

## Chapter 12 Heartless Woman

Rose struggled instinctively, but the man's large hand gripped hers suddenly. Their fingers laced together suggestively.

He buried his face against her shoulder. His ragged breaths brushed over her collarbones and made her feel numb there. Rose could not help but shiver.

She tried to kick a vulnerable part of the man's body, but she had only just lifted her leg when a hand gripped her knee.

In the darkness, Jonathan's gaze was terrifyingly piercing.

"How heartless!" he snarled coldly and mockingly.

She had paid to spend the night with him the night before last, but she was trying to make him impotent now. He silently cursed Rose.

Jonathan recognized her the moment she walked into the room. He spilled the wine on purpose so that the smell of alcohol would mask his scent.

He even disguised his voice by making it lower. That way, she would not recognize him.

Jonathan thought about the lipstick stain on Nixon's collar. He felt an inexplicable rage building up inside his heart.

"Who asked you to come here? Was it Nixon?"

Rose thought about the note. "Weren't you the one who told me to come here?"



Jonathan smirked mockingly.

He wondered if Nixon had told her that he asked for her.

"Hah ..."

Nixon was putting in so much effort that he went to the extent of sending his fiancée to Jonathan's room.

Jonathan wondered if Nixon knew about what had happened that night in Nightfall Lounge, or the intense night of passion afterward.

Was it all a part of her and Nixon's plan?

Jonathan's dark eyes flashed fiercely. As if to get revenge, he grabbed Rose by the wrists and tossed her onto the bed mercilessly.

"Ahh!"

Rose only felt like the world was spinning. Then, the man's body pressed down on her. His strong legs trapped her firmly beneath him.

Something about him spelled danger.

Rose gulped before warning sternly, "Do you know who I am? Nixon Lane is my fiancé. If you dare do anything to me, he won't let you get away with it!"

Even though she no longer had anything to do with Nixon, his name was the only one she could use right now.

After all, Nixon was representing the Lanes as the host of the banquet. His name should be enough to intimidate this man.



But Jonathan simply sneered.

She only remembered that Nixon was her fiancé. Had she completely forgotten that they had gotten their marriage license yesterday?

Jonathan's gaze darkened. As if to punish her, he breathed suggestively into her ear.

Rose tensed up. She was in a dangerous situation, but at that moment, the sensation felt somewhat familiar to her.

She wondered who this man was.

As she was trying to figure out the source of the familiarity, Jonathan's breaths moved down to her shoulder and halted. To her surprise, he bit her shoulder ...

"Argh!"

Rose trembled in pain.

Jonathan sank his teeth into her shoulder like a beast biting its prey.

He finally felt a little better. As he inhaled the fragrance of her body, he subconsciously reduced the force of his bite.

There was something utterly bewitching about her that charmed others without them realizing it.

Jonathan was not a lustful man, but he did it with her many times that night.

Rose sensed that the man was letting go, so she did not move too much.

Thinking of the note, Rose asked tentatively, "How did my mom die?"

In the dark, Rose waited anxiously for an answer.

...

Meanwhile, the ball was about to begin downstairs, but Nixon could not find any trace of Rose.

He could not resist cursing, "That accursed Rose! She better not ruin my plans!"

Kelly stood beside him and comforted him. "Rose must've had something important to do."

She assumed that up in the room on the second floor, Hank must have gotten his hands on Rose by now.

"I'll bring Uncle Jonathan down." Nixon went up to the second floor.

Kelly had seen Jonathan's figure earlier and could not forget about it. She wanted to head upstairs with Nixon so that she could get to know Jonathan.

But then, she received a message from Hank.

"Where are you, sweetheart? If you don't come here soon, I'll go downstairs and look for you."

Kelly's expression hardened.

What was going on? Did Rose not go over to Mr. Edwards' room?

Kelly used Rose's mother's death as bait to trap Rose, and she was





certain that Rose would not have ignored that note!

She glanced at Nixon. He had reached the top of the stairs and was turning into the corridor on the other side.

Kelly gritted her teeth. She decided to check on Hank to see what was going on.

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