

My mute bride

Chapter 461

“In this regard, Julian must be refrained from meddling in the affairs of the Riverdale Charity Foundation.” Given Julian’s current working style, Rachel was well aware that, if he took over the Foundation now, those disadvantaged groups out there which were in need of assistance would be suffering.

Now, Julian was just the same as Ryan since Ryan would only work if he could obtain some sort of benefits from it.

Jolly understood the seriousness of the situation, so she said, “I will convince my father to make the Carter Family vote for Justin.”

Hearing this, Rachel gave her a slight nod. However, she was still worried that everyone at today’s dinner would still end up voting for Julian. If that was the case, all the efforts would be proven futile and be wasted in the end. Just two days before the election, Victor was back from Switzerland.

Before that, Victor was staying in Geneva with Gloria for a couple of days due to Gloria’s concert being postponed for a few days due to the blizzard. Now that the concert was over, Gloria and her orchestra were leaving for the next tour location, which was why Victor came back from Switzerland.

Victor’s flight was in the afternoon. Since Rachel happened to be available, she went to the airport with the driver and picked Victor up.

In the minivan, Victor was so busy with the gifts he brought back from Switzerland. “These are the gifts for Charlotte and Samuel whereas. these are for Jolly, Leroy, and Burton...”

As he blurted out the name Burton, he hesitated for a moment. Then, he looked up and stared at Rachel.

She was aware of who he was about to name, so she changed the subject. “Don’t worry. They are all already labeled with their names, aren’t they? I don’t have anything planned for the afternoon, so I’ll send you back to the school for your meeting first. Then, I’ll send these gifts on your behalf.”

One of the reasons why Victor had to rush back here today was also because the school decided to hold an unexpected training seminar. It was related to his final exams and would affect his grades. So, he had to attend.

“By the way, have you and Gloria had any ideas for your wedding ceremony?” “I’ve gone through a few wedding planning proposals. But I still haven’t figured out which one is better, mainly because I don’t know what

kind of wedding Gloria likes. Do you think we should wait until she comes back and discuss it with her?” Rachel switched on the tablet and added “Speaking of this, Rachel. I was gonna talk to you about this.”

“Go ahead.”

“We are no longer planning to hold a wedding ceremony.”

“Why?” Rachel blurted out. Victor scratched his head in awkwardness and went on to explain, “Gloria feels that a wedding ceremony will just put a lot of people to trouble. Plus, neither of us has many relatives or friends, so we will just replace our wedding with having a meal with our small group of family.”

“No way. Gloria loves romance so much. She once told me that she wants to have a beach wedding. Don’t you know that girls like to lie about what they really want? They tell you that they don’t want you to do something for them because they don’t wanna put you out. But the truth is, deep down, they are hoping that you would do it for them without having the need to tell you to.”

“Really?” “Are you serious? Who do you think knows girls better? You or I?”

At this moment, the way Rachel talked and acted was just like the way Jolly did. She got so fed up with him for being so insensitive about what his girlfriend really wanted. “If you don’t insist on having a wedding ceremony with Gloria now, don’t regret it when Gloria is having one with someone else in the future.”

“That is not going to happen.”

“You’re that confident in yourself, huh?”

“We’ve already registered our marriage.”

“What?” Rachel was staggered. When Victor took a marriage certificate with a church stamp on it out of his bag, the corner of her lips twitched as she questioned, ‘Is marriage just a game for you two? What can this piece of paper prove?’

There was just a church stamp on it, not even an official wedding stamp from the foreign marriage notary public. It was a total absurdity that they considered themselves already married.

“It wasn’t your idea, was it?” Rachel noticed it right away. “It was Gloria’s, Victor responded helplessly.

Gloria had a sudden whim to get married on that day. She said that getting married was something that should only be done at the spur of the moment. So, she dragged him to the nearest church and took the oath. Just like that, they were then announced to be married by the pastor.

“Why didn’t you stop her?” “Rachel, yes, this marriage is not legally valid. But for me, it is a valid one. From the moment that I proposed to her, I have already decided and agreed to take care of her for the rest of my life. I think what she wanted was just a simple request from me and that could make her happy, so I didn’t stop her and I went along with it. Of course, we will also register our marriage domestically later on.”

“But both of us have already felt like a legally married couple.” He chuckled. “Legal my a*s.” Rachel rolled her eyes. “You must have this wedding. You have no say in this. You just have to.”

“Rachel.” “We’ve arrived,” she cut him off angrily as she looked out of the window, attempting to rush Victor to get out of the car. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll have the wedding ceremony all set. Both of you just need to play along with it.”

He had no choice but to get out of the car since the driver had already pulled over. As soon as he got out of the car, Rachel instructed the driver to leave. She really could not wrap her head around the fact that these two kids had done such an unreliable thing.

Although Gloria had no parents, she grew up in the love and care of Justin after all. So, they really should not be doing something that could possibly upset her.

“President Hudson, would you like to go back to the company now or is there somewhere else that you would like to go?”

“Take me to West Magnolia Summer Resort.” Rachel then stared at those gifts by her feet. It was already late afternoon. Justin was having a guest when Rachel arrived.

The new butler of West Magnolia Summer Resort was very young. He was a little clumsy, but enthusiastic. He led Rachel to the side hall and notified, “I’m not sure when Mr. Burton will be done. Please be seated for a moment while I inform him about your visit.” “Don’t worry. There’s no rush.”

The butler left politely. After a while, Justin came running over. “You don’t have to rush.” The tea in her hand was still warm. “Am I interrupting you? If you have something important that you have to attend to, please go ahead and deal with it first.”

“It’s okay, we’re almost done talking. I was having a meeting with President Connor from the Foundation.”

“President Connor is here to discuss the election that is going to be held next Friday afternoon, right? I’m sure he is definitely on your side. Do you know roughly how many people are going to vote for you now?”

“Why are you more worried than President Connor?” Justin sighed, feeling frustrated. “Did you come all the way here just for this?”

“Well, not really.” She held back the worried look. on her back for a little and then pointed at the boxes on the coffee table. “Victor just came back and he asked me to bring you some gifts as a token of appreciation for helping him on his marriage proposal.”

“That is very kind of him. Please thank him for me.” “Thank him? He and Gloria have gotten married in a Swiss church. Are you aware of this?” Hearing the news, Justin was stunned. “When did this happen?”

“A few days ago.”

“Then, the wedding ceremony should be held soon,” he reasoned. Rachel was astounded by his reaction, so she asked, “Why are you taking this seriously?”

“So, did you come to me for this?” He smiled in response. “Yes, and on top of that, they mentioned that they have no intention to have a wedding ceremony at all.”

“Well, it’s better to advise them to really think this through,” he said calmly while taking a sip of his tea before adding, “but we don’t have to worry. It will still not be too late for them to have a wedding ceremony if they end up regretting not having one in the future.”

Hearing this, she was rendered speechless.

She felt that coming to Justin was a mistake. Maybe all men had the same kind of thoughts. They would just do anything to stay out of trouble, even if it was their own biological sister that was being involved.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 462

Rachel, who looked perplexed, eventually uttered, "Not too late to have a wedding ceremony in the future? It's funny how you have the nerve to say this." Justin felt feeble, asking, "What do you think of this then?"

"The wedding ceremony has to take place. Despite the fact that both the bride and groom do not have that many relatives, they still have their friends to invite, right? Like you, me, Jolly, and Hernandez, who are quite close to them. We can even invite Gloria's friends from the orchestra and also Victor's schoolmates to the wedding."

"Hmm. Well then, do you have any ideas on the wedding ceremony if we are really having one?" he asked. She then patiently explained to him about the plans of the wedding ceremony.

Rachel was a traditionalist at heart. When her grandmother was still alive, she was told by her grandmother that a wedding ceremony was a must in a marriage. Her grandmother even mentioned that she was going to walk Rachel down the aisle when Rachel was getting married. Even though her grandmother had passed away, she held her grandmother's words close to her heart.

"The only problem now is actually just about the venue. I was going to ask them where they wanted to have it, but they decided to not have one now."

"I've been thinking about this but I can't seem to figure it out." Rachel let out a sigh. "So, I have to come and discuss it with you."

After all, Justin was Gloria's only relative. "Hold on a second." Then, he stood up and went to his study room. After a while, he returned with a heavy booklet and placed it in front of Rachel, saying, "Please take a look at this."

"This is..." she exclaimed as she opened it. "Previously, I thought that they would want to get engaged first. So, I sought some advice on banquet planning. This summer villa has more than enough space to accommodate all the guests. It is also quite convenient for them to be picked up or dropped off. Since they mentioned that they do not want a wedding, this means that they would want to keep it as simple as possible. What do you think about this?"

Rachel flipped through that big booklet, and the more she read, the happier she became, gasping, "It's very beautiful."

In the booklet, there were two sets of wedding plans—a garden wedding and a church wedding. The summer villa was ideal for a garden wedding because it had a nice and large lawn outside the villa. The villa was also suitable for a church wedding because of its location which was near to a church.

"I think this is wonderful," Her eyes were locked on the booklet, and she was hesitant to close them even though she had finished reading. "When did you arrange this? You should've told us."

"Well, I had plenty of free time." Rachel let out a sigh of relief. "I was just thinking, if you don't take this matter seriously. as well, how am I supposed to plan for the rest of this wedding ceremony?"

"So, do you feel better now?" Justin asked.

"Yes, I feel better now." All of a sudden, a knock on the door interrupted their conversation. "Sir, do you want to have dinner now or later?' Justin's butler, Franco, inquired.

Hearing this, Justin and Rachel both looked at their watches at the same time. Without them even noticing, it was already past 6.00PM. The sun had set, and it was getting dark outside.

"I'll leave now," she said. "Miss Hudson, are you not staying for dinner? Sir had instructed the chef to prepare extra dishes," Franco asked curiously. She was a little taken aback. Hearing the question, Justin frowned as he shot a glance at Franco.

Justin did tell the chef to make a few extra dishes in case Rachel stayed for dinner. However, the way Franco phrased it made it sound as if they were forcing her to stay. But what was said could never be easily undone.

"I have a new chef. He's only been here two days, so I asked him to prepare a few more dishes for the taste test. He's already been making extra dishes since the past few days, not just today. Do you want to try the dishes. together if you have time? You can give your opinion on those foods."

"No, it's getting late. I'll come by on Friday and bring Charlotte and Samuel over. They'll be delighted to be your taste testers, Rachel rejected as she looked at the sky outside which was getting darker.

When Justin heard her rejection, he nodded slightly. Disappointment flashing across his face as he lowered his head.

After she left, Franco couldn't help but wonder, "Sir, you obviously wanted Miss Hudson to stay for dinner. Why did you ask her if she wanted to taste test those dishes? Women love blatant favoritism. She certainly would be mad at you if you acted like that. So, why would she stay?"

Justin didn't make any explanations; rather, he simply said, 'Please make an appointment with the banquet planner tomorrow.'

Franco had no idea what had happened between Justin and Rachel in the past. He could never understand why the more Justin expressed his favoritism and love for her, the more she would try to stay away from Justin.

As he watched Justin leave, he scratched his head, puzzled. Was it because the so-called charm of a mature man always had to be so enigmatic?

His charm, however, was pointless because he was still single after all. He couldn't even persuade his ex-wife to join him for dinner! Very soon, Friday afternoon arrived. The charitable foundation's election began as scheduled.

Jolly and Rachel were both dressed formally when they arrived at the venue. "My father said he will vote for Justin, but I don't see much hope."

Julian has been busy socializing for the past two weeks, and he has contacted almost 99 percent of the people who attended the election today. He tried to convince them to vote for him by telling them that once he takes over the foundation, the reputation of their companies would definitely be boosted in the market. He painted a rosy picture of it. I believe that the vast majority of these people will vote for him," Jolly whispered to Rachel from their seats.

Julian's strength, according to my father, is that he didn't do anything himself. Instead, he let Robin handle the matters. Therefore, even if the means that they used are deplorable, he will still have a scapegoat when something goes down in the future."

"How did I not realize Julian is so cunning?". Jolly grumbled, adding, "If I had known, we would have canvassed for Justin. My father said there might be chances of success if we do it a week earlier."

"We've done our best. Let's leave the rest to fate, Rachel replied with a frown. She would not assist Justin in canvassing votes even if it was a week earlier. She backed him up just to bolster her position. The initial goal of the charitable foundation was not to raise funds, but to help those underprivileged. Julian presented everyone a rosy picture of how the future would be if they voted for him. If those people listened, the foundation would be doomed, and she would definitely quit the foundation.

A voice came from the microphone out of the blue to remind everyone to maintain order, and it was followed by an opening speech by the foundation's director.

"After our thorough evaluation, three candidates who are suitable to lead our foundation have finally been selected."

They were introduced one by one, and the crowd gave a thunderous applause. During Julian's introduction, the host mentioned that he was previously the resident doctor of Tran-Q, and Rachel froze for a moment upon hearing this. It seemed like a lifetime ago

when she saw the familiar back in the front row. “Next, let us welcome all candidates running for the election to give their speeches.”

A figure walked up the stairs unhurriedly, it was in a different manner than in the past. Her brows furrowed tightly. She could only hear Jolly’s voice summarizing Julian’s speech, “His. speech revolves around the foundation’s charitable measures, and he acquitted himself well. It’s very easy to be duped by his words if it weren’t for my father, who knows about the inside story”

“I believe I will fully fulfill the role of the foundation in giving back to society and promoting social welfare to benefit more people in need, Julian said into the microphone. Following his speech, tumultuous applause erupted.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 463

Julian’s speech was extremely inciting and inspiring, particularly to the stakeholders in the audience who were drawn to his glamourized promises. In addition, the philanthropists whom he never interacted with were moved by his speech as well. “I don’t think we’ll stand a chance.”

“Where is Justin? He shouldn’t have been eliminated in the first round of internal elections, right?” Jolly said while clapping her hands.

“That’s impossible,” Rachel said as she looked around the candidate seating area, but Justin was nowhere to be found. He was highly regarded by the foundation’s president that he could not be defeated in the first round of internal elections.

Jolly refused to believe it, so she assured, “Perhaps President Connor wants to save his face. Do you think there will be a campaign meeting like this if in any case, Justin is reinstated with all honesty?”

The Foundation Supervisory Committee wronged him because of public opinion in the previous case, so his name was removed. However, Justin should arguably be reinstated once the truth had been revealed.

Rachel felt guilty at the thought of this. After all, it was Jessica who started the trouble and Julian was at the root of it.

“Hey, now that the second one is over, should Justin be next?” Jolly’s remark snapped her out of her reverie. Rachel stared at the stage, feeling perplexed. “What’s going on?”

Jolly patted her hand and said, "What did I say? Justin must've been eliminated in the first round of the internal elections! What is going on with the Foundation's old men?"

Rachel was in disbelief. He was clearly recommended by President Connor, and only a total of five people signed up. Who could be compared to Justin after a thorough evaluation? How could he have been eliminated in the Supervisory Committee's first round of selection?

She was still in shock when Jolly suddenly grabbed her sleeve, saying, "Chris, look! My dad sent me a message."

The chat interface with Mr. Carter was displayed on Jolly's mobile phone screen. Leaving aside the emoticons and stickers they sent to each other, the final sentence caught her eyes: 'Julian bribed the committees.'

Rachel's expression instantly changed when she saw that.

"Hey, where are you going?" Jolly wasn't able to stop Rachel from leaving the venue with her phone in her hand.

When Rachel exited the venue, she immediately made a phone call standing in the corridor near the entrance. "Mr. Carter, it's me."

"Oh, Chris," Richard responded, thereafter adding, "You saw the message I sent to Jolly. didn't you?"

"Yeah, I saw it." She then looked around to ensure no one was around before lowering her voice and asked, "Did Julian really bribe the committee? Is this true?"

"I wouldn't have told Jolly if it's not true."

"How did you find out?" A total of seven people took part in the Supervisory Committee's inspection round. As long as three of them did not vote for Justin, he would be eliminated and would be deemed completely ineligible for the election.

"Mr. Kodi of the Supervisory Committee was drinking tea with me and happened to touch on this subject. Robin went looking for his wife. His mother almost took bribes if she hadn't been careful, and several of them are most likely being offered bribery the same way."

There was an unfamiliar voice on the other end of the phone and it sounded a little helpless. "My mother had no idea. She thought she could make a pickle jar out of a porcelain vase from the earlier era, but thankfully my wife discovered it early, so she quickly returned it. Otherwise, she would be forced to accept bribes with no other options."

Listening to Richard's words, Rachel felt a chill on the back of her neck and she clenched her fists tightly. It was all Julian's doing.

Right after she hung up the phone, there was a creak behind her, and the door to the corridor was pushed open. Her pupils dilated as she met the other pair of eyes.

"You saw that. I'm determined to win today's election, Julian boasted cockily. "Are you truly content to bribe the committees and flaunt it in front of me?"

"In my opinion, there is nothing wrong with this. Since it is a competition, everyone can use different strategies to win. Shouldn't you support me?"

"Support you?" Rachel echoed. At that point, she was flabbergasted.

"Isn't your displeasure related to my selfishness? I will do exactly what I said as long as I am in charge of the foundation and I will do it better than Justin," Julian stated flatly.

Hearing that, she realized she was powerless at this point. "I hope you can follow through on what you say. Anyone can manage this foundation if the lives of those vulnerable groups are guaranteed."

"I will." He smirked, which made her shudder. There were no shortcuts in this world. If one were to take the so-called shortcuts, they would no longer be down to earth because they would always believe that everything could be solved through other means. Would Julian truly support those marginalized groups with all his heart?

Rachel was entirely skeptical. When Jolly appeared, there was a voting session in progress inside the venue. "Chris, who should we vote for? Should we just vote for one of the three randomly?"

Rachel glanced at the time, unsure of what to expect. The final outcome had already been announced, and Julian's name was unmistakably enunciated from President Connor's lips. Julian took the stage amid the thunderous applause to accept the vice chairman's seal and letter of appointment.

From the beginning to the end of the election, Justin did not appear at all. "Let's go," Rachel's last glimmer of hope was lost and she removed her gaze from the stage to leave.

The foundation rented the school's auditorium, which was packed with speakers. Rachel and Jolly walked around the floor to the elevator entrance, but they couldn't get away from the 3D surround sound of Julian's thank you speech.

The elevator finally arrived with a 'ding' and his speech came to an end as well. "Wait a minute. Before we end, I would like to make one more announcement." President Connor's frail voice came over the loudspeaker. "For many years, I have been preparing

for the position of foundation president. I've been feeling overwhelmed in recent years, so I'd like to recommend a new person to take over."

Hearing this, Rachel and Jolly both came to a halt. "Speaking of which, this newcomer isn't so new, and everyone knows who it is." The uproar erupted unexpectedly and nearly toppled the entire venue.

"No way! There can't be such a big plot twist of the century, can it?" Jolly's eyes widened. She was astounded while looking straight at Rachel, wondering if the other woman had the same guess.

Rachel turned to face the loudspeaker, and the next thing she knew, she heard a familiar voice being broadcasted. The voice was not strident; it was calm and powerful, overpowering the chaos in the audience.

"Hello everyone. Thank you for your adoration, President Connor and the seniors of the Supervisory Committee..."

Justin, who was dressed in a sharp-looking suit, was standing next to President Connor in the auditorium at this moment. In a calm tone, he explained, "I believe everyone is most concerned about the previous big case, and I would like to provide a clear explanation about it in order to avoid suspicion in my future work

Julian stood beneath the stage, his fists clenched and veins bulging as he stared intently at Justin.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 464

"Are you sure you don't want to go back and take a look?" Rachel had already gotten into her car in the parking lot, but Jolly kept urging her to return and take a look.

"Nope." "Isn't this the outcome you desired? Julian has been appointed vice president, and Justin is able to take over the foundation. Both parties have received what they desired."

"Don't you think it will be awkward for me to show up right now?" Rachel asked as she gripped the steering wheel firmly.

“No.” “Okay. I admit it’s a little awkward.” Jolly blinked and finally answered honestly when she saw Rachel’s stern and questioning expression. “You’re just a bystander watching the fun, so you don’t think it’s a big deal.”

“I obviously want to see Julian’s face right now. His tricks are used up, and his cleverness has overreached itself. If I get a chance to see him, I have to beat him up because he will ruin our friendship if he continues to act this way.”

“Put on your seat belt, Rachel reminded Jolly as she drove the car out of the parking lot. At this point, everyone in the auditorium had dispersed.

“Julian,” Justin summoned him. Julian’s footstep came to a halt, and he only turned around after a second, thereafter saying, “Is there something wrong?”

“I think we should talk.” “What should we talk about? Are you going to give me orders right now and tell me about the charitable foundation’s future development goals? Or do you want to teach me how to run and manage a foundation like you did before?”

Nobody expected Justin to appear and report as the chairman. Furthermore, his debriefing speech did not contain any false hope or empty words. He took a different approach by discussing the foundation’s operation management and profit model.

Julian was enraged as he recalled Justin’s appearance on stage just now. It was unexpected for the old man, President Connor, to resign and appoint the next candidate.

Julian had been crushed. The title of vice president of the foundation was like a slap in the face for him, a heavy slap in the face in front of the crowd.

Justin scowled. “Julian, regardless of the process, the end result is out. If you are still not convinced, you can file a complaint about my dismissal with the supervisory committee, just as you did when you were a member of the Burtons.”

Hearing that, Julian snorted in response. “This is not the Burtons. You have President Connor’s support in terms of seniority. It’s pointless for me to file a complaint. The rules themselves are unjust.”

“Are you talking about justice now?” Justin was irritated by Julian’s attitude. “Do you believe your campaign is being conducted fairly?”

This was exactly what Justin wanted to discuss with Julian. If Julian continued to allow Robin to act in such despicable and dirty ways, the Burton Family’s reputation would be ruined sooner or later.

“You can’t keep acting like this, Julian. Robin must be terminated. The Burtons have a wide network, but these contacts have been accumulated over several generations and

through word-of-mouth strategies in growing the Burtons business. Those are the pillars.”

“Enough!” Julian cast a cold glance at Justin and exclaimed, “I know you pretty well. How many times have you achieved your goals unscrupulously? Do you think I’m clueless? Now, you’re putting on a show and teaching me a lesson? For whom are you doing this?”

Justin had his fists clenched tightly. “Watch your tone! You have no right to lecture me because we are essentially the same type of person-hypocritical and self-centered. The only difference is that I’ve been using moral disguise for a long time, whereas you just started using it. However, a disguise remains a disguise, and you can’t pretend for the rest of your life like I did.”

With this, Julian turned and walked away. “You are not such a person,” Justin said as he followed suit. “Even if I were the type of person you described, you would not be one.”

“Don’t pretend to know me well!” Julian clenched his fists and hollered. Justin frowned tightly as he looked at Julian disappearing quickly from the auditorium’s entrance.

“President Burton, President Peters is already like this, you don’t have to waste your breath. Once a person has been corrupted by the desire for power and money, it is difficult for him to repent, Frankie approached Justin and said. Some things were irreversible.

“He has been suppressed for too long and needs a place to vent,” Justin explained. “Suppressed? He was raised in the Burtons as a child, just like you. He was unconcerned about food or clothing, and he excelled in all areas. When he returned from his studies abroad, he quickly rose to prominence as a surgeon. What makes such a life depressing?”

Frankie believed that if Julian’s smooth and successful life was considered suppressing, ordinary people would be depressed and they might as well die.

Justin glowered upon hearing that. Perhaps it was such a living environment that suppressed him. On the other end, a black minivan swerved into Riverdale traffic.

“President Peters, where are we going?” the driver questioned from the driver’s seat. Julian looked out the window at the high-rise buildings that lined up one after the other. He could buy the properties whenever he wanted.

Despite his wealth, he did not receive what he desired. As a result, the more he was able to obtain, the more unclear he was on what he wanted. Instead, he yearned for the good old days when he was in the hospital.

“Take me to Tran-Q.”

The driver was silent. The following two days were the weekend. Rachel had sent Charlotte and Samuel to the summer resort. Since the wedding was going to be held at the resort, she took the wedding planner there to observe the venue on Saturday and Sunday.

“Miss Hudson, we can build an oriental archi here to echo the landscape in the background.” “Oh, I was about to tell you to consider a Western-style lawn wedding ceremony. The bride is reluctant to wear an oriental-style gown.”

“Why? The traditional wedding garment is stunning. Aren’t you satisfied with the stores I previously recommended to you?” Rachel was looking at Justin helplessly, unsure how to explain the situation to the wedding planner.

Did she have to tell the planner that the bride had a trauma from watching oriental horror films? And that when she saw the red veil, she would have a conditioned reflex which led to nightmares?

This was also something she learned from Victor the day before. If she was made aware of this two days later, the traditional gown might have already been tailored. At this time, Justin said, “An oriental style is simpler. Everything should be simple.”

