

## Go After 1281

### Chapter 1281

The servants had no choice but to retreat and report to Zorion.

But when they reached the door that led to his room, the servant's face turned red in embarrassment. His door was closed and there were noises from within. What was he doing there?

The servant raised his hand but quickly withdrew. Recalling how he was scolded previously, he thought that it best to look for Deanna.

The servant walked towards Deanna's room and knocked on her door. "Miss Deanna..."

Deanna pushed the door open and looked at the servant who was standing in front of her. "What's the matter?"

"Well..."

The servant didn't know how to explain the situation. All he knew was that there had been noises coming from the Zorion's room.

Deanna looked puzzled. She hadn't eaten much in the past two days ever since her brother had put her under house arrest.

Deanna tried to go on a hunger strike, but that didn't work. She refused to eat for the entire day in hopes that her brother would change his mind but he did not budge. Deanna was going crazy, but there was nothing else she could do.

She had lost a lot of weight, she's...

As Deanna fell deep into thought, the servant told her about Santiago's accusation while glancing in the direction of Zorion's room. Deanna was shocked to hear what was being said and ran downstairs immediately.

Deanna looked at the help and said, "I'll go out and take a look. My brother won't find out. Let's settle our business with Santiago."

Deanna left after saying that. The servant had indeed thought that that was what she was planning to do. After all, Deanna was the only person who wouldn't be afraid of Santiago.

The servant hurriedly followed her outside towards the main entrance. When they saw Santiago, Deanna had the sudden urge to break into tears as she felt that her savior had arrived.

Santiago stared at Deanna as she stopped in front of him. He thought about how she had lost a lot of weight.

"Open the door," Santiago said with an annoyed voice. The servants thought his behaviour changed due to her presence because he was fine prior to her arrival.

The servants opened the door quickly. But as soon as the door swung open, Santiago pulled Deanna out towards him, and turned to walk towards the car. The servants stepped forward to stop him but

Santiago glared daggers at them. The servants took a step back and called after Deanna. They knew that something was amiss.

However, their realization came too late. The corners of Santiago's lips curled up into a smile. "She will be back tomorrow. I am bringing her to visit my grandmother."

Santiago opened the car door and pushed her right in, causing Raeleigh to wake from her slumber before moving over to make way for Deanna. Her face flushed red when she woke up. She had dreamed about Jepherson.

She was baffled at herself.

"Raeleigh, why are you sleeping in the car? You could catch a cold. Look, your whole face is red."

Deanna couldn't be bothered at her haggard appearance. She took off her outer coat quickly and handed it to Raeleigh. Raeleigh was still in a dazed state after being jolted awake. She felt like she had only taken a short nap, so she was surprised to see Deanna.

Santiago then got into the car, started the engine and drove right back to Xanthus's place.

Raeleigh finally woke up from her dazed state and looked at Deanna. Then, she removed the coat on her and draped it over Deanna instead. "Put this on, or you'll catch a cold when we get out of the car. Why are you so thin? It looks like you haven't eaten in days. You don't even have makeup on."

Deanna had always dressed up whenever she went out, but that day was an exception.

Deanna was blessed with good looks and looked especially delicate even without makeup. However, she looked gaunt that day, as if she had aged a few years. She didn't look like the usual Deanna.

Deanna sat upright and clasped her hands together. She looked a little nervous, but it was hard to tell why.

As Raeleigh sat beside her, she didn't enquire further when she saw Deanna's disinterest to elaborate.

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The servant ran back upstairs and stood outside Zorion's door. He wanted to knock on the door, but shrank back in fear. "What should I do? What is he doing inside? Zorion must be in excellent physical health. How long have they been going at it for?"

...

"Are you still feeling unwell?" Zorion was almost driven mad. It looked like Rossie might have food poisoning as she was still feeling sick. She laid in bed with her eyes closed, tears rolling down her cheeks. She placed her hands over her stomach and refused to answer Zorion, her face as white as a sheet.

Zorion knew that menstrual pain could be torturous but had no idea how to manage it. All he knew was that Deanna would have similar episodes occasionally and she would always take painkillers to get herself through the pain. She would be fine after taking the pills with some ginger tea.

Rossie had tried everything, including the ginger tea and the painkillers but to no avail.

She laid in bed quietly.

Zorion held her arm and asked, "Rossie, where do you feel unwell? Let's get you to the hospital."

When Rossie heard that she was going to the hospital, she burst into tears and kept shaking her head. She didn't want to go to the hospital; people would learn of her real age and her embarrassing history if she were to go there.

"How about we make a house call?" Zorion had been very unhappy for the past two days because of Deanna and he had no way to explain this to his parents. Due to the whole Deanna issue, he had not been paying much attention to Rossie. He didn't expect anything would actually happen to her.

Rossie shook her head in disagreement. Zorion couldn't bear to watch anymore. His heart ached from watching her suffer.

He got up to make a phone call and asked that a private doctor come for a house call.

The servant was still hesitant about the earlier matter when the doctor arrived and knocked on the door.

Zorion immediately opened the door to let the doctor in before closing it.

The servant had wanted to see what was going on inside but the door was slammed shut.

They were being so mysterious which further amplified his hesitation to impose on them.

The doctor informed Zorion that Rossie may need strong medicine. After writing her a prescription, he left. Zorion stood at the door and finally noticed the anxious servant. He asked, "What's the matter?"

"Miss Deanna..."

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When they arrived home, Raeleigh got out of the car and went to open the door for Deanna. But Santiago beat her to it and helped her open the car door instead. Deanna looked at Raeleigh and said apologetically, "Raeleigh, I'm sorry, I've come to disturb you again."

"It's fine."

"Please let Dr. Osteen know that I will try to leave as soon as I can. I will find a way to leave." She had a strange expression when she spoke. Raeleigh laughed and asked, "Where do you plan on going?"

"I can't tell you that." Deanna looked around. In fact, this would be the last place she would choose to stay, but it seemed like she had no other choice.

This was Xanthus residence. Xanthus must be Raeleigh's new boyfriend, which meant that Jepherson had already lost the competition. It was quite a sad matter to think about.

Deanna didn't want to live under Xanthus' roof.

But she was left with no other choice.

She had nowhere else to go.

Since Deanna didn't want to say more on the matter, Raeleigh decided to stop probing. On the other hand, Santiago thought about her strange reaction as he followed behind the two women.

## **Chapter 1282**

Deanna sat down and fell deep into thought. Raeleigh had prepared some food, but she refused to eat anything, saying she wasn't hungry. Although she wanted to have a taste of the delicious food served, she just couldn't stomach anything.

Deanna just sat there without eating anything. Raeleigh turned her gaze to look at Santiago. He sat with his legs crossed and handed her an apple. "Are you going on a hunger strike against me as well?"

Deanna pushed the apple away. In the past, she would not have spared Santiago a burning remark. She would have argued back but she was oddly quiet that day.

Deanna leaned on the sofa, her gaze void and empty. It was as though she was thinking about something sad and couldn't summon any energy to do anything else.

"Take her upstairs to get some rest. She must be tired," Santiago said as he looked at Raeleigh, who then brought her upstairs.

When they left, Xanthus inched closer and said, "She looks sick."

Santiago took a sip of his soup and nodded without looking at him.

Raeleigh led Deanna into her room. Deanna told her that she felt sleepy and wanted to get some rest. She was not in the mood to talk about anything, so Raeleigh left right after she went to sleep.

As soon as she went back downstairs, she saw that Jacky had already taken off his shoes and jacket.

Jacky was wearing a black wool shirt and a pair of black jeans. He had a charming presence and a handsome face to match. At first glance, he was stunningly good-looking. However, Raeleigh wasn't the type of person to be impressed easily. She made no show of reaction as she came downstairs.

Jacky, on the other hand, had a huge reaction the moment he came in. He immediately questioned Santiago about Deanna's whereabouts when he saw no signs of her.

"She's upstairs, in the room on the left."

Santiago continued to sip on his soup as Jacky went up the stairs. When he walked past Raeleigh, he pretended to ignore her.

Raeleigh turned around and saw that the door that led to Deanna was opened and Jacky had walked into the room.

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Jacky was stunned for a moment when he entered the room. Deanna was on the bed, and without even opening her eyes, she said, "Raeleigh, I feel really crappy right now. The only thing I want to do now is sleep. I haven't had a peaceful sleep in a long while. Is that too much to ask for?"

