

Royal Contract 701

Chapter 701: Be the King of two Kingdoms

"Mom," Alex was surprised to see his mother walk into their new house, followed by his father. "Dad, you did not tell me that you are coming to visit."

He quickly walked towards them, dropping the knife he was using as he was busy preparing dinner for two. Dani was due to be home soon, and he planned to surprise her.

Not even his security informed him they were here, but he could not blame them. They were his parents, after all. They were not threats that they would stop from visiting him.

"We missed Dani's birthday celebration and thought we should drop by and visit you now that we had some free time," Katherine explained with a smile that could light up the place. She immediately hugged him, showing him how much she had missed him.

He hugged her back, kissing the top of her head, then turned to his father and gave him a manly hug. He also missed his parents since it had been a while since they had last seen them.

"You should have told me so I could have arranged something," Alex informed them, still surprised to see them without any prior knowledge that they were coming. Usually, his father's assistant would notify him about any travel plans. But his father could have forbidden his assistant from saying anything.

He guided them to the kitchen counter and offered them a seat, returning behind the other side while he squeezed some fresh oranges into two glasses.

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"It was a last-minute decision. There was no time for formalities to inform you. Besides, we would like to surprise the two of you." Katherine told him, taking a sip of the juice he offered.

He doubted that, but he just shrugged his shoulders. He could tell that they intentionally did not inform him of their arrival. Still, he wished they could have given him a heads-up.

"Where is Dani anyway?" Fred asked as his eyes searched the room before landing back on him. His hands entwined before him, ignoring the cold juice he had served.

He smiled at his father, knowing that he preferred a glass of scotch compared to the juice he gave him. But he continued to cut on the veggies, adding a few more to include his parents in the meal.

"She would be here soon. I assume that you will join us for dinner." He asked but more of implied, checking on the water he was boiling. Soon, he placed the vegetables inside the pot, blanching it for a few minutes.

He turned to the watch, checking his time. Then he also counted the minutes that his wife would arrive home. She informed him that she was not doing any overtime tonight.

"Of course, we will not miss your delicious cooking." His mom sniffed the aroma of the beef he had roasting in the oven. "Do you need some help?" Her mom offered, but he quickly declined.

Turning around to face his parents, he smiled at his mom, who had taught him most of what he knew in the kitchen. He started cutting again for his salad.

"Whatever your reason for suddenly coming here, I am still glad to see you, guys," Alex said. Knowing his father, he did not do things on a whim.

He probably had a solid explanation for suddenly taking this long trip to see him. Part of it might be missing him and his wife, but there was something else. He could see it in his eyes.

"Hey, what is going on here?" Her wife's lovely voice finally echoed in the room, interrupting them all.

She walked into the room, striding towards his mom first and hugging her tightly. He could see how much they had already bonded as if they were blood-related and not just in-laws.

She then turned to his father, giving him a warm hug and a kiss on the cheeks, which made his father smile. He sometimes felt like she might be their child and not him. He loved seeing them interact with each other.

"We thought that we might surprise the two of you with our sudden visit." Katherine again explained. "By the way, Happy Birthday, dear. We are sorry for missing such a wonderful celebration."

His mother tapped Dani's hand as his wife stood before his parents. He watched their interaction in his peripheral vision as he continued to finish the dinner he would soon serve to his family.

"It would have been perfect if you were present that day. But you coming here to be with us today is more than enough present," Dani responded with a genuinely happy smile.

He moved towards them to join them for a while. He was still waiting for the rest of his food to cook before he could start serving.

"Why don't you show them, Dani, around the house?" He suggested so he could set up the table for their dinner, ushering Dani and his parents to the next room.

His wife would know what he meant by that. He needed time to prepare and some time away from his parents to figure out what they wanted.

He feared that this might have something to do with the Kingdom and the wish of the Council for him to take the throne. Until now, he still felt conflicted about the issue.

"Yes, you need to see the garden, but we could not stay there for too long since the chilly wind is getting nastier lately," Dani told their parents as she walked them towards the living room, showing off what Haley had done to make this place according to their liking.

While he returned to the kitchen, speeding up the preparation of the other dishes. Then, he started putting the plates and silverware on the table, setting up the dinner for four.

But he could not help but think of why his father would fly miles away from home to see him. He believed it might be crucial and urgent, and he did not trust technology to convey his message.

"Dinner is ready," Alex finally shouted when he had set up the table, putting four plate arrangements on the table.

He wished that his parents' reason would be something else, but he doubted it. He finally opened a bottle of red wine that would match perfectly with his roasted beef, filling the four glasses already set on the table.

"This looks great." His father said. He was a man who had no idea what to do with a pan. He was never good at the kitchen, so he had stayed away.

Finally, they gathered around the dinner table, enjoying the delicious meal he had prepared. His mother kept asking about the birthday celebration and the ceremony, laughing about the stories Dani kept telling her.

Overall, the dinner was a success, and all seemed to have fun until finally, his father placed down his fork and seriously looked at him.

"It is time for you to decide if you want to be King." His father's voice held no options but to demand an answer.

He looked at his father, seeing that his time was up. It would seem that he had to decide sooner than he thought.

Was he ready to take on another responsibility aside from this Empire he already ruled? Was it possible to be the King of two Kingdoms?

Chapter 702: For better or worse

"What are you thinking?" Dani asked as soon as their parents excused themselves to return to their hotel. They said they arranged to meet with Ethan and Laura in the morning for a late brunch.

