

## Go After 1181

### Chapter 1181

Raeleigh shut her eyes, ruminating for a while. To tell the truth, she shouldn't have come here. If she had not come, then those numerous distressing events might not have transpired in the first place. She felt that with fame came trouble, and it was also courtesy of these troubles that she had wound up in her current state.

It would be great, she thought, if she could leave here and return to her original life.

Rousing from his dream, Jepherson gasped. He got up and went to take the medicine for his heart disease. After taking it, any hint of grogginess was cleared away. He put on some clothes and stood by the glass window, gazing out at the outside world.

It was still the original place, and the city was still colorful, but it was ironically unpleasant to him.

He looked up at the ceiling, which was decked like a starry sky. Back then, when he worked together with Raeleigh to design it, he had liked it so much that he couldn't phrase his satisfaction. But right then, without her presence, everything was beautiful no more.

After standing there momentarily, he turned around and sat down on his bed. He leaned against the headboard and browsed the photos taken on his phone. There was one where Raeleigh had kicked off the quilt while she was asleep. He found it uproarious, but the smile suddenly froze on his face. He leaned against the headboard, and any semblance of a smile was spirited away.

He had a fitful sleep the night before. For those who had heart diseases, lack of sleep could lead to fatality.

Consequently, he was bed-bound the next day.

When Santiago came out of the university, he received a phone call from Stuart, saying that Jepherson was in peril and asking Santiago to visit him.

Santiago kept his phone and went to the hotel. When he reached the upper floor of the hotel, what came into his sight was people bustling about, and Stuart was like a cat on a hot tin roof.

Santiago entered the room to check on Jepherson. "What happened to him?"

"He had a seizure," Stuart answered right away. He had been waiting for a long time for Santiago to come.

Santiago went in and found a spot to sit down, watching those people make themselves busy. It wasn't until they had left that he asked Jepherson, "As far as I'm concerned, you have recovered, no?"

"He has, but he can't stay up late. He didn't sleep last night. So, things got worse," Stuart replied on behalf of Jepherson. Santiago slouched against the seat. "Apparently, you have one foot in the grave, I guess."

Jepherson's eyes were closed, and his torso was entirely naked. There were a number of medical instruments around him, with many tubes stuck all over his body.

A quilt was covering his lower body. From the looks of it, Santiago guessed that he was wearing a pair of pants.

Jepherson said, "Stuart, go and get your rest outside. Santiago will take care of me."

"Yes, Mr. Jepherson."

Stuart turned around and went outside, closing the door.

After Stuart left, Santiago said, "Are you trying to forfeit your life in the name of love?"

Jepherson grunted. Santiago was a natural at annoying Jepherson back to life, and his words were akin to verbal defibrillators.

Santiago said no more whereas Jepherson lay on the bed.

For some unknown reason, Jepherson couldn't fall asleep before this, no matter how hard he had tried, but he succeeded after Santiago came and sat aside.

Santiago yawned as he watched Jepherson drift into unconsciousness. Even he wanted to doze off.

Getting up, he went outside to look for Stuart, telling him, "Wake him up later and give him the nutrition injections. Provide him with whatever his body is lacking. He doesn't know what the injections are about. Tell the doctor to show me the prescription. I want to see results. If not, then you know the consequences."

"I'll come again to keep him company tonight. If by then he isn't already asleep, then ask them to wait on the roof of this building tomorrow. I'm going to push them down, one by one. Pass this message around, word for word. If my brother is ill, then there will be no peace for them."

With that, Santiago strutted away. Stuart was dumbstruck for a moment before he followed him out. When they arrived at the elevator lobby, he asked, "Are you going back now, Mr. Santiago?"

"I'm going downstairs for a meal. What time is it?" Santiago said before entering the elevator. After that, he began to make a phone call to consult the foreign cardiology experts. He wanted to know how to cure Jepherson's disease.

Only a few minutes had trickled by since Jepherson fell asleep. Stuart risked his life to enter his room and wake him up.

Jepherson opened his eyes and shot daggers at him, displeased at being interrupted from his sleep. "Should I send you to h\*ll?"

Stuart felt a chill run down his spine. He wasn't sure who was going to die first. At any rate, it wouldn't be him.

"Mr. Santiago instructed me to wake you up. You won't be able to sleep at night if you sleep now. He's having a meal downstairs. Would you like to join him?"

Stuart hoped that Jepherson could acquire some nutrition from his diet. Relying on medicine was not a long-term solution after all.

However, Santiago bore no ill will. He was just trying to take an expedient measure.

It was the last resort.

After lying down for a while, Jepherson sat up. He got out of bed and removed all the contraptions on his body before he put on a shirt and changed his pants. Then, he went downstairs.

When he got downstairs, Santiago, as expected, was sitting in the restaurant, waiting for the food to be served.

Jepherson directly walked over and sat down, staring at him. "You're not leaving today?"

"Do you want me to leave?" Santiago raised his head to gaze at him. Jepherson glanced at the entrance of the hotel. "What would become of Raeleigh if you don't go back?"

"She managed to grow up properly without me by her side for the better part of her nineteen years, and her limbs are all intact." Santiago's face was thick with disdain.

"That's in the past. Things are different now."

"There are no differences. The way I see it, your mind is the key. You keep overthinking. That sister of ours had already died since, like, forever. Why do you have to force yourself into believing that Raeleigh is our sister? Don't make her suffer because of your own mistake." Santiago looked up at him. Jepherson knitted his brows, his expression gloomy. "How do you know it?"

"How I know it is my own business. Let me tell you, Raeleigh isn't our sister." Santiago had never been so serious. Jepherson stared at him with a deep gaze. Both of them didn't speak. Stuart stood aside, wondering if they had mistaken Raeleigh for Jepherson's sister.

Stuart's heart was filled with sorrow for Jepherson. Everyone knew that his sister was no longer around, but he was so persistent over the many years. It had become an affliction to him.

Even the doctor said that whenever his expectations turned into disappointment, it would be detrimental to his heart.

Notwithstanding Stuart's reminders, he couldn't get over it. That time was the worst scenario, and his heart disease couldn't be cured fully even though he went abroad.

"You're trying to trick me." Jepherson snorted coldly as he looked down at his hand. Santiago stole a glance at the ring on Jepherson's hand and ignored it.

"You think I'm lying to you. Fine, don't believe me then. We shall see who's the one going to regret it." While they were speaking, the waitress brought over the dishes Santiago had ordered. Santiago pointed at Jepherson. "Serve him with what I'm having, thanks."

"Coming right up, Mr. Santiago."

The waitress turned around to prepare for it. Sitting opposite Santiago, Jepherson started to zone out. After eating briefly, Santiago took out his phone and called Raeleigh. He got through to her, who had just arrived home.

"Hey, what's the matter?"

“Nothing. I just want to hear you talk.” Santiago set his phone on the table and put her on loud speaker mode.

Raeleigh fell silent for a few seconds. “Why did you leave all of a sudden?”

“My brother is sick,” Santiago said as he looked at Jepherson, whose expression was going down the slope of nastiness.

## **Chapter 1182**

“How is he?” Raeleigh felt conflicted. Their relationship had ended, but she couldn’t help caring about Jepherson’s health condition.

Jepherson slowly raised his head to look at Santiago while he continued to say, “He didn’t sleep last night, so he is still asleep now.”

After a brief silence, Raeleigh replied, “Has he seen a doctor?”

“Yes, but it did not help much. I won’t be going back today, perhaps tomorrow too. Scarlett can accompany you. Don’t get out of the house today.”

“I don’t need anybody to keep me company.”

“I am going to hang up now.” Jepherson stopped him just as he was about to end the call. He placed his hand on the phone.

However, Raeleigh had already ended the call.

A beeping tone came from his phone, indicating that the call had ended. Only then did Jepherson slowly withdraw his hand.

“So what if she is our sister? If you can’t overcome this mental barrier, is that still considered love? You should instead use it to prove your love to her. If you can only love her because she has no blood relation to you, and get rid of her without hesitation because you are biologically related, then I do not think you love her at all.”

Santiago took a mouthful of food before he stRhyed his eyes to observe the diners in the restaurant.