As soon as the planner saw his icy expression, she replied honestly, “Yes, simplicity it is. It’s best to keep it simple.”

Several people were discussing the layout of the venue when Jolly shouted excitedly from a distance, “Chris, it’s snowing!”

Rachel was startled by her scream and subconsciously extended her hand. Indeed, two snowflakes then landed on her palm. She raised her head and noticed snowflakes falling from the sky.

The first snowfall of the year had been long. overdue. ‘It would be lovely if it snows on the wedding day, Rachel said. “It would be quite cold,” the planner joked, adding, “I’m afraid the bride won’t be able to stand it.”

At this moment, Justin voiced up, “Simply remove the dress and replace it with a military coat to shield her from the cold. It’s more practical.”

A military coat?

“Pfft!” Rachel couldn’t hold herself back and laughed out loud.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Read Chapter 465

Chapter 465

Rachel wondered how Gloria would react if she heard it. Naturally, the wedding gown must still be tailored. Even though everything had been simplified according to Gloria's intention, it was still a collection-level work that had been hand-stitched by the best tailors.

They couldn't stay outdoors for long because the snow was getting heavier. Rachel and the others had no choice but to return inside. The floor-to-ceiling windows were misted in white.

Charlotte, who was napping, awoke for unknown reasons. Ignoring the servant's cries, she dashed out of the room and rummaged through the boxes to look for her little leather boots. Then, she sat on the carpet to put them on.

"What are you doing, Charlotte?" Rachel was confused. "Are you going out?" The child nodded and with an innocent face, she said, 'Mommy, I'm off to have a snowball fight! You promised to play with me!'

"The snow hasn't accumulated yet, so we can't have a snowball fight," Rachel responded helplessly.

"What?" Charlotte was stunned for a moment. She then removed her half-worn boots, leaving them on her instep, looking desolated. "When will we be able to play in the snow?"

"Let's wait until evening." Rachel was unsure too, so she looked out the window and said, "I don't know how long this snow will last, or how heavy it will fall."

"If it continues to snow like this, two hours will suffice," Justin said as he approached. "Charlotte, go ahead and play with Samuel first. I'll call you later."

"Okay." Charlotte agreed despite her reluctance. After all, being reluctant was pointless at this time, so she put on her boots and lay in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows in the backyard, blinking her big eyes and gazing at the snowflakes outside. "I've never seen her so interested in snow," Justin said helplessly..

Jolly, who was drinking tea, observed the situation and laughed. "Those who didn't know would think it was a child from the south who had never seen snow before."

"I guess I'll stay here for dinner today because it's snowing so hard." Jolly deliberately blinked at him, saying, "You won't mind, will you, Justy?"

Rachel almost spit out the tea because Jolly called him Justy. When has Jolly become so acquainted with Justin?

Meanwhile, Justin didn't seem to object to the way Jolly addressed him. Instead, he replied calmly, "The chef is preparing our dinner. If it snows heavily, both of you can spend the night here."

Rachel did not reject his suggestion because Jolly was present. "By the way, how long does it take for Gloria to return? Can the custom-made wedding gown be tailored in time?"

"Yes. She has just completed her tour, so she'll probably be back before New Year's Eve." Jolly nodded upon hearing that. "When is the wedding being held? Is it on the sixth or eighth day of the month?"

"On the sixth day." Rachel was concerned that if it was held too late, Victor's colleagues from his school would be unable to attend. After all, school was about to reopen, and they would be extremely busy.

However, Jolly was not really paying attention to anything regarding Gloria's wedding. She had repeatedly asked Rachel about the wedding date, but she couldn't remember anything. As such, Rachel predicted that Jolly would ask her about it again in two days.

Snowflakes fluttered outside, but the house was warm. It seemed like the outdoors and indoors were two completely different worlds, yet they blended well.

In the house, Jolly and Rachel were conversing casually. Justin, on the other hand, was leaning back against the sofa, reading the newspaper.

At this time, Samuel was up, and he was dragged by Charlotte to accompany her to sit on the carpeted floor in front of the bed and watch the snow fall outside. Everyone was having a good time doing their own thing.

All of a sudden, Jolly took notice of Justin's newspaper; it was the entertainment page. She couldn't help but complain, "How many wives does this gambling king have? He brought women home one by one despite his old age. Every two months, it seems like the news reports him bringing a woman home."

Rachel took a glance at the newspaper, and saw the news about the marriage of a ninety-year-old gambling king and a nineteen-year-old girl, and then said, "I heard that he had twelve wives. This should be the thirteenth, right?"

“The old man is ninety years old and is still in excellent health.” “I suppose they’re just taking what they need. Nobody will believe that a nineteen-year-old girl will marry an elderly man out of love. Even if the king of gambling lives to the age of a hundred, the girl will be able to inherit his assets at the age of twenty-nine.”

“Forget it. Twelve wives and numerous sons and daughters, not to mention illegitimate children, will cause problems. They will definitely fight to death during their battle for inheritance.”

Jolly was peeling oranges, and the aroma of orange peels filled the entire house. “It’s called polygamy. It’s perfectly legal and even normal for him to have so many wives.” Justin spoke up abruptly.

“Well, who would want to share their husband with other women?” Jolly asked indifferently. Hearing that, Justin paused for a moment before asking, “Will you marry the gambling king’s son right now?”

“Of course not. Do I look like I am crazy for money? Why would I bother marrying him?” Jolly responded as she rolled her eyes. “I’ll have you know that being unfaithful is a genetic inheritance.”

Jolly had no idea that when she said these words seriously, someone filming in Hollywood was sneezing repeatedly. “What if the gambling king’s sixth son marries you?” Rachel inquired.

“I might think about it,” Jolly blurted. She was a total face-judge. Despite her complaints about the gambling king’s family’s chaos, she wasn’t dismissive of his sons’ appearances, particularly his sixth son, who was drop dead gorgeous. This was her motivation for keeping the news subscription.

Right then, Rachel paused the recording with a beep and waved her phone in front of Jolly, proclaiming, “I’ve recorded it! I’ll send the recording to Leroy so he can listen. You unfaithful woman!”

“You’re despicable! I just said it casually, so please delete it!” Jolly gasped, her eyes widening. “You’re literally casually spitting sincere words.”

“Nonsense! Delete it. Hand over the phone.” With that said, Jolly quickly grabbed Rachel’s phone and threw her onto the sofa. “Hey, don’t touch me! It tickles!”

Rachel was losing control of her body, which wriggled instinctively, and she was struggling to catch her breath from laughing. “Are you going to delete it?”

“Hahaha... Let go of me, alright? I’ll delete it. Let go... Haha...”

Where there was life, there was hope. Rachel was unconcerned that Jolly, who was so outspoken, would not be able to provide her with opportunities to record her words and extort her again in the future.

In the end, Rachel deleted the video in front of Jolly. Rachel was laughing so hard that her cheeks hurt, and her flushed face left an indelible impression on Justin.

He had never seen her happier.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 466

Despite Justin's desire not to disrupt the two women, he still inquired, "How have you and Leroy been?"

"We're in a long-distance relationship. What else can I do?" Jolly shrugged helplessly. "My big star is extremely busy. I only saw him once after I returned from Switzerland. After that, he started filming."

"You can visit him on the shooting site," Rachel suggested. "No. I'm too busy, so I'll decide based on my moods." "I can't believe you're taking my words seriously."

Rachel was too tired to talk to her. When Jolly tackled her earlier, Rachel nearly twisted her waist. Therefore, she got up from the sofa and stretched her neck. Walking over to the window, she gazed out at the snow.

The snow outside had accumulated to a thick layer while they were chatting. A few red plum trees bloomed beautifully in the snow in the backyard. It would be nice if I could cut a few branches and put them in a bottle to add a special touch to the house. When Rachel thought of that, the corner of her eyes caught a glimpse of white light.

She was startled and when she turned her head, she saw a bouquet of white roses in buds in a blue-and-white porcelain vase next to the curtain of the floor-to-ceiling windows, on the high table made out of pure wood.

The flowers appeared to be of the same breed as the ones she had at home. Rachel suddenly remembered something, and her train of thought was reconnected. She turned around and looked in the direction of the sofa, her gaze complicated.

Justin was still questioning Jolly about Leroy's disappearance during filming when Franco rushed over and reported, "Sir, President Connor is here."

President Connor? Rachel was surprised. President Connor was in his seventies, so what was he doing in the suburbs on this snowy day?

Justin cast a glance at them. "Don't worry about us. President Connor is probably looking for you for something important, so go ahead and handle it," Rachel reassured him.

"Then I'll go ahead."

"Okay." After Justin left, she took a look at the white roses again, feeling confused. The snow was getting heavier and Charlotte couldn't wait any longer, so she ran over to Rachel and said, "Can we have a snowball fight outside now, Mommy? Has it been two hours already?"

Her daughter made Rachel come back to her senses and she glanced at the snow outside, saying, "It should be fine. Get dressed warmly, everyone. Don't catch a cold."

"Yeah! Let's have a snowball fight!" Charlotte ran off obediently to put on a coat, and she ran quickly despite her short legs. On the other hand, the Burton Group, Julian slammed the phone down on the desk after answering a call.

"What's the deal, Julian? What happened?" Robin, who was sipping his tea, jumped at the slam. "Because of the avalanche disaster in Baybrook, President Connor went looking for Justin at West Magnolia Summer Resort," Julian said as his gaze became dark..

"The old man is still very energetic to travel that far." Julian gave him a terrifyingly cold look upon hearing his words. Robin couldn't help but shiver and grumbled to himself, Are you upset because President Connor visited Justin?

However, that was not the case. The campaign election was only two days ago. Julian had already decided to drop the subject There were so many things he could be doing, and he didn't have to focus solely on the charitable foundation.

However, he recently received a few photos, which were taken while bringing the children to the summer resort in the past two days.

Julian's fist clenched as he remembered the photo of Rachel laughing and playing with her kids. This was exactly what Justin told him. Did he still stand a chance?

"I will donate 20 million to the foundation for avalanche disaster relief work in Baybrook." "Is this necessary?" Robin asked, dumbfounded.

Robin was hesitant to pay for charity, but seeing Julian's awful expression, he quickly changed his mind and commented, 'I'll inform the finance department now.' "No. We are donating 20 million worth of goods."

His words rendered Robin speechless. On the other end, President Connor came to visit Justin to discuss the snow disaster in Baybrook.

"I had a premonition during the cold wave that there would be snow disasters in Baybrook, as it happens almost every year. However, I didn't expect it to be so severe this year. Many people in the mountains had their homes destroyed by the avalanche. As the temperature rises, the likelihood of various problems will increase-

President Connor, who was in his seventies, was still in good spirits to go around and provide assistance for the disaster victims..

Justin felt sorry for him, so he said, "You are not required to come here in person. I'm already in the midst of handling this issue. The foundation is raising funds all over the place, and the first shipment of supplies has already been distributed."

"It's far from sufficient." President Connor motioned with his hand, adding, "You're not in Baybrook, so you're unaware of how bad things

are. According to a friend who lives there, countless houses have collapsed due to heavy snow, and the hospital is too late to accommodate the injured. They are in desperate need of medical supplies. Many people will freeze to death outside on such a cold day."

"I'll find a solution for the medical supplies," Justin said with a slight frown. The foundation did not lack funds, but in the face of natural disasters, donations had little impact. The most important aspect was supplies, particularly medical ones.

After President Connor left, Justin finally exited the study room. It was already evening and dinner was ready. Rachel and Jolly had returned with the kids after they got changed.

"What happened? Did President Connor leave? Did he not stay for dinner?" Justin then explained the snowstorm happening in Baybrook. "President Connor has other commitments. I'm not joining you for dinner as well. I have to leave now to attend to some business."

Seeing Justin leaving in a hurry, Rachel made a phone call immediately. "Please look into the inventory in the warehouse. Contact the Riverdale Charity Foundation and let them donate all of the medical supplies, excluding the ordered goods."

She then hung up the phone. Jolly called her father as well, asking if he could offer some assistance. Over the next few days, the overwhelming news was broadcasting the disaster relief work at Baybrook.

At Hudson Pharmaceuticals, Jolly checked the warehouse inventory and reported the status of donation and delivery to Rachel. “Everything that can be delivered is delivered.” “Did you allow the warehouse to increase production?”

“Yes. All production lines are in full operational capacity.” Jolly set the folder down before saying, “I heard Justin traveled to Baybrook. Is he crazy? The snowstorm was severe, causing landslides, and an unknown number of houses have collapsed. Many areas are inaccessible even to cars.”

“The president of the foundation has to be a good example, so not everyone can be like him,” Rachel said.

This was unavoidable. Justin had to sacrifice as much as the amount of honor he received. As Rachel was speaking, her phone rang abruptly; it was a call from Frankie.

She expected him to report the arrival of the supplies, but as soon as the call was connected, all she heard was Frankie’s anxious voice. “President Hudson, how much winter clothing is there in Hudson Pharmaceuticals?”

“What’s the matter? Didn’t you already send a batch?” “The truck rolled over halfway through our second batch of supplies, and everything is gone.” Frankie was about to cry at that point.

“When did it happen?” Rachel asked as her heart skipped a beat. “It happened last night. President Burton suppressed the news, saying he was afraid it would cause panic, but now the second batch of supplies has been delayed, and the townspeople are starving and freezing at the disaster relief point. They are stopping President Burton from leaving. Everyone is going to die if things continue to go south.”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 467

“Where are you now? How are things going?” “We’re still in the mountains. The situation is dire as the medical supplies and basic necessities are running low, and the townspeople are fierce.”

Clamorous voices could be heard on the other end of the phone, as if someone was looting something. “As soon as we heard the news, we contacted the foundation for new supplies, but President Burton was trapped and the medical personnel who arrived to assist were also stopped by these townspeople.”

“But all the remaining medical supplies from Hudson Pharmaceuticals have been donated,” Rachel grumbled.

“Don’t fight! Don’t fight! Everyone has a share!” “What did you just say, President Hudson? It’s too loud here and I didn’t hear you.”

Rachel was about to say something when she hesitated for a brief moment. Then, she responded, “I said that I’ll find a way.”

“Thank you so much.”

“Please be careful.”

And the call was then hung up. No one could imagine how bad things were over there. Jolly had been next to Rachel and upon seeing the latter hanging up the phone, Jolly immediately inquired, “What’s going on? Is it true that all of the supplies have been depleted? I’ll keep track of how much supplies we’ve donated...”

“Forget it. Justin traveled to the most distant location. Even the medical team’s personnel were hesitant to travel to that remote ravine. The supplies allocated there were scarce. Moreover, a truck transporting all of the supplies rolled over halfway,” Rachel explained.

The truck had rolled over on the mountain road on such a snowy day, which already meant that the people were lucky to be alive. How could they care about the goods when human lives were so much more important?

“Jolly, please contact the marketing department first and inquire whether the medical supplies available can be delivered to the disaster area. We will make every effort to extend those orders to our customers later.”

Jolly was also unequivocal when it came to human life. Hence, she replied, “It is not impossible to discuss extensions with customers. After all, we are dealing with human lives. However, the liquidated damages are still quite high, so it would be great to avoid taking this step unless absolutely necessary.”

Hudson Pharmaceuticals’ capital chain rupture issue remains unresolved... Well, I’ll ask a few other pharmaceutical plants regarding this. Spending extra money to purchase medical supplies from other companies to be donated is still preferable to losing our customers’ trust.”

"I'll go with you," Rachel said as she grabbed her coat and car keys. Although there were numerous pharmaceutical manufacturing plants in Riverdale, Rachel and Jolly's effort to visit several plants were frivolous.

"President Hudson, it's not that we are not willing to give you assistance. It's just that the rest of our stocks were purchased."

"Did someone purchase them?" Rachel was dubious. "How is that possible, Mr. Montel? Your inventory has always been the largest."

"Ahem!" Jolly eyed her as she faked a cough. The way Rachel phrased it sounded like she was saying Mr. Montel's business was bad and his inventory was overstocked, which was something Rachel would do when she was not thinking straight.

On the other hand, Rachel didn't bother to ponder about it, and Mr. Montel didn't seem to mind either. "Are you unaware of this, President Hudson? The Burton Group purchased the medical supplies to be donated to the Baybrook's victims," he said, feeling perplexed. "The Burton Group?" Rachel froze for a moment before she felt some hope. 'Really?'

"Of course it's true! The contract has already been signed in black and white. Although they have not yet gathered all of the supplies, I believe they will distribute them in batches. After all, it's snowing heavily right now, which makes travel difficult."

After leaving the pharmaceutical factory, Rachel had a ray of hope. "The Burtons have donated 20 million to this charitable cause. Regardless of their disagreements with Justin, Julian is still very trustworthy in this situation." Jolly made a remark.

"I'll call Julian now and ask him to distribute some of the supplies to Justin's disaster relief area," Rachel said as she gave a slight nod. She quickly dialed Julian's number in the car, and the call was immediately connected.

"Hello?" A slightly hoarse voice came from the other end of the phone. 'Julian, I need your assistance. Is there any medical supplies left for the disaster relief in Baybrook?'

"There are still some left, but they will be shipped to Baybrook tomorrow. What's the matter?"

"Could you distribute some to Greensborough?" "Greensborough?" Julian queried before adding, "There's no shortage of supplies in Greensborough, if I'm not mistaken. We sent the second batch of supplies the day before yesterday, and the foundation is in charge of the location."

"Didn't Frankie inform you?"

"What do you mean?"

“The truck transporting the supplies overturned.” “What?” Julian’s voice tightened. “When did it occur? Why hadn’t anyone informed me? Is everyone okay?”

“It happened last night.” Rachel inhaled deeply as she continued, “I don’t know what happened because the driver in charge of transportation was taken to the hospital. I guess the situation is too chaotic, so they’re too busy to inform you.”

“I’m the vice president, so such a big issue should be reported to me,” Julian chided. “We have no time to discuss this right now, Julian. Can you distribute your medical supplies?”

Rachel pleaded with him anxiously. “Yeah. No problem, I’ll order them to send out a batch.” Julian answered.

“Thank you.” “Why are you thanking me? This is precisely what the foundation should do. I would have done it sooner if I had known, without needing you to seek me out.”

Hearing that, Rachel breathed a sigh of relief. After hanging up, she informed Jolly that the situation had been resolved.

Jolly, who was well aware of the entire situation, grumbled, “Frankie should have told Julian first about such a big matter instead of you. After all, Julian is the foundation’s vice president, and he will undoubtedly assist in finding a solution.”

Personal grievances remained personal, but this was a matter of life and death. “I assumed he was too preoccupied. The Burton Group has donated 20 million worth of supplies, and Frankie may have been unaware that they had supplies on hand,” Rachel stated, supportive of Frankie.

“Well, that’s true, but I’m not sure why Julian bought all the medical supplies from all the pharmaceutical factories in Riverdale using the Burtons’ name. Why didn’t he use the name of the foundation if he’s making donations? Is it for the sake of establishing a good reputation?”

Rachel was stunned for a moment. Unknowingly, she became uneasy as a result of Jolly’s words. He had already gained a good reputation by donating 20 million worth of medical supplies. However, purchasing all the medical supplies in Riverdale didn’t appear to be the cherry on top for Julian’s reputation..

At this time at the Burton Group, Robin could be heard questioning Julian after the latter hung up the phone. “Julian, are you really planning to send a batch of medical supplies to Greensborough?”

“No. Send out the remaining supplies to any disaster-affected locations in Riverdale as soon as possible before dusk today, except for Greensborough.”

“How are you going to explain that to Rachel?”

“It was too late when I directed my subordinates to the warehouse to transfer the goods. All the supplies have been distributed in accordance with the original plan. Isn’t there always a time lag between notification and arrival?” Julian stated quietly.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 468

“Is President Peters willing to help?” Frankie sounded bewildered as he reconfirmed with Rachel. “Did he say that the Burton Group has extra goods held in store?” “Yes. I’ve called him and I’m very sure. The shipment will arrive there as soon as tomorrow night.”

“That’s amazing! President Hudson, you’ve really helped us big time. Do you know that President Burton is being confined in the community hall by these people? Even the village chief can’t stop them. I’m still trying to reach an agreement with them.”

Although Rachel was shocked to hear the news, she asked Frankie to appease the townspeople and not to worry too much about it. “Oh, and what about the driver? Any updates?”

“He’s fine. It’s just some minor injuries. He was in a hospital in Baybrook City last night, but he’s been sent to a hospital in Riverdale for further check-up.

“Okay.” After hanging up the call, she looked at the road. “Jolly, could you accompany me to the hospital?”

“Why?” “Frankie told me that the driver was sent to Riverdale last night. He’s not seriously injured, but I would like to visit him. I think I should buy some things before visiting.”

As of now, Rachel had two things to settle- firstly, to comfort the driver and his family, and secondly, to have a discussion with his family about releasing a more appropriate article.

The situation in Baybrook City had exceeded their expectations. Relying on the foundation alone was not enough to help everyone. Even some secluded areas were

unable to receive global attention and hence, the lack of help. Thus, Rachel figured that releasing an article would be able to alleviate the problem.

After a thirty minute drive, Jolly and Rachel arrived at the hospital to search for the driver. The heavy snowfall had increased the rate of traffic accidents, thereby causing the hospital to be inundated with patients.

Jolly simply grabbed one of the nurses to ask for the driver's room number before rushing over with Rachel. As soon as Jolly exited the elevator, Rachel tugged her over.

"What's wrong?" Rachel's eyes darkened as her gaze landed upon a silhouette across the other side of the corridor.

Jolly noticed the person as well. "What's he doing here?" It was Robin, who entered the patient room they were heading to right in front of their eyes.

Jolly became frantic. "This rascal is seriously everywhere. Is he trying to take advantage of the situation? I'll take a look."

"Jolly, wait up!" Rachel quickly followed suit, worried that Jolly might cause trouble. They stood before the door and before they could even knock on it, a voice resounded from the inside.

"The remaining sum has been transferred to your wife's account. You can leave the hospital after three or four days. You know that you must bring this to your grave, don't you?"

"Don't worry, President Gunson. I swear that I won't let anyone else know about it."
"What if the media finds their way to you for an interview?" "I'll say that it's because of fatigue that I didn't pay attention to the wet road caused by the snow."

The two girls who were standing outside heard the conversation loud and clear. If it was not for Rachel pulling her, Jolly would have just barged into the room to interrogate both the men.

"Why are you stopping me? Jolly had turned crimson with rage. "It's the relief goods for the victims! They've been waiting this whole time and yet, Robin Gunson has messed up everything! He must've lost his mind because of money. How dare he lay his finger on the relief goods!"

"I'm afraid that it's not because of money." Rachel's gaze stirred with mixed feelings. "And it's not something that Robin can do all by himself."

"If it isn't him, who else?"

“We’ll know once we get to the Burton Group’s warehouse.” Although Rachel did not wish her guess to be true, all she could do was to locate the proof to know the entirety of the truth. Once they arrived at the entrance of the warehouse, fortunately, the last truck was about to start its journey for shipment.

“Bro, are these the relief goods?”

“Yeah. It’s for Baybrook.”

“Are you heading to Greensborough?” “Greensborough? The driver was tallying the goods while glancing at Rachel. “Where is that place? The goods here are being shipped to the cities, and there’s no Greensborough. Look, this is the list of the outbound orders. The truck which has left before me is driven by my younger brother. We’re going to the north and south of Baybrook. The cities are quite near to each other, but there’s no Greensborough.”

However, Jolly insisted, “Are you sure? Is there another shipment after you?”

“Nope.” The driver ticked on the order list. “This is the last shipment. It should be shipped out tomorrow, but they changed the schedule on short notice. The company is willing to pay us double as long as we can ship it out by today.”

It wasn’t until only then did the last ray of hope vanish and Rachel clenched her hands into fists. Watching the truck leave, Jolly held her hand. “Is it Julian’s doing?”

“Let’s go. We’ll think of another way.” Rachel avoided the question, for she neither was in the mood of questioning Julian nor had the energy to think of the reason behind his doings.

“Inform the client that the remaining shipment. of medical supplies will be postponed. We will pay the penalty according to the contract by adding some daily necessities. They will be shipped out to Greensborough by tonight.”

Rachel was over the phone with her secretary. to delegate some tasks, whereas Jolly was taking the wheel. “Remember to find someone reliable to be the driver. Nevermind, I’ll leave with the driver.”

Jolly looked at Rachel in confusion when she heard that. When the call ended, she asked, “Just find someone reliable from the logistics team. Why do you have to go in person too? It’s been snowing heavily. What if something happens?”

“If Greensborough doesn’t receive this batch of goods, Frankie will be in big trouble.” Greensborough was a secluded town which not many people heard of due to its location in the mountains. Given their barbarian traditions, they might do anything if they did not receive the goods.