Dani was happy to see that their parents were getting along very well, just like she felt so at ease with his husband's parents. She knew that Alex also felt the same with her parents.

"I don't know." He turned around to look at her as she helped him clean up the kitchen.

After putting everything in the washer, he pulled her towards him and kissed her gently on the lips. "As always, you were great with my family." He told her, still keeping her close to his body, pinning her against the marble kitchen counter.

He let his fingers trace a line on her face, removing the tendrils that block her beautiful eyes. His eyes searched hers, probably hoping she could help him make a better decision.

"Your folks are not hard to love. They are no different from mine." Dani genuinely felt that when she was in the company of her in-laws. They were a sweet loving couple, just like her parents.

He suddenly pulled her towards the living room, pulling her down on his lap as they sat on the couch. He cradled her body in his, feeling his warmth seeping through her body.

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She would love to do this in the garden on the rooftop. But the chilliness of the wind at night prevented them from hanging out there. They would have to wait for spring and summer again to enjoy a night under the moonlight.

“What is wrong?” She whispered, sensing the burden that was weighing heavily on her husband.

She might not be looking directly into his eyes, but she could feel how he expelled his breath on her shoulders. His heartbeat was faster than usual, and his hold on her was different. As if he never wanted to let her go.

“I am thinking of what Dad said.” He finally admitted that he released another heavy breath. “I think I have changed my mind about becoming King.” Finally, confiding in her.

She was slightly surprised by this new revelation, but she was not shocked by his confession. Maybe she had sensed it before. But she might just be waiting for him to tell her.

“Do you want to take the throne?” She had to ask him the question, eventually turning around to face him, wanting to see his eyes.

She knew that his answer would affect her life too. She never thought much of becoming Queen because he had always been adamant about his decision. But now that he was having doubts, maybe it was time that she also considered her options.

His fingers again played with the tendrils of her hair that kept swaying on her face as she moved. He decided to hold on to it a few seconds longer, staring at it before pushing it behind her ears.

“I am thinking about it.” She could see that he wanted to be honest with her. He might be afraid to tell her what he had in mind, but he would still say it anyway.

“But you have not made a decision yet.” She concluded for him, seeing the conflict swirling in his eyes. She only wished she could say something that might help, but she knew he had to decide on this, not her.

“After talking to the Council and many of our people, my view about the crown suddenly changed. Then, when I met with my uncle, he made me realize that I made a mistake.” He told her as he unconsciously held her hand in his.

“I immaturely judge the King and his role in the Kingdom. My blind ambition to create another world for myself, not ruled by our laws, failed me to understand what the Kingdom was all about and its importance.

It was not just power and greed. Maybe to some ambitious men who wished those things, but for those who truly desired to serve, it was for the good of everyone.” He continued as if he was in a trance, telling her everything on his mind.

“After our marriage, my eyes opened to this new truth. I started to see myself as someone who could lead our people to greatness. And not because of my selfish reason to be King but because of my desire to help and serve.”

She was fascinated at the passion her husband was showing about his change of heart. She knew he was speaking not using his logical thinking but most of it coming from his heart.

His husband had already proven so much that he had no reason to do more at a young age. She believed if he wanted to be King, it was only to give back to the people. To serve those who had continued to honor, respect, and love their law and tradition.

“Whatever you decide, remember that we are in this together.” She told him, ready to stand by his side in whatever he would choose to do for their future.

In her case, she realized too that serving did not need to be limited to one single entity. But she could also do it in many ways, based on what she had seen with the project she was raising currently.

“Pinch me now, so I will know that I am not in the presence of an angel.” His smile teased her, together with how he pushed her down on the living room sofa. “Because I do not wish to cheat on my wife when I kiss this angel before me.”

His hands crawled on her side as he laid down over her. Then his fingers tickled her, making her squirm and squeak, giggling uncontrollably with his naughty actions.

“Stop it.” She managed to cry out as her laughter floated with the air around them as she struggled under his arms.

“I guess you are no angel. Then you must be my wife.” He uttered playfully, but this time, claiming her lips, effectively shutting her cries of protest and laughter.

Slowly her arms snaked around his shoulders, loving the way his husband lightened the mood around them. She could still feel the heavy burden still weighed on his shoulders, but he had no plans of burdening her with it.

But she still planned to stay by his side, no matter what. When she agreed to marry him, she had also sworn to stay with him for better or worse.

Chapter 703: Long discussion

She walked out of the bathroom, feeling refreshed. After her day at the office, she only wanted the tension off her body. A warm bath should have done the trick, but she still felt the tightness of her muscles as she rotated her neck, removing the towel on her hair.

“What is wrong now?” She asked, mumbling in front of her vanity mirror, grabbing the brush at the corner.

Slowly, she untangled the knots on her hair, letting the bristles slide smoothly down her side. She held a few strands of her hair in her palm and noticed the glittering rock that weighed heavily on her finger.

He finally proposed to her, staring at the big rock on her engagement ring as she flattened her hand on the table. But why did she feel like something was still missing in their relationship?

“What am I going to do with you?” Jacky rotated the ring and her finger before finally deciding to remove it and place it on the top of the table.

She finally stood from the chair and walked to her closet, choosing something comfortable for the evening. She had no idea if Marcus would drop by tonight after what happened.

After Haley announced her connection with Marcus, Jacky found herself more confused than ever. It did not make sense that they should keep such a relationship a secret.