Deanna had a pleasant voice as soft as a child's. Jacky took a deep breath, closed the door, and walked towards the bed. He placed his hands on his waist and lowered his gaze to look at Deanna, who was lying on the bed. Her face was so pale that she barely looked alive.

He felt as if there was a knife in his heart, and it even hurt to breathe.

He slowly sat down beside her and the bed sunk from his weight. Deanna pouted angrily. "Santiago, let me have some peace and quiet. I'm exhausted."

Deanna pleaded but the person beside her refused to budge. She turned around with the intention to tell Santiago off, but she was greeted by someone else instead.

"Ja..."

Tears welled up in her eyes the moment she saw that it was Jackson. Soon after, she burst into tears. She sat up and wrapped her arms around his waist. She didn't hold back at all as she hugged him firmly.

Jacky was caught off guard by her sudden embrace, having the air in his lungs almost squeezed right out of him. He felt as though the entire world had returned to his arms. Everything was suddenly alright again.

He raised his hands and placed it on the back of her head gently as he hugged her, "There, there. Don't cry."

But Deanne just couldn't stop the tears from falling.

...

Raeleigh was seated on the sofa. It was a bright and beautiful afternoon but she just couldn't shake the feeling of an impending doom from her chest.

Raeleigh picked up the remote control and tried to watch some TV. When she turned the TV on, a news report about the Cole family came on. The news reported that the Harvey siblings was the party responsible for Flynt's incident.

"Are you worried?" Santiago tossed an apple at Raeleigh. She nTristany dropped it but managed to catch it right before it did.

"Worried about Flynt?" Raeleigh asked. Santiago leaned back against the sofa and laughed at her question. She commented, "You are so childish!"

Santiago stopped laughing. He stood up, moved next to Raeleigh, and sat with his legs crossed. He then leaned against her and asked, "I'm talking about my brother."

Raeleigh frowned. "What is there to worry about? He's always been unstoppable. There isn't anything that he can't solve. In fact, there aren't any obstacles ahead of him either."

Santiago stared at her face. "Not really."

Raeleigh fixed her eyes on Santiago, "What do you mean?"

Santiago turned around and picked up an apple. He tossed the apple in his hand and pondered for a moment before saying, "I am my brother's worst enemy. If I ever decide to rebel against him, he'll definitely suffer."

Raeleigh said, bemused, "But you won't."

"Who knows. If I can't get what I want, I might just turn the tables."

Raeleigh did not reply. She felt there was no need to continue such a boring topic.

While she was still resting on the sofa, she got a call from Scarlett. She wondered about this sudden call...

"What's the matter?"

"Raeleigh, Jepherson is outside. He's coming in."

As Scarlett spoke, Jepherson had already stepped out of the car. He straightened his clothes and walked towards the courtyard. When he reached the door, he glanced at the security pad, closed his eyes, and raised his hand to enter a complicated string of numbers. Following this, the door opened.

Scarlett was shocked. Such was the ability of the famous Young Master of the Harvey family.

Jepherson stepped into the house as she put away her phone, standing up from the sofa. She was planning to head upstairs. Santiago looked up at Raeleigh and said, "What are you afraid of? I'm here."

"Try not to escalate things. I'm going to rest. You should get some rest too. He'll leave once he's done causing trouble."

Raeleigh was unsure about the confusing situation she was in, so she didn't dare to argue. Even if she had no courage to fight, she still had to make her point clear.

Jepherson walked into the living room just as Raeleigh went upstairs. He saw her heading up the stairs and immediately tried to follow behind.

Santiago stood up slowly and put on a pair of house slippers. He began walking towards the stairs with his hands clasped behind his back, his face grim.

He stopped right in front of Jepherson, effectively blocking his path.

Santiago shook his head. He appeared slightly taller as he stood on the stairs.

He lowered his head to look at Jepherson. "I already told you, Raeleigh is mine now. I won't stand by idly if you've come to bother her again."

"Nonsense. Get lost!" Jepherson's voice was stern. His face was as cold as ice as he stared at Santiago while the latter put on an innocent expression. He raised both his hands and exclaimed, "On!"

"Santiago, she's your sister-in-law. Stop causing me trouble."

"That's not what she said. Moreover, you've already promised grandma that you'll marry Stella. Since you have someone else, what right do you have over her?"

“Even if she’s not mine, you are not allowed to have her. Move, right now.” Jepherson’s voice sounded colder than before. It was clear to see that he was about to explode from anger!

“I’m not moving. I am a man and have the right to choose whoever I like.”

Santiago refused to back down. Jepherson said through gritted teeth, “I’ll say it again – she’s your sister-in-law.”

“I only believe what she tells me. Maybe she likes me instead.”

“She wouldn’t!”

Jepherson gritted his teeth even harder. His gaze was as fierce as a preying wild wolf. He looked as if he was ready to pounce on whoever that provoked him..

However, Santiago couldn’t care less. He even let out a mocking laughter just to get Jepherson all riled up!

### **Chapter 1283**

A few seconds later, Jepherson turned around and went towards the sofa. Sitting down, he closed his eyes. Then, he said, “It’s not the first time the old lady sent someone after Raeleigh’s head. This time, I was stopped halfway. If I don’t agree with her demands, they will kill Raeleigh. What should I do?”

Santiago strolled down the stairs and sat down as he spoke.

“That has nothing to do with me. I’m only interested in one thing, which is whatever I want to do. I’ve already told you, if you can’t do it, then I will. You disappoint me.”

Jepherson stared daggers at Santiago and scoffed, “Is there something wrong with your brain?”

Santiago shrugged, “If you really want to compete against me, that’s not a problem. Go home and have fun with all the girls around you.”

“Women are the most terrifying creatures to ever exist. Never underestimate them. Stella Doyle isn’t as simple as she seems. I don’t know if she’s really interested in you, but she must be planning something. If you feel guilty, then go back home and don’t come back.”

“Now that you and Raeleigh have broken up, this has nothing to do with her.”

“You’ve misunderstood me,” Jepherson looked away. He wanted to stand up and look for Raeleigh that instant.

Santiago laughed, “We’ll find out soon enough, but I don’t have time for that right now. You should leave.”

With that, he got up and went upstairs. Leaning on the couch, Jepherson squinted and sat there for the entire night.

Similarly, Raeleigh didn’t get any rest that night. She was constantly worried that Jepherson would break her door down, but that didn’t happen. She was so tired that she eventually fell asleep.

Once dawn broke, she tiptoed downstairs but didn't see Jepherson. After asking around, she learned that Jepherson had already left.

Scarlette sat on the sofa, her arms folded in front of her chest as she said coldly, "He's never been like this before. He sat here, all alone, for the entire night without any sleep. Raeleigh, have you poisoned him? Have you made him sick?"

Raeleigh wanted to snicker, "Sick? Wasn't he already sick to begin with?"

Just then, a door opened from upstairs. Raeleigh turned around and found that it was Jacky. Whilst his footsteps were steady and imposing...

He didn't really look well.

Raeleigh turned around and looked at Jacky. He looked as if he was in a foul mood as the urge to kill was written all over his face.

She recalled what had happened yesterday and figured out why.

Jacky looked carefree and unbothered about life. Raeleigh thought that he was the type of person who wasn't pressured by society and lived freely. However, once he met the woman he loved, he would shed his pride and wild nature as long as it meant he could be with her for the rest of his life.

The day before, Deanna didn't look very good. If that was the case, was Jacky angry because of her?

When he reached the bottom of the staircase, Jacky glanced at Raeleigh before looking away. Santiago wasn't here. Then, he strutted into the kitchen, grabbed a bowl of soup then went upstairs.

He returned to his room upstairs and didn't come out again.

Meanwhile, a car belonging to the Atkinson family arrived at their front door.

Raeleigh wasn't the type to have a lot of guests over. Because of that, Xanthus invited two more helpers over so she could have a good rest. These two were housekeepers, not servants. Their priority was to clean the kitchen and the rooms.

Raeleigh opened the door in person. Zorion got out of the car, looked at her and walked towards the door, "Is Deanna here?"

With her eyes locked on Zorion's car, she realized there was another person in the car who was looking at them from inside.

Raeleigh thought for a moment and answered, "They're here."

"I want to see Deanna. Please tell her to come out," Zorion wouldn't step inside. He wanted to take Rossie to the hospital. She looked very sick.

Looking behind her, Raeleigh then said, "Wait a minute. I will ask about it."

With that, she turned around and went back to ask. Santiago was seated on the sofa downstairs and stopped her, asking, "Is Zorion at the door?"