After knowing Justin's situation from Rachel, Jolly slammed the steering wheel furiously. "The shabby condition must've cultivated such barbarians! Justin is just trying to help them. Why are they confining him when the things haven't arrived yet?"

"It's not completely their fault, considering how low the accessibility to education is over there. They're just trying to live." Rachel frowned. "I'll join the journey for the shipment too. My mind will only be at ease that way."

"Then, I'm coming with you. We can look after each other." "No, stay in Riverdale. I have another favor to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"Try not to let Julian know that I left Riverdale." Jolly scowled at the mention of Julian's name. "I've finally known his true colors now. Bribing the driver to ruin the relief goods? We've to gather the evidence to send him to prison."

However, there was a stir of an emotion in Rachel's eyes. "I don't want to see my friend succumb to corruption, though. I'll ask him in person after returning from Baybrook."

Upon hearing that, Jolly said, "Don't you worry. I'll dig up every piece of evidence that I can find. He won't get away from it."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 469

Rachel steadily drove a red sedan behind the truck as it advanced along the mountain pass. One should never be impatient on a snowy day as such. Since there was a potential of brake problems, she maintained a safe distance from the truck.

"Don't worry. I've passed the highway. We should be in Greensborough before the night comes." "You've been driving for more than twenty hours. That's driver fatigue! Are you really alright?" Jolly's voice sounded concerned over the earphone.

Rachel was indeed weary due to the long drive, where the heater in the car made her feel all cozy. Yawning, she mumbled, "It's not that bad. We rested for half an hour at the rest area before passing the highway."

While there were two drivers in the truck taking turns to take the wheel, Rachel was the only one in her car, so she had to take a shut-eye at the rest area. "Only thirty minutes? Are you nuts?"

"It's fine. It's not like I've never stayed up at work." "This is a whole different matter! You better stay awake until you arrive at the destination. I'll give you a call to check on you any time. If you really can't stand it, just stop the car and sleep."

"The connection is bad over here, though. I might not be able to pick up your call later. Baybrook was the poorest area in the country, which was afflicted with many kinds of natural disaster, thereby slipping in economic recession. The connection was quite bad in these highlands too.

Rachel had not entered the mountain range yet, but after she did, the connection would be completely cut off.

That was why she purposely called Jolly to give her friend a heads-up, just in case they could not stay in contact later. Soon, the connection kept cutting out and Jolly could not hear Rachel clearly. "I can't hear you. What did you say?"

"Nevermind. I'll text you once I'm there." Rachel then ended the call and stepped on the pedal to follow the truck closely.

The snow started falling once again in the afternoon, prompting her to turn on the wiper in order to remove the snow off the windshield. Forget about how far the place was, there was literally no signs of people or cars along the way due to the heavy snow.

When there were thirty miles remaining before reaching Greensborough, one could not see ahead the road because of the heavy snowfall. Rachel had slowed down the speed to 25 miles per hour, which was literally the speed of a tortoise.

The walkie-talkie in her car resounded as the truck driver spoke. "President Hudson, are you still following behind us?" "Yeah, I am. There's thirty miles left to go. We can do it."

"Yeah. President Hudson, be careful on the road. It's quite dangerous in the hill range. There are a lot of trees slumping because of the snow. Try not to drive near="

Thud! Before he could even finish his words, a huge tree at the roadside had collapsed suddenly. Meanwhile, Rachel heard a dull sound from the car roof, as though someone was thumping against the metal. Her mind went blank when something crashed into the passenger seat from the top, crushing half of the car in a split second.

The deafening noise continued until the car skidded across the slippery road and rammed into a shabby house with a big tree atop the car. Then, the engine died. "President Hudson? President Hudson, are you okay?!" The driver's voice was anxious over the walkie-talkie.

Rachel had banged her head and her vision became blurry. However, she managed to stay conscious upon hearing his call. "Mr. Gasper, I'm fine."

She tried to open the deformed door, but it was in vain. After stopping the truck, Andrew Gasper, the main driver, and another driver ran over to check on her. The car had run into the house with gravel and a huge trunk that seemed impossible to be moved.

“President Hudson! President Hudson, are you alright?” The driver quickly wiped off the snow that was covering the window, trying to take a look inside.

Although there was a scratch on Rachel’s forehead, she was still conscious and able to move her limbs. Still, she could not wind down the window, so she shook her head. “I’m fine, but I can’t open the door.”

“There’s no connection here either.” Andrew showed her his phone. “We can’t call the fire. department.”

Upon hearing that, she suggested, “Deliver the supplies to Greensborough first. Help me call the police once there’s a connection.”

“Are you going to stay here alone?” “It won’t be a problem. I’m not exposed to the cold anyway. I can put up with it for another two to three hours.”

“Okay. We’ll call for help as soon as possible.”

“Alright.” As Rachel watched the two drivers disappear in the flurry of snow, her hand on the steering wheel trembled. There were two drops of blood on the back of her hand, and it showed signs of freezing into solid. It was appalling nonetheless.

With difficulty, she moved the rearview mirror to check her forehead. Thank God it doesn’t seem that serious. It’s just a slight scratch.

Rachel attempted to start the engine, but she had overestimated the car as it did not budge at all. In other words, the heater could not be turned on.

Snowflakes began to glide through the crevice at the passenger’s side before landing on the seat. They melted quite fast at the beginning. due to the scant warmth, but as the heat gradually dissipated into the atmosphere, the temperature in the car became no less different from the outside cold and the snow kept piling up at the passenger seat. Feeling cold, Rachel reached out for the white coat at the back seat to keep herself warm, yet her body was shivering vigorously.

It was way below the freezing point, and her limbs were icy cold. If she was going to stay like this, she might not be able to stand it for three hours. As the snowy wind blew stronger, the windows were covered up little by little.

On the other end, the community hall in Greensborough was surrounded by townspeople. There was a small truck at the porch that was supposed to deliver the first batch of goods, which were already shared among them.

“Didn’t they say that it’ll arrive today? The rich guys are liars! They only know how to make charity with their mouth. They’re reluctant to spend the money to do that.”

“Yeah, they’re total liars!” The commotion was getting louder and louder. Some of them were even holding hoes and shovels, looking all fierce and aggressive.

Nevertheless, the village chief was still quite level-headed. “Calm down, everyone. They said that there’s a problem with the shipment of the second delivery, but they’ve made another shipment to replace it. It should be here soon.”

“I can’t even use the stove at home. What are they going to do when we die?” “Mr. Barlowe, what are you talking about?”

“We know that the medical team has run away. Our place is so poor and shabby that they don’t care about us. Right now, even Mr. Burton wants to go. He’s trying to leave us.”

“Let him out!”

“Yeah, let him out!”

The ruckus continued.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 470

Justin was already confined in the community hall for two days and one night. After listening to the commotion outside, one of the young committee members, namely Jethro Huxley, comforted him, “Mr. Burton, please don’t take it personally.

The townspeople aren’t taught basic etiquette. They snatch everything from the truck as soon as it arrives. We can’t even share the stuff equally according to the quota. If the second batch of supplies doesn’t arrive any time soon, I’m afraid that they’ll flip the community hall inside out.”

Justin’s brows knitted together tightly as he remained silent. He had not expected the situation to be this complicated before coming. Still, he was not that worried, for the problem would be solved once they got the relief goods.

Jethro observed the man, who was sitting on the long bench in front of a wooden table in the corner. The shabby environment could not even conceal the sophisticated grace

flowing out from him. He did not seem like someone who would offer help in a run-down place like Greensborough.

After a while, a knock sounded on the door. "President Burton, it's me." The officer quickly opened the door with delight. "Assistant Beckham, how did it go?"

As soon as they received news of the problematic second shipment, Frankie traveled to town to find a solution because the signal tower had collapsed due to the heavy snowfall, rendering the area disconnected from the outside world. He entered the hall with his body covered in snow before closing the doors to tune out the noise.

"President Burton, the supplies should be here at any time soon. President Hudson called me this morning. She said that she'll come in person to deliver the things from Hudson Pharmaceuticals. They should be here before. night."

Justin's eyes darkened. "Who told you to tell her this?" Frankie was paralyzed with shock. Justin was placid and unwavering as ever until he heard of the incoming shipment, which made his expression change. Meanwhile, Jethro, who was next to them, could not comprehend the situation at all. Even so, Justin did not explain a word as he rose to his feet and headed toward the door at once.

"President Burton." "Mr. Burton." The officer blocked his path with quick movements. "You can't go outside right now."

Justin's expression turned thunderous as he growled, "Frankie, how long does it take to reach a place that has a connection?" "You have to go into town, which will take around an hour."

"I'm going there." Justin could not let Rachel take the risk just for him. Even if the shipment was safely delivered, the townspeople were chaotic. If she was harmed in any possible way, he would regret it for the rest of his life for not being able to protect her.

In a worry that they could not bear the responsibility if Justin got hurt, the officer wanted to stop him, but Frankie grabbed his arm.

"What are you doing, Assistant Beckham? Don't you know that the townspeople are waiting outside for Mr. Burton just to hurt him?"

"That's not going to stop him either." Frankie's stomach churned with mixed feelings. "It's all my fault. Had I known this beforehand, I would've stopped President Hudson from coming over." "Who's President Hudson?"

"Just leave it to me." Frankie then sprinted toward Justin. At this moment, the courtyard had already plunged into a fray; a few of the people took over the truck, whereas some of them were holding hoes and shovels in their hands, their expressions fierce.

"He's out!" One of them yelled, prompting the men jumping off the truck as everyone cornered Justin like a robust wall.

"You're finally out. How does it feel to be a coward, huh?" The leader was a youngster glowering to Justin's face. Despite his tender age, he was the notorious gangster in the village. "Give us all the food you have in the hall

"The pills too. We can't buy medicine from anywhere, and my father is going to die from a fever!"

"Give it to us!" Noticing their urge to charge toward him in a group, Justin grabbed and dislocated their leader's arm. The latter plopped onto the ground with an agonizing scream, and a path cleared amidst the throng.

Justin's cold gaze swept across them. "There's nothing in the hall. I'm going to the town to make a phone call. If anyone dares to get in my way, I can guarantee that you won't get anything from us and you will die from starvation."

"Lies! You're just trying to run away!"

"Even if I'm running away, what can you do about it?" A dauntless person growled, "We'll kill you!" "Try me, then. Kill me and let's see who's left to help you guys."

Having a dispute with them was never his plan. However, if he did not show his resolved decision to leave at this instant, he would not be able to stop Rachel from coming. A stalemate struck upon both parties as the snowy wind began to blow.

"Everyone, back off. A croaky voice could be heard coming from the people. It belonged to an elderly man who was highly regarded in the village. "Hack! Mr. Burton has promised our wellbeing throughout the snowfall. Thus, I don't think that it's reasonable for you to leave when our village is in this state."

"What's wrong with you guys? We've given you the things. It's not our fault that the medical team left. They just couldn't stand it. Why don't you hold them responsible, huh?" Frankie was utterly frustrated by the townspeople's ridiculous actions. He even had the urge to just leave them be and consign them to fate.

However, when Justin motioned him to keep quiet, Frankie gritted his teeth to rein back the string of curses from escaping through his mouth.

The old man said, "It's not like we don't want to let you go, but you've got to keep your promise. We will never let you leave until the second shipment arrives. Everyone's life is at stake. I hope you can understand."

Understand? That's totally absurd! "Stop me if you can." The sky was darkening and Justin was not in the mood to continue the conversation any longer.

He coldly retaliated before marching forward without bothering them, taking the old man by surprise as the latter took a few steps back.

Justin's pervasive aura was more domineering than that of the snowfall. No one had the audacity to touch him and they instinctively made way for him, while Frankie tagged along. behind him.

The moment they reached the entrance, a loaded truck loomed out of the snow. The red flag on it was rather eye-catching.

"It's the truck!" Frankie exclaimed vehemently. Hearing the commotion from afar, the townspeople flocked over in ones and twos. They put down the tools in their hands as soon as they realized that it was the shipment. The truck halted before them and two drivers alighted from the vehicle. "Assistant Beckhamn!"

"Mr. Gasper, you're finally here!" Frankie welcomed them. "It must be hard for you to rush all the way here. But why are you here this early? The sky hasn't even darkened yet."

Andrew heaved a puff of smoke as agitation sat on his brows. "There's no time to waste. President Hudson got into trouble when we were on our way here. We should call for help immediately. Is there any connection nearby?"

Something flashed through Justin's gaze when he heard that. Grabbing Andrew by the shoulders, he questioned, "What happened to her?"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 471

It was still snowing heavily, marking the first heavy snowfall of the decade. Even the mountains were donned in white, and one could not discern another color on them.

The car windows were completely covered in white and the hole, which was crushed through by the tree, was filled with snowpile. Even if there was a car passing by the area, the people onboard might not be able to realize that there was a car buried under the collapsing house.

At the same time, Rachel had lost her sensations as numbness was the only thing she could feel. When one was exposed to extreme cold, their whole body would tense up, and their muscles would feel like it would snap at any time. Other than the few

occasional jolts that reminded her to put up with it, Rachel just wished to close her eyes and take a good sleep.

It was too exhausting. Not only did she drive for almost twenty hours, the twenty over years spent in Riverdale was tiring as well.

If she was given the choice to choose, she would rather stay in Somerset Mountain. Although it was the place of the human trafficking syndicate and a place with inadequate resources where one could only fence for oneself, her childhood days were relatively happier and relaxing.

Rachel felt drowsier as time passed. People said that one would be able to 'see' the ones they missed before freezing to death. Their loved ones would bid them farewell so that they would appear in their dreams to give them the hope to move on with life.

Amidst the haziness, a gentle and familiar voice kept ringing in Rachel's ears like someone was pounding on her temples, trying to pull her back from her dreams. Irritated, she frowned until a ray of light slanted into the space.

Clang! The car moved vigorously, causing her to open her eyes to see the car top shaking. There were traces of someone removing the snow from the windshield too.

A blurry silhouette was waving at her with all its might. Rachel squinted her eyes and looked at it for a while, only to realize that the person was, in fact, wiping the window.

He looks familiar. Who is he? As though she was suffering from amnesia, Rachel could not recall who it was no matter how much she racked her brain. Nevertheless, the familiar voice kept ringing in her ears. What is he shouting?

"Rae? Rae! Rae!"

A part of the white layer of snow was removed to reveal the person's face, but it was barely recognizable due to her blurry vision. Since the car was buried under the house, Rachel could only see the person from a small hole..

The familiar face appeared in front of her eyes.. She thought it was a dream, yet he was calling her name anxiously.

"Rae! Don't fall asleep!" Justin shouted in a quivering voice. He kept stretching his hand into the hole to hit the windshield so as to keep her awake. He was so afraid that she would close her eyes. If she slept in this below freezing temperature, she might not be able to wake up again.

Fortunately, Rachel finally opened her eyes and stared at the man for a very long time. Reaching out her hand, she wanted to caress his cheek, but all she could touch was the cold window.

"Is it you?" Her lips parted and she was the only one who could hear herself. However, Justin nodded profusely like he could hear her. "Yes, it's me. Rae, it's me! Don't sleep! The firefighters are on the way now. They'll be here soon! Just hold on a little longer!"

Rachel's ears buzzed as past memories conjured in her head. It was the time when Arthur forced her to stay at the resort six years ago. Hans and Janice figured that it was the chance for her to escape. They even had a substitute on standby to fake her death.

Even so, there was a problem with the car brake, causing her to speed all the way until she bypassed the appointed location which they agreed beforehand.

Justin, who was video calling her at that time, looked at her speaking in sign language and kept comforting her by talking to her before saving her from danger.

Since when did he learn sign language? Rachel had no impression of him learning it at all, but she could remember how the misunderstandings formed at the beginning of the marriage because he did not understand her.

In actuality, she knew that it was not entirely his fault. She knew that putting all the blame on him was a cowardly excuse for herself, and she knew from long ago that she had fallen for him and was still in love with him.

"Justin!" Rachel tried to raise her hand, pointing at the passenger seat.

Justin understood her gesture immediately as he climbed to the car top cautiously. Stepping onto the gravel and the pillar, he dug out the stones and snow until he noticed the hole at long last. Peering through it, he could vaguely see what was going on inside the car. "Rae!" His eyes widened in joy as he observed. "There's a hole here. Hold on, Rae!"

Then, he yawped behind him, "Frankie, bring the thermos cup and hot water bag!" Frankie, who was in the middle of digging through the snowpile, stopped in his tracks when he heard his name. He came back to his senses and dashed toward the car to grab the things from it.

"Rae!" "Justin, I have something to tell you." Rachel felt the weight on her eyelids getting heavier and heavier. If she did not say it right now, she was afraid that she might not be able to make it.

"I'm listening. He leaned in the ruin, extending his arms to the car top in order to widen the hole so that he could pass over the things to her.

"Life is fated." Justin was stunned by her first sentence. The voice coming from the ruin was cutting off. He could vaguely understand what she was trying to say, albeit unclearly. The trembling voice almost tore his heart apart.

She's been exposed to a temperature of below freezing for three hours straight. Just how cold she is right now?

"Rae, stop the nonsense. The firefighters are coming. Move a little and don't sleep." Rachel's body trembled, whereas the rearview mirror showed her her chapped lips and cold, red cheeks.

"Justin, I just wanna say that I... I don't blame you for what happened to Grandma and Hans. Everything is bound to happen as destined. Their deaths are not your fault. I know... I-I misunderstood you... I owe you an apology."

"You don't have to apologize to me. It's my fault and I'm the sinner! Rae, it's all my fault!" "If anything else, fate is the one to blame."

"Rae."

Rachel mustered every ounce of strength she had to force a smile. In a soft voice, she said, "I saved you at Somerset Mountain 26 years ago."

The sudden news put Justin into a trance and he looked at the crevice in disbelief.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 472

The tiny entrance was quite dark and the lighting was dim, making it too dark to see anything at all. Rachel's red sedan was practically buried underneath the double-story house that had toppled over and at the moment, the whole place looked like wreckage from the outside.

Frankie rushed over with a hot water bottle and a thermos flask in his hands. "President Burton." However, Justin didn't reach out to take the items. The entrance was too small and he couldn't even fit his fist inside, so there was no way the thermos flask and hot water bottle could fit.

"Where's the fire brigade? Have they not arrived?" Justin hollered at Frankie. At that moment, Frankie trembled in fright. "I've told them to hurry up. There's an issue with the phone signal here and she's buried quite deep, so perhaps the fire brigade has overshot. Mr. Finnigan's already waiting by the junction."

However, Justin was impatient and he couldn't wait any longer. He then started to use his bare hands to shift aside the broken boulders and bricks. Soon after that, his hands, which were originally frozen from the cold, bled from the cuts suffered due to the broken boulders. Yet, he persisted and seemed to be numb to the pain as he shifted the broken boulders mechanically.

Frankie knew that there was no point in trying to stop Justin, so he returned to the car to grab some equipment.

Meanwhile, Harry rushed over with a shovel and pick. He helped to clear the snow and broken boulders while whispering a question to Frankie, "Who's buried underneath? How are they related to Mr. Burton? Why is Mr. Burton so agitated?"

Frankie held onto a shovel and used all his might to remove the stones. The plume of breath he released fogged up his vision. "That person means the world to President Burton."

Indeed, Rachel meant the world to Justin. Presently, Justin worked very hard to try and shift the broken boulders and his eyes were reddened from his efforts. When did Rachel figure out her identity?

Was it six years ago when she left Riverdale back then? She must have been under so much mental torture as she carried the burden of the truth all by herself. How did she even survive the past six years?!

"Rae! Don't fall asleep!" he roared in the direction of the car and his voice was raspy as his tears fell into the wreckage. However, he no longer received any response from inside the car. Justin yelled several more times anxiously. "Rae?"

"Rae!" The fear hit him like a wave. "President Burton, has there been no response from inside at all?" Frankie asked gingerly.

"Keep going! Continue digging!" Justin's voice trembled as he said that and shot a murderous look at Frankie. Frankie shuddered in fright and didn't dare to slack off. He continued to dig among the rubble with all of his might.

At that moment, it started to snow heavily, and it felt as if the entire world was about to be blanketed in snow.

After quite some time, the blaring, red fire truck, finally arrived on the scene. The emergency lights of the truck flickered brightly and the fire brigade quickly used their crane to lift the heavy roof of the collapsed house from the ground. Finally, a red little car that was crushed underneath a tree was revealed.

As soon as Rachel was lifted onto the stretcher, Justin's legs buckled and he suddenly fell onto his knees with a thud.

“President Burton!” Frankie hurried forward to help Justin to his feet. “President Burton, are you fine?”

However, Justin didn’t say a single word. He only took forceful steps and trailed after the paramedics to get into the ambulance.

Along the way, he kept his eyes fixated upon the woman on the stretcher. His eyes were extremely red and bloodshot. It looked as if he had not been sleeping for multiple nights previously, and it was like blood was about to leak from his eyes.

However, Rachel remained unconscious. It was as if she had lacked sleep for years, so she was now in a deep slumber.

The surroundings were starkly white and it felt as if this was somewhere with snow, but it didn’t seem cold. Rachel scanned the area and thought that she must be dead, and that this was heaven. I’ve never done anything bad in my life, so I should be able to enter heaven, right? Luckily, I’ve said what I should have said before I passed away.

She previously told Justin that she had recalled for ages that she was Katie, so he should realize then that her understanding behavior was all because of her identity as Katie.

She was the only one who could resolve this matter as she was the critical person involved. Ultimately, everything was technically her problem, so she had to be the one to end things personally.

Her only regret was that she didn’t have the chance to watch the two kids grow up and see Jolly walking down the aisle. Furthermore, she hadn’t had the chance to tell Julian not to continue committing his mistake. to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She was just about to calmly accept the fact of her death when a conversation between two people suddenly rang in her ears.

“Everything’s fine. She’s just been in the cold weather for too long so there was some damage to her muscles. That’s why she might experience some muscle weakness, but that will resolve itself after a few days.”

“She has a head injury. Is that fine?” “I’ve had a look at the X-ray and she only has a mild concussion, so it’s alright.”

“Thank you, doctor.” A silent Rachel suddenly opened her eyes and the sight that greeted her was the stark white ceiling of the hospital.

“Cough...” She tried to say something, but she suddenly choked on a breath of air that hit her and she coughed violently. “Cough! Cough!”

As soon as Justin heard that, he was overjoyed and rushed forward. "Rae, you're finally awake!" She glanced at the man in front of her with a shocked expression. "Am I still alive?"

"Don't spout nonsense! The doctor mentioned that you only suffered some slight frostbite. You were asleep for so long because your body was exhausted after driving continuously for the past twenty-odd hours."

As soon as Rachel heard that, she grimaced slightly. Was I just dreaming earlier on? Since when did I start that dream? Is it all just a dream? So was the part where I gave my final words to Justin just a dream as well? "Um... How did I end up in the hospital?"

"The fire brigade arrived just in time." Justin tucked her under a blanket. "You're currently in the town hospital of Baybrook City. The conditions in this hospital aren't that great, but it's more than enough to treat frostbite and a mild concussion." At that point, Rachel heaved a sigh of relief. It's great that I was rescued by the fire brigade..

She tried to sit up in bed but her body wasn't fully within her control, so she couldn't move an inch.

When he saw that, seeing that, Justin stopped her by reaching out to push her back into bed.. "Stop moving around. The doctor said that you've injured some muscles, so you need proper rest for the next few days." Rachel clenched her teeth. "But I... I need to use the bathroom."

He frowned involuntarily at that moment. "I can't hold it in any longer!" She bit hard on her lip and she nearly drew blood. "Get me one of the nurses!"

However, he suddenly flung aside the blanket and lifted Rachel into his arms. She exclaimed in fright but she was afraid that he would drop her, so she ended up wrapping her arms around his neck as support. "What are you doing? Let go of me and just get one of the nurses to help me."

He immediately headed to the entrance of the bathroom with her in his arms. "The staff members in this hospital are limited and most of them have been assigned to help on the disaster scene, so just bear with me."

Their faces were practically next to each other and Rachel held her breath the whole time. She didn't even dare to exhale.

"Do you need more help?" Justin kept his eyes on her. Suddenly, Rachel came to her senses and her face was bright red. She shook her head hard. "That's alright. Let me down. I can do this myself. Otherwise, does he plan on removing my pants on my behalf?"

She sat on the throne and glanced toward the frosted glass door of the bathroom several times with a torn expression because Justin actually stood outside like a statue the whole time without even moving an inch.

Then, she held back for quite some time before expressing, "Hey, Justin?"

"What's wrong?" Rachel found the whole situation quite odd, especially as they spoke over the glass door to the bathroom. However, she continued to speak despite the awkwardness she felt. "Could you leave? With you standing by the door, I can't seem to..."