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Then, Marcus kissed her and excused himself, dragging Haley out of the office with him. Jacky wanted to ask what was all the fuss. But the supposed siblings were gone when she snapped out of her initial shock. She had stayed in the room feeling left out, unsure of what she had witnessed.

“What is going on with you, Marcus?” Jacky looked at the picture of the two of them on her bedside table. She had it framed after they had become an official couple.

She moved out of her room and strode to the kitchen, planning to prepare something to eat. She left her phone in the room, not expecting anyone to call. She just wanted a quiet night, meaning away from her thoughts.

She put loud music on the speaker, something upbeat. She wanted some distraction. As soon as the beat hit the walls, her heart started pumping harder, making her blood flow more rapidly.

The next thing she knew, her feet were tapping to the rhythm, and her hips were swaying to the tempo. Suddenly, she missed her friend. Dani would be joining and dancing with her.

“Can I join the party?” A voice behind her slightly startled her, abruptly dropping her hands down to her side. But it was not enough to frighten her, recognizing the man behind her.

Arms snaked behind her, wrapping them around her slender waist. She did not resist, letting them pull her to a warm solid body. Then, her hands automatically lifted, sneaking behind her back until she felt his skin against her fingers.

Then his head rested on the crook of her neck as her head leaned on the other side. Then, carefully, he guided her to the music, but the upbeat music suddenly turned mellow, at least in their head, swaying her gently to the loud tune.

“I thought you were not coming tonight.” She whispered, laying her head back until it rested on his collar bone, enjoying how his hands wrapped around her body, cradling her like a delicate flower.

His feet gently bumped into hers, guiding her to the song as it stepped on the tiled floor, avoiding bumping into the few pieces of furniture around them.

“I am sorry about what happened with Haley.” He uttered in his low voice, letting his lips brush through her hair and land on the side of her neck. “I know I should have told you everything from the start.”

His voice was apologetic, presumably feeling guilty about the earlier incident. “You should have told me, Marcus.” She was not going to let him off the hook that easily.

As his girlfriend and now his fiancée, she believed she deserved a little honesty from him. He needed to trust her about his life, not just his feelings, but everything that could affect their relationship.

Come to think of it. Jacky still did not know anything much about his family. Until now, it seemed the only family member she had met so far was his sister.

She suddenly wondered if he was ashamed to introduce her to them, knowing that he came from an affluent family. After all, she was not Daniella Hamilton, heiress of a fortune five hundred company. She was just the secretary.

"I planned to tell you everything if you will forgive me for another of my shortcomings." Marcus hugged her tighter this time, stopping their bodies from moving.

"You have to learn to trust me. You have to tell me everything because I could not keep finding out things about you through somebody else." She explained to him.

This time, she gently squirmed from his hold, turning so that they would end up face to face. Her eyes searched his face for answers, tilting her head, directly gazing at him.

"I know. I am sorry." He placed his hands on her cheeks, cradling her face as their eyes locked, not wanting to lose their connection.

"I know I could not make an excuse every time I screwed up that I am new to this relationship thing, but I am trying hard to make this work." He continued, not waiting for her response.

She could feel the sincerity in his voice that melted all her reservations about him. Her doubts that he might be ashamed of her had suddenly vanished into thin air. Maybe he had another reason for not telling her sooner. Her heart defended him against her reasoning.

"I guess we are still both learning," Jacky admitted she might not be an expert in relationships just as well. "We just had to work together to make this work."

Suddenly, she remembered what Dani had told her many times. Nobody could make any relationship perfect, not the first try, not the next, or even after many years of working on it together.

But many managed to stay together happily despite all the imperfections and flaws of their relationships. It was not magic, but through communication, respect, understanding, and love.

She rested her head on his shoulder, continuing to sway to the music. This time, allowing their hearts to communicate as their minds prepare for their long discussion.

Chapter 704: Fear of commitment

"Why don't you take a shower first while I finish preparing dinner," Jacky suggested, seeing her uncooked meal still waiting for her on the kitchen counter.

Also, she found him still in his office clothes, the suit he had been wearing earlier. He must have been out since he left her office and had not been home yet.

Her mind kept thinking of where he might have gone, but she debated that she would soon find out once they started talking. She just had to wait.

"Ok, but are you sure you would not need any help." Pointing at the food on the table.

She appreciated what her fiancé was doing, but she had the kitchen covered. "Go washed up and changed. I can handle this." Pushing him in the direction of their room.

Although they had not officially lived together, he had left many of his things in her apartment. That included his toiletries and many of his clothes.

"Ok. I will be right back." Having no option, he strode outside the kitchen and into her room as she continued slicing some vegetables to include in their meal.

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She toned down the music to a gentle melody, lowering the volume. Then, set up the table for two. Marcus would be due to come out of the room and join her for dinner.

"That looks delicious." Marcus smiled at her, sniffing the delicious aroma of the chicken she had prepared for them.

He walked towards her, holding her chair until she settled comfortably before taking the other seat next to her. Then he poured the wine she had chilling right next to him.

"I hope it is well cooked. I was not expecting you would visit me tonight." She excused herself from her rushed cooked meal.

She wished she had more time to prepare something else. But whatever was lacking in her cooking tonight, she made up for the presentation because the table was beautiful with a few flowers in the middle and two candles burning playfully at the sides.

"I am sure that its taste would be much better than its savory smell," Marcus assured her as he sliced through the meat.

She was glad that he was right. Despite her lack of time, she still managed to cook it right. It was delicious. She could see that Marcus was also enjoying the rest of the meal.

