to how mindless Deanna was.

"How would I know anything about Mr. Jepherson? My advice is, you'd better not be a busybody and just mind your own business. Chop-chop, in you go." Scarlett urged her to go in, so that she would stop running her mouth. Deanna, however, did not share Scarlett's sentiment. She pushed Scarlett's hand away and sidled up to Raeleigh. "Raeleigh... I didn't know Jepherson was such a person. He didn't tell me anything about leaving. I will call him."

Raeleigh froze for a moment while Scarlett was greatly annoyed by Deanna. "What has that got to do with you? If you have all the time in the world, then just take care of yourself, thank you very much."

"I..." Deanna was about to speak again, but Scarlett directly pushed her into the house. "I see that you want to have your cake and eat it. In you go."

Being pushed by Scarlett, Deanna was unhappy, and her face was taut. Nonetheless, she was helpful towards Raeleigh. She said to Raeleigh, "Raeleigh, don't worry, I won't sit by and do nothing."

Scarlett shot a glance at Raeleigh silently, thinking in her mind, "Why didn't she react at all when she heard what Deanna said."

Only then did Raeleigh speak. "Jepherson and I have made it clear. Don't concern yourself with our affairs anymore, or else he will think that I have deceived you."

Raeleigh's last sentence was just a joke, but Deanna took it seriously.

"I won't be deceived. I've grown up. Even my brother said that I've already grown up," Deanna said confidently. Raeleigh found it comical, saying, "Great."

Standing aside, Scarlett was lost for words. Would a person who was grown up keep trumpeting that she had grown up?

Cynthia had already arranged everything nicely. This was what she excelled at.

She, Elina's daughter, was naturally different from ordinary people. Anyway, her upbringing had contributed to her excellence.

Xanthus stood aside and gazed at Cynthia with a hint of admiration in his eyes. A faint smile crept over his lips subconsciously.

“Let’s go. The luggage are all here.” Cynthia held Raeleigh’s arm after counting all the luggage. It seemed that she was holding Raeleigh’s hand and walking into the villa, but in fact, she was helping Raeleigh getting in.

Scarlette and Deanna were still talking whereas Hadrian accompanied them through the door.

Upstairs, Novalie looked down. When she saw Raeleigh coming in with Cynthia’s help, she managed to grasp what was going on. Then, she swept her eyes over the things carried in by Hadrian. Deanna had asked someone to buy some expensive supplements for Raeleigh.

Novalie walked back to her chair and sat down, furrowing her brow. There was an inexplicable grief in her heart.

To her, no distress could second seeing Raeleigh suffer.

After entering the villa, Raeleigh sat downstairs for a while. She was weak and had begun to sweat after taking a few steps.

Novalie was waiting upstairs, but Raeleigh hadn’t gone and greeted her yet. She was aware that Raeleigh was not in good health. Therefore, she waited patiently.

Raeleigh rested briefly, wiped the sweat off her body before she paid Novalie a visit.

Arriving at the door, Raeleigh knocked on the door. Inside, Novalie said, “Come in.”

Raeleigh pushed the door open and went in. Novalie could tell that she was much thinner. She felt an inexplicable regret for Raeleigh.

After studying Raeleigh for a short time, Novalie said, “Don’t be so silly in the future. You should have told me everything earlier.”

Upon hearing her words, Raeleigh’s sorrow poured out in a flood of uncontrollable tears. She entered the room, hugged Novalie, and cried her heart out. Novalie was filled with remorse. If it weren’t for her, then her granddaughter wouldn’t have fallen in love with Jepherson, and she wouldn’t have wound up in this way.

Novalie had thought Jepherson was a determined man. Unexpectedly, he didn’t live up to her expectations.

He still hurt her granddaughter.

Raeleigh was a little tired from sobbing. Novalie told her, “As the saying goes, every cloud has a silver lining. Every hardship you’ve gone through will be a lesson for you. You’re still young, and there’s a long journey ahead of you. Don’t give up at this time. Do you hear me?”

“I’m too old to do anything for you. Instead, I’m counting on you to take care of me. If something happens to you, then what should I do?”

Her words set Raeleigh at ease. Eventually, she fell asleep in Novalie’s arms.

As for Novalie, she sat contemplating her life. In her mind, life was just a show of mixed joys and sadness, where people took turns to play their respective roles. No one was the real winner in the end. Agony, woe, and heartbreak were known to none but oneself.

She sighed softly and took a look at Raeleigh, thinking, "This child has a hard life. Why can't those people just let her have a peaceful life?"

Closing her eyes, Novalie patted Raeleigh gently on the back. If others wouldn't dote on Raeleigh, then she would. There would always be someone to understand Raeleigh's pains.

Chapter 1174

Downstairs, Deanna kept inundating Jepherson with calls.

She wanted to ask why he neither visited Raeleigh nor picked her up when she was discharged from the hospital. She was so indignant that she channeled her fury through the calls.

Scarlette had tried to stop her at first, but she gave up eventually. There existed in this world a sort of people who couldn't be reasoned with. The more the advice given to them, the more obstinate they would be. They insisted on going their own ways.

Deanna was a typical example of this species.

Scarlette, for one, wanted to see if her attempts would be fruitful at last. But later, it turned out that Jepherson neither picked up her calls, nor did he reply to them, even until her phone was out of battery.

Deanna found a charger to charge her phone, sitting aside, containing the anger within her.

Looking at how she behaved, Cynthia gradually understood why Santiago had searched for Deanna instantly the moment he heard that Deanna had gone missing, and why he had done it without any rest.

Perhaps, there was love, but it was definitely not the love that was known between a man and woman. It was the love for a little girl who hadn't grown up yet.

Deanna's world was rather pure. She would not scheme against others. Although she had shown some cunning, she had yet to mature.

Cynthia placed the washed fruits on the table before Deanna. "Eat some fruits first. He won't pick up the call even if you continue calling."

Deanna raised her head and widened her eyes. "Why?"

"Perhaps, he is also very disheartened now, which is why he can't come back to see Raeleigh for the time being, and maybe he's blaming himself." This was Cynthia's view. In fact, it was not difficult to figure this out. All it took was only to put herself in others' shoes if she wanted to understand their feelings.

Deanna chomped on a piece of fruit. "You mean that Jepherson is also very sad, but he didn't come because he's blaming himself?"

"Bingo." Actually, Cynthia wasn't very sure either. After all, it was not her own business.

“Oh,” Deanna replied, leaning against her chair.

After sitting for a while, Deanna checked the time and turned to look at Raeleigh’s room upstairs before she stood up. “I’m going back, or else my brother will be worried about me.”

With that, she left. Scarlett went to see her off at the door. It wasn’t until she saw Deanna getting into the car that she turned back.

