

## Go After 911

### Chapter 911

“Mr. Atkinson.” The leader of the group knew Zorion. Zorion’s family was rich, but at Elkton University, wealth meant nothing.

Zorion was a new student and just a junior. They hadn’t gotten around to putting him in his place yet. Unexpectedly, they wound up meeting here.

“Where are you b\*stards from?” Zorion demanded, tapping the whip against the palm of his head. None of them responded.

Their expressions were grim. They hadn’t dealt with Zorion yet, and here he was acting all arrogant.

“Zorion, we addressed you as Mr. Atkinson because we think highly of you, but don’t think that you can do whatever you want at this university just because your family is rich. Let me tell you, if we kill you now, all your parents can do is cry about it.”

Zorion walked towards them as if he didn’t hear a word they had said, still cracking the whip. Zorion lowered his head slightly, no one could see the look in his eyes. By this time, Raeleigh had already gotten to her feet. When she saw Zorion, she dashed over to him immediately, cowering behind him in fear, as if he was her last shred of hope.

Zorion looked back at Raeleigh, who was trembling with fear. Ruthlessness flashed in his eyes for a moment. However, when he talked to Raeleigh, his voice was still very gentle.

“Go and wait aside.”

Raeleigh raised her head and looked at Zorion, quivering. Zorion’s gaze was resolute, but kind. After hesitating for a moment, Raeleigh backed towards the door, leaning against the doorway.

Zorion turned to face the men in front of him, scowling, and said, “Come on.”

“You little brat, you’re being too arrogant. It’ll only mean a tragic end for you,” said one of the delinquents as he swung a punch at Zorion. Zorion quickly turned to the side, dodging it. At the same time, he raised the whip in his hand and lashed it at the man. His opponent’s face crumpled in pain and immediately retracted his hand. However, Zorion wasn’t about to let him off the hook that easily.

His opponent retreated, but Zorion’s whip never stopped moving. Whoever dared to approach him would surely be hit. The water station echoed with screams and yelps of pain. At first, the six delinquents were all gung ho and aggressive, but very quickly they couldn’t help but keel over in pain. They were no match for Zorion.

Raeleigh stood by the door, dumbfounded.

Even though the delinquents were already kneeling on the ground, Zorion didn’t stop. Tossing the whip aside, he took up an iron pipe in the water room and started beating them violently. Those who were beaten slumped to the ground, unable to get up.

At first, the spectators outside thought Zorion looked very cool and urged him on, but now they had all ran away.

Raeleigh suddenly came to her senses and ran to Zorion, tugging on his arm. "Don't hit them anymore! Don't hit them! You'll kill someone if you continue."

Zorion paid no attention to Raeleigh and continued hitting them. Raeleigh didn't know how else to get him to stop. In desperation, Raeleigh flung her arms around Zorion from behind and forcefully dragged him a couple of meters away.

Zorion finally stopped, panting heavily, and turned to look at Raeleigh.

"If anyone dares to bully you again, I'll make them rue the day they were born."

Raeleigh gazed at Zorion speechlessly.

She would be lying if she said that she wasn't touched by his words. Nonetheless, there shouldn't be such a feeling between them.

Raeleigh quickly snatched the iron pipe from Zorion's grasp. Then, she walked to the water dispenser and ran hot water over it, washing away the fingerprints and blood.

Raeleigh wasn't the kind of person who was afraid of death. She had just been frightened of what the delinquents would do to her.

At that moment, she was extraordinarily clear-headed. She couldn't let anything happen to Zorion.

The iron pipe was clean, but Raeleigh continued holding it under the hot running water for a long time.

A thought came to Raeleigh's mind. Raeleigh turned around and looked at Zorion. She picked up Zorion's whip and put it on the ground, rinsed it, and stuffed it inside her shirt. Since she was thin, it wasn't noticeable under her shirt. She also used the cardigan she was wearing to cover it up.

There was a water pipe connected to a tap in the water station. Raeleigh used it to clean the floor, their feet, and any footprints that remained.

Panting heavily, Raeleigh lifted her head and looked at Zorion. He appeared to be oblivious to the gravity of the situation.

After taking a glance at the men who were bleeding non-stop as they lay on the ground, Raeleigh took Zorion's hand and ran out of the water station.

"Go take a shower and change your clothes. Go, now. I'll get rid of the whip. If anyone asks, say that we were in our dorm room all this while. I'm going back there now." With that, Raeleigh turned around and dashed off.

Zorion looked at Raeleigh running all the way back and actually smiled, as if he found the incident funny.

Raeleigh barged into the dorm room. Her sudden appearance scared the life out of Deanna and Scarlett and their faces paled. They thought that something awful had happened to Raeleigh.

Raeleigh filled them in on what had happened. "Where's Zorion?" Deanna asked suddenly.

“He’s fine. Don’t be afraid. As long as he denies it, there won’t be any evidence. Moreover, your family is wealthy. The university will cover it up for you. Scarlett, you’d better stay here and watch over Deanna. I’m going to take a shower. I’ll be back soon.” Raeleigh turned and scurried out of the dorm room with her soiled clothes and some detergent.

Raeleigh showered quickly, dried her hair, changed into fresh clothes, and washed the clothes she was wearing during the attack. It occurred to her that Zorion could possibly still be dressed in the same clothes. At the thought of this, Raeleigh hurried back to the dorm room immediately.

“I’m going to look for Zorion, wait for me here. No matter what happens, don’t go out. I’ll be back soon,” Raeleigh said to Deanna and Scarlett before leaving. According to Deanna’s guess, Zorion might be at the apartment, so she went there.

Raeleigh knocked on the door of the apartment. Zorion had just come out of the shower and was drying his hair. He glanced through the peephole. Seeing that it was Raeleigh, he opened the door.

Usually, Raeleigh would be embarrassed if she saw Zorion wearing only a bath towel. However, she didn’t think too much of it that day. Zorion stepped aside as she brushed past him and walked into the bathroom to inspect Zorion’s clothes. When she was sure that there was no blood on them, Raeleigh felt relieved. That being said, she still washed his clothes. Since she didn’t have any detergent, Raeleigh washed them with shampoo. Once the clothes were spotless, she hung them up to dry.

Raeleigh also helped Zorion to clean up the bathroom. When that was done, she walked out of the bathroom and headed for the door. At that moment, Zorion blocked Raeleigh’s path.

“Does this mean that you care about me a lot?” asked Zorion. While Raeleigh was busy in the bathroom, he had already changed into fresh clothes.

He wore a white shirt and black slacks, looking the same as before. He had plenty of similar outfits.

“Remember, you have never been to the water station, and I have never been there either. There are no CCTVs along there. As long as we don’t admit it, any witness statement will be useless. Your family is powerful; the university can’t do anything to you or me.

We should both get our stories straight and say that we were in the room with Scarlett and Deanna.”

Zorion remained silent at first, but then he smiled and said, “Let’s not bury our heads in the sand. Who will believe that story?”

“The world is unjust. As long as we don’t admit it, no one can do anything about it. The university will help us.” Raeleigh took a step towards the door, then turned around and looked at Zorion. “There aren’t many people outside during this hour. Let’s go back right away.”

## **Chapter 912**

“Mr. Atkinson.” The leader of the group knew Zorion. Zorion’s family was rich, but at Elkton University, wealth meant nothing.

Zorion was a new student and just a junior. They hadn’t gotten around to putting him in his place yet. Unexpectedly, they wound up meeting here.

“Where are you b\*stards from?” Zorion demanded, tapping the whip against the palm of his head. None of them responded.

Their expressions were grim. They hadn’t dealt with Zorion yet, and here he was acting all arrogant.

“Zorion, we addressed you as Mr. Atkinson because we think highly of you, but don’t think that you can do whatever you want at this university just because your family is rich. Let me tell you, if we kill you now, all your parents can do is cry about it.”

Zorion walked towards them as if he didn’t hear a word they had said, still cracking the whip. Zorion lowered his head slightly, no one could see the look in his eyes. By this time, Raeleigh had already gotten to her feet. When she saw Zorion, she dashed over to him immediately, cowering behind him in fear, as if he was her last shred of hope.

Zorion looked back at Raeleigh, who was trembling with fear. Ruthlessness flashed in his eyes for a moment. However, when he talked to Raeleigh, his voice was still very gentle.

“Go and wait aside.”

Raeleigh raised her head and looked at Zorion, quivering. Zorion’s gaze was resolute, but kind. After hesitating for a moment, Raeleigh backed towards the door, leaning against the doorway.

Zorion turned to face the men in front of him, scowling, and said, “Come on.”

“You little brat, you’re being too arrogant. It’ll only mean a tragic end for you,” said one of the delinquents as he swung a punch at Zorion. Zorion quickly turned to the side, dodging it. At the same time, he raised the whip in his hand and lashed it at the man. His opponent’s face crumpled in pain and immediately retracted his hand. However, Zorion wasn’t about to let him off the hook that easily.