She was happy they could enjoy their meal even for a few minutes. Both of them knew that they were only prolonging the inevitable.

"Thanks for doing this for me." Marcus directed his attention to the empty plate, but both knew he was not referring to the meal.

"I am glad you like it." Referring this time to the dishes she prepared.

She stood up from his position to clean up the table, but he stopped her, grabbing her hand. "We can clean up later." He told her, not wanting another minute of waiting.

She had no choice but to return to her seat, dropping the plates back to the table and turning to look at him. She watched his eyes swirl around as if his mind was thinking deeply.

Extending her hand, she held him tightly, assuring him that everything would be fine. She had already prepared herself for the worse possible scenario, so nothing else could shock her at this point.

"I know you wondered why I have not introduced you to my family, and then Haley happened." Marcus wished that he had told her about his life from the start. But he always thought his life was his to deal with alone.

Sharing things was not his style.

Not even Alex was aware of what was going on, mostly with his life. Except for the few things Alex had discovered for himself. But he was not the kind of man who liked to wear his feelings on his sleeve.

"Yes, I wish you would share that part of your life with me since you are planning to include me in your life now." She honestly did not mind before because, in truth, she understood how hard it was to bare herself when she hardly trusted anyone.

Luckily, she met Dani, who showed her that it was not that hard. She hoped that Marcus would also realize that through her assistance. He would learn to trust her enough to share even his darkest secret. But she was not in a hurry for that. In time, maybe.

"Let us start with Haley. As she said, she is my sister." He admitted. "Half-sister." He corrected, taking her hand as if he was drawing some strength from her.

She squeezed him gently, hoping that it would help him continue with his story. "Ok." It explained a few things.

"I learned a few years ago that I have a sister." He told her, but his face was not a happy one. "That was Haley." He continued, stroking her hand as if he was finding it hard to express what was on his head.

"How are you related?" Several scenarios were running through her head, but it could be anything. She shifted in her seat, more interested as she waited for the rest of his explanation.

"I learned that my father was her father." This time, his eyes darkened, and anger was evident in them. As if he was picturing his father in his mind. At least that was her speculation.

"Did he abandon your mother?" It was a perfect explanation for his fear of commitment. He might have an issue with his parents. The most common thing that traumatized men and women from going through a relationship. The examples that their parents left them behind. Look at her. It took her a while to trust people, living alone for a long time without any parents to look up to as she grew up.

"I wish I could blame him for everything that had happened to me." But his tone suggested that there was more to the story.

"But the sad part was that I could not point my fingers at my father."

He looked down on his lap, thinking of something, but she could guess that shame was deeply burdening him at the moment.

She was more confused by his words. Usually, in the scenario he had pictured, she would conclude that it was the father's fault. But in this case, it seemed someone else caused his fear of commitment.

Chapter 705: A troubled family background

Marcus wished he could blame all this on his father, who never married his mother and decided not to claim him as his son. But that was not possible when somebody else was to blame.

It would have been easier if all of the faults fell on his father's lap. Instead, he only had his mother to condemn for his misery because she was the one who had put him in this position.

"You see, my mother had a relationship with my father. A long time before Haley's father married her mom, back in the days." He narrated what he could remember of the story.

But apparently, his mother never loved his biological father and only used him for his money and power. She used her charm and cunning abilities to fool his father, making him fall for her while she was also involved in another relationship.

After discovering this, Mr. Rosley severed his ties with his mother and never acknowledged him as his son, believing she cheated on him. But his mother never gave up her claim that he was his son, so she pursued it.

“But not because she wanted me to have a father, but because she wanted the money that should belong to me.” Marcus smiled, but it was not because he was happy. But because he remembered the cruelty of his mother. The insanity of it all.

His lovely mother never cared about his well-being. His ambitious mother only wanted money, the glitz, and the glamour. She needed to maintain her social status, and she used him as her key to the pot of gold.

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“I am so sorry to hear that.” Her face registered surprise, which he understood. He had never told anyone about this. Although, Alex did figure it out since they had been friends for a long time.

It was one of the reasons he was more at ease spending time with his friend and his family because they treated him more like a family, comparing his relationship with them to his biological mother.

When his mother proved that he was his son, she demanded a lump sum of money and additional allowance to provide for his need. Next thing, his mother shifted him to boarding school. In consolation, he had money to spend but no family to belong to, but fortunately, he survived.

“I never wanted anything to do with all of them. I only wanted to be left alone. So, when I graduated, I worked hard and earned my own money.” He had Alex to thank for allowing him to show his worth and taking him under his wings.

“I avoided any contact with Haley and her father. I also cut ties with my mother.” He explained why he never bothered mentioning his parents to her because they were never worth mentioning.

“But Haley did not deserve that.” Suddenly, Jacky voiced out her disapproval of his action. “I think it is unfair for Haley to bear the punishment for your parents’ misdeed.”

He could understand her sentiment. He also sometimes felt guilty that he had included Haley in his attempt to distance himself from his family.

But it was a necessary evil he had to do for his sanity. At least Haley had a family who loved her. But he had none. He was alone, fighting for survival until he met his friend and adopted him.

“I assure you I did not do it on purpose.” But no matter how he tried to explain it even to himself, he knew it was wrong.

He had seen how Haley tried to approach him in the past, happy to learn that she had an older brother. But he kept pushing her away until finally, she had stopped trying.

But lately, when their paths had crossed again, she tried to reach out again to him. But he avoided her. Then, she thought that using Jacky would finally open an opportunity for them to have a relationship. But he still blocked her path.

