

Go After 881

chapter 881

A scrape on the hand was no big deal, but Paige could not bear such treatment anymore. The Cole family had gone overboard! The matter a few days ago had just died down, yet they were stirring up a ruckus again. What's more, their attack was directed at the naïve Deanna!

Jepherson was no ordinary person and he deciphered Stuart's expression immediately. He suddenly stood up and walked towards the door.

"Book a ticket for me," Jepherson commanded as he walked out.

Paige paused for a moment. Then, she stood up, followed him to the door, and praised, "That's more like it."

Something came to Stuart's mind. He turned to look at Paige, saying, "Madam Paige, I heard that Mr. Atkinson doesn't want his parents to find out about the matter. What do you think about that?"

Paige glared at him, "I'll play along with them. Are you chastising me now?"

"No, no, I would never," Stuart let out a sigh of relief.

"What are you doing? Aren't you going to accompany Mr. Jepherson?" Paige was angry. Stuart really was less sensible than Aron.

"I am," Stuart walked out, soothing Paige's ire. Well, they had all been raised together and she got along with him better than others. Paige believed that Deanna would join their family sooner or later.

When Jepherson exited the Harvey Family Manor, the car was already parked at the entrance. Stuart hurriedly strode out as well as Jepherson entered the car. He circled the car to get into the passenger seat.

As the chauffeur began driving, Jepherson looked at Stuart and asked, "What's going on?"

"Quirina was discharged from the hospital today. When she returned to the university, she threw Miss Anson and Scarlett's clothes out. Miss Anson wasn't going to pick a fight at first; she just wanted to pick up her own clothes. It was then that Quirina walked over and stepped on Miss Anson's hand before Scarlett could stop her. Thus, her hand got scraped. Fortunately, Mr. Atkinson arrived in time. Otherwise, Miss Anson might have gotten paralyzed due to the beating."

Stuart continued, "Quirina even took several minions along to the university. It seems that she's serious about teaching Miss Anson a severe lesson this time."

"Where was Hadrian?"

"There were too many people present. There was no way for Hadrian to intervene directly. Back then, Mr. Atkinson was coincidentally present at the scene. Hadrian informed me of that."

Jepherson's expression turned ugly, showing his impatience.

When the car arrived at the airport, Jepherson immediately boarded the plane. At the same time, something had befallen Quirina at Elkton University.

Meica was so frightened upon receiving a particular call, and her phone clattered to the ground.

She ran into the room in her pajamas, shouting, "Yousif, Yousif..."

Yousif was resting in bed. He had just arrived at Meica's place. He had not seen Meica and Quirina for some time.

The last incident had displeased Brooklyn Cole greatly. He had even called him over to rebuke him. Such a treatment sent him into a turmoil, thus he had not gone there in a while.

Yousif really adored Quirina. After all, Quirina was his own flesh and blood. No matter what happened, she could still comfort him.

That being said, Quirina always got herself into trouble. Yousif had grown tired of it. In addition, Brooklyn wanted him to cut ties with Meica. In order to placate him, he did not visit them. However, the moment he paid them a visit, trouble arose yet again.

Yousif had just finished doing the deed with Meica. It was typical for men to grow sleepy afterwards. Yousif had not even washed up yet; he had fallen asleep on the bed. It was then that Meica rushed in from outside the room.

Thinking that there was an emergency, Yousif sat up, asking, "What's wrong?"

"It's Quirina! Something happened to Quirina," Meica told him, sobbing. Sitting on the bed, Yousif asked, "Wasn't she sent back to the university this morning?"

"That's right," Meica had only one daughter. No matter what, Quirina had the Cole family blood in her. Even if she lost Yousif, Quirina remained as her link to the Cole family. No matter how heartless the Cole family was, they would still spare Quirina and Meica some luxuries. Furthermore, Yousif had promised to distribute the family's assets to Quirina when he wrote his will.

"What's the matter?" Realizing the seriousness of the matter, Yousif got up from the bed and put on his clothes.

Covering her mouth, Meica could not find the words to speak, only able to wallow in a pool of tears.

"Speak up. Why are you crying so much?" said Yousif, his face icy. He disliked clueless women who only knew how to cry when things took a turn.

Not only was Meica beautiful, she was also calm and intelligent. That was the reason why he liked her. Judging from her intense reaction, Yousif realized matters were more grave than he had initially thought.

"Quirina! Someone disfigured Quirina!" Meica was out of breath from crying. She grabbed Yousif and cried out, "It's all your fault. You were the one who abandoned us, causing us to get bullied by other people! You've forgotten how many people pursued me back then. I treated you so well, yet this is what I get in return? If Quirina really is disfigured, I'll never spare you."

There was a flash of impatience in Yousif's eyes and he pushed Meica. Meica lost her balance and hit her head as she fell.

Meica raised her hand to touch her head. She tipped her head back and stared incredulously at Yousif, saying indignantly, "How dare you hit me?!"

"Meica, let me have a look," Yousif hurried over and pulled Meica up, looking at her wound.

Yousif was not a completely heartless person. If he were as heartless as the rumors said, he would have left Meica and Quirina back then. Regardless, he still harbored some feelings for Meica.

It was also because he had taken a fancy to Meica at first glance. She was different from other women, who only harbored malicious intentions towards him for their own gain.

"You pushed me?" Meica cried miserably, as if she had gone mad.

Yousif hugged Meica and placated her, "I was just in a hurry. Please don't be angry with me. I won't sit by and do nothing about this. Don't worry. I'll make things up to you. Don't you know how well I treat you?"

Meica was a smart woman and she knew when to stop her antics.

"Okay, you must get revenge for Quirina," Meica laid in Yousif's arms, and he promised her exactly just that. Then, the two of them hurried out of the house. Along the way, Yousif personally bandaged Meica's wound.

When Yousif arrived at the school gate, Meica suddenly said, "Don't go with me. It won't be good if we get seen. We embarrassed you enough the last time. I'll go in alone and take a look."

Meica wiped away her tears, suppressing her sorrow as she got out of the car. She was the woman with whom Yousif had just copulated. It rattled Yousif to see her enter the school compound alone. Meica had always taken his position into consideration. Even if she was a mistress, she was still his partner, and she had even birthed a daughter for him.

Yousif got out of the car and walked over. Meica paused for a split second, looking at Yousif with her beautiful eyes as she said, "Why did you come out from the car? No one has seen you yet, so you should head back inside. I'll deal with this myself."

"I know how to protect myself. You are mine. Although we aren't married, that isn't because I don't want to let you into the family. The outside world knows about us too. I love you, and you alone. Anyone who wants to judge us can do so. It's high time that I did something for you and Quirina."

Yousif strode towards Elkton University. The secretary behind him glanced at Meica and greeted, "Madam Meica, please."

Meica felt emboldened. She was finally being called 'Madam Meica', a legitimate title!

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Meica quickly followed them. Upon seeing Quirina's mangled face when they entered the room, she fainted.

Yousif walked to the bed in the medical room and was stumped when he saw Quirina's damaged face which was covered with blood. She really had been disfigured.

The principal, who had come, explained, "Mr. Cole, we also just found out about the matter, but we dare not deal with it." He was in the dark about what was going on, but ruining someone's face to such an extent was really an extreme method.

The matter probably had something to do with Jepherson.

If anyone was to blame, they could only blame Quirina for being too domineering. After so many incidents, she still had no idea how to restrain herself.

"I don't want this thing to be known to others. I hope you take care of this well," said Yousif as he bent down and picked Quirina up. He turned around and walked towards the door. After finally waking up, Meica was supported by Vann to exit the room.

Then, Quirina was also sent abroad for cosmetic surgery to fix her face.

Raeleigh's plane arrived at the designated location a day later. An exclusive car immediately picked her up after her plane landed. The plastic surgeon was ready and arranged a check-up for her.

"How is it?" Raeleigh asked, not daring to look at Deanna. She felt a little squeamish at the sight of the blood. Zorion stayed with Raeleigh in the examination room, while Scarlett accompanied Deanna outside.

After the few professionals conducted the examination, they turned to look at Zorion, who then asked a few questions.

One of the men, who had blond hair and blue eyes, replied, "We will do our best in repairing her face, and I can guarantee you that the changes won't be noticeable. It's just that the procedure will be a little bit more expensive."

"Money isn't a problem. As long as you can pull off a good job like last time, I will transfer the money into your bank account. I can pay you first." Although Zorion did not have the power to take over the Atkinson family's company, it was not difficult for him to transfer such an amount of money. What's more, Raeleigh was just undergoing a reconstruction surgery for her hand. He did not think it would cost a lot.

When Raeleigh heard that the procedure required a lot of money, she stood up from the chair and argued, "Wait a minute. I have something to discuss with my friend."

After Raeleigh said that, she walked to Zorion and told him, "I don't need you to do this. I don't have the financial ability to pay you back, and I can't afford to do so either."

