

Honey You're a Billionaire Chapter 151

Chapter 151 Who Is Mr. Young Senior's New Granddaughter

Silence hung in the air. Kelly stared at Anastasia, awaiting her answer anxiously. Anastasia laughed suddenly and turned to look at Kelly.

"Who said I didn't like her? She's pretty enough. There's nothing not to like about her, as long as Miles likes her too."

Kelly could see the insincerity in her words. She truly did not like Rose. That was great news for her!

Kelly felt vindicated. She did not continue to press the question.

After a moment's pause, she said, "If you need anything, Ms. Young, you can just let me know."

The meaning behind her words was clear.

"Thank you for that," Anastasia replied with a smile.

She and Rose could never be friends, especially since Jonathan seemed to care so much about the latter. Even so, some things were easier if she had a helping hand.

After Kelly left her room, still buzzing with excitement, Anastasia changed into her gown. When Rose arrived, the sky was dark. However, the Young Estate was blazing with lights.

Miles spotted her as soon as she arrived. He excused himself from his guests and walked over to her.

Rose was dressed in a long black dress with spaghetti straps, which accentuated her figure. Her hair fell loose around her shoulders and her perfect features. Her

appearance attracted a lot of attention.

"It's Ms. Shaffer ..."

"Mr. Miles is going over to her."

"Hey, why is Mr. Gibson approaching her too?"

People were starting to stare at her. Zac reached Rose before Miles did.

"Hello, Ms. Shaffer," he said, smiling playfully at her.

Rose had heard of Zac before and had seen him in the news, but they hadn't had any contact before this. However, Zac was looking at her like they knew each other well.

Taken aback, she said, "Mr. Gibson, do we... know each other?"

"Of course we do."

Zac wanted to tell her that he was her husband's best friend, but he held himself back on account of his mission tonight and laughed drily.

"We just met, remember?"

Rose was at a loss for words. Zac was a known playboy, but his pick-up skills left a lot to be desired.

"Rose."

Just then, Miles' voice sounded. Rose turned and saw that Miles was behind her.

"Miles," she greeted.

Their familiarity surprised Zac. No wonder Jonathan had told him to stay by Rose's side and not let anyone near her. He was trying to keep her away from Miles!

"Come with me, Rose," Miles said, determined to keep her by his side.

He completely ignored Zac's presence. That did not sit well with Zac.

As Rose made to follow Miles, he stepped up and cut between them.

"Miles? Old friend, did you not see me standing right here?"

He waved a hand at Miles' face. Jonathan, Miles, and Zac used to be best friends.

However, Jonathan and Miles fell apart after Ana disappeared. Zac was unable to repair their relationship, and they ended up drifting apart. Seeing this, Zac shook his head inwardly.

"Old friends indeed," Miles smiled stiffly and gestured for him to get out of the way. "Feel free to make yourself at home."

Zac's smile froze. He watched as Miles led Rose into the crowd. From the back, they looked like the perfect pair: Rose in her black dress and Miles in his white suit.

Just as the thought floated in his mind, a cold glare fixed him to the spot.

Zac jumped and looked over. He could almost see Jonathan's dark glare. He wasted no time in following Rose and Miles into the crowd.

"Mr. Miles, who is Mr. Young Senior adopting as his granddaughter?*

Suddenly, a question emerged from amongst the crowd. Everyone looked over immediately, their gazes rife with curiosity. Rose looked at Miles as well. She was also wondering who the lucky woman would be.

Her identity would be revealed today. Rose was looking forward to it. However, Miles only kept smiling without answering.

Just then, the butler appeared by his side and whispered something in his ear. Miles straightened and nodded at the guests.

"Excuse me, I have to go and welcome my grandfather.

Then, he pulled Rose to a secluded corner.

"Wait here, Rose. Don't go anywhere. I'll be back soon."

"Okay," Rose replied.

She thought that Miles was being a little too overprotective. This was the Young Estate, and all the people here were guests of the Young family; who would cause trouble here? Just as she was thinking that, a person stomped over to her.

"How dare you show your face here? You may be able to deceive Mr. Miles but aren't you afraid that Mr. Young Senior would see through your disguise immediately?"

It was Nixon. Rose felt disgusted when she saw him. Nixon was like that gross, annoying fly that wouldn't leave her alone.

Rolling her eyes, she turned to walk away. However, Nixon stepped up and blocked her way.

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Chapter 152 Send Her Your Way

"Nixon Lane, what on earth do you want to do?"

Rose did not bother to disguise her disgust for him. Nixon couldn't help but recall his grandma's words. Ever since leaving the Shaffer residence that day, she kept cautioning him to stay away from Kelly.

If not for Rose's influence, his grandmother would never have harbored such ill feelings toward Kelly. Nixon felt that Rose was to blame. With that in mind, he shot her a stern look.

"I'm here to warn you not to try anything funny on Kelly. By the way, Oliver is welcoming his new granddaughter today, so behave yourself."

She was surprised by his attitude. People might have thought that Nixon was an altruistic man had they not seen his expression. Did he seriously tell her not to harm Kelly and stop flirting around?

"Fuck off. Does your mom know how busybody you are?" she snapped, staring straight at him.

She would have kicked him if they were not at an event.

"You-

"What?" she retorted.

She couldn't physically get back at him, but she could insult him. She smirked, not giving him a chance to speak.

"Don't worry, I'll teach your dear Kelly a lesson whenever I have the chance to. You'd better keep her right by your side and stop her from creating trouble, or I might just tear her apart one day."

Rose could not get over the humiliation of the five billion dollars she lost.

"You-

Nixon glared at her, thinking that she was a crude woman, unlike the kind-hearted Kelly. Feeling bullied, he stormed away.

Rose rolled her eyes at him and spat, "Hmph! He'd better stay out of my sight! He disgusts me."

As she spun around, she was met with a mischievous gaze from Zac Gibson.

When had he appeared? Just moments ago, he had been with Miles Young. From the look on his face, it seemed he had witnessed her exchange with Nixon.

She chuckled and ignored him, but Zac had no intention of letting her slip away. Realizing she was leaving, he ran after her.

"Ms. Shaffer, do you need any help?"

Rose was speechless. Why would she need any help?

Noticing her confusion, Zac explained, "While the Lane Family may run a significant business in Aquastead, Nixon Lane doesn't hold much sway within the family, despite being his grandmother's favorite. Getting rid of Nixon Lane is a piece of cake for me."

Then, he fawned over Rose. After all, she was Jonathan's love and married into the Lane Family. He would like to curry favor with her by offering help.

Rose was

dumbfounded. What was Zac getting at? She eyed him skeptically, sensing there might be ulterior motives behind his overly enthusiastic demeanor.

With a wry smile, she teased, "Zac, you'll only end up in jail for murder."

Now, it was his turn to be speechless. Rose was playing dumb. He was about to reply when his phone buzzed. He glanced at the text from Jonathan and raised a brow, looking helpless.