His opponent retreated, but Zorion’s whip never stopped moving. Whoever dared to approach him would surely be hit. The water station echoed with screams and yelps of pain. At first, the six delinquents were all gung ho and aggressive, but very quickly they couldn’t help but keel over in pain. They were no match for Zorion.

Raeleigh stood by the door, dumbfounded.

Even though the delinquents were already kneeling on the ground, Zorion didn’t stop. Tossing the whip aside, he took up an iron pipe in the water room and started beating them violently. Those who were beaten slumped to the ground, unable to get up.

At first, the spectators outside thought Zorion looked very cool and urged him on, but now they had all ran away.

Raeleigh suddenly came to her senses and ran to Zorion, tugging on his arm. “Don’t hit them anymore! Don’t hit them! You’ll kill someone if you continue.”

Zorion paid no attention to Raeleigh and continued hitting them. Raeleigh didn’t know how else to get him to stop. In desperation, Raeleigh flung her arms around Zorion from behind and forcefully dragged him a couple of meters away.

Zorion finally stopped, panting heavily, and turned to look at Raeleigh.

“If anyone dares to bully you again, I’ll make them rue the day they were born.”

Raeleigh gazed at Zorion speechlessly.

She would be lying if she said that she wasn’t touched by his words. Nonetheless, there shouldn’t be such a feeling between them.

Raeleigh quickly snatched the iron pipe from Zorion’s grasp. Then, she walked to the water dispenser and ran hot water over it, washing away the fingerprints and blood.

Raeleigh wasn’t the kind of person who was afraid of death. She had just been frightened of what the delinquents would do to her.

At that moment, she was extraordinarily clear-headed. She couldn’t let anything happen to Zorion.

The iron pipe was clean, but Raeleigh continued holding it under the hot running water for a long time.

A thought came to Raeleigh’s mind. Raeleigh turned around and looked at Zorion. She picked up Zorion’s whip and put it on the ground, rinsed it, and stuffed it inside her shirt. Since she was thin, it wasn’t noticeable under her shirt. She also used the cardigan she was wearing to cover it up.

There was a water pipe connected to a tap in the water station. Raeleigh used it to clean the floor, their feet, and any footprints that remained.

Panting heavily, Raeleigh lifted her head and looked at Zorion. He appeared to be oblivious to the gravity of the situation.

After taking a glance at the men who were bleeding non-stop as they lay on the ground, Raeleigh took Zorion’s hand and ran out of the water station.

“Go take a shower and change your clothes. Go, now. I’ll get rid of the whip. If anyone asks, say that we were in our dorm room all this while. I’m going back there now.” With that, Raeleigh turned around and dashed off.

Zorion looked at Raeleigh running all the way back and actually smiled, as if he found the incident funny.

Raeleigh barged into the dorm room. Her sudden appearance scared the life out of Deanna and Scarlette and their faces paled. They thought that something awful had happened to Raeleigh.

Raeleigh filled them in on what had happened. “Where’s Zorion?” Deanna asked suddenly.

“He’s fine. Don’t be afraid. As long as he denies it, there won’t be any evidence. Moreover, your family is wealthy. The university will cover it up for you. Scarlette, you’d better stay here and watch over Deanna. I’m going to take a shower. I’ll be back soon.” Raeleigh turned and scurried out of the dorm room with her soiled clothes and some detergent.

Raeleigh showered quickly, dried her hair, changed into fresh clothes, and washed the clothes she was wearing during the attack. It occurred to her that Zorion could possibly still be dressed in the same clothes. At the thought of this, Raeleigh hurried back to the dorm room immediately.

“I’m going to look for Zorion, wait for me here. No matter what happens, don’t go out. I’ll be back soon,” Raeleigh said to Deanna and Scarlett before leaving. According to Deanna’s guess, Zorion might be at the apartment, so she went there.

Raeleigh knocked on the door of the apartment. Zorion had just come out of the shower and was drying his hair. He glanced through the peephole. Seeing that it was Raeleigh, he opened the door.

Usually, Raeleigh would be embarrassed if she saw Zorion wearing only a bath towel. However, she didn’t think too much of it that day. Zorion stepped aside as she brushed past him and walked into the bathroom to inspect Zorion’s clothes. When she was sure that there was no blood on them, Raeleigh felt relieved. That being said, she still washed his clothes. Since she didn’t have any detergent, Raeleigh washed them with shampoo. Once the clothes were spotless, she hung them up to dry.

Raeleigh also helped Zorion to clean up the bathroom. When that was done, she walked out of the bathroom and headed for the door. At that moment, Zorion blocked Raeleigh’s path.

“Does this mean that you care about me a lot?” asked Zorion. While Raeleigh was busy in the bathroom, he had already changed into fresh clothes.

He wore a white shirt and black slacks, looking the same as before. He had plenty of similar outfits.

“Remember, you have never been to the water station, and I have never been there either. There are no CCTVs along there. As long as we don’t admit it, any witness statement will be useless. Your family is powerful; the university can’t do anything to you or me.

We should both get our stories straight and say that we were in the room with Scarlett and Deanna.”

Zorion remained silent at first, but then he smiled and said, “Let’s not bury our heads in the sand. Who will believe that story?”

“The world is unjust. As long as we don’t admit it, no one can do anything about it. The university will help us.” Raeleigh took a step towards the door, then turned around and looked at Zorion. “There aren’t many people outside during this hour. Let’s go back right away.”

## **Chapter 913**

The police car was parked outside. However, it wasn’t as intimidating as the Atkinson family’s fleet of cars.

The police knew that this case wasn’t as straightforward as it appeared.

Raeleigh and Zorion were led into the police car and taken away. Deanna was already on the phone with her lawyer, ready to file a lawsuit in order to prove their innocence. Raeleigh wouldn’t have to worry about anything at all.

Deanna got into another car and tailed the police.

She arrived at the police station moments after the policemen did.

Holding the notebook in her hand, Deanna got out of the car and walked towards the policemen. “You drove too slowly. I had to ask my driver to stop several times,” she said teasingly.

The policemen were dumbstruck. What in the world?

As soon as Raeleigh and Zorion got out of the police car, she rushed over to comfort them. "Don't worry. Justice is on our side. I have already called my lawyers, they will be here in no time."

Before Deanna could even finish talking, four black sports cars pulled up in front of the police station simultaneously, occupying all the parking spaces that were meant for the police's own use. Then, a few people alighted from the cars.

There were four men in black suits. Their assistants hurried behind them, carrying bags.

They approached Raeleigh and Zorion. "Mr. Zorion, Miss Deanna."

Deanna introduced Raeleigh to the lawyers. Turning towards Raeleigh, they greeted her politely, "Hello, Miss Anson."

Raeleigh responded with a swift nod.

One of the lawyers said, "We're going to do a full-body check to prevent any hiccups. Kindly cooperate with us."

As soon as the lawyer said this, the people behind him started taking out the things they would need to conduct the check-up.

There was even a photographer who took a picture of them as well.

"Mr. Zorion, this way, please."

"Miss Anson, this way, please."

"Sorry to trouble you."

Raeleigh and Zorion entered the police station. Scarlett rubbed her temples. If she was part of the Criminal Investigation Team, she would surely flip out. Scarlett thought to herself.

Carrying the notebook, Deanna followed them into the station. She sat together with the lawyers, listening attentively to what the police were saying.

The Criminal Investigation Team was under a lot of pressure as they were up against four prominent lawyers from Capital City.

Raeleigh and Zorion were being detained in the police lock-up.

Not long after, Jepherson arrived.

He dashed into the police station with Stuart behind him.

Stuart immediately pulled up a chair for Jepherson. He sat down with his legs crossed, his gaze focused on Scarlett and Deanna, who were busy gaming.

"Jepherson, you're here," said Deanna.

She was so busy gaming that she didn't even bother to look up.

“Don’t mind me, there’s no hurry,” Jepherson didn’t want to pester Deanna. Instead, he threw a sharp glance at Scarlett. It made her heart thump like mad.

She instantly stopped what she was doing and looked at Jepherson, startled.

Even Stuart had an annoyed expression on his face. It was already very late at night and they had disturbed Mr. Jepherson’s rest. What were they up to? He thought to himself.

What happened was no small matter. If the principal had not called, would Scarlett have kept it to herself? Jepherson fumed.

Scarlett felt wronged. Her phone had been confiscated, so she had no chance of telling him. She was with Deanna all this while, not to mention that Zorion’s lawyers were there too.

Jepherson looked away when he saw the head of the Criminal Investigation Team.

He approached Jepherson, but Jepherson didn’t even look up.

The head of the investigation team knew that Jepherson was not someone to be trifled with. The relationship between the Harvey family and the Atkinson family was not an ordinary one. Handling this matter wouldn’t be easy if Jepherson was here on behalf of the Atkinson family.

“Mr. Harvey.” The head of the investigation team was aware of Jepherson’s identity. As the youngest vice president in Capital City, he was legendary.