Raeleigh turned and looked at Santiago, replying, "He's looking for Deanna."



"It's alright. I'll go," Santiago got up and picked up an apple. He walked towards the door and ate the apple as he walked. Raeleigh followed him downstairs and advised, "Stop eating. We'll be having a meal soon. It's not good to eat an apple so Tristany in the morning."

However, Santiago continued eating, ignoring Raeleigh's remarks. With no choice, she stopped trying to say anything and instead, followed him melancholically. If she had known that it was useless to say anything to him, she wouldn't have done so in the first place.

When the two of them reached the door, Santiago stopped and looked up at Zorion. The corner of his mouth curled up and he spoke with an evil look on his face, "What's up?"

"Where is Deanna?"

Zorion wasn't being polite at all as his face darkened. Santiago was still his brother. No matter how unpleasant their relationship was, it was still better than most people's.

No matter how much trouble their family caused, the same blood flowed in their veins. During dire times, they would still stand united as a family.

This time however, Zorion was very disappointed. His men noticed that Jacky's men had already occupied several locations in the capital. This was also due to his negligence. He didn't realize his mistake until he had lost control of half of his turf.

"Deanna isn't feeling well and is resting upstairs. If you're here just for her, you should head back. I will take care of her," Santiago finished eating his apple. He wasn't cold even though it was the middle of winter. He threw the apple core into the trash can and placed his hands on his waist. Without any warm clothes, he only had a single velvet sweater on and half of his collarbone was exposed. He stood at the door with his hands on his waist. His posture angered Zorion, and it made him want to beat him up...

"Open the door right now and bring her down. Don't make me call your brother, he'll teach you a lesson."

Zorion didn't want to confront Santiago head-on, not because he was afraid of him, but because they had fought once before. He had already exposed his weakness to him. Although their friendship had been ruined when they fought, along with a couple of their bones, he still found himself trusting Santiago.

Jepherson and Santiago were brothers, through and through. If something happened to Jepherson, Zorion would be the only one to help him then.

Santiago looked amused. He took two steps forward and placed his hand on Zorion's shoulder. He leaned against him with a smile and licked his lips, smirking, "Are you going to call my brother?"

Santiago said through gritted teeth, "Why not call my parents? I'm actually afraid of them more."

"Santiago..."

Zorion was pissed, "I have some business to attend to. Hand her over to me, or I'll have to get rough with you."

"Well, you are most welcome to. If you can't beat me, please leave right away."

“Are you saying that I’m weaker than you?” Zorion laughed. He had always been superior to Santiago since they were kids. Did Santiago really think he stood a chance?

Santiago didn’t waste any more time talking. Instead, he opened the door and started stretching.

Raeleigh turned around and grabbed Santiago’s coat. When she stepped out, the two of them were staring at each other and hadn’t started fighting yet. She thought that things wouldn’t escalate into a brawl, so she didn’t plan to advise them.

However...

### **Chapter 1284**

Santiago rolled his eyes, “Deanna can live her own life. She’s 19 years old. After this winter, she’ll be 20.”

“My mother used to tell me that a man would grow his backbone after turning 20 so that he can support himself. A girl would have developed a strong heart at 20 just so she can live with her partner.”

“You’re her brother, but you don’t even know her. How would you know what she wants?”

“Everyone is different. You can’t trap her in your own bubble.”

“If Deanna is willing to abandon everything and follow someone to the ends of the earth for them, I think whatever you’re doing is just a waste of time.”

“She’s not your sister, so of course you’d say that,” Zorion turned around and looked at Rossie in the car. He was still worried about her and was getting anxious.

After turning back, he heaved a sigh “Come on, let’s fight. If I win, I’ll bring Deanna home with me. If I lose, I’ll walk away willingly.”

The reason why Zorion was so confident was because he had never once lost to Santiago. On the other hand, Santiago always lost to other people when it came to a proper fist fight.

Santiago laughed, “Since you agreed to it, let’s begin.”

He then took two steps back and waited for Zorion to begin.

Zorion wasn’t wearing much today as he only had a black suit on. Raising his hand, he unbuttoned his suit and approached Santiago. After exchanging brief glances, Santiago threw a punch at Zorion. Zorion dodged nimbly and fought back.

Raeleigh was promptly shocked and squealed, “Santiago, look out!”

“I got it.”

Santiago smiled as Zorion looked at Raeleigh. His eyes fell on Santiago’s face, sheer anger and frustration welling up in his gaze.

“Does your brother know?” Zorion asked while fighting. Santiago laughed, “You don’t know me at all. My brother doesn’t have any hold on me.”

“Even so, you can’t...”

“Never mind me. Don’t forget, you’re the same.”

...

Santiago and Zorion talked as they fought. They were moving so aggressively that Raeleigh couldn’t tell what they were talking about, but she was so worried that she clutched Santiago’s jacket tightly with both of her hands.

A moment later, Scarlett and Hadrian stepped out of the villa. Scarlett stood next to Raeleigh and shrugged, “Mr. Jepherson is the best at fighting since he can always gain the upper hand. Mr. Atkinson had trained with him ever since he was a child, and became the only one who could spar with him later on. Speaking of which, Mr. Atkinson is also very powerful. Sometimes he is able to beat up Mr. Jepherson with a single move. He’d often tell Mr. Jepherson not to lower his guard, or it’ll be an easy loss.”

“Although Mr. Santiago is strong as well, he is no match for Mr. Jepherson in a fight. As for Mr. Atkinson...”

Scarlett shook her head. There was no hope.

Raeleigh turned around and looked at Scarlett, asking, “How are you able to boost someone else’s morale yet belittle the person you’re working for?”

“I am not trying to boost anyone’s morale or diminish hope for anyone. I’m just trying to prove that you, Raeleigh, have grown increasingly partial to Mr. Santiago recently. You used to complain about Mr. Santiago and clearly didn’t like him, but now you’re always worried about him.”

Upon hearing this, her heart ached. Although there was something going on with Jepherson, she really did feel uncomfortable when she saw him sitting on the sofa last night.

“I’m just worried about him,” Raeleigh said as she took a step forward. Zorion had just threw a kick at Santiago and she wanted to help him.

“Don’t come near me,” Santiago nTristany lost his balance as he stumbled back. Raeleigh’s tears were welling up in her eyes and she was very worried.

Noticing that she was about to step forward, Santiago stopped her immediately.

“He is worried about you. Don’t go.”

Scarlett pulled Raeleigh aside and away from the fight.

It was only then that Santiago heaved a sigh of relief. He smiled, “Again.”

“You are no match for me, but you are much younger than me. Your bones haven’t fully developed yet, so it’s best for you to bring Deanna out.”

“That’s what you think. Let’s go again.”

Santiago then leaped into the air and shot his leg out into a deadly kick. Zorion blocked his attack and suddenly stepped back in the spur of the moment. He stopped attacking Santiago and just observed his moves carefully.

“Where did you learn that?”

Santiago didn't give Zorion time to think and kept attacking. Zorion started struggling with the onset of relentless attacks. On top of that, he hadn't gotten any proper rest recently and was weaker than usual. With that, Santiago found an opportunity to land a series of kicks on him. Zorion stepped back and nTristany fell down. Fortunately, someone supported him.

Santiago stopped in his tracks, “Don't underestimate me. I don't enjoy fighting you. Both of us will just end up getting hurt.”

Zorion turned pale and his dark eyes moved about as he looked at Santiago, asking, “Have you been secretly training all these years?”

“I'm not hiding anything. I just grew up. When I was a child, I couldn't beat you, but I've been abroad for the past few years. I never stopped training even then.”

Zorion was amused.

“Even if I lose, I will take Deanna away. I can't let her stay here. You should know that even though she's young, she is very different from you. She hasn't grown up yet.”

“She has grown up. You've just been holding her back. Stop being so selfish.”

Zorion felt bitter in his chest. Slowly, he lifted his hand and tried to slow his breathing down. Santiago had kicked him right in the chest, so he was finding it difficult to breathe smoothly.

All this, in three years. He was impressed.

Santiago sighed and tried to convince Zorion, “I remember back then when Deanna went missing and was abducted. You were so worried that she would never return. You protected her, thinking that you could simply keep her at home and lock her up.”

“But that's wrong. Deanna isn't a kitten or a puppy. If you do this, you'll only push her further away from you, and sooner or later, she will leave you.”