“How could you be sure that there isn’t any kinship between the couples here? Who knows? It might exist in their past lives, or maybe in the next ones.”

“Oh, give it a rest, won’t you?” Jepherson’s face fell.

Santiago continued to eat. He said with his head lowered, “You’re giving up after going through so many challenges. Really? Are you still the brother I know? How can you be so sure that what you’ve found is absolutely true?”

Jepherson frowned as Santiago took another bite. “I will pursue her if you decide to give up. I don’t mind.”

Stuart was flabbergasted to hear his words. Jepherson frowned and asked, “What did you just say?”

Santiago remained collected and wiped his mouth clean after he finished his meal. Then, he leaned against his chair and stared at Jepherson. He repeated, "I said I'm going after her if you give up."

Jepherson's expression darkened. "Knock it off!"

"Anyway, she will still get married without you. In that case, she might as well marry me. I think we are going to make a great couple." Santiago tilted his head slightly and gazed at Jepherson.

Jepherson gritted his teeth. "You're my brother. How dare you touch my woman?"

"Your woman? Is your memory serving you correctly? You two broke up." Santiago extended his hand to grab his glass and took a sip of water gracefully.

Stuart took two steps back in silence. If they were to break into a fight, then he would not attempt to stop them. Both of them deserved it.

"She is still mine whether we've broken up or not. You better keep that in mind."

"We shall see about that. I have feelings for her, and I can't allow other men to have her, unless it's you."

Santiago put down his glass, stood up, and walked towards the hotel, but he didn't leave. Instead, he stopped in front of Stuart and looked at him with his hands in his pockets. He cast a glance at Jepherson before asking Stuart, "Stuart, let me ask you, do you think the baby died?"

Stuart's forehead was covered in sweat. He didn't dare to say a word.

Santiago had put him in a difficult position.

Stuart kept quiet and his face turned pallid.

Jepherson's dark eyes sparkled. He looked around but his gaze neither once landed on Stuart nor Santiago.

Santiago continued, "Everyone in the family humored him and allowed him to search for her because they knew that he was feeling guilty for being the one who caused my mother to lose the child. Everyone claimed that it was a baby girl and he believes it. Let me ask you, is he the president of the country? Do we have to cater to his every need?"

Stuart did not speak. Instead, he stole a careful glance at Jepherson.

The displeasure on Jepherson's face had become increasingly obvious.

"Stuart, I can make life really difficult for you if you decide to keep quiet. Do you believe me?" Santiago took a step closer to Stuart. He was as tall as Stuart then. He had been growing taller rapidly over the past six months.

Stuart took a deep breath anxiously and answered, "Mr. Santiago, I really don't know."

"Tell me what you think. It doesn't matter if you know or not. I won't blame you," Santiago said. Meanwhile, Jepherson's food was being served. Stuart rushed over and helped to set up the plates on the table.

That was how he managed to avoid Santiago's question.

Santiago glanced at them before he turned around and walked towards the elevator. While walking, he said, "You think she will remember you for the rest of her life after she left you. The only reason she hasn't gotten over you now and still cares about you is because she once loved you. She still couldn't bring herself to get rid of you completely."

"She's waiting for someone who can save her. This person might be Samien, or Draco. Whoever it is, once he appears, her memories with you will merely become history and you would just be a man who had hurt her in the past."

"Henceforth, you will be nothing but a stranger to her."

Santiago went into the elevator and fixed his eyes on Jepherson. "You will know what regret tastes like when her children regard you as an uncle in the future."

As Santiago finished his words, and the door of the elevator closed. Stuart approached Jepherson and said, "Mr. Jepherson, Mr. Santiago has always behaved this way. Please don't get angry at his words."

"I'm not angry." Jepherson glared at Stuart. "I don't want to see you. Get out of my sight at once. Don't show yourself before me for the next two days. Santiago is here, he will look after me."

Stuart remained silent. Jepherson had always treated him as a friend, but he had not been truthful to him.

Stuart turned around and hid in a corner where Jepherson could not see him.

Jepherson picked up the cutlery and began to have his meal with his eyes closed. He didn't care what he was putting into his mouth. After he finished his meal, he got up from the chair, and he accidentally knocked on the glass. The glass fell and broke.

Stuart wanted to help but he decided against it in the end. He watched as Jepherson left absent-mindedly.

Jepherson entered the elevator and stared at the people in the elevator in a daze. His expression remained unchanged until the door of the elevator opened again.

He returned to his room. When he entered the room, he saw Santiago lying on the bed that he had lain with Raeleigh before. He walked over and changed into his pyjamas, and he then lay down beside Santiago without uttering a word.

Santiago seemed to be asleep, but he got up and went outside right after Jepherson had lain down.

A few doctors came in after a while. Jepherson looked at them while they worked together to install the instrument and treat Jepherson. They also checked his heartbeat and pulse, and changed his medicines. Subsequently, they stood to one side of the room. Santiago waited outside and somebody came out to inform him of his condition. "He's fallen asleep."

"Okay, come out and report to me." Santiago leaned back in the chair casually. The doctors looked intimidated. They started to explain Jepherson's condition after they walked out of the room. They had prepared a treatment plan before they arrived, and Santiago was satisfied with what they had done.

## Chapter 1183

Raeleigh sat on her bed while staring into space. She was aware that Jepherson had gone abroad to receive treatment and to avoid her, but he had not recovered after a month. She wondered if his condition was that severe.

The next morning, she tidied up her room. She kept the things she could take with her into a box. Raeleigh always stuck to the belief that people only got what they deserved.

If it hadn't been for Jepherson's sickness, then Santiago wouldn't have left, and she wouldn't have had the chance to pack up her belongings and leave without getting stopped.

After packing up, Raeleigh placed her things by the door and went to Novalie's room to chat with her. Cynthia and Scarlett stood by the door helplessly. They couldn't dissuade her from leaving, nor did they know what to do to prevent her from leaving.

"Raeleigh, I won't be able to explain it to Mr. Santiago if you leave abruptly this way. When he comes back later, he won't let it off easily." Scarlett was afraid that Santiago would call her to account for Raeleigh's departure. In addition, she wanted to let her know that she wouldn't be able to escape from the Harvey siblings easily.

Raeleigh ignored her question. She kept her head down and continued to pack her belongings, implying that there was no room for negotiation.

After she was done packing, she turned around to look at Scarlett and Cynthia. "There is no reason for me to stay here anymore. If I don't leave now, then Santiago will not let me go when he comes back. I know that you guys have good intentions, and that we can take care of each other here but I do not want to live here anymore. I wish to start my own life and go back to normal."

She glanced at Xanthus, who had already come upstairs to bring her luggage down.

Scarlett and Cynthia followed her gaze and looked at him.

"But if you leave, Mr. Santiago won't let us off when he comes back," said Scarlett. Raeleigh looked at her and said, "That's not what you actually think."

Scarlett frowned as she heard Raeleigh words. "You're right. But anyway, you shouldn't leave like this. Even if Mr. Jepherson doesn't love you anymore, you should clarify it with him. Don't you think it's a cowardly act to leave without solving the problem?"

"I don't think so. We aren't meant to be. It's a mistake from the beginning. Now, we can finally put a stop to this mistake." Raeleigh placed another suitcase outside for Xanthus to bring it down. Then, she went into Novalie's room and helped her up.

"Grandma, let's leave." Raeleigh held Novalie's hand and walked towards the door. Scarlett and Cynthia had no choice but to give way to them. Neither of them called Santiago to inform him that she was leaving.

They sent Raeleigh off at the door. Raeleigh went out from the yard while helping Novalie with her footing. She was adamant and persistent. Not once did she look back to have a final look before leaving.

“Raeleigh...”

Scarlette called her name as she was about to get in the car.

Raeleigh’s eyes were fixed on Scarlette for a moment. “Hadrian treats you well. Cherish him while there’s still a chance, or it’ll be too late.”

Scarlette didn’t answer. She watched as Raeleigh left.

Cynthia said, “She is disappointed.”

Scarlette looked back at Cynthia. “What should we do? Should we tell Mr. Santiago?”

“He’ll be worried if we tell him now. Since Raeleigh has made up her mind, we’d better let her have her own space for a few days. It’s just her safety that concerns me.” Cynthia was terror-stricken at the thought of her brother’s unscrupulous act.