Jepherson looked at him and said, “I don’t want any details. I’ll find out for myself. I only want to know if they can be released on bail.”

“Of course.” It was impossible for the Criminal Investigation Team to reject Jepherson’s request.

Jepherson stood up and said, “I’ll bail them out.”

“This way, please.”

As soon as Jepherson signed the necessary paperwork, Raeleigh and Zorion were released from the police lock-up.

Raeleigh yawned as she walked out, feeling sleepy. It was already late at night.

Zorion walked over to Raeleigh and so did Jepherson. From the looks of it, it seemed that Jepherson was here to see Zorion, but in fact, he was there to see Raeleigh.

Jepherson made sure that Raeleigh was fine before turning to Zorion.

“How are you?” Jepherson asked Zorion. Zorion knew full well that Jepherson was not here for him.

“I’m fine.”

“Let’s go,” Jepherson turned around and walked away. Raeleigh looked at his retreating figure and followed him with Zorion, Scarlett, and Deanna behind her.

Raeleigh was practically dozing off once she got into the car. Next to her, Zorion lifted his arm, wanting to pull her closer so that she could lean on his shoulder.



Jepherson caught sight of it and asked, "What just happened?"

Jepherson raised his voice so that it woke Raeleigh up. She had never heard him speak so loudly, it seemed like he was mad.

She opened her eyes and looked around.

Scarlette and Deanna were fast asleep, only the three of them were awake.

Jepherson had deliberately spoken loudly.

Raeleigh pondered for a moment before leaning away to one side.

Zorion answered, "We have no idea."

Jepherson stopped questioning. In fact, he wasn't interested in Zorion. Even if something happened, he knew that Rhys would own up to it. Zorion would be all right.

Raeleigh was the reason he came tonight.

Tremendously exhausted, she was about to fall asleep again.

Zorion scooted closer to her and said, "Raeleigh."

"Hmm?" Raeleigh opened her eyes and turned to Zorion. Zorion glanced at his shoulder, hinting at Raeleigh to lean on it.

Raeleigh shook her head. "It's all right. This will do."

Jepherson lowered his head and looked at his watch. "Your mom called. She wants you back home. I'll send you back."

"That won't be unnecessary. Raeleigh and Scarlette can stay at my place tonight," Zorion interjects.

At this, Raeleigh jolted awake again. She turned to him and said, "No, it's okay. Scarlette and I will go back to our dorms. We can't stay at your place."

"It's late. You might not be able to enter."

"But we still shouldn't stay at your place. I'll go home, then." Raeleigh decided. For a moment, Zorion was silent. He glared at Jepherson, who was sitting opposite him.

Zorion and Deanna were dropped off at their home. Deanna was still holding Raeleigh's notebook.

Zorion took it from her.

Deanna watched as the car drove away.

Taking out his phone, Zorion dialed a number and said, "Follow Jepherson. See what he's up to."

## **Chapter 914**

The police car was parked outside. However, it wasn't as intimidating as the Atkinson family's fleet of cars.

The police knew that this case wasn't as straightforward as it appeared.

Raeleigh and Zorion were led into the police car and taken away. Deanna was already on the phone with her lawyer, ready to file a lawsuit in order to prove their innocence. Raeleigh wouldn't have to worry about anything at all.

Deanna got into another car and tailed the police.

She arrived at the police station moments after the policemen did.

Holding the notebook in her hand, Deanna got out of the car and walked towards the policemen. "You drove too slowly. I had to ask my driver to stop several times," she said teasingly.

The policemen were dumbstruck. What in the world?

As soon as Raeleigh and Zorion got out of the police car, she rushed over to comfort them. "Don't worry. Justice is on our side. I have already called my lawyers, they will be here in no time."

Before Deanna could even finish talking, four black sports cars pulled up in front of the police station simultaneously, occupying all the parking spaces that were meant for the police's own use. Then, a few people alighted from the cars.

There were four men in black suits. Their assistants hurried behind them, carrying bags.

They approached Raeleigh and Zorion. "Mr. Zorion, Miss Deanna."

Deanna introduced Raeleigh to the lawyers. Turning towards Raeleigh, they greeted her politely, "Hello, Miss Anson."

Raeleigh responded with a swift nod.

One of the lawyers said, "We're going to do a full-body check to prevent any hiccups. Kindly cooperate with us."

As soon as the lawyer said this, the people behind him started taking out the things they would need to conduct the check-up.

There was even a photographer who took a picture of them as well.

"Mr. Zorion, this way, please."

"Miss Anson, this way, please."

"Sorry to trouble you."

Raeleigh and Zorion entered the police station. Scarlett rubbed her temples. If she was part of the Criminal Investigation Team, she would surely flip out. Scarlett thought to herself.

Carrying the notebook, Deanna followed them into the station. She sat together with the lawyers, listening attentively to what the police were saying.

The Criminal Investigation Team was under a lot of pressure as they were up against four prominent lawyers from Capital City.

Raeleigh and Zorion were being detained in the police lock-up.

Not long after, Jepherson arrived.

He dashed into the police station with Stuart behind him.

Stuart immediately pulled up a chair for Jepherson. He sat down with his legs crossed, his gaze focused on Scarlett and Deanna, who were busy gaming.

"Jepherson, you're here," said Deanna.

She was so busy gaming that she didn't even bother to look up.

"Don't mind me, there's no hurry," Jepherson didn't want to pester Deanna. Instead, he threw a sharp glance at Scarlett. It made her heart thump like mad.

She instantly stopped what she was doing and looked at Jepherson, startled.

Even Stuart had an annoyed expression on his face. It was already very late at night and they had disturbed Mr. Jepherson's rest. What were they up to? He thought to himself.

What happened was no small matter. If the principal had not called, would Scarlett have kept it to herself? Jepherson fumed.

Scarlett felt wronged. Her phone had been confiscated, so she had no chance of telling him. She was with Deanna all this while, not to mention that Zorion's lawyers were there too.

Jepherson looked away when he saw the head of the Criminal Investigation Team.

He approached Jepherson, but Jepherson didn't even look up.

The head of the investigation team knew that Jepherson was not someone to be trifled with. The relationship between the Harvey family and the Atkinson family was not an ordinary one. Handling this matter wouldn't be easy if Jepherson was here on behalf of the Atkinson family.

"Mr. Harvey." The head of the investigation team was aware of Jepherson's identity. As the youngest vice president in Capital City, he was legendary.

Jepherson looked at him and said, "I don't want any details. I'll find out for myself. I only want to know if they can be released on bail."

"Of course." It was impossible for the Criminal Investigation Team to reject Jepherson's request.

Jepherson stood up and said, "I'll bail them out."

"This way, please."

As soon as Jepherson signed the necessary paperwork, Raeleigh and Zorion were released from the police lock-up.

Raeleigh yawned as she walked out, feeling sleepy. It was already late at night.

Zorion walked over to Raeleigh and so did Jepherson. From the looks of it, it seemed that Jepherson was here to see Zorion, but in fact, he was there to see Raeleigh.

Jepherson made sure that Raeleigh was fine before turning to Zorion.

"How are you?" Jepherson asked Zorion. Zorion knew full well that Jepherson was not here for him.

"I'm fine."

"Let's go," Jepherson turned around and walked away. Raeleigh looked at his retreating figure and followed him with Zorion, Scarlett, and Deanna behind her.

Raeleigh was practically dozing off once she got into the car. Next to her, Zorion lifted his arm, wanting to pull her closer so that she could lean on his shoulder.

Jepherson caught sight of it and asked, "What just happened?"

Jepherson raised his voice so that it woke Raeleigh up. She had never heard him speak so loudly, it seemed like he was mad.

She opened her eyes and looked around.

Scarlett and Deanna were fast asleep, only the three of them were awake.

Jepherson had deliberately spoken loudly.

Raeleigh pondered for a moment before leaning away to one side.

Zorion answered, "We have no idea."

Jepherson stopped questioning. In fact, he wasn't interested in Zorion. Even if something happened, he knew that Rhys would own up to it. Zorion would be all right.

Raeleigh was the reason he came tonight.

Tremendously exhausted, she was about to fall asleep again.

Zorion scooted closer to her and said, "Raeleigh."

"Hmm?" Raeleigh opened her eyes and turned to Zorion. Zorion glanced at his shoulder, hinting at Raeleigh to lean on it.

Raeleigh shook her head. "It's all right. This will do."

Jepherson lowered his head and looked at his watch. "Your mom called. She wants you back home. I'll send you back."

"That won't be unnecessary. Raeleigh and Scarlett can stay at my place tonight," Zorion interjects.

At this, Raeleigh jolted awake again. She turned to him and said, "No, it's okay. Scarlett and I will go back to our dorms. We can't stay at your place."

"It's late. You might not be able to enter."

"But we still shouldn't stay at your place. I'll go home, then." Raeleigh decided. For a moment, Zorion was silent. He glared at Jepherson, who was sitting opposite him.

Zorion and Deanna were dropped off at their home. Deanna was still holding Raeleigh's notebook.