"I didn't say that you need to return the money to me. I've already gotten my reward. I think it's quite appropriate for you to use that diary in exchange for your hands," Zorion answered immediately. Raeleigh then lowered her head and looked at the place where her hand had been torn open. She hesitated for a moment before replying, "That diary doesn't belong to me. It belongs to someone else. I don't have the right to do so. If you just take it away from me by force, I would be

willing to let go of it. However, if you want me to use my hand in exchange for the diary, I'd rather my hand remain ugly."

"Then, you are ruining your own career. The nerves in your hand may be damaged. You know very well how important one's nerves are to a designer. Without them, you will be destined to become a loser."

"Even so, I don't want to do such a thing," Raeleigh said as she stared at Zorion, before turning around to walk towards the door. Zorion shouted, "I won't give it back to you even after we leave this place."

Raeleigh stopped at the door and thought for a moment. Then, she turned around and answered Zorion, "Since you have made your decision, I've also thought about the consequences of mine. Thank you for bringing me here. You can send me home now."

Raeleigh walked out of the examination room. Scarlette and Deanna, who were waiting anxiously at the door, walked towards her. Deanna was a little surprised to see Raeleigh's hand. She asked, "Why did you come out? Is your hand incurable?"

"The surgery is too expensive. Let's go," Raeleigh pulled Scarlette along with her instead of Deanna.

Deanna turned to look at Zorion, asking, "Zorion, don't you want to save Raeleigh?"

"She's the one giving up, not me," Zorion came out and walked towards Deanna. Deanna turned around and ran to Raeleigh, blocking her way. She insisted, "Raeleigh, don't treat yourself so poorly. My father said that as long as money can solve a problem, the problem doesn't exist at all."

Raeleigh knew that Deanna held good intentions, so she did not think too much into her words. However, she still responded, "I can't afford it."

"You can pay the money back in the future. If you miss this opportunity, you can no longer treat your hand. Even if you don't have the money in the future, you're still young. If you earn a hundred thousand dollars a year, you can pay the full amount back one day. Why are you being so stubborn?" Deanna stopped Raeleigh from leaving. However, Raeleigh looked at her and insisted, "You don't understand. Once I owe someone too much, it will become the death of me."

"Why is that so? If you have the money, you can pay it back to me. If you don't have the money, you can do so once you do. If not, you can find a good, powerful husband who will take good care of you in the future. You can ask him to help you, okay?" Deanna was close to tears, but Raeleigh still did not agree to her pleas immediately.

"Zorion, what should we do?" Deanna's reflex was to look for Zorion for help. He did not refuse her request for help either.

"If you think that money really is more important than your hand, I have nothing to say. However, you can't let Deanna down," Zorion walked behind Raeleigh. She turned around and looked at Zorion, not refuting anything.

The doctor, the man with blond hair and blue eyes, came out of the examination room behind him and he reminded them, "It's best to treat her hand within 24 hours as we can't do anything after that."

Zorion and others turned to look at the doctor one after another. After a moment of hesitation, Zorion replied, "I'll decide on this matter. You'll have to undergo the operation to make Deanna happy. By

doing so, you won't owe anyone anything. As for the money, you can pay it in installments, or not pay it at all."

After saying so, Zorion bent down and picked Raeleigh up. Stunned, her eyes were fixated on him. Although her hands were bandaged, she instinctively hugged him as his movements were too sudden.

"Let's go. Where is the operation room?" Zorion glanced at Raeleigh, who was in a daze in his arms, and looked at the doctors who were standing opposite them.

"Please come with me. We'll get ready right away," The doctors turned around and walked forward. Zorion followed them, Raeleigh still in his arms. She tried to come down from his embrace, but he warned her sharply, "Don't move."

Raeleigh calmed down and fixed her eyes on Zorion who had not finished speaking. She felt that he still had something else to say.

They looked at each other. Although Zorion was only staring at her, Raeleigh immediately understood that he wanted to use the diary to threaten her.

Raeleigh had to give in to him, for she failed to have the ability to change anything.

She insisted, "Put me down. I'll go there by myself." Just as Raeleigh said so, the doctor had already entered the operating room, and a wheelchair was pushed out.

"Please put her here," the doctor reminded them. Zorion bent down and put Raeleigh down. As they got close to each other, Raeleigh could feel Zorion's breath on her face, and her expression immediately shifted.

"I'll go in with you." Before Zorion let go of her, Raeleigh shook her head and rejected his request, "No need. I don't need a whole-body anesthesia. I can be inside alone."

Zorion left, staring at Raeleigh's reddish face with his dark eyes. He said, "I'll come in if anything happens."

Raeleigh said no more. After Zorion left, she was pushed into the operating room.

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When the door of the operating room closed, Raeleigh shut her eyes.

Zorion could see Raeleigh from the television screen outside. However, he was still quite surprised to see Raeleigh closing her eyes after entering the room.

Deanna pulled Zorion and asked, "Zorion, what's wrong with Raeleigh?"

"She's probably tired. She didn't rest on the plane," Zorion pulled Deanna to the opposite side and sat down. As he was taking a break with her, Scarlette paced back and forth.

After walking for a while, Scarlette asked Deanna, "I'm going to the washroom. Deanna, do you want to tag along?" In reply, Deanna shook her head and replied, "Go ahead. I'll tag along later."

"All right," Scarlette sprinted to the bathroom and made a call to Stuart.

“Mr. Jepherson,” Stuart, who was waiting for the call, said in greeting.

“It’s time for her surgery. I’ll send you a text message later,” Scarlett hung up on the phone, washed her hands, and went outside.

Jepherson was sitting in a car outside the hospital, accompanied by Stuart. He was waiting for the results, his eyes narrowed.

“They’ve already started the operation,” said Stuart as he put away the phone. Jepherson slowly opened his eyes. Not saying a word, he only sat in the car.

Stuart secretly sighed. Things were not going well for Jepherson. He was dying to rush in and see Raeleigh. However, since Zorion and Deanna were present, it was inappropriate for him to show up. He could only rely on someone else to send his regards and check on the situation.

After Raeleigh’s operation, which lasted several hours, she nodded off in the surgery room. As she was pushed out, Deanna called out to her, but she was still asleep.

“She’s asleep,” the doctor answered, amusement apparent in his tone.

Zorion thanked him. As the nurse pushed her into the ward, Deanna went in and started taking care of Raeleigh. At the same time, Raeleigh also woke up.

The doctor asked Zorion about the payment. After asking them to wait, he picked up the phone and called Rhys.

Rhys, who was having a business negotiation abroad, was surprised to receive a call from Zorion as he seldom called on his own initiative.

“I’m sorry, guys. I have to answer this,” Rhys informed his business partners politely and then turned around to go outside.

Their business negotiation was taking place on an island. Facing the sea, Rhys took the call from Zorion, greeting him, “Well, it’s rare to receive a call from you. What’s up?”

Rhys smiled calmly. Although he was not young anymore, there were very few traces of signs of aging on his face.

Zorion hesitated for a moment before replying to him, “I’m just letting you know that I’m going to use some money.”

“When did you start informing me of your financial matters? Did you get into trouble?” Rhys held Zorion in high regard, giving him chances to make his own decisions since he was a child. As long as he was not committing any morally corrupt crimes, Rhys would let him do anything.

Due to that, Zorion had become independent since he was a child.

“A student in Elkton University had an accident, and her hand was scraped open. Her wound needs to be treated. I was only able to request for the surgery to take place now because I used your name. Now that I’m using a great sum of money, I have to tell you.”

“A great sum of money?” Rhys’s smile deepened. It seemed that Zorion had grown up and he was finally interested in a woman. Nonetheless, he had no clue what kind of woman Zorion would fall in love with.

“No, not really. Nevertheless, I still have to notify you of such an incident.”

“Just use the money in the account if it’s enough. Otherwise, you can call the bank and request for more.”

“There’s no need for that. I only need a few million.”

“Your pocket money is more than enough for that. Why did you have to call me to tell me all this?”

“You’re droning on and on again,” said Zorion before hanging up on the call. Rhys glanced at his phone, thinking, “Am I really that talkative?”

“Give me your bank account, and I’ll transfer the money to you,” said Zorion to the doctors as he opened the banking application on his phone.

One of them handed over his account details to Zorion, and he reminded the doctor in return, “If something goes wrong, it won’t just be about the money.”

The doctor was quite confident as he insisted, “You can rest assured.”

Zorion then transferred the money over to the doctor. Raeleigh, who was lying on the bed, asked, “How much is it?”

Zorion took a look at Raeleigh but did not answer her question, only continuing to talk to the doctor. He also shook hands with him and suggested for Raeleigh to stay in the hospital for half a month.

The expenses, of course, needed another payment from Zorion.

Everything had been taken care of, and Raeleigh stayed in the hospital, Scarlett took care of her every day. Deanna was worried about Raeleigh, so she stayed in the hospital to attend to her as well.

After receiving a call informing them that Raeleigh was fine, Stuart asked Jepherson, “Mr. Jepherson, should we...” He wanted to confirm if they would go back home or stay.

“Book a room for me,” Jepherson did not wait for Stuart to finish speaking and interrupted him.

“Got it,” Stuart did exactly just that and then went to the hotel.

In the evening, Paige called to inquire about Deanna’s situation.

