

Chapter 13 Be My Woman

Over in the room on the second floor, Jonathan had already let go of Rose's shoulder.

Under the cover of darkness, his sharp gaze was fixed on her.

Based on the information Zac gave him last night, Celeste died in a traffic accident ten years ago. It was classified as an accident.

Jonathan wondered if there had been another reason behind Celeste's death.

Did Rose come to see him to find out more about her mother's death? Was it not for Nixon's sake?

The long silence made Rose anxious.

"As long as you tell me the truth behind that accident, I'll do anything you ask of me."

Jonathan's gaze darkened as he questioned, "So, you'd even agree if I ask you to be my woman?"

Rose froze. She suddenly recalled her new husband's handsome face.

Jonathan saw her reaction. His expression, which had improved a little earlier, soured again.

His voice was flecked with traces of jealousy as

he said, "What's the matter? You can't bear to part with your fiancé?"

Rose was taken aback.

Nixon? He was not worth it!

Rose felt a little panicky when she realized she could not dismiss the face of her husband from her mind. But Jonathan thought her reaction meant that she was feeling guilty.

As expected, she truly did not wish to let go of Nixon!

Jonathan sneered. The fury that had simmered down just now began burning fiercely again. He was about to punish this woman when there was a knock on the door.

Then, a fawning and respectful voice called out, "Uncle Jonathan, did you have a good rest?"

It was Nixon!

Rose immediately returned to her senses. Her heart threatened to leap out of her throat. She did not even notice how Nixon addressed the man in the room.

The voice inside her head was telling her that if she was found in a room with another man, her plan would be ruined!

When Jonathan sensed her nervousness, his expression turned even fouler.

Suddenly, he removed himself from Rose and walked up to the door. The weight was lifted off her body.

Rose did not even have time to rejoice when she heard the door opening. A ray of light shone in.

Jonathan stood against the light. She could not see his face.

Nixon's voice rang out again. "The banquet is starting soon—"

Before he finished speaking, Jonathan interrupted him. "A little something came into my room ..."

Jonathan sneered. He was making Rose even more nervous on purpose.

Rose's heart almost jumped out of her chest. She had to leave this place at once.

They were on the second floor. All the rooms had windows, but they were blocked by a huge curtain.

The window was her only way out, so she dashed over to it without a second thought.

Sensing her intentions, Jonathan's expression

darkened.

Almost by instinct, he marched over to grab her, but Rose was like a snake that slithered away right under his nose.

She drew the curtains swiftly and jumped down.

Jonathan's heart tightened. After regaining his composure, he wanted to ask someone to save her.

Just then, Rose stood up from the ground.

She had visited the Lane residence a few times, so she knew that the garden was right below this room.

She knew the soil was soft. Also, she had experience in martial arts, so she knew how to break her fall.

Hence, she was fine. But when she jumped down, the hem of her dress caught onto something, and the dress was torn.

"What a pity!"

Rose felt a little sad about the dress, but this outcome was much better than being found out in that situation.

She looked up at the room on the second floor.

The windows were pitch black, and she still could not see anything.

Exhaling in relief, Rose tore off the damaged part of her dress and tossed it into the bushes. Then, she turned around and left.

Jonathan stood at the window on the second floor. He saw everything just now.

As he watched her leave, a hint of a smile crept over his cold lips.

"Did something fall just now, Uncle Jonathan?"

After turning on the lights in the room, Nixon rushed over to Jonathan.

Everything had happened too quickly just now, so he did not see anything.

Jonathan was still staring intensely at the garden outside the window. "There was a stray cat in the room just now."

A stray cat?

Nixon did not understand how a stray cat could have gotten in. Still, he did not ask any questions. He was too focused on the ball later.

"Uncle Jonathan, the ball is starting soon. Please be sure to attend it.

"You haven't met my fiancée, right? She's downstairs right now. She's looking forward to meeting you."

Jonathan did not like the way Nixon kept mentioning his fiancée. He stared darkly at Nixon.

Nixon felt his scalp turning numb. He felt like Jonathan was looking at him differently now.

Before this, Jonathan had been distant and indifferent toward Nixon. It was as if he did not even acknowledge Nixon's presence. But now, Nixon felt a sense of hostility from Jonathan.

Panicked, Nixon was at a loss when Jonathan suddenly spoke up. "I'd like to see if she's truly excited to meet me. As for the ball ... turn it into a masquerade!"



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