As soon as she turned around, Hadrian appeared and stared strangely at her, as though he was staring at a prisoner.

He blocked her way when she walked over. She raised her head in confusion. “What’s your problem?”

“Why did you buy a flight ticket?” Hadrian wore a gloomy expression. She frowned. “How did you know?”

Scarlette had bought it online. She hadn’t told anyone, but Hadrian knew it somehow. It gave her an eerie feeling.

“It doesn’t matter how I knew. Answer my question first.”

“The ticket speaks for itself. The reason I’ve bought one, of course, is to go abroad. Or, did you think I bought it to resell it to others at a higher price?”

“Cancel the ticket. You’re going nowhere.” Hadrian turned around and left. She followed him, trying to argue with him. But before the argument broke out, he had entered the living room, where there were many people. She didn’t want to quarrel with him in front of them. Quarrelling would turn them into a joke.

Hadrian was still pulling a long face when he entered the living room. He glanced at Xanthus and Cynthia, noticing nothing odd. He stood by the door while Scarlett came in, looked around, and walked to the couch. She started to feel drowsy after sitting down on it.

Hadrian had been gazing at her with a deeply furrowed brow.

Concurrently, Xanthus stood up and walked upstairs. When he arrived at the door of Novalie’s room, he knocked on it, after which she told him to enter. As soon as he pushed the door open, he saw that Raeleigh had fallen asleep in Novalie’s arms. He pulled her over, carried her, and placed her next to Novalie. Then, he covered her with the blanket, tucking her so she could rest.

He turned around and drew the curtains. The sun began filtering in, which was good for Raeleigh’s recovery.

Only then did he turn back and sit opposite to Novalie. Exhaustion was stark on his face. “I’m sorry to have troubled you.”

Novalie’s eyes fell on him. “It’s okay. Let bygones be bygones. Some things are just meant to be. You don’t have to get yourself in a mess over them.”

“Raeleigh is rather reserved. We may be siblings, but she won’t genuinely open up to me. I hope you can comfort and guide her.”

“I know what you mean. Don’t worry, she won’t get knocked down by others this easily.”

Novalie closed her eyes after saying so. Xanthus then got up and went outside.

Closing the door, he went downstairs and sat down, having no intention to leave.

Bemusement was written all over Cynthia’s face. She wondered, was he going to stay in the villa?

Scarlette had fallen asleep, and Cynthia couldn’t discuss it with Hadrian. Thus, she went back to her own room and called Santiago.

Meanwhile, Santiago was sitting opposite Paige and listening to her rants.

“Do you think that I will believe your claim that you’ve no idea where your brother has gone?” She was red with anger. In the past, she had wanted Deanna to be her granddaughter-in-law, but the name Deanna had long been history. Deanna had been abducted, and her reputation besmirched.

Paige wouldn’t allow her grandsons to marry such a woman.

Currently, she wanted to discuss this issue with Jepherson. However, Jepherson had vanished to who-knows-where.

Santiago looked at her, with his legs crossed, and said, “You’re no longer young. There’s a Lennox at home to handle all sorts of things. Why don’t you just go to the salon or spa, and treat yourself to a cuppa when you’re free? Why bother yourself with these petty matters? You only live once, it’ll be a real bummer if you waste it away, living in annoyance.”

“What... What did you say? Do you still respect me as your grandmother? Are you trying to incur my wrath?” Paige questioned while pointing her finger at him. Hearing this, he scratched his ears, stood up, turned around, and walked towards the door, intending to leave.

Paige yelled from behind, “Come back, come back, you! I haven’t finished speaking yet. Where are you going?”

Santiago stared at her. “Where I go is my own business. Don’t let it concern you.”

“Do you think I wish to be concerned about you?” she snapped.

“Or else? You called me back just to vent your spleen, no? You said that I don’t respect you. Anyway, you’re my only grandmother. Needless to say, you have two grandsons, yet you never treat your grandsons equally.”

After saying that, Santiago turned and left. His words left her dismayed. She sat down absent-mindedly on the couch.

Her eyes trailed Santiago, who had walked far away. She wondered what he meant by that.

The servants lowered their heads. Actually, to them, Santiago was prone to mischief, and he was not a wicked person. But then...

They exchanged looks, thinking that Paige had shown some bias against Santiago.

Santiago came out through the door and received a phone call from Cynthia. His phone rang when he was getting into the car.

Afterwards, he drove away from Harvey Manor. On the phone, Cynthia told him about Xanthus's intention to stay. Santiago replied, "Since Raeleigh has considered him as her brother, we don't need to care about their business. Just focus on our own issues. I'm going back now. Let's go watch a movie."

"Sorry, what?"

Cynthia was reeling in bewilderment from what she heard. Watch a movie?

"You mean a movie as in, like, a movie?" Her astonishment was beyond words. Was it an appropriate time to do this? She thought.

Chapter 1175

"Yeah, now." Hanging up, Santiago raced his car to Raeleigh's house. Upon arrival, he got out of the car and went in to find Cynthia, who had yet to change her clothes.

"Get changed and let's go," Santiago said decisively. Cynthia chewed on it for a moment before she turned to take her coat and went out with Santiago. While she was in the car, she said, "I don't think it's the right time for us to hang out."

"There is nothing right or wrong about it. Look, you've been busy for a week, and you owe this timeout to yourself." Santiago cracked a smile. At first, Cynthia wanted to tell him that she hadn't done much, but the words remained unspoken.

He sped to a jewelry shop, got out of the car, and went in to purchase a diamond bracelet for Cynthia. She said that she did not want it as it was too lavish a gift. Notwithstanding her objection, he still made the payment and let her put it on before he turned around and left the shop.

Cynthia chased after him from behind like a chick.

She intended to continue expressing her refusal after getting into the car, but Santiago stuffed a candy into her mouth, shutting her up.

Later, he brought her to the cinema. Getting out of the car, they browsed the list of movies that were scheduled for later. They chose a romantic movie, bought some snacks, and he then pulled her into the auditorium.

She looked down at her hand that was clasped by Santiago. Not daring to break free, she followed him inside.

After entering, the two of them sat down and waited for the movie to begin.

Cynthia was still spilling tears after the movie had ended. She lowered her head and wiped the tears. Romantic movies were beautiful as ever.

Santiago stripped off his jacket, pulled her over, hugged her close to him, and wrapped it around her as they walked out.

Outside, the reporters had been staking out for a crumb of news for a long time. The pair appearing was their cue to take pictures immediately. It was just that Santiago had never been afraid of this.

Getting into the car, Cynthia noticed the reporters and instantly shielded her face.

"It's not like you're having an affair with a married man. What are you so afraid of?" Santiago started the car, and lifted his hand to reveal her covered face. Only then did he drive back.