“Then, stop pushing her away,” Jacky shouted incredulously, unable to contain her disapproval of his action. “She seems to be a nice person, and I am sure she just wants to get to know her brother.” He could not disagree with that.

From the few years he had seen her and watched her from afar, all he saw was good things. Haley had been a consistent honor student. She was always at the top of her class.

But that was not what made her special. It was her devotion to helping those who were in need. She never cared about getting anything in return as long as she could make another life better.

“Maybe, I was wrong to push her away.” Marcus finally admitted, suddenly having some enlightenment.

He felt that he had wasted time. Instead of getting to know his sister, he had driven her away. But because of her pure heart, her sister was doing her best, still wanting to get close to him.

“Yes, you moron.” Jacky seemed to be losing her patience with him. It was one thing he liked about her. She could put him in his place. She was not afraid to tell him that he was wrong.

“I guess I am.” He started scratching his head, realizing the huge mistake he had made with his life. The time that he wasted by not getting to know his sister.

“Now, say sorry to Haley and makeup with her for all the lost time. You don’t have to acknowledge your parents, but you can never turn your back on your sister.” She told him as she stood in front of him, reprimanding him like he was a child.

His lips widened, loving how his fiancée told him what to do. Then, he pulled her closer to him. “Yes, soon to be Mrs. Kenley.” He snuggled his head just in between her bosom, loving the feel of his body against his face. “I should remember never to piss you off.” He jokingly mumbled, slightly chuckling.

For someone who never knew her parents and never had an example to show her how to live and love, Jacky was more aware of survival than he was, or more than many people he knew.

“Well, you should always try to listen to me so you will not end in trouble,” Jacky warned him, placing a finger on his chest to point out that sometimes she was in charge.

Suddenly, he could not be more proud of the woman he was about to marry. He could not wait to be his husband and claim her as his alone.

“I will keep that in mind.” His hand pulled her towards him, back in his arms, loving how her body fit perfectly in his. He could hold her and be with her forever and never get tired of her.

This time, Marcus would have a real family he could proudly proclaim his besides his sister. Of course, someone he would love with his whole heart and who would love him back.

Who would have thought that two people from a troubled family background would end up together to build a family that would hopefully be different from what they had?

Chapter 706: Guardian and protector

Cassie focused her eyes on the tombstone before her. It was where the man, who had made her life in the last few months like hell, laid his lifeless body. At least his final resting place would remind her that he existed at some point in this lifetime.

But he could not entirely blame him for all that happened to her. She did have some share of her villainess and evil schemes during their time together.

She was not entirely pure of heart and blameless in most of the evil things that Nick had done. She had been part of the problem until recently when she had a change of heart.

"I am sorry, Nick, but I hope you will be at peace wherever you are now." She mumbled, fixing the glasses that covered her eyes. She still kept staring at the black marble stone that bore his name.

She kissed the flowers she bought and placed them on the top of the hard stone. She could not deny that they had some fond memories together.

Nick was not entirely evil, just driven by his misguided revenge and greed for power. She did see some good points in him, but it was rare as he kept fighting it.

"Are you ready to leave?" Someone spoke to her from behind, slightly tinged with grief. "I think it is about to rain." He told her, making her look up to the sky.

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Clouds had indeed formed not far from their position, and they had thickened and blackened in a small amount of time. It was threatening to fall any minute now.

It would seem that the sky would also like to shed some tears, but she doubted it was for this man.

Then, she felt a gentle hand tap her on the shoulders. Her head turned around, smiling at the man who never left her side. Her eyes searched his. Just like her, he was deeply affected by his death.

"I am if you are." She responded, knowing she had already said what she wanted to say, and uttered her goodbye.

She grabbed his hand that had crawled on her shoulders, comforting her. She also wanted to return the favor. She could tell that despite the barrier in the relationship between these two brothers, this man beside her still loved Nick with no reservation.

Jacob had always had a soft heart. He probably took it from her mother. Nick and his father had always had hearts as black as their blood, and love was never part of their emotion.

"I think we need to leave," Jacob stated as the first drop of rain landed on his head. They scrambled hurriedly away from where Nick laid to rest toward the awaiting car.

From what she had heard, not many attended the funeral. It would seem nobody would miss Nick that much. If Jacob and Alex had agreed, she would have gone to pay her last respect to him, but she was not sure if respect was the right word.

With Nick gone, there was no more threat in her life. But they had to be sure before allowing her out of her safe house.

As they sat in the car, she felt his hands wrapped around her shoulders, pulling her closer to his body, feeling his agitation. Just like the weather, she felt his gloominess inside. She could tell that losing a family would never be easy.

“Don’t worry. Things will be ok.” Jacob cradled her gently as if needing to comfort her, but she believed he required it more.

She rested her head on his shoulders as she watched the road ahead as tears of the sky kept falling on them, letting the chauffeur drive them to their next destination.

He had asked her to accompany him to his next meeting, the reading of his brother’s last will. He wanted her by his side during this crucial moment in his life.

“I know. The hard part is almost over.” Cassie whispered to Jacob, assuring him that she would always be by his side as long as he needed her.

She closed her eyes, still unable to believe that a man like him would take an interest in a girl like her. His brother was about to throw her into the dumpster like she was trash, but he picked her up and treasured her.

After half an hour, Cassie sat beside Jacob in an office surrounded by glasses. Her hands entwined with him underneath the desk as they waited for the lawyer handling his brother’s remaining properties to arrive.

