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## Chapter 431

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Donovan had just been informed of Wendy's performance piece that morning, and it was a famous piano piece from the 16th century—Reborn.

Although this piece was difficult to perform as well, it paled in comparison with In the Moonlight.

He was shocked upon knowing that Wendy intended to perform Reborn. However, little did he expect that Trisha would give him a bigger surprise.

Unable to suppress his excitement, Donovan asked to confirm, "Are you going to perform In the Moonlight? Do you know how to?"

Trisha did not know much about classical music, failing to comprehend Donovan's anticipation.

She nodded but then shook her head. After some hesitation, she blurted, "It's not me but Arielle. She's willing to go on stage with me to perform In the Moonlight."

"Arielle?"

Donovan furrowed his brows upon hearing that name.

Earlier on, when he was checking Arielle's information, he found that the latter was born in the countryside, unlike Wendy who came from an affluent family.

It was not that he looked down on low-income families. In fact, there were plenty of poor students in his class.

What truly concerned him was Arielle's ability to play the piano. Has she ever touched a piano before? And can she really perform In the Moonlight? It just seems unbelievable.

Moreover, he had never heard that In the Moonlight needed to be played by two people. After all, it was not a duet piece.

Donovan hesitated for a while before saying, "It's not advisable for the two of you to perform the same song. And Arielle is not as trustworthy as you. So I hope that you keep your distance from her."

Trisha immediately shook her head. "Arielle is excellent. Besides, we won't both play the piano. One will be playing while the other will make a sand painting..."

"Sand painting?" Donovan raised his brow upon hearing that.

Since there's a lot of sand in the countryside, I suppose it's not strange if Arielle knows to make sand paintings.

Trisha was worried that Donovan would disagree, so she pleaded sincerely, "Mr. Baxter, please... I'm not brave enough to do this alone..."

Seeing Trisha almost burst into tears, Donovan rubbed his forehead in frustration. "Fine. It's up to you. But your priority should be your studies. Don't invest too much effort in these activities."

Trisha's eyes flashed with hope. "Mr. Baxter, is that a yes?"

Donovan nodded. "Mm. Please go back now. The class is about to start."

"Okay!" Trisha bowed to Donovan happily before rushing out of the room.

Staring at Trisha's disappearing figure, Donovan shook his head lightly.

I doubt if she can even play a verse of In the Moonlight, but it doesn't matter. I won't need another great performance since there's someone who'll be performing Reborn.

In other words, Donovan figured even if Arielle and Trisha ruined their song, it would not matter as the other teachers would be impressed by Reborn.

With that, Donovan stretched out before getting ready for his next class.

Meanwhile, at Yvette's home.

Mason had just gotten back from visiting Yvette at the psychiatric hospital. He initially wanted to ask for some money from the latter. But the moment Yvette heard him mention money, she lost it and started acting violently toward him.

In the end, he had to flee the scene.

He rubbed the back of his head where a clump of hair had been yanked off by Yvette as he entered the Actonward residence.

At that moment, Russell had just sat down to eat his lunch. Upon seeing Mason, he asked in displeasure, "How was Yvette?"

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Mason shook his head with a darkened expression.

He dared not confess that Yvette was, in fact, emotionally stable before he mentioned money.

But after he said that he wanted to borrow some money, Yvette turned utterly hostile, and the doctor had to calm her down with sedatives.

Mason gulped with guilt under Russell's stare. "She was

still the same. I saw the doctor giving her sedatives."

"Mm." A dark expression loomed over Russell's face. A second later, he knocked gently on the table. "Have a seat. There's something I want to tell you."

Mason's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that.

Does he know that I've accidentally upset Yvette again?

Russell made a gesture the next moment, and Edmund brought out a package and placed it on the table.

After that, Russell pushed the package toward Mason and said, "Have a look yourself."

Mason opened the package with extreme caution. The color drained from his face when he saw what was inside.

It was none other than a divorce agreement.

Besides the divorce agreement, there was a check. But he did not even bother to look at the amount on it. After

all, he only wanted Yvette.

"Mr. Actionward!" Mason questioned immediately, "What've I done wrong? Tell me, and I'll correct it!"

Russell shook his head, his face devoid of expression. "You've done nothing wrong. But we both know that you're not the one Yvette likes. Back then, I had no choice but to agree to your marriage. But now, it's time to fix everything,"

Russell had come to a realization recently that his daughter was more important than his reputation.