Then, he glanced at Rose, sending a shiver down her spine. She immediately grew wary of him.

Zac continued staring for a minute before enthusiastically saying, "Ms. Schaffer, wait for me. I'll get you a glass of wine." With that, he wandered into the crowds, leaving Rose frozen on the spot.

Given Zac's playboy reputation, she wondered if he might spike her drink. Her wariness of him intensified, and she instinctively veered in the opposite direction.

Zac watched her retreat with a triumphant glint in Seves.

He sent a voice message to Jonathan, "Bro, I've done enough to help you. I've sacrificed my image with Rose to send her your way."

Elsewhere in the villa, Jonathan grinned from behind a wall of flowers. The surroundings were dimly lit.

He scoffed and thought, "Bold of you to assume that I care about Rose's impression of you."

When he tucked his phone away, he heard approaching footsteps. Rose was headed in his direction. He silently hid behind the wall and waited for her arrival.

Rose had fled to avoid Zac but grew uneasy when she noticed the darkness around her. She considered turning back, but that meant running into Zac again.

After some hesitation, she steeled herself and continued onward.

“I should be safe within the Young Family’s villa grounds,” she murmured, attempting to bolster her courage.

As she passed by a wall of flowers, a hand reached out and grasped her wrist.

She let out a startled gasp, “Ah-”

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Chapter 153 Nice To Meet You, Mr. Finch

The hand immediately covered Rose’s mouth, stifling her scream. She caught a whiff of strong alcohol and heard a man’s voice close to her ear.

In a low, deliberate tone, Jonathan spoke, “Keep quiet. If someone sees us together, it’ll make headlines tomorrow. That’d be interesting.”

Somehow, he wished that someone would take photos of them, but he had to stay patient when he recalled Rose’s disgust for “Mr. Finch”.

Tonight, he intended to spend quality time with Rose, hoping to change her opinion of him.

Rose calmed down after hearing his warning. The man’s alcohol scent reminded her of the Lane residence and “Mr. Finch.”

“W–Who are you?” she cautiously probed. “Y–You won’t hurt me, will you?”

Jonathan did not answer.

She gulped and reasoned, “C–Calm down. We’re on the Young Family’s property. If you hurt me, they won’t let it slide.”

Jonathan chuckled and let go of her.

“Don’t worry. I could never bring myself to harm you.”

After Rose was freed, she took a few steps forward and spun around to stare warily at the man under the wall of flowers.

She could make out the mask even in the dark, and she was immediately reminded of

someone.

“M–Mr. Finch?”

The thought made her curse in silence. Fuck! Was he here? She had nearly forgotten about him. If she had known he'd be present, she might have skipped the event altogether.

Swallowing hard, she asked with anticipation, “You're not Mr. Finch, are you?”

Staring intently, she hoped he'd deny it, saying, “No, I'm not. How could I be him?”

But to her disappointment, he confirmed, “Yes, I am.”

Her expression froze.

He stared at her in amusement and remarked, “You seemed to be hoping I wasn't Mr. Finch.”

+15 BONUS

She snapped back to reality and hurriedly explained with awkward chuckles, “No, that's not the case! Nice to meet you, Mr. Finch. It's my honor... Hahaha...”

Why did she have to run into him? What rotten luck.

“Um, if there's nothing else, I'll leave,” she said and made a move in the direction she came from.

In the darkness, he suddenly asked, “Have you made progress in investigating your mother's death?”

She stopped dead in her tracks and turned around.

“What did you just say?”

“That night at the Lane residence, you mentioned that you'd do anything to uncover the truth about your mother's death,” Jonathan recalled.

After a pause, he continued, “With the resources at the Finch Family's disposal, it's not hard to find out the truth behind a car crash, even if it happened years ago.”

Rose was taken aback. She understood what he was implying. Perhaps enlisting the Finch Family's help in investigating her mom's car crash would be a wise choice.

However, she knew Jonathan's help came with conditions. She remembered his previous proposition, where he had asked if she'd be willing to become his woman.

After a moment of thought, she inhaled deeply and asked, "So, what do you want in return?"

Jonathan knew what she meant. All he wanted was a chance, but he couldn't express it outright for fear of alarming her. Instead, he frowned and gestured for her to sit beside him on a nearby bench.

He said, "Take a seat and keep me company for a while. I need time to consider what I want from you."

She bit her lips. Even in the dark, he was intimidating.

"Are you scared?" he wondered, turning around to glance at her when she didn't budge.

Was she scared? Yes, a little. Still, she toughened up and took a seat on the bench. The scent of flowers lingered in the air.

Jonathan did not say a word. They sat in silence as time ticked by. She thought he was thinking of a condition, so she kept quiet.

"Am I intimidating?" he suddenly asked.

She paused. She had wanted to deny it, but she didn't feel like lying.

"Well...: A little," she admitted.

She still felt scared when she thought of how she nearly lost her life because of him.

Even if he wasn't a dangerous person, he was always involved in perilous situations. He might be protected by the bodyguards, but he couldn't guarantee the safety of the people around him.

Jonathan was momentarily taken aback by her reply before casting an affectionate gaze at her.

He chuckled and said, "You don't seem all that scared of me."

Rose was taken aback. His laugh sounded familiar. Jonathan noticed her reaction as well. Feeling self-conscious, he stood up when he felt her eyes on him.

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Chapter 154 She's Rose, Not Harriette

"You may leave," Jonathan sounded icy.

It seemed like a deliberate attempt at masking some truth. His abrupt behavior change was suspicious to Rose.

She mumbled, "You-"

"Don't you want to leave? If so..." Jonathan's voice faded.

He suddenly glanced at her with a predatory look in his eyes, causing her to tremble.

She chuckled dryly and said, "I'll leave."

She was afraid that he might change his mind and refused to release her. She made her way back to the crowds.

Anastasia Young slowly appeared from the intersection next to Rose. She heard that Jonathan was around, so she made her way here, only to run into Rose. Was Rose with Jonathan just now?

Frowning, Anastasia continued deeper into the gardens and eventually found Jonathan by the wall of flowers, confirming her suspicions.

Nevertheless, she maintained her pretense of ignorance and asked, "Jon, why are you here alone? I was looking everywhere for you. Why didn't you take my calls?"

He sat on the bench without so much as looking at her or even listening to her. She looked a little dejected because of the cold shoulder but maintained a smile.

"Jon, would you like to know who's Grandpa's new granddaughter? Let's take a look, shall we?"

"I'm not going," he replied flatly, for he was uninterested in the identity of Oliver Young's granddaughter. He was only at the event for Rose,

Of course, Anastasia could guess the reason behind Jonathan's attendance, but as the star of the night, she hoped that he could see her in her glory. Alas, Jonathan was way more interested in Rose than her.

Feeling disappointed, Anastasia nonetheless decided to use Jonathan's affection for Rose to her advantage.

She remarked, "Miles said that he wanted to introduce a young woman to Grandpa. Aren't you curious? I am so curious about it."