The sky had darkened by the time they reached home. After going in, Cynthia went to look for Raeleigh, only to find her still sleeping. Xanthus had also moved in and stayed in a room above Raeleigh's, so that he could give treatment to Raeleigh round the clock. In short, he had become her personal doctor.

Cynthia had wanted to raise her opinions, but after Santiago's tacit agreement, she no longer bothered with it.

Although she was not used to Xanthus's presence in this villa, she recollected the fact that she was also a guest here, and that made her reticent.

At dinner time, Santiago went upstairs to get Raeleigh, who had just reluctantly gotten up, but she did not come out. Novalie had told her that she would be room-bound for at least a month before she started moving around, and she actually followed Novalie's instruction to the letter.

A month later, late autumn had arrived when Raeleigh began to walk downstairs. She heard that the term break was around the corner.

However, for a university like theirs, the break was not very long. It was considered lucky to have a dozen days of break, and the break was usually during Christmas.

It sounded like the break would start soon, but Raeleigh felt that there was a long time between it. She wondered why so many people had already been discussing the break.

"I want to resign." On the first day Raeleigh went downstairs, she talked to Santiago about this. Santiago was watching television when she came up to him. He turned around and shot a strange look at her, as if he had heard something he should not have. He then leaned against the couch and fixed his piercing eyes on her.

Santiago hadn't seen Raeleigh for over a month since she hadn't come down, and he hadn't made any efforts to visit her either. Cynthia and Xanthus were the ones to go to Raeleigh's room most frequently. Scarlett also went, but most of the time, she was thinking about how to leave Capital City and hide abroad.

"I'm not the one who calls the shots when it comes to the company's affairs. You should know it." Santiago turned back and continued watching TV. Raeleigh sat down beside him. "You can call the shots if you're inclined to help me."

Cynthia also showed up bearing a fruit platter. She put it down and stood aside. Santiago glanced at her. "Don't stand there like a servant. Sit down."

Cynthia did as she was told obediently.

Raeleigh looked at her too, before she focused her eyes back on Santiago. "I don't suppose you could help me?"

Santiago watched TV without saying a word. Raeleigh said, "If you don't help me, then I will look for someone else. There's always someone willing to pay for me to rescind the contract."

"Why do you insist on rescinding the contract? Do you think you can sever your ties with him by doing so?" Santiago looked displeased. He turned to gaze towards Raeleigh, who briefly fell silent. She said, "Come what may, I want nothing to do with the Harvey family."

"What about me? Are you planning to disappear and never see me again after rescinding the contract?" Santiago suddenly asked. Raeleigh was dumbfounded for a while, followed by Cynthia.

The others might not be able to tell what was going on, but Cynthia could.

Raeleigh was the party involved, and as such, she couldn't put the situation into perspective.

On the other hand, Cynthia had an outsider's point of view, so she could understand the whole picture more comprehensively.

Raeleigh pondered over her decision momentarily. She would try not to say anything whenever there was an outburst from Santiago.

Staring at Raeleigh for a short time, he turned around and looked at the direction of the TV, gradually calming down, before saying, "I'm not at liberty to interfere with the company's affairs, and I don't have the right to do so. If you insist on leaving, then take your pick between these two. Either you lose your reputation, or your life!"

Raeleigh slowly raised her head and fixed her eyes on Santiago. "I haven't indentured myself as a slave to your company, have I?"

"Indeed, you haven't, but it was more or less the same. Should you die, the contract will be revoked, and the Harvey Group won't call your descendants to account for your wrongdoings. The same applies when you've lost all your reputation. Do you think you can up and leave just like that after you've sucked every last bit of the benefits, including the scholarship and the promotion contract you've signed? That's impossible with a capital 'I'. I don't know about the other cities, but as long as you're in Capital City, none of the companies will dare to hire you."

Even though Raeleigh was aware of what he said, she still wanted to try her luck.

"If you don't help me, then I'll go and look for Lamarre." Raeleigh thought of her mentor. Santiago laughed when he heard her words. "If he could, ever, help you, then I'll chop off my head, and you're welcome to bounce it like a ball."

Scarlette also felt that Raeleigh's plan was unlikely to work out. She said, "Raeleigh, even if you break up with Mr. Jepherson, it's unnecessary for you to leave the company. How about finishing your studies first, and then after you graduate, you can consider leaving. At that time, only your service, instead of yourself, will belong to the company."

Raeleigh shook her head. "I don't want to have any connections with him anymore. I just want to focus on my studies and leave this place later on."

“If he’s willing to let you go, then you’re free even if you’ve chosen to stay in the company. If he isn’t, then you’ll need to return, even from the ends of the Earth.”

Santiago rose to his feet and strode over to the courtyard.

Raeleigh watched him leave. She got up right away and followed him. He sat on a bench below a giant tree, feasting his eyes on the scenery. When Raeleigh came over, he crossed his legs and stared at her. She stood for a moment before approaching him. “Help me.”

Santiago lifted his eyelids. “I can’t.”

Silence descended upon Raeleigh. She turned around and went back to the villa. Never again did she give her actions and emotions away, nor did she bring up again the subject of leaving Harvey Group. On that same note, however, she didn’t produce any pieces of work, and Harvey Group didn’t bother her either.

Raeleigh rested for two days and was ready to attend the lectures in the university.

“Raeleigh, are you really going to attend the lectures?” Deanna had bought a lot of delicious food for Raeleigh Tristany in the morning. Recently, Deanna had been spending her time in leisure and hadn’t been attending any lectures. Rossie came to her house, and her brother no longer stayed by her side every day. Sometimes, she felt that she had fallen out of her brother’s favor.

Nevertheless, she was still quite happy that her brother had taken a liking to someone. It was just that she couldn’t put up with his behavior of overstaying his welcome in Rossie’s room. After all, Rossie was a girl. How could he do such a thing to a girl by force?

She had seen Rossie trying to flee more than once, but her endeavors were all to no avail.

Deanna felt that her brother was guilty of occasionally going too far with his actions.

“I’m all fine now, so I can go to the university. If I don’t, then my body is gonna age way faster than its expiry date.” Raeleigh tidied herself up, dressing up in her former style. Deanna sat aside with her white blouse and yellow coat. She was as beautiful as a flower fairy in autumn, but she envied Raeleigh, and the decisiveness and determination she possessed. Unlike herself, who was always indecisive and couldn’t decide on what to do.

“Then, I also want to go to campus. I’ll go with you.” Deanna called home. Her brother was busy showering, and it was Rossie who picked up her call.