I can't seem to relax. The awkwardness in the air persisted for quite some time. "Yell if you need anything. I'll wait for you outside." After Justin said that, he finally left.

At that point, she heaved a sigh of relief and significantly relaxed.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 473

Rachel sat on the throne. The sink and mirror were across from her, so her deathly pale face was reflected inside the mirror. Her brows were tightly furrowed and there was a stilted expression on her face as she fought an inner battle.

There were some fuzzy flashbacks in her mind at the moment, and she could remember hearing noises of someone continuously shifting away the broken boulders on top of her before she fell unconscious. She had experienced a headache from the noise.

As for whether she had spoken her last words to Justin, her memory was fuzzy about that. Was it actually a dream or not?! This is so nerve- wracking!

Rachel opened the door after washing her hands and Justin instantly moved forward to help her as soon as he heard the noise. She immediately retracted her hand. "No, I cant walk without help."

"Are you sure about that?" Justin's voice sounded doubtful. She held onto the wall and walked several steps forward. With much difficulty, she finally moved several meters forward. "I'm doing f- fine."

However, those two steps that she took had caused her to sweat profusely from the effort. "You should allow me to help you."

Justin's voice rang out from behind and she didn't even get the chance to reject him. Rachel was quite thin, so he could easily lift her into his arms and escort her back to the bed. She leaned against her pillow with a slightly lost look on her face. "How long will it take for me to recover?"

"Don't worry. I'll keep you company right by your side until you recover." As soon as Rachel heard that, her expression faltered significantly. This was her worst nightmare. Don't tell me that he's going to carry me to the bathroom every single day?!

"That's not necessary." She shook her head earnestly. "I'll hire someone to help me. I don't mind paying at all. You're busy dealing with matters of raising funds for the disaster, right? You can go and deal with your work. You don't have to worry about me."

"We've temporarily stopped handing out supplies for the next two days." "Huh?" Rachel was stunned. "Why is that so? I thought that the logistics team bringing supplies had arrived in Greensborough?"

"I told them to stop." As Justin spoke, there was a knock on the door from the outside.

"Come in." "Mr. Burton." The person who walked in was Harry Finnigan from Greensborough, and he held a bag of fruits in his hand. He nodded at Rachel upon seeing her. "Hi, Miss Hudson. I'm Harry from the Greensborough welfare group. I'm here to visit you as the representative of the townspeople."

"It's nice to meet you." Rachel struggled to get up, but Justin held her back. She didn't understand the reason behind that but she noticed Justin reply indifferently, "Have a seat. How are things at the village?"

"I've done everything according to your instructions and locked the necessities in the community hall building. I've also arranged for men to take turns guarding the place. Other than the daily necessities and medications for the elderly, the weaker ones, those with illnesses, and pregnant women, I've temporarily suspended the distribution of supplies for the others."

"Has the medical team gone back?" "The first team came back this morning and the medical supplies have been put into use. Just before I came over, the second team arrived too."

"Did those people continue to kick up a fuss?" "They wouldn't dare to! They realized they were at fault, so each of them had been hiding at home and they didn't even dare to come out. I'm here to see you and discuss this matter. This is their letter of apology..."

As Harry spoke, he reached into his pocket and drew out a piece of paper. It was a handwritten letter of apology that he held and there were scrawling's of names on the bottom and the back of the paper. There was even a thumbprint in red next to each name.

However, Justin didn't accept the paper. Meanwhile, Harry awkwardly held the paper in his hand and sat back down.

"Mr. Burton, the townspeople are uneducated and they're undeniably quite narrow-minded. The authorities sent us university graduates to be stationed here to help with the welfare of the townspeople. One of our roles is to improve their impoverished status, but our other more important role is to enhance their intellect too.. Please don't take offense to their actions. When do you reckon it's fine to start giving out the supplies to the rest? There have been many townspeople who starved for the past few days."

Rachel listened to their conversation by the side and she could practically piece the whole situation together in her mind.

Earlier on the phone, she had heard Frankie mention that the townspeople of Greensborough were an unruly bunch. They had forcefully held Justin captive because the second batch of supplies hadn't arrived on time. Now that the supplies had arrived, their attitudes changed faster than the weather, and they now took a conciliatory stance. This was clearly unacceptable. Justin was generally a haughty man, so he definitely wasn't going to tolerate this.

However, he couldn't exactly continue depriving the townspeople of food, so Rachel coughed awkwardly before advising him, "Are you talking about the distribution of supplies for those who went through the disaster? The townspeople are indeed at fault, but perhaps you should carry out the punishment at a later stage. Don't threaten them with the supplies right now. It's quite cold out there. What if something bad happens..."

At that moment, Justin looked significantly appeased. "Start the distribution of supplies to each family according to the number of family members. from tomorrow afternoon. Go back and inform them in advance this afternoon."

If another riot and looting occurs, then whoever leading them will not receive any single supply. Meanwhile, those who manage to control the looting will get double the amount of supplies. I'll also come up with another list of protocols to follow when collecting supplies later on and Frankie will discuss that with you."

Harry nodded instantly. "This is a good solution. No problem. I'll head back to get things ready." Before Harry left, he turned back from the door and smiled gratefully at Rachel. "Thank you, Miss Hudson."

Rachel had a perplexed look. After all, she hadn't done much to help. As for Harry, he left the ward and bumped into Frankie. Elated, the former said, "Assistant Beckham,

thank you so much. You were right and I've succeeded. Mr. Burton has given me permission to go back and distribute the supplies."

Frankie held on to a thermos flask and he had a matter-of-fact expression. "I told you that you should relax and wait till President Hudson regained consciousness. No matter how sincere you and the townspeople profess your apologies, President Hudson's single sentence would be way more effective."

"Yes. You're quite right. I've finally experienced that in person." "Go back, then. It will take you another two hours to reach Greensborough."

Frankie smiled and shook his head after sending Harry off. Everything will be successful as long as President Hudson's the one who voices it out in front of President Burton. Right now, inside the room, Rachel asked about the issue in Greensborough..

"I heard from Frankie that the townspeople kept you captive. Were you hurt?" "No, I wasn't." Justin held an apple in his hand and tried to remove the peel for her but he was quite clumsy. It was evident that he had never done such delicate jobs.

"Hand that over to me." Rachel reached out and took the peeler and apple into her hands quite naturally. "How's the current situation in Greensborough? Why does your current enforcement method sound like it's a military camp?"

"The townspeople are too uncouth," Justin replied. "There have been looting incidents more than once. Previously, they even jumped over the fence and entered the hostel to steal from the medical staff in charge of providing medical aid to them. Several nurses left on that night itself after that frightening ordeal."

"They've crossed the line!" Rachel's expression turned solemn. "It's no wonder then that you've halted distribution of supplies for the time being. They sound like robbers!"

"The best way to handle a robber is to give them a taste of their own medicine. It's pointless to be kind to them. Harry Finnigan's too young and he was appointed to this position right after graduation, so the townspeople don't even bother to listen to him. At the moment, they only follow the instructions of the person in possession of supplies."

"So is that why you've decided to come up with a list of protocols to follow for those who come over to collect supplies?" Justin nodded slightly. "Do you think that I'm making a big fuss out of the matter?"

"Of course not. It's much better to teach one to hunt than to supply food to them. Charity isn't just about giving out supplies or money. For us, the easiest way would be to give out money, and we would gain a good reputation too. However, if we really intend to help these people, then money would be just a temporary solution. You've done the right thing."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 474

Justin noticed the solemn look on Rachel's face, and the last bit of reservation he had finally dissipated. He didn't give a dent about how others regarded him, so he had actually offended many people throughout the years of organizing work in the charity foundation.

There were many people who appeared to be fine with him on the surface but actually wanted to kick him out of the foundation. At this point, he only had the support of the old chairman.

"What's so funny?" Rachel noticed the slight curve on Justin's lips and she was perplexed. "Did I say the wrong thing?"

"No." Justin looked out of the window. "I was just thinking that sometimes, perhaps we should consider other people's opinions when carrying out something."

Although the opinions of others were indeed not as important as doing the right and proper thing, words could be quite brutal and it was important to maintain a good reputation too.

"You're odd," Rachel commented under her breath and used the little knife to halve the apple. Subsequently, she handed one of them to Justin. "Here you go. Do you want this?"

He was momentarily stunned and he paused for a moment before reaching out for it. "Thanks." Rachel frowned slightly. "What happened to your hands?"

She didn't notice earlier on, but both of Justin's hands were bandaged up. There was a thin layer of gauze on his hands, and only his fingers were exposed to the air. It looked as if he had on half a pair of gloves.

Justin glanced at her and said, "I'm alright. I just had a slight graze." As he spoke, Frankie walked into the room with some hot water. "President Burton, President Hudson."

Rachel greeted him by nodding in response. Frankie handed over a handbag and a sealed transparent bag to Rachel. "President Hudson, this was found in your car. The

sealed bag contains your cell phone, your identification card, your driver's license, and some random objects."

Rachel's car was completely written off, but there were plenty of items inside so it was fortunate that Frankie had gone and retrieved them. "Thank you, Assistant Beckham."

"It's my pleasure. You've done us such a huge favor, so there is no need to thank me for that. It was fortunate that nothing bad had happened to you. If something bad had happened, it would have been my fault."

Frankie shuddered at the thought of it. His worst nightmare had actually come true. If something bad had happened to Rachel, then it was very likely that Justin would have ripped him to pieces.

Frankie had come over from the canteen and got some takeaway. Subsequently, he helped to adjust the side table attached to the bed.

Justin had gone out to take a call, so Rachel ate as she put her phone on charge and powered it up. "I've got to give Jolly a call and inform her. She must be worried sick right now."

"You don't have to worry about Miss Carter. President Burton gave her a call personally and informed her that you're safe." "What?" Rachel was slightly taken aback. "When did he do that?"

"Last night. After confirming that you were fine,. President Burton called Miss Carter immediately. I heard them talking because I was coincidentally at the entrance."

Frankie was clearly still frightened from last night's ordeal as he recounted the matter to Rachel. "President Hudson, you must be unaware of this, but I actually thought that President Burton would collapse as soon as he found out that you were fine, so I was prepared to support his weight. However, he calmly started to make phone calls to tell everyone you were safe. He also started to make arrangements for the distribution of supplies and responded to the people from the foundation..."

"He wouldn't possibly collapse." Rachel was slightly resigned as she spoke. "You're exaggerating."

"That's not true. You didn't see him. After you lost consciousness in the car, he dug at the boulders with a crazed expression, and his hands were bloody and injured from that."

Rachel was caught by surprise. "After that, the fire brigade arrived and escorted you to the waiting ambulance. His knees. immediately buckled and fell to the ground with a thud.

At that instance, I didn't even manage to catch President Burton because he scrambled up from the ground to rush over and get on the ambulance. I heard from one of the nurses that President Burton held tightly to your hands. without letting go the entire journey, and his. face was deathly pale."

Shocked, Rachel clenched her hands into fists, and it was as if she could still feel the warmth she experienced while asleep. His hands are bandaged up because he injured himself while rescuing me. Those last words I spoke to him in my dreams must have actually happened then.

"President Hudson, actually, there is something that I wanted to tell you since a long time ago but I never got the chance. Now that you nearly suffered an accident, I reckon that I shouldn't wait for a better chance, so I have to tell you this."

Frankie's words pulled Rachel back to her senses. "What is it?" Frankie responded, "Do you know why President Burton ended up losing his memory after you left back then?"

"I thought it was because he met with a car accident on the way to the airport?" "It was a car accident, but that was just part of the reason. The main reason was because he had an issue with alcohol, and the excessive amount of alcohol he consumed damaged his brain."

Rachel was in disbelief and she was caught by surprise. "Furthermore, he consumed a lot of alcohol as well on the day that he drove to the airport.

From his purchase history, there was a record of him buying a plane ticket for himself, as he had intended to go overseas to look for you."

"To look for me? How did he know where I was?"

Julian had put in a lot of effort to bring Rachel over to Montenegro successfully, and she was clearly aware of all that. In order to prevent Justin from finding her, Julian and her hadn't taken a direct flight to Montenegro. "President Burton knew it."

Frankie had a complicated look on his face. "Ever since you left Riverdale, President Burton was in a frenzy and he practically upended Riverdale to look for you. Finally, he found Irwin Chase."

"Grandpa Irwin?"

"Yes. Irwin revealed everything, including the fact that you were Katie. After that, I found out that you were recuperating in a hospital in Montenegro, but President Burton started to consume an excessive amount of alcohol and kept himself cooped up at home. He refused to listen to any advice regardless of who it came from..."

“Alcohol problem?” Rachel was in disbelief. Frankie had a complicated look on his face as he heaved a sigh. It seemed that he was quite reluctant to recall that moment in the past.

Long term excessive consumption of alcohol could cause hallucination, and no one knew what Justin saw that day. However, they only knew that after that, he bought a ticket on his own accord and drove to the airport. Along the way, he was involved in a car accident under the influence of alcohol.

“He didn’t actually mean to forget everything between the two of you, but Old Mr. Burton stopped everyone from bringing you up.”

Arthur had seen Justin during his drunken wild moments, and Justin had gone from a normal and well person into someone out of his mind just because of a woman. At that time, Justin lived his life like a walking dead. He was the only grandson of Arthur so obviously, it pained Arthur to see Justin in such a state. Arthur couldn’t bear to see that.

As such, Arthur forced everyone around them to cooperate with him after that. Everyone came together to weave a lie that could easily be exposed, but neither of them wanted to let Justin recall anything that had to do with Rachel. They pretended that nothing had ever happened, and that Justin and Rachel never knew each other.

Unfortunately, some things seem to be fated. For example, Justin seemed fated to be entangled with this woman called Rachel Hudson for the rest of his life, ever since the moment he was kidnapped when he was thirteen.

Rachel arrived back in Riverdale and those well-kept memories suddenly hit him like a wave quite effortlessly. With her return in Riverdale, the memories hit him hard and from then on, he was riddled with utmost guilt.

“President Hudson, I realize that there are a lot of things that I haven’t gone through as an outsider in this, so I can’t judge what’s right or wrong. However, I’ve been observing by the side all these years, and President Burton only cares about you. There has been no one else ever to hold a spot in his heart.

Perhaps to you and Miss Carter, President Burton has been living at carefree lifestyle due to his loss of memories for the past five years, but consider this-prior to his marriage with you, he had been fixated upon seeking revenge over the past ten years.

If he hadn’t gotten into that car accident, he would have to live the rest of his life riddled with guilt toward you, and the torment he experienced would definitely be way more than just five years.” At that point, Rachel clenched her fists and she felt quite troubled.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 475

When Justin came back, Frankie had just cleared the foldable table. "President Burton," he greeted. Justin nodded, and Frankie went out sensibly.

Rachel was sitting on the hospital bed in a trance, but when she saw Justin coming back, she straightened up and asked him something random, "Is there a problem with the foundation?" "No. It's basically solved, and the supplies that came after are also sufficient."

"Great." "Thank you for helping out this time, but try not to do something so dangerous anymore. Don't forget that Charlotte and Samuel are still waiting for you at home. You should be careful."

"How about you?" Rachel suddenly looked at Justin with a complicated expression. He emphasized that she had to take care of herself for Charlotte and Samuel because she was a mother, but wasn't he a father? Didn't he also come all the way here to help out with the disaster relief?

"The role of a father is different from that of a mother. Children need a mother's company and love to grow healthily," replied Justin.

"Isn't the role of a father equally important?" "It's important, but a father who makes them proud is what children need more." That was why he went to Baybrook for disaster relief.

Even if an accident happened, Charlotte and Samuel would be proud to have a father like him when they grew up in the future.

Rachel's brows furrowed all of a sudden. "Who told you that? Who told you that a father's company is not important? Who told you that it's a proud thing to abandon your family? Do you mean that every father who pursues a peaceful life with their kids should be looked down upon?"

"That's not what I meant." "Then what do you mean? Justin, has the snow in Baybrook drowned your brain?"

It had been a long time since Rachel blew up. Her face had turned blue due to anger. 'I don't mind if you want your children to be proud of you, but you don't have to risk your life for that, do you? You can spend more time with them instead. Crafting, helping them win prizes in school competitions, tutoring them with their homework, or even taking them out to build a snowman on a snowy day... These little things can be done easily.'

A barrage of rebukes echoed in the ward. After Rachel was done scolding and saw Justin keeping quiet, she realized she had overdone it. The atmosphere was silent. After a long while, Justin sighed helplessly, "I didn't mean it that way."

"I'm not that great to the extent of sacrificing myself. I just want you to be careful. Don't do such dangerous things anymore in the future. Don't stay awake for more than twenty hours while driving on the road in a fatigued state. It's too dangerous."

Even when he drove to Baybrook for disaster relief, he did not drive alone for more than twenty hours without sleep.

Rachel was indeed a little impulsive when she came alone this time. She was even more embarrassed now after hearing Justin's explanation. "Oh... so that's what you meant... I thought..."

"Thought what?" "Nothing." Rachel coughed dryly to hide her embarrassment. She thought that Justin was frustrated with the tragedies happening in Riverdale, so he was willing to sacrifice his life to partake in disaster relief.

"Out of all the places in Baybrook, why did you choose Greensborough?" she muttered. There was no one else in the room, so Justin heard it clearly and replied helplessly, "Because other volunteers have gone to those places, and only Greensborough is too poor that no one wants to come. I can't just leave them be, can I?"

If one was afraid of hardships while doing charity work, they should not even volunteer to begin with. "Anyway, don't just tell me what to do. Remember what you said and apply it to yourself." Rachel looked at Justin with a complicated expression. "Don't do anything. dangerous."

"I know." Justin pulled the hem of the blanket and asked, "Are you cold? There was a problem with the central heating here before, so it isn't working well now. I'll get you another blanket if you're cold."

Rachel shook her head. "I'm fine."

While the two were talking in the room, no one noticed that a figure had been standing at the door of the ward for a long time.

Julian put his hand on the door handle, and through the glass window, he could clearly see the two people chatting and laughing in front of the hospital bed.

When he learned that Rachel drove to Baybrook by herself, he immediately prepared some goods from Burton Group's inventory and hurriedly sent them to Baybrook. However, when he arrived in Baybrook in the morning, he was not able to contact Rachel. Only then did he know that she met with an accident. Before he could take a sip of water, he rushed to the hospital only to be welcomed by this scene.

After that, he drove away from the hospital in his black car. His assistant, who was in the passenger seat, asked cautiously, "President Peters, are we still sending that batch of supplies to Greensborough?"

"Yes." They were not just going to send the supplies, but they would also have to explain the previous 'misunderstanding'.

The blizzard that happened only once in a century continued, and it was broadcasted on the news every day. Even the affected area was gradually expanding.

Justin answered phone calls every day until his feet were light, yet he still managed to visit the hospital whenever he was free.

"I saw Justin on the news yesterday. The live broadcast by frontline reporters showed that he attended the post-disaster reconstruction meeting in Baybrook as the representative of Riverdale Charity Foundation. He seemed to be in high spirits..."

Rachel was on a video call, and her phone was placed on the foldable table. Jolly, on the other end, was happily sharing about the news video she just watched. "He seems capable. Even though he couldn't be the president of Burton Group, he managed to take over a foundation and take care of it so well. What a talented man."

"Praise him when he comes back." Rachel leaned on the hospital bed and drank her broth comfortably.

"You look relaxed. I thought you went to Baybrook to suffer for a while, but it looks like you went there for a vacation. Don't you just eat and sleep for the whole day? You left me alone in Riverdale to deal with this pile of documents."

"Have you ever seen someone lying in the hospital on vacation?" "My dear, it's just a slight concussion. You're being hospitalized for having the same symptoms as Samuel getting hit in the head. It's all because Justin is exaggerating your condition. He treats you like some kind of god. If I were him, I would have discharged you from the hospital a long time ago," Jolly bombarded her without hesitation.

Since Rachel lucked out this time, she continued eating in peace while ignoring Jolly's provocation. "Well, that's what I got in exchange for risking my life. If you want to be on a vacation, why don't you come too?"

"No, thanks. I would rather work overtime than be buried under the rubble. I don't have someone like Justin who will come over and dig the rubble with his bare hands to save me."

Somehow, the incident of Justin digging the ruins with his bare hands was heard by Jolly. She twisted it into a touching story and talked about it everywhere. Gloria, Victor, and the rest were now aware of it, as well as everyone in the Hudson family.

Thinking of the rumors that she might have to face back in Riverdale, Rachel felt a headache creeping up. “By the way, I have something else to tell you.” Jolly finally turned serious as she remembered important matters. “I hired someone earlier to look for the truck driver who overturned the supply truck.”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 476

“What about it?” “We may have misunderstood Julian,” Jolly uttered in a serious tone. “The driver of the truck has now been discharged from the hospital, and I secretly found out that he was drinking with his cousin at home prior to driving because he made a slip of the tongue. Before hitting the road that day, he took cold medicine and fell asleep on the road while driving, which led to the rollover.”

“Jolly, we saw Robin in the hospital looking for him, but Robin just told him not to talk nonsense with reporters. It’s normal to do so to keep the public calm. Corporates are always afraid of being affected by public opinion. By the way, what about the outbound order from Burton Group’s warehouse?”

Rachel remembered clearly that when she called Julian for help, he promised to instruct the warehouse immediately and give priority to the distribution of disaster relief supplies to Greensborough. However, he secretly asked the warehouse to send all the supplies to Baybrook City in advance, completely avoiding Greensborough.

“Aren’t you aware? Burton Group’s relief supplies have been delivered to Greensborough, exclaimed Jolly. Rachel was startled. “When did that happen?”

“It arrived the day before yesterday. It’s a day away from the batch you brought over. The goods were sent from Burton Group’s warehouse to Baybrook City but Julian stopped them in the middle of the way so that they could be transferred to Greensborough. That’s why the time was delayed, and he didn’t lie to us.”

Rachel looked complicated. “Who told you all this?” “I hired someone to investigate!” “Are you sure it’s reliable?” Jolly’s voice paused. “Are you still doubting Julian?”

Rachel frowned, but she couldn’t tell for sure. In fact, the whole incident was filled with loopholes. Although she could not find Julian at fault nor that the truck rolled over because it was instigated by him, the current clues showed that he was not sincere in helping Greensborough.

In other words, he did not want to help Justin. “Let’s not talk about this for now. When the disaster relief is over, let’s go back to Riverdale and talk about it.”

“When are you coming back? Gloria’s tour is almost over. You should come back early so we can officially set up the wedding venue.” “Maybe after two days, when I’m done with everything here.”

“What are you so busy with?” After saying that, Jolly laughed on the screen. “Chris, are you waiting for Justin to finish his work and return with him?”

“Is there a problem with that? I’ve come all the way here. Even though I can’t be of much help, it doesn’t hurt to stay a few more days.” “Don’t act like this is just work for you. Let me ask you, did you feel touched when he saved you?”

Rachel knew that she was going to ask that sooner or later, so she had prepared a countermeasure beforehand. “We should always repay our life saviors for their grace of saving our life, so I plan to donate supplies worth five hundred thousand to the foundation in the name of Hudson Pharmaceuticals.”

Seeing Rachel’s magnanimous look, Jolly felt like she just embarrassed herself. “You’re so boring.” Rachel was unmoved. “You’re just expecting me to offer myself to him, aren’t you? How lame.”

“That’s not true. I just thought you would change your mind about Justin. I even planned to tell you about the drug.” “Drug? What drug?”

Jolly almost made a slip of the tongue, so she smiled bashfully, “No, it’s nothing. You misheard it.” “I heard it loud and clear. Hurry up and spill it.”

After a long time of pestering, Jolly explained honestly, “Before you filed the lawsuit against Justin, I was supposed to give you Propofol, but I gave you the wrong drug.”

“You gave me the wrong drug?” “I gave you vitamin pills instead... The Propofol was in my bag.” Rachel fell into a daze for a while before suddenly coming back to her senses. Did that mean Justin did not faint at all that night? Then why did he...

Jolly felt extremely guilty. “I also found out that the medicine was in my bag later on, but the lawsuit was already over at that time, and your relationship with Justin was stiff. I thought you won’t be crossing paths with him anymore, and I was worried that you’d overthink if I told you, so I didn’t say anything...”

Listening to Jolly’s words, Rachel was confused. Did that also mean that Justin was completely sober when she pushed him to the hostess in the nightclub, and he even heard clearly what she instructed the hostess to do?

She thought she was being clever to make use of him, but in fact, he willingly let her use him. Even when they went to court, he did not mention a word of her wrongdoings. He allowed Hernandez to testify that his private life was chaotic...

"Chris, are you okay?" Jolly's voice pulled Rachel back from her thoughts. Rachel had mixed feelings in her heart. "Jolly, I may have made more than one mistake." As her best friend, Jolly fully understood how Rachel was feeling at the moment.

