

Honey You're a Billionaire Chapter 201

Chapter 201 Begging for Forgiveness

Even now, Nixon clung to a sense of luck, but reality offered him no room for such illusions. With a cold scoff, Jonathan kept Nixon blindfolded.

Even though Nixon couldn't see Jonathan's expression, the silence that followed the sneer intensified his

fear.

Suddenly, he remembered the county clerk's office system, where Rose's spouse information remained undisclosed. Who else but Jonathan could manipulate a system to hide such information?

Realizing his grave mistake, Nixon began to plead.

"Uncle Jonathan, I was wrong. I shouldn't have harbored any thoughts towards Aunt Rose."

Nixon changed his address to "Aunt Rose" in hope to emphasize the connection between the Lane family and the Finch family.

However, Jonathan recalled the image from the camera and mercilessly pressed his foot onto Nixon's

face.

"If you know you shouldn't harbor such thoughts, why do you continue to linger on her?"

Jonathan's voice cut through the air like icy blades.

Terrified, Nixon pleaded, "I won't dare again. I promise.

"Won't dare? I see you still haven't learned your lesson. How about..."

Jonathan's gaze swept over Nixon's hand, finding it glaringly offensive.

Jonathan asked after a brief pause, "How about we just chop it off?"

Chop it off?

"No, no..."

Nixon nearly wailed in his plea. Losing his hand would ruin his life!

“Uncle Jonathan, I’ll remember. I swear, believe me... Please, spare me. I’ll avoid Aunt Rose forever. I promise I’ll remember...” Nixon pleaded as snot and tears streamed down his face.

A contemptuous glint flashed in Jonathan’s eyes.

“Nixon, don’t worry, I’ll find you a good place. As for the Lane family, I’ll take care of them too...”

Jonathan seemed uninterested to look at Nixon any longer. Glancing at his watch, it was already 7:00 am. He had to hurry back to be with Rose.

Jonathan coldly withdrew his foot and turned to leave. Zac quickly followed him. The eerie silence returned to the boat, disrupted only by the sounds of water below.

Curled up in pain, Nixon expected Jonathan to beat him mercilessly, but aside from injuring his hand and -stepping on his face, Jonathan did nothing more.

Jonathan’s parting words lingered in Nixon’s mind. Now, Nixon had no time to worry about the Lane family. He only wondered, what kind of place did Jonathan mean by a good place?

After a while, more people entered.

“Who’s there?”

Nixon suddenly became alert. No one answered as they lifted him from the floor and dragged him. outside.

“Are you Uncle Jonathan’s people? Where are you taking me?” Nixon anxiously asked.

Still, no one answered. He was dragged into a car that sped off.

It seemed like an eternity before the car stopped. Throughout the journey, Nixon dared not relax. As the car came to a halt, he was pulled out and dragged into some unknown place.

As he was perplexed, a surge of electricity coursed through him. The next moment, he was knocked

unconscious.

Jonathan returned to Zenwood Gardens, finding Rose still asleep. At the Shaffer residence, Maya woke up early. After freshening up, she went to Kelly’s room

“Kelly, any news from Mr. Lane?”

Maya shook Kelly awake. Initially, Kelly wanted to continue sleeping, but the anticipation of the upcoming drama kept her too excited to sleep.

She grabbed the phone from the bedside and called Nixon. The phone in the hotel rang persistently, but no one answered for a long time.

“What’s going on?”

Kelly frowned slightly. Soon, she chuckled, thinking Nixon overworked himself last night and was probably still asleep.

“Kelly? Is something wrong?”

Maya showed a hint of concern. Rose was usually smart and lucky, but just in case...

Before she could finish her thought, Kelly dismissed it casually, “Why rush? Besides, what could go wrong? You saw Nixon take Rose away last night, didn’t you?”

If Nixon wanted to pursue Rose and establish a connection with the Young family, he would spare no

effort.

Even if Rose was somewhat clever, she wouldn’t gain much advantage in such a situation. Unless Miles

and Jonathan interfere.

Thinking of these two, Kelly’s eyes narrowed slightly. She immediately called Anastasia to inquire about Miles’ whereabouts.

Anastasia glanced at Miles, who had just been rescued by Oliver’s medicine.

“He’s with me, What’s the matter?”

Miles was no longer a threat, leaving only Jonathan. She was about to ask Anastasia if she knew where Jonathan was when a commotion downstairs caught her attention.

“Nothing, Ms. Young. I have something to attend to. I’ll hang up.

Kelly quickly ended the call and rushed out of bed. Without time to change, Chelsea burst into the room.

“Kelly!” Chelsea called out. “Where is he? Tell Kelly to hand him over!”

The voice downstairs was familiar. It was Jacyntha Green, Nixon’s grandmother. 1

What was she doing here? Hand over who? Kelly had strong resentment toward Jacyntha. Jacyntha looked down on her and pushed her into the dust. One day, she would make her regret it.

But for now, she had to maintain the appearance of a refined lady. Kelly glanced reassuringly at Maya, then stepped out of the room.

“Mrs. Lane Senior, what brought you here so early in the morning?”

Kelly descended from upstairs, wearing a white nightgown. Her innocent appearance seemed genuine. Jacyntha despised this facade. Kelly pretending to be pure in front of her was nauseating. Despite Nixon being taken in by it, Kelly’s true identity never impressed her.

“Where’s Nixon? Where are you hiding him?” Jacyntha asked coldly.

If not for the search for Nixon, she wouldn’t even bother looking at Kelly. Jacyntha’s disdain was obvious to Kelly, and for some reason, she didn’t want to endure Jacyntha’s attitude.

“Don’t speak nonsense, Mrs. Lane Senior. Why would I hide Nixon? If you want to find him, go to Rose, go to the Youngs. Why come to me? I’m not someone from the Young family!”

The humiliation of that divorce day remained etched in her memory. A sharp slap landed on her face as/ she spoke. A crisp sound echoed, accompanied by Kelly’s pained cry. 1

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Chapter 202 Replace Rose

The force even caused Kelly to stagger. If Chelsea hadn’t quickly caught her, Kelly would have fallen to the ground.

Kelly had never expected that Chloe would resort to physical force. It completely caught her off guard.

“Mrs. Lane Senior, how could you...”

Chelsea felt sorry for her daughter. Chloe, thinking about the news brought by Hayden early in the morning, couldn’t care less about anyone’s feelings.

She saw Kelly in a daze and immediately reached out to grab her wrist.

“Kelly, where is Nixon?”

Kelly's face was burning with pain. She shook off Chloe's hand indignantly.

"I don't know!"

Those cold, indifferent words were Kelly's polite response to Chloe.

But in the next moment, Chloe stared at her for a full thirty seconds. Under that gaze, Kelly felt a tingling on her scalp. Suddenly, Chloe knelt in front of her.

Kelly, Maya, and Chelsea couldn't conceal their astonishment.

Chelsea was about to ask Chloe when she cried out, "Kelly, please tell me where Nixon is! We must find him immediately, or the Lanes will be in trouble!"

Kelly was quiet. What did Chloe mean? She had wanted to say that she had nothing to do with what would happen to the Lanes. Perhaps no one could bring down the Lanes.

Suddenly, she thought of Jonathan and shivered. A bad premonition suddenly emerged in her mind.

"Mrs. Lane Senior, what do you mean?" Kelly cautiously asked.

Chloe softened her expression. Under immense pressure, her appearance revealed her age.

"The Finches suddenly announced sanctions against all of the Lanes' industries. We know how powerful the Finches are. With a single word from the Finches, the entire Lanes' businesses will disappear overnight."

"But the Finches and the Lanes had some relationship before. How could they suddenly impose sanctions

for no reason?"

"Only heard that it's because of Nixon..."

Chloe said and suddenly grabbed Kelly's hand again.