“Hello?” Rossie’s voice could be heard through the phone. Deanna had gotten used to Rossie instead of her brother answering her call. “Rossie, I’m at Raeleigh’s house. I’ll be attending the lectures. Pass this message to my brother, thanks.”

“I got you. Be careful.” Rossie put down the phone and took a look at Zorion, who was wrapped in a towel and had just come out of the shower room. She told him, “The call was from your sister. She said that she is going to attend lectures. She is at Raeleigh’s place currently.”

Drying his hair, Zorion gazed at Rossie while he approached her.

“Why did you put on your clothes? Are you going out?” Zorion walked up to her, threw the towel aside, and cuddled her.

Rossie didn't push him away, but neither did she welcome it either.

“I figure I could use a day off.”

“Remind me again, to get a day off or to run away?” There had been more than a few times that he had ambushed her and brought her back, yet she still intended to run away.

“I have no intention of running away.” Rossie didn't know what to say. It was not that she hated Zorion. She just didn't want to follow in her mother's footsteps and ended up being a plaything of men.

She wanted to decide her own fate, and to obtain her desired freedom through her own efforts.

Zorion held Rossie tightly. “No, you're trying to run away.”

“You know what? Whatever floats your boat.” Rossie lowered her head, showing not much of a reaction. Zorion pinched her chin, forcing her to look at him.

Their eyes met. “Under no circumstances should you try to escape again. If I catch you doing it, then you're in for a good beating.”

“I'm human, and I'm not running away. I just want to feel the weather outside. Can't I even do that?”

“Of course you can do that, but you can't leave my sight. I was taking a shower just now while you were putting on your clothes outside. You said that you want to have a day off, but have you asked me?” Zorion lashed out. Rossie raised her hand and pushed him, but she failed to push him away as he started kissing her. Initially, she wanted to reject him, but she was still pressed down on the bed by him. He had just taken a shower, and he should have laid down and rested, but he did not. Nothing could beat lovemaking with her.

The servants downstairs were looking upwards. It was very quiet over the past two days. However, right after Deanna had left, Zorion went to Rossie's room at once and had not come out since.

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Raeleigh and the others arrived at the university gate and got out of the car, one after another. Santiago also tagged along that day. Raeleigh was going to attend the lectures, so naturally, Santiago didn't want to be left behind.

After entering the campus, Raeleigh followed Santiago to the lecture hall. She headed there in a daze as she looked around the surroundings.

The others were walking in the front while she was falling behind. She stared blankly at the last leaf on a tree branch. The autumn wind brushed over the fallen leaves and rustled them, but didn't manage to blow the last leaf off the tree. Her eyes were fixed on it. She didn't know what was going on in her mind, but an inexplicable feeling of despondency enveloped her when she gazed at the last leaf and its incoming demise.

Santiago had walked halfway when he turned around to find that she had stayed rooted under a big tree, appearing to be lost in her thoughts. He called out to her. "Back to Earth yet, space cadet?"

Raeleigh suddenly came to her senses and looked at Santiago. Only then did she catch up with them. Scarlett and Deanna walked to her side. They were so engrossed in their conversation about the game that Raeleigh had slipped their minds.

Raeleigh made her way to Santiago. Then, she continued to walk forward quietly.

Santiago shoved his hands into his pockets, leading the way expressionlessly, followed by three pretty girls behind him. They were a sight for sore eyes when they walked across the campus together.

When Santiago came to an abrupt halt, Raeleigh didn't notice it and bumped into him. Following that, she looked up at him while patting the head of a blockhead. He frowned, turned around, and said unhappily, "If you don't want to attend the lecture, then don't come. Don't act like you've lost your soul."

Raeleigh sidestepped him and continued going forward without speaking a word, for she had nothing to say.

Santiago caught up with her, taking her aside, but she refused to go with him. Subsequently, they began pulling and pushing each other. Scarlett was so on edge that she had no idea how to console Raeleigh. Deanna, on the other hand, couldn't care less about manners. She stepped forward and pushed Santiago, protecting Raeleigh, who was behind her. "What are you doing? You wanna fight, huh?"

Santiago stopped, biting his lip. "Should I teach you a lesson?"

"Excuse you? I think you're the one who should be taught a lesson. Don't forget that I'm older than you. You should regard me as your elder sister," Deanna said, standing with her arms akimbo. Santiago gnashed his teeth. "Get out of the way."

"Over my dead body. What can you do to me? Don't think that you're very capable just because you looked taller and more muscular than us women. Let me tell you something. You're all brawn and no brains. Raeleigh can do whatever she wants. She doesn't take orders from you."

Raeleigh stood behind her, ruminating for a while. Then, she lifted her hand and pulled Deanna. "Deanna."

"Raeleigh, don't be afraid. As long as I am here, he won't dare to do anything to you. I will tell my brother." Deanna turned around and looked at Raeleigh, who shook her head, saying, "I'm okay. He just wanted to take me aside so I could collect myself. He thinks it's meaningless for me to attend the lecture with me being in this state. Actually, I'm with him on this. It was just that he was a bit rude, so it kinda triggered the fight-or-flight response in me. But we're good."

"Raeleigh, you're too kind for your own good." Scarlett held Raeleigh's hand, unable to swallow her anger.

"Scarlette, go to the lecture hall first with Deanna and Hadrian. I want to go for a stroll. Santiago will accompany me. Trust me, I'll be fine."

After saying so, Raeleigh turned around and walked to another side, stepping along the path littered with fallen leaves.

Chapter 1176

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Chapter 1177

"Is Raeleigh dying?" Looking at Raeleigh's back from a distance, Deanna pouted and felt weepy. At first, Scarlett wanted to admonish Deanna, but her words were stuck in her throat when she saw Deanna's doleful expression.

Seeing how Raeleigh lived like a zombie, Scarlett couldn't be cheerful either. It was just that Jepherson had disappeared without leaving a message. She could neither understand it, nor could she accept it.

Raeleigh sauntered for a short time before she found a secluded spot and sat under a tree. In fact, it was pretty quiet that season.

Yet, Raeleigh felt that only a place out of everyone's sight could offer the real quiet and tranquility she yearned for.

The moment she sat down on the ground, Santiago took off his jacket and threw it to her. "Sit on this."

Raeleigh took a look at the clothes on her lap but didn't heed his words. She didn't think it was a good idea to sit on a man's clothes.

She gave only the slightest glance before she held the jacket in her arms and leaned against the tree.

She thought she was fine, but the death of her unborn baby had plunged her into despair. She had tried to uplift her spirits, but her efforts were futile. It was as if all the bones in her body were shattered to Dixonereens, and albeit her attempts to piece them together bit by bit, it came to nothing.

She had no strength then. She didn't have the strength to speak, to experience life in this world, nor to do anything else.