She put herself in Rachel's shoes and imagined that there was someone she always regarded as a heinous bastard. If she deliberately plotted against him, used him, indirectly caused him to lose everything, and later on realized that this person had already known everything she did but unconditionally cooperated with her till the end...

Most importantly, realizing that he was not wicked at all in the end. "Maybe you can stop treating your actions as mistakes. No one is at fault. Both of you were just in different positions. Forgive yourself," reassured Jolly.

"I'll think about it." After ending the call, Rachel lay on her pillow. The snow outside the window had stopped.

After several days of heavy snowstorms, the first sunny day was finally ushered in. The news of post-disaster reconstruction had been broadcasted on the news, and everything about disaster relief was coming to an end. Rachel looked out the window in a trance, oblivious to the fact that Frankie was walking: in.

"President Hudson, Frankie called out to pull her out of her reverie. "Do you not like the food? You didn't eat much." Rachel shook her head without explaining too much and glanced behind him. "Where's Justin?"

"President Burton is still in Greensborough. The situation there is worse compared to everywhere else. Many houses have collapsed, so the foundation is planning to build a batch of temporary housing for the residents, and he is having a meeting over there. He will probably not be able to come back tonight. Oh, he also told me to send you back to Riverdale once the snow stops."

"When will he be back to Riverdale?" "I can't give you an exact date. There are many things to settle for the post-disaster reconstruction, especially since Greensborough is a hot potato. Except for President Burton, no one wants to touch it."

"Can I go over?" Rachel's words made Frankie stop packing her things. He cast a surprised look at Rachel and inquired, "Sorry, may you repeat that again?"

"I want to go and see if there is anything I can help with. I'm here for disaster relief after all. I can't stay in the hospital all the time. It's just a little concussion. I've been under observation for days now, and I'm not sick."

After he heard her explanation clearly and made sure that he had not misheard her, Frankie's eyes were filled with indescribable excitement. No one knew what it meant better than him.

"Frankie, help me with the discharge procedures. I want to go to Greensborough immediately," said Rachel.

After a while, Frankie shook out of his reverie. As if afraid that Rachel would regret her decision, he hurriedly made a beeline to the door and uttered, "Just one moment, President Hudson. I'll get it done right away."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 477

Greensborough was entirely covered in white by the time the snow stopped. There were no snow removal vehicles that were in service in the district, so the townspeople split into teams to shovel snow off the roads and clear out all the paths that led into town.

"Heave-ho, everyone! We've gotta clear these roads for the builders or we'll never get our houses fixed for the rest of winter!" "Come on, guys, put your backs into it"

"Mr. Burton's here!"

"Mr. Burton!" The townspeople who were shoveling snow stood upright when they saw Justin, who had only just come out from his meeting with the town committee. "Good day, Mr. Burton," they greeted politely.

Justin nodded at them in acknowledgment and said nothing more. He wasn't much of a talker, and he looked so stern all the time that the townspeople hesitated to approach him. Right now, they exchanged looks among themselves, and one of them piped up boldly, "Mr. Burton, what are you doing here? You shouldn't be out here in this freezing weather. Go back and stay warm by the fire."

Upon hearing this, Harry shot the townsman a sharp look and snapped, "Mr. Burton has been on his feet ever since he got to Greensborough, and not once did he take a break from distributing aid to us, but that's not stopping you guys from calling him lazy."

The townspeople collectively flushed when they heard this and averted their gaze guiltily. Harry had been holding a grudge against these townspeople after hearing their

harsh commentary following the shortage in supplies. Young and full of righteous fury, he was understandably upset at their unfair remarks about Justin, and he had no qualms putting them in their place.

Justin, on the other hand, was relatively unfazed as he said plainly, 'Don't let me keep you from your work. I'm just waiting for someone.'

Waiting for someone? While everyone was baffled by this, the sound of an approaching car came from the village entrance. Justin visibly lit up at once and hurried over. One of the townspeople pulled Harry by the arm. "Do you know anything about the person Mr. Burton is expecting?"

Harry gave him a sharp look. "Don't you have work to get back to? You'd make better progress if you weren't so nosy."

"I'm just curious, that's all. Who could be so important that even the great Mr. Burton would choose to welcome them personally? Should we have a welcoming party or something like that?"

"A welcoming party in the middle of a disaster site? Don't be ridiculous. Save your energy for clearing out the snow instead. Hey, anyone who slacks off will have their houses repaired last!"

This made the nosy townsfolk snap to attention. They couldn't afford to have their houses still be in shambles now that it was the depth of winter, so they doubled down on their efforts to shovel snow out of the way. That said, they couldn't help their curiosity, and some of them craned their necks to get a better look at the town entrance.

Presently, a sleek metallic-gray car rolled to a stop not too far away from where the townsfolk were clearing the paths. The road was somewhat muddy now that the sun was out after the snow.

Frankie got out of the car and made his way to the door of the backseat, thereafter opening it and saying, "If you please, Miss Hudson."

Justin heard this and stopped in his tracks, then waited for the passenger to get down from the car. Seconds later, a figure clad in gray stepped out of the vehicle, and she stood by the door as she flashed Justin a warm smile. Frankie beamed proudly as he glanced at the two of them and announced, "I've brought Miss Hudson to you, President Burton."

Justin blinked out of his reverie and pointed out grimly, 'Looks like my words mean nothing to you anymore. Started to do things your own way, have you?'

He had only learned that Frankie was bringing Rachel down to Greensborough five minutes ago, by which it was too late to stop them. He ended up leaving the town

meeting before it was properly wrapped up just so that he could stand by for Rachel's arrival.

Sensing that Justin was unhappy with him, Frankie threw a pleading look in Rachel's direction. She took the cue and gave Justin a smile, saying, "Now, now. Don't go blaming Frankie for this. I was the one who insisted on dropping by to see how things are."

Frankie was grateful to have her speak up for him, otherwise, he might be on the receiving end of Justin's wrath. Sure enough, Justin let the matter drop and closed the distance between Rachel and himself. He appraised her perfunctorily, then pointed out, "You look like you might freeze to death in those clothes."

"Frankie turned the heater on in the car, and it was getting a little stuffy in my coat," Rachel explained with a nonchalant shrug.

"But you're not in the car anymore, are you? Besides, you could catch a cold in these temperatures. Just forewarning you, we're short on medical supplies, especially flu meds."

"And yet, you're still keeping me here with your nagging," she countered in amusement. It was only then that he realized what he was doing and quickly said, "This way."

He led her past the townspeople who were busy shoveling snow out of the way. She was all smiles as she greeted them, and they were stunned at the sight of her. The young men who saw her blushed and looked away bashfully, then stared at her silhouette as she left with Justin.

When the couple was out of earshot, one of the townspeople grabbed hold of Harry and asked, "Was that Mr. Burton's wife? She's so pretty, I wouldn't be surprised if she was a celebrity!"

Harry rubbed the back of his neck. "She might be his wife, yeah." It made sense that Justin would brace the brittle cold just so he could greet his wife when she arrived.

Meanwhile, Justin brought Rachel to the community hall where the town committee was still waiting for him to elaborate on the plans to rebuild the houses. "Go on, then. I'll be fine on my own," Rachel said.

Justin did not like the idea of leaving her alone; Frankie had left for the Greensborough district center after dropping her off.

At that moment, Harry jogged up to them and offered to keep Rachel company while Justin attended the meeting. "Just leave it to me, Mr. Burton. Have a good meeting!"

Nodding, Justin gave the young man a grateful look and went into the hall. Harry wiped his hands on his jacket and introduced himself to Rachel. "Hi, Mrs. Burton. I'm Harry, and I'm a college student volunteering here in Greensborough. It's nice to meet you."

Mrs. Burton? Rachel blinked at him, then explained with a flustered smile, "I'm Rachel, and you've got it all wrong; I'm not married to Mr. Burton."

"Huh?" Harry panicked. "Oh, I'm sorry. I only assumed that you were his wife. I didn't mean to offend you, ma'am."

She laughed. "It's fine, and please, call me Rachel. I have a brother about your age, and I'd prefer if you call me by my name just as he does."

"Rachel it is," Harry agreed earnestly. "Come on, I'll take you to the house you'll be staying at while you're here."

"Okay." She followed him past the front yard of the community hall.

"Here we are. I know it looks a little shabby, but I promise it's clean inside. Mr. Burton was staying here before you came too," Harry said as he brought her baggage into the house. "It's chilly now, but it'll warm up after the stove gets going."

"Frankie told me that most of the townsfolk lost their homes. If you don't mind me asking, where are they staying now?"

He sighed. "Small towns like these are all about community spirit, so those who have extra room will offer the victims temporary shelter until the houses are rebuilt. If they really have nowhere else to go, they'll be put up in the community hall for the time being."

I can't tell you how excited they were when they found out that Mr. Burton's charity foundation would be funding the snow removal and infrastructure rebuilding process." He almost added that the funds allocated for the townspeople's personal use were an added bonus.

Rachel nodded thoughtfully when she heard this. Harry suddenly shuddered and jogged in place to keep warm. "Jeez, it's freezing in here! The stove is taking forever with those coals. I'd better take you to Mr. Burton's before you get hypothermia, Rachel."

She was obliging. "Alright." Justin was in the house next door, and the stove there kept the space blissfully warm.

Rachel had grown up in the city, and this was the first time she was seeing a stove at work. There was a rustic appeal to the house, so she decided after taking a look around. It was shabby, but it was relatively clean.

There were pictures hanging on the brick walls, and there was not a speck of dust on the table, which had toiletries laid out on it. Justin's suitcase was propped up in one corner of the room, and it was left open to reveal the few pieces of simple clothing within.

"Mr. Burton has been living in this house since he got here, but he hardly ever takes a break; he's almost always on his feet, and today's the first time I've seen him put his work aside for five minutes just to welcome you. I'm not sure if he even slept here."

She pursed her lips at this, not knowing how she should react. If these were old times, it would be impossible to imagine Justin giving up his material comfort and staying here in this disaster zone. He's changed so much, she found herself thinking. Shaking herself out of her thoughts, Rachel asked, "Is there a kitchen here?"

"Yeah. Why do you ask?"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 478

Halfway through the meeting, Justin and the representatives from Baybrook City voiced differing opinions on the issue of hiring manpower for the rebuilding of Greensborough, and each began to put forth their reasons.

Justin questioned, "Why do we need to outsource the rebuilding works when the townspeople are best suited for the labor?"

"You've seen how they practically trampled over one another just to get supplies. We're talking about a bunch of hillbillies here, and we can't risk having them stir up trouble when the rebuilding works are underway."

"Exactly. What if these folks decided to steal building materials from the site?" "The same thing happened at Rushford. Speaking from experience, I think we should outsource the work to a reliable construction company-just to be safe."

The objections rallied against him made Justin frown, but instead of arguing with them, he said, "Let's hold off on that idea for the time being until we've evaluated the pros and cons."

All reconstruction works in the disaster zone would begin with the lightest of repairs. Right now, the townspeople were gathered in the east. and pulling in manpower to fix the roofs that had collapsed. Most of them were putting their backs to the job, and not a single one looked to be slacking off.

Frankie pointed out helpfully, "These folks are fixing up their own homes, and they're incentivized to work together instead of pulling each other's leg."

One of the Baybrook City representatives. blinked in surprise at this, then suggested, "Let's take a look over there, then."

Frankie fell in step next to Justin to seek confirmation. "President Burton?" "I'm fine with it." Justin glanced at the time. "Pretty sure we can wrap things up here by the end of the day."

"That soon? Didn't you say this will last till tomorrow evening at the very least?" "I made some adjustments. The foundation has agreed to top up the funds required for the rebuilding."

"Huh. I guess money is king after all," Frankie muttered. Then, he suddenly thought of something, and he couldn't resist speculating, "You didn't make the adjustments so you could go back to Riverdale with Rachel, did you, President Burton?"

Much to his astonishment, Justin hummed in response, readily admitting to the fact. Frankie's eyes nearly bugged out of his head. "Aren't you worried that someone might blow the whistle on your jobbery, sir?"

"You're the only one who knows about this," Justin said as he eyed his assistant coolly, raising a brow. "Besides, I'm the one who's funding the sponsorship; the foundation is just a cover. You're welcome to blow the whistle on me if you'd like."

A shudder went through Frankie. "I was only joking, President Burton." It wasn't really considered jobbery anyway, seeing as the funds were taken out from the foundation for the sake of rebuilding disaster-stricken Greensborough.

The issue of manpower was settled after the attendants of the meeting had gone around assessing the townspeople's progress. As such, Justin wasted no time when heading back to the house where Rachel was.

The expansive backyard of the community hall was quiet. A path leading up to the house had been cleared, paved with a huge pile of snow on either side. Justin hurried up to the front step, and when he lifted the tarp that fell over the entryway, he caught the scent of food coming from inside the house.

He was just about to say something when he saw Rachel by the stove, asleep with her apron on as she lay slumped against the side of the bed. He let the tarp fall soundlessly

over the entryway to block out the slightest breeze, then tiptoed over to the table across the bed. There was food laid out on the table, but he paid no attention to the spread and decided to watch Rachel sleep instead.

He found himself thinking that it was a good thing that she came to Greensborough. She never got to take time off for herself back in Riverdale, and she was constantly surrounded by problems she needed to solve. On top of having to care for two small children, she had to uncover the truth of her grandmother and Hans' murder; demand justice for her mother; bring Hudson Pharmaceuticals back on track, and take care of her 'siblings'.

Justin was still feeling sorry for her when he accidentally swept one of the forks off the table. It fell to the floor with a metallic clang that broke the silence in the room.

Rachel snapped awake at once, and she immediately locked eyes with Justin from across the room. Groggily, she asked, "What are you doing here? I thought you were at the meeting."

"I only just got here," he answered quietly. "You should've woken me up," she complained. "How did I even fall asleep?"

"It's fine. You should get more sleep if you're tired." She yawned. "It's pretty comfy here by the stove, she admitted. "I dozed off as soon as it got warm. Has the food gone cold? I can heat it up for you if you'd like."

Justin shook his head. "There's no need for that. It still tastes great." With that, he took up his utensils and dug hungrily into the meal, savoring the meatballs with fervor.

"Slow down," she reminded, pouring out a cup of hot tea and setting it down next to him. While he was devouring his food, she added softly, "I figured you'd be missing home cooked food, and there was nothing for me to do here anyway. What would you like to have tomorrow? I'll be your personal chef for as long as we're stuck here."

Upon hearing this, Justin instantly regretted that he had wrapped things up here sooner than planned. As reluctant as he was, he swallowed the food and said nonetheless, "We can leave for Riverdale tomorrow."

Rachel froze. "What? That's quicker than expected. Frankie told me there were still a ton: of things you guys needed to sort out."

"We sorted it out a lot sooner than planned." "Really? That's great, I suppose. I'm not a fan of the freezing weather, to be honest with you, and I don't think you'd last here any longer than I would, seeing as we're used to the warmer climate down south."

She paused and added as an afterthought, "By the way, Jolly told me that Ria will be coming back soon, and with New Year's around the corner, we'll have a lot of work on our hands when we get back to Riverdale."

Justin's gaze darkened at the mention of New Year's, and the air in the room grew colder despite the roaring stove in the corner. He wordlessly ate his dinner, and that was when Rachel realized she might have had a foot-in-mouth moment. She couldn't believe she was so thoughtless.

The Burton Family had been through a lot this year; Arthur and Jason's passing were but two of the darkest moments that marked Justin's year, and now that Gloria was getting married, the family was shrinking even more. With no relatives around him, Rachel couldn't imagine how lonely the holidays would be for Justin. He would have no reason to celebrate.

"Ria's wedding gown has arrived, apparently," Justin suddenly spoke up, breaking the grim tension. "Frankie told me about it this morning: they had it sent to the summer villa."

"Really?" Grateful for the change of subject, Rachel beamed. "That's such a relief. I was worried that it might not arrive in time for the wedding. You know how international logistics are."

"The wedding may be simple, but the guest list is overwhelming. Ria sent out invites to almost everyone in her orchestra."

"Victor's elementary school teacher will be there as well," Rachel reminded. Just like that, they kept up the conversation about the wedding until nightfall came.

"Goodness, it's already 10.00 PM," Rachel observed as she noted the time on her watch. "I should get going. You look like you could use some rest."

That much was true. Justin looked absolutely exhausted as he rose from his seat, gripping the edge of the stove to steady himself. "I'll walk you home."

"No, it's fine. I can-Justin!" She gasped when he suddenly fell backward onto the floor. It all happened so fast she couldn't even react in time to catch him.

It was already late at night by the time the paramedics arrived. One of the nurses put him on an IV and adjusted the speed of the transfusion, then said, "He's down with a fever, but he'll be fine after two rounds of IV. All you have to do is replace this bottle with the second one after it runs out. Do you know how to do it yourself?"

"Yes," Rachel said. "Thank you for coming."

“No problem.” Having seen the paramedics out the door, Rachel sat down next to the bed. Presently, Justin had yet to regain consciousness, and his skin felt hot to the touch. I can’t believe he could do all that work today while he was running a high fever and still holding up a conversation during dinner.

“Miss Hudson.” Frankie returned after sending the paramedics off and sighed ruefully at the sight of Justin’s sleeping form on the bed. “I thought he looked a little pale earlier. I should have known he was sick.”

“Don’t be too hard on yourself. If anything, he probably knew he was sick right from the beginning but kept it from you,” Rachel comforted. Her brows furrowed as she said angrily, “He’s always been this way. He keeps everything to himself and carries the world on his shoulders. Doesn’t he ever get tired of it?”

If she hadn’t come to Greensborough today, he would have collapsed in the house without anyone to call the paramedics at first instance. He could have ended up in worse shape.

Frankie handed her a cup of tea and remarked thoughtfully, “You know, Miss Hudson, I don’t think he’s tired at all, not while you’re here anyway. Honestly, I’m pretty happy for him.”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 479

After Frankie left, Rachel reached out to touch Justin’s forehead, then flinched when she felt the heat. The paramedics from earlier had tried to bring his temperature down with external cooling, but Rachel was still worried about him. She had come close to getting meningitis once when she was a child, and it started with a high fever as well.

She paced around the house anxiously and finally decided to head outside with a small bowl that was filled with snow from outside. When she returned, she tried looking for a bag to hold the snow she had collected, but to no avail.

She sauntered over to the bed, and her gaze fell upon the damp towel folded and laid over Justin’s forehead.

A sudden wicked thought crossed her mind. She began to shape the snow in the bowl into a mini snowman, and once it took form, she set it on Justin’s forehead.

At the sight of the snowman gingerly balanced there, Rachel couldn't help sputtering aloud, and her shoulders shook as she tried to hold back her laughter.

Just then, Justin's brows furrowed, and the movement caused the mini snowman to tremble precariously. Rachel's eyes widened as her hand darted out to grab the snowman, but her fingertips had barely brushed it when it fell forward and landed with a soft splat over his nose, breaking and covering half his face in the snow.

He shivered at the sudden icy sensation and woke up. At that moment, their eyes met, and Rachel wished a hole would open up in the ground and swallow her.

They cleared up the snowy mess in awkward silence, and a minute later, Justin was propped up against the headboard while sipping the hot chamomile tea Rachel had made for him. He was still pale, but he looked a little better than he had when the IV was first administered.

Presently, Rachel flushed guiltily as she stammered, "I... Uh, I'm sorry about just now. I was just trying to help you cool down."

"With a mini snowman?" he asked with a raised brow, clearly amused. She gaped at him. "How did you know it was a snowman?"

"If I'm not mistaken, it was the snowman's head that landed on my left cheek. If you hadn't used green peas for its eyes, I would have thought it was a frozen powdered donut."

She turned a bright shade of red, and she was so flustered she almost choked on air. He laughed at how distressed she seemed, and she snapped, "What's so funny?"

"I never quite figured out where Charlotte got her mischievous side from until now," he explained with a chuckle. Glaring at him, she asked, "You think she got it from me?"

"Obviously." "It could just be something she picked up along the way instead of an inherited trait," she argued. "Ah, so you admit that you have the trait, then?"

Rachel opened her mouth to protest, but she found herself at a loss for words. She wished she could dissect his mind and see just what went on in there and how he could come up with all these clever, witty responses that caught her off guard all the time.

Presently, he added placatingly, "Hey, don't be mad. I was only joking. Also, how long was I out for?" He peered outside the window, but all he saw was darkness.

"Not too long," she answered. "The paramedics left moments before you woke up, and I only just put you on the second bottle of IV"

"I'm sorry to put you through the trouble" "It's not that big of a deal, really," she said with a shrug. "I'm fine with it. The question is, how are you going to go back to Riverdale in this state?! don't think you can travel for the time being."

Justin almost told her he could make the trip, but when he saw the look on her face, he changed his mind and asked instead, 'I don't know. What if I can't? Will you go without me?"

She frowned and pointed out matter-of-factly, "And leave you here on your own? As if. We can push the trip back by a day and leave when you feel better. It won't make much of a difference, will it?" "But it's so run-down here," he remarked.

"It's not too bad. Besides, I lived in a small town just like this one when I was a kid, remember? Look at the woods outside the door; don't they look just like the ones outside my childhood home?" It was only after she said this that she realized she was bringing up her childhood. Up until now, she still couldn't be sure if the last words she had uttered the other day had not been part of some fever dream.

However, Justin did not look the slightest bit. fazed as he nodded and replied, "They do."

Rachel froze when she heard this. So I wasn't dreaming or delirious when I said all those things while lying under the rubble. I really did tell Justin about my childhood.

"How about we go for a stroll in the woods tomorrow if the weather permits?" he suggested, pulling her out of her thoughts as his voice cut through the tension in the room.

"Sure," she replied, caught in the remnants of her daze. They chatted for a while longer, and at some point, Rachel let out a yawn, prompting Justin to check the time. When he saw that it was the early hours of the morning, he said, "It's late. You should go back and get some sleep."

She glanced at the bottle of IV fluid. "But you're not done with the IV yet." The paramedic had emphasized that she must detach the IV needle and catheter when the bottle emptied. Justin gave her a dismissive wave. "I can do it myself."

Frowning, she countered, "I'd rather you didn't strain yourself. I'll stay until you finish the drip. Besides, how are you going to press a cotton ball down on your forearm while detaching the catheter?" Even if he could manage such an impressive feat, there was no guarantee he wouldn't fall asleep before the IV fluid ran out.

She didn't want air embolism to happen, and her careful nature meant she had to stay here and keep an eye on him. Besides, she knew she would be so worried about leaving him to his own devices that sleep would become a virtual impossibility.

Upon seeing how stubborn she was, Justin let her be and did not try to get her to leave again. It was getting really late into the night. Rachel yawned for what felt like the fiftieth time and sighed at the boredom. The house was so quiet that the only sound that filled the space was the soft, rhythmic dripping of the IV fluids.

Neither she nor Justin said a word, and for a moment, it was like they were transported back in time to six years ago. Justin had always been stoic, and Rachel was by no means a conversationalist at the time. As such, silence enfolded them whenever they were alone.

However, he got used to having her around the Burton family home after she had moved in with them for a while. Much like a glass of water, she started out plain and forgettable, but one could only go so long without water, and she eventually became an important part of his life:

As Justin reminisced about the past, there was a period of time when Arthur had kept Rachel at the summer villa. For some reason, her absence had caused him to lose sleep at night, and he secretly traveled to and fro the countryside just so he could get some sleep at the summer villa. He hadn't felt tired then; the restful slumber more than made up for the distance.

He wondered if he had already fallen in love with Rachel then, only without realizing it. Or maybe I've loved her for longer, he thought. The next morning, the winter sun filtered through the window and coaxed Rachel out from dreamland.

She turned so that she lay flat on her back and opened her eyes groggily. It was then that she registered the unfamiliar sensation under, and she bolted upright while drawing the covers up to her torso.

Did I fall asleep here? She couldn't believe she had slept through the night at Justin's place, nor could she remember how. The IV bottle hooked up next to the bed was empty, and dangling from it was the catheter, which swayed when her movements sent a breeze in its direction. The needle glimmered under the morning sun, as though reminding her that there was supposed to be a person attached to it.

At once, realization dawned upon Rachel. She didn't recall pulling the needle out of Justin's arm last night. So who did? Could we both have fallen asleep while the IV kept on dripping? Did no one pull the needle out after the IV course was finished? Oh, no. The air! The embolism! Justin!

Panic flooded through her at the thought of this. She quickly threw the covers off, and she was half-running, half-pulling on her boots to get out of the house.

The first thing she saw when she went out into the yard was Harry fetching a pail of water. "Harry!" she called out frantically. "Have you seen Justin?"

Harry was astonished to see her coming out of Justin's house. Baffled, he asked, "I thought Mr. Burton was running a high fever last night. Isn't he sleeping in the house?"