“I am going to look for Raeleigh. I will protect her.” Scarlette turned around and got into the car, and followed after Raeleigh. Cynthia walked a few steps forward and watched her leave.

Serra stood inside the villa and wiped her tears, wondering why Raeleigh left all of a sudden.

Cynthia paused for a few moments. She could feel the sense of desolation in the wind. Then, she turned around and went back into the villa. When she noticed Serra tearing up at the door, Cynthia approached her. “Stop crying. Those who’re destined to go wouldn’t stay no matter what you do, and those who’re fated to return would always return. I cannot explain my feelings but this doesn’t seem like a permanent departure to me.”

With that, Cynthia entered the villa. She looked at the deserted villa and couldn’t help but to feel lonely.

She headed for the couch and sat down. She then took out the letter that her elder sister had sent over and read it.

In the letter, her elder sister had requested for her return and meet her if she still considered her as her elder sister. Or else, she told her not to communicate with her ever again.

She stared at the letter in her hand. She knew it was written by her sister as she recognized her handwriting.

After everything that had happened between them, she did not expect her elder sister to establish contact with her and send her a letter.

Recalling her childhood memories, she decided not to hold a grudge. She pondered whether she was still the elder sister who doted on her.

She put away the letter and swept her eyes over Serra. “Serra, prepare a set of clothes for me.”

Serra went upstairs promptly after she received the instructions.

After she had gone upstairs, Cynthia stood up, went to the door, got her coat, and put it on.

She looked back while hanging her bag on her shoulder. She lowered her gaze to look at the gun that was inside her bag, and touched it. Then, she zipped the bag and left the villa.



Serra came down only to find that there was no one downstairs, and the coat and bag on the shelf near the door were gone.

“Miss Cynthia... Cynthia...”

Cynthia hailed a taxi right after she left the villa. When she arrived at the desNorahtion that was mentioned by Yanora, she got out of the taxi and stared at the hotel from outside.

She hesitated momentarily before she walked into the hotel. After entering, she followed Yanora’s direction and headed towards the desNorahtion. She then called Santiago.

It was still Tristany in the morning, and Santiago had just woken up when he answered the call.

“It’s so Tristany. What’s the matter?” Santiago asked her. She said, “My elder sister sent me a letter and asked me to meet her in Room 307 of Renaissance Hotel.”

“We never came to places like this, but that was in the past. I think my sister has changed. Santiago...”

“If anything were to happen to me, then please bury me anywhere except the Cole family’s graveyard.”

“I’ve been a burden to others throughout my life. Thank you for taking care of me for such a long time. I’m very happy to have known you, and I’m very proud to leave the Cole family to stay with you.”

Santiago stood up with a sombre face. “Get out of that place. I’ll pick you up.”

“Santiago... I have thought it through. As long as I’m still alive, they will never let me go. Today, it’s my elder sister. Perhaps, tomorrow will be my mother’s turn. What about the day after tomorrow? What about the future?”

“I’m a member of the Cole family, so I cannot escape from the Cole family. Don’t fret about me.”

“I told you to get out, what are you doing? You have to live as long as I am still alive!” As Santiago spoke, he reached for the door and kicked the door forcefully. Stuart was startled and took a step back quickly.

He raced towards the elevator while Stuart followed.

“Mr. Santiago, I don’t think we’ll make it in time. How about asking Mr. Atkinson to send some of his people over first?” Stuart said. Upon hearing this, Santiago immediately took Stuart’s phone and dialed his number while he was still on the phone with Cynthia.

Unfortunately, Cynthia had hung up!

## **Chapter 1184**

Cynthia blocked Santiago’s caller ID on her phone to prevent him from getting through when he tried to call her back.

She arrived at the elevator lobby, turned on the recording function of her phone and put it in her bag before she entered the elevator to go to Room 307.

After she came out of the elevator, she found Room 307 and knocked on the door.

The door opened quickly. Cynthia gazed at the person standing in front of her. It was not Yanora, but a mediocre-looking middle-aged man.

Cynthia said when she saw the man, "I'm sorry. I got the wrong room."

"No, you came to the right room. Your sister told me to wait for you here. You are Cynthia Cole. I know you," said the man. Cynthia staggered briefly when she heard what he had said. She remained still and said, "You've mistaken me for someone else. I'm looking for my sister, not you."

With that, she turned around to leave. To her consternation, the man pulled her in and closed the door right away.

"You did not make a mistake. Your sister asked me to come here. Now that you're here, don't even think about leaving." The man spoke as he dragged her inside. Cynthia tried to struggle but he tore her clothes off instead.

She took a few steps back and observed the room before saying, "Wait a minute. Say it again. Who made you come here?"

She put her hand into her bag while she asked and stared at him. She was trying to buy some time.

The man laughed despicably. He had been thinking about sleeping with Cynthia for a while then.

"Who asked me to come here? Of course, it's none other than your sister, Yanora. Who else could it be?" said the man as he approached her. Cynthia shook her head. "That's impossible. My sister will never do this to me."

"Nothing is impossible. Your sister has offered you to me. She told me that since Santiago Harvey had asked people to humiliate her, she wants you to be humiliated as revenge. Then, I'm going to cut off two of your fingers. That was our deal."

"Leave me alone. I do not believe you. She's my sister, and we grew up together. She will never treat me like this. You must be lying to me. Do you think I'll believe you?"

She thought for a moment before continuing, "Don't come any closer, or else I am going to make sure we die together."

"Die together?" A sinister smile spread across his face. "Do you think I'll let that happen?"

"Yes." Cynthia took out the pistol and aimed at the man. He was taken aback when he saw the pistol and took a couple of steps back. "You want to kill me?"

"I'll kill you if you get any closer. You're the one who made me do it. You knew I'm a member of the Cole family, yet you are still doing this to me. You'll be punished."

"You've been no longer recognized as a member of the Cole Family since a long time ago. Yanora has already notified me of it."

"Then, try me. I'll kill you if you come over. Mark my words."

“Hmph! I don’t think there are bullets in your gun. Your sister told me that you’ve been timid since young, and that you always keep to yourself when you’re in trouble. Let’s see if you indeed have bullets in your gun,” said the man while he leaped towards her. Cynthia pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Cynthia tensed up and she started to shiver.

“You...” The man didn’t expect that her pistol was loaded. He stared at the gun wound and tried to raise his hand to point at her, but before he could do so, he fell to the ground with a thud.

Cynthia froze. She slowly lowered her head to look at the man, who was struggling on the floor and moved himself to one side of the room. Then, she aimed the gun at herself. With another loud bang, she collapsed to the ground as well.

Santiago shuddered as he heard the gunshot when he came out of the elevator. He sprinted towards Room 307. It wasn’t until he left the hotel that he discovered that Cynthia was only ten minutes away from him.

He made a dash for the door and kicked it open.

“Cynthia.”

Santiago entered and saw Cynthia, who had fainted onto the ground. He approached her quickly and glanced at the pistol in her hand. He then bent down to pick up the pistol and carried her out of the room.

He sprinted towards the elevator. When the doors opened, Zorion’s men came into his sight. They were surprised for a second before they gave way to him. Santiago held her tightly as he rushed to the car and they headed straight for the nearest hospital.

“Doctor... Doctor...”

After entering the hospital, Santiago shouted for help. The medical officers brought her to the emergency room right away when they noticed the gunshot wound.

Santiago followed them into the emergency room. The doctor tried to stop him, but he refused to leave. The doctor had no option but to let him be.

The medical officers had no way to deal with a stubborn person like him.

“The heart is intact. Fortunately, the bullet did not pass through her heart,” said the doctor as he performed the operation. Santiago finally felt more reassured as he heard what the surgeon had said. He waited in the operating theater until the surgery ended.

Following that, she was sent to the intensive care unit. Outside the ward, Santiago stood with his arms on his waist and lowered his head to calm himself down.

Zorion’s men were waiting for him by the side. After a long time, Santiago finally said, “Go to the scene and check if the man has died. If he hasn’t, then give him two more shots.”

“Yes, sir.”

They turned around and left while Santiago remained rooted to the spot. After a while, he sat down.

