

Honey You're a Billionaire Chapter 91

Chapter 91 Wanting to Approach Her

As he returned to Zenwood Gardens, the night had already fallen. However, Rose had not returned yet. Jonathan tried to call her, but her phone was already switched off.

At this moment, Rose was completely engrossed in staring at her computer screen, meticulously replicating the designs of those sets of jewelry from memory.

She was completely unaware that her phone had been switched off at some point. After completing the final design drawing and printing it, Sherlyn looked at the design sketches with incredulity.

"These are the design sketches for those sets of jewelry from earlier!" she exclaimed.

The chaotic scene earlier had made it difficult for her to remember just a few prominent features of the jewelry.

However, Rose surprisingly managed to memorize the entire appearance of the sets of jewelry in such a short time. Sherlyn's eyes were filled with admiration.

Suddenly, Rose looked at her and asked, "Can you do the polishing and crafting?"

She hesitated for a moment and replied with some trepidation, "I've learned it, but I've never actually worked with real materials,"

"Then, you can try later."

Rose gave her an encouraging look. Just as she finished speaking. Miles personally walked into the company with a box in hand.

As soon as he entered the office, he sensed that something was amiss with the atmosphere. However, he chose not to inquire further.

He handed the box to Rose as he said, "Ms. Shaffer, the materials you required are all here."

Rose received the box with joy.

"Thank you, Mr. Young. You've been a great help. I'll have someone settle the payment with you right now." She was about to call William over, but Miles stopped her and said, "It seems like you have more important matters to attend to. I can wait for the payment."

Thinking about the appraisal in two days, Rose couldn't afford to delay either. After seeing Miles off, she took Sherlyn and hurried to the jewelry processing factory owned by Celeste Jewels.

Below the Century Tower, just as Rose was about to call for a taxi, a luxury car stopped in front of her.

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Miles rolled down the window with a gentle smile and said, "Ms. Shaffer, where would you give you a ride."

Rose was momentarily surprised that he hadn't left yet

"Sure."

She didn't refuse and got into the car, stating her destination. During the ride, Miles noticed that she was lost in thought and refrained from speaking too much. They soon arrived at their destination.

Rose got out of the car and rushed into the processing factory. All the craftsmen from the factory had been taken away by Jamie, but the machines were still there.

Without wasting a moment, she took out the materials Miles had provided and began her work. Outside the factory, Miles didn't leave. He watched the one lit area of the factory with a sense of attraction.

He deeply knew that Rose's eyes were so much like Anastasia's, yet she was not her. However, there was an inexplicable pull that made him want to get closer to her.

Suddenly, as if he had made a decision, he took out his phone and made a call to his assistant.

"Find out what's happening at Celeste Jewels. Also, inform Grandpa that I have some urgent matters to attend to, which will delay my return."

Having given these instructions, he walked into the factory with determined steps. On the other end, Jonathan was listening to Finley's report with a gloomy expression.

"Jamie has taken all the staff from Celeste Jewels. Mr. Finch, it's clear that he intentionally left Ms. Shaffer with this mess. She might be under too much pressure and feeling overwhelmed...*

"She won't," Jonathan interrupted with a cold tone

Rose's personality dictated that when facing difficulties, her first thought would be to confront and resolve them. Right now, she must be thinking about how to find a solution.

Without any delay, he immediately drove to Century Tower. Half an hour later, he found Rose's phone on her office desk.

Just as he was about to gather a team to search for her whereabouts, a young man burst into the office. They exchanged a glance, and they both inquired, "Who are you?"

"Where is Rose?"

William was nearly breathless due to Jonathan's imposing presence.

He instinctively responded, "Ms. Shaffer went to the processing factory."

"The address!" Jonathan glanced at him.

The look in his eyes made his heart skip a beat.

Only when he provided the address for the processing factory did he regain his composure and asked, "Who... who are you?"

However, his question was met with an empty room. Jonathan had disappeared like the wind.

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Chapter 92 Just Happened to Feel Like It

The night grew darker. Under the soft lighting, Rose wiped a bead of sweat from her forehead.