Rachel blanched. "No, he isn't!"

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 480

"Not here?" Harry scratched his head, completely oblivious to the gravity of the situation. "But that can't be. I got up before dawn, but I did not see Mr. Burton coming out."

"Where's Frankie?" Rachel was like a cat on hot bricks and as soon as she finished speaking, the door at the side of the yard opened. With a toothbrush in hand, Frankie walked out while replying, "You're looking for me, President Hudson?"

At his sight, she immediately walked up to him. and said, "President Burton is missing." "President Burton?!" Frankie was stunned, then subconsciously glanced behind him.

"I dozed off last night and forgot to remove his infusion needle. Did something happen to him? Don't hide anything from me." Before Rachel finished talking, the curtains behind Frankie were drawn aside to reveal a gigantic figure within.

It was none other than Justin. As their gazes met each other, Rachel was dumbfounded. Frankie coughed and explained awkwardly, "Um, President Hudson, calm down first.

President Burton slept at my place last night."

Justin was still confused, so Frankie told him, "President Hudson thought something happened to you because the infusion needle wasn't removed..."

Rachel wanted more than anything to just disappear on the spot as she glared at Frankie. Couldn't he have omitted that part? Frankie wasn't too ignorant, for he hastily escaped with his toothbrush, leaving the two to stare at each other.

"How did you end up at Frankie's place?" There were hints of anger in Rachel's tone, for she was terribly shocked early in the morning. Justin said, "You fell asleep last night."

"You could have woken me up. I was waiting to remove the infusion needle for you!" "I did try..." Justin hesitated for a while. "But you didn't wake up."

It was Rachel's turn to feel awkward. After all, she had spent the day in a car traveling from Baybrook City yesterday, so she was exhausted at night. She didn't even know when she lay down to rest, so Justin's words were quite believable.

"Hey, who built this snowman?" Suddenly, Harry exclaimed from a distance away. "This roly-poly actually looks kind of nice!"

Looking in the direction the voice came from, Rachel saw the snowman in front of her house's entrance, which was as tall as half a person. Its head and body were both round and chubby, and it even had two branches for arms. Rachel immediately looked toward Justin. "You built this?"

He replied, "As compensation for the one that was ruined last night. Is this enough?" At the mention of the snowman last night, she instantly went red in the face. "What is wrong with you?"

Then, she was pissed as she added, "Do you even value your life anymore? You still had a fever, but you went outside in the middle of the night to build a snowman? What were you thinking?"

"The fever's gone." Justin's voice was small and lukewarm, with hints of a smile inside it.

Even though Rachel was furious about him. making fun of her, when she saw the snowman in the distance, she still couldn't help herself as she ran over to it. The longer she looked at it, the sillier it looked. She had never seen anyone build a snowman this rotund.

"Wow." She turned around and said to Justin, "You should do this in Riverdale too. Charlotte will be pleased to see it."

He replied, "Got it." Over at the well, Harry and Frankie crouched together as they brushed their teeth. From the corner of his eye, Harry watched Justin and Rachel chatting away happily as they stood around the snowman, mumbling to himself, "I can't believe Mr. Burton has this side to him."

Frankie glanced at him. "You just didn't know him long enough. When you've spent enough time with him, you'd know that President Burton shows every side of him when he's around President Hudson."

"In the future, Mr. Burton will probably turn into the type of husband who fears his wife." "You don't even have to wait for the future; he's already like this right now." Frankie gargled and spat out the water in his mouth as he said confidently.

After breakfast, the villagers came to the community hall bearing gifts. “Assistant Beckham, we know that Mr. Burton doesn’t like making a fuss, so we’re the representatives sent here to give him some of our local specialties as a gift. We hope Mr. Burton will like it.”

“Of course, he will. However, he really isn’t here right now.” Frankie looked at the mountains in the distance. “Right after he had breakfast, he went into the mountains with President Hudson.”

Meanwhile, in the mountains, the snow hadn’t melted yet. Holding onto Justin’s shoulder for support, Rachel navigated a slope. She was steadily supported all the way until she stepped onto the turf.

“The villagers here depend on the mountains for their livelihood. The snow closed off the mountains some time ago, so they couldn’t enter. After they had finished their rations, they were completely helpless. People also died from the collapsed houses, so it caused quite a panic.”

Hearing Justin’s words, Rachel nodded. When she came here yesterday, she could see that there were some houses in the village with white clothes hung at the entrance. They seemed to be holding a funeral, but because of the severity of the situation, they could only mourn in the simplest way possible. She asked, “Now that you’re done with helping the village, what do you want to do when you go back?”

“I’ll check all the donations for the cause, after which I’ll hold an appreciation banquet.” “Will you be inviting the Burton Group?” Rachel wasn’t one to beat around the bush.

“Burton Group was the one who sent the third shipment of supplies to Greensborough, so of course they’ll be on the invitation list.”

“Don’t you think it’s too late for them to do that?” “I don’t care either way. It’s enough to know that the supplies have arrived.”

She frowned. “But at the time when Greensborough needed those supplies the most, Burton Group didn’t send them anything. I think you know better than me what happened with the transporters.”

She believed that Justin would be able to find out the same things she found out herself, so he should have known that someone had meddled with the supplies. It wasn’t difficult to link it to Julian either.

Justin, however, remained calm as usual. “Let’s not dig deeper for now. I’ll find some time to talk to Julian after we return to Riverdale.” Julian has changed so much.”

“Maybe he has his reasons.” Rachel stood in front of a tree, turning around to look at the small village at the foot of the mountains. “Actually, all of us have changed a lot. Change isn’t scary; the scariest thing is to blur the lines between good and evil.

I know Julian is your family, and blood is thicker than water, but it’s only natural to be punished if one does something wrong. If criminals can get away, it would only stoke the fire even more. The real way to help Julian isn’t to just leave him be, you have to give him due retribution.”

Her words were reasonable since she regarded the crime instead of the person. Be it Justin or Julian, they would be in the right if they did something right, and they would be in the wrong if they committed any crimes. This standard shouldn’t change based on any person.

Justin said, “If I split Burton Group in half, do you think he’d come to his senses and repent?” “Split Burton Group in half?” Rachel was stunned as she asked in disbelief, “What are you trying to do?” If she remembered correctly, he didn’t own too much of Burton Group, including the shares.

“It’s not that difficult to start over, but I still think there can only be one Burton Group. I don’t have any plans to create a competitor, so after I return to Riverdale and am done with all this, can Hudson Realty partner up with me?” Justin’s tone and gaze were both completely sincere.

Slightly retracting her fingers by her sides, Rachel asked in bewilderment, “Are you sure? Are you using half of Burton Group to partner with Hudson Realty? If you can do that, you should have better choices.”

“I feel that if you agree to this, this will be the best choice.”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 481

There were some rustling sounds coming from the forest. Some animals might be foraging for food now that the snow had melted, or perhaps it was just the sound of wind breezing past the leaves.

“You don’t have to hurry; you can take your time to consider it after going back to Riverdale.”

Justin didn't urge Rachel to make her decision as soon as possible. After all, business matters required extensive and detailed consideration.

Rachel didn't give her reply right away, either.. For one, she originally never wanted to get involved with Burton Group. Also, she didn't want to mediate things between Justin and Julian ever again, fearing that things would only get worse if she did.

"Okay, then I'll think about it when we get back."

"Sure."

The two followed the path and walked further into the mountain. Rachel looked around her. "This place does kind of look like Somerset Mountain. If I have a chance, I'd love to visit it again."

After the fire, which happened when she was eight, she was brought to Riverdale, and she had not visited that place ever since.

Justin said, "No one lives in Somerset Mountain anymore. The forest is also protected well, and it developed into a scenic area. If you want to go back, you might have to buy entrance tickets."

"I have to buy entrance tickets even when I'm returning to my own home?" "Why don't we ask about it when we get there?"

When Justin finished speaking, the two smiled at each other.

Rachel and Justin roamed the mountains for a bit and finally returned to the village at noon. An enthusiastic villager insisted on treating them to lunch before letting them leave, and the trunk of their car was stashed full of local specialties. On the way home, there was the smokey smell of cured meat in the car..

Justin frowned as he said to Frankie, "Didn't I tell you not to accept anything from the villagers?"

Frankie wore a sullen expression. "President Burton, I didn't mean for that to happen either. The villagers were carrying various gifts in their hands when they blocked our car. They refused to let us leave just like that. As soon as I opened the trunk, it was stashed full right away. I even asked them to leave half of it for themselves, but we still ended up with so much."

Rachel said, "Don't blame him. We've seen for ourselves how the villagers acted. They might make us stay for dinner if we didn't leave earlier. We might have to accept their kindness. for a whole month before they let us go."

“That’s because President Burton is popular here, and the villagers tend to repay any form of kindness.”

“Yes, so we have to hang this meat in front of our doors when we get back so that it can keep curing. The villagers were so sincere about the gifts, after all.”

Hearing Rachel’s words, Frankie and the driver both stifled their laughter. Justin glanced at Rachel in exasperation.

It took more than 20 hours by car to travel from Greensborough to Riverdale. Frankie and the driver alternated between themselves taking the wheel, and they finally reached Riverdale in the shortest possible time.

It was afternoon the next day by the time they arrived at Riverdale. The driver sent Rachel home first. “Gloria’s flight is tomorrow, so don’t forget to fetch her at the airport.”

With the car window between them, Rachel waved at Justin. “I’ll go fetch her if I have time.”

Justin said, “Just focus on your work. She’s not a child now. She doesn’t need anyone to fetch her.”

“You’re so stubborn.”

Rachel laughed, then after watching the car drive away into the distance, she turned around and went upstairs. The first thing she did when she got home was to call Jolly up.

Over the phone, she could even hear Jolly jumping up from the couch. “Why did you go back to your apartment? You should have come to my house straight away. The new year is just around the corner, so there’s no need to go home.”

“It’s almost New Year’s Day?” Rachel was still a little puzzled as she raised her head to look at the digital calendar on the wall. It was already the 28th of December.

“Wow, you’re right.”

“Of course I am; why would I lie to you? Just tidy up and come over as soon as you can. My parents even asked me this morning when you’re coming over. This is our first time counting down to the new year together as a family.”

“Okay, I’ll clean up first, then go to your place at night.”

After hanging up, Rachel put down her luggage and looked around her. There wasn’t much to clean up, but she noticed some white roses placed in a vase on a table. The flowers were changed recently.

She didn't remember when it started, but there had always been fresh white roses in the vase in her house. As far as she could recall, she had never seen the flowers wilt in her house. At the thought of the person who sent the flowers, Rachel felt her lips curve into a warm smile.

Women would always be moved by little gestures without realizing it. At that moment, Rachel didn't even realize that herself. Because of flowers in full bloom in the evening, she once again felt moved after so many years.

The next morning, Gloria's early morning flight arrived at Riverdale Airport. Rachel and Jolly departed from the Carter Residence with the two children to fetch Gloria at the airport. Jolly yawned as she leaned back in the passenger seat. "She's really somebody for us to pick her up."

Rachel was driving as she rolled her eyes at Jolly. "You were the one who wanted to come with me, weren't you? Are you regretting it now?"

"It's too boring if I stay at home alone. It's the holidays, so what can I do if I don't go out?" "If you miss working so much, I don't mind. rushing you to submit the annual plan as president."

"Please don't." Jolly grinned, immediately backing off. "I still think it's not too bad to pick up Gloria. After all, your bestie is my bestie as well. I have to be her bridesmaid at her wedding too."

"Did she agree to it, or did you force yourself into the role?"

"Even if she doesn't agree to it, she'll have to."

"You're terrible." "Right, why didn't Victor come? How is he so unenthusiastic when it comes to fetching his own wife?"

Rachel replied, "He got the house, remember? He bought groceries and is now making meals at home. He wants us to go over together and throw a pre-New Year's Eve party there."

"Ho, he's smart. I'll give him that. Gloria has good taste. Victor is quite a decent person." "You just never saw him when he was at his worst."

Rachel couldn't help laughing. For some reason, she remembered the first time she saw Victor six years ago, with his bleached hair and spiky attitude.

Halfway there, Jolly poked at Rachel and gestured for her to look behind her. "Hey, look at your daughter. She's drooling in her sleep. I wonder who she took after."

Rachel glanced in the rearview mirror. “Your son isn’t any better. He’s still holding the game console in his hand.”

“Chris, are you taking sides now? You’re referring to him as my son now? What do you mean by that? Isn’t Samuel your son too? Did you forget about your son now that you have a daughter?”

“Stop twisting the truth.” Rachel straight-out ignored her. In her heart, Samuel was like her biological son. Jolly positioned herself in the passenger seat as she whipped out her phone to take photos of the children.

They had woken up too early, so the children were already a little dazed when they got into the car. They fell asleep not long after the car started, and one of them had their head on the other’s shoulder. Charlotte’s drool was already getting on Samuel’s collar.

Even though Jolly wasn’t very good at raising children, she was still softened at the sight of the adorable children. She took tons of photos and sent them to Leroy.

Leroy seemed to be occupied with something, for there was no reply from him. Jolly suddenly thought of something. “Chris, do you think they count as childhood friends?”

“Probably. It counts as long as they grow up together.”

“Chris, I have an idea.”

“What is it?”

“Why don’t we arrange a marriage between our children?”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 482

Rachel almost slammed on the brakes as she gripped the wheel, rounding the large curve on the highway to the airport.

The car pulled up at the entrance to the terminal as Rachel gave Jolly a warning glare. “You seem to be complaining about me not treating Samuel as my biological son just moments ago, but now you’re proposing a marriage for my own son and my own daughter?”

Jolly blinked. "I'm just saying." Rachel glared at her. "Do you know the correct term for this idea of yours?"

"What is it?"

"It's incest!" In Rachel's eyes, Samuel and Charlotte were like siblings, so Jolly's idea was too dangerous. Jolly still wanted to argue that the two weren't related by blood, but a figure had already emerged from the terminal, luggage in hand.

When Rachel caught sight of it, she instantly undid her seatbelt and went out of the car to welcome the person. Jolly could only swallow her words. Then, she turned around to look at the children, then couldn't help but take another photo.

They look perfect for each other. Is it bad for childhood friends to get together? With Gloria in the car, on the way home, the children woke up.

"I want strawberry chocolate."

Charlotte enthusiastically hugged Gloria's arm as she waited for Gloria to open the packaging of the chocolate she had brought back.

Jolly looked at Charlotte as if the latter were her future daughter-in-law. "Charlotte, you have to share the good things you get. So why don't you ask Aunt Gloria to give half of your chocolates to Samuel?"

"No." Charlotte immediately shook her head, disregarding Jolly's advice. Jolly frowned and looked at Rachel with a complicated expression.

With just a look from Jolly, Rachel knew what she was thinking. Jolly probably thought that with Charlotte's stubborn personality, Samuel would definitely be at a disadvantage if the two really got married to each other. She was Samuel's biological mother, after all. Hence, she wouldn't want her son to face injustice.

"You should just give up." Rachel averted her gaze, her expression calm. "They both have strong personalities, so they should just terrorize other people's children. Why would we put our own children against each other?"

Jolly nodded thoughtfully. "You have a point." Both Charlotte and Samuel were self-centered children, so anyone who got together with them would be in for a ride. They were truly suited to terrorize other children.

Meanwhile, in the backseat, Charlotte and Samuel were arguing about which chocolate tasted better, strawberry or rum. The mothers in front didn't realize that Charlotte refused to give Samuel the chocolate not because of selfishness but simply because she knew that Samuel didn't like strawberry chocolate.

Halfway through their journey, Gloria asked, "I couldn't get in contact with my brother all this while. What's he up to?"

Perhaps because she became more mature after her marriage, Gloria changed how she referred to Justin from the usual 'Justin' to a more respectful 'brother.'

Jolly was also curious. "Yes, why didn't Justin come along?" Rachel frowned a little, but her voice remained calm. "He should be at Burton Group right now."

There were rarely companies like Hudson Group, which would finish up the yearly meetings just a few days before the new year, hence giving all the employees an extra day off for the new year. Most companies would hold their yearly meetings on this day, and Burton Group was no exception.

Justin was still a member of Burton Group, even though he had sold a part of his shares and transferred some under Charlotte's name. On paper, he was still the general manager of the branch. This was an 'illusion' Julian maintained for the public eye.

However, no one thought that Justin would attend the year end general meeting today, including Julian. "What are you doing here?"

In the office, Julian was having a private conversation with Justin. The general meeting in the meeting room opposite them was put on hold, and through the windows, Julian and Justin could see the shareholders discussing among themselves. Justin said, "I'm here to make a deal with you."

"A deal? Between you and me?"

"Julian, by the looks of it, you're definitely going to be the president of Burton Group soon. Even though you're the vice president on paper, Robin listens to you and does everything you say."

"What are you getting at?"

"What I want to say is that there are many ways to earn money. However, you mustn't earn them illegally even if you're at your wit's end."

Justin's gaze sharpened a little, and he emanated a chill that suppressed all others. He rarely looked at Julian like that, the way he used to glare at his rivals.

"A month ago, you bought some land in Riverside. It's a large piece of land, but in Burton Group's year-end audit reports on intangible assets, the estimated price was meager. Can you tell me why?"

Julian was visibly taken aback. A few seconds later, he said, "That's a wasteland. It has no developmental value except to be rented out to the farmers nearby."

“Really? Is that what Mr. Price from the Urban Construction Bureau told you?” Justin’s gaze was burning as Julian clenched his fists. “So you knew. Did you come here today to report me to the directors just with this land? What if I don’t admit to it? Let me tell you this: stop trying. It’s no use!”

“I already said before that I have no desire to take the position of president from you.”

“Then what are you trying to do?”

The time had finally come.

Despite Justin’s reluctance to stand against Julian like this, in reality, he couldn’t find a better way to resolve the situation.

“As long as you promise me two things, I won’t mention anything about that land in Riverside. First of all, remove Robin from the position as president, and take his place.”

Julian was a little stunned as he stayed silent for a bit. “And the second one?”

“Secondly, from the general meeting today onward, all of Burton Group’s branches under me will stand independent of Burton Group. However, they will still operate various businesses under the name of Burton Group. From today onward, Burton Group will be split in two, and those two parts will no longer be involved with each other.”

“What? Why should I give you half of Burton Group?”

“You can decline, but I also have other ways. For example, I can start removing the so-called connections you’ve built up over the last few months in Riverdale.”

There was a wintry chill in Justin’s eyes as he spoke in a low but firm tone. “You don’t have much time to consider. The shareholders are waiting for us.”

Julian clenched his fists tightly. Because he had gritted his teeth too strongly, his facial muscles were trembling as well. He hadn’t experienced this feeling of being blackmailed in a long time. Dang it! Dang this man! Argh!

However, he knew very well that Justin wasn’t joking. If he declined, as soon as the matter about the land in Riverside was exposed, it would have many complications.

Sometime later, Julian replied with a sullen expression, “I can agree to your terms, but I have my own terms as well.”

“Go ahead.” “Burton Group can be split in half, but Riverdale must serve as a boundary. In all the business dealings, everything on the southern side of Riverdale would be under me, and you can be in charge of the northern side. We would not cross paths.

Most of Burton Group's workforce and supplies were located on the southern side of Riverdale. Julian's words sounded fair, but in truth, he had simply tossed an empty husk to Justin.

"Sure," With that simple, calm utterance, Justin agreed.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 483

Julian never thought that Justin would agree so readily.

"Are you sure? It's northern Riverdale." I've been in Burton Group for a longer time than you. I don't need you to tell me that; I know what it's like with the branch in northern Riverdale."

Julian frowned as he looked at Justin, obviously suspecting him of some trickery. However, Justin spoke calmly. "You don't have to read too much into it. I just want to retain the name of Burton Group. It's no difference to me whether the branch is an empty shell or not."

"You don't have any other requests?"

"None." Julian slowly relaxed his clenched fists. "I'll announce that half of Burton Group will be given to you."

During the shareholders' meeting, Julian's decision shocked everyone present, and the one who received the most shock was none other than Robin.

He had gotten used to being the president of Burton Group. Save for Julian, the entire company was under his command, and he could get everything he asked for. However, everything had changed with a snap of a finger.

Everyone voted, and it was agreed that Robin would be removed from the president position. Also, it was approved that Julian and Justin would become presidents of Burton Group's branches in the southern and northern divisions of Riverdale, respectively. Everything happened so fast that it was unbelievable. After the meeting, the shareholders went their separate ways after voicing their congratulations.

Robin wanted to say something, but Julian stopped him with a look. Even though he was reluctant to comply, he could only stand by quietly as he waited for Julian to wrap up his work.

Julian took the initiative to call Justin, "Since you're here anyway, are you staying back for the party tonight?"

"It's okay, maybe next year."

Justin looked at Julian, his gaze calm. "A happy new year to you in advance."

"Happy New Year." As Julian watched Justin leave the meeting room, his gaze gradually turned cold.

"President Peters, why did you just let him take half of Burton Group away? What right does he have? He didn't even have any shares, so why-" "Because he's a Burton."

Julian didn't even look at Robin as he clenched his fists again. Just because Justin was a Burton, he had to have a part in the Burton Group. Even if he didn't come knocking today, he would come in the future. In reality, ever since Julian took over Burton Group, he knew very well that this day would come.

Robin carefully studied Julian's expression, saying anxiously, "J-Julian, then what are we going to do now?"

Julian raised his brows and said in contempt, "Our branch in the northern part of Riverdale is just an empty shell. What can he possibly do even with the name of Burton Group? At least it's better than nothing."

It was only recently that Burton Group decided to expand into the markets of northern Riverdale. The branch there was in its early stages, and they were even lacking employees there. Burton Group had invested so much money in that branch every day, but it was all in vain.

If Justin hadn't spoken up today, Julian was even thinking of removing their branch in northern Riverdale.

"It's just trash. If someone wants trash, then let

them have it."

Julian calmed himself down and gave Robin a look of indifference. "You don't have to come to Burton Group anymore. I have other tasks for you."

Robin fell silent. Meanwhile, Rachel and the others arrived at Victor's home. The door opened to reveal Victor in an apron, with some flour smeared on his face.

Jolly grinned as soon as she saw him, teasing, “Hey, you weren’t just baking. Man, you even put on makeup. Are you going to perform for us?”

“Hey, watch your mouth.” Gloria glared at her in exasperation, then reminded Victor, “Go and wipe your face. You’re not a child anymore.”

Victor couldn’t care less about that. Instead, he smiled and led her into the house, greeting her and the two children, who were behind her. “Hi, Rachel. Come on in, everyone. It’s cold outside.”

As he spoke, he helped Gloria hang her coat, then fetched her slippers for her. Rachel couldn’t help sighing in contentment. “You do look the part after you got married. You finally learned how to pamper your wife.”

Gloria was changing her shoes as she held onto Victor’s arm as support, and she blushed when she heard that. “Rachel, why are you teasing us too?”

“I’m speaking the truth.” Rachel winked at her. Victor never took part in their banter, so he brought the two children inside and gave them treats and toys. He behaved like he did in school. Charlotte took the candy and smiled sweetly at Victor. “Thank you, Mr. Victor.”

As soon as Charlotte finished speaking, Jolly sat upright on the couch. “Hm? Why are you still calling him Mr. Victor? He’s married to your Aunt Gloria already, so you should just call him Mr. Victor.”

Charlotte nodded, unsure if she understood. Samuel, however, expressed his confusion about this familial relationship. He knew he should ask questions if he couldn’t understand something, so he asked Jolly, “But why not Mr. Victor and Miss Wade?”

It was Jolly’s turn to fall silent. Yes, why not Mr. Victor and Miss Wade?

Jolly looked at Rachel, asking for help. “Chris,
so how should Charlotte and Samuel address
them?”

Before Rachel could say anything, Gloria spoke up. “Of course, Aunt Gloria and Mr. Victor. Charlotte has been calling me Aunt Gloria since forever, and of course, she’d choose the person she’s more familiar with. Charlotte is more familiar with me, so is there any need to discuss this question?”

Jolly wasn’t convinced. “Then, by your logic, Samuel knew Victor first, and he’s used to calling him Mr. Victor, so there’s no need for Samuel to change how he addresses Victor too, right?”

“Why don’t they just address them separately? For Charlotte, it’ll be Aunt Gloria and Mr. Victor, whereas for Samuel, it’ll be Mr. Victor and Miss Wade.”

Rachel had just emerged from the bathroom after washing her hands. She was about to help prepare the food when she heard the two still arguing about this matter. So, she decided to intervene. Unexpectedly, as soon as she finished speaking, the two retorted simultaneously, “No!”

Fine, the two would probably argue about this for the rest of the day. Rachel exchanged glances with Victor, then silently went into the kitchen to continue preparing the meals.