And the main reason Yvette was admitted into the psychiatric hospital was her marriage to Mason.

Russell would do anything for Yvette to return to normal as she was his only bloodline. Hence, he figured the best way was to have her get a divorce.

After all, we have given it a shot, and the guests at the birthday party won't be able to say anything. So it's time for a divorce.

"No way..." Mason shook his head frantically as he grabbed Russell's hand tightly. "Mr. Actionward, I promised you that I would take care of Yvette for the rest of her life. Even if she doesn't recover, I will not leave her. I love her very much. So please don't separate

us!"

Russell furrowed his brows as he freed his hand from Mason's grasp. "Don't you understand? Yvette got crazy

to separate both of you. Her heart was never yours, to begin with."

Mason's lips trembled incessantly as he spoke, "If I lose her, I'll go crazy too!"

Russell showed utter indifference toward Mason's words. "How could a man get crazy over such a small matter? Don't worry. You're stronger than you think."

Noticing Russell's determination, Mason bit his lip. "But how are you going to explain it to the public? We've just gotten married. Aren't you afraid of others gossiping about us? Don't you care about your family's reputation?"

Russell's frown deepened.

Of course, I care about my reputation. But reputation is nothing compared to family.

Russell shook his head firmly. "That's enough. We both know it was merely a misunderstanding, no matter what others might say. Yvette got drunk and slept

with you. Isn't that normal for young people these days? I'm sure people will forget about it soon enough, or maybe they already have. No one would bother to stick their noses into others' family matters."

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Mason felt as though a thousand needles were stabbing his heart at that moment.

He sat on the floor despondently as tears streamed down his face.

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Russell could not bear to see Mason's sullen state. After all, he was the one who raised the latter.

As such, Russell let out a sigh. "There's a check in the package. It should be enough for you to live comfortably for the rest of your life. And I'll help you with anything in the future. But one way or another, you'll be getting a divorce."

"Mr. Actionward!" Mason shouted desperately. "It's unfair to me!"

Russell's expression darkened instantly. "Don't try to test my patience. It was your fault, but I didn't blame you. If it were another person, you might not have gotten away with it. I only chose to forgive you since we are distant relatives."

Staring at Russell's unyielding expression, Mason knew there was nothing he could do to change the former's mind.

So my dream life lasted less than a week... I can't accept this! No way!

Bawling out his eyes, he asked emotionally, "Or do you think I'm not good enough for Yvette? I swear I'll work hard to be a better man. Would you please give me a

chance? I need three more... No, just give me one more year to prove myself. One more year, and you can decide if we should get a divorce by then. Who knows? Perhaps Yvette will accept me after one year. Would that be okay?"

At that moment, Russell's steeled heart was softened by Mason's sincerity.

Putting all the issues aside, he's undoubtedly sincere toward Yvette.

Russell kept silent for a long while before speaking, "Fine. I'll give you another three months. If Yvette still doesn't accept you within three months, and I see no improvement from you, then you must sign the divorce agreement."

If they get divorced after three months, there will be less gossiping too. After all, the public has expected that the marriage won't last long. If they get divorced so soon, it will indeed cause an uproar.

Mason felt relieved instantly as he bowed gratefully to Russell.

"Thanks, Mr. Actionward! Thank you so much!"

"There's no need to thank me. Just accompany Yvette more and make sure she recovers soon. Only then will our family be complete."

Mason immediately nodded. "I got it, Mr. Actionward. I'll try my best to help her recover."

Russell let out a long sigh. Without any appetite left, he went upstairs to the study.

Edmund kept the package and followed him upstairs.

As soon as they got into the study, Edmund could not help but ask, "Mr. Actonward, why did you allow him to stay married to Ms. Yvette? You know very well that Ms. Yvette has no feelings for him. If it weren't for him, she wouldn't have become like this."

Russell lowered his head. "I've only got a daughter and no son. Besides, you saw how sincere he was. I bet he won't even refuse if I ask him to change his surname. It would be best if Yvette develops feelings for him within three months. After their relationship becomes stable, I'll teach him about business. With that, we'll have an heir for the family."

Right then, Edmund started to comprehend the reason behind Russell's decision. He thought Russell was merely moved by Mason's sincerity, but it turned out that he had other intentions.

Edmund replied with hesitation, "But I'm not sure if his character and capability are good enough to be our heir."

