

Chapter 14 Are You Looking For Me

"Oh, yes, of course. I'll get it done right away."

Nixon immediately nodded in agreement.

Jonathan was an enigmatic man who kept a low profile. Nixon thought the former probably did not want too many people to see his face.

In reality, Jonathan simply did not want a certain stray cat to see his face.

He glanced at the bag on the bed. It belonged to Rose.

Jonathan smiled in amusement. Then, he left the room with the bag in hand.

Back downstairs, Rose had just entered the hall when she suddenly came to a stop. She had left her bag in the room!

Her marriage license was in her bag!

She could not care less about the bag, but the marriage license played an important part in her plan for tonight!

Rose figured the man would have left the room by now. Gritting her teeth, she had no choice but to risk it.

Avoiding the crowd, she rushed up to the second floor. When she entered the room, she saw that no one was there. It was as she had expected.

But her bag was gone as well! He must have taken her bag!

If she wanted her bag back, she would have to find that man. But she did not know who the man was.

Reflecting on their struggle in the darkness just now, Rose recalled some details.

She had just gotten out of the room when she spotted a phone on the floor. It was in front of a room at the other end of the corridor.

Rose was about to take a closer look when the Lane family's butler came upstairs.

"Ms. Rose, here you are. I've been looking for you. Why are you here?"

"Mr. Nixon can't come to you because he has to keep Mr. Finch company. He wants me to give this to you. The banquet is about to start, so please head downstairs now."

The butler handed Rose a mask. The red mask was a perfect match for her red dress.

Rose glanced at the room at the end of the corridor. Then, she put on the mask and went downstairs.

All the guests in the hall were wearing masks. As Rose weaved through the crowd, her eyes searched for the man in the room just now.

From a distance, Jonathan looked at the woman who was looking all around. He smiled without realizing it.

Noticing that Jonathan seemed to be in a good mood, Mrs. Lane Senior announced the start of the ball.

Nixon could not wait any longer. "Uncle Jonathan, allow my fiancée and I to dedicate the first dance to you. I hope that—"

Before he could finish speaking, Jonathan interrupted him.

Glancing at the lipstick stain on Nixon's collar, Jonathan spoke with a cold look in his eyes, "Never mind that. I'm thinking of getting some exercise myself. Would you mind letting me have the first dance?"

"Oh ... Of course not ..."

Nixon's back was sweating. He would not dare

complain about it.

"Good!" Satisfied, Jonathan walked toward the center of the dance floor.

He wore a black suit paired with a black mask. He looked like the king of the night as he walked toward the crowd.

The wealthy elite of Aquastead, who already admired him, were even more excited when he did so.

The young ladies were swooning.

"Oh, my goodness! He's so young and handsome! Is he going to choose someone to dance with him?"

"Wow! I would die for a chance to dance with Mr. Finch. If I can marry him ..."

"Pick me ... Pick me ... Pick me ..."

All the rich young ladies were hoping that Jonathan would pick them. But Jonathan walked right up to Rose and stopped in front of her.

Everyone was rendered speechless.

As silence took over the hall, Rose was stunned as well. She wondered what was going on. Was he asking her to dance with him?

When Nixon noticed Jonathan's intentions, his expression changed. It would be an insult to him if Rose and Jonathan danced together!

Hence, Nixon mustered up the courage to step forward and stop Jonathan.

"Uncle Jonathan, this is Rose Shaffer. She's my—"

Before Nixon could say the word "fiancée", Jonathan glared at him. The latter's eyes were cold and hostile.

Nixon shuddered. He even forgot to speak.

Smiling, Jonathan bowed and asked Rose for a dance.

His long years in a position of authority led to him developing a noble bearing, as well as a domineering air. It felt like he would not take no for an answer.

For a moment, Rose was thunderstruck. But then, she noticed Nixon's foul expression, so she placed her hand on Uncle Jonathan's without hesitation.

Alas, she instantly regretted it.

The rich young ladies were looking at her with admiration and jealousy. She had probably

become the public enemy of all the rich young ladies in Aquastead.

Rose quickly calmed down. She would be announcing her status as a married woman later. Even if she did become the subject of their jealousy and contempt, she would not remain so for long.

Rose was led to the center of the dance floor, and the two started dancing to the music. She kept scanning the crowd to find the man who had taken her bag. But no matter how hard she tried, she could not find anyone like him.

All of a sudden, she thought of a possibility. She whipped her head up and stared into the eyes of the man in front of her. His eyes were dark and stormy. When he looked at her, his gaze was eerily deep.

Seeing that she had finally noticed him, Jonathan smiled sinisterly.

Leaning close, he whispered in her ear in a devilish tone, "Are you ... looking for me?"