

Mogul 271

[Chapter 271 Efficient Search](#)

Charis's heart skipped a beat when she heard Ethan's serious voice.

Despite the angry expression on his face, she kept her cool and went over to take a look at his phone. She then said with an innocent expression, "What is this? I know nothing about this. Honestly, I didn't hear it ring because I was engrossed in the files. I would have informed you if I heard it ring."

Without saying anything further, Ethan checked his call log and saw that his phone had only rung once. He then pondered, 'Perhaps Charis might be telling the truth. It seems like Janet only called once. It's possible that she didn't hear the phone ring.'

The clock was ticking fast. Ethan didn't have any time to think deeper about it, so he glanced her expressionlessly and walked out of the office with his phone.

The moment he turned his back, the innocent expression on Charis's face disappeared. She stomped her foot and bit her lower lip in anger.

Garrett nervously followed Ethan out.

"When exactly did the car accident happen? Why didn't you tell me as soon as it happened? Don't you know that this is a serious matter?" As Ethan walked down the corridor, he dialed a number and placed his phone against his ear. His voice sounded anxious. He also had a sullen expression on his face as if he was trying so hard to suppress his anger. It was also obvious that he was seriously worried about Janet.

Garrett hadn't meant to keep him in the dark. He had only found out about the accident some minutes earlier than Ethan got wind of it.

Laney, the bodyguard who he had hired to protect Janet hadn't returned to the organization for the whole night. No one could even get in touch with her. It was only when Garrett received that message that he realized that something was wrong. The GPS tracker on Laney's motorcycle indicated that it was parked on a bridge. Coincidentally, a traffic accident occurred at that same spot a few hours ago.

There were many rescue officials and police officers on the brightly lit bridge at this time. The scene of the accident was sealed with caution tapes. There were also five police cars and a fire service truck. Some meters away, several reporters from television stations reported the news live and even scrambled to get more information. Some rogue ones wanted to bypass the barricade, but they were stopped by the frowning police officers. The entire scene was a mess.

Ethan just couldn't stand by and wait for the police to find Janet. He ordered Garrett to immediately call out all the helicopters owned by the Larson Group to conduct an immediate search.

Some minutes later, a dozen helicopters went up the dark night sky. They flew over the bridge and the

sound of propellers filled the almost quiet atmosphere.

Ethan was seated in one of the helicopters. He stared at the missed call on his phone and his eyes darkened. His heart ached severely at this moment.

Even though the government rescue team had been searching for quite some time, they weren't quick enough. It took the helicopters only a few minutes to locate the two people who were clinging to each other on the sand bar.

Laney hadn't lost consciousness yet, but she was in a terrible state. She could go into a coma any moment from now. Janet was frozen in her arms. Her lips were purple and her face was white. She was already unconscious.

Although Laney couldn't move now, she kept taking short breaths in order to stay awake.

It was then she heard the sound of helicopters. When she looked up to the sky, a dazzling light fell on them.

"Sir! Three o'clock! We just found two women at the sand bar!"

The first team who had found them made the announcement and circled the area quickly. The pilot then controlled the helicopter and moved a safe distance away from the figures. A rope ladder was let down and some rescuers clambered down quickly.

"Finally," Laney murmured when she saw the rescuers who were running towards them. She breathed a sigh of relief and her eyes shut.

[Chapter 272 Rescued At Las](#)

The rescue mission was carried out swiftly. All the helicopters flew back to the helipad. The helicopter which carried the team that rescued Janet and Laney was about to land at this time. Its propeller made a loud noise and the wind messed up people's hair.

Ethan was waiting impatiently at the helipad. His eyes were bloodshot. He irritably moved the hair strand on his face backward and looked at a rescuer who had just gotten off the helicopter with a blanket in his arms. He strode forward and saw Janet in the blanket. Her eyes were tightly closed and her face was deathly pale.

"Thank you. Please hand her over," Ethan said gratefully and he collected his wife from the rescuer. The worry that had settled like a boulder in his gut eased up. His expression also softened.

"Take me to Frank's hospital now," he ordered one of his drivers.

Ethan had already alerted Frank that he was coming. As a result, he was already waiting at the gate of the hospital with the medical staff.

They all swung into action immediately after Ethan arrived. Janet and Laney were placed on stretchers and pushed straight into the operation theater.

"You can't go in, Ethan. Please wait outside." Ethan was about to go in with Janet when Frank placed a hand on his chest to stop him. When Frank saw that he was trembling with worry, he added assuredly, "I'll attend to her myself. Don't worry."