She sat for a while, lowered her head, and buried her face in Santiago's jacket, her fair hands lying limp above her knees. Her arms were as skinny as that of a child's. Her fingers were already slender to begin with. Right then, they looked as thin as bamboo branches, and she was all skin and bones.

Standing and leaning against a tree with his hands in his pockets, Santiago looked up at the clouds in the sky. He squinted as he breathed, feeling the air of melancholy brought by autumn.

Raeleigh sat there for a long time and only got up after two o'clock in the afternoon. Sweeping her eyes over Santiago, who was on the verge of nodding off, she walked towards him. "Don't doze off, it's getting dark. You might just be carried away by the boogeyman when night comes."

Santiago opened his eyes and stared at her. "Even if the boogeyman comes, it won't take me away. It would be you, if you ask me."

"And how sure are you of that?" Raeleigh was amused. She felt a bit chilly after sitting there for hours. Hence, she put on the jacket while bantering with Santiago.

Santiago raised his hand and flicked her forehead. "Make a guess."

Raeleigh rubbed her head. She had grown accustomed to being touched by him every now and then. This was in line with his character, and the way he greeted her was touchy-feely. Old habits die hard, and she had no solution to deal with it either.

Realizing that Santiago was trying so hard to protect her, Raeleigh felt that it was acceptable to be flicked by him.

“I think the boogeyman must hate to eat you because you’re thick-skinned and your meat is tough, unlike me, who is thin, and my meat is tender.” Raeleigh laughed and turned to walk elsewhere. Santiago followed her from behind. They began to talk on the way.

“So, do you feel better now?” Santiago teetered playfully while looking at Raeleigh. He couldn’t tell if her spirits had been lifted, but she seemed to have thought things through.

Santiago walked forward as Raeleigh said, “I need some time before I can restore my strength again, but I think I’m fine now. For the next few years, I’ll have to focus on the university courses.”

“I can’t waste my time on this. Only when I finish my degree can I pursue my goal.”

“If your goal is to leave the Harvey Group, I advise you to give up on it,” Santiago said, to which she ignored and checked the time. Now that she had been moving around, her hunger caught up with her.

“I’ll treat you to lunch.” Raeleigh took out her purse and made her way towards the gate. Santiago sneered. “Who was the one saying that she wants to focus on studying just now? Why are you leaving the uni for food?”

Raeleigh grinned. “I was talking about the future, not today. Just see it as a treat before the hard work. I want to hang out and have a good meal today. Then, I’ll come back to study tomorrow.”

That was exactly what she had mind, so she strode out of the university without hesitation.

Afterwards, they got into the car, and Santiago drove her to a restaurant.

Raeleigh emptied her wallet and gave the dollar to Santiago. “This is all I got. You have to pay for the rest. I initially planned to take you for a barbecue. A few hundred bucks would have sufficed, but lo and behold, you brought me to this place. The food here is quite expensive, you know.”

Raeleigh sat aside and was ready to dig in as the waiter was busy serving the food.

Santiago glanced at the money she placed at the side. It was not even enough to pay for a bread roll.

He looked askance at her. “This much is enough only for a bread roll. That’s it?”

She replied, “Hey, this much is good enough. For your information, this one dish is even costlier than a whole table of dishes that I would always go for. People are born equally, but some only want the best in life.”

Santiago could still remain composed when she said the first sentence. However, he was affronted by her second sentence.

“Are you referring to me?” Holding his cutlery, Santiago raised his eyebrow. Raeleigh replied, “Nah, I was just talking about ‘some people’.”

He was rendered speechless.

She was clearly referring to him.

Santiago snorted and lowered his head to slice the food for Raeleigh.

It was her first time to have patronized such a place. Although it looked simple, she didn't know where to start. So, she had to learn about the dining etiquette and table manners.

With her appetite satiated, Raeleigh lounged at the side and watched the television available in the restaurant. The volume of Santiago's stomach it not one of a regular human's. He polished off the whole table of dishes in an instant.

Raeleigh received a call from Scarlett, asking where she was. Raeleigh told her that she was having lunch, which imbued Scarlett with envy.

"Raeleigh, where are you? How about I go over and have some food?" Standing by the gate, Scarlett's eyes lit up at the thought of stuffing herself with a scrumptious meal.

Deanna rolled her eyes at Scarlett scornfully. What a starry-eyed girl Scarlett was, Deanna thought. She could always pay for herself if she wanted to eat. What was so big a deal with having a meal?

As for Santiago, as rich as he was, he still lived off his parents.

As if Deanna would envy him. She returned to her car and told Scarlett, "I'll look for you guys tomorrow."

Scarlett waved her hand flippantly. Her desire for the meal had overcome her urge to listen to what Deanna said.

"I'm done eating. There's nothing left on the table, and Santiago has paid the bill. If you want to have lunch here, then come over with Hadrian, but I'm not sure if Santiago is inclined to pay for your lunch."

Scarlett furrowed her brow and thought, did she need to pay for her lunch on her own?

After a long time, she gave up. "Consider it cancelled. You guys go ahead. I'll have lunch at home"

Scarlett was extremely discontented with Raeleigh. She hung up and cursed Raeleigh silently in her heart for not asking her to join them.

Getting back into the car, she was still fantasizing about the delicacies. Unfortunately, she couldn't have any because she barely made ends meet.

Not long after that, the car arrived at a high-class restaurant. Hadrian stole a glance at her through the rear-view mirror. He unfastened the seat belt and got out of the car, saying, "Get down."

Scarlett looked out of the window, and she had the urge to strut into the restaurant when she saw many customers entering and exiting from it. However...

When she looked at Hadrian, not even the ghost of her appetite was left.

Hadrian had been waiting for her, but she had never intended to get out of the car. She didn't have money, but she didn't want to be treated by Hadrian. In the past, he hadn't allowed her to eat freely. Now that the statute of limitations was lifted, she no longer wanted to indulge him with it.

Chapter 1178

Scarlette still had not emerged out of the car after Hadrian had waited for a long time. He went to her side, raised his hand, and rapped on the door, but she remained seated in the car.

He opened the door and went in, staring at her. "Are you coming out or not?"

Scarlette pulled a long face as she stared at him. "We agreed to go home. Why would you come here?"

Annoyance was written all over her face.

"Then, I'll carry you down." Hadrian bent over, intending to lift Scarlette into his arms. She dodged to the side, refusing to let him carry her.

However, Hadrian seemed to have anticipated her reaction. He held her hand and pulled her over. When she was in his arms, he got out of the car and put her down. Subsequently, he held her wrist with one hand and closed the car door with the other. After that, he turned around and pulled her towards the restaurant.

She didn't want to go in. She stood outside and struggled, but she was weaker than him in terms of strength. The push-and-pull ended with her being pulled inside.