The doctor updated him on Cynthia's condition. "Miss Cole has managed to survive the critical period, but it will take a long time for her to recover. I suggest that she recuperate abroad. There are still some shortcomings in terms of the local medical technology."

"I'll consider your suggestion. Please take good care of her."

"We will."

The doctors left, leaving Santiago alone in the empty corridor. He stayed in the hospital for the entire day until Jepherson came to visit at night.

Santiago turned his head to look when he heard footsteps approaching. When he saw Jepherson, he turned his face away.

"How is she?"

Jepherson walked over to take a look through the window of the intensive care unit and found that she was still unconscious. He then sat down beside Santiago.

Santiago raised his head and took a couple of deep breaths. "I won't let her off the hook easily."

"If you want to get revenge on her sister, then you'd better make hay while the sun shines. She will stop you from doing it once she wakes up." Jepherson didn't try to talk Santiago out of it. He thought it was fair since they hurt Cynthia first.

Santiago looked at him. "What about you?"

"To bring down the Cole family has never been our intention. Although we were regarded as their opponent all this while, all we ever wanted was to establish a foothold in Capital City. We only wanted to compete fairly."

"Throughout the twenty years of hard work, we have neither let anyone down, nor did we harm anybody. Brooklyn is not a fool. There's no such thing as the eternal ruler, and it doesn't matter who rules the city. It's just that we managed to catch up on them."

Jepherson had no intentions to bully anyone. However, some people had crossed the line, and so he wanted to seek justice from them.

He took a glance at Cynthia and added, "Even though she is from the Cole family, you are her family ever since she left the Cole family for you. Now that somebody is trying to hurt her, we have the right to seek justice for her."

## **Chapter 1185**

Raeleigh looked around the new residence. It was actually a decent place, but she was surprised to find that Xanthus would move in to live with her.

Novalie had been sitting inside and watching television since they came. Xanthus had already got someone to clean up the place prior to their arrival, so there was no need for them to do the cleaning when they arrived. Raeleigh had bought some ingredients to prepare dinner.

Xanthus examined Novalie and sorted out his own room. so that he'd have space to put some of his favorite books in the room.

Raeleigh cooked while Novalie indulged in television shows. Xanthus put on some simple decorations in the room before he went to the kitchen to help Raeleigh.

"Is there anything I can help with?" asked Xanthus, who was standing in the kitchen. She shook her head and said, "It's fine. I am almost done. Wait for me outside. Dinner will be ready soon."

"Let me help you, I can do it too." Xanthus took a look at the dishes in the kitchen before taking the steamed fish out of the steamer and placing it on the dining table. Then, he came back to cut some melon and arranged it before bringing it out to the dining table again.

Then, he came back to take the rice, soup, and side dishes.

Raeleigh continued to prepare food in the kitchen while Xanthus went back and forth between the kitchen and the dining table to serve them on the table. Finally, Raeleigh was done. They sat around the dining table, ready for their dinner.

During dinner, Novalie looked at Xanthus over and over again. In her eyes, Raeleigh was blessed to have a brother like Xanthus.

"Enjoy yourselves. I'm full, I'll go back to my room first. We just came back, so I'm not used to the environment yet. I'll lie down for a while."

Novalie stood up after she had finished eating. She did not want to disrupt the quality time shared between the siblings.

After Novalie returned to her room, Xanthus said to Raeleigh, "You need more nutrients. Eat more."

With that, he put the fish into her bowl. She nodded without saying a word.

Raeleigh had started getting accustomed to having Xanthus taking care of her as her brother. Occasionally, she would feel bashful when accepting his kindness.

Since she did not say a word, he did not attempt to make any conversation until they finished their dinner.

Raeleigh cleaned up the dishes while Xanthus stared at his laptop. After she had finished tidying up, she went over to Xanthus to have a look at what he was doing. He was having a video call and he pointed at the two people on the screen when she walked over. She was stunned to see the people he was pointing at.

"She's Raeleigh, isn't she?" In the video, there was a woman sitting on a wheelchair. Raeleigh could tell that she was holding a notebook while talking to her. The image on the laptop was very clear and close to her. Therefore, the woman stuck out like a sore thumb. Raeleigh had seen this woman, and she recognized her.

"Raeleigh, she's our mother," Xanthus said. Raeleigh finally sat down after a long while. Then, she greeted the woman in front of her.

“Hi, n-nice to meet you...” Raeleigh didn’t know what to say, as it was her first time meeting her parents.

The woman on the other end of the line burst into tears out of overwhelming excitement and grabbed the hand of the man behind her. At that moment, the man behind her turned around and looked at Raeleigh with a smile.

Raeleigh froze for a moment and shot a glance at Xanthus. “The two of you look alike, even more alike than in the photos.”

“The same goes to you. You look alike too,” Xanthus said with gentleness in his eyes. Raeleigh lowered her head and slowly observed the man on the screen. He was handsome, tall, and resembled Xanthus, albeit slightly older.

He said when he saw Raeleigh, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, my child.”

All of a sudden, Raeleigh couldn’t resist the tears from her eyes and she started weeping.

The woman began to cry too. She cried her heart out.

Xanthus comforted Raeleigh, while the man consoled the woman on the other side of the screen. The whole family shed tears on their first meeting together.

Raeleigh finally stopped sobbing. The woman stared at her and naively stretched out her hand, wishing she could touch Raeleigh.

“Raeleigh, is your name Raeleigh?” asked the woman. Raeleigh nodded. She couldn’t utter a single word.

“I’m your mother. Can you call me Mom?” the woman implored Raeleigh pleadingly. Raeleigh’s eyes were red from crying and she pursed her lips. She wanted to address her as Mom, but the word was stuck in her throat and she couldn’t seem to find her voice.

The woman stared at her expectantly, but Raeleigh remained quiet. She started to lose her patience.

“Raeleigh...”

“Mom, give Raeleigh some time. It’s not that she refuses to do so, she just can’t. You have to be considerate,” Xanthus said. The woman seemed to have understood something and replied, “I am not in a hurry, not in a hurry.”

However, she couldn’t help whimpering.

The man behind hugged her and coaxed her to take it slow. Raeleigh could not bear to witness the scene in front of her, so she said with a hoarse voice, “Mom.”

The crying on the other side stopped abruptly. Even the man looked surprisingly at Raeleigh. What followed was a grin on his face.

Xanthus wrapped an arm around Raeleigh and patted her back. “You are so courageous!”

Raeleigh was confused. She pushed him away and gazed at him. “Does it have anything to do with courage?”

However, he burst into laughter the next second.

The woman suddenly said, "I'm going to her place. I am going to see our child."

Only then did Raeleigh look back at the woman, whose eyes were fixed on her in determination. The man answered, "Let's go. We'll go right away."

"Wait a minute..."

Xanthus stopped her quickly. "Don't come over now."

"Xanthus..." She looked astonished, as if it was a torment for her if she was not allowed to visit Raeleigh.

Raeleigh found that her mother was similar to Deanna in certain aspects.

"Mom, you're not in good health. Raeleigh will need to take care of you if you were to visit. She is not entirely in good health too, and she needs me to look after her. If that is the case, then there will be two people here who will need to be taken care of. Besides, her grandmother needs somebody to look after her as well. Mom, you'd better not come. Just wait for us to go back and see you."

The woman disagreed and protested. "Xanthus, I can take care of myself."

"I'm aware of that, but it's not convenient at the moment. Our living space is too small, and it can only accommodate two to three people. Not only is your health an issue but the living environment here is also not ideal. It's better for us to visit you than the other way around."

Raeleigh took a look at Xanthus. She knew he was trying to protect her so that their parents wouldn't know about her recent miscarriage.

The woman was extremely disappointed. She asked after a long moment of silence, "Then, when are we going to meet?"

"After some time, during the break. We'll go back during Christmas." Xanthus made the decision hurriedly. After a moment of silence, the woman finally nodded.

Following that, Raeleigh listened to her mother's non-stop chatter. She was not annoyed but rather, she enjoyed it very much. When her mother mentioned something sad, she would stare at Raeleigh helplessly and sorrowfully.

When she felt sad, the man next to her would hold her and kiss her to ease her emotions.