"Kelly, please tell me where Nixon is! Did he cause any trouble? Perhaps we could only save the Lanes by finding him!"

-At this point, Kelly and Maya finally realized something Last night, Nixon took Rose away. Things

probably didn't turn out as planned.

However, Chelsea couldn't understand. If it was because of Rose, the Finches' sanctions against the

Lanes would be a joke. That was simply impossible.

Looking at Chloe's miserable appearance, Maya wanted to tell her about Nixon's whereabouts. But as soon as she opened her mouth, Kelly glanced at her. That warning gaze made her stop herself.

Kelly pursed her lips, looking helpless, "Mrs. Lane Senior, I don't know where Nixon is. I haven't been in contact with him for a long time."

Before last night, Kelly had intentionally distanced herself from Nixon.

Chloe had also sensed this from Nixon's recent behavior. Hayden had asked all of Nixon's friends but none of them knew where Nixon had gone. They could only think of Kelly

"Do you not know?"

Chloe stared into Kelly's eyes. The 'sincerity' in Kelly's eyes didn't seem fake. Chloe instantly deflated.

Since Kelly didn't know, there was no need for Chloe to continue pretending to be pitiful. Wiping away the tears on her face, she didn't even glance at Kelly.

Chloe just turned around and walked out of the Shaffer residence. She walked with her back straight, that high and mighty old lady who was still full of disdain for Kelly.

Once she disappeared from view, Kelly immediately pulled Maya upstairs to her room.

After closing the door, Kelly warned Maya, "Remember, what happened last night has nothing to do with us. If we're discovered, the consequences would be unimaginable."

If Jonathan had found out about last night, even if Nixon didn't succeed, the consequences would be dire

Fortunately, Kelly had thought that Jonathan might find out the truth. Therefore, even when she contacted Nixon yesterday, she didn't use her phone number.

Even if Nixon accused her, she could deny it. As for Maya...

Kelly stared at the flabbergasted Maya and said, "Maya, if you were caught on the surveillance camera at the bar last night, everything might be exposed. Go abroad and hide for a while."

Maya's head buzzed with too many questions.

"Kelly, is it really necessary?"

"If you don't want to die then it's necessary!"

Kelly's gaze was sharp. Under that gaze, Maya also felt a trace of fear. After hesitating for a while, Maya decided to follow Kelly's advice.

"Okay, I'll go abroad for a vacation."

As soon as Maya left, Chelsea hurriedly went upstairs and entered Kelly's room.

"Kelly, what's going on? Chelsea asked anxiously.

Kelly sat on the sofa expressionlessly. At that moment, she was thinking if Nixon had succeeded last night. If he had succeeded, even if Jonathan found out it would have been too late for Rose.

That was enough for her. She believed that Jonathan would not want a woman who, had been tarnished.

Seeing that Kelly was quiet, Chelsea asked again, "I am asking you what happened to Nixon?"

As Kelly came back to her senses, she smiled.

"It doesn't matter, does it? Even if something happened to him, it had nothing to do with me. By the way, had Angelica agreed to our proposal?"

When they met with Angelica last time, they had managed to find out about Celeste. Kelly had another plan in mind.

If Angelica would cooperate with her, she would be able to replace Rose. By then, she would be part of the Youngs. Even Anastasia would have to listen to her.

Angelica said she would think about the plan, but her motive was just about the money.

"Angelica wanted a large sum of money, I'm afraid..." Chelsea said with a frown.

"How much?"

"One billion..."

Chelsea felt that Angelica was asking for too much. Kelly was shocked. However, comparing one billion to the Youngs, she felt that it was worth it.

She decided that this transaction had to be done.

“You can tell her, we will pay the one billion. But I want to discuss the matter further with her.”

Even if she didn't have one billion now, she would find a way. Thinking about being part of the Youngs, Kelly felt excited.

Meanwhile, at Zenwood Gardens... Rose woke up and felt the wet pillow. She had a dreamless night, but when she opened her eyes, Nixon pinched her chin. A wave of fear overcame her.

Her heart was beating rapidly.

“It was nothing,” she calmed herself.

The pain in her mouth was piercing. So Rose got off the bed and went to the bathroom to reapply some medicine. When her gaze fell on the chair by the door, she was stunned slightly.

Last night, before falling asleep, she knew that her star escort husband was sitting in the chair even if he didn't make a sound. But now, the chair was empty.

Rose smiled at herself mockingly, “It's good that he left.”

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Chapter 203 Do Not Let Him Go So Easily

Rose shook off the thoughts in her mind.

After applying medicine in the bathroom, she felt a sense of oppression in her heart. As she was about to leave the room for some fresh air, a tall figure came into view as she opened the door.

Star escort husband?

He was still in last night's clothes. His hair was disheveled probably due to not sleeping all night. His beard had grown as well. For a moment, Rose thought she might be seeing things.

“Rose, you're awake. I applied medicine to your mouth last night. Let me take you to the hospital to get it treated.”

Jonathan spoke cautiously while looking at Rose with eager eyes, as if a dog waiting for its owner's

response.

Rose didn't want to speak because of the pain. Any movements in her mouth would trigger the pain. She gestured for Jonathan to step aside.

He complied quickly and followed her around for the entire morning. At noon, Rose received a call from

an unknown number.

When she answered, a voice on the other end asked, "Rose, do you know where Nixon is?"

It was none other than Chloe.

"Nixon..."

Rose spoke but the pain on her tongue felt like a stabbing sensation. Memories from last night rushed into her mind and she couldn't help but tremble as she held her phone.

As soon as the word 'Nixon' came out of Rose's mouth, Jonathan swiftly took over her phone.

Even without the phone, Rose's body still trembled. Jonathan reached out, wanting to embrace her. But he was afraid that his touch might trigger her trauma, so he could only cautiously hold on to her hand.

"It's okay, Rose... It's okay...."

Rose knew that it was okay. But thinking of Nixon, she couldn't suppress her anger. That scum... Rose-

clenched her fists.

After a while, she uttered a few words, "Don't let him go... so easily!"

She knew that person who saved her last night. Although she didn't know the relationship between that person and her husband, she knew that Nixon should be in his hands now.

She wished that she could throw that scum, Nixon Lane, into the sea. But suddenly, she thought of

something else and stopped herself.

"Forget about it..."

In a society governed by the law, it wouldn't be worth it to get into trouble for a scum like him, even if he

deserved it! Rose suddenly had a migraine. She passed by her husband and went back to her room.

Jonathan just stood in place, his eyes darkening. Forget about it? He couldn't just let it go! The phone in

+15 BONUS

his hand hadn't hung up. So the conversation between Rose and him had been heard by the other party.

When Chloe heard Jonathan's voice, she was stunned. She thought for a long time but still wasn't sure if it was indeed Jonathan's voice.

When she regained her senses, Chloe tentatively talked into the phone, "Mr. Finch?

"Is that you, Mr. Finch?"

Even though she was a generation older than Jonathan, Chloe still didn't dare to call him by his name.

"Yes."

After a long while, Jonathan picked up the phone and said coldly.

Just one word and Jonathan hung up the phone. However, that one word was all it took to shatter Chloe's hopes instantly. She recalled that Rose had said not to let Nixon go so easily.

At that moment, Jonathan and Rose were together. Rose was the reason Jonathan was dealing with the Lanes! But how could the Lanes withstand the sanctions of the Finches?

Chloe called Rose's number again. At this point, she had no time to care about Nixon's safety. She just wanted to beg for mercy. It didn't matter whether it was Rose or Jonathan, she had to save the Lanes.

However, this time, nobody answered the phone. For a while, Chloe was as anxious as a cat on a hot tin roof. She tried to use all her connections to get to Jonathan and Rose but it was to no avail.

Kelly was paying close attention to the news about the Youngs, After a whole day, there was no news about the video that she anticipated. Nixon must have messed things up

“What a useless man!”