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Russell rubbed his forehead while saying, "That's why I'll observe him for three months. If he behaves well and Yvette is willing to accept him, so be it. Please keep an eye on him during this period. If he makes any mistake, then I won't give him a chance anymore."

Edmund nodded right away. "Leave it to me, Mr. Actonward."

Meanwhile, Mason went back to his room, still in a state of shock.

Initially, he thought that since he had gotten married to Yvette, they would be together forever. He never expected Russell to change his mind all of a sudden.

What should I do now?

As he was smoking one cigarette after another, his phone rang suddenly.

The moment he picked up the call, he heard an exasperated voice from the other end. "Is the two million ready? Today is your last day. If you fail to pay out, I'll see you in court! Let me warn you now. I have a lot of connections in the legal field. So there's no way you can win the lawsuit!"

Mason trembled as he begged, "Harvey, could you spare me a few more days? You only gave me two days. How could I possibly get so much money in such a short time?"

"That's your problem. Cut the crap! You have to pay by

today, or you'll rot in prison!"

Without giving Mason a chance to speak, Harvey hung up the phone abruptly.

Mason stomped his feet in anxiety.

Just then, his phone rang again. Mason immediately answered it as he thought Harvey had decided to give him more time. But after picking it up, he realized that it was from the hackers.

"We've gotten sued, and we're going to court. We lack the legal fees, so please transfer five hundred grand to

us."

Mason's heart sank. "Five hundred grand? Do you want to see me dead? I only have fifty grand with me now!"

The other party sneered coldly. "You caused this. The gaming company wouldn't have found us if you hadn't challenged the highest-ranked player. You're responsible for this!"

"Why should I be responsible? I'm a victim too. The account owner asked me to compensate him two million! Not only did you refuse to fork out that amount, but you're even asking me for money now?"

"Haha. So you're not going to pay us, are you? Fine, I'll destroy you in the forum!"

Mason knew perfectly what the other party meant by "the forum." It's an online platform where one can pay

anyone to do anything. It's no joke if he resorts to that!

"Please don't..." Mason's tone turned fearful. "Harvey, we can talk this out. Please don't do this to me..."

"You forced me to. So what's your choice? Five hundred grand or your leg?"

Mason got utterly desperate. "But I don't have money..."

"Fine. Say goodbye to your leg then!"

"Don't!" Mason bit his lip tightly. "I'll go find the money now. Please give me your bank account number. I'll transfer to you as soon as I get the money."

"Okay then. Five hundred grand. Not a penny less!"

After the call ended, Mason slumped onto the floor dispiritedly.

As if there are not enough miseries in my life! I haven't even settled the matter with Yvette, and yet, two debtors are coming after me for money.

At that moment, Mason regretted challenging the highest-ranked player with a hacker account.

Who the hell is the highest-ranked player anyway? How was he able to make the gaming company investigate the hacking? I wouldn't have challenged him if I knew his background! It's all because I was greedy!

As Mason was pondering over the matter, an idea

suddenly crossed his mind.



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When Russell gave Mason the divorce agreement, the latter noticed there was a check in the envelope.

Russell had told him that the amount of money was enough for him to spend for the rest of his life.

However, he had to sign the divorce agreement first before he could take the check.

Mason was lost. He did not know whether he should choose Yvette or the check. He felt like his head was about to explode.

After a moment, an idea crossed his mind, and he immediately got up to find Edmund.

“Edmund, where did you keep the divorce agreement?”

Edmund glanced suspiciously at Mason and asked, “Mr. Moore, have you agreed to a divorce?”

“No, no...” Mason waved his hands. “I just want to try and see if Yvette will get better if I divorce her. If so, I am willing to divorce her. Just get me the envelope and I’ll bring it to Yvette.”

Edmund looked at him in astonishment and felt that Mason was really good to Yvette.

Edmund sighed and said, “I’m glad to know that you’re such a devoted husband, Mr. Moore. I’ll get the divorce agreement for you so that you can give it a try.”

“Thanks, Edmund.” Mason watched as Edmund went

upstairs.

Soon, Edmund came down with an envelope.

Mason took over the envelope and did not dare to say anything further, for fear of revealing his real intention. He then left in a hurry.

He only opened the envelope when he walked outside and ensured that there was no one around. He was relieved to see that the check was still inside.

He took the check to the bank to cash it.

Mason handed the check to the bank counter and said, "I would like to cash out two million and five hundred thousand."

