Chapter 2 Stole His Clothes

An hour later, Jonathan woke up.

He looked under the covers. Other than his underwear, he was not wearing anything.

Not only so, but that woman even stole his clothes!

Jonathan's expression turned gloomy.

As soon as Zac Gibson entered the room, he saw the sullen Jonathan lying on the messy bed. There was also a torn red dress on the floor. Zac immediately realized what was going on.

"You're ... transitioning?"

Everyone knew Jonathan never got involved with women. Still, countless women had tried to sleep with him.

Jonathan was cold and heartless toward women. None of those women had ever succeeded before.

But it seemed like it had been quite an intense night last night.

Zac had been utterly drunk when he received Jonathan's call the night before.

Once he sobered up this morning, he finally remembered Jonathan asking him for a doctor.

A month ago, Jonathan had defeated the other members of the Finch family. Hence, he became the new person in charge of the Finches.

Since then, there had been no lack of assassination attempts on him.

In fact, Jonathan had encountered an assassin soon after he arrived in Aquastead.

He suffered a slash on his waist, which required some stitches. Zac had thought that Jonathan's wound had opened up again.

Glancing at the red mark on the snowy white sheets, Zac clicked his tongue. "You're injured, but that didn't stop you from having an intense workout!"

"Get lost!"

Jonathan glanced at Zac coldly. The murderous intent in his eyes was obvious.

Zac rubbed his nose awkwardly and conceded defeat right away.

"Well, since you can still do intense workouts, you're probably fine. The first-aid kit is right here. As for your wound ... you can deal with it yourself."

After Zac left, a set of clean clothes was sent in.

Jonathan's wound had indeed split open.

The blood on the blanket was his, but the blood on the bed sheet ...

He vividly remembered the obstacle he faced last night.

For a moment, Jonathan was dazed.

But when he saw a coin on the desk opposite the bed, his expression stiffened.

The woman had said she was booking him for the night and asked him to name his price.

She thought he was one of the male escorts, and she only left a coin.

"Hah. I see how it is!" he scoffed.

Jonathan had never been humiliated like this before. Clutching the coin in his hand, he exuded a terrifying air as he walked out of the room.

He said to Zac, who was waiting at the door, "Track down someone for me. It's a woman ..."

Deep down inside, he labeled her as a bold and despicable woman.

Over at Scenic Gardens, Rose was entering the Shaffer residence. She sneezed violently.

On her way home, she kept thinking about how she had been drugged last night. She had a niggling suspicion that she needed to verify right away.

Maya was her aunt's daughter. They grew up together, and they had always gotten along very well.

They went to Nightfall Lounge together last night. Maya only had a glass of wine before excusing herself to go to the restroom. After that, she never appeared again.

Rose suspected that it had been Maya's doing, but she refused to believe it.

"Mr. Lane, Uncle Jamie, it was Rose who persuaded me to go to Nightfall Lounge with her. I told her not to go to a place like that.

"But she said that she wanted to try something exciting before getting married to Mr. Lane. I feared that she would be in danger, so I went with her.

"I went to the bathroom, but when I came back, Rose was gone. It was my fault. I should've held her back and stopped her from going ... Boohoo ..."

As soon as Rose walked through the door, she heard Maya sobbing and blaming herself.

Rose went into the living room. She saw her father, Jamie Shaffer, and her stepmother, Chelsea Sutton. Kelly and Nixon, the adulterous pair, were there as well.

A few photos were placed on the coffee table in front of them.

When Jamie saw Rose coming in, he grabbed the photos and flung them at her. "How dare you come back? Look what you did!"

In the photos, Rose was wearing a red dress. Her entire body was wrapped suggestively around a man.

The man had his back to the camera. He was tall and his face was not shown, but Rose's face could be seen clearly in the photos.

Rose's mind went blank. She felt as if something had exploded inside her head.