Rachel said, “Victor, have you noticed a problem?”

“What problem?”

“Every time they argue, it’s almost always when they’re supposed to be helping out.”

“I think you’re right.”

“Do you think they’re doing it on purpose? That they’re shirking their responsibilities?” Victor glanced outside the kitchen. “According to what I know of Gloria, it’s plausible.”

Rachel agreed. “According to what I know of Jolly, it’s plausible as well.”

In the living room, Gloria and Jolly each took an apple as they argued on and off about how the children would address Gloria and Victor. However, for the most part, they were feasting while watching a variety show.

“Yes, that’s the one. I’m a fan of this male celebrity lately.”

“I know, right? Same! I think he fits my aesthetics.” “You already have Leroy, don’t you? He’s a national idol! How can you be so greedy with men you like?”

“But you’re married too, but you still look at handsome men yourself.”

The doorbell rang, interrupting their chatter..

“Who is it?” Gloria looked at the door, puzzled. “Is someone else coming?” Jolly raised an eyebrow, seemingly casting a glance toward the kitchen. She said meaningfully, “Sometimes there are things we really can’t foresee.”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 484

Gloria gave Jolly a strange look. "What are you talking about?" In the meantime, Rachel also heard the doorbell as she walked out of the kitchen, shooting an annoyed gaze at the two ladies. "You ladies are so lazy that you'd rather chat than answer the door, aren't you?" She nagged at them while heading toward the door.

As soon as Gloria saw the visitor, her eyes were left wide open. At the same time, Jolly quickly snapped a picture of her reaction, asking herself how much money she could blackmail her with her unflattering photo. I wonder how much a genius pianist would pay for the 'right' of owning this unflattering picture.

Rachel grabbed a pair of flip-flops and gave them to Justin, asking. "Did you come from Burton Group?"

"Yeah."

"How did everything go?"

"It went smoothly."

"Didn't he give you a hard time?" "Well, sometimes we win; sometimes we lose. So, that's not how I would describe it.' After putting on the flip-flops, Justin shifted his eyes to the ladies who were enjoying their snacks in the living room and greeted them with a nod.

Then, he rolled his sleeves upward and asked Rachel what he could do to help her. "Is there anything I can help with?"

"Yup, there is. Charlotte has a craving for your grilled fish, so I need you for that."

"No problem."

While Gloria was stunned, seeing Justin following Rachel into the kitchen, Jolly lifted her friend's chin and said, "You might want to close your mouth. Why are you so surprised?"

"How can you not be?" Gloria turned her attention to her friend. "Don't you find this surprising at all? Both of them are back together, aren't they?"

As Jolly nodded in response, only to shake her head shortly after, Gloria became more tempted to hear more from her. "Come on. Don't keep me guessing. Out with it already."

"They are kind of back together, yet that's not quite the case." "Can you just tell me the whole story without making me guess?"

“Let me put it this way. They both buried the hatchet earlier when the two of them were working on the charity, but who knows what’s next for them? What do you think of them, judging by what you just saw?”

“Great!” Gloria’s eyes lit up. “I guess my prayers have been answered!”

Jolly stuck out her finger and shook it, making it hard to read to Gloria. “It’s not like what you think it is. Things may look promising for them, but they are not really what they seem.”

“Just tell me what I want to know. What good does it do you to keep me guessing?” Gloria eagerly showed her desperation.

Jolly decided to reveal what she knew and answered in a serious manner, “The way I see it, it’s no longer easy for them to take things one step further, although they may seem close to each other at the moment.”

“Why?” “They’ve lost the mystery between them and hence, the intimate feeling together with it.”

“They can rekindle the old flames and start their life together anew.” “How many couples in that situation have you seen successfully getting back together?”

After hearing Jolly’s question, Gloria was speechless. She then looked in the direction of the kitchen, her eyes falling upon Justin and Rachel, who were both preparing the ingredients for cooking. At the same time, both of them appeared comfortable and natural with

each other while working in the kitchen, smiling and laughing happily amidst their delightful chat. In that instant, Gloria began to understand why Jolly said it was hard for both of them to take their relationship one step further. After all, both of them had been through countless sweet and bitter moments together as they had witnessed each other’s shortcomings.

However, when their love seemingly came to an end, they looked past their differences and wished each other the best in their future, even putting their regrets behind them, yet neither of them ever thought of rekindling the old flames with each other. At the thought of that, Gloria suddenly lost her appetite to continue enjoying her snack.

“Come on, what’s with the sigh?” Jolly patted Gloria’s shoulder and tried to lift her spirit. “I’m just saying it’s difficult for them, but not impossible. Who knows, things may take a turn for the better at some point in the future?”

While Gloria appeared to be preoccupied, she caught a glimpse of Jolly rubbing her shoulder with her hand. “What are you doing?”

Jolly pretended to be confused as she retracted her arm. “Nothing. I was just trying to comfort you.”

“Why are you rubbing my shoulder with your dirty hand?!” Gloria glared at Jolly’s oily hands, with which she ate her chips.

“Come on. My hand is clean.”

“Like hell, I’m going to believe that! Stay right there, Jolly!”

“Alright, please don’t get mad! I’ll buy a new shirt! Alright, I promise!”

“Have you run out of things to say to calm me down every time you piss me off? You’re just trying to flex about how rich you are! Don’t forget. You were responsible for the fact that my ring went missing the last time!”

“But I thought you found your ring, didn’t you?”

“It wasn’t you who found it. Stop right there!”

Jolly was stunned. As the living room was filled with the ladies’ bickering, Rachel peeked at the place in an amusing manner. “Do you think the two of them can stay that way for a lifetime?”

Victor replied, “I think they can. In fact, when both of them grow old, I wonder how it’s going to be for the one who can’t walk to be chasing the other with a walking stick.”

“Jolly.” Justin, who was cooking the fish, responded in a serious tone. “Why?” Rachel and Victor were confused.

“That’s when the Carter Family’s heirloom will come into play,” Justin replied, rendering Rachel and Victor stunned. A few moments later, Rachel burst into laughter as soon as she snapped out of her trance. In the meantime, Victor asked in confusion, “What do you mean?”

“There is a walking stick made of black cherry wood in Jolly’s family. It’s been passed down from her great-great-grandfather and is currently kept in her family’s memorial hall.”

In fact, the Carter Family made a living by selling walking sticks in the old days across five generations. Not long after Jolly’s ancestors started picking up carpentry, they began to extend their production to furniture and slowly made a name for themselves, which cemented the foundation of their family’s business empire in the early years. In order to remember the beginning of their success, Jolly’s great-great-grandfather kept the walking stick that was made of black cherry wood in the memorial hall so that it could be passed down through generations. While there were not many people who

were aware of that history, Rachel disapproved of Justin for making fun of Jolly with her family.

“Are you done with the pierogi?” Jolly’s impatient voice was heard from outside the kitchen. “The kids are getting hungry.”

Really? When is she ever going to realize that it’s not going to work in her way, using the kids as an excuse? At that moment, Charlotte and Samuel were busy enjoying the snacks Gloria brought them, which was why Rachel doubted they would be interested in knowing when the meal would be ready. Thus, she replied, “Well, the only ‘kid’ I see here is the one who weighs over a hundred pounds. I guess I’m grateful and lucky to witness that for the first time because of you.”

Gloria immediately laughed at Gloria. “Jeez! I didn’t know you’d gained over a hundred pounds. “Who are you talking about?! Of course, it’s not me!” Jolly glared at her cheeky friend.

“Who else could it be besides you? Haha.. You’ve gained quite a bit of weight recently. In fact, you know what? You look like a big chunk of meat to me. Haha!”

“Does that sound funny to you? Stop laughing! I dare you not to put on weight at all for the rest of your life!”

“Don’t worry. I’m nothing like you because you lose control of yourself once you fall in love. In fact, you should really watch your diet because if you put on too much weight, Leroy might lose interest in you. No, wait a second. He wasn’t there with you during Christmas. So, don’t tell me that is a sign of him wanting to break up with you simply because you’re too fat.”

“Watch your tongue, Gloria! Why does nothing nice ever come out of your mouth?!”

Although Gloria and Jolly looked like they were about to start fighting each other, the few of them in the kitchen didn’t seem to show any intention of defusing the heated situation. In the meantime, Rachel, who was preparing the pierogi, asked Justin something. “By the way, have you heard any news about Leroy? Have you been in touch with him?”

“There is something I’ve been wanting to talk to you about.” Justin knitted his eyebrows.

“What is it?”

“It’s about Leroy.” Justin’s serious tone made Rachel’s heart skip a beat.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 485

As soon as the pierogi was served, Gloria and Jolly began to race against each other to see who could eat the most pierogies. For that, the ladies made Victor the judge who was tasked with keeping count of the pierogies they ate before determining who the winner was. In the meantime, Rachel was heading into the kitchen with an empty plate in her hands, her mind filled with the words that Justin said before lunch. Too absorbed in her train of thought, she tripped and fell, shouting in fear just as she felt a pair of arms getting a hold of her. "Are you alright?"

It was only when Rachel looked up and set her eyes on Justin that she realized she had accidentally spilled her soup all over the man's shirt. "Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry." She then looked around her for something to wipe his shirt but to no avail. At the same time, she couldn't stop beating herself up for that, knowing that an oily stain like that could only be removed through washing instead of wiping.

"It's alright." Upon hearing the commotion in the living room, Victor turned around and saw Justin's shirt dampened with the soup. Thus, he immediately said, "If you wouldn't mind, you could head over to my bedroom and get changed. Just pick any shirt you like from my wardrobe."

"Of course I wouldn't mind. Thanks."

When Justin was done changing, he stepped out of his bedroom and saw Rachel standing by the door in a preoccupied manner. "I'm done." In the meantime, Rachel only snapped out of her trance when she heard the man's gentle voice. As Justin wore Victor's black hoodie, the sleeves seemed a little too short to cover his entire arms, which made it look a little too small for him. "Is that all there is? This shirt looks a little too small for you."

"Nope." Justin added helplessly, "The others look even smaller in size." "Well then, I guess this shirt will have to do. Give me your stained shirt, by the way."

"It's okay. I'm good." Despite Justin's unconcerned reply, Rachel still went ahead and took his shirt away from him. "I'll take it to the laundry shop later and return it to you in 2 days." Unable to argue with the lady, Justin eventually gave in to her.

"Can you see it? I ate the most pierogies! So, that means I'm going to have a good run this year! Burp!" "You ate almost half of the big pot. I can't continue anymore anyway, so I don't care if you have a good run this year. You win. Burp!"

Jolly, who won her race against Gloria, celebrated happily, filling the living room with her laughter and cheers. Meanwhile, Rachel's eyes appeared to be filled with complicated emotions, as she confirmed with Justin once again. "Are you sure you're not kidding me? Leroy..."

"Why would I joke with something like that? The only reason that Mr. Carter is against the relationship between his daughter and Leroy because he found out about the situation way earlier than we thought he would."

"No wonder." Rachel suddenly caught on to Justin's point, finding Jolly's situation strange because her parents were known to be open-minded. Therefore, she couldn't believe they would object to Jolly's relationship with Leroy just because he was a celebrity. Upon hearing Justin's answer, she started to suspect that there could be some other reason behind the situation. Soon, Rachel leaned against the wall and let out a sigh. "Should I tell her then?"

On the other hand, Justin subconsciously extended his arm to pat Rachel's shoulder to comfort her, but as soon as he did that, he retracted his arm immediately, his fingers bending and stiffening in the air. He then replied, "I think we should just let it be and see how it plays out."

"Well, I suppose that's the only thing we can do for now. Anyway, Gloria and Victor's wedding is just around the corner, and I think Leroy will probably attend the occasion. By then, I'll ask him what's on his mind."

"Let me do the asking, perhaps." Considering the complications that revolved around Leroy's position, Justin thought it was better to keep Rachel out of the complicated matter. The lesser she knows, the better.

"We'll see how it plays out when the time comes. If Leroy refuses to tell Jolly the truth, I will. After all, I think she deserves to know the truth." Nevertheless, Rachel answered with a sigh, to which Justin reacted speechlessly.

Since it was the first New Year's Eve's night after Gloria and Victor's wedding, Rachel reckoned it was necessary to give them some space and privacy, so she left with the others not long after they finished their lunch.

On her way back to the Carter Residence with Rachel, Jolly was reminded of something, so she asked, "Victor called out to Justin when we were all leaving and gave him something. What was it?"

"You're observant, aren't you? It's some pierogies," Rachel replied. "I thought we just had that during lunch just now? Does he still crave that so much that he wants to take some away? Furthermore, Justin could always get his chef to make some for him back in his summer villa whenever he feels like eating them. After all, I bet their cooking is probably even better than Victor's. Don't you think so?"

“Well, spare a thought for the chef because even they may be home celebrating New Year’s Day with their family.” Rachel gently reminded Jolly, who immediately understood the reason behind what she saw.

“Oh, I see. By the way, I guess that could also be the case for our maid, right? So if she is going back home later at night, then Justin...” Jolly swallowed the words that were forming at the tip of her tongue just when she was about to speak her mind.

“Out with it, won’t you? Since when have you become so indecisive?” Rachel was helpless. “I just want to say that it’s going to be a lonely new year for him because not even the kids are with him.”

Rachel paused, not knowing what to say upon hearing Jolly’s words. Although she was willing to let Charlotte celebrate New Year’s Day with Justin, she knew her daughter was inseparable from her brother, Samuel. While Samuel was Rachel’s son in name only, she was worried that Mr. and Mrs. Carter, who were both aware of that, would not agree to let their maternal grandchildren celebrate New Year’s Day with an outsider, which put her in a difficult position.

However, she didn’t think she had time to think about that because the moment she arrived at the Carter Residence, Marilyn immediately urged her to get a haircut before the hair salon was closed. For that, she took Rachel and Jolly to the hair salon in a hurry.

Sitting in the chair, Charlotte found roller clips all over her hair as her legs dangled over the edge of her seat. “Mommy, there is smoke coming out of my hair.”

“That’s steam.”

“Ew! How come it still stinks? But I remember washing my hair yesterday!”

“That’s the smell of the hair spray. When you’re done, it’ll be gone.” “Mommy, why didn’t anyone ever tell me to perm my hair when it was Christmas?”

“Um...”

“Samuel, is your hair permed? Does that mean you don’t have to perm your hair anymore?”

Charlotte was curious about everything she laid eyes on in the hair salon. After all, she always had her haircut at home as her hair stylist was told to visit Rachel’s residence. Therefore, the girl had never seen the sight of several people sitting next to each other for a haircut with a mirror in front of each of them.

Meanwhile, Rachel was only given a simple haircut, whereupon she sat on the couch at the back and read a magazine, casually answering Charlotte’s questions, among which

were some tough ones that made her go as far as to pretend that she had to rack her brain for an answer. “Miss Hudson, there is someone who’d like to see you outside,” one of the hair stylists said.

“Who?” Rachel appeared to be confused.

“Someone who goes by ‘Mr. Peters’.”

As soon as the hair stylist finished her sentence, Jolly, who had already dozed off, immediately snapped out of her cat nap, stretching out her neck to peek outside the window with roller clips all over her hair. “Where?”

However, Rachel only closed her magazine while ignoring Jolly. She then stepped out of the hair salon and saw a silhouette leaning on a car parked by the roadside. It turned out that the man was wearing a coat that was khaki in color with a pair of frameless glasses. When he saw Rachel, he quickly stepped away from his car and stood straight, facing her.

“Happy New Year.”

Rachel curled her lips upward and greeted the man back. “Happy New Year. What brings you here, by the way?”

“I just paid a visit to Mr. Carter not long ago and chatted with him for a bit. Then, I heard that you guys and Mrs. Carter are right here, so I figured I should drop by and say hello,” Julian answered.

In fact, the Burton Group and Carter Enterprise cooperated with each other as Julian became closer and closer to Jolly’s parents. Back then, Mr. and Mrs. Carter even thought highly of Julian, thinking he would perhaps make a good son-in-law for them.

Not long after that, Rachel nodded in a preoccupied manner and asked, “Why don’t you come inside and say hi to the rest?”

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 486

Gazing at Julian, Rachel asked concernedly, “How did you celebrate New Year’s holidays? Would you like to join us since Mr. and Mrs. Carter will be having their holidays abroad soon?” After all, she had never seen Julian taking a day off before ever since he took over the Burton Group.

Therefore, New Year's Day seemed to Rachel that it was a perfect opportunity for forgiveness because it was a delightful occasion that gave families, friends, and couples a chance to bond with each other, no matter how strained their relationships might be. Nevertheless, Rachel reserved her judgment about the possibility of burying the hatchet with Julian, thinking that would depend on how things unfolded between them.

"Rachel, I'll be flying over to Montenegro tomorrow morning, so I'll be celebrating New Year's Day there." "Are you there to keep your mother company?"

"Yes, I am." Rachel then nodded and replied, "I see. Well, your mother is living in a place with which she is not familiar, so I guess you just made the right call to go over there and accompany her."

"I'm planning to dine with her on the eve and spend the subsequent few days by myself. In fact, I'm thinking about revisiting our old haunts. Can you still remember them? Springfield Street used to be crowded with people during the festive seasons. It was crowded, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, there was this pierogi restaurant there where it was always crowded with customers."

"Oh yeah, there was also this barbeque restaurant that was Jolly's favorite. I remember that was where we would go every time the festive season rolled around. In fact, even the restaurant owner would greet Samuel every time we visited."

At the thought of what happened in Montenegro, Rachel began to go soft in her tone and sighed. "Well, it's been a while since the last time I saw them."

"So, Rachel, would you like to come with me?"

When Rachel heard those words, she paused and said, "Nah, I'll pass." Worried that Julian might read too much into her words, she added, "After all, this is the first time I'm celebrating New Year's Day with Charlotte over here, as well as Samuel's first one with Mr. and Mrs. Carter." Deep down, she knew she couldn't just leave with Julian.

Julian's eyes darkened a little. "Are you reluctant to come with me because of your kids. or because you don't want to tag along?"

Rachel's hands twitched a little beside her body, her eyes appearing calm and indifferent.

"Maybe both."

"This is all because of Justin!"

"No."

“What other reasons could there be, judging from the way you replied? Actually, it’s not the kids whom you can’t forget. It’s Justin.”

“No.” “Do you think I’ll believe you? You could travel to Switzerland with Justin but won’t come with me to Montenegro? Have your wounds already healed? Or have you forgotten the fact that the little house in Montenegro is the only home you have left for the past five years?”

In the meantime, Rachel only responded in silence, quietly staring at the agitated man until he finished his sentence. While she seemed unusually calm on the outside, she appeared to have expected Julian’s agitated reaction on the inside. “You’re going to drag Justin into this, whether I’m coming with you or not. So, what’s the point of me going to Montenegro with you?”

“Here is the point.”

While Rachel remained silent, Julian shrugged his shoulders and exposed his palms. “I have everything I need now. Look at me. I’m the Burton Group’s president, and I can give you everything you ever want. My hands are no longer tied now, so why won’t you be with me?”

“Are you sure you have everything now?” Rachel took a deep breath and suddenly gave Julian a sympathetic look. “You left your mother alone in a foreign country and walked out on your friends-us. At the same time, you resort to dirty tricks just to win in business. So, do you really still think you’ve gained more than you’ve sacrificed? I admit that you’re one of the most powerful men in Riverdale, where everyone has to show you some respect. In fact, I’d say you’re as influential as Justin used to be back then, but ask yourself. Where are your family and friends? Where are the kind and empathetic hearts that you used to have for others?”

While Rachel continued to see Julian as her friend, she believed Jolly felt the same way as well. Therefore, when the charity scandal in Baybrook was published on the news, they still had a glimmer of hope that Julian wasn’t behind that incident even though he was suspected to be responsible for that. “We didn’t abandon you, Julian. Instead, it was you who made things difficult for all of us. In fact, none of us wanted to leave you out for the celebration, so mind you-we’re not the ones who broke our oath.”

Amidst the long silence, the night on New Year’s Eve seemed as if it was longer than usual. Soon, Julian looked away from Rachel and hid his displeasure. “You’re right. Why would I waste my time with those useless people?”

“Useless?” Rachel couldn’t believe her ears. “Do you really think they are useless people to you?”

Much to the lady’s dismay, Julian didn’t care to explain himself as he seemingly agreed to her words in a tacit manner. With both of his hands in his pocket, he looked as if he

had become a different person, behaving coldly and nonchalantly. "After this year, the Burton Group will make a public announcement about splitting the company into two by setting a boundary in Riverdale."

Upon hearing what the man said, Rachel felt her heart skipping a beat. What's he really up to? Setting a boundary in Riverdale?

"The southern division will be mine while the northern division will be Justin's," Julian said.

"What do you mean?" "I mean what I just said. Didn't Justin tell you anything about that?" Julian added sarcastically, "How egoistic he is! Riverdale is nothing but an empty shell, so even if he does take over the whole place in the end, I doubt he can make anything thrive there, but mark my words, Rachel. A smart man knows who to side with, and I believe his next move is to work with Hudson Pharmaceuticals. Am I right?"

"He hasn't told me anything about that, but even if there are plans to cooperate with another company, that's not a call that I can make alone."

"He hasn't changed at all. In fact, he knows that he can secure his connections with the Carter Family through you, which is why he is getting so close to you. After all, being on good terms with the Carter Family will mean he has all access to all of Mr. and Mrs. Carter's resources and networks."

"I don't think that's what he means, Julian..."

"That's exactly what he means. As long as you agree to work with him, don't you think that Mr. and Mrs. Carter will turn their backs on him when he needs help?"

Initially wanting to speak for Justin, Rachel somehow caught on to something as soon as she heard what Julian had just said. 'Is this the reason you came here to see me, Julian?'

While Julian responded with a frown, Rachel said, 'Is your interest the only thing you care about now? What is your friend to you? The only reason you're still so patient with me is because of the Carter Family, not me. Am I right? As Rachel recalled the moment Julian told her that he had visited Jolly's father earlier, she instantly caught on to the man's intention. of visiting her.

"No, don't get me wrong."

"If I get you wrong, then tell me why you brought this matter up all of a sudden."

In response to Rachel's intimidating gaze, Julian, who was initially silent, finally admitted it and said, "You're right. I hope you'd agree to work with me, but I'm not doing this

solely for my interest because I think this is a win-win situation. In fact, it's going to work in both of our favor, which is why I sincerely hope you'd see eye to eye with me."

"Knowing you, I don't think working with the Burton Group is a safe option." "What happened earlier was all a misunderstanding."

"That's enough." Rachel interrupted Julian, flicking her finger. "I appreciate your honesty, but I believe conversations as frank as this will get less and less between us with time. Besides, I have no intention of cooperating with you at all, whether or not it'll work in our favor."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 487

Rachel made her point in a firm and determined tone, leaving no possibilities for a turnaround between her and Julian. Since Julian was no longer the same person he used to be, Rachel reckoned she must think out of the box, knowing that she would be bound to do things with her old and predictable methods if she decided to work with the Burton Group at that moment.

After all, Julian was no longer the same man who played by the book but was instead cunning and shrewd. "I guess we're done here." Rachel stared at Julian with a cold and indifferent gaze. "I'm going to head inside first. Don't worry about your wish because I'll send your regards to Jolly and Mrs. Carter on your behalf."

In the meantime, Julian clenched his fists tightly with his eyes glued to Rachel's back, his gaze darkening in an eerie manner. On the other hand, when Rachel returned to the hair salon, Jolly, whose hair was full of roller clips, walked up to her and asked, "What brought Julian here to meet you?" "Nothing. He just came here to wish us a Happy New Year."

"Then, why didn't he come inside?"

"Maybe he is busy." "Busy? But the new year is just around the corner?" Jolly murmured and asked, "Is he still out there? Maybe I can go outside and say hello to him."

"Alright, that's enough. Quit being a busybody! You're going to scare off that guy out there." Marilyn, who had been watching the whole time, seemingly knew what was

going on but felt helpless with her daughter's foolishness.. "Just sit still and wait until you're done."

Nevertheless, Jolly remained unsuspecting of the danger that was lurking in the dark as she went ahead and took a few selfies of herself before posting them onto her social media news feed. 'I'm getting a new hairstyle. Are you guys excited to see it?'

When she didn't get any response a few moments later, she raised her phone high up in the air, thinking it was because of the poor signal. On the other hand, Rachel, who had no interest in entertaining Jolly, continued to skim through the magazine in her hands, but her mind couldn't stop thinking about the words that Julian had told her. Justin is leaving Riverdale after the celebration, but he didn't mention anything to me during lunch just now.

While it was New Year's Eve the next day, a fireworks show was scheduled to take place at 12.00AM sharp, to signify the beginning of a new year. For that, Jolly wouldn't stop begging Rachel to accompany her to the fireworks show. "Come on, Chris. We're not going to be able to see anything here. So, let's go to the center of the city."