After booking a private room, she was pushed into it by Hadrian.

The waiters and waitresses were scared out of their wits, not knowing what was going on. Once they had entered the private room, Scarlette lifted her hand to smack Hadrian's face, taking out her anger on him without holding back. He didn't dodge it.

Smack!

All of a sudden, there was a moment of silence. Hadrian ran his tongue across his teeth, and his deep eyes landed on her. "Can we have our meal now?"

She glowered at him, and her face instantly turned white as a sheet. "Don't you ever think that the score has been settled with that one slap. I'm telling you, they will never be settled in this lifetime."

Turning around, she sat down and smacked the table with her palm. "Serve the dishes."

The waiter trembled in fear and quickly went to pick up the dishes.

Only then did Hadrian sit down and look at her, face-to-face. "You were too young back then. It was not that I disliked you, but it was more like I couldn't bring myself to lay my hands on a young girl. Besides, you took an inordinately proactive approach by getting into my bed even before I could do anything. What else was left for me to do to woo you?"

Hadrian explained, to which Scarlette found it ludicrous and laughed hysterically.

Then, he just watched as she laughed.

"Do you still think I'm an idiot? No, I'm not. Let me get this straight with you. Quit using your excuses to fool me. I'm well aware that you've never saved a spot for me in your heart, never. I have zero trust in you. I will find my Mr. Right, and he will be better than you."

Scarlette snarled at him, and his face fell. "Better than me? How, pRhys tell, can he be better than me?"

“He’ll outshine you in every aspect,” growled Scarlett. Hadrian replied coldly, “I will kill any men aside from me who dares to lay a finger on you. We shall see who has the guts to do so!”

Hearing his words, Scarlett gritted her teeth. “Says the guy who’s shameless.”

“Since you know that I’m shameless, then don’t even think about what you shouldn’t do. Whatever you want to eat and drink, I’ll provide them all for you. I’ll give you whatever you want, but you can’t replace me with another man. You’d better banish such thoughts from your head right away, or I’ll have all sorts of ways to show you who’s the boss.”

Hadrian shot a sinister glance at her. The waiters and waitresses had been eavesdropping outside, and his words sent chills down their spines. To them, such a man was too much like a gangster. Whoever ended up with him would only end in misery.

For some reason, their hearts went out to Scarlett.

However, little did they know that Scarlett’s earlier slap was about to catalyze a war between men and women.

A waiter entered the private room, placing the plates and cutlery orderly. He appeared to be a 20-year-old youth. He was not handsome, but he was definitely suave and well-trained. Even though it was a restaurant, its owner had hired a bunch of good-looking young lads and girls, so that it could offer a feast for the eyes, as well as cater to the palate of the customers. Unexpectedly, such a strategy had spelled disaster for this restaurant.

Noticing how attractive the waiter was, Scarlett felt that the food had become tastier. She kept staring at him while having her meal. As a well-trained waiter, he politely gave her a smile in return.

“How old are you?” asked Scarlett. He told her that he was twenty years old. Next, Scarlett asked him if he was still studying, and he answered that the financial conditions of his family weren’t very encouraging, and that his academic performances in school were bad too, so he had to start working.

Scarlett took the initiative to tell him. “I’m nineteen.” Finding that she was beautiful, he snuck a glance at her, and she just cracked a smile at him. And... all h*ll broke loose.

Raeleigh was about to rest when she received the call. Following that, she ran down from upstairs. Santiago also came downstairs at the same time. He took a look at her and showed an unhappy face. “What’s with that nervousness? It’s not you who’s being imprisoned.”

Raeleigh put on her coat. “Scarlett said that a man had been beaten to death.”

“Death?” For Santiago, that was not what he heard.

“He died just like that?” Santiago turned around and walked towards the door, wondering if he was never to have a day of peace.

Cynthia asked from behind, “When will you guys come back?”

“I don’t know. Go to bed Tristany. Remember to close the doors and windows.” With that, Santiago left. In fact, there were not many doors and windows to be closed. He just wanted to let her know that she should be cautious at home.

Getting into the car, Raeleigh followed Santiago to the police station. As soon as they entered through the door, the rest of the Cole family came into sight.

Flynt was sitting aside. When he saw Raeleigh, he froze for a moment. Afterwards, his eyes were on Hadrian and Scarlett.

Given that the two of them were involved in the fight, undoubtedly, he had to call them to account for it.

Raeleigh glanced at Santiago. She had not expected to see Flynt here. If she had known in advance that he was here, then she would have brought Cynthia over.

After all, they were siblings.

Santiago shot daggers at Raeleigh before he walked over. When he reached her, his eyes stRhyed to Scarlett. "Are you injured?"

Scarlette shook her head. "No, Mr. Santiago."

"Well, did you fight?" Santiago asked. She shook her head again. "I tried to stop him."

"And failed?" asked Santiago. That time, Scarlette nodded, and he then added, "Why am I not surprised at your flair for stirring up trouble."

She lowered her head, astonished at the odds of Flynt showing up right after the guy had been thrashed.

"Raeleigh, go through the formalities and bail Scarlette out." Santiago had no one by his side, so he had no option but to order Raeleigh.

Raeleigh did as he said by turning around and looking for the police officer who was in charge of the bailing.

Santiago cast a look at Hadrian, making sure he was alright. With his hand raised, he looked at Hadrian. "Did you kill him?"

"I only threw a punch at him, and then he was out cold. Plus, their men refused to take him to the hospital." Hadrian was aware that he had been set up, so he had to make it clear. Otherwise, Santiago and the Harvey family would be implicated.

Santiago nodded before he gazed at Flynt. "And what brings you here?"

"Why can't I be here? Is there a rule stating that only you, Mr. Santiago, can come here while I can't?"

Santiago snorted and said, "Despite being my brother-in-law, you've been holding a grudge against me, and you even landed us all here in the police station. You have the nerve, I must say." After finishing his words, Santiago disregarded Flynt and turned to sweep his eyes over others. Meanwhile, Flynt was infuriated by Santiago's sarcastic remark.

"Bullsh*t! Cynthia..."

Santiago turned around. "Bullsh*t, huh? Do we have to call Cynthia to come here for clarification?"

Upon hearing Santiago's words, Flynt suddenly fell silent, thinking, "Cynthia again? God d*mn it! Is Santiago intending to use my d*mned sister to hold me down forever?"

Chapter 1179

"The relationship between my sister and you is another story. I don't want to interfere with her choice. But you... you may be a member of the Harvey family, but you can't alter the outcome of this matter."