Losing in her intense concentration, she failed to notice that Miles had been watching her at the door for quite some time. He was familiar with Rose's work.

The craftsmanship of the fire opal necklace from the National Jewelry Design Award was so exquisite that even artisans with decades of experience found it hard to match.

She was only in her twenties. However, her skill undoubtedly involved a great deal of natural talent aside from diligent practice.

"Ah!"

A sudden cry caught their attention. Rose turned to see Sherlyn with a small cut on her hand, caused by the machine. She hurried over to check. Once she was sure it wasn't

serious, her anxiety lessened. However, Sherlyn's hand couldn't continue working with her hand for the time being.

"You should go to the hospital to get it bandaged to prevent infection." Rose quickly helped her stop the bleeding

Sherlyn, overwhelmed with guilt, was on the verge of tears.

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Shaffer, I was too careless. Will this delay the work? What if we can't complete these things by the day after tomorrow..."

"We will complete them! Trust me!" Rose comforted her with a reassuring pat on her shoulder.

"Go quickly and come back, I'll still need your help."

Upon hearing that she was needed, Sherlyn didn't want to waste any more time so she replied, "Alright, I go right away."

Watching her leave, Rose noticed Miles still standing at the door.

"Mr. Young..."

Before she could say anything. Miles approached with large strides.

"I don't have many friends in Aquastead, and I had nowhere to go; so I came in. I hope I'm not bothering you."

Rose couldn't help but twitch her lips. Was it possible for him to have no friends and nowhere to go? "Of course, you're not disturbing me, but right now..."

She genuinely couldn't entertain him. Miles understood her intention. Glancing at the several design sketches on the worktable, he had probably grasped the difficulties she was currently facing.

"Do you need these finished by the day after tomorrow he furrowed his brows as he asked.

Even if that girl had been here, it would have been a tight schedule for the two of them to complete these sets of jewelry. Not to mention that there was only Rose now.

"Yes," she replied.

The sets of jewelry had to be finished by the day after tomorrow, no matter what.

"Mr. Young..." she was about to politely ask him to leave and get back to work.

However, before she could speak, Miles sincerely said, "I haven't done these things in a long time. I just happened to feel like it. You don't mind if I use these things, do you?"

Rose was speechless, wondering what he was planning to do. Before she could react, Miles had already taken off his suit jacket and tossed it aside. He then grabbed a work apron and put it on.

Rose was dumbfounded for three seconds by the combination of his refined appearance and the apron. Then, he picked up a design sketch and selected materials before sitting down at a workstation.

Rose's long eyelashes blinked as she realized he was going to help her.

"Why are you still standing there? We need to finish these by the day after tomorrow, right?"

Miles raised his head and looked at her with a smile. She was temporarily blinded by his smile. She returned to her workstation, still trying to hide her amazement.

"I can't believe that you know how to do these."

In her understanding, someone like Miles, a tycoon in Regalia, could effortlessly earn money. Hence, it was impossible for him to personally handle such work.

However, he was incredibly skilled in this area, fully equipped and efficient. Miles seemed to remember something as his eyes became particularly gentle.

"The Youngs started in the jewelry business. My sister used to enjoy doing this. No matter what she did, me and Jon..."

He paused for a moment.

His eyes flashed with a hint of peculiar emotion as he continued, "Finch and I would accompany her."

Rose wondered if the "Finch" he said was referring to Mr. Finch. After the celebration banquet, she looked up the "Anastasia" mentioned by them online.

In Regalia, Mr. Young Senior had only one granddaughter named Anastasia Young. Her name had seemed familiar to her all along. Three years ago, Anastasia had married someone.

No wonder at the celebration banquet, Miles had said that Jonathan treated her as a stand-in for Anastasia. While lost in her thoughts, she finished polishing a colorful gemstone.

She habitually took a pen, gazed intently at the gemstone, and drew a flame on it before carefully placing

it on a piece of cloth. Having completed these steps, she inadvertently caught Miles's astonished gaze.

"What is this?" he asked.

His usual elegance was replaced by a serious expression as he pointed at the flame on the gemstone.

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Chapter 93 He Is All Rose Needed

Rose glanced at the flame she had drawn on the gemstone, confirming that it was the same as her usual depiction.