Frank then joined the medical team and asked a nurse to take the two women's temperature immediately. Laney's temperature was only slightly lower than normal and her pulse was getting steadier by the second. Perhaps it was because she exercised every single day. On the other hand, Janet's condition was bad.

"Doctor Watson, this patient's temperature has dropped to 33 degrees centigrade, with symptoms of moderate hypothermia." The nurse who had just taken Janet's temperature raised the alarm.

Frank's face instantly darkened. He knew that it was only a matter of time for things to get to the degree of severe hypothermia if her temperature wasn't stabilized immediately. Worse still, she was still in a coma.

"Quick, prepare sodium chloride injection and glucose injection, and supplement the blood volume to guarantee sufficient heat," commanded Frank as he put on blue surgical gloves.

Ethan paced about in the corridor for the whole night. He was almost shedding tears because he didn't know what was going on inside.

He was still waiting there at dawn.

It wasn't until six o'clock in the morning that the door of the operation theater swung open and Frank came out. He then walked to Ethan, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Janet is out of danger now. She has been sent to the ICU. You can go there to see her."

Ethan buried his face in his palms and breathed a sigh of relief. Afterward, he stood up from the chair he had sat on for a while. As he was about to walk past Frank, he uttered, "Thank you so much. I've asked someone to buy breakfast for you and your colleagues. An extra bowl of abalone soup was added to yours."

Without saying anything, Frank hummed a song and rubbed his aching shoulders as he walked away.

Ethan went straight to the ICU and opened the door.

Janet was lying still on the bed. She had a blue breathing tube on her nose and an IV drip needle in her left hand. A filled drip bag was hanging on a stand beside her bed. She looked very weak.

Her eyes peeled open as soon as Ethan walked into the ward. When she saw him, she raised a finger and forced a smile. "You are here."

Ethan walked over and grabbed her right hand. A thousand words were at the tip of his tongue, but he couldn't get them out.

After kissing the back of her hand very hard, he choked and asked worriedly, "Do you feel pain?"

Janet shook her head slightly. Although her face was pale and her smile was faint, her eyes were as bright and beautiful as always. "How did we get rescued?"

Ethan pulled up the quilt to cover her properly. After keeping silent for a few seconds, he finally replied, "You were saved by the government rescuers."

Janet stared at him blankly for a while. All of a sudden, she asked worriedly, "Where is the girl who was with me? How is she doing?"

"Well, she was also admitted to this hospital. She's in a much better state than you. Don't worry, okay?" Ethan was utterly appalled by Janet's behavior. Despite her weak state, she still cared about someone else. His heart ached slightly.

Oblivious to the change in her husband's mood and the thoughts in his head, Janet continued, "Okay, that's good to know. I must thank her later. I won't be alive now if it weren't for her. She actually jumped into the river to save me."

"You never cease to amaze me, Janet. You always put others first. Don't you know that your condition is serious?" Ethan scolded seriously. When he saw that Janet had fallen silent and was staring at him expressionlessly, he added, "I'm sorry for speaking in that tone. But I don't want you to think about anything now. You have to take a good rest first and get well."

[Chapter 273 A Good Plan](#)

Once Janet was fast asleep, Ethan exited the ward and quietly closed the door behind him.

Garrett was leaning against the wall across the hallway, waiting. The moment he saw Ethan come out of the ICU, he straightened, smoothed his suit, and walked over.

"How is the investigation going?" Ethan asked after casting his friend a short glance. "Find whoever is behind this. Get me the names of everyone involved." His gaze darkened with every word he spoke.

Sunlight filtered through the windows, casting long shadows as the two men strode down the corridor.

Garret pushed his glasses against the bridge of his nose and answered carefully. "The drivers of both vehicles died in the accident. The police didn't discover anything suspicious, either. They ruled it as just another unfortunate incident."

Ethan stopped walking and narrowed his eyes. "They're both dead?" He sneered at the scenery outside. "How convenient."

"Well, several rear-end accidents have happened on the same bridge in the last few months. Some drivers said that the lights on the bridge were not bright enough, so sometimes they just misjudged the road conditions."

Ethan tapped on the iron railing of the corridor as his mind raced. "It can't possibly be this simple," he muttered under his breath.

After a moment of silence, he took a deep breath and assumed his usual aloof expression. "I'll look into this myself. There are many sides to the story you're still unaware of. Take care of company matters while I handle this."

Garrett frowned in bewilderment, but Ethan was already walking into the elevator before he could ask anything.