Zorion took it from her.

Deanna watched as the car drove away.

Taking out his phone, Zorion dialed a number and said, "Follow Jepherson. See what he's up to."

## **Chapter 915**

Raeleigh stormed out furiously as Jepherson stood rooted to the spot, staring blankly at the door. By the time he dashed out, Raeleigh was already gone. There was only Stuart standing at the door.

Stuart stared at him. What went wrong? Jepherson should have taken care of her. How could he let her leave in the middle of the night?

"Why didn't you stop Raeleigh?" Jepherson yelled as he saw the empty corridor. His face darkened as he glared at Stuart with fury.

Stuart was dumbstruck. That was unfair of him!

"Sir..."

"Go and look for her. It's dangerous for a girl to be by herself in the middle of the night. If something happens to Raeleigh, you're fired." Jepherson walked towards the elevator as he spoke. He pushed the elevator call button repeatedly and immediately stepped in when the doors opened.

Stuart got into the elevator too and they went down to the lobby.

She was nowhere to be seen.

Standing in the hotel lobby, Jepherson glanced at his watch. It was indeed late and it would be dangerous for Raeleigh. Immediately, he sent his men to look for her. However, they still could not locate her.

Raeleigh was headed to the university when she got a call from Scarlett.

"Scarlette, what is it?"

"Raeleigh, where are you? I heard that you left." Jepherson had called to ask Scarlett if she knew where Raeleigh was, so Scarlett had also rushed out to look for Raeleigh.

"I'm in a cab on my way back. You can stay at the hotel tonight. I'll see you at the university tomorrow."

"Raeleigh, where..."

"Don't worry. It's almost light out.

"I'll arrive soon and I'll be sure to take care of myself." Raeleigh said hastily before hanging up. She put away her phone, looked around, and continued walking.

Raeleigh had suffered a lot since she was a child and the dark didn't scare her. In fact, she felt that it was safer for her to walk instead of hailing a cab. Instead of walking under the streetlights, she preferred to walk in the shadows so that no one could see her in the dark.

Raeleigh had seen Jepherson as he rushed out from the hotel lobby looking for her. When she saw him, she had stood still in a corner not too far from the hotel.

When people searched for something, they would most likely head to places that were brightly illuminated as it would be easier to see, and overlook the darker areas.

Raeleigh didn't move until Jepherson and the others started going further to search.

So even if he came back later to the darker areas near the hotel to look for her, she wouldn't be found.

She continued walking for a while. When she was certain that they would not find her, she thought about taking a bus back to the university.

Just as she stopped walking, a black car came into sight. Raeleigh thought it was Jepherson. Instead, she saw Zorion wind down the window.

"Get in," Zorion said, opening the car door and beckoning for Raeleigh to get in.

Raeleigh looked around. She had no other choice but to get into Zorion's car.

After she got into the car, Zorion leaned over to fasten her seatbelt.

"Take me to the university. It's almost dawn, so I'm sure they'll let me in." Raeleigh looked at the time. It would be almost six o'clock by the time she arrived.

Zorion acceded to her request and headed towards the direction of the university.

Neither one of them cared to initiate a conversation throughout the entire drive there. Raeleigh was exhausted as she had not slept the whole night. When they arrived, she got out of the car and watched Zorion drive away.

As soon as she stepped into the campus, she caught sight of Scarlett.

Scarlett yawned as she left the guardhouse. Ugh, she was worn out!

Raeleigh paused for a moment when she saw Scarlett, then she walked over and asked, "Why did you come back? Didn't I tell you to stay there?"

Scarlett gave Raeleigh a tight hug. "Since you came back, why would I stay there?"

She wasn't that obnoxious.

It was almost seven o'clock when Raeleigh returned to her dorm room. It had been a long day and she didn't get any rest at all last night. Drained, she was reluctant to go to her classes, so she plopped on her bed.

Compared to Raeleigh, Scarlett was way more energetic. She approached Raeleigh and said, "Are you okay? I can apply for leave if you want."

"I'm going to take a nap. Could you help to apply for two days' leave? You should go to the police station." Raeleigh didn't know the details, but there must be some procedures they had to adhere to after being released on bail. Scarlett had to report to them every day.

“You go ahead and rest. I need to make a call.”

Raeleigh nodded and shut her eyes.

Raeleigh had only intended to take a short nap, however, she was soon down with a fever.

Scarlette immediately called the nurses at the medical center. As Raeleigh was down with a high fever, they insisted that she go to the hospital right away. Without thinking twice, Scarlette carried Raeleigh out of the room on her back.

There was a car waiting for them at the gate. The car door opened and Scarlette helped Raeleigh into the car.

Jepherson was terrified as he held Raeleigh tightly in his arms. All the way to the hospital, he kept kissing Raeleigh’s forehead. Raeleigh was only semi-conscious at this point and could only vaguely hear Jepherson’s voice. He kept whispering, “It’s okay. You’re going to be okay. We’re almost there.”

When they arrived at the hospital, Jepherson got down in a flash and carried Raeleigh out of the car, using a special route to enter the hospital.

Upon their arrival, the nurses dashed over to help Jepherson. Raeleigh was placed on a hospital bed and taken away so that they could run some tests on her.

Half an hour later, the test results were out.

“Pneumonia?” Jepherson repeated, looking at the doctor questioningly.

“The test results showed that Miss Anson’s lungs were injured at a young age,” the doctor explained.

“Get to the point.” Jepherson’s face darkened. Scarlette had never seen him so stern.

“We can’t determine the exact cause at the moment, but we’re sure that her lungs are severely injured. We have to ask Miss Anson about it.

At the moment, we can’t eliminate the possibility that this is a result of Miss Anson being exposed to cigarette smoke from a young age. Chances are that she had pneumonia then, but due to certain limitations, she didn’t recover completely and her illness persisted.”

The doctor explained every detail of her illness so that Jepherson could understand. The more he heard, the more grim he looked.

The doctor continued, “We found a dark spot on Miss Anson’s lung. We suspect that it’s a scar from her previous lung injury. It’s called a calcification.

This calcification can range in size. They are usually no cause for worry, but sometimes they can lead to relapses. It may never happen, or it could happen after ten or twenty years. It’s different for everyone.”

“What’s the worst-case scenario?” Jepherson asked, his gaze as sharp as a knife. The doctor was able to understand the feelings of a patient’s family members, so he spoke with extreme caution.

“Cancer.”

Raeleigh felt as though she had just woken up from a deep slumber. In a daze, she looked around her and saw Jepherson in the room.

Jepherson sat in front of her with his legs crossed, a book in one hand and the other hand resting on his cheek. Just like that, he had dozed off.

Raeleigh wondered what was weighing on Jepherson's mind for him to frown while sleeping.

When she shifted in bed, Jepherson woke up immediately. He looked at her and said, "You're awake."

Raeleigh froze for a moment. She wanted to sit up in bed, but before she could, Jepherson had already put down the book in his hand and helped her up. She leaned back obediently as Jepherson covered her legs with the quilt before pouring a glass of water for her.

"Here, drink some water. Doctor's orders," Jepherson said as he sat back down.

Raeleigh had a bad feeling about this. Why was she in the hospital?

Her eyes scanned the room before focusing on Jepherson. "Why am I here?"

"You have a fever. Your pneumonia worsened and you had to be hospitalized. Scarlett brought you here," Jepherson explained briefly. Raeleigh stared at him for a while before asking, "Where is Scarlett?"

"She's outside," Jepherson nodded towards the door. Raeleigh realized that he didn't let Scarlett into the ward.

Raeleigh was silent. She tried to get down from the bed after a while, but Jepherson bent down and picked her up in his arms once again. "Hey..." Raeleigh let out a little cry of surprise.

"I'll carry you there," he said. With Raeleigh in his arms, Jepherson walked to the bathroom, pushed the door open, and placed Raeleigh down on her feet. Then, he turned around and left the bathroom. As the door closed, he called out, "Call me when you're done."

When the door was shut, Raeleigh felt her heart pounding as if it would jump out of her chest any moment.

Jepherson was behaving as he usually did. Wasn't he angry about that night?

After Raeleigh was done, she washed her hands at the sink. Jepherson knocked on the door; Raeleigh took a glance at the door and said, "I can go out by myself."

Without a word of warning, Jepherson barged into the bathroom, walked to Raeleigh's side, and bent down to pick her up.

Blushing, she turned her head to look away.

Even if she didn't mind it, it still felt awkward.

Jepherson carried Raeleigh out of the bathroom and placed her on the bed. They sat across from each other, exchanging glances, before Jepherson broke the ice and said, "Although I didn't do anything



wrong that night, I want to apologize. Frankly, I was furious, but I never wanted you to leave. You left before I could explain.”

Her eyes widened as she stared at Jepherson, puzzled. The events of that night was clear in her mind. Indeed, Jepherson did not ask her to leave.

Was she mistaken?

