



## Chapter 11 Behind the Door

Rose glanced around her. She spotted a tall male figure through the curtains of the tea room.

The figure seemed familiar to her somehow.

Rose was about to take a closer look when Nixon suddenly walked up to her. He blocked her line of sight.

"Hurry up, Rose. I'll take you to Uncle Jonathan right now."

Nixon wanted to hold Rose's hand, but Rose shirked away disdainfully.

His eyes flashed with displeasure, but when he thought of Jonathan, he had no choice but to suppress his emotions.

"Rose, today is a great opportunity for me and my family. The Finches are the top among the three greatest families of Regalia, and Uncle Jonathan is the newly appointed person in charge of the family.

"Once he officiates our marriage, and with Celeste Jewels behind us, I am guaranteed to become the heir of the Lane family!"

Nixon was the Lanes' only grandchild. But at the moment, his father, Hayden Lane, handled most of the family businesses.

Hayden had an illegitimate son whom he had been working hard to nurture over the past few years. The illegitimate son posed a serious threat to Nixon.

Nixon could not afford to mess up right now. He was in urgent need

of Celeste Jewels to solve his funding difficulties.

Rose smiled scornfully. She did not care about what happened to Nixon and the Lanes.

But she did prepare a great present, and Uncle Jonathan had a VIP ticket to the show. She should meet him, at least.

"Let's go." Rose followed Nixon.

Back in the tea room, Jonathan stared coldly at Rose. His eyes were dark.

She was Nixon's fiancée? What a fiancée she was, indeed!

At the thought of the lipstick stain on Nixon's collar, Jonathan's gaze grew even colder.

Jonathan watched as Rose and Nixon walked toward him. The dim light in his eyes turned into a sneer. Then, with an intimidating air about him, he walked out of the tea room from the other door. 1

Charlie quickly went after him.

Rose and Nixon had just arrived at the tea room when they saw Charlie with his back toward them.

Nixon thought that he had done a poor job of entertaining Jonathan, so he hastily ran after them.

When Charlie told him that Jonathan was tired, he sighed in relief.

"There's a guest room on the second floor. He can rest there. There's going to be a ball before the banquet, so it would be great if he could

attend.\*

Nixon did not dare to disturb Jonathan. Thus, he decided to ask Jonathan to officiate their marriage after he had danced the first dance with Rose. He would ask Rose for a dance at the ball later.

If Jonathan agreed to do it, Nixon's status in Aquastead would be elevated.

The more Nixon thought about it, the more excited he became.

Upon returning to the tea room, he told Rose eagerly, "You must cooperate with me later!"

Still standing at the entrance of the tea room, Rose stared at the spot where the man had been standing just now.

She finally remembered where she had seen that figure before.

The figure looked a lot like her husband!

Was it him?

She frowned and quickly denied the possibility.

How could it be him? How could he possibly be here?

Dismissing the thoughts in her mind, Rose smirked as she took in Nixon's excitement.

"Don't worry. I'll be sure to cooperate ... alright!"

She was going to cooperate in a way that was entirely different from what Nixon expected.

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Standing somewhere near the tea room, Kelly listened in on their conversation. She heard what Nixon told Rose to do.

The viciousness in Kelly's heart sprung up at the thought of Rose being the center of attention again.

She took her phone out and sent a message to Hank Edwards.

"I'll be waiting for you in the last guest room at the end of the corridor on the second floor after dark. Be sure to prepare something stimulating to keep things interesting."

Hank Edwards of Edwards Construction was in his fifties. He was a portly man who was known to be quite the pervert.

Kelly heard from Nixon that Hank was one of the guests today.

When she arrived just now, she flirted with him for a while. She managed to charm him with just a few glances.

Kelly had prepared Hank specifically for Rose. She even set up a surveillance camera in the room on the second floor. The camera was linked to her phone.

The opening ball would start after dark.

When the time came, her phone was all she needed to show everyone the scene of Rose being pinned under a man!

The sun had just set when Rose received a paper note.

"Do you want to know how Celeste Young died? Go to the last guest

room at the end of the corridor on the second floor. You'll get your answer there."

Rose's expression stiffened at once. Celeste Young was her mother's name.

The note was unsigned, so it could very well be a trap. Still, Rose had always suspected that there was another reason behind her mother's death.

Even if it turned out to be a trap, she was going to risk it anyway. She would not let go of even the slimmest of chances of uncovering the truth.

Avoiding the crowd, Rose went up to the second floor. The corridor was deserted.

Rose walked up to the guest room at the end of the corridor and opened the door.

The room was completely dark. Shallow breaths could be heard in the darkness, and Rose detected the faint smell of alcohol.

She was not alone in this room! 1

"Who's there?" 1

As soon as Rose asked that question, she heard something falling onto the floor.

Instantly, the stench of alcohol invaded her nostrils.

Right after that, a dark shadow pounced on her. The man's tall frame exuded an oppressing air as he pinned her against the door.