"By killing a person, you have transgressed the law. And by doing that, your man must pay for it. You should understand it." Flynt sneered. "However, you're from the Harvey family, and I can give you some time to talk to your people. Mr. Santiago, I believe that you won't aid and abet in a murder, or will you?"

"Because that sounds like something the likes of you will usually do. We haven't committed any murder. Hence, we don't need to deceive anybody. If your obscurity troubles you so much that you can't help being an attention seeker, then I can lend you a hand. Might I suggest making your glorious 'achievements' the talk of the town?"

"Are you threatening me?" Flynt smirked.

"Uh-oh, I'm only offering help to settle things. You'd better not forget who you are." Santiago turned around to look at Scarlett. "Tell me, what's going on?"

Scarlett answered, "I was, you know, having a disagreement with Hadrian. Then, I talked to the waiter. Hadrian just kind of blew up and punched the waiter, and he passed out."

"I was about to stop Hadrian and tell him not to fight when he and his men stormed in and took the waiter away. Not long after that, we heard the news of his death."

While saying so, she pointed at Flynt, who seemed to be amused, an insufferable smugness displayed on his face.

Santiago, as well, was not a person who wouldn't fight back in the face of adversity. After grasping the gist of the incident, he stepped towards Flynt. "Did you, by any means, set Hadrian up as a scapegoat?"

"Jesting, are we, Mr. Santiago? Say, if I wanted to set someone up, then why didn't I target you? To frame a subordinate of yours wouldn't be worth the effort at all. Also, I have never done such a thing."

"As for whether you've done it or not, you know it very well, and God knows it too."

"But no matter, the truth will come to light eventually."

After saying this, Santiago took out his phone and made a call. Soon, somebody else came to the police station. In fact, when Santiago came out of the house, Jepherson had been notified of the news. It was just that Jepherson himself was not here. He had sent his subordinates to come in instead.

Entering the police station, one of them hurriedly approached Santiago and spoke to him, nodding.

"Mr. Jepherson is outside. He instructed us to handle this issue. He wanted you and your people to stay out of it, and leave." With that, the man turned around and left.

As Santiago took his leave, Flynt called out to him. "Santiago, previously, you lured my sister away and pretended to kidnap her as a leverage for me to release your man. This time, let's see if you have any other tricks up your sleeve."

Santiago stopped, turned around, and stared at him. "This time, I don't need any d*mned tricks to have the last laugh still."

After that, he left with Raeleigh and Scarlett. The rest of Jepherson's men immediately strode towards Hadrian and gave him a full-body examination to prevent him from being tortured here.

Raeleigh followed Santiago. As soon as they exited the police station, Stuart, who was waiting outside, came into their view. Seeing him, Santiago knew that Jepherson had returned.

"He's still alive?" Santiago asked. Stuart quickly lowered his head and replied, "Mr. Jepherson's heart disease needs to be treated overseas. He has been receiving treatment all this while. You've misunderstood him."

"I don't need you to tell me whether I've misunderstood him. I'm clear-headed enough to judge it myself." Santiago walked to a car parked opposite the police station. He then knocked on the door, opened it, and got into it. Raeleigh didn't do the same since Jepherson was also in it. She just stood outside the car.

"Get in, will ya," Santiago told her. However, she refused and went towards Santiago's car, waiting for his return. If Santiago did not come back, then she could take another car to leave.

Scarlette followed her closely and went to Santiago's car. She asked, "Raeleigh, why didn't you get into the car?"

"Why should I?" Raeleigh wore a puzzled expression, which rendered Scarlette speechless. She only said after a long while, "Mr. Jepherson has been receiving treatment abroad."

"Scarlette, I initially wanted to talk you into making peace with Hadrian, but later on, I found that all relationships are the same. If there's room for reconciliation, then we wouldn't have broken up at first. Every relationship falls apart for a reason."

Raeleigh didn't see any point in explaining. She just wanted to let Scarlette know that there was no chance for her and Jepherson to rekindle the old flame.

Pursing her lips, Scarlette felt dejected. However, it was really Jepherson's fault. Hence, Scarlette was in no position to speak up for him.

After waiting for a while, Santiago still had not emerged from Jepherson's car. She didn't know what the brothers were talking about. Thus, Raeleigh told Scarlette to get the key from Santiago, so that the two of them could drive back home by themselves.

Even though Scarlette felt that it would displease the brothers, she still did as Raeleigh said.

To Scarlette, both Jepherson and Santiago were terrifying. Be that as it may, her relationship with Raeleigh prevailed over her fear towards them.

She ran over and got the car keys before she came back, driving Raeleigh back home.

Inside his car, Jepherson's eyes were fixed on Raeleigh when she got into another car. His eyes didn't stray elsewhere even as she left.

"She's already gone. What are you looking at?" Santiago leaned to one side with his legs crossed. Hearing his words, Jepherson shot an indifferent glance at him before he ordered the chauffeur, "Follow them."

The chauffeur looked around and started driving. At that time, Stuart was in the car, too. They followed Raeleigh and Scarlett from behind. Jepherson couldn't be relieved if he didn't see Raeleigh arrive home safely.

When they reached home, Raeleigh got out of the car to find that Jepherson's car was nearby, but she didn't give much of a response. She turned around and walked while thinking about something.

Scarlett told her, "Mr. Jepherson must be worried about you because he's been following us all the way back."

"It's not necessarily because of us that he does that. Santiago's also in his car. He might be following Santiago to come back, do you understand?"

After Raeleigh finished her words, she went back to her room. Scarlett stopped and took a look at the gateway. While she was wondering if Raeleigh had hit the nail on the head, Stuart got out of the car and opened the door for Santiago. Subsequently, Santiago really emerged from the car. At that moment, Scarlett had the impression that Jepherson was insouciant to the point of being ruthless.

"My men will follow up with Hadrian's case. Mind your own business," Jepherson said as Stuart closed the car door. Santiago laughed. "You'll never win a girl's heart if you keep it up with your ego."

Jepherson didn't hear anything, but Stuart did. He glanced at Santiago before he turned and sat back in the car.

As the car was driven away, Jepherson's eyes slowly landed on the upstairs windows of Raeleigh's house. They were dark, so she didn't go back at all. It turned out that she couldn't be bothered to look at him, not even for once.

Stuart was seized by a deep concern for Jepherson. He didn't know what was going on between Raeleigh and him.

He thought the two of them were just fine before that. He mused, "How could they break up all of a sudden? And the baby, was it really because of Mr. Jepherson that it was lost?"

Leaning against the seat and raising his head, Jepherson closed his eyes. "Head for the hotel."

"Not the Ink Garden?" asked Stuart. Jepherson didn't answer him. Frowning, Stuart remembered that the miscarriage stemmed from the elevator incident at the hotel, where Raeleigh had been trapped inside. Wouldn't it, he thought, evoke Jepherson's unpleasant memories by going back to the hotel?