“I am sorry if I kept both of you waiting. But I had a previous client that took longer than necessary.” The person who walked into the room announced, carrying a black folder in his hand. In her summation, it could be the last testament of Nick, discussing his properties.

The man walked towards them and placed the file on the top of the desk, extending his hand towards them. “Gerald Brown.” He introduced himself to them. “I handle most of your father’s properties.”

She turned to the man, and like Jacob, she also shook his hand for formality, although she had no business to be included in the meeting.

“Did you ask me here to discuss something about my brother’s properties?” She heard Jacob question the man.

Jacob had doubts that Nick would leave him a single cent of the company. At least the part that Nick owned, which was the controlling share.

However, he would still be rich with the shares he inherited from their father. But he still wondered who Nick made as his beneficiary.

“This is not about Nick’s last testament. It is about your father’s properties.” Gerald corrected him.

“Because of Nick’s untimely demise and having no heir of his own, his share that he inherited from your father will automatically transfer to you.”

Cassie was not surprised by that. She had studied Nick's company for years while she was with him. Most of what Nick owned came from his father.

Gerald placed the folder in front of him, showing him the drawn papers he needed to sign. She could see that it was some papers about the transfer of ownership. She would guess that the rest below would be the same.

"You are now a very wealthy man," Gerald announced to the man who had kept his silence. His face was colorless, and his mouth agape in shock.

"But..." Jacob still looked uncomfortable hearing that he now owned a multimillion-dollar company. "I have no idea what to do with that." When she first met him, she had learned that being part of the company was the last thing on his mind.

"Do not worry. I am sure that you will find a way. If you have any questions, help, or anything, just come to me, and we will discuss some possibilities to help you." The lawyer offered to them.

He placed the ballpen in front of Jacob, waiting for him to sign the papers. But Jacob still had some doubts in his mind, judging from how he stared at the objects before him.

"Could you give us some privacy?" She finally took over. She could tell that Jacob was a little bit overwhelmed by the news.

It was not exactly what he expected when he stepped into this office.

She turned him to her when the lawyer walked out of the room. She was determined to help him decide what would be best for him and not allow some lawyers to manipulate him.

Jacob could run this company to the ground if he wished to or sell it with a good deal. She would be there to help him in whatever he decided. In return for all he had done for her, she would protect him and his interest.

She would be his guardian and protector.

Chapter 707: Bachelor's life

He had just arrived home after a few drinks at the bar. Grabbing a cold pack of beer from the chiller, he placed them on the center table before sitting on his sofa.

He had barely made himself comfortable when his phone rang. He quickly grabbed it in his pocket.

"Yes!" He answered the call after hearing it on the third ring without bothering to see the caller. Then, the girl who came home with him from the bar walked toward him and sat on his lap.

"What is it?" He asked whoever was on the other line, but his mind was distracted by the hand that kept moving on his chest, never hearing the answer.

Then, the girl started kissing him as her hands circled his neck, making him groan. "That is so good." Closing his eyes, he mumbled as the girl shifted in her position, straddling him instead.

"Do you like that?" The girl asked him. Eventually, he dropped the phone on the soft cushion at his side as his hands grabbed her by the waist, forgetting that he was talking to someone.

“Yes.” Liking what she was doing with his body.

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Then, the phone buzzed after a minute, vibrating on his side, interrupting him again. One of his hands let go of the girl and grabbed the phone, placing it near his ears.

“Yes, what is it?” Only, this time, he answered the call irritatedly, not particularly happy with the constant interruption.

But he still enjoyed the way the girl continued kissing him on his neck, feeling her fingers working on the buttons of his shirt while his free hand also worked on the zipper at the back of her dress.

“Is... Is this Mr. Blake?” A female voice asked over the line, slightly hesitating to answer him, mildly trembling, indicating that she was nervous about something.

Her tone was unfamiliar, believing that he had never heard her voice before. But then again, he could not possibly remember all the girls he had slept with but could she be one of them.

“Yes.” Now, he was the one reluctant to answer her as his fingers stopped midway from undressing the girl on top of him. His eyes became alert as his ears picked up all the sounds coming from the other line. “Why?”

Was she looking for him because of something? That could not be it. He usually was careful and used protection religiously.

“Do you, by any chance, know a sweet lady named Angela.” Her accent was evident in her voice. Suddenly he felt relief, discovering who might be calling him. It could be a neighbor or a nurse attending to his grandmother.

“Yes, I know her. She is my grandmother.” Confirming his relationship with the woman in question. Then, the girl moved her hips on top of his, making a groan escape his lips again.

“I know you are a busy man, but I think you can spare some time for your grandmother.” Gone was the indecisiveness in her voice as seriousness and annoyance took over, probably guessing what was happening to him at the other line.

He certainly was not expecting that coming from a nurse who probably took care of Angela. He raised his brow at her tone and boldness, finding it challenging.

Then, a new dread came over him, feeling his heart skip a beat, realizing that he had not checked on his grandmother for a few days. He suddenly was aware that she might be calling about her.

“What happened to her? Is Angela alright? Who is this, and why are you calling instead of her?” Many questions suddenly ran into his mind.

He quickly stood up from the sofa, bringing the girl along with him, making her look at him questioningly. “I am sorry, but you have to go.” Suddenly, he was not in the mood for her company tonight.

"Just wait for a second." He said on the line, not wanting her to hang up the phone as he turned back to the girl who was now fixing her dress. Then, the line fell silent.