In truth, Ethan already had a suspect in mind.

After all, Fiona and Jocelyn didn't care to hide their desire to have Janet killed. He wouldn't put it past them to hire someone to murder his wife.

Ethan took the information Garrett had put together and used it to further investigate the driver of the truck. He paid a visit to the man's neighborhood and asked around.

"Are you talking about the handicapped guy who drives a truck?"

"Isn't he supposed to be terminally ill? I heard that his doctor gave him just a few days more to live. Oh! And he has a son who's currently on the run. A wanted criminal, you see."

The neighbors weren't reserved at all, and divulged a lot more than he had originally expected.

"Rumors say that the son went abroad to escape the authorities."

"What? Where would he get the money for a plane ticket? No, how did he manage to slip past the local police in the first place?"

"None of this makes sense."

Clearly, something fishy was going on beneath the surface. Following this, Ethan shifted his focus to the son of the truck driver. Sure enough, the man was wanted for various crimes. More importantly, he had fled the country not too long ago with someone's help. After some more digging, Ethan traced the criminal's connections to Luke Turner.

The whole picture was finally taking shape.

The mastermind must be Jocelyn. Ethan speculated that she had talked the truck driver into this murder-suicide mission. In return, she had coaxed Luke into making arrangements for the driver's son to escape overseas.

The man didn't have long to live, anyway, so the accident was intentionally fatal so as to leave no witnesses. And since there was no monetary bribe, the authorities were quick to rule out the possibility of homicide. They dismissed the case as an ordinary traffic accident.

Ethan had to give Jocelyn some credit—it was indeed a good plan.

[Chapter 274 Extorting A Confession](#)

Ethan thought that he had hit the nail on the head when it came to the veracity of his suspicions. However, the driver who had caused the accident was now dead, so he couldn't testify against Fiona and Jocelyn.

Ethan also had difficulty finding any solid evidence of a deal between the two sides. In any event, Luke was sharp-witted and cunning. He would also be very careful with anything he tampered with to ensure no one would easily discover his involvement.

More importantly, Janet had almost lost her life in this accident. Ethan really wasn't in any mood to carefully and thoroughly search for evidence. He just wanted to be with Janet, and he already knew had been behind this anyway.

He didn't want to waste any more time, so he decided to resort to the simplest, most crude but efficient method available to him.

He sent people from the Pole Shadow organization to deal with it.

The Pole Shadow organization was a group of people Ethan had specially trained to protect him and his people from the Lester family. The Larson Group did decent business.

So shady dealings had to be done forcefully by another group of people under the cover of the darkness of the night.

After Janet had gone over the bridge and into the river as a result of the collision, Fiona didn't hear anything in the news reporting any survivors. She assumed that Janet must have died.

When she returned to the mansion, she felt refreshed. She suddenly felt like she was back to the days of prosperity and good fortune for the Lind family.

She dressed herself up nicely and was in high spirits. She grabbed her bag and headed to the shopping

mall. Since the Lind family had collapsed, she had never squandered money.

To her unwelcome surprise, the first thing she saw on the news on the big screen at the shopping mall was about the car accident on the bridge. The news gave an update that the two drivers had died but the two women had survived and had been rescued and admitted to hospital for emergency treatment and medical observation.

Frown lines appeared on her face, even though she wore skilfully applied, delicate makeup. She was so disappointed and unhappy that she almost stamped her foot and cursed.

'How could that bitch be so lucky?' she lamented. They had made such an effort to ensure the plan went off without a hitch, yet she somehow still managed to survive.

In any case, there was no point in becoming angry now. After considering the entire situation for some time, the best she could do was comfort herself that there was no evidence left behind in the accident. Even if the plan had failed, there would be no consequences for her.

She no longer had any desire to do some shopping and just wanted to take a taxi back home.

Just as she had walked up to the curb side to hail a taxi, a black minibus with tinted windows pulled up before her. Before she could scream, her mouth and nose were covered and she was dragged into the minibus.

When Fiona opened her eyes again, she was scared out of her wits.

She was tied up in a small dark room. Above her on the ceiling, a fan constantly spun around slowly. A few rays of dim light emanated from the dusty, old globe on the fan, highlighting the specs of dust hanging in the air.

In front of her was a mirror, which was a one-way mirror that was commonly found in an interrogation room. She could only see herself in the mirror, but she knew that there must be someone behind the mirror watching her.

Fiona asked in a trembling voice, "Who... who are you? You want money, right? Give me a phone and I'll ask my daughter to give you money right away."