After ending the video call, Raeleigh heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Xanthus, who sat beside her. She began to wonder about her family.

She wondered if she was no longer considered an orphan.

## **Chapter 1186**

Raeleigh lay beside Novalie but had difficulty falling asleep the whole night. She managed to fall asleep in the end as dawn broke. She was feeling overwhelmed as she tried to let the fact that her parents were still alive sink in.

In the morning, she found out that Yanora was accused of murder and would be imprisoned when she was watching the news on television.

She walked over to sit down when she heard the sound of the news channel. As soon as she sat down, the news about Yanora popped up. Raeleigh listened for a while and couldn't help feeling that something was amiss.

Even if it was to rescue Hadrian, Santiago wouldn't have done this.

She wanted to call Santiago but before she could call him, she received a call from Scarlett. She was surprised to see her caller ID before she picked up the call.

"Scarlett."

"Raeleigh, I'm outside your house." Scarlett had been outside her house the previous night. She came but she did not show herself because she was contemplating over the idea of buying a ticket to run away before anyone had noticed.

After much cogitation, she finally decided against it.

Then, she received a call from Santiago in the morning. He told her that something had happened to Cynthia, and that he needed their help. So, she came to knock on Raeleigh's door. However, Santiago did not mention what exactly had happened to Cynthia.

Raeleigh opened the door and saw Scarlett standing anxiously by the door. "Cynthia was still fine when we left. How did she end up in the hospital? Mr. Santiago just called me to ask why he couldn't get through to your phone. He wanted me to tell you that we must get ready and go to the hospital at once. Cynthia was badly injured, and she won't be discharged in a while."

Raeleigh went back into the house and felt paralyzed by the news about Cynthia all of a sudden.

Xanthus came out of his room when he heard about Cynthia.

"What should we do?" Scarlett asked. Raeleigh pondered momentarily. "I'm going. Here..."

Raeleigh turned around and looked at Xanthus, who was very understanding. "Go ahead. I'll handle everything here. Be careful on your way."

"Okay." Raeleigh went out and got into Scarlett's car. On the way, she found out that Scarlett had followed her when she left the villa but she did not show herself.

When they arrived at the hospital, Raeleigh got out of the car and followed Scarlett to the intensive care unit. She saw Santiago sitting outside of the intensive care unit. He stared straight across, into the room Cynthia was in. Zorion and Deanna were there too, as well as the girl named Rossie.

Raeleigh walked over to find that Cynthia's body was covered with tubes. She furrowed her brow, and she then turned around and asked Santiago, "What happened?"

"What have you guys been doing? How could you fail to realize that Cynthia left and went to the hotel?" Santiago asked Raeleigh sternly, who remained silent. Scarlett tried to explain but Raeleigh tugged at her to stop her from talking. Hence, Scarlett remained quiet.



Deanna couldn't stand the way Santiago behaved. She stood up and questioned him, "Santiago, why are you treating Raeleigh like this? It's not her fault either."

"Then, it's your fault." Santiago's face darkened. Deanna stamped her feet in anger. She ran to Raeleigh's side and held her hand. "Raeleigh, don't mind him. He has always been unreasonable."

"I'm not. I'm just worried about Cynthia. Deanna, I need some time to myself."

Raeleigh walked to one side and sat down while staring blankly at Cynthia. She should not have left. If she stayed, then perhaps, Cynthia's life would not have been in peril.

Raeleigh frowned as she pondered. Seeing that Raeleigh had sat down, Deanna followed her and sat down beside her.

Then, Zorion got up and took a few steps towards her. "Deanna, let's go back."

"I want to stay." Deanna protested. Her brother spent most of his time with Rossie those days. She wasn't jealous, but...

It was really boring for her to stay at home alone. Moreover, Cynthia was her friend. Shouldn't she show some concern for her? She thought.

Zorion stood for a while and said, "Be careful when you're alone."

"Okay, don't worry. Santiago is here," Deanne replied righteously. Zorion cast a glance towards Santiago. "It's precisely because he's here that I'm worried about you. You're nothing in his eyes, yet you think you're a big shot!"

Deanna knitted her brow deeply. "Don't you dare speak to me like this."

Zorion was amused by her reaction. There was a faint tenderness on his handsome face. He raised his hand and stroked his sister's head. "Alright, I will stop. Be careful. Also, you must go back tonight."

"Yes, I got it."

Deanna answered compliantly. She had promised her brother that she would listen to him in the future and would never run away from home again. Otherwise, he would tell their parents about her previous abduction. Their parents were abroad. They didn't tell their parents about the kidnapping. Of course, Deanna also said nothing about Rossie.

Upon hearing Deanna's answer, Zorion turned around and left. Rossie followed closely behind him.

Raeleigh stared at Rossie and couldn't help but to feel that she was disinclined to stay by Zorion's side.

However, she had her own affairs to take care of.

Once they had left, Raeleigh went to observe Cynthia. After a while, she looked at Santiago and asked, "What the h\*ll had happened?"

"Nothing." With his eyes closed and his hands in his pockets, Santiago couldn't be bothered to say another word.

Deanna, on the other hand, had something to say. She told Raeleigh not to blame herself and fret over Cynthia. Even Scarlett was starting to feel annoyed because her words made it sound like Raeleigh was the culprit who caused Cynthia to wind up in the hospital.

Finally, Deanna told everyone that she was hungry and went outside to get some food. Scarlett was worried about her, so she got up and followed her as a precautionary measure to prevent her from being kidnapped again. Deanna couldn't be counted on to take care of herself.

Deanna was happy to be accompanied by Scarlett. She asked if Scarlett wanted to eat anything, and told her that it was her treat. She even showed her money to Scarlett.

"My mother gave it to me. Look, here it's." Deanna took out her purse and displayed a thick stack of cash notes.

Scarlett's eyes lit up. "Your mother is really rich."

"It's all from my father. She doesn't need it, so she gave it to me." Deanna was rather proud. She was given a lot of money for her trip abroad. She could spend as much as she wanted.

Initially, she hid the money under her pillow, but the possibility that it might be stolen troubled her, so she placed it in her bag to buy herself some of her favorite food.

Back in the day when she was still in Waverly Village, she was constantly distressed by the scarcity of resources there, especially in terms of food. When she was there, she went to the farmers' market once. She wanted so many things but she was penniless. Such an experience left a lot of regrets in her.

She finally understood what the saying, 'money talks', meant.

She brought all the money with her, so that she could buy whatever she needed whenever she needed them.

She followed Scarlett to buy food. Seeing that she could afford it, Scarlett set her mind on the delicacies.

On their way there, Deanna said that she needed to go to the washroom, but she didn't come out of the washroom for a long time.

Scarlett went inside to look for her, but she had vanished!

### **Chapter 1187**

Inside the car, Deanna was in a daze. She wondered how she got out of the washroom.

As Jacky drove, he extended his hand to take an apple and placed it on Deanna's lap. She lowered her head and gazed at it, pondering whether to eat it or not.

Jacky held the steering wheel with one hand while he grabbed the apple with another hand to take a bite on it before giving it back to her. Only then did she say, "I'm not hungry!"

With a gurgle from her stomach, her face turned pale with embarrassment. She hurriedly said, "I am only hungry now."

As she spoke, she took the apple and chomped on it with satisfaction.

Jacky glanced at her while he drove speedily. In the blink of an eye, they had left Capital City and were heading straight for the highway leading to Waverly Village.

She said hurriedly, "I have to go back. I promised my brother that I'll go home tonight."

Jacky ignored her. His car sped all the way down the highway before he dumped it and brought Deanna to the house, where she had stayed in formerly.

Along the way, her mood was a mixture of inexpressible apprehension. She was afraid of returning to this place.

She was ready to flee when they reached the door. She held her phone tightly as she was planning to call for help.

"What are you doing?" Jacky turned around and stared at her hand. She threw her phone onto the ground out of fear.

"I'm not trying to make a call." The screen of her phone cracked and stopped responding when it hit the ground.

Jacky lowered his eyes to look at the phone on the ground. He walked over and bent down to pick it up. Then, he handed it back to her. "It's broken."

Deanna thought for a moment. "I don't like it anyway. Let it be."