“How are things? Is Deanna okay?” Paige was really concerned about the matter. However, an entire day had passed, yet Jepherson had not called her back, and Paige could not sit still. Was Deanna’s injury serious or not?

Jepherson had been sitting for a while. Upon receiving the call, he answered straightforwardly, “Deanna is fine. It wasn’t her who got hurt. Stuart didn’t know the situation clearly. It was Raeleigh who was injured.”

Paige was a little confused as she asked, “Didn’t Stuart say that it was Deanna who got stepped on? Why is Raeleigh the victim now?”

Jepherson gave her a brief rundown of the incident. He did not miss out on the fact that Zorion had brought Raeleigh over from abroad.

After hearing his explanation, Paige was a little puzzled. She asked, "Jerry?"

"Yes?" Paige had already been accustomed to calling Jepherson that nickname, and he could no longer change her ways.

Jepherson did not feel that there was anything amiss with his words, so he answered her naturally as well.

Paige asked him, "What on earth is the matter with that Raeleigh girl? Why was she with Zorion?"

"Deanna felt guilty as Raeleigh always stood up for her, so she often helped Raeleigh in school. The incident this time should be because of Deanna again. I haven't seen Zorion, so I don't know the details. It's getting late, so I won't return home today. I'll see if I can go home tomorrow," said Jepherson. However, Marris continued, "In any case, Raeleigh still got hurt because of you. Since Deanna has come forward to help, you'd better head over there to check things out. Otherwise, Deanna may think you are a cruel person. She is naïve, and she gets taken advantage of quite easily."

"I know. I'll be there tomorrow."

"That's right. You've been traveling all day, and you're tired. Rest well. It's good that it wasn't Deanna who got hurt," Paige hung up on the call after that. However, Jepherson did not rest all night. Stuart stood by his side the entire time, watching over him. He knew that Jepherson was worried for Raeleigh.

The next morning, Jepherson took a nap and immediately went to the hospital.

Raeleigh was resting, and her hand was tightly bandaged. Jepherson walked all the way from the corridor to the door of the ward. Standing outside the ward, he peered inside. Seeing that Raeleigh was sleeping, he was finally relieved.

Deanna was in the ward chatting with Scarlett when she noticed Jepherson, who was standing at the door. She instantly stood up and went towards him like a little bird flitting to a nest. Opening the door, she asked, "Jepherson, why are you here?"

"I'm here for a visit. How are things now? Was the operation successful?" As Jepherson spoke, he completely ignored Deanna. At the same time, Raeleigh woke up, and Zorion sat up from the other side of the room.

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The ward was spacious enough to accommodate a few people, and each and every one of them had their own beds.

Deanna pulled Jepherson past the door. Zorion stood up and stared at Jepherson for a while before asking, "How did you know we were here?"

"When there's a will, there's a way," Jepherson did not need to explain himself. He looked at Raeleigh, who was lying on the hospital bed, and asked, "Are you feeling better?"

"Yeah," Raeleigh subconsciously glanced at Scarlett and found the latter's face betraying no emotions. Her gaze then settled on Jepherson who was standing opposite her.

"Jepherson, you don't know how nasty Quirina acted! Look at how she tortured Raeleigh," Deanna pulled Jepherson toward Raeleigh. He just frowned and turned to look at Zorion, "I'll tell the university about this."

"That's your own business. I'm not concerned about it," Zorion turned to one side and sat down, having nothing else to say.

Raeleigh lay on the bed and did not get up. She had always treated Jepherson in such an indifferent way.

Deanna misinterpreted that Jepherson had come to see her. She pulled Jepherson to one side and asked him a few questions as Scarlett stayed at the other.

As noon drew close, Raeleigh was woken up to have a meal, and Stuart arranged for some dishes to be sent over. They had lunch in Raeleigh's ward.

Raeleigh did not eat much. As she had hurt her right hand, she was unable to use it for a while. However, Raeleigh was quite clever and she quickly learned how to eat with her left hand.

After dinner, Raeleigh went to have a rest as she had nothing else to say to the other people in the ward. Several times when Jepherson inadvertently looked at Raeleigh, she came off as though she was looking at a stranger. There was nothing special in her gaze, and she only diverted her eyes to look at other people.

In the evening, Jepherson got up and was about to leave. As Deanna followed him out, Zorion stood up and went out as well.

Raeleigh watched as the door closed. Zorion gave her a feeling that he would not rest assured no matter who Deanna ended up with. He could only feel relieved when he was taking care of her under his wing.

"Raeleigh, I don't mean to blame you, but you..." Scarlett opened up after ensuring that the others had left. She wanted to comment on Raeleigh's attitude, but Raeleigh immediately interrupted her, "Don't."

Scarlett rolled her eyes and stopped making further remarks. Then, she passed Raeleigh's cell phone to her, saying, "There are some things of note inside. You can delete them after going through them."

Raeleigh raised her hand and took the cellphone over. After pondering for a moment, she unlocked it and read a text message.

"Take good care of yourself before going back. I will go back first. I will take care of your grandmother." The text message was lackluster, but Raeleigh only deleted it after reading it for a good two minutes.

Raeleigh put down the phone. Zorion and Deanna came back from outside. Raeleigh felt uncomfortable as she watched the two siblings walk in, especially upon spotting Deanna.

She did not care if Quirina bullied her as she was the one who was on the suffering end. Quirina had done many bad things, and Raeleigh believed that she would receive retribution. One day, she would reap what she sowed. Hence, Raeleigh did not care much about Quirina's antics. They were still

young. Novalie had also mentioned before that the heavens were always watching them, thus every bad deed would be punished, and good people would be rewarded.

Raeleigh firmly believed in such a theory, so she never committed any heinous deeds.

However, Deanna was different. Although Deanna treated her well, she could tell that Deanna truly loved Jepherson.

Although she was unclear about Jepherson's intentions, without her presence, Raeleigh believed that Deanna would get together with Jepherson.

Deanna came in and saw Raeleigh staring at her. She stepped aside with her hands clasped behind her back. Raeleigh then looked away. Zorion, who was behind her, walked to one side and sat down. Then, he picked up his cellphone and started to scroll the screen.

"Raeleigh, you were staring at me so intently just now. Did you fall in love with me?" Deanna sat beside Raeleigh and grabbed an apple, intending to peel it for her.

"I don't want to eat an apple. Don't peel it," Raeleigh sat up and leaned against the head of the bed. As she genuinely liked Deanna, she felt a surge of guilt in her heart.

"If you don't eat it, Zorion will. I'll peel it for him," Deanna still peeled the apple, but she gave half of it to Raeleigh and the rest to Zorion.

Zorion took away the apple and lowered his head to munch on it, not looking up.

Raeleigh held the apple but found it hard to swallow.

Seeing that Raeleigh was unable to eat, Scarlett took it away and helped herself to it, saying, "If you don't want to eat it, then give it to me. You don't know what's good for you."

Raeleigh froze for a moment, looking at her. Then, Deanna quickly chimed in, "Don't talk to Raeleigh like that, or she'll think you're being serious."

"How would you know?" As she ate the apple, Deanna chased after Scarlett, making a fuss. They were soon having fun. Raeleigh looked at them and laughed along happily.

Zorion raised his head to look at Raeleigh. It was the first time for him to see Raeleigh smiling so happily.

Night befell them. Raeleigh wanted to have a rest, so she did not call out to the others. She laid down and closed her eyes first. Soon, the others followed suit. However, Raeleigh could not fall asleep even after midnight and she got up from the bed. She came down, put on her shoes and a coat, then went out of the ward as she noticed the others were resting.

When she reached the door, Raeleigh shot the corridor a glance, sat down on a chair, and then leaned against it to listen to someone else's conversation.

Raeleigh found that a beautiful girl with tanned skin lived opposite her. Raeleigh thought that anyone from abroad, who had blonde hair and blue eyes, would not have plastic surgery except for those with blemished skin and obsidian eyes like herself, who loved to undergo plastic surgery to enhance their beauty, thanks to their sky-high beauty standards.

Raeleigh first heard the girl inside sobbing, and then she heard a man cursing in another foreign language. It was clear that they were quarreling.

After watching them for a while, Raeleigh felt that it was fine to eavesdrop on normal conversations, but it was a bit ill-mannered for her to listen to an argument. So, she got up and went somewhere else.

There was a staircase in the hospital. Raeleigh was accustomed to using the stairs from a young age, so she did not like taking the elevator. She walked down the stairs step-by-step.

Zorion came out of the ward and turned to Raeleigh's direction, noticing that she was walking down the stairs. He looked around. The Atkinson siblings were always protected by guards whenever they were outside. After Zorion left, several people immediately stood at the door of the ward. Zorion went down the stairs step-by-step until he reached where Raeleigh was standing.

Raeleigh stood at the bottom of the stairs, raising her head to look at Zorion, who came down. He halted in his steps for a moment upon seeing Raeleigh, but he still walked towards her in the end.

Raeleigh said, "I can't fall asleep, so I came out for a walk. I stopped when I heard someone following me."