Kelly was filled with disgust. At this time, Nixon was locked up in an unfamiliar room for the whole day! He didn't know how much time had passed before someone finally entered the room.

“Uncle Jonathan?”

Nixon's first reaction was to ask if Jonathan would come back again. He was ready to continue begging for mercy. But the person who came in let out a cold laugh.

“What Uncle Jonathan? Hey, where did you find a guy with a fetish?”

“Besides the black market, where else can I find one? I've spent a good deal of money on this!” another person said.

Nixon listened to the footsteps. It seemed like there were several people in the room. Who were they? Nixon was on guard but in the next instant, someone took off the black cloth covering his head.

As the light returned to his eyes, he saw the scowls of several men.

“Tch, who hit him? What's with the violence?”

Someone saw the injury on his face and the tone they were using was as if they were looking at prey. It made Nixon feel extraordinarily uncomfortable.

“Who are you guys? What do you want?”

Nixon glanced at them defensively. The men looked at each other and then smiled lewdly. No one answered him.

One of the men looked at his messy appearance and suggested, “It's better to wash and clean him up before we play!”

Play. It was as if he was a toy. Before Nixon could react, he was dragged and thrown into the bathroom. When he came to his senses, Nixon had already been pressed down by several people.

Three days later, a black van stopped outside the Lane residence. A sack was thrown out and landed perfectly at the entrance.

The maid who was cleaning saw the sack and hurriedly went to check. Opening the sack, she saw a person inside, completely naked.

Recognizing the face, the maid was shocked, “Mr. Nixon...”

She then covered her face and quickly ran into the villa. Two minutes later, Chloe walked out while supported by others, followed by Hayden and Scott.

“Mrs. Lane Senior, look...”

The maid went to the sack and lifted a corner. She dared not reveal more, just enough for people to see Nixon’s face.

“Oh my, Nixon..” Chloe cried out.

She had heard from the maid that Nixon was outside the door but she hadn’t expected this sight.

“What happened to you?”

Chloe showered concern on her face. She stepped forward to grab the sack and noticed Nixon’s nakedness. Everyone present was stunned.

Chloe came back to her senses and immediately let go of the sack, covering Nixon.

Then she ordered the butler, “Why haven’t you carried Nixon inside yet?”

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Chapter 204 Serious Injury

Chloe’s expression looked visibly unpleasant. Half an hour later, Nixon was cleaned up and dressed, but he remained unconscious. In the spacious living room of the Lanes’ residence.

Everyone’s expression looked particularly unpleasant, Caleb hurriedly came out of Nixon’s room on the second floor and walked over to Chloe. He looked at her, hesitating to speak.

“How’s Nixon?” Chloe asked.

Chloe took a quick glance earlier, thinking that Nixon had just been undressed. Caleb, avoiding eye contact, appeared nervous.

“Tell me!” Chloe urged.

Caleb lowered his head and honestly reported, “Mr. Nixon had injuries on his body, some bruises. Should I call a doctor?”

*Just some minor injuries, he’ll be fine,” Chloe said without much concern.

What Caleb said next made her turn pale.

“Mr. Nixon has a tear in his body, as if it’s been stretched open...”

Caleb didn’t finish speaking, but everyone there seemed to have understood. Stretched ... open...

If Chloe didn’t constantly criticize Scott for being an illegitimate child, he wouldn’t want to give her a reason to trouble him. Scott almost burst out laughing. What exactly happened to Nixon?

Tsk... Hayden sensed something, and even though he didn’t like Nixon as his son, his expression

“A doctor? Do the Lanes need to be further embarrassed?”

n soured.

Chloe’s face displayed a mix of anger and disdain. She knew exactly what happened to Nixon.

Her sympathy vanished when she recalled that day on the phone, hearing Rose say not to let him off easily. She should have understood that Nixon’s fate was orchestrated by Jonathan.

As Nixon’s grandma, she would seek justice for her grandson, no matter who harmed him, except for Jonathan. However, Jonathan was the exact person they were dealing with.

Taking a deep breath, she could sense Jonathan’s anger. To salvage the Lane, she had to make quick decisions and distance herself from Nixon.

“Bring Mr. Nixon down,” Chloe calmly instructed.

Caleb hesitated.

“Mr. Nixon is still unconscious...”

“No need to wait for him to wake up.”

Chloe preferred not waking up Nixon, as facing him would be more awkward. Caleb followed orders. As he went upstairs, he heard Chloe’s voice again.

“Hayden, immediately issue a statement on behalf of Lanes Group, announcing the cutting of ties with Nixon. Anything related to Nixon is no longer associated with the Lanes.”

+15 BONUS

Chloe's tone was cold. Not only Hayden but even Scott was also shocked. Chloe had always wanted Nixon to inherit the Lanes' family business, supporting him extensively.

Suddenly setting such a clear boundary feels like abandoning Nixon, as if she's trying to make her stance clear to someone. Hayden didn't ask questions.

He immediately said, "Alright, I'll personally release the statement!"

After Hayden and Scott left, Caleb quickly carried Nixon down.

"Mrs. Lane Senior, where should we place Mr. Nixon?"

Caleb didn't dare to make decisions. Chloe didn't even look at Nixon.

"Find a place with high foot traffic near the Finch Building," she instructed.

Chloe was aware that everything she did was for Jonathan to see. Hoping he would see the Lanes' attitude and let them go.

Nixon was left in a bustling downtown area. Initially, bystanders recorded videos and shared them on social media. The video quickly went viral.

Someone quickly recognized him as Mr. Nixon, the Lane Group's son. Later, the Lane Group announced the cutting of ties with Nixon. Kelly's face darkened when she saw the news.

Nixon's silence for days, followed by this situation, could only mean that Jonathan was very angry. The angrier Jonathan got, the more important Rose was to him,

"Damn it!"

Kelly was furious. Thinking about the agreed time with Angelica, Kelly gritted her teeth. This time, she had to convince ANGelica to help her with this act, no matter what.

At Zenwood Gardens. Rose, who hadn't been out for days, scrolled through Twitter and came across the news. The Finches were punishing the Lanes

Rose knew that this was the work of the star escort husband. She didn't expect that the star escort husband, a distant relative of the Finches, could make them support her like this.

Did he go to beg Jonathan? Jonathan seemed to be in Aquastead... Rose became more certain of her guess. The video of Nixon seemed to release the pent-up tension and gloom from the past few days.

Rose walked out the door, locking eyes with the star escort's husband:

"Here, I've made some soup. Now that your tongue is better, you should be able to eat something. Let's have something light. I cooked this soup for hours, let it cool, and now it's just the right temperature.

Jonathan in casual clothes, wearing a floral apron. Rose looked, feeling a bit dazed.

Rose

"You've been quite idle these days," said, looking at his shoulders and thinking about Anastasia.

-Anastasia was supposed to take care of him, but he came to take care of her. She almost had that illusion again, the feeling of being important to him.

Rose sat down at the dining table, while Jonathan remained momentarily stunned. This was the first time in the past few days that Rose took the initiative to look at him and talk to him.

With a hint of joy in his heart, Jonathan, acting like a loyal dog, brought a bowl of soup to Rose.

"Haven't I been quite idle all along?"

In the past few days, with the Finches' affairs, Finley didn't want to bother him. Jonathan had a big smile on his face, distracting Rose.

Noticing her distraction, Rose's gaze flickered, and she quickly changed the subject to shift her attention.

"About Nixon, you used your favor with Jonathan to get help. But don't worry, I understand the worth of Jonathan's favors, and I won't let your efforts go to waste," Rose said while sipping soup.

Jonathan stared at Rose. He wanted to tell her that he was Jonathan. After a moment of silence, he hesitated.

"He's willing to help. I told him that about Nixon, the Lanes should bear the burden in secret. After this in Aquastead, there might not be the Lanes anymore."