Raeleigh lowered her head and took a few deep breaths, collecting her thoughts. She then raised her head to face Jepherson and said, “Since it’s not your fault, you don’t have to apologize.”

“But I was wrong to cause you to misconstrue my words. I should’ve expressed myself better,” Jepherson replied. Raeleigh sensed that he was waiting for something to happen.

What could it be? Raeleigh pondered.

To someone as inexperienced at relationships as her, Jepherson seemed like a beast.

But for someone like Jepherson who had no experience with love, wasn’t it also difficult for him to face Raeleigh?

“I want to pick up where we left off.” Without waiting for Raeleigh to respond, he leaned in and kissed her.

Raeleigh wanted to push him away, but when she raised her head and their eyes met, it was too late.

“I just feel that you’re not yourself when you’re with me. We are each other’s firsts, but you won’t let me into your heart. The wait is making me a little anxious. Do you know that?” Jepherson murmured in between kisses. Raeleigh could see Jepherson’s lips moving but she heard none of it.

Jepherson kissed her a few more times before she finally came to her senses. He responded by deepening his kisses, fully immersing himself in the moment and forgetting everything in the world. At that moment, it was just the two of them.

Gathering every ounce of her remaining strength, Raeleigh pushed him away. He stumbled into the chair behind him with a confused look on his face, not knowing what went wrong.

Raeleigh’s expression turned stony. It was too much for her.

She wiped her lips and said coldly, “I want to be alone for a while. Please leave.”

Raeleigh laid down and covered herself with the quilt. What was wrong with her? She wondered. Why was her heart beating so wildly?

As she pulled the quilt up to her chest, she felt the racing beat of her heart under her fingertips. She was sweating as her heart was pounding.

Jepherson stood still for a while, his hands gripping the back of the chair. “Where do you want me to go? Do you want me to leave you here alone?”

Having said that, Jepherson pulled the chair over and sat down. Raeleigh took a few deep breaths, trying to calm herself down, but it was no use. Her heart continued to thrum hard against her ribcage; she couldn't control the intense emotions rolling over her like waves even if she wanted to.

"Isn't it stuffy under the quilt? You'll get dizzy," Jepherson said as he reached out to pull down the quilt. However, Raeleigh clutched it tightly, as if something terrible would happen the moment she let go.

"Let go. It's not good for you to keep doing this." Jepherson's voice was low.

Raeleigh still did not let go, so he let out a sigh, "If I leave, will you come out from under the quilt?"

Jepherson was negotiating with Raeleigh. After hesitating for a moment, Raeleigh pulled the quilt down.

They looked at each other. Finally, Jepherson shook his head and said, "I just want you to feel better. Since you don't want me here, I'll leave."

Relieved that Raeleigh had finally pulled the quilt down, he turned around and headed out the door.

Stuart caught sight of Jepherson as he walked out of the ward. Surprisingly, he had a calm expression on his face.

It seemed that his temper was improving day by day.

Raeleigh let out a sigh of relief as she lay on the bed. Her emotions were still all over the place and she ran her hands over her hair in frustration.

"Mr. Jepherson, may I go in and see Raeleigh?" Scarlett had been waiting outside the whole day. Since Raeleigh had been hospitalized, Jepherson had not given her a chance to see Raeleigh.

Since he had come out, could she go in? Scarlett thought to herself.

"Take good care of her. I'll come over tonight; I've some things to attend to," he replied. Jepherson looked at Hadrian, who was standing across him, straight-faced like a wooden log.

He walked to Hadrian and said, "I don't want Zorion killing someone again."

"Got it, Mr. Jepherson," Hadrian answered hastily.

Without another word, Jepherson walked towards the elevator with Stuart following behind him.

When they stepped out of the elevator, he glanced at Stuart and asked, "Where's the location?"

"At the Atkinson family's hotel. Rhys prepared a banquet, but he isn't there," Stuart answered hurriedly.

Getting into the car, they headed to meet the Atkinson family.

Rhys has returned.

## **Chapter 916**

Raeleigh felt as though she had just woken up from a deep slumber. In a daze, she looked around her and saw Jepherson in the room.

Jepherson sat in front of her with his legs crossed, a book in one hand and the other hand resting on his cheek. Just like that, he had dozed off.

Raeleigh wondered what was weighing on Jepherson's mind for him to frown while sleeping.

When she shifted in bed, Jepherson woke up immediately. He looked at her and said, "You're awake."

Raeleigh froze for a moment. She wanted to sit up in bed, but before she could, Jepherson had already put down the book in his hand and helped her up. She leaned back obediently as Jepherson covered her legs with the quilt before pouring a glass of water for her.

"Here, drink some water. Doctor's orders," Jepherson said as he sat back down.

Raeleigh had a bad feeling about this. Why was she in the hospital?

Her eyes scanned the room before focusing on Jepherson. "Why am I here?"

"You have a fever. Your pneumonia worsened and you had to be hospitalized. Scarlett brought you here," Jepherson explained briefly. Raeleigh stared at him for a while before asking, "Where is Scarlett?"

"She's outside," Jepherson nodded towards the door. Raeleigh realized that he didn't let Scarlett into the ward.

Raeleigh was silent. She tried to get down from the bed after a while, but Jepherson bent down and picked her up in his arms once again. "Hey..." Raeleigh let out a little cry of surprise.

"I'll carry you there," he said. With Raeleigh in his arms, Jepherson walked to the bathroom, pushed the door open, and placed Raeleigh down on her feet. Then, he turned around and left the bathroom. As the door closed, he called out, "Call me when you're done."

When the door was shut, Raeleigh felt her heart pounding as if it would jump out of her chest any moment.

Jepherson was behaving as he usually did. Wasn't he angry about that night?

After Raeleigh was done, she washed her hands at the sink. Jepherson knocked on the door; Raeleigh took a glance at the door and said, "I can go out by myself."

Without a word of warning, Jepherson barged into the bathroom, walked to Raeleigh's side, and bent down to pick her up.

Blushing, she turned her head to look away.

Even if she didn't mind it, it still felt awkward.

Jepherson carried Raeleigh out of the bathroom and placed her on the bed. They sat across from each other, exchanging glances, before Jepherson broke the ice and said, "Although I didn't do anything wrong that night, I want to apologize. Frankly, I was furious, but I never wanted you to leave. You left before I could explain."

Her eyes widened as she stared at Jepherson, puzzled. The events of that night was clear in her mind. Indeed, Jepherson did not ask her to leave.

Was she mistaken?

Raeleigh lowered her head and took a few deep breaths, collecting her thoughts. She then raised her head to face Jepherson and said, "Since it's not your fault, you don't have to apologize."

"But I was wrong to cause you to misconstrue my words. I should've expressed myself better," Jepherson replied. Raeleigh sensed that he was waiting for something to happen.

What could it be? Raeleigh pondered.

To someone as inexperienced at relationships as her, Jepherson seemed like a beast.

But for someone like Jepherson who had no experience with love, wasn't it also difficult for him to face Raeleigh?

"I want to pick up where we left off." Without waiting for Raeleigh to respond, he leaned in and kissed her.

Raeleigh wanted to push him away, but when she raised her head and their eyes met, it was too late.

"I just feel that you're not yourself when you're with me. We are each other's firsts, but you won't let me into your heart. The wait is making me a little anxious. Do you know that?" Jepherson murmured in between kisses. Raeleigh could see Jepherson's lips moving but she heard none of it.

Jepherson kissed her a few more times before she finally came to her senses. He responded by deepening his kisses, fully immersing himself in the moment and forgetting everything in the world. At that moment, it was just the two of them.

Gathering every ounce of her remaining strength, Raeleigh pushed him away. He stumbled into the chair behind him with a confused look on his face, not knowing what went wrong.

Raeleigh's expression turned stony. It was too much for her.

She wiped her lips and said coldly, "I want to be alone for a while. Please leave."

Raeleigh laid down and covered herself with the quilt. What was wrong with her? She wondered. Why was her heart beating so wildly?

As she pulled the quilt up to her chest, she felt the racing beat of her heart under her fingertips. She was sweating as her heart was pounding.

Jepherson stood still for a while, his hands gripping the back of the chair. "Where do you want me to go? Do you want me to leave you here alone?"

Having said that, Jepherson pulled the chair over and sat down. Raeleigh took a few deep breaths, trying to calm herself down, but it was no use. Her heart continued to thrum hard against her ribcage; she couldn't control the intense emotions rolling over her like waves even if she wanted to.

“Isn’t it stuffy under the quilt? You’ll get dizzy,” Jepherson said as he reached out to pull down the quilt. However, Raeleigh clutched it tightly, as if something terrible would happen the moment she let go.

“Let go. It’s not good for you to keep doing this.” Jepherson’s voice was low.

Raeleigh still did not let go, so he let out a sigh, “If I leave, will you come out from under the quilt?”

Jepherson was negotiating with Raeleigh. After hesitating for a moment, Raeleigh pulled the quilt down.