"What do you mean by that?" Zorion's tone was still unfriendly, but Raeleigh was used to such treatment.

She did not mind other people treating her icily.

Raeleigh turned around and walked out of the hospital. Zorion looked behind him. It was the first time for him to be so far away from Deanna, ever since they were six years old.

Raeleigh walked to the door, and Zorion followed her.

Raeleigh felt a little more comfortable upon feeling the slight cool wind outside, and the uneasiness in her heart also dissipated.

chapter 885

The environment in the plastic surgery hospital was excellent, with lights illuminating the night. Raeleigh strolled around for a while. When she turned around, she was taken aback upon seeing Zorion. She asked, "Why are you still following me?"

Zorion fixed his eyes on Raeleigh's surprised face through the dim light. He asked, "Oh, is this your territory?"

Raeleigh thought for a moment and answered, "I didn't say that."

"Since it isn't yours, why can't I walk around as I please?"

In Raeleigh's opinion, Zorion's words clearly held malice.

Raeleigh turned around and walked to one side. Then, she found a place to sit down, ignoring Zorion.

Zorion also seated himself next to Raeleigh, staring in the direction she was looking at.

Raeleigh remained silent as she buried her hands inside her pockets, still self-conscious of the state of her right hand.

Zorion questioned her, "Didn't you say that you don't care about matters like that?"

Raeleigh turned her head to look at him, "When did I say that? I think you might have misheard."

"Am I wrong? Jepherson came to visit you from afar. Do you think that what you're doing is fair to Deanna?" Zorion leaned on one side, elegant as a swan but as sharp as a knife.

Raeleigh stared at Zorion and did not explain herself as she felt that there was no need to do so.

One's impression of another was determined at first sight. Zorion's first impression of her was bad, so there really was no use in her wanting to clear the air up.

Zorion, still leaning on one side, looked up at the moon in the sky. Raeleigh disliked being with Zorion, so she got up.

However, as soon as she stood up, Zorion stopped her. Raeleigh asked, "What are you doing?"

"There are many other methods for you to use. Why do you insist on taking one that follows me?" Zorion was implying that she had chosen a path that would separate Jepherson and Deanna, right?

Raeleigh frowned as she replied, "Then, I'll get out of your way."

Turning around, Raeleigh intended to walk away. However, she slipped and stumbled. Zorion noticed that she was about to fall, so he grabbed her arm, intending to support her. However, instead of making sure she stood upright, she dragged him down with her. Raeleigh turned around, and Zorion did not manage to steady himself, causing his body to fall onto her.

Raeleigh suddenly fell on the lawn, with Zorion's weight on her.

Raeleigh felt something soft on her lips, which frightened her a lot. Not showing any response in return, her face was as red as a beetroot.

Zorion gazed at Raeleigh. Instead of parting their lips at once, he quietly stared at Raeleigh's shining eyes until she raised her hand to push him away.

Zorion laid on the ground after being pushed away. Raeleigh stood up suddenly and stepped back. She turned around and left, feeling quite annoyed.

Zorion stood where he was for a while before returning.

Hearing someone open the door of the ward, Raeleigh turned around and covered her head. However, she felt something was amiss and she let go again.

Raeleigh wanted to sleep, but she felt uncomfortable after knowing that Zorion had returned to the ward.

Zorion entered the door and stared at Raeleigh, continuing to do so while he was lying on his bed. It was not until the sun rose that Zorion fell asleep.

When they woke up the next morning, Scarlett and Deanna felt that something was amiss as the usual Tristany birds were still sleeping.

“Zorion, why aren’t you awake yet?” said Deanna as she sat in front of Zorion’s bed, holding her chin in her hands and looking at him. Zorion opened his eyes and answered her, “I’ll get up in a bit.”

Raeleigh had slept after the sun had risen, even later than Zorion. Scarlett called her, but she was still asleep.

However, Scarlett found that Raeleigh seemed to be off, and her face turned pale at once.

“Raeleigh, your hand...” Scarlett’s loud voice awoke Raeleigh. Deanna hurried to her side, and Scarlett was holding her hand with a shocked expression.

Zorion got out of the bed, stood behind Scarlett and took a look at Raeleigh’s hand.

Raeleigh sat up in a daze from the bed. Her eyes fell on the back of her hand, and the white gauze was stained red.

Zorion’s eyes fell on Raeleigh’s face. Raeleigh remembered the incident where she had pushed Zorion harshly the previous night. Suddenly, she fell into silence.

“I’m going to call a doctor,” Zorion strode to the door and came back soon.

The doctor came in and conducted an emergency check-up. After doing so, he was sent into a state of confusion.

After the doctor finished the examination, he told Zorion and the others, “This treatment requires more hassle, but there is still a chance for recovery.” Zorion turned his gaze to Raeleigh. After looking at her for a while, he turned his gaze. “I will send you the money. I will give you an extra 30% for the second operation. I hope the extra reimbursement won’t be in vain. If the surgery fails, you won’t live another day in the medical field.”

The doctors looked at each other before replying, “We will try our best to help her recover.”

“Okay,” Zorion first gave the money to the doctors, and Raeleigh underwent yet another operation. She did not return to the ward by the doctors, but was carried back instead by Zorion.

Just like the last time, Raeleigh came out of the operation room asleep as the surgery really took an extremely long time. However, things were a little different at the moment. Raeleigh was fine, but Zorion, who was sitting outside, seemed to be losing his composure.

“Call a doctor here,” Zorion said, taking two steps outside. The doctor immediately came over and asked, “Mr. Atkinson, what’s the matter?”

“Is your anesthesiologist really that well-versed in his field?” The foreign doctors were stunned upon hearing his question. Scarlett was not fluent in the local language, and she had not practiced speaking it when she was studying. She could not hear clearly what Zorion had said, but she roughly understood the situation.

Deanna also felt that there was something amiss with the anesthesiologist. A lot of people who underwent plastic surgery would have problems with anesthetics.

“That’s right. Is the anesthesiologist really experienced with anesthesia?” Deanna also questioned, her glaring eyes making the doctors feel uneasy.

“Mr. Atkinson, please rest assured. Our anesthesiologist is esteemed, and he is extremely knowledgeable in his field of study.”

“Why did she fall asleep right after getting the anesthesia?” Zorion asked as he was still worried. He looked serious. On the contrary, Deanna chimed in, “She didn’t sleep well last night and was in a daze the entire morning. It’s normal for her to fall asleep during an operation. Zorion, have you forgotten that Raeleigh did the same thing last time?”

Zorion glanced at Deanna. What ‘last time’ was she referring to?

“Zorion, you haven’t forgotten about it, right?” Deanna felt that that posed as a possibility. He had met many girls before but he could barely remember any of their names. He had always acted like that since he was a child.

Zorion thought for a moment and asked, “Is that so?”

Deanna was rendered speechless.

“Zorion, sit down. I think you’re too worried about Raeleigh,” Deanna pulled Zorion to have a seat. The doctor left as he felt that there was nothing else for him to handle. However, after Zorion sat down, he immediately stood up again, staying in that position.

Deanna was not that worried about Raeleigh’s health, but about the results of the operation.

Scarlette thought she really was done for. She had slept soundly the previous night, and she had no idea that Raeleigh had even gone out.

Chapter 886

Zorion was standing by the door when Raeleigh was pushed out from the operating room. He walked up to her. Feeling a huge burden getting lifted off his chest, the doctor said, “The operation was extremely successful, but there’s no more room for accidents. If anything goes wrong, there’s nothing else we can do. No amount of money will be useful by then.”

Zorion acted as if he had not heard them. He lowered his head to watch Raeleigh, bent down, and picked her up. Standing by the side, Scarlette was totally stunned.

Busy holding onto the IV drip, Deanna followed Zorion. She had completely forgotten about Scarlette.

After a while, Scarlette caught up with them and went to the ward, unsettled.

Along the way, Raeleigh kept dozing off. Zorion carried her all the way to the ward and put her down. He covered her with a quilt and hung the IV drip.

Deanna followed behind Zorion, asking, “Zorion, why have you suddenly become so affectionate?”

Zorion glanced at Deanna, "Was I not like this before?"

"No." Deanna raised her hand and touched Zorion's forehead, teasing, "You don't have a fever either."

Zorion took Deanna's hand away and asked, "Are you hungry?"

"I am," Deanna was indeed starving as she had yet eaten her breakfast. Zorion stepped out to buy some for her.

The longer Scarlette sat in the ward, the uneasier she felt. She sent a text message to Jepherson.

The contents of her message were straightforward, "Raeleigh's hand was injured again, and she underwent a second operation. She's fine now."

Scarlette did not dare to say that Zorion might have gone out the previous night as well. Her heart was in turmoil. It was best if Jepherson was kept in the dark about that matter. Only after a few days would she tell him about Zorion's unusual behavior. That way, she would be able to live.

Jepherson was in the hotel, getting ready to get up when he received Scarlette's message. Then, he immediately went to the hospital.

Jepherson arrived at Raeleigh's ward and stood by the door, looking down at something. Deanna was reading Raeleigh's book, and Scarlette was sitting restlessly.