The staff at the counter took a glance at the check and said with a smile, "I'm sorry, sir. This is not a blank check. You can only cash for whatever amount that has been specified."

"Fine, fine. Anything will do. Please help me to cash all of it and deposit it into my bank account."

"Sure." The staff nodded. After a moment, she said, "The money in the check has been deposited into your bank account. You may check it now."

Mason immediately took out his phone to check his balance and saw that it was fifty-five hundred thousand.

"Why is there only five hundred thousand?" Mason was

stunned.

The staff nodded and said, "That's right, sir. There's five hundred thousand in the check, and all have been transferred into your bank account."

After reconfirming with the staff for the umpteenth time, Mason's face darkened in disbelief.

"When Russell said that the money is enough for me to spend for the rest of my life, he meant five hundred thousand? The renovation fee for just one room in their house could easily cost more than five hundred thousand! This is beyond an insult to me! What an as\*hole!" Mason stomped out of the bank while cursing Russell.

Meanwhile, Russell was in the study when he suddenly received a phone message.

He frowned after reading the message and knowing that Mason had cashed the check.

He immediately called Edmund over to find out what was going on.

Edmund repeated what Mason had said to Russell. After that, he felt like something was off. He shook his head and said, "That's odd. He shouldn't have

been able to reach the psychiatric hospital in such a short time. Besides, it's peak hour now. So why would he cash the check already?"

After listening to Edmund's words, Russell's face

immediately darkened.

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Meanwhile, after Mason left the bank, he immediately transferred the money to the hacker company.

After they promised him that they would not harass him anymore, he continued to wander around for a while before he went back to Actonward residence.

As soon as he entered the house, he saw Russell sitting on the couch and drinking tea. The latter was staring at him with a solemn face.

Seeing that, Mason's heart fell, and a panic feeling rose in his heart.

He tried to calm himself down and forced a smile. "Dad, why are you home today? Is the company not busy?"

Still staring at Mason, Russell said, "There's nothing much at the company today. Edmund told me that you took the divorce agreement to visit Yvette?"

"Yes." Mason immediately nodded his head.

Russell raised his brows and asked, "Is Yvette getting any better?"

Mason sighed, pretending to be upset. "There was no response from her. I think she's really sick. But I believe she'll get better soon under the treatment and care of the doctors. By the way, the doctor told me today that we'd better not disturb her while she's under treatment."

Fury surged within Russell, but he managed to tamp it

down.

He answered lightly, "Then, let's not disturb her for the time being. We'll visit her after some time."

"All right, Dad. I'll be going upstairs now. It's been a tiring day, and I need to get some rest."

Sure." Russell waved his hand, still remaining expressionless.

Mason was afraid that his lies would be seen through by Russell. He did not dare to talk too much and hurriedly went upstairs.

Russell watched as Mason walked upstairs until he disappeared from his sight. His expression was icy cold.

At this moment, Edmund walked in.

Russell asked in a low voice, "Have you investigated it thoroughly?"

Edmund nodded. He looked in the direction of the staircase to make sure that Mason was not coming down before he said, "Yes, I've investigated it thoroughly. Mr. Moore did not go back to the hospital again. Besides, I've heard from the doctor that Mr. Moore tried to borrow money from Ms. Yvette when he visited her earlier today."

"Borrow money?" Russell's face darkened even more.

Edmund nodded slightly and continued, "The doctor

said Ms. Yvette was in a stable emotional state before Mr. Moore's visit. After he left, Ms. Yvette became delirious again. The doctor even had to give her a tranquilizer to stabilize her."

Bang! "B\*stard!" Russell slammed his palm on the armrest.

Edmund was so frightened that he dared not utter a single word.

After a moment of silence, Russell spoke again. "Watch him closely! I would like to see what's the reason for him borrowing money."

Edmund asked in a puzzled expression, "Why didn't you just kick him out? From this check incident, you should already know that he's..."

"I want to know what he's trying to do, and I'll only decide on what to do about him based on the situation."

Edmund nodded. "I see. Mr. Actonward, I will install some cameras at home to monitor his actions."

"Okay, go ahead," said Russell while rubbing his temples.

He had given his son-in-law a last chance, but evidently, Mason did not grab it.

In the evening, when Mason saw that Russell had left the house, he immediately started making his move.

He put on a sweater with pockets and wandered around the mansion.