They looked at each other. Finally, Jepherson shook his head and said, “I just want you to feel better. Since you don’t want me here, I’ll leave.”

Relieved that Raeleigh had finally pulled the quilt down, he turned around and headed out the door.

Stuart caught sight of Jepherson as he walked out of the ward. Surprisingly, he had a calm expression on his face.

It seemed that his temper was improving day by day.

Raeleigh let out a sigh of relief as she lay on the bed. Her emotions were still all over the place and she ran her hands over her hair in frustration.

“Mr. Jepherson, may I go in and see Raeleigh?” Scarlett had been waiting outside the whole day. Since Raeleigh had been hospitalized, Jepherson had not given her a chance to see Raeleigh.

Since he had come out, could she go in? Scarlett thought to herself.

“Take good care of her. I’ll come over tonight; I’ve some things to attend to,” he replied. Jepherson looked at Hadrian, who was standing across him, straight-faced like a wooden log.

He walked to Hadrian and said, “I don’t want Zorion killing someone again.”

“Got it, Mr. Jepherson,” Hadrian answered hastily.

Without another word, Jepherson walked towards the elevator with Stuart following behind him.

When they stepped out of the elevator, he glanced at Stuart and asked, “Where’s the location?”

“At the Atkinson family’s hotel. Rhys prepared a banquet, but he isn’t there,” Stuart answered hurriedly.

Getting into the car, they headed to meet the Atkinson family.

Rhys has returned.

## **Chapter 917**

After parking the car in front of the Atkinson family’s mansion, Stuart got out of the car and dashed over to open the door for Jepherson.

Jepherson stepped out of the car, straightened his clothes, and walked towards the entrance.

At the sight of Jepherson, the housekeeper rushed forward and greeted him politely, “Mr. Harvey.”

Jepherson glanced at the housekeeper with a blank expression. “Is Mr. Atkinson back?”

“Yes, Mr. Harvey. Please come in.” With a warm smile, the housekeeper stepped aside to open the door, gesturing for Jepherson to go in. Jepherson walked in with Stuart shadowing him.

As he passed by the mansion’s central courtyard, Jepherson spotted Deanna, who was clutching Rhys’s arm.

“Dad, Raeleigh is amazing. How could Zorion not like her?” Deanna was trying to set Raeleigh up with her brother.

“Is that so?” Rhys brushed his daughter’s comments aside. After all, Zorion has never listened to him. What’s more when it comes to the matter of marriage.

“Of course! He has never taken an interest in matters that don’t concern him,” Deanna rattled on. At this moment, Rhys caught sight of Jepherson, who was approaching them.

“Mr. Atkinson,” Jepherson greeted politely. Deanna released her grasp on Rhys’s arm and ran towards Jepherson.

“Jepherson,” Deanna said shyly, blushing as soon as she saw Jepherson.

Looking at his daughter, Rhys was reminded of his past self. Back then, he had deep feelings for Jen, but too bad it was a one-sided love.

As luck would have it, he found himself a woman who was even better than Jen; otherwise, how could he have become the person he was today?

“Please come in,” Rhys turned around and went inside. Jepherson followed him with Deanna tailing along as well.

Rhys led the way to the luxurious living room and sat down. Zorion, who was watching TV, stood up as he glanced at Jepherson and greeted him.

“Hello,” Jepherson replied.

“Sit down,” Rhys said. The servants had already prepared some refreshments. Jepherson sat across from Zorion on the sofa.

Rhys glanced at his daughter. “What are you doing? Sit down.”

Deanna wanted to sit next to Jepherson, but Rhys’s glare indicated otherwise. She gave in and sat next to Rhys instead.

“Jepherson, would you like an apple? I’ll peel one for you,” As soon as Deanna sat down, she immediately grabbed an apple, ready to peel it for Jepherson.

“No, thanks. I’m not hungry. You can have it.” Jepherson turned down her offer.

Across from him, Zorion grabbed an apple and reached out for the knife. “Hand it over.”

Deanna passed the knife to Zorion and he peeled the apple in silence. When he was done, he offered the apple to Deanna.

She snatched it from Zorion ungraciously.

Rhys observed the entire interaction between them. He knew that Zorion was against the idea of Deanna marrying into the Harvey family. There would surely be a clash of personalities; Jepherson was indeed not a good fit for his daughter.

Rhys had once hoped that it would happen. He patted Deanna's hand gently, worried that she would make a mistake and destroy everything that they had. Many people had been trapped in love and also been ruined because of it.

Although it might not show on his face, he was getting older. He had to prepare his children for the future.

Actually, there was one person in the Harvey family that he was satisfied with. It was Jepherson's younger brother, Santiago.

Santiago was still a little young, but he was sure to grow up into a promising young man. It was unfortunate that Jepherson spoiled him so. If it wasn't for that, he would be much more powerful than Jepherson.

Deanna ate the apple quietly. Looking at Zorion, Rhys let out a long sigh. "This is a matter of life and death. What are you going to do?"

"I didn't kill him. Where's the evidence?" Zorion couldn't care less about this. The victim was killed by accident, not because of him. They were a bunch of b\*stards bullying the weak. No matter what, they deserved to die.

Zorion had shown them mercy by not messing with their family.

It was true that someone had called the police, but no one was looking for him.

What Rhys admired most about Zorion was his calm attitude when dealing with things. If he didn't have this trait, he wouldn't be able to achieve anything.

Compared to him, Zorion had matured earlier. However, Rhys thought that this was a good thing.

Smiling, Rhys kept quiet. Then, his gaze fell on Jepherson. "What about you? What do you think?"

"I'm an outsider and have no say in this. I merely came here to pay you a visit. If you need me to do anything at all, I'll do my best." Jepherson grinned.

It was a such waste for someone like Jepherson to live like that.

Jepherson was an exceptionally tough nut to crack. Rhys was certain that there would be a bloodbath in the near future. Those who would be able to stand strong and secure prominent positions within Capital City would be the Atkinson family, as well as the Harvey family. The Cole family was nowhere as powerful as their previous generations; it was just a matter of time before they were replaced.

This was also the main reason why Rhys wanted Zorion to get along with Jepherson. An alliance would be crucial.

The strong have to unite as one to achieve greater success.

Beaming, Rhys said, "I appreciate your kindness. However, the trouble was caused by Zorion, so let him prove that he's capable of dealing with it on his own."

Jepherson only smiled while remaining silent. As Zorion picked up an apple and sniffed its delicate fragrance, Rhys asked casually, "How's the girl?"

Zorion raised his head. "Jepherson took her home. I haven't seen her yet."

"Dad, Raeleigh is fine now. What do you think about inviting her over?" Deanna cut in. Rhys raised his hand to pat her cheek. "Hmm, your mother and I have already booked a flight, so I'm afraid that it's not possible this week."

"Oh?" Disappointment was written all over Deanna's face. Rhys couldn't bear to see her like this, so he gave her a pat on the head and said, "I promise we'll invite her over when we're back, okay?"

"I guess that's fine," Deanna answered with a smile. She hugged Rhys and said, "You're the best!"

"I'm your father. How can I not treat you well? I'm tired, I'll head upstairs to get some rest." Rhys got up from his seat and started to head upstairs. As he walked, a thought came into his mind. He turned to Zorion and asked, "By the way, what's the girl's name?"

"It's Raeleigh. Why do you have such a bad memory?" Deanna rolled her eyes at him.

Rhys glanced at his daughter. "Sorry."

"That's okay, I forgive you," Deanna smiled sweetly as she went up to hold Rhys's arm and walk upstairs with him.

Rhys continued, "I heard that Jepherson likes Raeleigh. Is that true?"

"Nope, Raeleigh pretended to be Jepherson's girlfriend for my sake. It was a misunderstanding," Deanna explained hastily. Rhys looked at his daughter and grinned, "Nonsense. You're like a sister to Jepherson. How could you say that it's for your sake? Anyway, I'm asking Jepherson, not you."

"Oh." Pulling herself together, she threw a glance at Jepherson.

Jepherson stared wordlessly at Rhys, straight-faced.

"Jepherson, I know that Deanna has had a great impact on you, but please, stay true to your heart. I can understand your feelings. If you have made your choice, please let me know. I promise that Deanna won't cause you any further trouble, and that your decision will not affect the relationship between both our families.

Your mother and I are very close; I believe you know that. Besides that, your father and I have several business partnerships.

No matter what, I trust that you won't ruin this bond between us.

As for Deanna, she's still young and she can be a bit childish sometimes. You should listen to your heart.



A love must be strong and unshakable. As a father, I certainly hope that my daughter will have a blissful marriage. In life, we will stumble and fall, but no matter how heavy the storm hits, there will always be a rainbow at the end. One must be willing to suffer for a brighter future.

What do you think?"

Rhys's words held a deep meaning. With Jepherson's intelligence, he was sure to easily understand what it truly meant.

Jepherson rose to his feet and opened his mouth to speak. "Rae-"

"Dad, I like Raeleigh." Without waiting for Jepherson to speak, Zorion cut in to make his feelings known.