She put on a look of anticipation. Indeed, Jonathan frowned.

Noticing that, she added, "Miles has never brought any woman home, so I assume this lucky woman must be important to him. Otherwise, he wouldn't introduce her to Grandpa. A few days ago, I overheard Grandpa discussing speeding up Miles' marriage..."

Jonathan's scowl deepened. He stood up before Anastasia was done.

She muttered, "Jon."

+15 BONUS

He left in great strides, leaving Anastasia biting her lips. Jonathan had joined the party as she wanted, but only because of Rose.

As he was about to vanish from her sight, Anastasia set aside her disappointment and chased after him.

Zac immediately spotted Rose when she returned to the crowd.

He grumbled, "Ms. Schaffer, I thought you'd wait for me. You disappeared after I came back with the wine. Were you hiding from me?"

He was stating the obvious.

She chuckled and replied, "No, of course not. I went on a stroll for some fresh air."

"Looks like you enjoyed it," Zac remarked with a smirk.

It was not enjoyable at all. Rose recalled the run-in with Jonathan. If she knew that would happen, she would've stayed with Zac and drank instead.

Upon second thought, Jonathan had offered to help her investigate her mother's death, so it wasn't too bad at all. But what was Jonathan after?

She felt nervous once more as she tried to guess his intention. She was too distracted to even care about the drink that Zac handed her. She instinctively down the contents, until Miles wheeled Oliver out.

All eyes were on Oliver, who seemed high-spirited in his wheelchair. Miles wheeled him. around to greet the guests.

Amid the crowd, Chloe stared in Olivier's direction and attempted a few times to drag Nixon along and chat with Oliver. However, Nixon's gaze was busy searching for Kelly in

the crowd.

He finally spotted her, but Chloe called out to him, "Nixon

"Grandma, Kelly is here tonight. I'll bring her over to greet you," said Nixon, who wanted to change Chloe's impression of Kelly.

He believed that Chloe would discover Kelly's good qualities with more interaction. Just as he was about to approach Kelly, Chloe grabbed his wrist unhappily.

"Grandma..."

+15 BONUS

"Can you man up for once? You keep thinking about Kelly, but she's not as good as you described," Chloe complained with a disdainful look.

If Rose were to be trusted, Kelly was just a child born out of wedlock. Jamie Shaffer, a spineless man who married up, had a daughter who was the same age as his wife.

If the news spread in the high society, the Schaffers would be a laughingstock. The Lane Family wouldn't want to be associated with Kelly.

Chloe shot Nixon a disappointed look and nagged, "You should take an interest in other women, for example, the new granddaughter that Oliver is taking in today. She might not be related to him by blood, but the same goes for a few of his grandchildren. It's no different than being adopted by him."

She added, "If you can win the heart of his new granddaughter, I'll make your dad hand over the family assets to you."

Nixon furrowed his brows. He couldn't deny the attractiveness of Chloe's proposal. He wanted power in the family, but the thought of Kelly held him back.

He reasoned, "But I am engaged to Kelly..."

Chloe cut him off with a dismissive scoff.

"If you win the heart of Oliver's new granddaughter, I will help you to call off the engagement."

Nixon fell silent. Chloe reminded him, "Let's greet Oliver. You have to be your best self later to leave a good impression."

When they turned around, they saw Miles wheeling Oliver over to Rose.

Rose was surprised by Oliver and gasped, "Sir?"

She couldn't contain her surprise, for she had not expected to run into him at this event. Oliver calmly waved at her.

"Come here. Come to my side."

Rose paused. Even Miles and Zac looked taken aback by Oliver's behavior.

"Come on!" Oliver urged and waved his hand again.

Rose gathered herself and approached him.

He turned to Miles and said, "Miles, move. Your sister will assist me.

and Miles exchanged looks. Miles thought that Oliver had mistaken Rose for Harriette because of their similar eyes.

He quickly explained, "Grandpa, she's Rose, not Harriette. She has the same eyes as Harriette. That's all.

"By the way, Rose is the woman I said I wanted to introduce to you."

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Chapter 155 She Becomes the Lucky One Unexpectedly

Miles smiled at Rose after he finished talking. But Rose was at a loss. Grandpa? The old man was Miles' grandfather? Wouldn't he be Mr. Young Senior of Regala then? Also...

She was the person he had wanted his grandfather to meet? Did she misunderstand something? It's not like a meeting with her lover's parents, right?

Rose took a deep breath and avoided Miles' gaze. She told herself that it wasn't like a meeting with her lover's parents.

Miles and her were friends. It was normal for someone to bring their friends to meet their older family members. But as a bystander, Zac was quite surprised,

The way Miles had looked at Rose was suspicious. Suddenly, he realized something. Had Miles fallen for Rose now? Fuck!

The relationship between Jonathan and Miles would never be restored now. That was Zac's first reaction.

This time, Rose wasn't Harriette like before.

Back then Miles developed feelings for Harriette that went beyond sibling affection. But he had always had reservations due to their identities as the Young siblings. But it was different with Rose!

Miles might not lose to Jonathan if they were to fight against each other for her.

With this sudden development, Zac felt that he wouldn't be able to complete his mission tonight. He quickly turned to look at a corner. He wanted Jonathan himself to come and protect his wife.

He then saw someone coming in his direction from outside of the crowd. Zac felt a joy in his heart. Finally!

At the same file

time, Oliver spoke once again, "I know she's not Harriette. Harriette is one person, she is another. Her eyes don't look like Harriette's..."

But Rietta's. Just like his daughter Henrietta! Oliver held onto Rose's hand.

"So your name is Rose? Why didn't you tell me your name after so many days? It's my fault for always

calling you Missy instead. I didn't even think of asking you. I'm getting senile now."

Oliver smiled. His gaze toward Rose was extraordinarily kind.

"Can I call you Rosie then?"

Rose was speechless. She couldn't even reject him upon seeing his sincere gaze.

"Of course, Sir."

Rose nodded. The word 'Sir' made Oliver frown.

"Shouldn't you be calling me Grandpa instead?"

She was again rendered speechless. Oliver looked at her expectantly. Rose thought it wouldn't do any harm to address a friend's grandfather as 'Grandpa' anyway.

Rose then corrected her words, "Grandpa."

"Good..." Oliver nodded in satisfaction. He then instructed Rose, "Come, push my wheelchair to that

+15 BONUS

place. I have something to tell everyone."

Rose wrapped her hands around the handles of Oliver's wheelchair. Miles had recalled Oliver's earlier words. He had a bad feeling deep down.

Rose had just pushed Oliver for a of couple steps when Miles unconsciously called out for her, "Rose..."

Rose turned and looked at him confused. But Miles didn't know what to say. He had made a guess deep down. That thought made him fearful and resistant.

"Come on, Rosie." Oliver gently rushed.

He couldn't wait to introduce his new granddaughter to everyone else. Rose turned back and continued to push Oliver's wheelchair forward.