Zorion was not in the ward.

Jepherson raised his hand and knocked on the door. Deanna looked up and noticed that the visitor was Jepherson, and she immediately stood up. She went to the door and opened it, asking, "Jepherson, why are you here? Isn't your flight today?"

"I've come to see if there is anyone who wants to go back too." As Jepherson spoke, his eyes fell on Raeleigh, who failed to turn around. Raeleigh knew that Jepherson had come to visit her. After all, the knock on the door had proved that he was not Zorion, and the doctors would not rap at the door and wait for others to open it.

After excluding so many people, there was only one possible person left. If it was not Jepherson, who else could it be?

With Raeleigh still refusing to turn around, Jepherson entered the door and did not sit down.

"Are you feeling better?" Jepherson asked Raeleigh, her back still facing him. However, neither Raeleigh nor Scarlette answered him. Seeing that no one answered, Deanna replied, "She's fine now. The doctor reminded her to be careful. You don't know how dangerous it was yesterday. Raeleigh overexerted her hand accidentally, and she had to undergo a second operation. I'm responsible for Raeleigh now. I'm looking after her everywhere. She'll be fine."

Jepherson lowered his head to look at Deanna, asking, "Are you happy that she's okay now?"

"Of course, I am," Deanna was full of smiles, but Jepherson could not even muster up one at all.

"Stuart, don't you have something to talk to Raeleigh about?" Raeleigh refused to turn around, so Jepherson had to find another solution.

Stuart stood at the door and replied, "I do have something to talk about with Miss Raeleigh."

Raeleigh also knew that Stuart had no business with her, and that Jepherson was only acting. However, if she did not turn around, she had no idea what other excuse Jepherson would conjure up to deal with her.

"Stuart, what do you have to say?" Raeleigh turned around and fixed her bright eyes on Stuart, not looking at Jepherson at all.

Jepherson was standing on one side, staring at Raeleigh.

Even Stuart felt a chill down his back. Thus, he made an excuse and responded, "Miss Raeleigh, you told me last time that there was a prescription at home that can cure insomnia. So, I want to ask for it from you."

Raeleigh was amused by his words, impressed that he could think of such a thing.

"I will send you the prescription. Give me your phone number," Raeleigh answered after thinking for a while. Stuart added, "I don't know if it's convenient for you to come out now, but my friend is staying nearby here now. Why don't you accompany me to meet him and tell him about the medicine yourself, Miss Raeleigh? He's old and it is inconvenient for him to leave the house. I'm also afraid that I won't be able to convey the message clearly."

Raeleigh remained silent. She knew that all of Stuart's words were a ploy, but she had no other option than to play along.

"I see. If so, I'll go with you. Mr. Harvey, you can stay here and keep Deanna company," Raeleigh said, walking towards the door. Upon hearing her words, Stuart felt another surge of uneasiness.

If Jepherson stayed in the hospital while Stuart went out with Raeleigh, he would definitely suffer dire consequences.

"Miss Raeleigh, I have to protect Mr. Jepherson. I have vowed that I can't be more than ten meters away from him," Stuart informed her firmly.

Deanna asked, "Stuart, why don't I know of this?"

Stuart's palms were sweaty as he replied, "There are still many things that Miss Deanna doesn't know about. Our agreement has always been like this."

"Oh," Deanna, still doubtful, hummed in assent.

"Raeleigh, why don't you go ahead? Maybe Stuart just wants to take you out for a spin," said Deanna, who was no longer that fond of Stuart. Although he was good-looking and nice, he was no match for Zorion. If Stuart wanted to compete with him in pursuing Raeleigh, she would not give them her blessings.

Deanna thought about it and pushed Jepherson, asking, "Jepherson, why don't you accompany Raeleigh out?"

Jepherson lowered his head to look at Deanna, "What about you then?"

"I have Scarlett with me," answered Deanna, grabbing Scarlett's hand. For Zorion's sake, she would do everything she could to not let Stuart take advantage of the situation.

Deanna noticed that Stuart harbored no good intentions towards Raeleigh.

Stuart truly was despicable!

Scarlett smiled and urged, "You can head on your way now. If we all leave at the same time, Mr. Atkinson will be worried when he isn't able to find us."

"Miss Raeleigh, we'd better go there earlier so we have more time to inform my friend about the medicine. Mr. Jepherson has a flight to catch, so if we delay any longer, we might delay his flight," Stuart insisted, worried that they would run into Zorion. If that happened, he would no longer have any chances to let the two have their alone time.

Raeleigh took a look at Deanna and Scarlett, telling them, "I'll be back soon. Wait for me."

"Bye," Deanna waved her hand with a naïve look on her face. Raeleigh knew that Deanna had no idea about Jepherson's relationship with her and she felt bad, so she wanted to make things clear with him as well.

Raeleigh looked at Stuart and said, "Let's go."

"Miss Raeleigh, this way, please. Mr. Jepherson, please." How could Stuart dare to walk in front? He waited until Raeleigh and Jepherson walked out before he followed them from behind.

After Stuart walked out of the door and swept his eyes around to make sure that Zorion was not there, they entered the elevator together. Then, right in front of Stuart, Jepherson dragged Raeleigh into his arms and pressed her against the elevator as it stopped at the floor below them. Stuart pressed the button and did not allow anyone else to come in. Stuart did not dare to move, and his whole body was stiff. He did not dare to look back, for he was afraid of interrupting Jepherson's fun time.

Raeleigh, who was pressed against the elevator, raised her hands, not daring to move, and her face flushed red. Jepherson held her tightly. Then, he lowered his head and bit Raeleigh's lips, intertwining their tongues. Jepherson's restrained anger burst out at once, not giving her any chance to refuse his advances. She struggled against his hold, shaking her head as Stuart was still in the elevator. What exactly was Jepherson trying to do?

Chapter 887

When the elevator opened, Jepherson let go of Raeleigh, who was almost out of breath.

Jepherson came out of the elevator, his face flushed slightly red. He pulled Raeleigh to a ward downstairs, Stuart hurriedly following after him. When they arrived, Jepherson went in with Raeleigh in tow, and Stuart stood guard by the door. He was afraid that someone would enter and disturb them.

As Raeleigh was pushed against the wall, she felt that her heart was about to jump out of her chest.

Jepherson pushed Raeleigh's shoulders with both of his hands, his gaze as hungry as a wolf's. She pursed her lips, her little face painted a hue of red. She knew that he had missed the taste of her terribly. If outsiders were to see them, they would think that Jepherson had gone rabid.

“You... mmm...” Raeleigh had just begun to speak when Jepherson suddenly kissed her, effectively blocking her mouth. She raised her hands to shove him away. However, with only a bit more force, Jepherson pressed Raeleigh back against the wall. As he canoodled Raeleigh, he untied her collar, held her small hands, and kissed her.

“No... no...” Raeleigh kept shaking her head, but Jepherson was no longer in the right mind to control himself. As Raeleigh was too weak to resist his strength, she soon stopped fending him off.

As soon as Raeleigh gathered her composure, Jepherson calmed down a little.

As he kissed Raeleigh gently, he put his hand behind her neck and lowered his head to leave more on her neck. In a hoarse voice, he asked, “Did you miss me?”

The fire inside Jepherson had subsided for the moment. Raeleigh felt his body emanating bouts of passion. If she did not cooperate with him and handle the situation well, she would get into trouble.

Raeleigh nodded lightly with a blush on her face.

“Heh...” Jepherson was in a good mood, which could be inferred from his deep laughter. Raeleigh pressed her hands against Jepherson’s shoulders. With his head down, his handsome face flushed slightly, and there were droplets of sweat on his forehead. Staring at Raeleigh, he kissed her lips. He put his hands on her waist and touched her gently with his fingers. Raeleigh, inexperienced, immediately gripped his shoulders tightly and turned her face away. She bit her lips hard, but she still could not ease Jepherson’s desires.

When Jepherson saw Raeleigh’s expression, he yearned to get even closer instead.

As he approached Raeleigh, her face seemed to contort. He failed to notice the change in her behavior, but upon seeing her hand, he realized that she was restraining herself.

Jepherson bent down and picked Raeleigh up. There were a few chairs in the room. Raeleigh lowered her head when she was set down on one. Jepherson put Raeleigh’s hand aside and looked at it carefully. The bandage had been wrapped neater than her previous ones, thus her hand was unaffected.

Jepherson put Raeleigh’s hand down, saying, “It’s all my fault. I forgot that this would happen.”

Raeleigh froze for a while before turning her head to look at Jepherson. She noticed that his gaze was still burning with desire, thus she immediately retracted her gaze.

He was the young master of a well-known family. How could she not be surprised upon hearing such an easy apology from him?

Raeleigh lowered her head. Jepherson tucked her hair to the back, revealing her entire face. However, Raeleigh kept her head down, showing nothing but her scarlet cheeks.

Jepherson looked at her and kissed her. However, Raeleigh flinched.

She still did not look at Jepherson.

Raeleigh wanted to fight back but she knew that her efforts would be futile.

If so, there was no need for her to struggle any longer.