Rose was briefly stunned. Is he planning to completely destroy the Lanes Group? For the Finches, destroying the Lanes' Group is like squashing an ant.

Can the favor from her star escort husband bring the Finches to this height? Rose stared at her star escort husband with curiosity. Suddenly, suspicion arose in her.

“Are you and the Finches merely relatives?”

Families could have different levels of closeness and complexity. Jonathan led the Finches now, but she heard his father has brothers. Could the star escort husband be...?

“You’re not Jonathan, are you?”

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Chapter 205 Warded in a Psychiatric Facility

Rose’s eyes remained fixed on Jonathan’s face. She wouldn’t want to miss any expression of her star escort ex-husband.

The mention of Mr. Finch caused Jonathan to nervously hold his breath. At that moment, he contemplated confessing the truth if Rose correctly identified his identity.

He even pondered ways to amend her negative impression of Mr. Finch but was taken aback by her unexpected question.

“Are you... Mr. Finch’s... cousin?” she said with a frown, seemingly doubtful of her guess.

She shook her head and mumbled, “No, that’s impossible.”

Mr. Finch’s cousin must have a high social standing as well. Her star escort ex-husband might look aristocratic, but he certainly could not rival the Finch Family.

Jonathan found her confusion amusing. When she ceased asking him questions, he fell silent as well.

However, she soon announced, “I’m going to the Finch Building later.”

The Finch Building? Jonathan nearly choked on his soup.

“Why?”

“To meet with Jonathan Finch!” she declared, feeling it was only right to personally thank him for seeking justice on her behalf.

Putting her utensils down, she changed into a T-shirt and jeans before leaving home. Jonathan, seated at the dining table, didn’t hesitate to follow her.

Meanwhile, a crowd gathered in the bustling area near the Finch Building. Phones in hand, they snapped photos of a man curled on the ground.

Someone commented, "He's Nixon Lane! I met him once before this, and he looked quite decent then. But now, he's unrecognizable."

"I heard he got onto the bad side of the head of the Finch Group. Why else would the Finches take action against the Lanes?"

"It seems like the Lanes have given up on Nixon Lane to appease the Finches. No statement from the Finches yet, they're not going easy on the Lanes, it seems."

People were murmuring in the crowd and staring at Nixon like he was a joke.

Nixon had regained consciousness by then. The first thing that flashed across his mind was the

nightmare he had endured in the three full days.

Despite his best efforts to erase those memories, they haunted him persistently. The crowd's disdainful looks fueled his sense of humiliation as though they were reading his memories.

G-Get lost!"

Nixon suddenly launched an attack on the crowd with fear in his eyes. Dressed in simple pajamas, he entered a slight altercation with someone, and a button popped off the shirt.

+15 BONUS

His chest, and his bruises, were exposed to the public. The people around him immediately understood what had happened to Nixon.

Someone remarked, "Tsk..."

Everyone regarded Nixon as a playboy with kinks without thinking much about his bruises. However, Nixon was made to feel exposed after hearing the remarks. He instantly covered his face with his shirt.

"I am Mr. Lane," he mumbled, hoping to use his social status as a shield against the nightmarish

memories.

Instead, the crowd laughed louder at his expense.

An onlooker reminded him, "You're no longer Mr. Lane after your family kicked you out."

“Right. Those rich heirs are nothing without their statuses. I heard that Mr. Lane didn’t have anything to show. Without his reputation, I’m afraid there’s only one option left for him ...”

Another chimed in, “He’s pretty good-looking and muscular. I bet he’s someone’s type, Perhaps, he could

sell his ass.”

The crowd erupted in laughter at the harsh statement. It was exactly that statement that drove Nixon into madness. He yelled hysterically as fear morphed into insanity.

Those who noticed his change immediately called 911. The ambulance arrived to take him to the hospital, but Nixon refused to cooperate and even beat up the staff.

Observers couldn’t help but wonder if Nixon Lane had lost his sanity. Another good Samaritan contacted the psychiatric facility.

The facility sent a fully-equipped vehicle to collect Nixon, and they successfully hauled him away.

This incident unfolded on the route to the Finch Building. As Rose’s car passed by the scene, the vehicle containing the restrained Nixon passed her as well.

In a fleeting moment, she caught wind of someone calling her name, but upon scanning the area, couldn’t discern the source.

she

Nixon, bound and struggling, caught sight of Rose and screamed her name, but the nurse quickly stuffed his mouth to prevent him from yelling. Still, he continued speaking in muffled voices and a pleading look

After Nixon was taken away, the crowds dispersed from the location. One of them was Kelly, who stood there until the vehicle carrying Nixon disappeared from her sight.

She had her luggage with her, and she wanted to take a look at Nixon before visiting Angelica Willis at Chereton, She witnessed Nixon’s public breakdown but did not feel sorry at all for him.

Among them was Kelly, who lingered until the vehicle carrying Nixon vanished from her sight.

Unmoved by his public breakdown, she uttered disdainfully, “Useless thing!”

To her, Nixon was merely a tool that not only failed to serve her objectives but also tarnished her reputation. The only reason she felt upset for Nixon was because she mourned the loss of a tool.

It was fine. She cast her gaze toward the Finch Building with the determination to get something. She stood for a while before hailing a cab and leaving.

Upon Rose's arrival at the Finch Building, an employee immediately approached her in the lobby, stating, "Hi, Ms. Schaffer. Please follow me."

Rose had seen the same employee twice. He was the employee who had brought her to meet Mr. Finch. each time.

Recognizing the employee from previous encounters, Rose was puzzled by his preparedness, considering she had only informed no one else except for her star escort ex-husband about her visit to the Finch Building.

She traveled to the top floor and was led to the same meeting room. There, a silhouette in a chair sat behind a screen. Judging from the silhouette, he must be Mr. Finch.

Rose cautiously called out, "Mr. ... Finch?"

He grunted in reply. After a few exchanges, Rose did not fear him as much as before. Therefore, she went straight to the point.

"Mr. Finch, did you know I planned to visit you?"

She had wanted to ask him if Jonathan had informed him beforehand, but she didn't want to be too blunt. "I know you're here to thank me," he said, lowering his voice.

He had rushed to the Finch Building from Zenwood Gardens as quickly as possible. He had entered the elevator a minute before Rose stepped foot into the building.

If he was a step late, he might have run into Rose. He felt relieved and glad. Rose stopped questioning him about his knowledge of her visit. Instead, she expressed her gratitude for Mr. Finch's assistance.

Then, she posed a casual question, "What do you plan to do with Nixon Lane?"

"Are you here to beg him off?" Jonathan pondered with a frown.

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Chapter 206 He Brought It Upon Himself

"Go easy on him?" Rose snorted. "Sorry, I'm not a saint.

Kelly was the saint, not her!

Jonathan let out a low chuckle before saying darkly, "He brought it upon himself to have the nerve to harm you!"

Rose was startled. As she stared at the silhouette behind the partition, she got the strange feeling that she was someone important to him.

But, he only helped her deal with the Lanes because of her husband...

Rose was still thinking when the voice behind the partition continued, "Nixon has been admitted to a psychiatric facility. The Lanes company shares have taken a nosedive. They can't hold out much longer. The Lanes' assets will be put on auction to pay off their bank loans.

"Once the Lane family has gone bankrupt, they won't try to mess with you anymore."

Rose was still fixated on the first part of Jonathan's sentence.

"Hang on. Has Nixon gone mad?"

Jonathan did not reply. Still, Rose got the picture. As long as Nixon had been institutionalized, it did not matter whether he was insane or not. It would not make a difference.

Recalling the things Nixon had done, Rose thought he deserved it. Now that Nixon had ended up like this, Kelly's hopes and dreams were probably dashed.

After saying goodbye to Jonathan, Rose headed toward the elevator to leave. By coincidence, she glanced at the meeting room and saw a familiar figure...

"Finley?" Rose exclaimed in startlement.