“Enough, stop talking,” Zorion recalled the time when he felt as though his heart had been pierced by thousands of needles. He was in so much pain that he wanted to die. He always thought that it was his fault for not taking good care of his sister. If he had done a good job, Deanna wouldn't have gone missing and be in danger.

He couldn't live through that again. No matter what, he wouldn't let anything happen to Deanna.

“You've lost, so leave. She is safe here, and you have a job to do. I will keep her safe.”

Santiago stood there, his will unwavering. Even if Zorion had won, he wouldn't give Deanna up.

Raeleigh hurried over and placed the coat on Santiago.

Looking back at Raeleigh, Santiago said, “Don't come near me when I'm in a fight. Protecting you is the biggest form of encouragement for me. I don't want you to get hurt while I'm fighting.”

“I don't have eyes on my feet and fists. What if I hurt you by accident?”

Raeleigh froze for a moment. Although she didn't say anything, she felt quite jealous of Deanna.

"Don't cry, even if I die. I don't want to see you shed a single tear."

"Your tears are the most precious thing to me in the world. Don't let it flow so easily!"

Raeleigh bit her lip and moved her hands away from Santiago. She breathed heavily and could only utter a single sentence, "Be careful."

With that, she stepped back and felt uneasy for some reason.

## **Chapter 1285**

Zorion looked at Raeleigh and then at Santiago. He scoffed, "You're still young. How old are you? You are making a big mistake. She's..."

"I know what I'm doing. You don't have to tell me. Do you remember when my father would take us out to play?"

"Once, he told us that there were gems buried on a hill, and all of us ran up to grab some for ourselves. All of you brought back a gem, but I was the only one who came back with an ordinary stone."

"You looked at me strangely and thought that I was too young to understand."

"Now, let me tell you why."

"Even though all of you have gems, I wasn't envious of any of you because I had something that was more beautiful and precious than a gem. Even though she is not the best, I am still willing to be there for her."

Scarlette walked on the snow and gazed at Raeleigh whose expression had softened. She stared at Raeleigh's exceedingly beautiful face and couldn't say anything.

Zorion laughed and slowly got to his feet with a scoff, "Then I'll watch you and your brother tear each other apart."

Then, he turned around and returned to the car. As the car door was still open, Zorion looked at Santiago and warned, "There's nothing wrong with being young and frivolous, but you're backing the wrong person."

Zorion looked at Raeleigh. At that moment, she averted her eyes and looked at Santiago. Santiago only laughed in response, "I don't mind even if I've gotten the wrong person. Please leave. Deanna is safe at my place. At the very least, she won't go on a hunger strike."

Zorion's expression turned increasingly grim, "I'm going to the hospital."

Santiago gestured towards the exit, indicating that they should leave that instant. Zorion then ordered someone to close the door.

His forehead was covered with sweat as the car drove away, and his breathing was ragged and heavy. He glanced at Rossie, who looked very unhappy. Slowly, he moved to hold her hand, muttering "Don't go."

After saying that, he lost consciousness and leaned on her shoulder.

Rossie was very uncomfortable right now. In fact, she was probably much more uncomfortable than anyone else, but she didn't move her hand away.

When the car arrived at the hospital, some of Zorion's men helped him out, while a few more men accompanied Rossie inside. They were worried that she would run away before Zorion woke up.

...

After they left, Santiago turned around and returned to the villa. After he walked in, he prepared to have breakfast. Raeleigh sat across from him and kept staring at him unconsciously. However, he lowered his head and looked at the food in front of him. While he ate, he said, "Deanna isn't feeling well and needs a doctor."

Xanthus sat down and ate as well, answering, "I'll take a look at her after dinner."

After dinner, Raeleigh changed her clothes and was ready to go to the company. On the other hand, Santiago had already changed his clothes. Meanwhile, Xanthus had finished checking up on Deanna. As he came down from upstairs, his expression was strange.

"Is it serious?" Santiago was waiting for Xanthus downstairs. Xanthus hesitated for a moment and didn't give him an answer. After a while, he sighed, "We'd better discuss this together Jacky should hear this too."

Xanthus packed his things and went downstairs to wait for them. Raeleigh felt that something was wrong and walked over to Xanthus, whispering, "What's wrong?"

"I think I know why Zorion wanted to take Deanna away."

Before Raeleigh could respond, Xanthus patted Raeleigh on the shoulder and said gently, "Please ask Jacky to come down."

"No, I'll go."

With that, Santiago went upstairs and knocked on the door, quickly asking, "Come down."

After saying that, Santiago went down with Jacky behind him. A while later, Jacky asked Xanthus in confusion "Why are you asking about her period?"

Raeleigh was surprised. Just then, she thought of something and looked at Santiago. Santiago sat down and crossed his legs, silent.

Xanthus explained, "You'd better take her to the hospital. Based on my experience, she might be pregnant, but it's hard to say. After all, I'm an orthopedic surgeon, not a gynecologist."

Jacky's face froze. After hesitating for a moment, he quickly ran up the stairs. Behind him, Santiago turned his head back nonchalantly, as though this wasn't a big deal.

Raeleigh looked at him and asked, "You're not bothered about this?"

“The baby isn’t mine. What’s there to be bothered about? The person who should be happy is the baby’s father,” The corner of Santiago’s lips was curled upwards. He didn’t know how happy Jacky was right now, but he guessed that Jacky was probably ecstatic.

Raeleigh kept quiet and shot a glance towards the stairs. After the door upstairs closed with a thud, she decided to tell Xanthus, “I’m going to work now.”

“Be careful.”

“Alright.”

Raeleigh looked at Santiago, who stood up and headed out with her. Scarlett was pregnant and couldn’t be out in the snow, so she had to stay at home.

However, Hadrian was different. He had to protect Raeleigh.

Santiago knocked on the steering wheel and pointed at Hadrian, threatening, “Don’t follow us, or you’ll suffer the consequences.”

Hadrian stood at the door and insisted, “I wouldn’t dare disobeying Jepherson.”

“I can prevent you from seeing Scarlett for the rest of your life, dare to prove me wrong?”

Raeleigh sat in the passenger seat and was speechless at Santiago’s threat. Santiago and Hadrian had lived together before. Thus, it was out of her expectations for Santiago to be so threatening to someone he knew so personally.

Hadrian’s face turned pale as he stood there for a while, but didn’t follow them afterwards.

Santiago started the car and then drove to the company.

When they arrived, Raeleigh got out of the car. Santiago parked the car and followed her inside. Raeleigh took a deep breath before walking in, her stress levels rising with each step she took.

In the past, Raeleigh wouldn’t have been bothered about anyone nor anything. Yet, she would feel extremely pressured now even at the very thought of going to work.

Santiago stood beside her and looked at Raeleigh, asking, “What are you doing?”

“Nothing.”

Raeleigh opened the door and went in. Santiago watched her from behind and followed her in.

After they entered the elevator, Raeleigh intended to go back to her old office. However, when she was about to press the button heading to her floor in the elevator, Santiago intercepted her and quickly pressed the button heading to Lamarre’s office.

Raeleigh glanced at him, “We haven’t explained the situation to the company yet, we shouldn’t cross...”

“I’m the general manager. Is it necessary for me to explain this to them? My identity alone should be enough. Lamarre’s position is now yours. From now on, you are the chief car designer for the company, and you have full control over the design team.”

Santiago said this calmly while Raeleigh was stunned. After a moment, the elevator doors swung open. Santiago stepped out with his hands in his pockets. He looked like a proud gRhys wolf as he strutted onto the corridors with his head held high confidently.

Raeleigh followed him out. The moment she stepped out, she saw Santiago fiddling with Lamarre's office door. He twisted it twice but failed to open it. Raeleigh walked to him and checked the lock on the door before sighing, "It needs a password."

Since this was the chief designer's office, one would need the password to get in. After all, not just anyone was allowed to enter freely. However, Raeleigh knew the password.

Raeleigh raised her hand and keyed in a string of numbers. Santiago laughed. "It seems that Lamarre trusts you very much."

"I'm his apprentice. Of course, he trusts me."

Raeleigh didn't really have anything else to say. With that, she pushed the door open and went in. As there was no one inside, Raeleigh knew that Lamarre wouldn't come back here anymore. He had made it very clear that he wouldn't be coming back ever again. After all, he had handed in his resignation letter.

Raeleigh walked inside and stared at Lamarre's chair. There was a hint of melancholy in her heart. She was just an intern, so how could she sit there?

Driven by intense pressure, she couldn't bear all this responsibility.