"Hmph, rich people are indeed different. Discarding a phone just because you don't like it," Jacky said as he placed the phone in her hand. He took that opportunity to get closer to her.

Deanna replied hastily, "No, I'm not rich. It's worthless. The phone is worthless!"

Jacky lifted his eyebrow and looked at her. "How much was it?"

"I-I don't know." She lied. She bought the phone knowing that the security and tracking system was the latest and most advanced. It was roughly about twenty to thirty thousand dollars.

However, she didn't dare to tell him.

Jacky didn't ask further. He pulled her hand over.

She withdrew her hand, refusing to let him pull her over.

"No..."

"Are you afraid of me?" He knitted his brow while she shook her head vigorously. He lowered his head and planted a kiss on her soft lips. She was surprised and blushed.

She didn't dare to lift her head. He bent down and carried her in his arms. She let out a fearful scream before she wrapped her hands around his neck. She didn't dare to make another move.

He carried her all the way into the house and went upstairs. He pushed the wooden partition open with his head and entered the attic. Then, he locked the partition.

Deanna was terror-stricken. Now that she was caught again, she thought she was doomed.

She remained still. Jacky sat down cross-legged and fixed his gaze on her palm-sized face. He observed her carefully.

“Have you become more beautiful?” He pinched her on the chin. She shook her head without saying a word.

He pulled her hand towards his face. She shrank away from him and kept her head lowered.

He placed her finger on his lips and dragged it across his lips. Then, he started to suck on her finger fondly. She wanted to withdraw her hand but she failed.

“I want to go home. Let me go.” Suddenly, she lifted her head and looked at him with a pitiful expression.

Jacky released her hand. He signaled her to go to the bed with a glance. “Go there.”

She got up and did as he said. Her shoes had long since been taken off. She was wearing a pair of white socks as she stood on the bed.

Jacky sat for a moment before rising to his feet. He turned around and gazed at her as he walked over.

Standing before her, he grabbed her hand and placed it beneath his clothes. Her hand shivered as she touched his smooth skin. The touch had sent her heart palpitating.

Jacky loosened his grip, and she rapidly hid her hands behind her back. With her head lowered, she continued to say, “I promised my brother to go back tonight. Scarlett came out with me too. She must be searching for me now.”

Jacky acted as if he hadn't heard a word she had said. He lifted his hands to strip off his hoodie and threw it to the side. Deanna took two steps back and raised her head to look at Jacky's sturdy physique. Her heart started to beat even faster.

He then pressed her against the wall. Before she could respond, her bag was taken away and thrown to the side. Next, her clothes were stripped off. She was lifted off the ground and pressed against the wall.

She didn't know what to do. In the end, after a round of fondling and kissing, she finally gave up struggling.

He then turned around and put her onto the bed. She had been stripped naked. She held onto the quilt but before she could cover her body, he pressed her hands together to prevent her from moving, and then...

Deanna fell asleep and woke up later to find that the sky had turned dark. Just as she was about to get up and leave, Jacky pulled her hand and hugged her from behind. “Don't move, or else, you'll know the consequences.”

She immediately stopped in her tracks and promised him. “I won't move.”

“Trying to leave?” Jacky caressed her gently from behind as she was very tense. She shook her head fiercely to deny it.

Jacky gave an affectionate bite on her neck and took out his phone to call Zorion. When the call got through, Zorion picked it up. "Where's Deanna?"

He then placed the phone next to her ear. Hearing her brother's voice, she quickly said, "Zorion, I'm fine."

Zorion had been looking for her all that while. He stopped and replied in a softer voice, "It's good to hear that you're fine. I'll pick you up. Where are you?"

"I'm in Waverly Village, at the place where I stayed the last time. Zorion..." She wanted to tell him to come immediately because she didn't like this place. It was cold and there was no food here. But before she could say another word, the phone was taken away. He lay beside her and said, "She won't be going home tonight. I'll send her back tomorrow."

"Jacky, don't you dare think that I will be afraid of your influence in Waverly Village. If you cross the line, then I will not let you go."

Zorion's expression darkened. Jacky was provoking him with such action.

Jacky chuckled. "She's fine. She's not going back today."

With that, he hung up and placed his phone on the nightstand. Subsequently, he turned around and continued to sleep with Deanna in his arms. She was in a panic that she didn't dare to make a sound.

"Let's sleep." Jacky then leaned against her and fell into slumber. In the middle of the night, he woke up and had s\*x with her again. She was exhausted after that.

It wasn't until he was tired that he stopped.

The next morning, he brought her downstairs to have breakfast. He instructed her to prepare her own breakfast.

Her face fell the instant she heard what he had said.

She wanted to go home and not have to eat potatoes here.

## **Chapter 1188**

After Deanna had finished preparing breakfast, she sat aside. Jacky sat down and gazed at her. He asked, "Is the food not tasty?"

"No." She thought potatoes were alright but she didn't want to eat potatoes then. All she wanted was to go home.

He stared at her and he then took a potato to eat. After that, he stood up and told her to have her breakfast quickly as they would be leaving right after this.

Deanna didn't dare to defy him. She quickly finished her potato and went out to look for Jacky.

Jacky waited for her outside. The moment she came out of the house, she saw him standing in front. She hurried over to tell him, "I've finished it."

“Mmm, let’s go.” Jacky led the way and she followed him like a lost puppy. She had no idea where Jacky was heading, and she didn’t dare to go against him either. All she could do was to follow him.

They walked for a few miles, and she teetered arduously after him. She didn’t realize it was such a long route when she came here the day before.

Finally, she called out to him when she was no longer able to walk any further, “Jacky...”

“Yes.” Jacky turned around and looked at her. He then glanced at her feet. She was wearing a pair of high-heeled shoes.

“I can’t walk anymore.” She truly couldn’t walk any further.

Jacky walked over and bent down to carry her before he strode all the way to the spot where he parked his car.

Deanna was pleased that her feet could finally rest. “If it weren’t for this, then my legs would definitely have been broken,” she thought to herself.

When he put her down next to the car, Jacky didn’t even feel tired, neither from the distance nor the extra burden he was carrying. He opened the car door and gestured towards her with his chin to get into the car. She thought for a moment before she did as she was told.

Jacky got into the driver’s side of the car, started the engine, and drove away.

Deanna’s eyes strayed around along the way. They got off at a mall, and Jacky bought her a new phone after he browsed for a moment.

Although its price was not as high as her previous phone, she preferred this phone. She couldn’t take her eyes off it even after she got back inside the car.

“Why did you give me this?” Something flitted across her mind. Up until that point of her life, no one else other than her elder brother and parents had ever given her any gifts.

Jacky glanced at her. To him, she was indeed adorably foolish!

“Nothing.”

“Okay.”

What sort of conversation was this? Jacky wondered in silence.

On their way back, she did not say another word.

Jacky sounded the horn of the car when they arrived at the Atkinson family’s home. The loud noise jolted Deanna, who was so engrossed with the phone. She didn’t realize she had arrived home.

Jacky went over to comfort her by caressing her head. Then, he held her face up. The corners of his lips curled up as he looked into her eyes. “A kiss.”

Deanna blinked her eyes to grant him permission. “Mmm.”

She thought he wanted to kiss her, so she remained still to let him kiss.

Jacky froze for a moment before he added, "I'm asking you to kiss me."

"Oh." She finally understood his intention. She planted a kiss on his lips, and her cheeks flushed slightly.

Without waiting for her lips to leave his, Jacky immediately pressed forward on her lips.

She felt like she was going out of breath. He eventually let her go after a long moment.

He pinched her face adoringly. "I'll visit you on campus in a few days."

"Hmm?" Deanna widened her eyes, wondering what he meant by that.

Jacky turned around and emerged from the car. He walked to Deanna's side, opened the door, and gazed at her. "Come down."

She got out of the car in puzzlement. The moment she got out, Jacky pressed her against the car and planted a kiss before she could react.

Zorion walked out of the house, only to find that the two of them were making out by the car. From what he could see, Deanna was leaning against the car, and her body, which was higher than the car, had been held in Jacky's arms.

Zorion paused momentarily with his hands clenched in the pockets of his pants. There was a baleful look on his face. Rossie cast a glance at him, wondering if this was retribution. He had coerced her into staying by his side, and right then, his sister was being treated in the same way by another man.