Who else could that tall and burly figure be, if not Finley? She saw him jogging toward the meeting room. When Finley heard a voice calling out to him, he immediately came to a halt.

He turned around, and upon seeing Rose, his mind went blank. She had discovered him. What should he

do?

"Ahem..."

Inside the meeting room, a certain someone cleared his throat as if to warn Finley, Rose was just about to step into the elevator just now, but now that she was certain it was Finley, she turned back.

She was drawing near... Finley felt like he had a bomb tied to his chest. If he exposed Jonathan's identity. it would spell doom for him.

What should he do? He desperately wanted someone to come along and save him. As Rose continued to approach, Finley hastily walked over to her.

"Mrs-

Out of nervousness, he nearly addressed Rose as Mrs. Finch. Thankfully, he stopped himself in time.

"What a coincidence, Ms. Shaffer. What are you doing here?"

+15 BONUS

Finley acted as if he did not know why Rose was there. In reality, he was the one who arranged for someone to head down to receive her.

Rose studied Finley before asking, "Why are you here? Are you working here?"

She made that guess based on his attire and ended up giving him the perfect excuse.

"That's right. I work here."

Rose did not doubt Finley. Since her husband was related to the Finches, and Finley was his good friend, it seemed reasonable that he was working for Finch Group.

She remembered what happened the other night. If Finley had not arrived in time, that bastard Nixon's attempt would have succeeded. Rose looked at Finley and expressed her sincere gratitude.

"Thank you for what you did the other night. You saved me. Are you free tonight? I'd like to treat you to a meal to thank you properly."

Eating with Rose? Alone?

Finley was about to refuse because he dared not share a meal with her alone, but Rose added, "I'll bring my husband along."

Finley exhaled in relief and nodded quickly.

"Sure."

It was an honor for him to be treated to a meal by the boss' wife. Even as Rose's silhouette disappeared behind the elevator doors, Finley was still spacing out

'She's treating you to a meal?'

A chilly voice rang out behind Finley.

"Yeah."

Finley nodded with a grin as he thought about seizing this chance to ingratiate himself to Rose.

As long as Rose thought highly of him, he would get a pass in the future if he ever made a mistake. If Rose pleaded on his behalf, Jonathan would surely let things slide.

Seemingly too engrossed in his fantasies, Finley failed to notice Jonathan who was standing beside him- with his arms crossed. Jonathan was also staring at the elevator.

"She's bringing her husband along?" the voice rang out again.

Finley nodded.

"That's right."

Jonathan smirked.

"What will you be having?"

"How should I know?" Finley said. "Mrs. Finch can decide. I'll eat anything."

Just then, Jonathan received a text from Rose.

+15 BONUS

"I want to treat Finley and Mr. Gibson to a meal to thank them for saving me. You should come along."

Jonathan frowned. It sounded like Finley and Zac were the main stars of the night while he was merely a tag-along. Rose sent over an address.

Jonathan wanted to object, but then, he figured it was better to find a way to make things work in his

favor instead.

"Got it."

After responding to Rose, Jonathan glanced at Finley and sneered before heading over to the elevator. He was going to the hospital to treat his injury before the date with Rose tonight.

At the time Rose had set, she arrived at the dinner location. Yet, the only one there was her husband.

After checking behind Jonathan, Rose asked, "Where are they?"

"Who?" Jonathan asked.

"Finley and Mr. Gibson."

Jonathan frowned.

"They're not here yet? I told them to meet us here at this time. Are they too busy with work to come?"

For some reason, Jonathan reminded Rose of a sly wolf.

"Let's wait for a while. Send them a reminder," Rose said.

Jonathan protested the idea of waiting. They weren't coming, so why wait? Still, he pretended to nod in agreement.

"We should wait for a bit."

After ten minutes, Jonathan became restless.

He took his phone out while saying, "I'll try to rush them."

First, he called Finley.

"Where are you? Rose is treating you to dinner. We're all here now, so where are you?"

In an office on the top floor of Finch Building, Finley eyed the stack of documents before him with a sorrowful expression.

He was a fighter from the Azure Clan. Even though he took on the role of an assistant once he came to Aquastead, all he did was pass documents around and deliver Jonathan's instructions to others.

He did not know how to go through documents. Yet, Jonathan thought so highly of him that the former entrusted him with all of the tasks that required brainwork.

Finley could still recall the way his colleagues looked at him as they left the office without having to work overtime. Their eyes conveyed their pity for him. They were certain he must have offended Jonathan.

-Did he? Certainly not! Finley did not think he had offended Jonathan. The latter was simply a petty man who used work as an excuse to punish him.

“S—Sorry about that. Please tell Ms. Shaffer I have other plans tonight, so I won’t be able to make it.”

Jonathan put the call on speakerphone. Rose heard Finley loud and clear.

Since he could not make it tonight, Rose suggested, “In that case, let’s do it another day-

Jonathan frowned. Even through the phone, Finley could sense his superior’s displeasure.

Afraid that Jonathan would once again enact revenge similarly, Finley interrupted Rose, “You don’t have to move it to another day, Ms. Shaffer. You’ve thanked me well enough. I really... don’t have the time...”

He had neither the time nor the guts!

Honey You’re a Billionaire Chapter 207

Chapter 207 A Battle of Wits

As Finley stared at the mountain of documents in front of him, he felt the urge to ram his head against the desk and end his life. All he could do now was hope that Jonathan would be merciful.

“Ms. Shaffer, truth be told, I only made it over there in time because of Mr. Finch and your husband... He was the one who told me to go over. He was the one who was most concerned about your safety.

Knowing that Jonathan was listening. Finley did his best to placate the former. Rose looked at Jonathan. She could not hide how taken aback she was when she heard Finley’s explanation.

Jonathan was in a pretty good mood.

Seemingly demurring, he cleared his throat and said to Finley, “Since you’re busy, we won’t force you. You should go home and get some rest soon.”

Finley felt like he had been given a second chance at life. He nearly fell on his knees in gratitude.

Once the call ended, the atmosphere became a little ambiguous. Jonathan had no qualms about looking straight at Rose, but the latter averted her eyes to avoid him.

“What about Mr. Gibson?” Rose asked as she looked away.

Jonathan did not even inform Zac about the dinner.

“I think... he’s probably too busy to come.”

Without them, it would just be him and Rose. A date without two tag-a-longs was a lot more enjoyable. Rose was speechless. Were they both too busy to come?

Why was her husband giving her a strange feeling?

“I’ll go out and take a look.”

Ever since hearing what Finley said over the phone, Rose felt like she was going to suffocate under Jonathan’s gaze. She came up with an excuse to head outside, and Jonathan did not stop her.

Even if she took a look outside, Zac would not be coming, so Jonathan did not mind wasting a little more time. The thought of them sharing a candlelit dinner tonight made Jonathan’s mood soar.

Just then, a voice called out...

“You’re here, Mr. Gibson.”

Just from hearing Rose’s voice, Jonathan could imagine the warm smile she had on her face. His smile froze.

Afraid of exposing his ruse, Jonathan swiftly got up. In his hurry, he knocked over one of the glasses on the table. He swiftly rushed out of the room and came up behind Rose.

Zac did not expect to run into Rose... and Jonathan at the restaurant. Why did Rose greet him in a way that sounded like she had expected him to come?

I thought you were too busy to come to dinner, Mr. Gibson. I’m glad you’re here. Thank you for giving me a chance...”

In the past, Rose had a fairly poor impression of Zac. However, he did save her that night. Since he was

+15 BONUS

her savior, she no longer found him unlikable. Rose stepped aside and gestured for Zac to come with her.

Zac was utterly confused. What chance was she talking about?

Puzzled, Zac glanced at Rose before looking at Jonathan who was eyeing him darkly. The look in Jonathan's eyes seemed to be warning Zac to watch what he said. Zac did not know what to do.