After about half an hour, he went out carrying a backpack

Just when he was about to leave the main entrance of the mansion, Edmund's voice suddenly came from behind him. "Mr. Moore, where are you going?"

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Mason stiffened, then turned around slowly. He gave a dry chuckle and said, "I'm going to the library. I'm thinking of furthering my studies so that I'll be a good match for Yvette."

"Is that so?" Edmund drawled. He smiled and continued, "Don't push yourself too hard then, and don't stay out too late."

"All right." Mason forced a smile before leaving hurriedly.

As soon as Mason had his back turned, Edmund's amiable smile and demeanor disappeared. His expression turned icy cold.

He fished out his phone and called Russell immediately. "You were right, Mr. Actonward. He left not long after you did."

On the other end of the line, Russell sneered. "Is someone trailing him? Good. Send me his location. I'll go and see what he's up to."

"Right away," Edmund replied.

About half an hour later, Mason arrived in front of a jewelry store.

He cast a furtive glance around to make sure that no one was watching him before going in.

When the store's owner saw him, he pushed his glasses up his nose and asked, "Are you here to buy or pawn

jewelry?"

"Are you the owner?" Mason asked.

The man nodded. "That's right. Are you here to pawn something?"

"I have something very valuable with me. Could you take a look and see how much it's worth to pawn?" As Mason spoke, he opened his backpack and carefully took out a jade statue as large as his palm.

The store owner looked excited as soon as he caught a glimpse of the statue.

"Y-You want to pawn that?" he asked in surprise.

Mason placed the jade statue in front of the man. "Go ahead and take a look. How much is this worth?"

The owner took out a special light used to appraise gemstones. As he checked the jade statue, he would make remarks about the material, color, and clarity.

Mason did not understand a word the man said. He asked again, "Tell me, how much is it worth?"

The owner fell into deep thought. A rough piece of jade with such quality and color could go for millions, let alone one with such masterful craftsmanship.

He raised his head and cast a glance at Mason. Seeing that Mason did not look like someone particularly well off, he asked warily, "Where did you get this? I don't

accept pieces with unknown origins."

Mason swallowed hard before replying, "Don't worry. I took it from my house. I'm pawning it because my wife is ill and needs a large sum of money for her treatment. I'll come back for it in the future when I have the money."

The man was still doubtful.

I'm sure that there's more to it than he lets on. However, it doesn't make sense for me to turn down a chance to make money. Moreover, it's clear he's young and naive. I can quote him a much lower price than what it's actually worth.

With that thought in mind, the man said, "Three million. No more than that. Although it has a beautiful color, the craftsmanship isn't that good. If I were to try and sell it, I'm afraid."

Without waiting for the man to come up with an excuse, Mason nodded. "All right. Three million it is. Please transfer the money to my account immediately."

The owner looked at him, thrilled. I can sell this piece for tens of millions, but he agreed to pawn it for three million. If he's not a fool, then he must've stolen it. Well, it doesn't matter. I have my ways to sell it off.

"Wait right here! I'll make some calls to our other branches and get the money. I'll transfer it to you soon!" the owner said excitedly.

Just as he stepped out of the store to make the calls, he saw more than ten men dressed in black suits standing in front of him.

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The men did not look like they were there to pawn something. Instead, they seemed like they had come to wreck the store.

Momentarily dumbfounded, the owner quickly recovered and asked weakly, "A-Are you here to pawn something?"

The men in black suits stepped aside to form two lines, and a middle-aged man walked up from behind.

The owner read the financial section of the paper enough to recognize the person standing in front of him. Stunned, he exclaimed, "M-Mr. Actonward?"

Russell turned to look at the owner, his face devoid of emotion. "Someone took something from my house. I'm here to catch him. Please don't try to get in our way."

The owner hesitated for a moment, and he immediately thought of the jade statue.

Thanking the heavens that he had not transferred the money to Mason, he gestured toward the store and said politely, "It just so happens that there's a customer inside. Please go ahead and see whether it's the person you're looking for."

Russell nodded and strode past him.

Meanwhile, Mason was waiting impatiently inside the store.

There isn't much time left. I hope the owner hurries up.

At that moment, he heard the door to the store open.

Elated, he turned around and said, "Can you transfer it to me..."

His voice trailed off when he saw the person walking into the store.

It's Russell!

Mason took a few steps backward. There was an expression of utter shock on his face as if he had just seen a ghost. "Dad! What are you..."