Raeleigh lowered her head in silence. Then, Jepherson drew her chin over to him and put her hand on his shoulder so as to not hurt her injured hand.

Raeleigh could use the other hand as she liked. Jepherson put one hand around Raeleigh's waist and held her in his other. Despite having her body towards him, Raeleigh kept lowering her head.

Jepherson could smell Raeleigh's light fragrance, and he leaned forward, taking a breath obsessively. He said, "I didn't hear you just now. Answer me."

"Yes," Raeleigh answered, her face reddening even more.

Jepherson paused for a moment and slightly frowned, "Are you telling the truth?"

Raeleigh glanced at Jepherson, "Yes."

Smiling in satisfaction, Jepherson said, "What proof can you provide?"

Raeleigh thought for a moment before replying, "I have no proof, but I did think about you. I even wondered if you would ask me the exact same question."

"That's to say that you also thought of others?"

Seeing that Raeleigh did not answer his question, Jepherson pressed his lips on Raeleigh's ear and kissed it. Her ears were pale and delicate, tinged light red.

Jepherson held it with his tongue and sucked on it.

Raeleigh grabbed Jepherson's clothes. He stared at Raeleigh with a suggestive gaze. Seeing her blushing like a red apple, he let go her ear and went for her face.

Seeing that Raeleigh still wasn't moving, Jepherson asked, "Do you want this or not?"

After asking that in a deep and husky voice, Jepherson's hands landed on Raeleigh's legs, rubbing them up and down. Every time Jepherson caressed her thighs, her whole body would tremble. To prevent herself from quivering, she had to hold his hands and stop him from doing so again.

Jepherson calmed down a little. He dropped his eyes to look at Raeleigh's hands and pressed her hands with his thumb, urging, "Kiss me."

Raeleigh subconsciously looked at Jepherson, staring at him with disbelief in her beautiful eyes. Jepherson tilted his head slightly and added, "I have a flight to watch. Give me a reward before I go back. Satisfy me. Otherwise, I will no longer be as easy to deal with."

Raeleigh frowned, "You're despicable."

"Can't I act that way with my woman?" said Jepherson as he moved closer and touched her private part with his hand. Raeleigh immediately pressed Jepherson's hand and gave in, "If you want to do this, you should close your eyes."

Jepherson pursed his thin lips and slowly closed his eyes.

Raeleigh knew that Jepherson would not be deceived. She would suffer even dire consequences if she attempted to trick him.

Raeleigh did not continue to hem and haw and she kissed Jepherson's lips.

Then, she left.

Jepherson slowly opened his eyes. He originally intended to let Raeleigh go just like that, but those eyes of hers were too captivating, and her beauty was too alluring. He regretted his decision and wanted even more.

"A French kiss," Jepherson's words were astonishing, causing Raeleigh's whole body to go stiff.

"I... don't know how to."

To Raeleigh, that sentence of hers was like a nail, pinning her down.

Jepherson did not give up. Although he could hear that Raeleigh was a little nervous and was trembling, he still held her in his arms and did not let her go.

"Hurry up."

Raeleigh bit her lip, insisting, "I really don't know how to."

"You can learn. C'mere, I'll teach you," Jepherson's voice was low and elegant, as if he had descended from the heavens. However, for Raeleigh, he sounded like a demon who had made her fraught with unease.

Chapter 888

"I don't need you to teach me. If you continue to act like this, we shouldn't remain a couple any longer. You don't respect me at all," said Raeleigh as she lowered her head. Jepherson gently rubbed her waist with his long hand, making her feel uncomfortable.

However, Jepherson was incredibly patient despite her insistence.

He looked at her for a while before saying, "If you're breaking up with me because of another man, I will continue to treat you like this."

Raeleigh raised her head to look at Jepherson. How did he know what she was going to say?

Was he so smart that he could discern her thoughts at a glance?

Raeleigh pursed her lips and darted her eyes away without saying another word. Jepherson gently patted Raeleigh's waist and held her in his arms. His desire had ebbed, but he still wanted more of her. He knew that what he felt was not pure lust, but more of a yearning for her.

He genuinely had feelings for her, hence the yearning he felt.

With him patting her constantly, Raeleigh felt truly uncomfortable. She had no idea what the unforeseeable man in front of her wanted to do, either.

Suddenly, Jepherson called out to her, "Raeleigh." Stunned, she looked at him. Jepherson smiled calmly and touched his lips, saying, "Kiss me now. I'm going to catch my flight soon."

“Will you leave after I kiss you?” Raeleigh wanted to make sure that he would do so. Jepherson was too cunning. Others would use words to cheat, but Jepherson used his gaze. He could deceive people without even moving.

“I’ll leave once you kiss me,” Jepherson assured her with a calm smile.

“What if you don’t leave?” Raeleigh needed even more confirmation.

“If I don’t leave, then I’ll stay behind to make a baby.” When Jepherson finished speaking, Raeleigh froze. She asked, “Who are you going to do that with?”

“You.”

...

Raeleigh went silent for a while. She knew that she could not say anything that would annoy Jepherson, as making him angry would only bring dire consequences.

Others thought that Raeleigh was a person who possessed amounts of forbearance. Nonetheless, with her family background and upbringing, if she had not swallowed her anger, she would not have lived till then.

Novalie had always reminded Raeleigh that just a touch of impatience could ruin great plans. Ever since she was a child, Raeleigh had been the target of bullying. If she did not endure such treatment, they would hurt her more.

And so she endured it.

Raeleigh failed to possess Scarlett’s fTristaness personality. When she first met Scarlett, she was unable to understand why both of them were orpCalvin. However, she was always overcautious. No matter how much others bullied them, she could endure it because she still had her grandmother, and she knew that there was a bright future ahead of her.

However, things were different for Scarlett. Whenever she encountered a problem, her temper would be worse than anyone else. However, Raeleigh could not do the same.

Later on, Raeleigh finally understood why Scarlett acted that way. Scarlett was not alone, but Raeleigh only had her helpless, weak grandmother.

Raeleigh bowed her head and kissed Jepherson, not leaving immediately. Instead, she waited for Jepherson to open his mouth and kiss her lips. Indeed, Jepherson did exactly what he promised. With her lips still on his, Jepherson let her ride on him, straddling him. He hugged her body and kissed her very lightly. However, he would softly touch the tip of her tongue, varying between smothering her and pecking her.

Raeleigh did not want to be entangled with him for too long as that would not do her any good. So, she closed her eyes and let Jepherson do whatever he wanted.

Jepherson knew what she was thinking, so he gave her a chance. He held her tongue and sucked hard until she made a small sound, like a kitten begging for mercy. Only then did Jepherson let her go.

Raeleigh opened her eyes slowly and stared at Jepherson, whose ears were flushed scarlet.

“Can you let me go now?” Raeleigh intended to get up. However, Jepherson pulled her back and kissed her harshly. Raeleigh did not struggle against his hold, and Jepherson eventually let go of her. Then, she covered her face and used another hand to button up her clothes. She had crossed the line by letting Jepherson touch her all over. Otherwise, she would not have made such a shameful sound.

At Raeleigh’s age, it would be a lie to say that she did not understand the love between men and women. At present, people, no matter how pure they were, knew about intercourse-even teenagers.

Nonetheless, Raeleigh really did not understand things like that. She had no idea when Jepherson had put his hand in just then, and with that pinch, she grew even more embarrassed.

Seeing that Raeleigh was buttoning her clothes, Jepherson also tidied his shirt and let go of her. Jepherson got up, adjusted his clothes, turned around, walked to Raeleigh, and lowered his head, saying, “I need to go back first, or Grandma will be worried. You stay here and recover. I’ll contact you after I go back. Don’t leave your phone behind. Contact me if there’s anything. I’ll visit your grandmother when I get back.”

Raeleigh frowned, “You’re going to visit her?”

“Who else would do the same?” Jepherson took out his wallet and slid out a gold card from it. “It’s natural for you to use what’s mine. Take this money, and I’ll send the password.”

“I don’t want your money.” Raeleigh’s instinct was to refuse him. She instantly gave the gold card back to Jepherson, taking his hand and stuffing the card in it.

“Take it,” Jepherson ordered Raeleigh, and she did. If Raeleigh failed to do so, unimaginable consequences would follow.

Raeleigh put away the gold card. Jepherson turned around and walked towards the door, going out and waited. Raeleigh followed him out. Stuart lowered his head, not daring to look up.

Jepherson had frightened him so much just then that he did not dare to go over and take a look.

Raeleigh blushed, not having the guts to look up. Jepherson stepped forward, followed by Raeleigh.

When they arrived at the gate of the hospital, Jepherson stopped and turned to Raeleigh, saying, “Take care of yourself.”

Raeleigh raised her head as she replied, “I know.”

“Okay.”

Although Jepherson was worried, he still left.

Stuart then came out to open the door to the car. Jepherson sat down inside and commanded, “Arrange a few more people to stay by Raeleigh’s side and protect her. Make sure that Hadrian stays.”