"Zorion... That's great!" Deanna exclaimed, her eyes widening. Releasing Rhys's arm, she ran over to Zorion and grabbed his hand as she jumped with joy.

Zorion couldn't help but smile at Deanna's reaction. Deanna was on cloud nine.

Zorion bent down to hug her. As he beamed with joy, he lifted his gaze to look at Jepherson.

Rhys had a slight frown on his face as he glanced at his children. "I'll have to meet Raeleigh."

At this, Rhys walked upstairs, leaving the two men to stand gazing at each other.

Filled with excitement, Deanna was dancing around the room.

"You're not suitable for her," Jepherson said indifferently. Deanna gasped and let go of her brother slowly.

She turned to look at Jepherson, her eyes full of disbelief. "Jepherson, what do you mean?"

Jepherson's gaze bored into Zorion, who was looking defiant. "I'm leaving. Please let Mr. Atkinson know."

In the blink of an eye, Jepherson left.

## **Chapter 918**

Raeleigh was awakened by a terrible nightmare in the middle of the night. In her dream, she had been surrounded by a group of people who were snatching her things away, leaving only her diary in her hands.

Raeleigh could only stare blankly as even her diary was taken away by Zorion.

"Give it back, that's all I have left." In her dream, Raeleigh had pleaded for Zorion to return the diary to her, but he refused and tossed it into the sea. She watched as it was swallowed by the waves. She had jumped into the ocean to look for it, but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. To make matters worse, she got a cramp in her leg. Within a matter of seconds, she had sunk to the bottom of the ocean.

She had jolted awake, gasping for air.

Raeleigh was trembling and had broken out in cold sweat.

The nightmare was so unsettling that she had trouble falling back to sleep. Propping herself up against the bed frame, she tried to pull herself together.

She felt suffocated, as if there was water trapped in her lungs.

Scarlette was resting in a corner of the room. When she heard the noise, her eyes flew open and she looked around anxiously.

Hastily, Scarlette turned the lights on. Then, she poured a glass of water for Raeleigh. "Was it another nightmare?"

Scarlette recalled the petrified expression on Raeleigh's face when they were in the car on the way to the hospital.

"How did you know that I have nightmares?" Raeleigh asked in surprise as she held the glass of water.

"I carried you all the way from our dorm to the school gate. Along the way, you kept muttering something about a fire. You looked as though you were in pain. Then when we were in the car, you repeated it over and over again while you were in... his arms."

Raeleigh froze for a moment. "I should be thanking you," she said slowly.

"No need to thank me. Hang on, have you experienced something like this before? When you were having a high fever, you kept saying the word 'fire'. Did you used to have high fevers frequently when you were little?" Scarlette genuinely saw Raeleigh as a friend and was concerned about her.

Raeleigh shook her head. "My health was good as a child. I've never been in poor health as I am now nor did I have to visit the hospital several times in a month."

"Hmm, how did you develop pneumonia then? Have you ever been severely intoxicated before?"

Raeleigh recalled that her grandmother refused to tell her about the fire at the orphanage. Shaking her head again, she said, "No, I don't remember."

"That's strange," Scarlette mused to herself. "He..."

Scarlette stopped.

"Don't worry, this isn't a secret." Raeleigh said with a smile. Scarlette sat down in front of her and rolled her eyes, "Even so, you have to pretend that you don't know; otherwise, Jepherson will kill me for sure."

Raeleigh glanced towards the door to the ward. "What if he already knows?"

"I don't think he does. He's so short-tempered. If I don't do something well, he'll..."

"So this is how others perceive me," Jepherson said as he walked into the ward. Scarlette's face paled in shock as she stood up. She staggered a few steps backwards before she fell and landed hard on the ground.

Jepherson walked straight up to Scarlette and asked, "Am I that horrible?"

"No."

Mr. Jepherson, you misunderstood. I was talking about Hadrian. He's the scary one. You, on the other hand, have always been very kind to me," Scarlett stammered as she stood rooted to the ground. In response, Jepherson rolled his eyes and said, "The only mistake I made was hiring you. You can't do anything right. I want you to write this sentence a thousand times-You're a useless fool that can't do things right!"

With that, Jepherson went into the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind him.

Wanting to lighten her punishment, Scarlett rushed towards the bathroom. "Mr. Jepherson, I-

"Two thousand times," Jepherson called out nonchalantly.

Scarlett stepped forward and Jefferson said from inside the bathroom, "Three thousand times."

Scarlett gave up and was about to dash out the ward when Raeleigh called out to her. "Come back."

Pouting her lips, Scarlett threw a death glare at Raeleigh.

Raeleigh let out a sigh as she gestured for Scarlett to come back. "Come here. I have something to tell you."

With a deep frown, Scarlett walked towards her. Raeleigh gestured for her to come even closer and whispered something into her ear. Her words caught Scarlett off guard.

"What if something happens? Are you going to take responsibility?" Scarlett mumbled softly.

"Are you being ungrateful?" Raeleigh had a stern expression on her face.

Scarlett waved her hand dismissively and said, "I know, you're a good friend. Hold on."

Scarlett searched frantically for a piece of paper before Jepherson came out of the bathroom. Then, she quickly scribbled a few words on the piece of paper.

When she was done, Scarlett shouted in the direction of the bathroom, "Mr. Jepherson, I'm done with the lines."

There was no response from Jepherson, so Scarlett took the opportunity to escape as quick as lightning.

Just as the door to the ward shut, Jepherson came out of the bathroom. With a somber expression, he scanned the ward only to find that Scarlett wasn't there.

"Where is she?" Jepherson looked as if he was about to explode.

Raeleigh frowned. "Scarlett didn't mean any harm."

"That's not for you to decide. She can speak for herself." Jepherson's tone was as cold as ice. This was the first time he was speaking to Raeleigh this way.

"What's wrong? Did you have a bad day?"

Raeleigh's dazzling eyes were focused on Jepherson's face, which was as icy as if it was covered in a layer of frost. He never failed to radiate a cold and domineering aura every time they met.

After leaving for half the night, he seemed to have turned into a whole other person.

Jepherson was silent as he sat on the chair opposite her. Raeleigh had a feeling that something was bothering him.

“Scarlette wanted you to have this,” Raeleigh turned around and handed the piece of paper to Jepherson. She thought that it might raise Jepherson’s spirits.

Raeleigh didn’t have any idea what was going on, but she couldn’t just ignore Jepherson’s feelings.

Lifting his long and slender fingers, Jepherson took the paper from Raeleigh. Confusion was written all over his face as he glanced at the paper, freezing when he saw the words that were messily scribbled on it.

‘I want you to write this three thousand times-‘You’re a useless fool that can’t do things right!’ was written on it.

Looking up at Raeleigh, Jepherson said, “I’ve told her countless times that her handwriting is just too ugly. She needs to work on it.”

Covering her mouth with her hands, Raeleigh burst into laughter.

Puzzled, Jepherson shot a sharp look at her. Tapping the piece of paper with his fingers, he snapped, “Are you happy seeing me in pain?”

Raeleigh immediately stopped laughing and lowered her head. In a flash, he bounced up from his seat, his mood lifted. He took off his coat, poured himself a glass of water, and drank it in one go. He then turned around to face Raeleigh.

A thought crossed Raeleigh’s mind. Jepherson was only human. He had feelings as well, just like any other human being.

Everyone else only judged him by what they saw on the surface without actually taking the time to get to know the real him.

Raeleigh has heard rumors that Jepherson was placed on a pedestal when he was in school. With his good looks and good grades, he seemed untouchable, like a demigod.

In face, he seemed almost... unhuman.

## **Chapter 919**

It was late in the night. Jepherson still did not look like he was going to leave. After a moment’s hesitation, Raeleigh muttered, “It’s getting late. I’m going to bed.”

She crawled into bed, laid down, and pulled the quilt over her. Jepherson raised his head to look at her, heavy-eyed. As Raeleigh glanced at him, he asked, “Can we sleep together?”

Raeleigh froze for a moment before saying, “No.”

She turned away, her back facing Jepherson. She had never encountered someone so unreasonable.

At first, Raeleigh had trouble sleeping. After tossing and turning, she eventually fell asleep. In the middle of the night, she suddenly felt as though she couldn't move her body. Her eyes widened as she realized that Jepherson had his arm wrapped around her waist.

"Stop moving or else," Jepherson said in a rough voice. His breath was warm on Raeleigh's ears. She tightened her grip on the quilt, afraid of what Jepherson might get up to.

Raeleigh took a deep breath and said, "I won't move."

Jepherson chuckled. "That's even worse."

With Raeleigh in his arms, Jepherson reached around to hold her hand. "I don't like Zorion near you."

Raeleigh pursed her lips. "It's not up to me who approaches me. What's more--"

"What?" Jepherson hugged her tighter. "Have you ever thought about me?"

Raeleigh didn't like where this was going. "Get off," she said as she tried to push him away. The thought of being intimate with someone was sickening to her.