"Transfer what to you?" Russell asked coldly despite knowing the answer.

Mason moved instinctively to block the jade statue from view. His mouth twitched, and he gave an awkward laugh. "N-Nothing. I-I just came to see whether there was anything Yvette would like. I want to give her a surprise."

"Oh? A surprise, or a scare?" Russell arched an eyebrow.

Cold sweat broke out on Mason's forehead.

Russell continued, "How much was the jade statue worth? Did you get enough to buy a present for Yvette?"

In the blink of an eye, Mason's face turned deathly pale.

He knows! How did he find out?

"I-I..." Mason stammered. He wanted to try and explain, but he could not think of what to say.

Russell snorted and said in a low, chilling voice, "Mason, my dear boy. I gave you a chance, and this is how you repay me? How dare you steal something from my house and try to sell it off? You're truly something else."

Mason's heart sank, and it felt as if it was about to stop beating



"You're going to go back with me and sign the papers. From now on, you'll have nothing to do with the Actonwards and Yvette," Russell intoned. His words jolted Mason to his senses.

There's no point in explaining, is there? I've already been caught red-handed, so what can I say?

Falling to the floor, Mason grabbed at Russell's leg and pleaded, "You have to listen to me, Dad! I didn't want to do it, but I had no choice! If I don't give them the money, they'll kill me! You have to believe me! I've never done something like this before! I promise I won't take anything from the house ever again!"

Russell kicked him aside and said disdainfully, "That's quite enough. You've disappointed me. You can rot in jail, or you can get a divorce and get out of my sight forever. It's your pick."

Mason shook his head vehemently. "No! I don't want to leave Yvette! I'm begging you! Please give me one last chance! He tricked me, and I had no other way! It was all because of that highest-ranked player! That b\*stard tricked me!"

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Russell did not understand what Mason meant.

He said, "Since you're unwilling to get a divorce, then I'll see you at the police station. Do you have any idea how much that jade statue is worth? I bought it for sixty million! Sixty million! That's enough to land you in jail for at least two hundred years!"

Mason was dumbstruck.

Sixty million? That much?

He watched as Russell felt in his pocket for his phone, ready to call the police. Seeing that Russell showed no hint of mercy, Mason's helpless gaze gradually faded and was replaced with a steely glint in his eyes.

He has never thought of me as part of his family! Their entire family has only ever regarded me as a disgusting street rat, including Yvette! None of them, not even the help, ever treated me as a human being! That's it! I've had enough!

His eyes were no longer misty with tears. Instead, they were flashing with hostility.

He lowered his gaze and stood up slowly. Just as Russell dialed the number to make a police report, he grabbed Russell's phone and flung it onto the floor with all his might

Russell glared at Mason, frowning, and hissed through gritted teeth, "What's the matter? Are you thinking of hitting me?"

When the bodyguards heard the commotion inside the store, they rushed in immediately. All of them looked at Mason warily as if they were ready to take action at any moment.

Mason shook his head with a bitter smile. "Although you have never thought of me as part of the family, I've always respected you as a father. So, how could I think of hitting you?"

"Then, what do you mean by smashing my phone? Do you agree to get a divorce?" Russell demanded, narrowing his eyes.

Mason nodded with a pained look on his face. "If you think that I'm not worthy of Yvette, then I'm willing to get a divorce. I admit that what happened was my fault."

Russell looked at him suspiciously and asked, "Are you really willing to get a divorce? You promise never to pester Yvette again?"

After a brief pause, Mason replied, "Yes, but let me meet with Yvette one last time. That's all I ask. If you agree to it, I promise I won't appear in front of you ever again."

Russell felt a little relieved. In truth, he did not want to make a police report either. If I make a police report, everyone will find out that my daughter married a scumbag. That would be utterly humiliating. It's good that Mason made the right choice.

Russell no longer minded that his phone had been smashed to pieces. He told his bodyguards to retrieve the SIM card, then said to Mason, "Deal. I'll let you meet Yvette one last time. And apart from the five hundred-grand cheque, I'll give you another hundred grand for your transportation fees. After meeting with Yvette, you are to leave Jadeborough and never return."

"Okay," Mason answered at once.

Russell felt somewhat disconcerted at Mason's unhesitating behavior.

Nonetheless, he did not give it a second thought. He just took it that Mason had seen the light.

“Go and meet her now, then come back and sign the divorce papers. After that, you can leave with your hundred grand,” said Russell.