When Jacky let go of her, a pucker appeared between Deanna's eyebrows as her lips were bleeding from his lustful bites.

"My lips are bleeding," Deanna said in a low voice. Jacky lowered his head and sucked in a mouthful of her lips. Only after the blood on the surface of her lips was gone did he let go of her. He held her hand, turned around, and walked towards the Atkinson family residence.

When she saw Zorion, Deanna acted as if she had done something wrong. She hurriedly tried to push Jacky's hand away and hid behind him.

Despite her attempts, she was being pulled to the gate.

Zorion then stepped towards the door. He stopped and looked at Jacky before glancing at his younger sister.

His sister had been in Jacky's hand the whole night, and no one knew what had happened to her. Even though he was aware that Jacky wasn't scum, he couldn't let his guard down.

In his mind, Deanna's reputation was more important than that of the Atkinson family's.

"Deanna, are you okay?" Zorion asked her. She shook her head, and she attempted to withdraw her hand that was being held by Jacky.

Jacky turned his head to stare at her. "Don't move. Your hand will be hurt too if you keep moving."

She stopped moving after what he said. She kept her head lowered and remained quiet.

Jacky stared at her for a while before turning his head to look at Zorion. "I've brought her back."

"What do you want?" Zorion said with a cold expression. He wasn't very happy with how he had taken her away forcefully without informing anyone. Jacky had taken his sister away several times. It would no doubt affect her reputation.

"I was just paying Deanna a visit. That's it. Now that she's returned, I've got errands to run. So, I'll take my leave first."

Jacky stroked Deanna's hand one last time before he let her go.

Then, he turned around, went back to his car, and left.

Deanna began to complain that Jacky was the one who took her away, and that she was being taken away forcefully. However, she kept her phone hidden and refused to take it out.

Zorion turned around and went back to the villa. Deanna heaved a sigh of relief and quickly followed him.

Scarlette had been like a cat on hot bricks at home. Perceiving her restlessness, Raeleigh comforted her. "She will be fine."

Scarlette sat on the chair. "I will never accompany her again. She's too unlucky."

Scarlette was very anxious whereas Raeleigh was rather composed. She told Scarlette not to brood over Deanna's safety. Notwithstanding her comforting words, Scarlette couldn't calm down as Deanna had gone missing under her watch.

To her, Deanna disappeared because of her carelessness. She couldn't help but to feel worried about her safety.

Raeleigh was truly unruffled. It was neither the first nor the second time that an accident had happened to Deanna. If the same thing had happened repeatedly, then it was not Deanna to be blamed but rather Zorion's fault for not fulfilling his duty as a brother.

On top of that, Raeleigh felt that Jacky was sincere to Deanna. Although she did not have much clue about the details of their relationship, she felt that Jacky seemed to have real feelings towards Deanna.

Besides, the fact that Santiago had yet to show any reactions indicated that Deanna would be just fine.

## **Chapter 1189**

"Scarlette, calm down. I'll call and ask if there's any updates. You can save your worries for later if something has happened to her."

Raeleigh called Zorion to inquire about Deanna. Zorion ignored her and hung up immediately.

When she heard the beeping sound on the phone, Raeleigh understood that he was implying that she was being too nosy. In other words, it indicated that Deanna was safe and sound.

"Deanna is fine." Raeleigh's eyes landed on Scarlette, who was on tenterhooks. She was surprised to hear what she had said.



“What did he say on the phone?” Scarlett asked. Raeleigh shook her head and said, “Nothing. The fact that he did not say a word meant that she was alright.”

To Scarlett, her words somehow made sense but she wanted more reassurance. She got up and went to Deanna’s house to look for her.

After waiting for a long time, she finally saw Deanne walking out of the villa with a new phone in her hand.

“Deanna, why didn’t you tell me that you are back? You’ve scared me out of my wits!” Scarlett stood at the door unhappily. That was her first time going to someone’s house to ensure their safety. She felt very silly for doing this.

Deanna looked around. “Scarlette, hurry and get Raeleigh to find a way to get me out of here. I’ve been grounded by my brother.”

Scarlette was rather dubious about her idea. If she was allowed to roam around freely, then nobody could guarantee her safety.

Scarlette thought to herself, “Don’t even think about it.”

“I will let Raeleigh know about it right now so that she can come up with a solution to save you.” However, she didn’t mention it to Raeleigh in reality. It wasn’t until Deanna called Raeleigh that she knew about it.

She put her phone away and did not ask Scarlett regarding the matter as she too thought that they should not meddle in this matter.

Zorion had his own way of taking care of problems. He disliked intervention by others.

Scarlette remained silent while she waited for Raeleigh to ask her about it. However, Raeleigh never once spoke about the matter.

As a result, Scarlett started to feel restless and decided to approach Raeleigh herself.

“Don’t you want to ask me something?” Scarlett initiated the question. Raeleigh looked at her. “Zorion will handle Deanna’s affair, we should stay out of their business.”

Scarlette was at a loss for words. “Raeleigh, is there something you know?”

“I don’t know anything.” Raeleigh turned her face and gazed at Cynthia, who had not come around yet. The doctor said that she should regain her consciousness the day before, but she was still asleep until that day.

Raeleigh was not in the mood to inquire about other matters. She felt guilty about Cynthia’s accident. If she had not moved out of the house the previous day, then Cynthia might not have ended up like this.

Cynthia must have known something before the accident happened. That was why she didn’t inform Santiago about her departure, and she even told Scarlett to follow Raeleigh.

Cynthia was an intelligent woman. She understood Scarlett’s temperament very well, and she was aware that Scarlett would furtively stalk Raeleigh without showing herself. That way, Scarlett would

buy her some time without knowing the truth. Cynthia didn't need too much time. An hour would probably suffice.

Raeleigh furrowed her brow. Cynthia did all this with the determination to die. If that was the case, then she would not regain consciousness even if her body had recovered.

If a person had given up on the will to live, then it would be impossible for the person to be brought back to life no matter how advanced the treatment was.

Raeleigh looked at her from the outside before standing up. "I want to go in and see her."

She said to Santiago. Only then did Santiago open his eyes and take a look at her. He didn't say anything, which she took as tacit permission.

Then, Raeleigh followed the doctor and went to the disinfecting room to disinfect herself of germs and put on a protective suit before she entered the intensive care unit.

After entering it, she sat down beside Cynthia and held her hand.

"I know you can hear what I'm saying. I only want to tell you that when a person is not even afraid of death, what's there to be scared of when he or she is alive? If you die, then you will forget the person you want to remember. There will be nothing left."

Then, Raeleigh withdrew her hands, placed Cynthia's hand back beside her, and stood up.

She gazed at Cynthia momentarily before she came out of the ICU. Just as she left, Cynthia slowly opened her eyes. Santiago, who had been sitting outside with his eyes fixed at Cynthia saw her open her eyes, and look in his direction. In response to that, he stood up and headed for the door of the ICU. Raeleigh, who just got out, bumped into him and watched him walk inside.

Raeleigh turned around to look. Santiago walked in and stopped in front of Cynthia before placing his hand on her face.

It appeared like they were having a conversation, and Cynthia couldn't help but to sob. From Raeleigh's point of view, she must have been filled with regret.

"Raeleigh, you are amazing." Scarlett got up and approached Raeleigh. She threw a glance at her without uttering a word and continued staring into the ICU. Their relationship was perhaps incomprehensible by many people who had never experienced hardship in their relationship. To them, even if they are deprived of all the materialistic items, they couldn't be deprived of each other because of the intimacy they shared with each other.

"Let's take a rest. He might come out in a while." As Raeleigh spoke, she moved towards one side and sat down while gazing into the ICU.

She stared blankly and Scarlett gave her a strange look.

"Raeleigh, are you into Mr. Santiago?" Cynthia was ill, and her boyfriend was talking to her inside. She wondered why Raeleigh was ogling at him with rapt attention?

Raeleigh shot daggers at her. "When you're quiet, you're very lovable. When you speak, you're so..."

“What?” Scarlett raised her eyebrow, but Raeleigh did not answer. Instead, she stared blankly at the lovebirds who were in the ICU. Many couples may not love each other initially but they ended up happier than most people.