After staring at it for a while, Raeleigh walked around the room. She touched the chair her master had sat on for numerous times and plopped down as well.

A moment later, she switched on the computer and picked up the phone to call Lamarre.

In the meantime, Lamarre was on his way to the airport with several other people. He never expected Santiago to be so tough. After forcing him to resign the day before, he had sent some people over to help him pack and drive him to the airport that morning. In a flash, they had packed up his luggage and sent him off.

Lamarre had met all kinds of people in his life and finally understood something. Jepherson was no match for someone like Santiago.

Originally, he wanted to alert Jepherson, but he didn't expect Santiago to move so quickly. It was impossible to do anything nor drop a warning for Jepherson.

Lamarre was also very surprised to receive a call from Raeleigh, but...

"What's the matter? Why are you calling me so Tristany? Don't you know I need my rest?"

Lamarre's voice sounded indifferent. Raeleigh could tell that there was something wrong with him.

"Master, we agreed that I could look for you if there is something I don't understand. Have you forgotten?"



"I didn't, but I've just bought a ticket for a vacation trip. What do you have to ask me about? Just do it yourself. Wait, just ask Santiago about it. He understands things better than I do."

Raeleigh looked at Santiago who was sitting idly in front of her and sighed, "He's still a kid."

With his back towards Raeleigh, Santiago was dressed in a jade-green down overcoat, blue jeans, and white sneakers. Raeleigh thought that if it weren't for the fact that he looked like a pixie, he wouldn't have the air of one. However, in the end, Santiago did look better than everyone else. It was unlikely that anyone in the company would look more ethereal than him.

Santiago paused for a moment before looking up and staring at the ceiling. His eyes moved about before finally fixing themselves on the ground. He walked about leisurely. From time to time, he would stop and reach out to fiddle with something.

Raeleigh thought that Santiago hadn't heard anything. Even if he did, there was nothing to worry about.

"A child? He's smarter than me and his IQ is double that of a genius. You say he's a child but is he in a lower position than you are? Is there anything he doesn't understand that you do?"

Lamarre said this with a bemused face, "If you're asking for help, just ask him. I will be the first to hold him accountable if anything goes wrong. Although I would have arranged this sooner or later, I didn't mean to have you take over so soon. That's why I've decided to hand you over to Santiago from now on. If anything happens, he will be the main person responsible."

After saying this, Raeleigh moved her cellphone away from Santiago. Lamarre was sounding as though he was about to go to war.

She took a deep breath and continued, "But there's always something that needs to be dealt with. For example, you should tell him what you are doing right now. Even though he is an expert in his field, it is impossible for him to always know everything."

"I've prepared a document and placed it in my mailbox. You can open it. The password to my mailbox is my ID number. You know it, right?"

Lamarre remembered that Raeleigh had taken note of his ID number before. She gave it some thought and said, "I do."

"Once you've opened it, search for a document that was prepared at six o'clock this morning. You can download it and store it on the computer. Everything you need to know is inside, and there are some private things that I've left for you as well. You should take a look if you have the time. It will be very helpful for you."

"I am no longer your mentor and I have nothing left to teach you. Just listen to Santiago. Don't get hurt by others and just do your best."

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"Are you kidding? What am I left with if you decided to take over my mailbox?"

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"I see. I'll logout the minute after I download those documents you told me about."

"That's more like it... By the way, save the information I'm leaving for you in your own USB drive. There are some things in there that will help you. Don't share it with anyone else."

"After you log out of my mailbox, reformat my entire computer and wipe out all of the data left on it. I've made a copy of the important documents I have and will send it to you later."

"The company's computer is usually connected to the company's main server, but mine is an exception."

"And remember to bring your own laptop to work and bring it home daily after work."

Lamarre gave Raeleigh very thorough advice and was very thoughtful for Raeleigh's sake. It felt as though she would never see him again.

"Master, you..."

"Pass the phone over to him. I have something to say," Lamarre wasn't willing to show his affection for her. Since he was already a dead man, he decided not to leave things unresolved.

Raeleigh froze for a moment and did as he asked. Santiago turned around and looked at Raeleigh's teary eyes as he chuckled, "Oh come on, you don't need to cry over this."

Raeleigh sniffled and gave the phone to Santiago, who walked to the other end of her new desk and sat down. Then, he took the phone and lowered his head, muttering, "What's the matter?"

Lamarre seemed to have said something, prompting Santiago to reply after some thought, "I understand."

After a while, he asked Lamarre, "Is there something else you need to say?"

It seemed that Raeleigh was expecting something.

Instead, the call ended. Lamarre had hung up.

With that, Raeleigh was greatly disappointed.

Santiago gave the phone to Raeleigh and tapped the computer while rubbing his chin. He shrugged, "Normally, you'd have a meeting at nine o'clock. It's eight o'clock right now. Go get your things."

Raeleigh didn't hesitate at all as she wanted to see all the things Lamarre left her.

She then began to scroll through all the information after successfully logging into Lamarre's mailbox. However, Santiago urged her to retrieve the information he had left behind. Thus, Raeleigh first sent the information to Santiago's mobile phone before reformatting the computer.

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Raeleigh said while she worked on the computer, "Who else would I trust if not you?"

"Are you sure? I might just sell you out."

Raeleigh was amused but didn't say anything.

Just then, someone knocked on the door, "Mr. Lee, we should have our meeting."

In a flash, Raeleigh looked up. Santiago raised his chin, hinting for her to answer.

"I'm coming."

When the people outside the door heard Raeleigh, they remembered that she was Lammare's prized apprentice. Thus, they left without saying anything.

After they left, Raeleigh looked at Santiago and asked, "What should I do now?"

## **Chapter 1286**

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"I'm coming."

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After they left, Raeleigh looked at Santiago and asked, "What should I do now?"

## **Chapter 1287**

"Take the documents. Don't you know what the plan is right now? I'll head over later."

Raeleigh believed Santiago wholeheartedly. As for what he wanted to do, she had no idea.

Despite her concerns, Raeleigh hurriedly grabbed some documents and stood up. She was aware that her presence would only be a challenge and provocation towards Jepherson. Therefore, it was unlikely that any fruitful discussion would occur. The only thing she would do would be to anger Jepherson.

With that, Raeleigh had nothing else to hesitate about and would do whatever Santiago asked her to do.

She turned around and went towards the door. Stepping out, she asked Santiago, "Are you sure you'll come?"

Santiago was looking at the computer when he heard her. He froze for a moment and said, "If I don't go and leave you alone to handle the situation, will you be afraid?"

Raeleigh kept quiet. She wasn't afraid, but she would feel a lot safer if Santiago was here.

After turning around and closing the door, Raeleigh held the file in her hands and walked towards the elevator. She opened the elevator and was promptly caught off guard.

Unexpectedly, Jepherson was standing inside. Raeleigh's breathing grew heavy as she didn't expect this.

"Mr. Harvey," Raeleigh greeted him distantly and politely.

Jepherson's handsome face showed a hint of displeasure as he scowled, "Why are you still so polite to me?"

Raeleigh pursed her lips, "I wonder why you're here. You have a private elevator."

As Raeleigh refused to step in, the doors were about to close. Jepherson gritted his teeth, waiting for her to press the button to reopen the doors but Raeleigh didn't. Upon seeing that the elevator doors were about to close, he quickly pressed the button, and the doors opened again.

His gaze focused on Raeleigh slowly grew impatient.

"Come in."

Raeleigh considered this for a moment before denying politely, "I still have something to do. Please go ahead, Mr. Harvey. I will be right there in a while."

In a haste, Raeleigh walked away. Jepherson was so angry that his expression darkened. He gritted his teeth and wanted to chase after her, but his phone rang at that very moment.

He took out his phone and hesitated to step out, but eventually walked out of the elevator.

Meanwhile, Raeleigh thought that Jepherson had already left. She breathed out a sigh of relief and finally escaped from the situation.

Jepherson didn't follow her. With that, Raeleigh calmly pushed the fire escape door open and decided to take the stairs.

Compared to facing Jepherson, it was better for her to leave via the stairs.

At that moment, Jepherson was going to knock on Lamarre's office door, but when he stepped out of the elevator, he saw Raeleigh taking the stairs. The fire escape door closed with a thud.

Looking at the closed doors, Jepherson quickly finished his call and turned towards the stairs. He pushed the door open and looked inside. He could no longer see her, but footsteps could be heard.