How was he supposed to react? Since Rose was extending a warm welcome to him, he smiled faintly and headed toward the private room. But, as soon as he took a step, he caught Jonathan's murderous glare.

Zac was speechless. Was he not supposed to go in?

For a brief second, Zac's rebellious streak reigned supreme. If Jonathan did not want to let him in, he was going to be even more adamant about joining them for dinner.

After all, with Rose around, Jonathan would be forced to pretend to be as gentle as a lamb. Nevertheless, when Zac thought about the consequences..

No matter how bold he was, he dared not disturb Jonathan on a date.

"Ms. Shaffer... Zac began.

Even though he did not understand what Rose meant by him having given her a chance, he was shrewd enough to know that his wisest choice of action was to leave.

But before he could bid them goodbye, another voice rang out and drew everyone's attention.

"Rosie?"

The woman who called out sounded surprised. When Rose saw Anastasia, her smile froze.

She instinctively glanced at Jonathan, but he simply frowned as if he found it strange that Anastasia had

shown up.

"Zac, J, you two... What a coincidence. Are you here for dinner? You don't mind letting me join you, right?"

Anastasia was smiling expectantly as she took Rose's hand, but her eyes were on Jonathan. She did not hide the lovesick adoration in her gaze.

Anastasia had addressed Jonathan as J on purpose. She did not know what name Jonathan used with Rose, but she did not want Rose to figure out Jonathan's identity through his name.

Since Jonathan wanted to hide his identity, she was going to help him. Alas, no one answered her question. Feeling a little awkward, Anastasia looked at Rose.

"Rosie?"

Rose did know what she could say. How could she say no to the heiress of the Young family? Somehow, Rose found the courage to try and compete against Anastasia.

She replied, "We don't mind, of course..."

If they were in for a battle of wits, so be it. Even Jonathan did not worry about letting the cat out of the bag, so what was there for her to be afraid of?

"That's wonderful."

Anastasia happily tugged on Rose's hand and entered the private room. Jonathan's frown deepened.

Noticing his reaction, Zac said tentatively, "I'll... get going?"

Without him, the three of them would be left alone. It was no secret that Anastasia liked Jonathan. How could Jonathan accept sitting down to dinner with just the three of them?

As soon as Zac finished speaking, Jonathan shot him an icy glare..

"Rose set this up to treat you to a meal. Are you not going to appreciate her gesture?" Jonathan marched

off.

Zac was speechless. That was not what Jonathan's gaze conveyed earlier. Zac cocked an eyebrow and smirked in amusement. The atmosphere in the private room was a little strange.

Rose and Jonathan sat together while Anastasia sat across from him. She kept talking to him and addressing him affectionately as J. Still, Rose found it strange.

Anastasia did not seem at all startled to find that Rose and Jonathan were acquainted. It was as if she had known about it all along

“How are your injuries, J? I think you should’ve stayed in the hospital for a little longer. I can only rest easy knowing that there are doctors around to take good care of you.”

Anastasia looked deeply concerned. Rose instinctively recalled what she saw at the hospital the other

day. Disgruntled, she could not even taste the food she was eating any saw-

Rose looked at Jonathan. He had a grim expression as he ignored Anastasia. Still, she figured it was because he could not be all lovey-dovey with Anastasia when she was around.

“J...” Anastasia called out again.

Rose wanted to roll her eyes. It was J this and J that. No matter what was going on between Anastasia and Jonathan, Rose was still his wife. She was not a pushover.

All of a sudden, she cut a piece of the steak in front of her and held it to Jonathan’s mouth. 1

“Try this, hubby...”

Honey You’re a Billionaire Chapter 208

Chapter 208 It Was an Engagement Ring

Rose said the word hubby in the most coquettish voice she could muster.

As soon as it came out of her mouth, she sensed the way Jonathan stiffened ever so slightly. She caught Zac’s dumbfounded stare as well. Rose’s regret sank in almost instantaneously.

Still, she had already said it, and she had already brought the fork up to Jonathan’s mouth. There was no use regretting her actions now.

Thus, she steeled herself and smiled sweetly. She looked at Jonathan with a gentle, expectant gaze. It was as if she would make him pay if he did not help her win this battle by going along with it.

Briefly thunderstruck, Jonathan swiftly knew what Rose was trying to do. He was pleased to find that Rose was feeling jealous because of him. It was an excellent turn of events!

Jonathan opened wide and ate the bite of steak Rose held out to him. He thoroughly enjoyed being fed by her.

“Does it taste good?” Rose was also satisfied.

As he had chosen to play along and save her from any possible humiliation, she cut another piece of steak and fed him again.

“It tast

tastes great. Everything tastes great if you’re the one feeding me.” Jonathan was grinning.

Witnessing this scene made Zac’s eyes bulge in shock. Right now, Jonathan looked nothing like the domineering Jonathan Finch who struck fear into the hearts of all who mentioned him.

Zac wanted to say a few words to ingratiate himself with Rose, but he spotted Anastasia’s clenched hands beneath the table.

This was a minefield. It was better for him to eat in silence and stay out of it.

“Rosie, I didn’t expect you and J to be acquainted. Did you know that J used to-”

Anastasia had abruptly spoken up to disrupt Rose and Jonathan’s sweet moment. But before she could finish her sentence, Jonathan cut her off.

“Anastasia!”

Jonathan’s tone was threatening. If Rose were to find out about his identity, he was going to be the one who told her. He was not going to let her discover the truth from anyone else

The menacing look in Jonathan’s eyes made it clear to Anastasia that if she continued talking, he was going to be pissed. Too scared to continue speaking, she drank from her wine glass instead.

Still, what she had said was enough to make Rose feel uncomfortable. At last, the meal came to an end.

Once Anastasia and Zac left, Rose dropped the sweet and coy demeanor she had taken with Jonathan. earlier. As soon as she got into the car, her expression darkened.

Jonathan knew she was reacting out of jealousy. That meant she cared about him.

When they got back to Zenwood Gardens, Rose ignored Jonathan. She changed into her indoor slippers and was about to head back to her room.

+15 BONUS

But, before she could even take a step forward, a pair of arms hugged her from behind. Rose was vexed. She tried to struggle, but the arms only tightened further. Rose was speechless.

What was the meaning of this?

“Let go!” she ordered icily.

“I refuse.”

There was a hint of playfulness in his voice. He even nuzzled his face against Rose’s head. Even though Rose continued to try and get away from him, he did not let go.

They were still at a stalemate when all of a sudden, Jonathan let out a muffled groan. Rose immediately realized she had hit his injury.

“Let me take a look at your wound

She was frowning. Jonathan finally released Rose and turned on the lights. When he saw her staring at his shoulder blade, he allowed his face to contort even more in pain.

Rose took off his jacket and undid his shirt buttons. Focused on checking his injury, she did not notice the way his eyes started to glaze over.

Didn’t she know how bewitching it was when a woman undressed a man? Jonathan’s heart was pounding. On the other hand, Rose became even more focused.

Despite knowing that he was injured, she never took a proper look at his injury. She did not even know how serious it was.

Therefore, when she saw the blood–stained bandage, her heart felt like it had been squeezed.

“How did you get injured?”

Rose touched the edge of the bandage. After figuring out how long it had been, Rose became even more sympathetic.

For the last few days, he had been by her side at all times. Even though they did not interact much, he made it clear to her that he was at home waiting for her.

She had to admit that she felt a sense of security throughout this time.

Jonathan did not want Rose to know about how dangerous it had been the other day, so he simply brushed it off by saying, “I fell by accident

Was it just a fall? Rose did not believe him, but since it was all bandaged up, she could not tell what kind of injury it was either. Since she knew he was hiding something, she did not try to dig it out of him.

As she stared at the bandage, she found herself agreeing with what Anastasia said earlier.

“This is a serious injury. You should be resting in the hospital.”