"Why did you bribe the truck driver to hit Janet?" A loud and strange voice could be heard in the room.

Fiona was shocked and immediately denied it. "What are you talking about? I don't understand. I had nothing to do with it."

"It doesn't matter even if you don't admit it. We have plenty of time to interrogate you," the voice said. The moment the voice stopped speaking, a bucket of ice-cold water was poured directly over her entire body.

Ethan's men had expansive of means for this sort of interrogation. Fiona had been living a comfortable life of luxury for many years, so she couldn't bear the slightest torture at all. This kind of endless interrogation was the most torturous. She was alive, but all she could do was struggle in despair.

After a few days, Fiona finally admitted what she had done.

"I'll tell you everything. Please let me go!" She was covered in bruises. Her mouth was parched and her voice was meek.

She knew that her confession would definitely be recorded in a video, but she really couldn't tolerate the torture a moment longer.

"I did hire the driver to hit Janet's taxi..."

Fiona told the truth, but she omitted the involvement of Jocelyn or Charis. Fiona still wanted to keep Charis on her side to help Jocelyn. She didn't know what these people would do to her later on. She had to leave something out to make sure Janet suffered even when she died.

"Did you plan the car accident all by yourself?" Ethan said from where he stood behind the one-way mirror.

It would have been impossible for Fiona to have executed this plan all on her own.

"Yes, it was me. I hate Janet so much. She hurt my entire family," Fiona said with a ferocious look on her face.

Ethan didn't question her any further. He just said simply, "Turn yourself in."

Fiona suddenly raised her head and asked, "Turn myself in?"

A charge of a double murder was enough for her to be sentenced to death.

Ethan sneered, "It's up to you. The death penalty can give you a quick death. If you don't go and turn yourself in, you will only die more miserably. It's easy for us to kidnap you again after all."

[Chapter 275 Long-awaited Pregnancy](#)

Jocelyn didn't notice that her mother was missing until the next day.

She had been with Luke in a hotel the previous day. When she got home and saw that Fiona was still not back, she instantly smelled something fishy. She then asked Bernie uneasily, "Dad, where is my mom? It's so late. Why isn't she back home yet?"

Bernie harbored inveterate hatred for Fiona now that he knew what she had done. Her whereabouts was no longer his business. With his legs crossed, he glued his eyes to the TV and responded, "Am I your mother's keeper? I don't know where she is, and nor do I care!"

Jocelyn didn't have the strength to argue with her father. She just slammed the door and left angrily.

Since she couldn't get through to her mother or find her, she decided to file a missing person report at the police station.

But the efforts of the police were also futile. When they checked the surveillance cameras along the way, they found that Fiona was last seen at the shopping mall. But then she had suddenly vanished out of sight. The cops blamed this on blind spots and the busy crowd in the shopping mall. They indirectly told Jocelyn that there was nothing more they could do.

Since Jocelyn had exhausted all her options, she was forced to ask Luke for help. "Mr. Turner, please help me this time."

She burst into tears and was out of breath.

Luke still fancied her for the time being, so he was prepared to do whatever she wanted.

"Hey, don't cry. Don't worry, your mother will be found. I'll ask my men to look for her immediately." Luke had the best private investigators on his payroll, so he thought this matter was a piece of cake.

Much to his surprise, his men found no trace of Fiona after combing the nooks and crannies of the city.

"Do you know if your mother offended someone? My men weren't able to find any clue. Perhaps one of her enemies is behind her disappearance," said Luke.

The Turner family was one of the most powerful families in Seacisco. Only a few people could compete with them.

Hot tears welled up in Jocelyn's eyes when she heard this report. After a long silence, she remembered that Charis previously said that Janet had the support of Brandon. She snapped her fingers and said, "Yes, I suspect... I suspect Brandon Larson!"

'I'm sure that man has a hand in this. After all, Janet had escaped death by the whiskers. It seems he's taking revenge for Janet because of what happened!' she pondered.

Brandon was one of the few people that Luke feared. He didn't want to get into his bad books. At this moment, he reasoned that it wasn't worthwhile to offend such an important person for the sake of Jocelyn. He said lightly, "Anyway, I'll continue to help you look for her. That's the best I can do."

Jocelyn wasn't born yesterday, so she knew he didn't want to go all out in helping her.

She became more worried after hanging up the phone. If Brandon had really abducted her mother, he would soon learn that she was also involved in Janet's near-death experience.

All of a sudden, Jocelyn felt sick. The feeling of nausea went up to her throat. She rushed to the bathroom and vomited.