“Alright, Mr. Jepherson,” Stuart agreed, getting into the car. Jepherson looked towards the hospital. Even if he was worried about Raeleigh, he could not stay any longer. Quirina’s face getting disfigured was no joking matter, so he had to attend to her.

Jepherson flew back. On the same day, he was invited by the Cole family to be their guest.

The moment Jepherson entered the door, he saw Paige sitting on the sofa. She was waiting for Jepherson as well. When she saw him, Paige patted the seat beside her.

Jepherson walked over, and both of their subordinates retired. Stuart stood guard outside the door.

Paige glanced at Jepherson. After all, he had gone through a lot. When she was younger, she hadn't understood Sophia. Since she was older at the moment, she finally understood it all.

Paige's current goal was simple, and it was to ensure that the Harvey family got better and better.

The Cole family was a renowned family in Capital City, but it did not mean that they could have everything in their own hands. A legal system still existed in their world.

However...

There was something else they could achieve.

Chapter 889

When Jepherson sat down, he first greeted Paige, "Grandma." Paige was actually satisfied. Back then, Paige was actually jealous of how Calvin had treated Sophia. However, at her age, she finally understood why it was easier for grandparents to be on good terms with grandchildren.

"The Cole family's invitation is here. It's from Brooklyn. How do you want to reply to it? After all, the Cole family is related to your mother. Although we don't get along with each other, we still have to save face. I haven't told your parents about this, so you call the shots."

Paige passed the invitation on the table to Jepherson. He leaned against the sofa, picked up the invitation, and skimmed it. It was a personal invitation from the Cole Family, which meant that the banquet was going to be in full swing.

In other words, they had an ulterior motive.

Jepherson looked at it for a while and set down the invitation.

"Grandma, what are you trying to say?" Jepherson knew quite well that there would be no return if they accepted the invitation.

"Although the Cole family is no good, they're still your mother's family. Brooklyn is your mother's great-grandfather. It's time for you, the very blessed grandson, to visit him." Paige thought for a moment and added, "However, you have to take someone with you. I'll be worried if you go alone. No matter what, your mother is still a member of the Cole family. I don't know what they have done to be so blessed to have your mother as part of their family. As for the rest..."

Paige paused for a moment and continued, "Of course, your grandparents are quite nice as well."

Jepherson wasn't fussy about the matter. As people aged, their words would grow harsher and harsher, but there was no actual malice behind them.

Paige looked at Jepherson as she said, "I'll call Mr. Atkinson and ask him to go with you. If you don't like that, then..."

"Grandma, there's no need for others to accompany me. I'll go alone."

"Alone?" Paige looked at Jepherson. "Are you sure you want to go alone?"

"Positive. I don't believe that I'll be bullied on my first visit to the Cole family. If they really dare to do so, they'll be the ones who will lose their dignity."

Paige thought for a moment, then she replied, "You're right. The Cole family will have to uphold their own name, so they won't do anything malicious."

"Grandma, don't worry about this. I will handle this."

"Alright, I'll go rest. I'll leave this matter to you. The young are surely fTristaness, huh. Don't worry, I will watch over you." Paige had long heard of Brooklyn, but she had never met him.

One reason was that she was not in Capital City. The other reason was that Brooklyn was so old that he could not come out and meet anyone easily.

No one dared to look down upon Paige's identity at present. However, she had been nothing in the first twenty years.

"I got it," Jepherson agreed. Since Paige had explained everything clearly, she returned to her room. After she left, he went back, sat down on the sofa, picked up the invitation card, and continued to read it.

Stuart came in from the outside and asked, "Mr. Jepherson, should we tell Mr. and Mrs. Harvey about this?"

"No, I can handle this myself. If I can't, they will naturally come back to help me. Do you really think that the old man doesn't know what happened?" Jepherson put down the things in his hand and leaned on them with his eyes closed. Puzzled, Stuart asked, "Mr. Jepherson, I lost you."

Jepherson said, "It's enough for you to just listen. There are some things that you don't have to say when the time isn't right, even if that means that you have to keep it a secret forever. Remember that." Stuart hurriedly nodded.

"Mr. Jepherson, will we go tonight? Do you need to rest?" Stuart was worried that Jepherson's body would not be able to endure the constant traveling.

Jepherson answered, "I'm going to rest for a while. Wake me up at 10 p. m."

"Mr. Jepherson, the Cole family set the time to 6 p. m. Are we only going at 10?" Stuart failed to understand his motives. Jepherson nodded but did not explain himself. After that, he got up and went to his room. He entered the room and began to sleep. At ten o'clock, Stuart woke him up. Then, he took a bath and changed his clothes. It was already midnight when they reached the Cole family.

At the Cole family's entrance.

Jepherson got out of the car and looked up at the gates of the Cole family residence. The Cole family was worthy of their reputation as a big shot in Capital City, as well as the reputable lineage in politics. Their houses alone were more luxurious and majestic than other families'.

However, the Harvey Group Manor was not lacking either. Jepherson's gaze was incredibly calm. As he was a person born with a silver spoon in his mouth, his reaction was expected to be one of surprise.

Jepherson stopped as Stuart hurried to the door. He raised his hand and first pressed the doorbell, then stood at the door and waited for the Cole family members to come out.

Jepherson glanced at the time, not taking a step away. After waiting for a few minutes, no one from the Cole family came out. Jepherson turned around and was about to leave.

At that moment, someone from the Cole family came out.

The Cole family's Lennox hurriedly came out to open the door. When he saw Jepherson, he notified him, "Mr. Harvey, you're late. Old Master Brooklyn has already retired to his quarters. Please, come in to rest."

"There's no need for that. We'll head back to rest and get up Tristany to visit." Jepherson turned around and returned to the car. He sat in the car and picked up a book, reading it by the faint light in the car.

Lennox was already fifty years old. He had been with the Cole family long enough and had worked hard to reach such a position. It was not an easy feat.

He looked at the unperturbed Jepherson in the vehicle and could not help but be worried for the Cole family's current generation.

Among the Cole family, there was almost no one who could rival Jepherson. What else did he have to be afraid of?

Stuart hurried back to the car, and the driver drove away. Jepherson put down the book and leaned against the seat, closing his eyes to rest.

The Cole family's Lennox returned from the entrance and hurried over to Brooklyn's side. Brooklyn was old, but his health was still in good condition. At that moment, he was sitting on his bed.

Lennox entered through the door and hurried over to Brooklyn's room. Brooklyn's room was surrounded by members of the Cole family, including Yousif.

They were all waiting for Brooklyn's speech.

Lennox whispered something in Brooklyn's ear. Then, he snorted, "It seems that Jepherson is going to strike back."

The Cole family members lowered their heads one after another. Brooklyn's savvy eyes fell on Yousif as he said, "It's all your fault for bringing down the entire family and even letting Jepherson control us and act atrociously. You're so useless. You can't even deal with a kid."

"You're right, Grandfather." Yousif was usually brave, but faced with Brooklyn, he was as timid as a mouse. He did not dare to retort.

Brooklyn added, "Since her face has already been disfigured, give her the best treatment. Treat it to the best it can.

"No matter what, Quirina is still part of our Cole family. Just marry her to Jepherson."

"Grandfather..." Yousif suddenly raised his head. Brooklyn had already closed his eyes in an unbothered manner. He raised his aged hand and waved outward, indicating to everyone to retreat.

Yousif glanced at Lennox and the latter nodded. Yousif then led his men out one after another.

No one said anything, but they knew in their hearts that Brooklyn was deliberately insulting Jepherson.

What else could he mean by betrothing a child, who was not even born from a mistress, to Jepherson?

If that wasn't an insult, what else could it be? By doing so, Meica's status in the Cole family would drop even lower.

Brooklyn was killing two birds with one stone: He would ruin Jepherson and pile the mess on Meica.

Yousif's mood took a turn for the worse. No matter how low Meica's status was, she was still the woman he had his eyes on. He possessed the authority to the current Cole family. He was only waiting for Brooklyn to die before he could bring Meica into the Cole family.

Nonetheless, with Brooklyn's current plans, Yousif was thrown off track.

Brooklyn was not insulting Jepherson, but Yousif instead!

Chapter 890

The next day, at six o'clock in the morning, Jepherson arrived at the Cole family's gate. He stepped out of the car and waited at the door for a while. Stuart went to wait for the door to open. When he came back to tell Jepherson, Jepherson followed Lennox to Brooklyn's place.

Brooklyn was lying on the bed. The filial descendants of the Cole family gathered around him. Under Lennox's lead, Jepherson strode into Brooklyn's room.

After entering, Jepherson let his gaze run across everyone present. He did not enter but waited for Lennox to lead him in. Lennox bowed politely and uttered, "Mr. Harvey, please follow me."

Finally, Jepherson walked to Brooklyn's side. Brooklyn opened his eyes and looked at Jepherson. "You're Jepherson?"

"I am." Jepherson's attitude was placid, neither humble nor pushy. Brooklyn eyed him for a moment and exclaimed, "No wonder Quirina has done so many silly things. What a young and handsome man!"

Brooklyn coughed twice, as if he was on the verge of losing his breath.