"You've seen this before, right? The flame."

She was still grateful for his assistance during the National Jewelry Design Award finals. However, it was evident that this wasn't the answer Miles was looking for.

He walked up to her and asked, "I know it's a flame, but why did you mark it like this?"

Rose understood what he meant. Why did she make this specific mark?

She pondered for a moment before answering, "It's probably just a habit from when I was young."

In her memory, her mother would make something and habitually make a mark in the most inconspicuous place. She looked at the seriousness in his expression and found his reaction peculiar.

"Isn't that normal?" she inquired.

Normal? Miles cast a glance at her. The Young family had its origins in the jewelry business, and nearly Ever family member personally created their works.

After finishing a piece, they would all make a mark in the most concealed place. Rose's actions earlier... He was in deep thought when his phone suddenly rang. He quickly answered the call.

Rose observed a trace of urgency on his face as he spoke on the phone.

After hanging up, he looked apologetically at her and said, 'I'm sorry, but I have something urgent to attend to. I'll immediately arrange for two craftsmen from Regalia to come here overnight so that it won't delay your work.'

Before Rose could refuse, he left in a hurry, even forgetting his coat. As he left, Jonathan appeared at the door. His face was gloomy, and he felt a bit disgruntled

He couldn't believe that Rose sought help from someone else when she encountered a problem. Looking at Miles's discarded coat on the floor, he walked into the room without hesitation.

Then, he composed a message and sent it to Finley.

"Inform the people in Regalia that no matter what, we can't let Miles's people get on the plane to Aquastead,"

He thought there was no need for Miles to bring in craftsmen; He was all Rose needed. After sending the message, he sat down at the same workstation where Miles had been sitting.

Rose was completely engrossed in her work. When another polishing machine made a noise, she suddenly looked up and saw Jonathan, leaving her momentarily stunned.

"What? Do you find my face attractive?"

He didn't raise his head but sensed her gaze. His tone was unfriendly, tinged with a heavy resentment

Rose mumbled softly, "Well, it is indeed good-looking.

Her voice was barely audible, but Jonathan heard it.

He wanted to ask if he was more handsome than Miles, but considering that he was her "husband" at the moment and didn't know who Miles was, he let it go.

However, the resentment that had been building in him moments ago dissipated.

Meanwhile, after having her hand bandaged at the hospital, Sherlyn returned to the workshop in the late hours of the night. As she entered, she saw not only Rose but also another incredibly handsome man.

The handsome man occasionally raised his head to glance at Rose, who was fully absorbed in her work. The look in his eyes was filled with tenderness, sweet and heart-melting.

She tactfully understood the situation and stood aside not daring to interrupt. Finally, in the early hours of the day they had agreed upon, all the sets of jewelry were completed.

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As the day hadn't arrived, Sherlyn couldn't help but ask Rose when Jonathan was out, "Ms. Shaffer, who is he?"

"My husband," Rose replied with a yawn.

These past few days, she had hardly gotten any sleep. Now, the exhaustion was hitting her, and she dozed off right at the table.

Sherlyn was silently impressed by the talent and looks of Rose and her husband. Just then, Jonathan returned.

He advanced and picked Rose up, making a conscious effort to be gentle so as not to wake her up. Before leaving, he instructed Sherlyn, "Take these things with you and follow us."

His manner was like that of someone who was used to being in a high position. Sherlyn followed obediently. Downstairs, Finley was waiting in the car:

Sherlyn didn't recognize cars, but when she got in, the luxurious interior and accessories inside made her realize that this was a valuable car. In the back seat, Rose was sleeping soundly in Jonathan's arms.

The car went straight to Aquastead Hotel. Upon learning that Jonathan would be staying in the presidential suite at the hotel night, the hotel manager had come from his home.

He was personally leading a team of staff to wait at the hotel entrance. As soon as the car stopped, the hotel manager rushed over to open the car door personally.

Sherlyn was taken aback by this grand reception. She watched as Jonathan carried Rose through the hotel's entrance. A group of staff followed behind. She felt a little dizzy.

What was the identity of Ms. Shaffer's husband?