'What's wrong with me? Why did I throw up all of a sudden? Was it something I ate?' She was still trying to fathom why she was nauseous when something dawned on her. Her monthly period had been delayed for more than two weeks.

Jocelyn rushed to the hospital and did a pregnancy test. The test result showed that she had been pregnant for a month. It was undoubtedly Luke's child.

Although Luke had ordered her to take contraceptives whenever they had sex, she didn't obey him because Fiona told her not to. Her mother had said that having a child for Luke would help her become the new Mrs. Turner.

Jocelyn's joy knew no bounds at this moment. Her hope to survive this precarious situation was instantly revived.

'Wow! This is great news. This baby came at the right time. I'll use my pregnancy to secure a more stable position in Luke's life very soon! It's a known fact that rich and powerful families always attach great importance to the eldest son. Luke only has a daughter now, so he would be glad to have a son. Something tells me he will shower me with goodies and make me his wife after I tell him that I'm carrying his child. There is no way he will abandon me with this pregnancy, nor will he want me to get hurt. I won't be in grave danger even if my mother tells Brandon that I had a hand in Janet's accident.'

At the thought of this, Jocelyn smiled happily.

Getting married to Luke had been her greatest ambition ever since she started dating him. Now that she was pregnant with his child, she was confident that she was about to clinch the Mrs. Turner title.

[Chapter 276 Meeting Mrs. Turner](#)

Ever since the day Jocelyn found out that she was pregnant, she had begun to inquire about Mrs. Turner's current address.

Luke and his wife, Catherine, didn't live under the same roof. They had been separated for many years.

After a few unlucky tries, Jocelyn was finally able to get the address from Luke's secretary.

On D-Day, she carefully applied some makeup and dressed up. She wore the most expensive cloth and jewelry that Luke had bought for her. She then stood in front of the mirror and stared at her reflection

for a long time. 'Wow! I look like a queen. It's time to begin the quest to take my rightful place. Catherine is an old hag. She will feel inferior when she sees me. In fact, I believe that she wouldn't dare to stand up to me!'

With this thought in mind, Jocelyn became extremely excited. She took the pregnancy test result and walked out of the house with her head held high.

Catherine lived in a luxurious house located on the hillside of the sea. The beautiful scenery was so unreal that it could be likened to a painting.

It always took people's breaths away. And Jocelyn was no different. She was in awe for a while. Like the contemptuous woman that she was, she continued to concoct more plans. 'Jeez! This is the dream house I have always longed for! But that old hag is currently living in it. I must coerce Luke to drive her away once we get married. This house is only befitting for a queen like me!'

Still holding her head up high, Jocelyn majestically walked into the house. The first person she saw inside was a middle-aged charming woman who was dressed in expensive clothes. She was arranging flowers into a vase.

The woman's eyebrows were slightly lowered and her nose and bright eyes looked like Charis'.

'This must be Catherine.' Jocelyn sized up the woman carefully. She could tell that Catherine used to be a beautiful woman during her youthful days, but she lost her beauty as she got older.

In her pair of high heels, Jocelyn walked over majestically and threw the pregnancy test result on the table. She put one hand on her flat belly and said, "I'm pregnant with Luke's child. He dotes on me very much. You both have been estranged from each other for years. How about you divorce him now? I don't want my child to be born out of wedlock. Give Luke a divorce, so I can take my rightful place as the new Mrs. Turner."

Catherine glanced at her without uttering a word. She just cut the last tulip and put it into the vase.

Despite the small wrinkles on her face, she still looked peaceful and comfortable. She had an aura of calmness that she had cultivated for many years. It was as if the news didn't get to her at all.

Catherine leaned back on the chair and turned to the servant. She then asked calmly, "Why did you let a stranger in?"

Jocelyn was surprised by the way Catherine remained unnerved. She thought the middle-aged woman would be mad at her. At this moment, Catherine had a mocking smile on her face as if she was staring at a joke.

Afterward, she put the vase on the tea table. The exquisite design of the tea table was complemented by the fragrant tulips.

Nodding her head in satisfaction, Catherine said to the maid next to her leisurely, "Go and call Luke now. The three of us have to talk face to face."

This statement took Jocelyn off guard.

'She wants to call Luke here? Why is she so confident that he will come? I thought they had separated for years. Is this woman just fibbing?' Several confusing thoughts filled Jocelyn's head. She felt that her plan was falling through at the very beginning. She hadn't told Luke about the pregnancy because she had wanted it to be a surprise. A cold sweat broke out on her forehead as she stared at the indifferent elderly woman in a daze.