"I am sorry, but there is an emergency." He stared at the girl with an apologetic look. He was a womanizer, but he was not a complete jerk.

"That is ok." The girl answered him, probably hearing the panic in his voice. "Go attend to your grandmother." The girl said, grabbing the bag she dropped earlier on the other chair.

"But I do hope you will call me soon." She seductively uttered as he guided her towards the door, placing a card in the front pocket of his shirt, kissing him one last time before exiting the door.

He then returned his attention to the girl on the phone. "Ok, tell me what happened to Angela. How is she?" His focus now was entirely on the girl on the other side of the line.

He paced his living room floor, waiting for her to answer all his questions. But she was taking her sweet time as if punishing him for all the fuss he made earlier.

"Well?" He questioned the girl, wondering if she was still active on the line, but he could hear something in the background. It seemed like she was in a hospital. Then, his earlier assessment was correct. She must be a nurse calling about his grandmother's wellbeing.

"She had a mild heart attack, but she is doing fine now." Her voice finally floated back in the air. "She is stable, and you have nothing to worry about her situation. We only want to inform you about her current condition."

Then, the line went dead.

"Hello." Nobody answered since she ended the call.

He tried to call the number back, but it only went to voice mail. He was unsure if it was a prank call, but it was a serious matter. Quickly, he called the hospital handling his grandmother's health, finally confirming that they had admitted her.

After that, he called his assistant, letting her handle all the arrangements. He was flying out tonight. He had to get home and needed to check on his grandmother in person.

He could already see the face of his grandmother. He knew she never liked it when he came home to visit just because she was sick. His grandmother never liked disturbing his bachelor's life.

Chapter 708: Put a face on the voice

"Don't wake her up." Someone far was speaking. She could remember her voice, but she could not understand the scene in her mind.

"Who is she?" Another person asked. This time, it was unfamiliar. It had a deep tone that sounded like a man.

"Ssshhh!" The woman hushed him to silence. Then everything was silent again.

She felt herself smile before returning to sleep, snuggling deeper into the cushion. Her mind kept telling her that it was just a dream, so she never thought more about it as she succumbed back to deep slumber.

After a few minutes or an hour, she could not remember. Her eyes fluttered open, realizing that it was probably late in the morning as the blinding light came from the window.

She scrunched her nose in the air, smelling the delicious fresh muffins and coffee surrounding her. Then, she wondered if she was still sleeping. Because if she remembered correctly, she was still in the hospital.

“Angela.” She slightly voiced out her name, trying to keep it low because she might still be sleeping. But the nurse from last night said that she might wake up this morning. She would like to know if she needed anything.

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She stretched on her position, finding her muscles protesting from the crampedness of her makeshift bed. Then, gradually she shifted into a sitting position.

Her eyes quickly landed on the bed that was currently empty. The machines were still there, but the patient was not. Her eyes immediately roamed around her.

“Angela?” She called again, finding this scene like a déjà vu. Her friend seemed to like playing the disappearing act.

Then, fear gripped her, thinking that she might have fallen on the other side of the bed. It was impossible to see her from the things blocking her view at her vantage point.

She quickly moved, but her cramped legs gave way under her, making her stumbled down on the floor. From this position, kneeling on all fours, she finally had a good view of the floor on the other side of the bed.

Relieved came over her, seeing it empty, but still, it did not mean that Angela was ok. Where was she? But before she could change position.

“What are you doing?” A voice she vaguely recognized spoke behind her. Her head quickly turned to check on the source but realized her compromising position.

Quickly, she moved to a kneeling position, finding it embarrassing that she had her ass facing whoever he was. But standing up was way more complicated, still feeling the cramps in her legs.

“I was looking for Angela.” She finally answered, struggling to shift into a standing position.

“Need any help.” The man was now standing just behind her, sensing from the nearness of his voice. He extended his hand as he moved to her side.

She grabbed it, not wanting to keep kneeling before him. She believed it was a more awkward position if she did not accept his offered help.

When she took his hand, he quickly assisted her to her feet. She immediately held on to the side of the bed near her reach to get her equilibrium back. But she also abruptly snatched her hand away from his, not liking how his hand gripped hers firmly.

“Why are you looking for Angela under the bed?” He asked, with a slight smirk on his lips. It was clear he was finding her situation amusing.

She finally had the chance to stare at his face, finding him attractive but still not someone she could trust. She wondered what he was doing in the room anyway.

“It is a long story. Anyway, who are you, and what are you doing in this room?” She could guess that he was not hospital staff, judging from the expensive clothing he wore.

Still, she wondered where Angela was. She was supposed to be lying on her bed, either still unconscious or recently woken up. Maybe she should check on the nurse’s station to get some answers.

“I should be the one asking you that same question.” The man standing in front of her responded, not at all fazed by her questioning.

But she was not backing out of his stare. She was not easily intimidated by men who think so highly of themselves. In truth, she hated men like him.

He seemed to be a typical man, who used women because they thought, they deserved to play with their emotions.

Maybe this man thought he could make any women fall on their knees because of his money and looks. But she was not like those women. His charms would not work on her.

“I ask the question first.” She insisted, this time, regaining all her body functions, standing straight in front of him.

“Amelia.” The sweet of Angela echoed at her back, making her turn around.

She watched the elderly lady being wheeled back inside the room by the nurse from yesterday. It appeared she was perfectly ok, except for the part that she was sitting in a wheelchair.

The color on her cheeks seemed to be back. Then, her eyes seemed to be smiling with her lips as she faced her, then the man in the room.