Walking down the stairs, Jepherson's face looked grim. In order to avoid taking the elevator with him, she had chosen to take the stairs to the conference room. Fortunately, the conference room was situated on the middle floors of the building, if it was downstairs...

Jepherson narrowed his eyes. If that was the case, she'd definitely be exhausted.

Raeleigh was reading the documents intently as she walked down the stairs. She was so focused on them that she didn't notice that someone had followed her down. The minute she heard footsteps behind her, she turned around in curiosity, only to find Jepherson already approaching her.

Raeleigh felt uncomfortable. She didn't expect him to approach her so silently.

At first, she was shocked and her face turned pale.

However, she didn't try to hide but instead tried her best to calm herself down.

"Mr. Harvey."

"Hmph!" Jepherson snorted. He didn't know what to say. Looking at Raeleigh's overalls, he pulled at the tie around his neckline and unbuttoned his collar in a fit of annoyance.

He spoke in a low voice, "I never knew you had a habit of taking the stairs."

Raeleigh was stunned for a moment, then she pursed her lips. When she was alone with him, she was somewhat afraid of him. They were so different in terms of strength that he could do whatever he wanted with her.

"You came here in order to hide from me. However, there are no places for you to hide in my building. If there was, I'd reckon you'd hide in it and never show yourself in front of me."

Jepherson sounded ominous. Raeleigh didn't know what to do with him as he was the boss. What could a subordinate do to him?

Therefore, she chose to keep silent. He looked at her and demanded, "Are you trying to piss me off?"

Lifting her head, she muttered, "Mr. Harvey, it's time. Let's go."

Jepherson looked at her with his bottomless black eyes. A short moment later, he asked, "There are over a dozen floors left to go. Are you really going to lead someone like me down this path?"

Raeleigh froze for a moment. Someone like him?

"What's there to be surprised about? I'm the president of the Harvey family, but I'm also a young man. I'm not that old, am I? Am I not worthy of that title?"

Jepherson barraged Raeleigh with a series of questions, leaving her speechless. She didn't say anything for a long time. After a while, she uttered, "No."

"No. So, do you want to leave or not?" Jepherson stared at Raeleigh with his hands clasped behind his back, as though he could see right through her.

After a while, Raeleigh sighed, "Please follow me."

Jepherson took a step forward. As he did, he observed his surroundings and suddenly asked, "Why are you all alone?"

Raeleigh was thinking of an answer, but she couldn't think of one. The best answer she had was the truth.

"Lamarre has resigned."

The minute Raeleigh said that, Jepherson stopped in his tracks. He looked at Raeleigh with a perplexed look on his extremely handsome face and frowned, "He's resigned?"

"That's right."

Raeleigh didn't wait for an answer and continued walking. She thought it was more appropriate to act this way.

When Raeleigh walked away, Jepherson asked, "Who made him resign?"

"The general manager." That was what Santiago said, so Raeleigh just told Jepherson truthfully.

"The general manager?" Jepherson frowned, "The role of the General Manager is vacant..."

As he spoke, Jepherson could only chuckle, "Oh, I see."

Gritting his teeth, Jepherson fell silent. Raeleigh turned around and carefully looked at Jepherson, waiting for him to lose his temper. Instead, he just walked away without saying a word, his hands still clasped behind his back.

Raeleigh felt weird because this was out of her expectations.

After they walked to the seventh floor, Raeleigh began to sweat. Besides, Jepherson also noticed that she was clearly tired and could not really walk anymore.

"Can you still walk?"

He stopped and stared at her. Shaking her head, she said, "No, I'm fine."



“You don’t have the strength to continue climbing the stairs. Why do you insist on show off?” As Jepherson said this, he bent down and picked Raeleigh up. She let out a cry of surprise. There were so many things in her arms. If she let them go, she would drop everything. If not, she would have to accept her fate of being carried.

While in a dilemma, Raeleigh looked at him and said, “Put me down.”

“You can’t walk. I’ll take you downstairs.”

Jepherson walked downstairs, his mind in turmoil. Similarly, Raeleigh was flustered. Should she struggle and drop all her documents? Or should she just lay quietly in his arms?

Jepherson spoke while he held Raeleigh, “Grandma threatened me with your safety. On the night Santiago came back, someone blocked me on the road. I called Stuart to get out of the car, but we were thoroughly hindered. I couldn’t get to you.”

“She wants me to marry Stella. You know that I love you, but I want to fight for time and think of a way out of this.”

Raeleigh lowered her gaze. She already knew all of this, but she really couldn’t do anything. Their unborn baby was a thorn in her heart. She couldn’t forget the incident, even until now.

## **Chapter 1288**

Raeleigh knew that his feelings for her were real and that he was being honest. However, she had lost confidence in their relationship. There were so many external factors that bothered them, and sooner or later, they would turn against each other. She couldn’t deal with them and she didn’t want to think about them either.

Raeleigh kept a straight face and tried her best to calm down, but she still felt sad for how unlucky she was.

The baby was gone and Mrs. Harvey was terribly disgusted at her.

Getting married was every girl’s dream, and marrying a partner who would stay by your side to the end of time was the ultimate goal a woman could ever strive for. Meanwhile, everlasting vows and abundant wealth were all things that everyone wished for. Unfortunately, none of those were possible for someone like her. After all, the odds were not in her favor. Who did she have to blame?

“What are you thinking about?” Jepherson’s eyes flashed with distress, but he was still smiling, “This will be over soon, it’s better this way. Believe me, I will make proper arrangements for you back at home.”

Raeleigh didn’t answer but quietly stayed in his arms as he carried her down the stairs. Since she couldn’t break away from his embrace, she decided to wait and see.

Jepherson noticed that she wasn’t talking and continued, “Don’t ignore me. I can’t read minds yet.”

Raeleigh wanted to laugh at his remark but kept quiet when she saw how annoyed he looked.

They finally reached the floor they needed to be at. Raeleigh asked him to let her go, and he did. However, right after he did, he held her hand and pushed her against the wall.

There were no security cameras around them. Raeleigh's heart suddenly skipped a beat. "Jepher..."

"Shouldn't you call me Mr. Harvey?" Jepherson narrowed his eyes and smirked. He lowered his head and kissed her before she could protest. His eyes were closed as he was deeply indulged in the kiss.

Raeleigh widened her eyes and moved away after the kiss. Jepherson looked at her momentarily before whispering, "Ladies first."

With a hint of panic in her eyes, Raeleigh attempted to catch her breath. Then, she turned around and said, "Let's go."

She held the file in her arms and left. She went to the conference room right after she closed the fire escape door.

The meeting room was filled with people, including Stella. Upon spotting Raeleigh, Stella nodded politely. All the people around her whispered amongst themselves as they looked at Raeleigh. They all had the same thing in mind, which was to win the favour of the higher-ups.

However, the president seemed to prefer Raeleigh over the rest of them. Compared to how indifferent she was to him a few days ago, they now seemed to be on friendlier terms.

Meanwhile, Raeleigh didn't respond to Stella as she couldn't be so hypocritical.

However, the people around them didn't think so. In fact, they all thought that Raeleigh was being unfriendly. After all, she was officially a part of the company now, so she should at least be respectful.

Though, Raeleigh wasn't the type to stoop to such levels. She pulled out a chair and sat down.

It was completely silent in the conference room. Everyone realized that the atmosphere was awkward. They all stared at Raeleigh, but she kept her head down and focused on the documents in her hands, as though she hadn't noticed anything.

Just then, Jepherson pushed the door open and walked in. In a trice, everyone stood up. Raeleigh did the same and closed the file in her hand.

Jepherson circled around and walked to his seat. Pulling out his chair, he sat down. He threw a glance at Raeleigh and tapped the table, "Sit down."

Raeleigh sat back down. This created a contrasting situation where everyone else remained standing, but Raeleigh had already sat down. This wasn't a problem to her, but the rest of her colleagues had interpreted it differently.

Jepherson smiled as he looked at Raeleigh, then looked at the others who just sat down before announcing, "From today onwards, Lamarre is permanently on vacation. I have appointed Raeleigh as his successor. She will take over all of his projects immediately. I have promoted her to the role of chief designer, where she will now be in charge of the design team."

Raeleigh raised her head slightly and stared at Jepherson. He continued, "If anyone has any objections about this, please bring it up now."

Everyone stared at Raeleigh, who stayed silent.

Lamarre's seat was right next to Jepherson's. He pulled it out and gestured, "Raeleigh, please sit here."