"And you, bring a chair for this young lady. She's pregnant, so she shouldn't be standing for too long." Catherine had just picked up the teacup and taken a few sips of the tea when she asked another member of staff to bring a chair with soft cushion.

When the chair came, Jocelyn sat down while trembling in fear. Her heart thumped against her chest while waiting for Luke's arrival.

"Bloody hell!" A voice boomed from outside about thirty minutes later. Luke had arrived.

His face and eyes were red with fury. As he walked into the house, his big belly trembled. He was behaving as if he was going to war.

"Jocelyn! Didn't I tell you to take contraceptives?" he bellowed.

[Chapter 277 Have An Abortion](#)

It was the first time that Jocelyn had seen Luke in such a state. Although he was fat and old, he was a gentleman and seldom yelled at her.

She had always thought that he would maintain his impeccable gentlemanly behavior.

She was momentarily stunned but she managed to return to her senses almost immediately. Fiona had taught her to play meek and docile in front of men, so she changed her look to one of pity and grievance. She held the hem of her dress and said in a demure tone, "I didn't mean for this to happen. It's not one hundred percent safe, after all."

How could Luke believe her words? He knew full well that she must have fallen pregnant on purpose because she wanted to have his child to tie them together.

He couldn't even stand the sight of her.

Another reason he had picked her to be his mistress was because he thought that she was stupid and wouldn't cause any trouble for him.

However, that could not have been further from the truth.

Catherine, Luke's wife, sat there, sipping her tea as if nothing had happened. As if she thought the tea was a little bitter, she popped a sweet little treat into her mouth.

Jocelyn became even more flustered when Luke still didn't say a single word. She fell on her knees before him, grabbed his wrist and begged him, "Mr. Turner, please, for the sake of this unborn baby, have some mercy!"

Catherine found this whole thing so bland and boring. After all, she had been through this on several occasions before.

She put down the mini cake in her hand, wiped her fingers with a napkin, crossed her arms and asked with a smile, "Luke, the lady is pregnant with your child. What are you going to do?"

"I've warned you again and again that you can't get pregnant, but you didn't listen and you came here to make a scene in front of my wife?!" Luke said spitefully, throwing her a frigid look. "I'll give you some money as compensation. Go and have an abortion. Don't come to me ever again."

Jocelyn couldn't believe her ears. How could he be so cruel to her? She moved closer, held his thigh and bawled her eyes out.

"Mr. Turner, how can you be so heartless? This is your flesh and blood. How can you kill your own child?" Tears filled her eyes to the brim and overflowed continuously.

What had now transpired was completely contrary to her expectations.

However, Luke turned a deaf ear to her words. He shook off her hands, looked at Catherine and said respectfully, "I'm sorry. I will handle this as soon as possible."

Catherine replied calmly, "I have just bought this house and she still managed to find me here so easily. Where do you think she got the news from?"

Luke understood immediately. They had been married for years now and they knew each other very well.

"I'll deal with it after I get back," he promised.

Catherine waved her hand and said with a smile, "It's okay. You can go and do your work. I'll take care of her."

[Chapter 278 A Big Difference](#)

"Thank you." Luke's voice was utterly devoid of all emotion. With his hands clasped behind his back, he glanced at Jocelyn who was still kneeling at his feet, with an unhappy expression.

He took out his checkbook from the inner pocket of his suit, signed one quickly and unceremoniously threw it in her face. "Take this and get out of my life. Don't let me see you again."

"Mr. Turner! Mr. Turner! You can't abandon me and our unborn baby!" Jocelyn exclaimed, her eyes wide with panic and filled with tears.

She wanted to rush over to him again and beg him, but the bodyguards stationed in the house stopped her dead in her tracks. Luke left without glancing back even once.

After he left, Catherine slowly got to her feet. She walked to the absent-minded Jocelyn, squatted down and patted her tear-stained cheek. In a half mocking and half sympathetic tone, she said, "I've met many of Luke's mistresses. A few of them were as stupid as you."

Jocelyn felt that her self-esteem had been trampled on mercilessly. Although she had decided to give up her dignity when she chose to become Luke's mistress, she had been spoiled by Fiona since she was a child. In the Lind family, no one dared to treat her in this fashion.

"What are you trying to say?" Jocelyn said through gritted teeth.