Mason nodded. “Okay... Oh, there’s no bus stop nearby. Could you lend me a car to use, Dad?”

“Sure. Also, you shouldn’t be calling me ‘Dad’ anymore. Your dad passed away in a car accident more than ten years ago.” Russell waved his hand as he spoke, and a bodyguard stepped forward immediately with a set of car keys.

If I’m being honest, I hate it every time he calls me ‘Dad.’

The look of contempt on Russell’s face did not go unnoticed. Mason gritted his teeth as he took the car

keys. Then, he turned and left.

Just as Mason was leaving, Edmund arrived. Edmund glanced at Mason’s retreating figure and asked, “Mr. Actonward, why did you let him go?”

“He said that he’s willing to get a divorce after he meets with Yvette one last time. He promised not to show up in front of me ever again,” Russell replied.

Edmund nodded, but he could not stop the ominous feeling that grew within him.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 440

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### Chapter 440

After pondering for a moment, Edmund enquired whether he should send someone to trail Mason. However, Russell waved his hand dismissively.

“If he tries anything funny, I’ll track him down to the ends of the earth. Let him go. We’ll go back and wait for him to come and sign the divorce papers.” With that, Russell strode out of the store.

The owner of the jewelry store trembled in fear. He did not dare to look directly at Russell.

Thank God he didn't try to make things difficult for me and just took the jade statue without saying anything. If he did try to cause trouble and sent the authorities knocking on my door, I'd be doomed. I've done too many shady dealings!

As soon as he heaved a sigh of relief, a police car pulled up in front of the store.

A few policemen stepped out of the car and slapped a pair of handcuffs on him immediately. In a grim tone, they said, "We received a tip that your store is involved in illegal dealings. You're coming with us to the police station. We'd like to ask you a few questions."

The owner felt his vision go black, and he fainted.

Meanwhile, the sun dipped behind the horizon, bathing the sky in a warm, red glow.

Many people were heading home after a day's work. However, students of the preparatory class were waiting

for their class to start.

A few minutes before class, someone could not help complaining, "This is too hard. I can hardly take it anymore."

"Same here... If I knew it was going to be so exhausting, I would've chosen to complete my junior year of high school, then apply for Jadeborough University," someone else piped up.

"Maxwell University may be the top university, but this is just too torturous. I don't know how much more I can take it," another student lamented.

While the room was filled with the weary complaints of the other students, Jared was hunched over his table doing practice questions.

Jared was clever and did well in his studies when he was abroad. However, because he dreamed of joining the military, he used to skip his homework even though he knew how to do it.

Hence, the Jupiters thought that he was not a good student.

That assumption could not be farther from the truth.

Henry was astonished as he watched Jared complete a set of advanced math questions.

Although he saw it with his own eyes, he could not refrain from asking, "D-Did you really do this?"

Jared shot Henry a look that seemed to say, "Who else could it be if it wasn't me? You?"

Ignoring Henry, Jared got up and walked over to Arielle, who was busy doing something on her phone. "Boss, can you help me check my answers? These questions don't come with answers, so I have to get your help."

After sending the text message she had been typing, Arielle raised her head and looked directly at Jared. "No problem."

Wendy, who happened to pass by, overheard them. She clenched her fists as she hurried to her seat.

I was appointed as the advanced mathematics class representative this afternoon, but everyone goes to Arielle for help! It's like I'm getting shunned! It's like they're treating me with silent contempt! How insulting and humiliating!

Fuming, she plopped onto her seat and began scribbling on a blank piece of paper angrily to vent her frustration.

At that moment, the person sitting next to her leaned over and said, "I'm not sure how to solve this math question. Could you help me out?"

Wendy's hand froze, then she answered happily, "Okay!"

Finally, someone recognizes my ability as the advanced math class representative!

Hiding her excitement, she took the paper from the student next to her and studied the question.

Many students had brought their own practice questions, and the student next to Wendy had also done the same.

After studying the question for a few minutes, the smile on her lips froze.

I... I don't know how to solve it.

In the end, she could only laugh awkwardly and say, "This question is out of my league. It contains elements of quantum mechanics, so I'm not too sure how to solve it either. Why don't you ask Mr. Baxter later?"

He stood up and said, "That's all right. Mr. Baxter said that he'd be half an hour late. I'll go ask Arielle. She might know how to do it."

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... Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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Send a Gift to the Writer!