Jonathan should not be running around outside.

“It’s so boring to stay at the hospital. Plus...

He felt a lot more comfortable being by her side.

Noticing the worried frown on Rose’s face, Jonathan Immediately assured her, Ive been going to the

hospital to get my wound checked. It’s just a light injury. It’s not a big deal.”

+15 BONUS

“You call this a light injury? How much worse does it have to be before you consider it a serious one?” Rose huffed.

Jonathan had a faraway look in his eyes. It was as if he had recalled something from the past.

“Only psychological torment counts as a serious injury..”

Rose stiffened. For a second, it seemed to her that he had gone through what he called psychological torment. She opened her mouth to speak, but he abruptly reached out and hugged her.

Unlike his earlier back hug that conveyed a sense of stubbornness, this hug made her feel like she had been pulled into a different world. Jonathan wanted to hold Rose as close to his heart as possible.

“Rose

After a while, Jonathan called out her name.

“Yeah?”

Rose thought he wanted to say something, but he simply kept repeating her name.

At long last, he said, "That ring the other day... I was proposing with it..."

Rose was speechless. She recalled the sunrise that day. A proposal...

Rose's mind was buzzing. Before she could react, Jonathan continued, "Since you accepted the engagement ring, you're not allowed to return it to me. Also, I want to void the agreement."

A contracted marriage? They were legally married. Even if Rose found one billion to give to him someday, he was not going to accept it. What he wanted was her

Rose felt a little dizzy. What on earth was Jonathan saying? What was this about an engagement ring that she was not allowed to return? What did he mean by wanting to void the agreement?

Was he having a fever? Rose grabbed Jonathan's hand. It was unusually warm. She felt his forehead and immediately jumped in panic.

"You have a fever!"

His forehead was scorching hot. Jonathan clutched Rose's hand and stared at her with hopeful eyes.

"Promise me you won't leave me..."

Rose did not know what to say. She was certain his fever was making him delirious. It would be a waste for such a handsome man to sustain some kind of brain damage from a fever.

Rose took Jonathan by the wrist while saying, "Come. I'm taking you to the hospital."

"I... don't want to go!"

Honey You're a Billionaire Chapter 209

Chapter 209 A Loving Couple

Rose was struck dumb.

Glaring at Jonathan, she declared, "You have to go!"

"Fine. I'll go if you agree. You have to agree to everything I said just now."

Rose was speechless. What did he want her to agree to?

All she cared about right now was not wasting any more time, lest the fever ended up damaging his brain. She could not spare any attention for what he said earlier.

She simply thought he had said those things while feverish and was unlikely to remember what he said.

“Yes, fine. I agree. I’ll do everything you say. Can we go to the hospital now?”

Jonathan immediately became docile.

“Okay.”

Rose dragged him down the building and shoved him into his car before driving to the hospital.

Once they arrived, someone recognized Jonathan. Before Rose even registered him as a patient, a bunch of doctors and nurses surged over and took Jonathan to the emergency room.

Even as he was brought to a hospital room and hooked up to an IV drip, she was still a little dazed.

When she went to settle the hospitalization paperwork, she was told that everything had been sorted out already.

“Excuse me. Are you Ms. Rose? Mr. Finch... keeps calling out your name

A nurse approached Rose and addressed her with an unusual amount of courtesy.

The entire hospital staff knew that the patient in the VIP hospital room was a prominent figure that even the hospital director treated with the utmost deference.

Meanwhile, that VIP kept calling for someone named Rose. The nurse looked at Rose with an admiring gaze. Rose was dumbfounded.

Noticing the suggestive look in the nurse’s eyes, Rose quickly averted his eyes and hurried to the hospital

room.

“Rose

Jonathan’s eyes were closed.

“Tmhere,” Rose replied.

When she touched his hand, he immediately clutched hers. It seemed as if he would only feel at ease if he held onto her. The nurse witnessed the whole thing and could not resist marveling in envy.

“You two are such a loving couple. I won’t disturb you, Mrs. Finch; If there’s anything, you can come to us at any time. We’re right outside.

Rose was reminded of the way Finley had called her Mrs. Finch when he saved her the other day.

“Mrs. Finch...” Rose murmured.

+15 BONUS

For some reason, it felt strange. Still, she did not dwell on it. Throughout the night, she kept an eye on Jonathan’s temperature.

At 4:00 am, his temperature had gone down and stayed that way for some time, so she finally rested her head on the edge of the bed and fell asleep. She woke up at 10:00 am.

When she opened her eyes, she noticed the peculiar atmosphere in the hospital room. The doctors and nurses were smiling. Whenever they glanced at her, their gazes were slightly teasing.

Rose was startled. Was there something on her face?

Before she could check her face, she spotted Jonathan sitting on the couch. He was still attached to an IV drip, and the doctor had just finished changing his bandage.

After blanking out for a moment, Rose realized she was lying on the hospital bed.

The bed in the VIP hospital room was quite large. Though she was under the blanket, it had molded her form. Everyone could see the way she was splayed out in bed with her legs open wide.

Rose was stunned. She instinctively shot up. As if the bed were on fire, she jumped out at once. In her rush, she ended up losing her balance. Just as she was about to fall, someone grabbed her.

Before Rose snapped out of her shock, she heard a muffled groan.

It was only then that she realized it was Jonathan who caught her. She was leaning against his injured side, and his freshly changed bandage was beginning to soak with blood again.

“Doctor! Doctor...”

Rose swiftly stood up straight to let the doctor change Jonathan’s bandage once more. During the process, she saw his wound. It did not look like a knife wound but a bullet wound instead.

Why would a normal person come into contact with a gun? Seemingly sensing Rose’s suspicion, Jonathan tapped her on the forehead and tried to distract her.

“I’m hungry.”

Rose did not speak. Was he hungry?

“I’ll buy you something for breakfast,” she said after snapping out of her thoughts.

Jonathan must have been the one who carried her onto the bed last night. Since she had taken up his bed, it would have affected his sleep.

Before leaving, Rose turned around and said to Jonathan, “I didn’t kick out of the bed on purpose. You should try to get some more sleep.”

Jonathan stared at her and openly stated right in front of all the hospital staff in the room, “When did you Kick me out of the bed? It’s a big bed. There’s enough space for both of us.”

Rose was startled. What did he mean by that? Meanwhile, the doctors and nurses began to survey the two with amused looks.

One of the younger nurses chimed in, “Yes, that’s right it’s a big bed. It’s enough for the two of you to sleep together, Mr. and Mrs. Finch.

+15 BONUS

The nurse recalled what she saw this morning. Rose had been sound asleep with her head resting on Jonathan’s shoulders.

The staff almost thought they had accidentally barged into the bedroom of a loving couple.

Later on, to avoid disturbing Rose, Jonathan carefully got out of bed and went over to the couch before he allowed the doctor to check on his injury.

He moved so gently as if he feared disrupting her dreams.

Though Rose did not know what happened this morning, the playful looks in the hospital staff’s eyes were enough to make her feel the urge to run and hide.

“You’re hungry... Right. Breakfast. I’ll buy some breakfast.” Rose practically fled from the room.

Lately, the upper society of Aquastead paid close attention to the sanctions the Finches had imposed against the Lanes.

In just a few days, the Lanes went from being one of the most prominent elite families in Aquastead to being on the verge of bankruptcy.

Chloe had pleaded with every single family the Lanes had ties with in the past, but under these circumstances, no one dared to maintain any kind of relationship with the Lanes.

When the Finches began making their move, many other families and corporations got the hint and cut off all ties with the Lanes. Chloe wanted to meet Jonathan and beg for mercy in person.

Yet, despite having someone wait at both the Aquastead Hotel and Finch Building, there was still no sign of Jonathan. Chloe had no other choice but to find Rose who was her only hope.