Chapter 1180

Arriving at the villa, Raeleigh sat downstairs. It was not very late. They went to the police station and came back very soon. Actually, it didn't take much time.

She was waiting for Santiago to come back to inquire about Hadrian's matter. Scarlett was also feeling on edge about it.

Xanthus and Cynthia didn't rest either. When they saw Raeleigh and Scarlett come back, they both sat down in the living room.

Santiago came in from the door. It wasn't until he sat down that Raeleigh started asking, "Is Hadrian in hot water? Did someone really die?"

"The waiter is dead for sure." Santiago sat down, picked up an orange, and began peeling it.

Raeleigh gasped. "Seriously?"

"Otherwise, why was Flynt so arrogant?" When speaking of Flynt, derision was written all over Santiago's face. Cynthia blanched when she heard what he said. Santiago then added, "Cynthia, you shouldn't consider yourself one of them. You didn't do anything other than bearing the same family name as them."

Cynthia didn't answer. Santiago patted the spot next to him. "Come and sit here."

Cynthia swept her eyes across everyone before she got up and sat down beside him.

Only then did Santiago continue saying, "Do you mind it?"

How could she not mind it? Nonetheless, she didn't leave. She gazed at Santiago. "I know that you guys are not wrong, but I don't blame Flynt either. You've no idea how pathetic it is to grow up within the Cole family."

"When I was very young, my mother used to beat him with a stick. Back in the day, he was just a three-year-old child who knew nothing. He was punished because he spoke up for the servant. On top of that, he had to admit that he was wrong before my mother."

"We kids were standing aside and watching as he was punished, but none of us dared to intercede for him."

"I can tell the truth, and I know right from wrong. However, I would like to make myself clear. I'm not going to let Flynt do harm to others. I will help you."

"Little fool." Santiago raised his hand and pinched her nose. She instantaneously blushed and lowered her head. She was much older than Santiago, so she really couldn't avoid blushing at such an intimate gesture.

Xanthus furrowed his brow when he saw that. "No one blames you. If you aren't feeling well, then go upstairs first. You have no part in this mess. Flynt will be fine too."

Cynthia's eyes landed on Xanthus. After getting along with him, she felt that he regarded Raeleigh as his younger sister. Right then, he started to talk, and she could accept what he said.

"I'll go upstairs first." Cynthia looked at Santiago, who then nodded. She rose and went upstairs.

After Cynthia left, Santiago handed the peeled orange to Raeleigh, which she accepted. She was about to share it with Scarlett, but Santiago extended his hand to stop her. "Have it yourself. She can peel it herself if she wants to eat it."

Scarlett pulled a long face, picking up an orange, and began to peel it. To her, Santiago was really partial towards Raeleigh.

Just when she was peeling the orange, Santiago threatened her without hesitation. "I don't care about what happened between Hadrian and you, but you can't absolve your involvement in this problem. I've heard that he fought because you flirted with the waiter under his nose. Is that true?"

Scarlett broke out in cold sweat when she received such a strong accusation against her from Santiago.

"In my defence, Mr. Santiago, I merely talked to that guy. I was not flirting." Indeed, she hadn't flirted. She had just been chatting with the waiter.

"Hadrian was by your side. Which is why, to talk and smile at another man would be reckoned as flirting. Do you really need me to give you a lesson on this?" said Santiago, his face emanating sternness. Scarlett felt that it was too unjust, but she didn't dare to retort. She could only reply, "I didn't know this."

"So you say. Do you know it now?"

"Yes."

"Hmph. Now that you've learnt it the hard way, make no mistake about this. Even if you run all the way to the ends of the Earth, I'll still capture you and bring you back. Is this clear to you?"

"Crystal clear," answered Scarlett, nodding her head.

"Good. Henceforth, you are not allowed to leave Capital City before Hadrian is released. My credibility is at stake here. For your information, I promised to Hadrian just now to keep you here."

Santiago spoke at an unhurried pace. Raeleigh sat aside, realizing that he remained composed and took everything into consideration all the time.

Scarlett lost her appetite. So, she put the orange aside.

"I got it," Scarlett answered reluctantly. After that, Santiago got down to business.

"Hadrian's matter originated from Scarlett, but there was a great conspiracy behind it. Flynt took advantage of it to scheme against us. My brother has said that it should be settled through official procedures. We don't need to worry about it." After finishing his words, Santiago checked the time before he got up and went upstairs, heading for Cynthia's room.

With a melancholic expression, Scarlett stared after Santiago. Everyone could be at ease then except for her. It was too cruel for her.

Raeleigh shot a look at her. "Hadrian will be alright. Let's go to sleep."

Raeleigh got up and went upstairs. She had been staying in the same room with Novalie these days. The previous day was an exception. She had become used to it.

She felt empty when she was alone. Novalie could give her a sense of security.

They chatted every day, and she would fall asleep under the lull of their conversation.

Raeleigh felt as if she had returned to her childhood, falling asleep while she listened to her Grandma nagging.

Inside Novalie's room, she was about to doze off. Seeing Raeleigh, she asked, "Why are you here again? Act your age, honey. Didn't you say you would sleep alone in the next few days?"

Raeleigh hummed in response and went to wash up. Coming back, she snuggled into Novalie's quilt.

Novalie said, "Let me tell you this, child. People don't like to sleep with old folks. It's very good of you to keep coming to an old lady like me."

"But you are so nice," Raeleigh replied, wrapping her arm around Novalie. Novalie asked through her laugh, "Is there anything wrong?"

"A lawsuit has been filed against Hadrian. We might be a little busy for a while. Also, I would like to move out. I don't want to stay here anymore," Raeleigh said. Novalie looked her in the eye. "You can move out, yes, but where are you going?"

"I've already thought about it. Let's move back to where we used to live. I miss the pudding sold near our house. It's a pity if we don't go back."

Raeleigh looked at Novalie, who then said, "You can stay anywhere as long as you are happy, but to leave here is not as easy as when you moved in. Moreover, it's inconvenient for you to go to the university if you stay at our old place."

Novalie had more considerations. There was an advantage of staying close to the university. Raeleigh could go home every day. Yet, with a distance between them, they could meet only once a week. Novalie was old, and her time might come any time.

Raeleigh answered, "I'm not working now, so I will go back and forth between the university and home every day. One ride won't take much of my time. I just need to get up Tristany in the morning and come back home late in the evening. I'm okay with that."

"And the university has granted me an earlier graduation. The lecturers won't care even if I'm absent. I can go to the library to read books and learn a lot of other things."

Novalie replied, "Hmm. Since you have decided, then that's it. I've no objections if you don't mind the hard work."