Jepherson lay quietly behind her for a moment, "All right, I'll keep my mouth shut!"

His breath was heavy as he tightened his arms around her.

Raeleigh restrained herself from making any sound as she clutched the quilt tightly. As Jepherson felt Raeleigh's body tensing up, he moved his hands over her body, caressing gently. She felt like she would go mad if he continued and quickly warned him, "Jepherson, don't cross the line."

He stopped his roving hands and gave her a peck from behind. He brushed aside the hair on her neck and leaned closer, dropping light kisses on her neck.

Raeleigh tried to shove his hands aside, but her arms were pinned to her side. Jepherson grabbed her hands and moved them to her front, holding them in place. Raeleigh couldn't help letting out a little cry. Suddenly, Jepherson sucked in a deep breath and whispered, "Don't move."

Panting with fear, she dared not look behind her. Who knew what would happen if she did.

"Go away," Jepherson hissed. Raeleigh trembled in shock at his words.

Jepherson tightened his arms around Raeleigh, whispering reassuringly, "Not you."

Raeleigh felt her face turn red and she pulled the quilt up to cover her face.

This seemed to have become a habit of hers nowadays.

When the noise at the door had faded away, Jepherson pulled the quilt away and started nibbling on her ear gently.

Raeleigh thrust her hand out to push him aside and immediately jumped down from the bed. She dashed into the bathroom without another thought.

Jepherson turned over, looking up at the ceiling. The buttons on his shirt were half undone and his chest was exposed. After a long time, Raeleigh still did not come out.

Jepherson took a glance at the bathroom, but there didn't seem to be any movement coming from inside. Just as he sat up to see what she was up to, Raeleigh came out.

Raeleigh had washed her face with cold water. Her face was no longer red, but her body was cold.

Jepherson's face darkened. "Did you wash your face?"

Raeleigh didn't respond. What's wrong with washing her face? She wondered.

"With cold water?" Jepherson sounded so different from when he was whispering to her in bed. Not knowing how to respond, Raeleigh froze.

"Get in here," he ordered as he stepped into the bathroom.

Raeleigh turned around. The bathroom door was ajar. She hesitated for a moment, but still went to him. He had filled up a bowl with warm water, then taking Raeleigh's hands, he soaked them into the warm water. Instinctively, she pulled her hands away.

"Don't take them out; your hands are too cold. You should take care of your body since you're not feeling well." With one hand gently massaging the back of Raeleigh's neck, he placed a towel on her face.

She stood as still as a statue.

Raeleigh placed her hands back in the water. She had never thought that someone like Jepherson would treat her this way.

It wasn't something she would even dream of.

Raeleigh managed to stay still for a few minutes before she moved her head slightly. Jepherson took away the towel on her face and said, "When I was little, I took a cold bath once, but my mother caught me. This was how she warmed me up."

Before Raeleigh could react, Jepherson placed the towel on her face again. She raised her hands to try to push his hand away, but Jepherson's voice suddenly turned cold as he said, "Lower your hands."

Obediently, Raeleigh gave in and placed her hands back into the warm water.

After gently massaging her neck, Jepherson took away the towel and tossed it into the sink. Turning around, he took a fresh towel to dry her hands and face.

"Don't do this again. You're cute when you blush. I don't like it when your face is pale." As he left the bathroom, Raeleigh remained frozen to the spot, not knowing how to react.

From the sound of it, it seemed like everything she did was to win Jepherson's favor.

Jepherson picked up a call as soon as he came out of the bathroom. The conversation seemed intense. While he was on the phone, he pulled Raeleigh closer to him and patted her head gently. After a while, he took away his hand and walked to the window.

"I'll resolve this matter as soon as possible. When will you return?" Jepherson was on the phone with his father, Calvin.

"But... You told me that you'd be back in less than two months." Jepherson felt as though he had been tricked by the old man.

## **Chapter 920**

It was late in the night. Jepherson still did not look like he was going to leave. After a moment's hesitation, Raeleigh muttered, "It's getting late. I'm going to bed."

She crawled into bed, laid down, and pulled the quilt over her. Jepherson raised his head to look at her, heavy-eyed. As Raeleigh glanced at him, he asked, "Can we sleep together?"

Raeleigh froze for a moment before saying, "No."

She turned away, her back facing Jepherson. She had never encountered someone so unreasonable.

At first, Raeleigh had trouble sleeping. After tossing and turning, she eventually fell asleep. In the middle of the night, she suddenly felt as though she couldn't move her body. Her eyes widened as she realized that Jepherson had his arm wrapped around her waist.

"Stop moving or else," Jepherson said in a rough voice. His breath was warm on Raeleigh's ears. She tightened her grip on the quilt, afraid of what Jepherson might get up to.

Raeleigh took a deep breath and said, "I won't move."

Jepherson chuckled. "That's even worse."

With Raeleigh in his arms, Jepherson reached around to hold her hand. "I don't like Zorion near you."

Raeleigh pursed her lips. "It's not up to me who approaches me. What's more--"

"What?" Jepherson hugged her tighter. "Have you ever thought about me?"

Raeleigh didn't like where this was going. "Get off," she said as she tried to push him away. The thought of being intimate with someone was sickening to her.

Jepherson lay quietly behind her for a moment, "All right, I'll keep my mouth shut!"

His breath was heavy as he tightened his arms around her.

Raeleigh restrained herself from making any sound as she clutched the quilt tightly. As Jepherson felt Raeleigh's body tensing up, he moved his hands over her body, caressing gently. She felt like she would go mad if he continued and quickly warned him, "Jepherson, don't cross the line."

He stopped his roving hands and gave her a peck from behind. He brushed aside the hair on her neck and leaned closer, dropping light kisses on her neck.

Raeleigh tried to shove his hands aside, but her arms were pinned to her side. Jepherson grabbed her hands and moved them to her front, holding them in place. Raeleigh couldn't help letting out a little cry. Suddenly, Jepherson sucked in a deep breath and whispered, "Don't move."

Panting with fear, she dared not look behind her. Who knew what would happen if she did.

"Go away," Jepherson hissed. Raeleigh trembled in shock at his words.

Jepherson tightened his arms around Raeleigh, whispering reassuringly, "Not you."

Raeleigh felt her face turn red and she pulled the quilt up to cover her face.

This seemed to have become a habit of hers nowadays.

When the noise at the door had faded away, Jepherson pulled the quilt away and started nibbling on her ear gently.

Raeleigh thrust her hand out to push him aside and immediately jumped down from the bed. She dashed into the bathroom without another thought.

Jepherson turned over, looking up at the ceiling. The buttons on his shirt were half undone and his chest was exposed. After a long time, Raeleigh still did not come out.

Jepherson took a glance at the bathroom, but there didn't seem to be any movement coming from inside. Just as he sat up to see what she was up to, Raeleigh came out.

Raeleigh had washed her face with cold water. Her face was no longer red, but her body was cold.

Jepherson's face darkened. "Did you wash your face?"

Raeleigh didn't respond. What's wrong with washing her face? She wondered.

"With cold water?" Jepherson sounded so different from when he was whispering to her in bed. Not knowing how to respond, Raeleigh froze.

"Get in here," he ordered as he stepped into the bathroom.

Raeleigh turned around. The bathroom door was ajar. She hesitated for a moment, but still went to him. He had filled up a bowl with warm water, then taking Raeleigh's hands, he soaked them into the warm water. Instinctively, she pulled her hands away.

"Don't take them out; your hands are too cold. You should take care of your body since you're not feeling well." With one hand gently massaging the back of Raeleigh's neck, he placed a towel on her face.

She stood as still as a statue.

Raeleigh placed her hands back in the water. She had never thought that someone like Jepherson would treat her this way.

It wasn't something she would even dream of.

Raeleigh managed to stay still for a few minutes before she moved her head slightly. Jepherson took away the towel on her face and said, "When I was little, I took a cold bath once, but my mother caught me. This was how she warmed me up."

Before Raeleigh could react, Jepherson placed the towel on her face again. She raised her hands to try to push his hand away, but Jepherson's voice suddenly turned cold as he said, "Lower your hands."

Obediently, Raeleigh gave in and placed her hands back into the warm water.



After gently massaging her neck, Jepherson took away the towel and tossed it into the sink. Turning around, he took a fresh towel to dry her hands and face.

“Don’t do this again. You’re cute when you blush. I don’t like it when your face is pale.” As he left the bathroom, Raeleigh remained frozen to the spot, not knowing how to react.

From the sound of it, it seemed like everything she did was to win Jepherson’s favor.

Jepherson picked up a call as soon as he came out of the bathroom. The conversation seemed intense. While he was on the phone, he pulled Raeleigh closer to him and patted her head gently. After a while, he took away his hand and walked to the window.

“I’ll resolve this matter as soon as possible. When will you return?” Jepherson was on the phone with his father, Calvin.

“But... You told me that you’d be back in less than two months.” Jepherson felt as though he had been tricked by the old man.