What kind of person was Jepherson? How could he not understand the meaning behind Brooklyn's words? He did not reply but merely smiled. He swept his unfathomable gaze over everyone present.

Almost all of the Cole family's well-known figures showed up. It seemed like he came at the right time! He could finally experience it!

“Yousif, why don’t you ask someone to get a chair for Jepherson?” Brooklyn’s tone was serious. If Brooklyn had asked Jefferson to take a seat directly, that would be common. However, he asked someone to get the chair for him.

Of course, Jepherson understood that Brooklyn was just deliberately showing off power as a warning.

Nevertheless, he did not want to sit.

Jepherson’s handsome face was calm. The corners of his mouth twitched, expressing that he was smiling. He was in an excellent mood. He then looked at Yousif. “No, I’m good. I’ve come today to apologize for yesterday’s incident. I’ve delayed my time to come to the banquet because of some trivial matters. Pardon my ill manners. I had been punished by my grandmother after returning home. I came here Tristany today to apologize to Old Master Brooklyn.

“Old Master, you’re already old. As a junior, I should have come Tristany to pay my respects to you. However, I was late. I hope that you can accept my apology. I’m just a fledgling and is still young, please go easy on me.”

Brooklyn’s shrewd eyes glanced at Yousif. Yousif personally took a chair and asked Jepherson to sit down. As usual, Jepherson should sit down. As for Yousif’s status, even if he was rich enough to rival a state, he should show some respect to his politicians. Moreover, Jepherson was only the vice president of the Harvey Group. Even if he took over the family in the future, he would not be able to grasp the fate of Capital City. It would be out of the question to reign the entire city.

However, Jepherson’s character far exceeded Brooklyn’s imagination. Even if Calvin himself came, he had to listen to him. He did not expect that Jepherson would not give him any face at all.

“I don’t need to sit, and I dare not sit either.” Jepherson’s words caused an uproar in Brooklyn’s room.

Brooklyn coughed twice. His savvy eyes had already sized up Jepherson.

The younger generation was to be feared. Brooklyn frowned and looked at the Cole family. In this generation, there were all girls, and the boys were all good-for-nothings.

The reason for Jepherson to be this arrogant was also that he had the capital to be arrogant.

“Old Master, drink some water.” Lennox hurried forward to serve him. Brooklyn waved his hand. “Don’t bother. I know this body of mine. I don’t have many days left to live.”

Lennox quickly added, “You can’t say that. You’re in good health.”

The surrounding members of the Cole family did not say a word as they lowered their heads slightly.

Brooklyn had said the same thing for the past ten years, and here he was, still alive and kicking.

“You say that you don’t dare to sit? Is there a nail on this chair?” Brooklyn sat on the side. Although he was old and his face was full of wrinkles, there were two shrewd eyes.

Jepherson glanced at the chair. “Because of what happened yesterday, I was punished by my grandmother to kneel on the ground for half a night after I went back. I didn’t dare to move when I got

in the car, and it was even more difficult for me to get off it. If the Old Master wants me to sit on the chair, I certainly won't stand."

Brooklyn's heart was full of approbation. What an applaudable young man. Calvin was a capable man. Like father, like son.

If he were to make Jepherson sit down today, he would be considered bullying him. Jepherson came alone to meet him, even his followers were outside. This meant that he was well prepared.

"You're welcome to just stand there. I'm afraid that when you go back and tell your mother, it would come across as I'm bullying you. Anyway, the Cole family and your mother have some relationship. Your ancestors are also my people. Although I am almost dying, I can't help but miss the past. When I see you, it's like seeing your ancestors, thinking about the past..." His words broke into coughs.

"Old Master, let's not talk about the past lest you become sick again." Lennox hurried forward to stop him. Jepherson understood what was going on. He did not say anything but just stood there silently.

Brooklyn had never brought up this matter. Now that there was an exception, the Cole family also understood what was going on.

Brooklyn looked at Jepherson for a while. "Jepherson, I heard that Quirina-"

"Old Master, I came here today to explain this matter. Grandma has already taught me a lesson at home. I realized that it was indeed my fault. I also made Quirina feel ashamed. I should be responsible for this."

Jepherson's words prompted Brooklyn, as well as the rest of the Cole family, to stare at Jepherson. They were all thinking about this.

Brooklyn asked, "What do you mean by this?"

Was the Cole family still willing to submit to him with their status?

Jepherson replied, "Old Master, I've already learned from Grandma's edifying teachings. Since I'm engaged to Deanna, I should announce it to the public. This way, I won't get into any misunderstanding.

At times, Quirina can be a little willful, but she is too naive to do anything abominable.

It's a pity that my family has already betrothed Deanna to me. Otherwise..."

Following this subject, Jepherson continued, "I know the rules of the Cole family. Everything must be done in an orderly manner. Quirina is not born of the eldest daughter, but her innocent temper is very pleasing. Nonetheless, sometimes I can't take care of her all, and I have to explain the Atkinson family. Mr. Atkinson is already angry about this matter. He thinks that I am not doing things fastidious enough, which led to today's misunderstanding.

Grandma raked me over the coals pretty good, and she asked me to humbly seek out the Old Master's opinions on how to deal with this matter. I was also thinking about this matter. Firstly, the Atkinson family had already interfered in this matter. Secondly, everyone knew that although my grandma changed her name, she was also a member of the Cole family. In addition, my great-grandma had high hopes for me. She didn't want me to decide my marriage at such a young age, and she didn't want me to

marry more than one woman. She warned my father because of this matter too. My father had promised my great-grandmother that he would not allow me to marry twice.

Old Master, I wonder how would you make a choice if it were you?"

Yousif took a cold breath. It was obvious that Jepherson came here bearing bad intentions. The meaning of his words was that Rhys had already asked about this matter. Jepherson and Quirina were cousins. According to the current law, they were not allowed to be together. Besides, Calvin had also promised Lilian that he would not allow Jepherson to have more than one wife. If Jepherson wanted to have more than one wife, he had to ask for permission.

Was Madam Lilian not Brooklyn's daughter-in-law?

Yousif knew that Madam Lilian had some tricks up her sleeve. Furthermore, she had never taken a liking to the Cole family. He was not very sure about the details either.

According to Jepherson's words, he had Madam Lilian and Rhys to back him up. Either way, the Cole family would lose more than they would gain.

During this period of time, Jepherson did not mention the relationship between the two families, his parents, or his relatives. This meant that he did not recognize this ties in his heart at all.

It was only then that Brooklyn understood. What did Jepherson come here for today?

His face turned red.

Brooklyn stared at Jepherson for a while. Suddenly, he smiled. No one had ever seen such a friendly expression in the Cole family.

"Jepherson, Quirian is just messing around. It is better not to be frightened by her. She is not the legitimate child. At her age, she is a bit willful. I have already asked someone to teach her a lesson. She is not with me. She lacks discipline and etiquette. You can rest assured that she will understand in the future.

As for Madam Lilian, I haven't seen her for many years. I believe she will agree with you. It's a long story. Let's leave it here. We'll talk about it after your parents come back."

Jepherson did not reply and just smiled. He did not nod either.

Brooklyn glanced at Yousif and the others. "I'm a little tired. I'm not feeling well. Why don't you accompany Jepherson to have dinner in the backyard?"

"Yes, Old Master," Yousif answered in a hurry. He planned to invite Jepherson to dinner in the backyard. Jepherson simply raised his wrist and glanced at him. "My apologies, I still have something to do. I'll accompany the Old Master another day."

After saying that, Jepherson bowed politely and nodded his head to say goodbye to Brooklyn. He did not wait for Brooklyn's response and turned around to leave.

Brooklyn stared at Jepherson's carefree and untamed figure. His face revealed a hint of displeasure. He thought that Jepherson was an uppity child.

After Jepherson left, Yousif went to Brooklyn's side. Brooklyn suddenly looked at Yousif and scolded, "It's all your fault. You're entangled with such a woman and had such a child. Are you satisfied now?"

Yousif lowered his head and did not dare to speak.

"Back then, you asked me to choose someone among you all. I chose you out of the consideration of the public. I didn't expect you to be so soft-hearted. You did such a thing for a woman. You have brought shame to the Cole family," Brooklyn said fiercely. Yousif still dared not speak, and the others in the Cole family remained silent too. Everyone was very clear why Brooklyn liked Yousif. It was all because Yousif's father had been willing to take care of Brooklyn. At that time, Yousif had stepped into the political circle, and Brooklyn often gave him advice. In troubled times, someone had tried to assassinate Brooklyn. Yousif's father had died on the spot because he had blocked Brooklyn's deadly shot. That was how Yousif became what he was today.

Yousif lowered his head, his face blanched. He did not dare to say a word. In the end, Brooklyn uttered that he was tired. He snorted, "Since you can't let them go, you'd better take care of them. If they bring shame to the Cole family next time, I won't tell you when I take matters into my own hand. If you can't do it, then you can only let others help you."

"Don't be angry, Old Master. Your health is more important than anything in the world." Lennox immediately helped Brooklyn lie down on the bed. The members of the Cole family also went down one after another. Yousif then turned around and left.