After hesitating for a moment, Raeleigh stood up, grabbed her files, walked over to Jepherson, and sat down beside him. Everyone could see it clear as day now. No matter what they did, be it internally fighting for his favour or creating opportunities to get closer to him, there was no doubt now that Jepherson never cared for them. What he was more concerned about were his own selfish feelings.

Raeleigh sat down and looked at him for a while, then lowered her head. She said nothing and allowed Jepherson to continue with whatever he wanted to say.

Jepherson looked at the rest of the people in the room, continuing, "If you don't have any doubts, I hope you'll raise your hands to vote for Raeleigh to ensure a smooth transition into Lamarre's position."

"Although this is the result of the company's decision and Lamarre's personal recommendation, we have our own rules and systems to follow. I'm sure everyone here knows that Lamarre has his own reasons and that he cares for his apprentice a lot. There could be some reasons underlying his actions, but we are not sure why."

"Thus, the company has decided to handle this in a peaceful manner. It is undeniable that Raeleigh Anson has several notable achievements working in the company, and that her work etiquette is superb. I believe that in the future, she will be able to perform even better, which is why we allowed Lamarre some power in the decision-making processes of the company."

"However, the company will treat everyone equally. Some people present here undoubtedly think that Raeleigh isn't qualified for the role. I respect your decision to not raise your hands, and as the opposition, I will gather those who oppose for a small competition. There, you can choose to prove your worth, and only the skilled will win."

Jepherson was serious. He had no intent to shield and favour Raeleigh, but he would lower his head from time to time with a smirk. It was clear that he was supporting her, so there couldn't be anyone who dared to disagree.

Jepherson was the first to raise his hand and vote, "Since I've nominated Raeleigh, I'll be the first to raise my hand in agreement."

Jepherson raised his hand, and the rest exchanged looks. One after another, they did the same to vote for Raeleigh. Stella voted for Raeleigh as well and the vote was finally passed unanimously.

After that, Jepherson put down his hand and announced, "Since everyone has agreed to this notion, I hope you'll get along with her and bring the company to even greater heights."

Everyone clapped in agreement. Jepherson finally turned to address Raeleigh, "Since you've taken over Lamarre's duties, you are now responsible for preparing this quarter's summary."

Raeleigh knew that this wasn't a simple task.

With a swift nod, she stood up. After shooting a brief glance at the documents she was given, she started summarizing the company's quarterly performance.

It took Raeleigh about an hour to end her presentation. She chose not to address any specific points of improvement. Instead, she ended her presentation casually with a hopeful message for a better run next quarter.

Jepherson tapped his finger on the table and looked up at her, asking, "Anything else?"

"Nope."

"Any plans for the next quarter?"

Raeleigh thought for a moment and replied, "Not yet."

"I want to see your projections by next week. Since you are still new in your position, I will mentor you from today onwards. Your internship hasn't ended yet. As Lamarre won't be coming back from his holiday, I will take charge of you from now on."

Jepherson's declaration was a surprising one. Raeleigh's heart sank and she looked at him, frowning, "There's no..."

"Don't worry. Raeleigh is my girlfriend. I will mentor her myself."

## **Chapter 1289**

The door opened and Santiago walked in with a sheaf of documents in his hand. As soon as he started speaking, the conference room immediately fell silent. Coupled with his clothes and the way he carried himself, he looked incredibly elegant despite being a man. His posture was more glamorous than a supermodel's and even better than some movie stars. He was the worldwide recognized standard of style and charisma.

Everyone's eyes were glued on Santiago. When he entered the room, he tossed the documents in his hand in front of Jepherson and scoffed, "This is my proof of assignment and all my details and recognitions. I've received 14 international awards as proof of my capabilities. I am now the general manager of the company. I, personally, will oversee Raeleigh. I am not comfortable with anyone else doing so. I'm sure you understand."

After saying that, Santiago looked at Raeleigh with a smile on his face, which shocked her. But now, she realized she was very fortunate because Santiago had finally arrived. She really didn't want Jepherson to be her mentor.

Jepherson looked gloomy. He stared at the documents in front of him, still as a statue as he refuted, "I don't care about your position, but you've outdone yourself with this joke. Just a few offensive remarks from your sister-in-law here, and you're pulling such a silly stunt. Father and mother would know how to handle you. I'm sure you know better than me."

Santiago chuckled, "Should I prove to you whether she's my girlfriend or not?"

Jepherson's face darkened and he roared, "Get lost!"

Santiago picked up his documents and chucked them into Raeleigh's hands. Crossing his arms over his chest, he said, "I'm heading to the general manager's office to get some work done. I'll need to redecorate the entire room too. When it's ready, Raeleigh will be accompanying me there. In addition to

that, I will be at Raeleigh's studio during this period of time. If any of you have any business with me, please find me there."

"Lamarre didn't request for a long leave. Instead, he's submitted his resignation. This is his resignation letter. I have agreed to it and already signed it."

Santiago loosened his grip, throwing the letter in front of Jepherson. He then turned around to grab Raeleigh's wrist and went outside.

As the door closed, everyone was spooked at what had happened. Stella quickly stood up and ran towards Jepherson, saying sweetly, "Jepherson."

"I'm fine. Santiago has never been sensible as a child. He's still immature. Forget it, let's get to work."

Jepherson's expression gradually lightened up. Rising to his feet, he picked up Lamarre's resignation letter. He went around and said, "Do as Mr. Santiago says."

After saying that, he headed outside. Everyone in the room was still stunned. Secretly, the corners of Stella's mouth turned upwards. Finally, she thought, something interesting was about to play out.

The others also left dejectedly and quietly, afraid to cause trouble.

Jepherson walked out of the conference room towards the private elevator. When he entered the elevator, he stood inside and rubbed his forehead wearily. Just then, Stuart called him. The ringing of the fire alarm soon blared right above him as well.

"Sir, Lamarre's office is on fire, there was an explosion."

Stuart really didn't expect Santiago to be such a daredevil to wreak so much chaos, even setting fire to Lamarre's company.

"Get someone to take care of it. I'll head over later. Get the people from Security to inform Raeleigh."

Jepherson put his cell phone down and lowered his head, staring at the soles of his feet.

When he reached the floor that housed Lamarre's office, the elevators door slid open and Jepherson stepped out. There were several people on the floor. When they saw Jepherson approaching, they immediately headed towards him, but the first one to reach him was Stuart.

"Mr. Jepherson."

Jepherson put the staff's safety before anything else, asking, "Is anyone injured?" To which Stuart answered no. Jepherson looked at a staff member who was quickly rescuing some property and added, "It's good that everyone is alright. Just put out the fire first. It could be that some flammable items caused the explosion. Inform the Ministry of State Security about this and perform a security audit on all the departments, right away. This can't happen again."

"Got it."

Several staff members nodded in agreement. It was very clear to them that their vice president wanted to prevent matters from getting out of hand.

After the situation was dealt with, Raeleigh came over as well. By the time she arrived, Jepherson was standing at the door with his hands behind his back, peering inside with a blank face. Everything seemed insignificant to him. However, Raeleigh was different. She raced out of the elevator and went straight into Lamarre's office. When she arrived at the door, she glanced at him and followed him in.

Santiago followed behind them leisurely.

Jepherson turned around and shot a contemptuous glance at him. Then, he followed him into Lamarre's office. When he entered the room, he saw Raeleigh. She was looking everywhere for anything she could salvage. It wasn't long before her hands were dirty and her eyes filled with tears.

Jepherson walked towards her and pulled her into her arms into a comforting embrace, "Don't cry. You'll find them."

Raeleigh shook her head, muttering. "I don't like this, I don't like this..."

She couldn't help but think of the fire from the orphanage. Maybe others couldn't understand how she felt, but Jepherson could, so he held her tightly, "It doesn't matter. Everything will be alright. I will restore it back to its original state."

The people at the security department looked at Raeleigh, Jepherson, and then at Santiago. Suddenly, a realization dawned upon them.

So this was what was going on.

They continued to pack their things. Raeleigh struggled to push Jepherson away and turned around to look for anything she could salvage.

Meanwhile, Santiago leaned against the door and didn't once think he was causing any trouble. On the contrary, he leaned against the door, perfectly laid-back.

Raeleigh packed up her things. Since there were a lot of things to carry, Jepherson asked someone to carry them to Raeleigh's old office. Lamarre's laptop was the most damaged item in the room. Jepherson inspected it. The computer had been moved, and the hard drive inside was gone.

Raeleigh stepped out with a box in her arms. She glanced at Santiago before going back to her office.