"Nope, I'm not doing that because I don't want to freeze my buns to death." Considering herself someone who got bothered by the cold pretty easily, Rachel decided to spend her time idling around in the house when she finally got her public holiday.

Nevertheless, Jolly was too restless to give in, although she might have looked like she had given up. In fact, she was thinking of how she could use the two kids to her advantage by counting on them to soften Rachel up. As she expected, Charlotte excitedly ran up to Rachel and said, "Mommy, let's watch the fireworks show tonight. Jolly said there are fireworks that look like rabbits."

Rachel replied in an annoyed manner, "What're you talking about? She is just messing with you." Jolly immediately replied, "I swear I just saw it. If I lied to you, I'd be no better than a dog."

"Mommy!" Charlotte blinked. In response to her daughter's adorable reaction, Rachel helplessly closed her book and let out a sigh. "Fine, put on your down jacket and tell Samuel we're setting out. Let's go."

"Yeah! Samuel, we're going to watch the fireworks show!" Charlotte ran all the way to Samuel's room and excitedly told her brother that.

On the other hand, Mr. and Mrs. Carter were both watching television in the living room when they heard the others talking about watching the fireworks show. Thus, they only told them not to stay out late and continued watching their television program. Since they had an early flight to catch the next morning, Marilyn decided not to tag along, or she would have wanted to join Rachel and the others due to her adventurous nature.

Soon, Rachel drove everyone to the city center but only took a few moments to find an available parking lot, much to her surprise. "It looks like there are fewer people who have come for the fireworks show than I thought," Rachel commented in confusion.

"No way! I think it's because many of them didn't drive here. Think about it. Most of the people who are foreigners in Riverdale have probably gone home for the celebration, but since the residents here are mostly locals, they could probably just stay home and watch the fireworks, except those who live further away."

"Well, you might have figured everything out, but I wonder if that is really the case in reality." As soon as Rachel parked her car, everyone else stepped out of the vehicle and made their way from the basement car park to the square, only to see nothing out of the ordinary there. Besides the 24-hour convenience stores, the rest of the shops were all closed just like they should be. At that instant, the center of the city, which was the busiest and most crowded area of the town during the day, appeared to be desolate and quiet..

"Jolly, when is the fireworks show going to start?" Charlotte's voice was heard. Jolly reached for her phone and said, "Give me a moment. I'm going to confirm the time now." When she read something seemingly shocking, she reacted dramatically and said, "Damn!"

"What?" Then, Rachel leaned closer and peeked at what Jolly found, only to see the official news about the cancellation of the fireworks show. It turned out that it had been called off by the government in order to raise environmental awareness among the citizens. Therefore, not only was the fireworks show canceled but no one was also allowed to light up any fireworks. As soon as Rachel saw that, she glared at Jolly and questioned her. "So, this is the eye-catching 'fireworks show that you had been promising me?"

Jolly was embarrassed. "Man! Couldn't they have announced the cancellation earlier?!" "The announcement was made yesterday, but you didn't notice that at all." Rachel pointed at the news' publish date that was stated on Jolly's phone screen.

"Why are you blaming it all on me? I could say the same to you as well. Even my parents weren't aware of the cancellation at all because the announcement wasn't properly made."

"Why don't you blame it on Samuel and Charlotte as well?" Rachel refuted Jolly, thinking it was understandable for the latter's parents to miss out on the news about the fireworks show's cancellation because they paid little to no attention to fireworks. "I'm going to file a complaint to the city council!"

"And what would the reason be?" "Poor emphasis on cultural development." "But the cancellation was made to raise environmental awareness."

“Well, they could have used recycled fireworks. All they had to do was just prepare everything ahead, so why didn’t they do that?”

While Rachel was rendered speechless by Jolly’s reply, she was frustrated yet helpless about the pointless trip she had just made with Jolly and the kids. As they made their way home, Jolly wouldn’t stop complaining about the cancellation of the fireworks show. Then, Charlotte, who was sitting in the backseat, asked, “Mommy, is there no more fireworks show?”

“I’m afraid the fireworks show has been canceled this year.” Rachel tried to comfort Charlotte. “Well, if you’d like to see some fireworks, we could get some for ourselves and set them off in the suburbs in the next two days. Okay?”

“Okay then.” On the other hand, Samuel didn’t feel disappointed at all. Instead, he grabbed his tablet and indulged himself in the games as he wasn’t interested in the fireworks, anyway. After all, he had seen plenty of that when he was living abroad.

By the time they were halfway through their journey home, it was almost midnight just when they heard a thunderous roar of fireworks that reverberated throughout the center of the city. Boom! “Look, it’s the fireworks!” to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Wait! It’s fireworks! Look!” Jolly was the first to react to what she heard, turning her attention to the fireworks outside the car window. “Hurry up and pull over! There are fireworks now!”

“I thought the show was canceled?” Rachel was stunned. “They must have heard of my complaints. Furthermore, this is for the sake of the citizens’ welfare and happiness, so letting the show go on was actually a wise choice. Stop the car, Chris!”

“I’m pulling over now. I can’t just stop in the middle of the road, can I?” Rachel helplessly pulled over, whereupon Jolly immediately stepped out of the car with the kids.

Although their location was far away from the center of the city, it surprisingly gave them a better view of the fireworks above their heads. as they lit up the entire Riverdale. When Rachel saw that, she couldn’t resist taking a few pictures of it, feeling warm on the inside at the sight of the bright sky from afar. At that moment, she somehow began to find some warmth and a sense of belonging in Riverdale. “Mommy! It’s the rabbit! Look, the rabbit is there!” Charlotte pointed at the sky and scampered around excitedly.

Meanwhile, Justin was standing on the balcony, gazing at the fireworks in the center of the city from afar in his summer villa on the outskirts. Suddenly, the vibration from Justin’s phone drew his attention, and he took his eyes off the fireworks. ‘Mr. Burton, all the recycled fireworks have been safely delivered. For that, I’d like to thank you on behalf of the person in charge of the advertising department.’

‘Yeah, I saw that.’ Justin set his eyes on the firework from afar through the window. At the sight of a huge rabbit that brightened up the sky and shone on his face, the indifferent look on his face was slowly replaced by a gratified expression. He then expressed his gratitude calmly. ‘Thank you so much for all the trouble, even on New Year’s Eve.’

‘Don’t mention it, Mr. Burton. Happy New Year.’

‘Happy New Year!’

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 488

Jolly stood outside in the cold for almost 30 minutes as she insisted on showing the fireworks to Leroy via video call. Rachel, on the other hand, couldn’t stand the cold and brought two of the children into the car. They watched the fireworks through the car window comfortably, with the heater on. Soon, Jolly came running over as she shivered. “It’s freaking cold out there!”

“You don’t say! I thought the cold was nothing to you since your passionate love could warm you up.”

“Stop teasing me. Let’s go. I’m so tired that I just want to go home and sleep. Don’t wake me up tomorrow morning.”

“You’re lucky New Year’s Day is a public holiday, so you can sleep as much as you want to.” They left the city center and drove toward the suburb. Along the way, the roads were brightly lit by streetlights. Most of the shops were already closed, but the lights of the residential houses were switched on. It took them an hour to reach the Carter Residence. Jolly and both of the kids were sound asleep when they arrived, and it took Rachel a while to wake them up.

As soon as Jolly stepped into the house, she yawned and walked toward her bedroom. “I’m too tired, so I’ll be going to bed now,” she said. “No, you should bathe Samuel first.”

“Nah, it’s fine. Boys don’t mind if they don’t shower.” After hearing her reply, Rachel was speechless and rolled her eyes at her. She had no choice but to get the kids to shower.

“Charlotte, you should shower first. Samuel, do you want to shower by yourself, or do you want me to help you with it?”

“I can do it myself since I’m a big boy.” Samuel rejected her help firmly. “Alright, just let me know if you need my help.”

Rachel caressed his head and chuckled. Before Charlotte showered, she was so tired that she could barely keep her eyes open. However, she was feeling energized after the shower. With the towel wrapped around her shoulder, she leaned against Rachel’s shoulder and mumbled, “Mommy, I miss Daddy already.”

“Why don’t we go see Daddy tomorrow morning?”

“But I want to see him now.” “Be a good girl and go to bed, okay? We will see Daddy the next morning.” Rachel tried to comfort her.

“Can we give Daddy a call?”

“Now? It’s already late, so he might have gone to bed.”

“He’s definitely still up.” Charlotte, who was wearing her bunny pajamas with a pair of bunny ear beanie over her head, sat on the bed while being insistent about making a call to her father.

Finally, Rachel gave up and took her phone out. Alright. Then, you will have to go to bed if no one answers the call.”

“Deal.” Since it was late, Samuel was already fast asleep on the bed while Rachel and Charlotte were making a phone call in the room. Not long after Rachel dialed the number, it was answered.

“Hello?” A familiar hoarse voice was heard.

“Daddy!” Charlotte called out.

“Charlotte?” Justin was surprised to hear her voice. “Why are you still up?”

“Daddy, Mommy and I missed you.” “Charlotte was the one who missed you. Did we wake you up?” Rachel immediately explained.

“No,” he answered after a brief pause. “In that case, you can have a chat with her. I will pour her a glass of warm milk.”

“Sure.” Rachel then passed the phone over to Charlotte. As Charlotte lay in bed, she told Justin about things that she had done today.

“Daddy, I’ve permed my hair. Do you want to have a look? I really want to show it to you.” “Sure, I can see it early tomorrow morning when I meet you.” “Daddy, I saw fireworks today! There are pink bunny-shaped ones too!”

The conversation between father and daughter continued. When Rachel entered the room with the milk, it was quiet as Charlotte had fallen asleep. The phone was next to her pillow, but the call didn’t end.

Seeing that, she tucked both children in before bringing the phone to the balcony. “Hello? Are you still there?” she asked softly.

“Yes.”

“I must have woken you up. Charlotte had fallen asleep.”

“I know.”

“There’s a fireworks show in the city center today. Didn’t you go and watch?”

“I can see it from the suburbs too.” Since the Carter Residence was not far from the Summer Resort, the journey would usually just take 30 minutes by car.

“That’s true, but Jolly insisted that we can’t see it from the suburbs, so she made me go to the city center. We then saw a notice of the cancellation of the fireworks, but luckily, the show somehow resumed later on.”

“How was it?”

“There’s a bunny-shaped one which Charlotte loves.”

“It’s already late. Don’t you feel tired?”

Rachel took a look at the time. “It’s indeed late. You should go to bed.”

“I’m actually outside now.”

“Huh?” She paused for a while and continued, “At such an hour?”

It was almost 2.00AM.

While in a daze, she suddenly noticed flickering lights coming from a car parked downstairs. She saw a familiar figure, and she heard the sound of the car door closing from the phone.. She finally made sense of the situation when she saw Justin waving at her. That night, it was so cold that their breaths fogged as they spoke.

While she was wearing pajamas underneath her coat and house slippers, she rushed out and was surprised to see him standing outside. "Why are you here?"

"Initially, I was worried that Charlotte would throw a tantrum and refuse to go to bed. I planned to bring her home as I was worried that she wouldn't listen to you. However, she had fallen asleep before I reached. But since I'm here, I have something to pass to you." "What is it? A present?"

Justin took three bags out of his car.

"Why are there three? There are only two children at home."

"One of them is for you."

"But I'm already in my 30s." "Who says adults can't receive presents? See it as a New Year's Day tradition."

Hearing that, she smiled and accepted the gift. "In that case, I shall accept your gift. Since it's already too late to get you a gift, I'll remember to prepare one for you next year."

"It's now late. You should go in and sleep."

After Rachel looked around, she replied, "Nah, it's alright. While you're here, we can go for a stroll together. Since the convenience shops are still open, we can go get some snacks."

By that time, all of the shops there had closed except the only corner shop in the neighborhood. No customers were in there except for the cashier dozing off behind the counter. She was awakened when he heard the welcome alarm ring. "How may I help both of you?"

Standing behind the glass counter, Rachel pointed at the beef pies and asked, "Why not we get this?"

"Sure." The cashier couldn't help but take another look at Rachel after hearing her clear voice. When she looked at Justin, she responded shyly, "We are doing a buy-one-free-one promotion, so you can get more."

"If that's the case, please give us two sets of it."

"Do you want chili sauce or ketchup?"

"We'll have one each." After they paid for it, they sat in the convenience store to have their pies. As the cashier looked at them from her angle, she thought that they appeared to be a match made in heaven.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 489

“Do you want the chili or the ketchup?” Rachel placed two sauces in front of Justin and let him pick. “I’m fine with either.” “Ketchup, then.” She passed him the ketchup sachet. “You can’t really have spicy food.”

She remembered that he had always had indigestion. It had been years since he last had a beef pie, and the last time he had one was six years ago. Back then, Rachel had always liked to get hot food from the convenience store, and he happened to see her there once. One day after work, he got Frankie to stop the car by the road, and he went in to get a pie. It tasted rather bland, and the beef was quite chewy. It didn’t taste good, and it wasn’t a taste that he was accustomed to. He thought it was absurd after taking a taste and throwing it into the bin.. Come to think of it, it was probably then that he had fallen for Rachel, but he was in denial.

“I like the mushrooms and carrots in the filling. Try some.”

“Sure.” Hot steam escaped as they cut into the piping hot pie. The collar of her pajama peeked out from the neckline of her coat, and it seemed to be a mother-daughter-matching pajama set, similar to Charlotte’s. It had adorable tiny bunny prints all over. Some chili sauce got onto the corner of Rachel’s mouth as she ate.

Surprisingly, she seemed different from usual when eating, and she was very focused as she savored the food. After spending some time with her, Justin noticed she wasn’t as shy or quiet as he had imagined, discovering the cheeky side of her. She would joke, tease Jolly, banter with Gloria, and even have high expectations of Victor, who had a rigid personality. But, at the end of the day, she was a kind woman who was always full of surprises. Noticing that, he passed her a tissue. “The corner of your mouth.”

“Thank you.” She thanked him. “I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Carter are leaving for vacation early tomorrow morning. Will you be sending them off?”

“Yes. They normally spend their holiday elsewhere. Initially, I thought that this year would be an exception, but it turned out that the exception was that they would be having dinner with me on New Year’s Eve. Jolly told me that they purposely planned the dinner just for me. If it was just Jolly who was at home, Richard and Marilyn would have left for vacation right after the company dinner.”

“Everyone in the industry knows how lovey- dovey Mr. and Mrs. Carter are.”

“No doubt. Oh, right, has Ria tried on her wedding gown?”

“She hasn’t.”

“Oh? Didn’t she and Victor go over to your place?” “I asked them not to come since they don’t stay nearby. Also, Ria must be jet lagged since she just got back.”

“But still, she had to try on the gown because they are getting married in roughly a week. At least she can get it altered if it doesn’t fit well. It will be hard to get a tailor during the holiday. season.”

After a short pause, Rachel added again, “In that case, get her to go to your place tomorrow so that she could take a look at the wedding. decorations.”

“Alright.” Gloria and Victor’s wedding was the highlight of the holiday season. They had almost finished eating their beef pies after chatting for a while. Since she had to wake up early the next day to send Richard and Marilyn to the airport, Justin urged her to return to get some rest. As they walked in the alley toward the Carter Residence, Rachel wanted to ask him something but halted.

“We are here. You should go in.”

“Justin, Julian came to see me last week.” Rachel turned around. Upon hearing that, Justin furrowed his brows.

“He mentioned that Burton Group will be segmented into the northern and southern divisions. I heard that you will be in charge of the northern division.”

“Yeah.” Seeing how impassive he was, Rachel decided not to ask him the question she had in mind. “Alright, let’s talk about work after the holiday season.”

“Happy New Year.”

“Happy New Year.”

The sound of the car engine outside the villa faded as the car drove off. When Rachel got into the bedroom, she smiled when she saw Charlotte sleeping with her limbs. stretched out. Her blanket was on the ground, so the little girl grabbed onto Samuel’s blanket. She tucked the little ones in and sat by the bed while looking at Charlotte’s face.

Actually, Charlotte resembled Justin. Although she was still a child, she had her father’s eyes and brows. If not for her long hair, she would look more like a boy compared to Samuel. The question that she didn’t get to ask Justin earlier was whether he would

leave Riverdale after the holiday season. If he really left, it would be hard for Charlotte to see him in the future.

On New Year's day, Rachel sent Richard and Marilyn to the airport. Marilyn hated to leave Rachel, so she gave her a big hug. "Chris, it must be hard to take care of the two children at home."

"There are three children at home." Richard corrected her. To them, Jolly was more like a child than an adult. "I don't know when Jolly is going to grow up." Marilyn sighed.

"Marilyn, don't worry. Jolly is actually very sensible."

"You don't have to make me feel better. We won't have to constantly worry about her if she's half as sensible as you. Richard and I wouldn't have spent the holiday season elsewhere if she was well behaved instead of always making our blood boil."

Rachel tried to hold in her laugh as she glanced at Marilyn's long brunette hair. She suddenly realized that Jolly got her drama queen gene from her mother.

"It's almost time. We should leave for the boarding gate." Richard reminded her. Marilyn then reluctantly let go of Rachel's hands.

Before Marilyn left, she turned and looked over at Rachel before saying, "Right, regarding her relationship with Leroy, if possible, could you please talk to Jolly on my behalf? Tell her not to lose herself in the relationship."

"Alright, let's not make it hard for Rae. I'm sure that you know Jolly's personality well." "Rae, you should go home," Richard said as he held Marilyn's hand. "Richard and Marilyn, have a safe flight!" After saying goodbye to them, Rachel left for home.

She felt unsettled as she recalled Marilyn's words. But since Jolly had asked Leroy to go back to attend Gloria's wedding, she would clarify things with him by then.

When Jolly finally got out of bed, it was almost noon. She walked down while still half asleep and saw Rachel preparing to leave. "Aren't you going over to Justin's house? Why are you bringing so many things over?"

"I got some pastries, cakes, and samples of wedding favors." "I see those are for Gloria's wedding. It seems like you are going to attend a wedding tasting. By the way, where are my parents?" Jolly asked.

"They had left since early morning. They would've missed their flight if we had to wait for you." "You should hurry and wash up. Even Charlotte and Samuel aren't as lazy as you are." Rachel rolled her eyes at Jolly.

"I'm offended." Jolly grumbled. The next moment, her phone vibrated. "My morning is getting off to a bad start!" she grumbled after taking a look at her phone as she frowned.

"What's wrong?" Rachel looked at her puzzledly. "Here. Isn't this bad luck?" Jolly stretched her hand and showed her phone to Rachel. "Don't you think she's doing this on purpose just to ruin my mood?"

All Rachel could see was a short text that read 'Happy New Year, and it didn't seem anything out of the ordinary. But when she noticed that it was sent by Estelle, she furrowed her brows.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Chapter 490

"Stop looking at it." Rachel took the phone away and deleted the message in front of Jolly. "Don't let this ruin your day. Just pretend that you didn't see anything."

"I'm gonna block her number. It's annoying that she kept texting me." Jolly plopped down on the staircase and grumbled as she swiped on her phone.

Rachel didn't stop her from doing so, but she knew that the only way to go was for Jolly to get a new number, as Estelle could always send another message using a new number. Since it was the new year, Rachel didn't have time for that, so she tried to distract Jolly by asking her to move some stuff.

"Help me move these to the car boot. We will be leaving soon."

"These?"

"Yes, just these."

"Jolly, let me help you!" Charlotte rushed over to help out as she saw them. "Good girl. Could you carry them?" "Yes, I can. I'll carry this." With that, she displayed how 'strong' she was by carrying a box that was as tall as her and walking outside. It seemed like a piece of cake to her.

"Chris, is your daughter Hercules?" Jolly looked over at Rachel in awe. "The box only contains two plush toys," Rachel replied calmly. It did not take rocket science to know how strong a six-year-old could be. Jolly was just too imaginative.

When it was almost noon, Justin was seen at the entrance of the Summer Resort. It was his second lap, jogging around the forests surrounding his house. During his third lap, Gloria's car drove past him.

"Justin!" Hearing that, he stopped and looked back to see Gloria's car. "Happy New Year." The beaming bride-to-be stuck her head out from the front passenger seat and greeted him.

"Happy New Year." Justin smiled and glanced over at Victor before greeting him by nodding at him. "You guys are early," he added.

"Well, since we have nothing to do at home, we decided to come over and help out. Um, that doesn't sound right since it's our wedding. Hahaha! I guess we're just here to do our part."

Gloria giggled.

After chatting for some time, Victor nudged her, and she finally realized that Justin had been standing in the cold as they chatted. "Right, Justin, you should get into our car, and we can continue our conversation in your house since it's freezing outside."

"You guys go ahead first. I'll do two more laps." "You're going to continue jogging? I've never known that you're so into it." She seemed surprised. Throughout the 20 years that she had known him, he never had the habit of jogging, even if the doctor suggested that he do so. He would always turn a deaf ear to the doctors' advice.

"Well, I may as well do it since I have some free time." He jogged away right after.

"Hey-" As she looked at his back, she didn't get to ask him the question she had, and Justin had already left. She then turned over to Victor and asked, "What is going on? Why is he starting to work out only when he's getting older?"

"Old people enjoy working out. Didn't you notice the elderly men and women in our neighborhood who would start exercising every morning?" Victor answered as he was holding on to the steering wheel. Hearing that, she seemed nervous. "Oh my, do you think that he is going through andropause?"

"I think it's unlikely since he's only 40." "No way. This shouldn't be happening." She immediately took her mobile phone out.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to ask Jolly about the symptoms of andropause."

“Why would you ask her that?” He looked at her puzzledly. “Stop asking the obvious. She’s the only one among us that has a dad, and he should be at that stage where he’s experiencing andropause.” She lifted her head to look at him rather quizzically.

“Um, I guess?” He pursed his lips. In his mind, he thought that it was unlikely that Justin was going through andropause at such an age. He didn’t give much thought to it and drove into the Summer Resort. After he parked the car, he carried some boxes down and walked into the house.

Gloria had texted Jolly a while ago, but she hadn’t received a reply. “What’s wrong? Why isn’t she replying to me?” She frowned.

“Maybe she’s still sleeping, Victor replied. “It can’t be. Look at the time now. We agreed that we are meeting at 10.00AM.”

Even so, Gloria didn’t trust Jolly to be on time. “Alright, I’ll give her a call then,” she said. “Sorry, the person that you’re calling is not answering. Please leave a message...”

“Why isn’t she picking up the phone?” Gloria stared at her phone and grumbled. “Who isn’t picking up your call?” Justin, who was back from his jog, walked into the house all sweaty and asked.

Victor skipped the part about Gloria trying to figure out whether Justin was going through andropause. “Ria is trying to call Jolly to ask whether they are on their way here, but the call was unanswered,” he briefly explained.

“They should be on their way here since it’s almost 10.00AM now.” “Try giving Rachel a call,” Victor suggested. Gloria nodded and made a call to Rachel. The call was finally answered after ringing for sometime.

“Hello?”

“Rachel, did something happen to you?” Gloria furrowed her brows and asked once the call got through. She could barely hear Rachel’s voice because of the commotion in the background.

“What?”

“Rachel...” Gloria immediately stood up from the couch. Noticing that, Justin and Victor put down their tasks on hand and asked simultaneously, “What’s wrong?”

“It seemed like something had happened to Rachel,” she answered. Justin’s expression turned grim. It was almost 10.00AM when Rachel and the others headed to the Summer Resort after leaving the Carter Residence. Their red sedan car was suddenly surrounded by five black vehicles from all sides. They were forced to stop in the middle of the road after slamming on the brakes.

Rachel's body was thrown forward due to the inertia from the sudden braking, but luckily, she had seatbelts on. Even so, her head was hit hard against the steering wheel, which gave her tinnitus.

Meanwhile, in the front passenger seat, Jolly's head almost hit the windscreen. "Charlotte, Samuel, are both of you alright?" The first thing both of them did was check on the children.

Both children weren't hurt since they were buckled up in their child car seats. However, they were shocked by what had happened. "Mommy, what happened?"

"Everything's fine." Rachel comforted them. Soon after, Jolly turned around and looked out through the windscreen. She saw a black sedan stopping by the roadside, and the next moment, a trembling older woman was seen coming out from it while being assisted by a maid. She was donned in a purple mink coat and hat, with a huge emerald ring on her finger. Oh, boy! Is it just me, or is this person filthy rich?

Seeing that, Rachel felt her heart sink. She remembered seeing that older lady prior to this, and neither side left a good impression. It was obvious that it would be the same this time round. "That old hag!" Jolly growled and got down from the car.

"Jolly! Hold your horses!" Rachel failed to stop her in time. By then, Jolly, who was fuming with anger, walked toward the older lady in a purple mink coat.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.