"Greetings. Thank you for attending this banquet, where I'll be introducing my new granddaughter to everyone."

Oliver's voice rang out. Everyone looked over at once.

Anastasia's lips curled into a smile. She knew of today's event flow. After her grandfather was done introducing her, she would go up and kiss her grandfather's cheek.

There weren't any ceremonies like this back when Oliver had brought them back to the Young family when they were younger.

But Oliver had said that today was a banquet held solely for introducing his granddaughter. It would certainly be ceremonious

Anastasia saw that Rose was pushing her grandfather's wheelchair behind. She only frowned but did not take it to heart. She walked in stride toward Oliver.

As she passed by where Kelly was standing, Kelly took the chance excitedly to mutter, "Congratulations, Miss! I've already checked for you, everyone in this place was extremely envious of you."

She couldn't help but look at Rose after she was done talking.

"You should be the one standing beside Mr. Young Senior at this moment. My sister was rather immature, I hope you don't blame her."

Anastasia glanced at Kelly. She understood what she meant.

Anastasia said nothing in reply. She unconsciously looked back at Jonathan, who was standing outside of the crowd. She then continued walking forward.

"This is my granddaughter. Her name is Rose. Please look forward to seeing her around more in the future."

Oliver's voice rang out once again.

Everyone in the venue heard the name 'Rose'. It garnered everyone's surprise.

Miles' clenched his fists. His pupils shook slightly as if he was seeing the one thing he had been afraid of happening. Anastasia had halted her steps in shock

The smile on her face dispersed. Her eyes widened in disbelief. Rose? How could it be Rose? She was the only one present besides Oliver since the day he had decided to get a new granddaughter in the hospital.

Oliver had called her 'Missy' before this. She had also suspected the existence of this 'Missy'. However, the doctor had said that Oliver had been hallucinating due to the pressure caused by his brain tumor.

"Grandpa."

Anastasia was almost running for the last few steps. She ran toward Oliver.

"Look at me, Grandpa..."

She had wanted Oliver to have a good look at her. She wanted him to see that she was the 'Missy' in his hallucination for the past few days. But Oliver only smiled.

"Move aside, Anastasia. Come, Rosie, you can come over here..."

Oliver only spared Anastasia a glance. He then turned his body to face Rose. Rose was still stunned. She was on edge feeling everyone's gazes on her. What did Oliver just say? His granddaughter... Her?

She had become the lucky one unexpectedly. Huh... How could that be? It must be a mistake. Rose looked at Oliver's kind gaze.

"You... must be joking, right?"

Did he randomly pick someone to be his granddaughter? Oliver must've mistaken her for someone else.

That thought made Rose even more restless. She didn't want to impersonate someone else and took over their place.

She quickly insisted, "Look at me, I'm Rose!"

Not his granddaughter! Oliver looked at Rose for a good moment. The more he looked at her the fonder his gaze had become.

"Yes, Rose, it's you. Who else would it be if it wasn't you? You brat!"

Oliver's eyes were full of love. It was as if he saw Henrietta when he looked into Rose's eyes.

It was like the night when he had suffered from his illness. She was there right beside him while they waited for the ambulance.

The worried look on her face looked exactly like how Henrietta had looked when she was younger. He knew that he might not live until the day Henrietta came back.

But at that moment, he decided to love Missy as if she was her daughter. He would fulfill her wishes no matter what she wanted in the future.

"Don't reject me, Rosie. Please be my granddaughter."

Oliver's gaze turned pleading when he looked at Rose. It was as if he was worried that she would go back on her words. Everyone was stunned by the current situation. What's going on now?

Did this Rose not want to become Oliver's granddaughter? He even had to plead to her for it now?

"Oh my god, what's wrong with this Rose?"

"Yeah, this is such a good opportunity. She even looked like she was unwilling."

"If she didn't want this opportunity, she should give it to me..."

The crowd started to whisper among themselves. Their gaze toward Rose was full of envy.

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Chapter 156 A Gift from Grandpa

Kelly listened to the noises around her and found herself clenching her fists. How could it be Rose? Why was she the one?

Not too far away, Nixon watched Rose with a shocked expression on his face. He would have given anything for it not to be Rose at that moment.

However, Oliver seemed to be placing a lot of his hope on Rose.

"I guess I underestimated Rose."

Chloe never thought that Oliver would end up asking Rose to be his granddaughter. This was such a huge opportunity, and Rose just walked right into it.

If only Nixon had managed to control Rose back then, the Lane family and the Young family would have been in-laws by now!

Everyone's eyes were on Rose. Rose, on the other hand, didn't know what to do or how to react. Suddenly, Oliver sighed heavily and a single tear slid down his cheek.

Rose suddenly recalled how much Oliver missed his daughter when they were at the park. Eventually, her resolve crumbled.

"Alright," she said.

Almost immediately, the light returned to Oliver's eyes

day onwards wo

"That's good, that's good. Here, Rosie, let's make a toast to this. From part of the/ Young family now."

Oliver then looked at Miles and gave him a look. The elegant smile on Miles' face was long gone. However, under Oliver's watchful eyes, he still took a step forward and handed a glass of juice to Rose

Just as Rose was about to accept the glass of juice, Miles suddenly called out her name.

"Rose..."

Rose met his eyes and looked at him in confusion. She didn't know why, but she thought she detected a hurt look in his eyes. She didn't think much of it, however, and raised her glass at Oliver.

She took a step forward and made a toast to him. Oliver clinked his glass with Rose's and finished everything in it. Then, he took out a black card and placed it in Rose's hand.

He said, "Here you go, Rosie. This is a little gift from me to you. Take good care of it."

Rose was speechless. The black card felt incredibly heavy in her hands.

"Um..."

Everyone was astonished when they saw the black card. As expected—only the biggest families would call a black card a "little gift".

Rose held the card in her hands. Her mind had gone blank. It wasn't until she suddenly caught sight of a familiar face standing away from the crowd that she snapped back to reality. Jonathan Finch?

What was he doing here? And why did it look like he was looking at her? Nonetheless, Rose followed his

line of sight and noticed Anastasia standing right next to her. It dawned on her instantly.

Anastasia was his new sugar mommy, wasn't she? He must be here because Anastasia wanted him to attend.

No wonder he kept telling her to avoid this place. Was he worried that things would get awkward if they happened to meet? The more Rose thought about it, the heavier her heart felt.

"Congrats, Rose," Anastasia suddenly spoke up next to her.

Anastasia collected her emotions and extended her hand toward Rose with a face full of smiles. Rose smiled back at her and shook her hand.

"Thank you," she answered.

"You're the star of the event tonight. Go ahead and have your fun. I've got some matters to attend to, so I'll be taking my leave. We're going to be a family now, so there's plenty of time ahead for us to get to know each other," she relied cheekily.

After saying that, she looked at Miles and said, "Miles, take good care of our new little sister,

Right after turning around, the smile on Anastasia's face vanished.