When she left the room, she looked around and tidied up her things. She felt terribly sorry for Lamarre. Such a terrible accident had happened when her master had just left.

For the entire afternoon Raeleigh sat down in a daze and didn't eat anything for lunch. Stella went to see Raeleigh, but the latter stayed uncommunicative, so Stella left her to herself.

On the other hand, Jepherson remained in her office while Santiago took a nap.

At five o'clock in the evening, Stella came to Raeleigh's office again and knocked on her door. Santiago opened his eyes as Stella pushed the door open and walked in.

"Jepherson, when are we heading back? Or should I tell Grandma that we'll be having dinner out tonight?"

Stella didn't want Raeleigh to intuit her actual intention, but what she meant was definitely not something as simple as just eating dinner.

Raeleigh finally came to her senses after steeping in such a long daze, saying, "Santiago, let's go home."

"Sure."

With that, Santiago stood up, stretched, and shook his head. Then he left with Raeleigh. When they reached the door, they waited for Jepherson to leave the room. Jepherson dawdled for a while before standing up as well.

"I'll have Stuart take you to dinner. I'll pick you up later at 10 o'clock."

Jepherson needed Stella's help to keep his relationship with Raeleigh a secret from Paige, hence his politeness to her.

"That's fine, I'll have dinner with Stuart then," Stella smiled sweetly and turned around to look at Stuart before chiming, "Stuart, come on."

After that, she fetched her bag and went into the elevator.

## **Chapter 1290**

"Let's go together. We can talk about things while we're at it."

Jepherson stepped forward, and Raeleigh instantly felt pressured. Although she wasn't too pleased with Santiago's sabotage, she still felt intimidated to face Jepherson. She took a deep breath.

Closing the door, she turned around and followed Santiago into the elevator. With him around, she felt safe and secure.

The three of them rode the elevator down. Raeleigh stood closer to Santiago, averting her eyes from Jepherson's face.

Soon, the elevator doors pinged open. Santiago waited for Raeleigh to step out first before leaving the elevator, while Jepherson trailed behind them.

The three of them were very capable and the company staff looked up to them. However, the relationship between them was a complicated one, which made everyone feel awkward around them.

They didn't know what was going on.

After they exited the building, Raeleigh sat in the car. Jepherson followed suit. Raeleigh raised her head, a telltale sign that she was about to shuffle further. He looked at her and said, "Do not move."

Santiago taunted, "Oh, speak your mind, would you? We need to go home for dinner. We don't have the time to babysit you."

"Shut up or I'll throw you out."

Jepherson's sudden warning amused Santiago and he smirked, "Why don't you try?"

Jepherson frowned, "Let's get out of the car."

Santiago remained still. In the back seat, Raeleigh was fidgeting. She might as well have gotten out of the car first.

If they liked to fight so much, she thought, why didn't she give the floor to them?

With that, Raeleigh got out of the car and surveyed around. Spotting a taxi, she planned to hail it. Just as she was about to take a step forward, Jepherson got out of the car.

"You, get in."

Raeleigh turned around and looked at Jepherson. Then, she returned and sat in the car without saying anything.

As the car drove off, Raeleigh looked at Santiago, who was driving. She sighed deeply and asked, "Why must you two fight?"

"The best way for men to resolve their issues is to have a good old fight," Santiago drove the car slowly. Raeleigh leaned against the backseat of the car, taking in the scenery outside. She sat in the back and couldn't see the front very clearly, but she was sure that Jepherson had taken a taxi and was following them from behind.

Raeleigh covered her eyes and raised her head.

When the car arrived at their home, Santiago drove into the compound. Raeleigh got out of the car and looked back. He was relieved to see that they weren't followed.

Back in her room, Scarlett saw that Raeleigh had reached home and hurried out. When she saw her, she wanted to rush over to her to spill the tea about Deanna's pregnancy.

Raeleigh looked at Scarlett. She wasn't surprised at all because anything Xanthus mentioned was very likely to be true.

"Raeleigh, aren't you surprised?" Scarlett found it incredulous. Raeleigh asked as they walked, "A man and woman are together, and then a baby is made. Well, isn't that normal? What is so surprising about it?"

Raeleigh went upstairs to change her clothes.

Scarlett was speechless. Why was Raeleigh acting like this? Deanna was pregnant. Regardless of whether this was logical or not, the Atkinson family would prove to be a huge problem and obstacle to their relationship. Zorion wouldn't leave Jacky be, nor would Rhys. How was Jacky's life going to pan out?

Furthermore, Santiago was the one who brought them together. Scarlett felt like things were just getting stranger by the day.

Raeleigh went upstairs and pushed the door open. After she closed the door behind her, she leaned against it for a while. Her mood was awful. It reminded her of the baby she had before, and she felt a throbbing pain in her heart.

She'd lost her child because she wasn't a determined mother.



Feeling melancholic, Raeleigh went to the bathroom, undressed, took a shower, then laid down on her bed.

She still felt uncomfortable; not just because she had taken a bath and still felt cold, but because of other things as well. Now that Lamarre had left, she didn't like working in the company, and that inadvertently led to her current state of being unable to design anything anymore. Ever since she'd lost her baby, she had been aimless and hopeless. She didn't just lose a child, but all of her talents and inspiration as well.

Raeleigh felt like she had lost everything.

She continued lying on the bed, tossing and turning until someone knocked on the door. She was still awake though.

"Dinner time," Santiago called for her from outside the door. Raeleigh realized that she had fallen asleep before she even had her dinner. She got up and went downstairs, only to find that everyone was already at the table.

She didn't spot Jacky or Deanna. She sat down and asked Scarlette, "Where's Deanna?"

"I just took her upstairs. She seems to be in more need of good care than you right now."

Scarlette said this as she took a bite of her food. Raeleigh didn't say anything but slowly ate her dinner.

Meanwhile, Jepherson sat outside, staring at the door to Raeleigh's room. His taxi stopped outside their villa, but he didn't get out.

Raeleigh went back up after dinner. She couldn't sleep, so she got up from the bed and went to the window to look outside. There really was a taxi parked outside.

Raeleigh stared at it for a bit and closed her curtains. She mused to herself, "It's already dark outside, but Jepherson doesn't want to go home yet. Will he really leave at ten o'clock?"

Despite her thoughts, she turned around and went back to her bed. She lay down but couldn't get any rest. When she noticed that it was ten o'clock, she got up and peeked outside. Jepherson's taxi had just left, for she could still catch a glimpse of the shadow of the taxi slowly disappearing.

Even with the curtains closed, Raeleigh couldn't get a wink of sleep. She was clearly worn out, but she couldn't sleep for some reason.

Because of that, Raeleigh stepped out of the room for some fresh air. She wanted to drink some water, but a man was standing downstairs with his hands in his pockets as he looked outside the window. Only one person had such an uppity posture—Santiago.

Raeleigh hesitated, but after a while, she went down the stairs. Santiago turned around to look at her. His hands were still in his pocket.

Reaching downstairs, Raeleigh looked at him. She turned around to look at Santiago, who was by the window. No words were exchanged. It wasn't pitch-black inside the house. Most of the lights were on, but they weren't bright enough.

However, this didn't bother them.

Raeleigh stopped by the window and asked, "What are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at whatever you're looking at," The corner of Santiago's lips curved up. He gazed at Raeleigh, his eyes deep. Then, he turned around and asked, "Why aren't you talking?"

What could she say when he'd already voiced everything? Thoughts such as "Just stand there. Don't move. Don't say anything. It's not good to be so talkative," were rattling in her mind.

"What are you thinking about?" Santiago asked with a smile. He seemed to be in a good mood.

"Nothing."

Raeleigh really wasn't thinking of anything at the moment. She was very confused and didn't really have the time to think.

However, Santiago's smile only deepened thoughtfully.

"I'm thinking of not having to give in to him someday. I can finally fight for the person I love."

Soon as the words rolled off Santiago's lips, Raeleigh's mind started spinning. The person he loved?

Her first thought was Cynthia, but her own figure popped up into her mind. She paused and looked at Santiago's handsome face, asking, "What exactly are you trying to say?"

"You know what I mean. You're just pretending to be confused. Smart as you are, surely you can understand what I'm saying," Santiago turned around and met Raeleigh's gaze. She was completely stunned, her response unforthcoming. Santiago stepped forward. He said, "I like you."

She felt her mind abuzz, her eyes nTristany popping out as she stammered, "Santiago..."