While Scarlett blabbered next to her, Raeleigh focused her attention on the ICU. Scarlett finally stopped talking when she noticed that Raeleigh was not paying attention to her. Seeing as Santiago was still inside the room, she quickly told her, “Raeleigh, I am leaving. Take care of yourself.”

Only then did Raeleigh turn around and gape at Scarlett. She then lowered her head slightly and continued, “I can’t stay here. I cannot stay with Hadrian.”

Raeleigh knitted her brow. “Hadrian likes you.”

“So what? He likes himself more. I’m just a toy in the room. You will never understand,” she said with a helpless look on her face, and Raeleigh remained silent. She only had a simple thought. Since Scarlett had made up her mind, the only thing she could do was to support her. Yet, Raeleigh couldn’t bring herself to wish her good luck for the next Chapter in her life.

The choice was in Scarlett’s hands. She had to decide her own fate.

Therefore, Raeleigh neither begged for her to stay, nor could she wish her all the best.

At the thought of Hadrian’s aggressiveness, Raeleigh wondered what he would do when he found out that Scarlett had left.

## **Chapter 1190**

Scarlett neither told anybody that she was leaving, nor did she pack her clothes. She simply bought a flight ticket and was ready to disappear off the face of the Earth.

Raeleigh saw her off at the airport, and she wept for a while. When it was time to board the plane, she turned around and left without any hesitation.

Raeleigh stood still as she watched her leave. When she turned around, Jepherson and Stuart came into her sight and they walked up to her. Jepherson raised his head and looked around. His face fell when he realized she was there alone. He asked coldly, “Why are you out by yourself? What are you doing here?”

Sweat formed on Stuart’s forehead. It seemed to him that Jepherson was about to blow a fuse.

Looking at his exasperated expression, Raeleigh didn’t bother to explain herself. To her, they were strangers and had nothing to do with each other anymore since they had broken up.

Hence, there was no need for her to explain herself. She didn’t want to explain either.

She stared at Jepherson for a few seconds before saying, “I’m sorry, Mr. Harvey. I have other things to do.”

After that, she sidestepped him and headed for the exit of the airport. Her indifferent attitude caused Jepherson to reel from shock. He turned around and gazed after her, who had already walked to the exit.

Stuart held his breath. Raeleigh's behavior was beyond Jepherson's expectation. It seemed like he was going to have a hard time coaxing her.

There was a common saying that people should get over a breakup and move on instead of dwelling on it or going back to it. Raeleigh's attitude suggested that she held such a view.

Jepherson looked at Raeleigh with a grim face. He then instructed Stuart, "Investigate what is going on."

Stuart was baffled for a moment before he asked, "Mr. Jepherson, aren't we going abroad?"

"No, I've changed my mind."

Jepherson gnashed his teeth as he fixed his gaze on the airport exit.

He wondered where she was going, and what she was doing at the airport.

Stuart initially planned to remind him that they shouldn't defer the decision to go abroad, but he chickened out when he saw Jepherson's deepening frown.

When she walked out of the airport, Raeleigh hailed a cab to go back. The driver asked her, "Is the car behind us following you?"

She looked back to find that there was indeed a luxury car that was following them.

"I don't recognize it." Raeleigh turned around, and her eyes stRhyed to the driver. Deep lines were seen between his eyebrows as he frowned and wondered. "That's weird. It seems like the Harvey family's car. Why are they following us?"

The driver was distressed. He started to wonder if they were taking revenge on him because he might have unintentionally snatched their parking slot when he was waiting for customers at the airport.

On second thought, he found it illogical since he had never heard of the Harvey family bullying mere drivers like him.

Through the rearview mirror, the driver stole a glance at Raeleigh, who was unfazed. She seemed somewhat familiar to him.

The driver immediately guessed that the car that was following them must have been related to her but she was unwilling to admit it. All he needed to do was just to drive her to her desNorahtion. He believed that the Harvey family car would not cause further trouble to him.

The driver collected the payment at the desNorahtion. Not only did he not ask for any tips, but he also refused to take the full amount and instead rounded off the charge down to the nearest tenth.

Raeleigh stood outside the car and expressed her thanks. After that, she paid the driver and went into the hospital.

Jepherson's car was parked at the opposite side of the hospital, and he looked in the direction where Raeleigh was heading.

“Why was Raeleigh alone?” There was a note of displeasure in Jepherson’s voice, although he sounded nonchalant. Stuart had worked for him for many years, and he had never seen him behaving as calm as he was then when he was in a fit of temper.

“I’ll check it out right away.” Stuart opened the car door and got out in a hurry, as though he was afraid that he couldn’t execute his order in time.

After he got out of the car, Stuart began to call Scarlett. He wanted to ask for her whereabouts. However, he couldn’t get through, and he wondered where she went.

Stuart kept his phone and entered the hospital. Shortly after he went upstairs, he saw Raeleigh, who was sitting outside of the intensive care unit, and Santiago, who was accompanying Cynthia in the unit.

Raeleigh stared at him without saying a word. Stuart hurriedly asked, “I’m looking for Scarlett. Madam Raeleigh, do you know where she is?”

Raeleigh’s eyes were fixed on him, but she was not in the mood of talking to him at all. He clearly knew his intention of coming here. Looking for Scarlett was definitely not his primary purpose.

Raeleigh gazed at him momentarily. She did not correct his way of addressing her. Instead, she said, “Scarlett said that she was not feeling well. So, she went back to rest first.”

“Is that so? Then, I shall take my leave,” Stuart replied with a smile. He glanced into the unit before he turned around and left hastily.

Once he came out, he called Serra immediately to ask her if she had seen Scarlett. Serra shook her head and said that Scarlett had not returned since she left the house.

Stuart put away his phone and went outside. He got into the car and told Jepherson, “Scarlett is missing. Perhaps, she had left.”

Jepherson looked up at Stuart, and his rage seemed to be pacified slightly. He then said, “Does it have anything to do with Hadrian?”

“I think so. They had a falling out with each other recently. I heard that Hadrian wanted marriage, but Scarlett wanted to break up. Scarlett was responsible for what had happened to him. Even though she didn’t do it on purpose, she took advantage of the incident to flee from him.”

Jepherson fell silent briefly after Stuart had explained the situation. “Send someone to ensure her safety. Tell Hadrian to handle this himself when he gets out. Scarlett is peevish, and she will cause trouble sooner or later without anyone to look after her.”

“Yes, Mr. Jepherson.”

While Stuart was passing on the instructions to the subordinates, Jepherson gazed at the hospital. He was planning to leave, but he changed his mind, opened the door, and got out.

“Mr. Jepherson.”

Stuart followed him and got out of the car as well. He lifted his hand to signal Stuart not to follow him before stepping into the hospital.

Stuart stood behind him in defeat. Jepherson was reluctant to leave Raeleigh, but he was so stubborn. The lost child must have become a bugbear of his, to say nothing of Raeleigh's identity.

Jepherson walked into the hospital, entered the elevator, and went up. Stepping out of the elevator, he went around to the corridor and stopped when Raeleigh came into his sight.

Raeleigh could sense that someone was staring at her from the side. It was a familiar feeling that could only be felt by intimate lovers. She turned around to look. Surely enough, she saw Jepherson standing around.

Jepherson approached her. Raeleigh looked at him momentarily before she turned her face to look inside the intensive care unit. Cynthia had woken up, but her condition was still unstable. In addition, her immune system was weak, so she had to stay in the hospital for a couple more days, and she needed special care.

She couldn't be transferred out of the intensive care unit yet. Santiago was keeping her company.

Jepherson walked towards Raeleigh and stopped in front of her. He asked, "Did you go to the airport to see Scarlett off?"

Raeleigh neither answered, nor did she turn to look at him.

In her opinion, there was nothing left to be spoken between them.

Jepherson furrowed his brow and said with a cold expression, "You're not allowed to go out alone next time."

Raeleigh remained silent. Finally, Jepherson's gaze moved to Cynthia, and it then left after a glance at her.

Never once did Raeleigh's eyes stray towards him. She couldn't care less about his departure, and she wished that he would disappear from her life completely.