After Anastasia left, Rose subconsciously started looking for Jonathan. She thought she'd just seen him standing away from the crowd. However, she couldn't find him anywhere anymore.

She let out a bitter smile when she thought of something. Of course, his new sugar mommy had just left. Why would he stick around anyway?

"I've got some matters to attend to, so I'll be taking my leave."

Anastasia's words kept resurfacing in Rose's mind. It felt like something was stabbing her in the heart.

"She had 'some matters' to attend to, huh? I wonder what it is, so late at night," Rose mumbled.

She couldn't stop thinking about Anastasia rolling in the sheets with her star escort husband after that.

It affected her so much that she lost all interest in mingling with other people coming up to congratulate her. She just wanted to go home.

"Miles, I wanna go home," Rose said in a rather tipsy manner, despite not having had much to drink.

Oliver had retired to bed a while ago. Meanwhile, Miles had been feeling glum, so he had been drowning his sorrows in alcohol as well.

However, he didn't want his driver to send her back like this. He was worried.

"Let me send you home."

Miles arranged for a car and climbed into the backseat with Rose. As soon as Rose left, Kelly suddenly ran out after them. She noticed the both of them getting into the car together. Her eyes turned hard.

"Kelly..."

She heard Nixon calling her name from the back. Kelly softened her gaze and put a cute, innocent smile on her face.

"Nixon, that was Rose! Did you see her? It was Rose all along!"

Kelly sounded excited about it. It was like she genuinely felt happy for Rose. When she caught sight of Nixon's glinting eyes, however, Kelly's excitement turned into worry. The smile on her face disappeared.

you're not regretting it now, are you?"

Nixon frowned. Did he regret it? Maybe, just a little.

He regretted not being more discreet about his affair with Kelly in the past. If only Rose hadn't found out about Kelly, he would have already married Rose by now.

And if Rose was his wife, then, Celeste Jewels would belong to him. He would even get to be Oliver's grandson-in-law.

"Kelly, Grandma wants me to get back together with Rose," Nixon said, remembering what Chloe told him just now. He felt guilty toward Kelly.

Kelly's hands clenched into fists. A split second later, there was a sad look in her eyes as she smiled bitterly at him.

"I understand where Mrs. Lane Senior is coming from, I had never been able to measure up to my sister anyway.

"Now that she's officially part of the Young family, her net worth would have raised even more."

The hurt was evident in Kelly's eyes. Nixon immediately felt bad for her.

He grabbed her hands and said, "Don't worry. You're still the one I love the most. It's just that I can't exactly go against my granma's wishes either."

"I know that," Kelly answered.

Nixon wasn't part of her plan anymore anyway, but it would still hurt if he were to get back with Rose again. She didn't think it was fair.

On the other hand, maybe Nixon getting back with Rose would prove advantageous for her after all. Kelly thought about Jonathan and started to smirk, but it quickly disappeared from her face.

Instead, she looked at Nixon and said in a kind and understanding manner, "Nixon, no matter what you do, I'll always support you. If you want to get back together with my sister, I can help you."

For a moment, Nixon felt even worse about the whole situation. He was sorry for Kelly.

He held her hands and said, “Kelly, I swear to the moon that I’ve never loved Rose, I just want her fame, position, and identity. Once I’m done with her, I will return to you and treat you well for the rest of my life.”

At the same time, Miles had just sent Rose home. Back then, he never said a single word. But when Rose was about to leave the car, he grabbed her wrist and called out her name.

“Rose

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Chapter 157 Star Escort Husband is Home!

Rose turned around. Miles’ gaze made her freeze in place

“Is there something you want to talk to me about?”

Rose recalled the incident earlier when she admitted she was Oliver’s granddaughter.

Feeling like she should give Miles an explanation, she said, “I didn’t know he was Mr. Young Senior, Miles. We met purely out of coincidence the other day-

She explained what happened the other day, including how she sent Oliver to the hospital.

“But I’m still not sure why he’s taken me on as his granddaughter.”

As if recalling something. Rose then took out the card Oliver had given her during the event before.

“Could you help me return this to Mr. Young Senior, Miles?”

It was too precious a gift. Miles remained staring right at Rose, not accepting the card she handed him. Silence fell in the air between them.

Rose began feeling uncomfortable with his staring. She was about to explain herself further when Miles smiled. It was an exasperated, bitter one.

*If Grandpa hears you calling him Mr. Young Senior, he’s going to get upset,” Miles teased.

He glanced at the card in Rose’s hand. “Keep Grandpa’s gift to you. You can buy whatever you like with it. Don’t hold back”

Rose was taken aback by this

“Hurry back inside now

Miles let go of her hand, his smile now serene and calm. Rose stepped out of the car and it quickly drove

out of sight

When she went into the house, the lights were off. Disappointment surfaced within her. Looks like she'd been hoping her star escort husband would be home. Rose heaved a long sigh.

“Why so upset? You've already been so lucky”

A voice rang out from the darkness.

“Ah!” Rose shrieked

She quickly switched on the lights in the room. Her star escort husband was standing out on the balcony, arms crossed over his chest as he beamed at her.

Rose's mind grew blank for a moment before she asked. “What are you doing here?”

eyes never

“Where else do you think I'd be?” Jonathan cocked his eyebrow, sitting down on the couch. His ey

once left Rose

He was feeling ecstatic right now. Now that Oliver had taken in Rose as his granddaughter, Miles would officially be her brother. That meant Miles wouldn't be able to pursue Rose anymore

Hence Jonathan had left even before the event ended. When he'd seen Miles drive Rose back just now, he even sent a friendly text message to Miles.

Rose's scalp prickled at the sight of Jonathan's possessive gaze. Where did Rose think he would be? At the Young Estate, of course, with his new love interest

Rose met Jonathan's gaze with a roll of her eyes. She then went back to her room to wash Miles' expression darkened upon reading the text message Jonathan had sent him.

*Congratulations on having a new sister, Mr. Young.”

up. Meanwhile,
Even through the screen, Miles could imagine just how pleased Jonathan was when he sent this text message. Miles no longer had a chance to retaliate, however.

His heart bunched into knots as he tossed his phone to the side.

“Drive me to someplace where I can get a drink

he ordered the driver.

Miles ended up drunk off his ass.

Jamie hadn't attended the event hosted by the Young family due to his face injury. The moment Kelly returned home, Jamie and Chelsea immediately asked her who was the one the Young family chose.

Envy boiled in Kelly's heart when she thought about Rose.

“I... I didn't go.”

Kelly didn't want to tell Jamie it was Rose who got chosen.

“Why not?” Jamie could see the disappointment on Kelly's face. “Did something happen?”

One look at Jamie and Kelly immediately started crying. Jamie's and Chelsea's hearts ached at the sight. They instantly went to console her. After some more questioning, Kelly finally croaked out.

“The Lane. The Lane family might call off the wedding engagement.”