"Little girl, didn't you investigate and do proper research before you plotted this pregnancy? The family behind me is as powerful as the Turner family, and I'm in charge of almost half of the Turner family's business. Luke doesn't even dare to raise his voice at me. Who do you think you are? You have no influential background or any remarkable ability. How dare you even think that you could try to replace me?" Catherine said with a calm and content looking smile, as if she was still standing at the top of the world as victor after witnessing all kinds of ups and downs.

This kind of peace was underwritten by the most intense contempt.

Jocelyn became flustered when she heard Catherine's tone, which was like she was talking to an ant. She immediately said, "Don't forget that I'm pregnant with a child of Turner blood. The baby might be a boy."

Catherine smiled and shook her head. She looked at Jocelyn's flat belly and said, "The baby in your belly is nothing. There are so many women can give birth to a child for Luke. Why would he choose a bimbo like you?"

After she finished laughing, she stood up and took a seat at the table in a graceful, elegant manner. "Rule number one of being a mistress is to be obedient. If you continue to be so insensible, no man will want you. Take the money to abort the child as soon as possible, or you will make Luke even unhappier. Besides, you are still young and beautiful. When Luke is no longer interested in you, which I presume would be soon, you can still marry an honest man, settle down and have your own child. Then you can

live a happy life for the rest of your days. Don't waste your life for the temporary vanity at present."

It was not until this moment that Jocelyn realized the expansive gap between her and Catherine. Her heart sank to rock bottom.

Catherine was drinking tea elegantly. Although there were wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, her beauty hadn't faded that much over the years. Time had also gifted her with a charm that younger women just couldn't pull off. Not only was she rich, but also intelligent and sensible.

Now that she thought about it, judging from the tone Luke took with her, she believed he might actually be scared of Catherine.

Jocelyn lowered her head in humiliation.

Maybe it was better for her to retreat.

But Jocelyn's eyes then lit up with fighting spirit again. She was still unwilling to let Luke abandon her. Even if Luke gave her a sum of money, it didn't offer as much security as having a rich husband.

Subconsciously, Jocelyn covered her belly with her hand. She still wanted to give birth to the baby. The baby was her life-saving straw now. When Luke saw the child, he might change his mind about abandoning her.

[Chapter 279 Miscarriage](#)

When Catherine saw Jocelyn's reaction, she knew exactly what was going through her mind. She shook her head and sighed in her heart that Luke's taste in women was getting increasingly worse with each mistress. This woman was as dumb as a doorknob.

Catherine had spelt it out for her but this woman still wouldn't heed her advice. She deserved what she was going through.

Catherine looked as cool and collected as ever. She glanced at a maid who was mopping the floor nearby and said, "See this guest out."

Jocelyn left Catherine's house with the check in hand.

She had made up her mind to keep the child. Her first priority was to return home and provide her growing fetus with nourishment. When she got home, she felt the place was lacking things for a baby so she happily made a trip to the mall.

A shop assistant in the baby product store saw that Jocelyn had been picking items for quite a long time. She smiled and asked, "Miss, do you need my help? Are you looking for products for a boy or a girl?"

The shop assistant looked Jocelyn up and down, thinking that she didn't look like a mother. She asked,

"Or are you picking something out for your friend's child?"

With her arms crossed over her chest, Jocelyn didn't look as humble and pitiful as she had been before Luke and Catherine earlier that morning. She gestured at the baby products on the shelf and said happily, "I want something for my own child. It's a boy. Pack up all the baby products here."

The shop assistant looked at Jocelyn's belly which wasn't showing yet. How could she possibly know whether it was a boy or a girl this early in the pregnancy?

But she had come across many customers who preferred boys to girls. The shop assistant immediately packed the goods up for Jocelyn with a polite smile.

Jocelyn walked out of the shopping mall with her bags of baby products in tow. It wasn't until that moment that she truly felt her pregnancy was true. She could feel that everything had taken a turn for the better. Jocelyn told herself that she could endure anything from then on. After the child was born, she would meet out vengeance for all the humiliation she had suffered today.

There were a lot of people and cars in the business hub in Seacisco. Suddenly, a black car without a license plate drove quickly towards the sidewalk from a distance, ran straight through a red light, and then knocked a woman who was crossing the road with several bags of baby products a few meters away.

Jocelyn was sent to the hospital by a kind-hearted passerby. Although she was not seriously injured, she had suffered a miscarriage.

"How can my baby be gone?" she lamented. She held her aching lower abdomen and screamed loudly into the bed. Her face had an expression of mixed ferocity and desperation. Her eyes were filled with madness after her hopes had been dashed.

Just moments prior to the collision, she was dreaming about the bright future life had in store for her. The next moment, she had fallen into an endless abyss.