She did not know what Nixon had done to Rose, but if Rose did get injured, she would be at the hospital. Therefore, Chloe came to Harmony Hospital which belonged to Finch Group.

As soon as Rose stepped out of the hospital, Chloe spotted her.

“Rose... Rose...”

Chloe stumbled over to Rose and fell on her knees. Rose was taken aback. Wasn’t this Chloe?

“What are you doing, Mrs. Lane Senior? Please get up.

Rose tried to help Chloe up, but Chloe refused to get off her knees. There were—a—lot of passersby at the hospital entrance. The scene immediately drew a curious crowd.

“I’m begging you, Rose. Please ask Mr. Finch to go easy on the Lane family,” Chloe begged as she looked at Rose.

Just a few days ago, Chloe was still a spirited old woman with a scheming mind. But now, everything from her white hair to her fatigued expression conveyed the bitterness of her suffering.

Rose frowned. Only yesterday, she told Jonathan that she would not ask him to go easy on the Lanes.

Nixon had indeed plotted against her, but it was the scheming and manipulative Chloe who was behind it all.

Rose recalled the way Chloe had made Nixon and Kelly break off their engagement while attempting to force her to be with Nixon once more. She could not feel any sympathy for Chloe's present predicament.

Honey You're a Billionaire Chapter 210

Chapter 210 He Does Not Need Money

"I can't help you, Mrs. Lane Senior."

As soon as Rose said that, Chloe's expression stiffened. Refusing to give up, she wanted to convince Rose to recall all the kindness the Lanes had once shown her.

Alas, no matter how hard she cracked her brain, she could not think of a single example. Chloe panicked when she saw that Rose was about to leave.

All of a sudden, she shrieked at Rose, "No matter what, my family gave you the chance to get acquainted with Mr. Finch. If it hadn't been for my birthday celebration, you wouldn't have been able to meet him regardless of how hard you tried! Now that you've latched onto him, Rose, you shouldn't be so ungrateful!"

Latched onto him? Rose knew full well what Chloe meant. Chloe was insinuating that Rose had used her wiles to seduce Jonathan,

Rose sneered. True enough, the Lanes never failed to meet her expectations.

"I'm afraid I can't have the honor of being called ungrateful by you, Mrs. Lane Senior. I should be glad I didn't fall into the hellhole that is the Lane family. You people.. truly disgust me!"

Though Rose did not intend to kick the Lanes when they were down, she was no pushover either. Seeing the vicious look in Chloe's eyes, Rose took a few steps backward.

"Mrs. Lane Senior, I heard that Nixon has been admitted to a psychiatric facility. Don't you plan on visiting him?"

All at once, Chloe's menacing expression vanished. Lately, she had been so fixated on meeting Jonathan that she paid no attention to Nixon's whereabouts. A psychiatric facility?

It was the Lane family's predicament, not Nixon's situation, that she was concerned about. Considering what happened to Nixon, it proved that Jonathan would not be going easy on the Lanes.

The Lanes... were truly done for! In a matter of days, Lane Group declared bankruptcy. Even the Lane residence was sealed off.

Meanwhile, Anastasia was at the Aquastead Hotel. After the dinner with Rose and Jonathan, Anastasia did not return to Young Estate.

She knew that Rose and Jonathan had been spending the last few days at Harmony Hospital. Though she was displeased, she could not do anything.

In the morning, she received a call from her assistant.

"Ms. Young, I've contacted the person who owns Lerain Group's red diamond. He'll be coming over to Aquastead—soon, but he doesn't need money. I'm afraid it won't be easy to get the red diamond from him."

Though it would not be easy, Anastasia was going to give it a shot anyway. She needed that red diamond.

"Alright. Help me set up a meeting with him. I'll talk to him myself."

Anastasia was hellbent on getting it. After ending the call, Anastasia finally felt a little better. Over at Chereton, Kelly had been waiting at the inn for several days now, but Angelica refused to see her.

If not for the benefits Angelica could provide, Kelly would have left a long time ago. Alas, Angelica had

+15 BONUS

the final say, so Kelly had to be patient and wait until Angelica relented.

At last, in the evening. Kelly received a letter from Angelica. It was an invitation to meet at the Glass Lake in Chereton. Overjoyed, Kelly wasted no time. She swiftly changed her clothes and headed out.

One hour later, Kelly and Angelica met on a boat. Though they were floating above the clear lakewater, Kelly's eyes were filled with nothing but the dirtiest of greed.

"Madam Angelica, I'm sure my mother has told you what I want. I heard that you're asking for one billion. I don't have one billion right now but don't worry. Once I become the heiress of the Young family, what's one billion? I can even give you two or three billion."

Angelica scoffed.

“That can only happen if you become the heiress of the Young family.”

Without Angelica, it would be nothing but an empty dream for Kelly. Kelly was displeased. But, once she calmed down, she fixed a piercing gaze on Angelica.

“What you’re truly after isn’t the money, right, Madam Angelica?”

Angelica frowned without saying anything, but Kelly knew she was right.

“Previously, my father sought your help to deal with Rose. Even though he gave you money for it, I get the feeling that you only helped him because you don’t like Rose.”

Angelica glanced at Kelly.

“You sure know how to jump to your conclusions. What reason do I have to dislike Rose?”

“It’s because of Celeste Young.”

Kelly did not try to avoid the subject. Sure enough, the name made Angelica’s gaze change.

“You hate Celeste... or rather, you despise her. Let me guess. She was such an accomplished woman. She shone so brightly like the stars in the sky. Everyone must’ve liked her, right? Maybe the one who liked her just so happened to be the person you liked, Madam Angelica

Upon seeing that Angelica was biting her lip, Kelly knew she made the right guess.

She continued, “In the end, even fate favored Celeste.

Recalling the past, Angelica bellowed at Kelly.

“What made her so special?”

He liked Celeste, and she was even the heiress of the Young family.

Even after all these years, Angelica could still remember the scene when the Youngs came in a luxury car to take Celeste home.

Alas, despite having such a prominent background, she only spent half a year in Regalia before returning with her tail between her legs. From then on, Henrietta changed her name to Celeste.

She purposely hid everything about her past.

Angelica was more than happy to see that. She wanted nothing more than for Celeste to spend her entire life as an ordinary, unimportant person. Yet, Celeste founded Celeste Jewels...

+15 BONUS

And, she met him again... Angelica's gaze went from frenzied to icy.

Kelly took it all in. If she wanted to become the heiress of the Young family, she needed to know about Celeste's past. Still, she was not in a hurry. Her priority was to convince Angelica.

"My situation is just like yours..."

Kelly lowered her eyes as she schooled her expression into a look of sorrow, Angelica frowned and eyed her in puzzlement.

"I despise Rose, and it just so happens that the person I like is in love with Rose. Do you know who he is? He's Jonathan Finch, the one in charge of Finch Group in Regalia..."

Kelly did not hide anything from Angelica. Even if Angelica did not know much about the upper society, she would have heard of Finch Group before. The Finches were the top elite family in Regalia.

"They got married. Doesn't that grind your gears? Celeste's daughter became the wife of the top elite family in Regalia. So many people envy her..."

"Oh, right. There's something you might not have heard about yet."

Kelly paused on purpose.

True enough, Angelica asked impatiently, "What is it?"

"Oliver Young has accepted Rose as his granddaughter... Isn't it ironic? In a strange twist of fate, he ended up unknowingly acknowledging his real granddaughter. Thankfully, he doesn't know about her true identity!"

With each word Kelly said, Angelica's unwillingness to accept this situation intensified. Back then,

Celeste seemed to be the most blessed woman in the world, but in the end, she died.

Angelica thought that as long as the Youngs could not find Celeste, they would never be able to locate Rose. Yet, fate refused to cooperate! A strange twist of fate...

Angelica loathed fate with every fiber of her being.

Following a brief silence, Angelica abruptly asked Kelly "What can you do?"