“Why...?”

Jamie was in disbelief at first. But when he saw how upset Kelly was, he flew into a rage.

“How could the Lane family push you around like this? I'm going to go over there right now and demand

an answer!”

Jamie was about to rush out the door when Kelly stopped him.

She put on a pitiful act and said, “Don't go, Dad. What if Mrs. Lane Senior questions you about my background? How would you answer?”

Jamie froze on the spot, suddenly realizing the Lane family was calling off the engagement because of what Rose said the other day.

“Damn you, Rose!” Jamie snarled to himself.

Kelly recalled Nixon’s words from earlier, what he said about being unable to keep this news silent as they needed to appease Rose.

They needed to make sure this news was spread far and wide, making Kelly appear as if she was suffering. But why did Kelly have to suffer? She angrily ground her teeth, feeling upset.

“Dad, the Lane family has decided to announce that the wedding is over at the Aquastead Hotel tomorrow, where it was announced last time. We have to be there,” Kelly said, a tear falling down her cheek.

Jamie got so furious he flung the glasses on the table to the floor, shattering them.

“We’ll be there! We’re not going to just let them humiliate us!”

Kelly sobbed harder, gnawing on her lip. Chelsea cried along with her by her side. The three harbored anger for a time.

In the end, Kelly said with a bitter sigh, “Let’s just go, Dad. I don’t want to make things difficult for Nixon.”

“Silly girl,” Chelsea said weakly.

She quickly helped Kelly back to her room, the latter already pale from how much she’d been crying. The moment they shut the door, Kelly’s expression turned to one of sheer hatred.

“What happened exactly that made the Lane family call the engagement off?” Chelsea asked, wiping her tears away.

She knew her daughter like the back of her hand.

If the Lane family called the engagement off only because of what Rose said the other day, Kelly could’ve turned the situation to her benefit instead of being pushed around like this.

“Hmph. Rose happened, of course. She’s always so lucky. The new granddaughter Mr. Young Senior took in was Rose,” Kelly gritted out.

If it was anyone else, Kelly would’ve only felt admiration for them. But since it was Rose, she felt nothing

but envy.

“What did you say?” Chelsea gasped.

“Rose is now Mr. Young Senior’s granddaughter, which makes her part of their family. Now that she has them backing her up, I’m doomed to always be the losing party. I don’t accept this, Mom. Even the Lane family is humiliating me just so they can kiss her ass!” Kelly cried angrily.

If she wasn’t trying to prevent Jamie from suspecting anything, she would’ve smashed everything in her room to the floor by now to vent her anger.

But Chelsea had a feeling something was off.

“Why would Mr. Young Senior choose Rose for no reason?”

Chelsea didn’t believe in luck. There must be some reason why Oliver chose Rose.

As if realizing this, Kelly met her mother’s gaze, saying, “There must be some reason behind it. I need to find out what it is.”

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Chapter 158 Who’s Rose Married To

Kelly’s eyes sparkled with anticipation. She was determined to find out why Oliver had chosen Rose. If possible, she would stop at nothing to shatter Rose’s dream of becoming a part of the Youngs.

But where should she start? Suddenly, Kelly remembered the woman she had seen in the main hall of Young Estate today.

She recalled that when Oliver announced Rose as his new granddaughter, that young lady had appeared surprised. Oliver called her Anastasia.

Kelly’s eyes lit up as she hastily took out her phone and searched for the name “Anastasia”. Anastasia Young, the heiress to the Young family. It turned out she was originally a member of the Youngs!

Since Anastasia didn’t like Rose, perhaps Kelly could start with Anastasia. With this thought in mind, Kelly’s excitement gradually grew.

She silently vowed, “Mom, I know what to do now. Don’t worry. If the Lane family wants to use me to please Rose, I’ll make them regret it someday.”

The next day, Rose went to the office as usual. Upon arriving, she found numerous people waiting in the meeting room. William hurried to Rose when he saw her.

“Ms. Shaffer, I don’t know what’s going on. But when I arrived at the office today, these people were already here, saying they wanted to work with Celeste Jewels.”

These potential collaborators included suppliers of various jewelry materials and invitations from large designer studios for joint designs with Celeste Jewels. Rose, of course, knew the reason behind this.

Last night, Oliver had announced her as his new granddaughter, and these people had already discovered her company overnight. The Young family’s reputation was indeed influential.

Since business was knocking on her door, Rose had no reason to decline. For the whole morning, she dealt with these people. Around noon, Anastasia unexpectedly arrived.

“Rosie, are you finished with your work? If you are, let me take you out for lunch.”

Anastasia was dressed in luxury, exuding the air of a young lady from a prestigious family. She walked directly into Rose’s office as if they were well-acquainted. The sudden familiarity caught Rose off guard.

“Do you n

eed something from me, Ms. Young?”

Sensing Rose’s slightly distant attitude, Anastasia immediately looked at Rose coquettishly.

“Rosie, have you already forgotten in just one night? I’m your sister now. If you continue to be this reserved, I might have to complain to Grandpa.”

Anastasia reached for Rose’s wrist and said, “Come on, I’m taking you out for lunch. Miles entrusted this task to me. If he hadn’t been so drunk last night, he would have picked you up himself.”

-Miles get drunk? When he had parted ways with Rose last night, he had been completely sober. Not

dwelling on it, Rose allowed Anastasia to take her out of the office.

Anastasia drove them to Aquastead Hotel, and once they arrived at the rooftop garden restaurant, Nixon called. Rose only checked the caller ID and promptly declined the call. However, the caller seemed relentless, continuously calling her number.

“Who

t? Why aren't you answering?” Anastasia asked, frowning.

Rose smirked.

“A disgusting person. Let me take the call.”

Even if he was disgusting, she had no choice but to answer. Rose walked to the restroom while taking the call.

“Nixon, are you trying to inform me of your death in advance?” She spoke without any courtesy.

Every pore on her body exuded disgust toward Nixon. On the other end of the call, Nixon gritted his teeth and thought that Rose was despicable and was nothing like Kelly.

However, considering Rose's current relationship with the Young family, he had no other choice but to endure. He immediately put on a smiling face.

“Don't be angry, Rose. I called to ask you out for a meal.”

Hearing that, Rose was speechless for a moment. Why was he asking her out for a meal? Didn't he disdainfully issue a warning to her at the Young Estate last night?

His attitude had changed in just one night? Of course, Rose knew the reason behind it, but she remained composed.

“Tell me. Why are you asking me out for a meal?”

Nixon replied, “Because I want to apologize to you. We had some misunderstandings before, and I hope you won't hold it against me. We were so good together back then.

“As long as we both let go, everything can go back to the way it was.”

Rose felt like she had just heard a huge joke.

“Why do you think we were ever good together? If we were so good, why did you cheat on me with Kelly?”

She chuckled coldly.

Before hanging up the phone, Rose addressed Nixon on the other end firmly, “Go back to the way it was. In your dreams!”