No one replied to Jocelyn. They just thought she was venting her sadness and frustration.

A nurse offered her some advice though. "Miss, you just had a miscarriage. You'd better stay in bed to rest."

Regardless of the nurse's dissuasion, Jocelyn got out of bed in a hyped craze and looked for her phone in her bag to call the police.

After several inquiries, she found out that the road was in a blind spot of the surveillance cameras, and the car that hit her had no license. It would be very difficult to find the driver.

Jocelyn held her head and bawled her eyes out in the bed.

"It was probably just an accident, Miss. I'm so sorry. Take it easy. You will fall pregnant in future," the nurse said in a sympathetic, comforting voice. Being a nurse herself, she had seen a lot of women miscarry after a tragic accident.

"No. I won't. It's impossible now!" Jocelyn laughed bitterly and her anguish could be heard in her voice. Her eyes were bloodshot and she had lost her mind.

No matter how stupid she was, she could figure out that it was Luke who was behind it. He didn't want her to give birth to his child. Probably for fear that she wouldn't go and have the abortion, he felt the need to take care of this himself.

He acted like a gentleman all the time, but he was just pretending. He was actually cruel and vicious.

Jocelyn cried out bitterly, "Liar! He's a monster! How could he do such a terrible thing?"

Finally, the extent of Luke's cruelty dawned upon her. She became even more panicked. She didn't have a single soul to rely on anymore, and she had lost her child.

With her last glimmer of hope, Jocelyn called Charis.

She thought that Charis was a simple and unsophisticated woman, so she could still deceive her and pretend to be pitiful in front of her. She genuinely believed that Charis would help her.

She would ask Charis to plead with Luke for mercy. For the sake of his daughter, she believed that Luke would forgive her.

[Chapter 280 Blacklisted](#)

Charis was in a senior executives' meeting when her phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and hesitated.

She was aware that Janet had been saved; the news had been all over TV just a couple of days ago. She had also heard from her father that Fiona had practically disappeared from the face of the earth.

Charis presumed that this was Brandon's doing. After all, she was clear about the dual identities of Ethan. Moreover, she knew Brandon very well. Since Brandon had intervened, she knew that Fiona would be count her blessing if she could come back alive.

Fiona and Jocelyn had tried several times to hurt Janet, and they had failed each attempt. The way that Charis saw it, Jocelyn was pretty much useless without her mother. Charis was already risking a lot, not knowing if Fiona would end up betraying her. She couldn't afford to associate herself with Jocelyn any further.

"Why don't you take that call, Miss Turner?" the man sitting beside her suggested. "Your phone has been ringing incessantly for a while now."

Charis instantly ended the call and put Jocelyn's contact information on her blacklist. She mustered a smile and replied, "It's no one important. Let's carry on, shall we?"

Charis didn't want to have anything to do with the Lind family anymore, especially since Fiona had already been exposed for her crimes. She couldn't risk getting implicated in the other woman's scandal.

Meanwhile, Jocelyn continued to call Charis, but the line was always busy. Bewildered and scared, she curled up into herself. Sweat was beading on her forehead, and the pain in her belly was worsening by the second.

Jocelyn and Charis used to be as close as best friends. She had really thought Charis was a simple, kindhearted woman, but now it seemed that the bitch had only been putting on an act.

Now that she was in trouble, Charis blacklisted her without hesitation.

"That bitch!" Jocelyn almost threw her phone in a fit of anger, but she managed to rein in her emotions.

She couldn't help but feel like an utter fool to have been manipulated by the Turner family. Like father, like daughter indeed.

Jocelyn was still stewing and struggling with her frustration when her phone began to buzz.

It was Bernie calling.

"What's up, Dad?" Jocelyn snapped.

To her dismay, Bernie returned her impatient tone with a furious one. "Where the hell are you? Do you have any idea what your mother has done? Why is she suddenly confessing to the police that she paid to have someone killed? You two are so troublesome! You give me nothing but problems!"

Jocelyn was taken aback by her father's outburst. She scrambled out of bed and stuttered, "I'm in—I'm currently in the hospital. Is... Is mom at the police station? Don't worry, Dad. I'll go and pick her up right away."

In reality, Jocelyn's concern wasn't so much for her mother as it was for herself. She was worried Fiona would drag her into her confession. Jocelyn had to stop her mother before that happened.

"That won't be necessary. The police just called and said that Fiona is being detained and awaiting trial. They said that, given the severity of her crimes, she is likely to be sentenced to death."