She hung up the phone, feeling satisfied. Nixon would go wherever there were benefits. He was truly disgusting. In the hallway of Aquastead Hotel's rooftop garden restaurant, Nixon frowned.

Kelly was standing next to him, and she had heard the entire phone conversation between Rose and Nixon. She bit her lip, looking upset.

"Rose minds that we were together behind her back. It's all my fault. I'm a burden to you, Nixon."

"Don't say that, Kelly. It's not your fault. We love each other, and neither of us is to blame," Nixon comforted Kelly gently as he held her hand.

It was Rose's fault for finding out about them and suddenly getting married, which had ruined his engagement with Kelly.

Now, he had to deal with Rose. Not only did he need to hurt Kelly, but he also had to find a way to locate Rose's husband.

"Kelly, who's Rose married to?" Nixon asked in confusion.

He had been searching for a long time but couldn't find any information about Rose's husband. The county clerk's office system repeatedly showed "unknown".

"Have you met him?" Nixon asked, staring at Kelly.

A fleeting sense of guilt passed through Kelly's eyes.

"No, I haven't."

She couldn't tell him that the man Rose had married was none other than Jonathan. Kelly didn't want him to investigate Rose's husband's identity, so she immediately tried to divert his attention.

"What should we do if Rose doesn't show up?"

Although she said that, she knew Rose had already arrived. She thought back to her encounter with Anastasia outside Century Tower.

Anastasia's appearance at Rose's company building early in the morning showed that the former had a keen interest in Rose.

Kelly had approached her and mentioned Aquastead Hotel, but she hadn't expected that Anastasia had brought Rose here with her.

“I’ll think of a way. Kelly, if I hurt you later, don’t be mad at me. I promise to make it up to you.”

Nixon held Kelly’s hand. As they made their way back to the private room, Rose was coming out of the restroom. The moment Rose passed by one of the private rooms, she heard a voice calling her.

“Rosie?”

When she saw the person who had called her, she instinctively frowned.

“Mrs. Lane Senior?”

Chloe came forward with great enthusiasm, shaking Rose’s hand.

“Rosie, you’re finally here. Come on in. We’ve been waiting for you.”

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Chapter 159 My Hubby Misses Me

Rose felt dumbfounded, and she found the world quite amusing. Even when she was engaged to Nixon, Chloe always called her “Rose” and maintained an air of superiority.

Rose had never seen Chloe act so warmly.

“Mrs. Lane Senior, I have something else to do. I’ll take my leave,” Rose said calmly, brushing Chloe’s hand away.

This stunned Chloe, but immediately, her expression changed slightly as she seemed to notice something. Following her line of sight, Rose saw Nixon and Kelly hand in hand as they approached.

It appeared that before Rose and Chloe noticed them, Nixon had whispered some flirtatious words to Kelly, making her blush.

“Ahem, ahem.”

Chloe cleared her throat, finally catching the attention of Nixon and Kelly. The two of them were momentarily stunned and quickly released each other’s hands.

Nixon even gave Kelly a little push, which made her lose her balance and fall to the ground.

“Ah!” she cried out in pain.

Just as Nixon wanted to help her up, Chloe cleared her throat again, and he immediately retracted his hand. The series of events left Rose completely flabbergasted.

Then she remembered the phone call Nixon had made earlier, and suddenly everything seemed clear to her. She cast a mocking look at the few people.

“Mr. Lane, you shouldn’t treat your fiancée like this. You claim to love her so much, but you don’t seem to cherish her at all,” Rose said gleefully.

She hadn’t forgotten Kelly’s triumphant expression at their engagement party here at Aquastead Hotel. Didn’t she claim that Nixon loved her? Was this what love looked like?
+

Kelly knew Rose was mocking her, but at this moment, she had no choice but to endure it.

Then she heard Chloe explaining to Rose anxiously, “What fiancée? You’ve misunderstood, Rosie. Come inside. We’ve all been waiting for you.”

As Chloe said that, she pulled Rose into the private room, which was filled with many people. While Rose was still pondering Chloe’s words, she sensed a strong undercurrent of gossip.

Before she could investigate further, Chloe signaled Nixon. Nixon glanced at Kelly and eventually knelt in front of Rose. Seeing that, Rose was taken aback and instinctively took a step back.

Nixon’s voice was nauseating as he said, “Rosie, I was wrong. I shouldn’t have betrayed you back then, but it wasn’t intentional. I was seduced and blinded

His confession left her speechless. Was he admitting that he cheated on her? Interesting!

After a glance at Kelly, Rose grew more intrigued. She wanted to see how shameless Nixon could be and, at the same time, gauge Kelly’s reaction. Rose remained silent, making Nixon uneasy.

Since he had already spoken up, he had to win Rose over today. Or else, he would become at

laughingstock.

+15 BONUS

Nixon seemed determined as he continued, "Rosie, as long as you can forgive me, I'm willing to do anything. I've decided to call off my engagement with Kelly, and I promise not to have any further contact

with her."

Yet Rose stayed silent. Frowning, he appeared somewhat impatient, and he glanced at Kelly.

Kelly was clenching her fists tightly, feeling deeply humiliated. But knowing she still needed to use Nixon to deal with Rose, she endured the humiliation and knelt beside Nixon.

"Wow!"

Rose couldn't help but exclaim in astonishment. That exclamation sounded unbearable in Kelly's ears. Gritting her teeth, she spoke in a tone that blended sincerity and grievement.

"Rose, it's my fault for seducing Nixon. Please forgive him. It was just a mistake. I'm sorry for what I've done to both of you."

If Rose didn't know Kelly well, she might have believed her sincerity. But she knew Kelly was self-conscious, proud, and self-assured.

Rose was well aware that Kelly's confession of seducing Nixon was far more complex than it appeared.

At this thought, she grew more vigilant. Puzzled, she looked at Nixon and Kelly and asked, "What are you two trying to do?"

Her question stunned Nixon. He couldn't believe Rose was still clueless, despite everything he had done. Just then, Chloe explained softly, "Rosie, starting today, the engagement between Nixon and Kelly is called off. You and Nixon have had a long-standing engagement, and he genuinely loves you."

"Haha."

Rose couldn't hold back her laughter any longer. Everything was clear to her now.

When Nixon had called her to ask her out for a meal, it was to officially call off his engagement with Kelly in front of her.

He expected that after she vented her anger, she would forgive him and be with him again. Ha! Rose rolled her eyes. Why did he think that she'd spare him another glance?

After a deep breath, Rose felt disgusted looking at their faces for a moment longer, so she decisively walked out the door.

“Rosie.”

Chloe urgently caught up to her and didn't forget to urge Nixon. At once, Nixon stood up and blocked Rose's path as she attempted to exit the room. His action finally provoked Rose.

She glanced back at Chloe and asked, “What are you doing? Are you trying to stop me from leaving?”

Before, Chloe wouldn't have been so patient.

But thinking about the Young family, she wore a loving smile and said, “You've misunderstood, Rosie. Why would we stop you from leaving? Both Nixon and I just want to talk to you sincerely.”

Rose sneered. Their sincerity was probably directed at the Young family. Since they were pestering her, she didn't plan to be polite anymore. She looked at the group and spoke coldly.

“Nixon, when you got engaged to Kelly last time, she told me that you loved her. I've always remembered. that, and I truly appreciate her for seducing you.

“I also genuinely believe that you two are a match made in heaven. So whether or not your engagement is called off has nothing to do with me. I don't care whatever you do.”

When Rose saw Nixon's expression turn ugly, she rolled her eyes at him. Suddenly, her phone rang. Seeing the caller ID displaying “star escort husband”, she smiled and looked into Nixon's eyes.

“My hubby misses me. You guys can continue with what you're doing.”

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Chapter 160 His Sudden Appearance

Smiling, Rose left the room. Nixon noticed the word “husband” on her phone. Then he heard her answer the call from behind.

“Hubby.”

Her voice was sweet and affectionate. It was as if she wanted to tell Nixon and the others that she was happy in her married life and that they should all keep their distance.

Frowning, Nixon looked to Chloe for help. Yet Chloe had a dark expression and didn't say a word. She looked at Kelly with disdain, as if she were channeling all her resentment toward the latter.

Once Rose was far away, Chloe pointed fingers and voiced her contempt.

"If it weren't for some woman back then, Nixon and Rose would have been married a long time ago. If that person had any self-awareness, she should have stayed far away and not appeared in our sight."

She

She seemed to have forgotten her original plan of sending Rose to Jonathan to secure a better future for the Lane family.

Hearing that, Kelly felt a sharp pain in her heart, and she couldn't bear to stay any longer. She quickly ran out of the room.

*Kelly."

"Do you want to lose everything, Nixon?"

Nixon wanted to go after her, but he reconsidered when Chloe threatened him. Chloe gave him a stern warning.

"You're not allowed to have any further contact with Kelly. Otherwise, you know the consequences."

Nixon clenched his teeth.

"I know, Grandma."

After Rose called him "hubby", Jonathan was stunned for a moment. It had been a long time since he had heard her use that term. But soon, he realized that she wouldn't say that without a reason.

"What happened?" he asked with concern.

Without beating around the bush, Rose replied, "Nothing. I just needed your name to fend off some disgusting people."

Jonathan was left speechless. He wondered if he should be grateful that he was still useful to her.

Do you need me to intervene?"

He was more than willing.

However, Rose immediately declined, saying, “No, no.

While they were speaking, she had already walked into the restaurant lobby and spotted Anastasia waving

at her.

+15 BONUS

She muttered to Jonathan, “I have something to take care of. I’ll talk to you later.”

Rose hung up, leaving Jonathan eager to see her.

“Where are you?”

He sent her a text. Rose had just returned to her seat and noticed Jonathan’s message. Yet she didn’t respond to it. After waiting for a while and receiving no reply, Jonathan decided to call her.

When Rose saw his call, she was startled, and her body trembled.

“Rosie, what’s wrong? You’ve been away for a while. Has something happened?”

Anastasia glanced at Rose’s phone and, from her reaction, deduced that it was Jonathan calling. Without hesitation, she redirected Rose’s attention.

As expected, Rose hurriedly hung up the call. Somewhat absentmindedly, she replied, “I ran into a few familiar faces and chatted with them. Sorry to keep you waiting, Ms. Young.”

She subconsciously used “Ms. Young“, which triggered another protest from Anastasia.

“Did you forget again? I’m your sister now. Just call me Ana.”

Yet Rose couldn’t bring herself to address Anastasia so intimately, so she just smiled politely. Anastasia sensed Rose’s caution and didn’t press any further.

However, after just a minute, Jonathan’s call came again.

Remembering her promise to him that she would answer his calls at any time, Rose felt a bit uneasy. But the fact that his new sponsor was sitting across from her made the situation extremely weird.

Just as Rose was grappling with her thoughts, Anastasia said with a smile, ‘Go ahead and take the call. We’re all family here.’

The word “family” further weirded Rose out, but she didn’t dwell on it and answered the call.

“Hello?”

“I want to see you.” Jonathan’s voice was deep and seductive.

Rose had just taken a sip of water to disguise her unease. But his unexpected words caught her off guard. She was so surprised that she spat out the water in her mouth.

The water dampened the table in front of her and her dress.

“Rosie, your clothes are wet.”

Anastasia immediately rose to her feet and came closer. At the other end of the call, Jonathan heard the commotion. He was about to inquire about what was happening when the call abruptly ended.

“Sorry, it was an accident.”

Rose held her phone tightly, afraid that Anastasia might notice that the caller was Jonathan. Alas, Anastasia still caught a glimpse of the contact name on her phone—star escort husband.

When she recalled Jonathan using “wifey” as Rose’s contact name, she couldn’t help but feel overwhelmed.

+15 BONUS

Smiling—she said, “Rosie, something came up. I need to go now. You can take a cab back later.” Before Rose could respond, Anastasia had already turned away. As she turned, her smile disappeared. Rose was left perplexed. She wasn’t dumb. Anastasia’s claim that something came up was an excuse. Did Anastasia discover something?

At this thought, Rose frowned. She wondered what was wrong with herself. Why did she act like a homewrecker? After all, she and Jonathan were husband and wife in name.

With a deep breath, Rose cleared her mind and prepared to continue her meal. However, Jonathan’s phone call interrupted her once again.

“Where are you?” he asked directly.

By this time, he had already left Finch Building and was on his way to find Rose.

Since Anastasia had left, Rose responded without any reservations, "Garden restaurant in Aquastead

Hotel."

"Wait for me," Jonathan instructed, and then hung up the phone.

Rose glanced at her phone but didn't think much of his words.

After a busy morning of work and the earlier commotion, she was indeed quite hungry. So she asked for a waiter and placed her order to satisfy her hunger.

20 minutes later, Rose was enjoying her meal when a familiar figure walked past her and took a seat across from her. She looked up and almost spat out the juice in her mouth when she saw the man.

Thankfully, she managed to regain her composure and swallow the juice.

"Why.. Why are you here?"

"I told you, I wanted to see you. I also told you to wait for me."

Jonathan stared at Rose with a tinge of sadness. Did she not take his words seriously, or did she have no expectations of him at all? Knowing that it was the latter, Jonathan sighed inwardly.

His gaze toward Rose gradually carried a hint of grievance.

"I'm hungry."

Rose didn't know what to say, and the corner of her lips twitched. Hungry? Couldn't he order food for himself? However, Jonathan stared at her and then at the food in front of her, as if saying, "Feed me!"

Rose instinctively refused in her mind and was about to call a waiter over for him.

But as she was about to speak, Jonathan seemed to see through her thoughts. He didn't give her a chance and bluntly made his request.

"I want to eat yours. Feed me