“Angela, you had me worried. How are you?” Amelia turned to her friend with a genuine smile, glad to see her friend looking better despite what happened to her.

“I have you to thank for my life, I believe.” The sweet woman reached out to her, holding her hand and placing it on her soft, warm cheeks.

“I am just glad that you are ok.” She patted her hand, believing that she had returned a favor.

Still, her eyes kept glancing at the man who kept silent, just watching their interaction, wondering about his role in Angela’s life. Then, the smile on the nurse’s face reminded her of something.

“Well, I am glad that we are both ok.” Angela looked at her once again before turning to the other visitor in the room. “I believe you already met my grandson.” Seeing her give him a warm smile on her lips.

Finally, she had put the puzzle together, thinking that his voice sounded familiar. Now, she could put a face on the voice.

Chapter 709: A little bit broken-hearted

He looked at the woman standing beside his grandmother. He thought that the woman who called him last night was just a hospital staff. He was not expecting she would be attractive, checking out her voluptuous ass.

Presently, he stared at the woman, who had her back on him, wondering what her connection was to Angela, believing his grandmother had never mentioned her before to him.

But he had been so busy with work that he rarely called his grandmother recently. Then again, he was also guilty of spending too much of his time living his bachelor life.

“I am sorry, but we have not met yet.” He stepped closer to Angela, making his presence known as the two women talked as if he was not in the room. “Amelia, right?” He offered his hand as an introduction.

He watched her move a little to the other side of Angela, finally facing him. As he expected, she was more beautiful up close. His eyes could not help but look at her from head to toe.

“Yes,” Amelia reluctantly answered but eventually extended her hand to him. But instead of shaking them, he pulled her soft hand to his lips, giving her a proper welcome.

Who knew that his grandmother was keeping a gem as a friend. He watched her reaction when his lips touched her skin. A certain spark in her eyes should be enough to indicate that she was also captivated.

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“Amelia, such a nice name. I am Evan.” Finally, providing his name, hoping to charm the beautiful woman before him.

He was not picky as long as she suited his taste, then maybe he could date her for a while as long as he was here. Finally, deciding to use this time to take his long-overdue vacation.

It would be like killing two birds with one stone.

He could spend some time with his grandmother, maybe even convince her to go with him when he returned to his home and finally lived with him. At the same time, enjoy the company of this lovely woman for the duration of his short stay here.

“Well, Evan is also a nice name,” Amelia responded with a smile, but he could see she was not glad to meet him, just simply being polite. Suddenly, feeling that he was mistaken about her.

Maybe she was not as forthcoming as the usual girls he went out with at home. But he loved a challenge when he saw one. However, a prick on his side made him look down at his grandmother, who eyed him with a warning.

But his grandmother already knew that it would not stop him from his plans. His grandmother knew that he did not do relationships, but he loved to date beautiful women.

"My grandmother mentioned that you were with her when the incident happened and immediately called the ambulance for help." Making simple conversations to make her comfortable. That was how he usually worked his magic.

"I was merely at the right place at the right time." Amelia never wanted to be called a hero since she never considered herself one.

If there was a person who deserved recognition, it was the paramedic who responded quickly and the doctors and nurses who nursed Angela back to life.

"I still think that you deserved our gratitude for not leaving Angela here on her own in her time of need." Evan kept saying, moving to the other side of his grandmother and gently squeezing her shoulder.

Although he was genuinely interested in charming his way to her pants, he still felt thankful that she had taken the time to assure his grandmother was ok, not even leaving her side until she felt better.

Other women would not even bother to spend time with an old lady, thinking that they were hard work to deal with, but this kind woman stayed and did not leave Angela's side. That earned her some bonus points with him.

"No, don't think much of it." Amelia quickly replied. "I am more than happy that Amelia is ok now. Besides, I am glad I was able to return the favor." She answered him, looking at Angela as if they were talking about some code, a secret just between them.

"Can you excuse us, but Angela needs to get back to bed and rest?" The nurse earlier came back, carrying a tray of medicines, making them step aside as the nurse wheeled Angela back to her bed.

Evan moved along to the other side of Angela and assisted her back to her bed. Then the nurse provided the medicines for her to drink. After a short ceremony of checking on her, the nurse excused herself and left the room.

Amelia moved towards the other side of her bed and helped his grandmother, tucking her under the blanket. He noticed that she used the bed to create a distance between them.

"I think it would be nice if you can treat Amelia to a nice dinner, Evan." Angela smiled at her as she shifted in her bed, finding a comfortable position for her back. But give him another warning look to behave this time.

But he only smiled back at his grandmother, not heeding her adorable threat. He looked at the woman in question, who had her eyes on his grandmother's face, probably avoiding looking at him.

"I will love to invite you to dinner. I am sure I can arrange something special tonight." He could arrange a reservation at a nice restaurant around here. "What about I pick you up at your place?"

He suggested avoiding looking at his grandmother, who was probably sending him some dagger looks. She could not blame him since she was the one who suggested this dinner.

He was only capitalizing on the opportunity. Who would not want to have dinner and be with a beautiful woman? Certainly not him.

"I don't think that is such a good idea." She finally responded, declining his offer, which he was slightly surprised.

Women did not usually say no to him. It was a rare occasion that he had experienced before, but it was some time ago. But he still wondered why this woman was not falling for his captivating look and charm.

He wondered if it had something to do with last night, remembering the phone call. He was not expecting that she would be calling at such terrible timing.

"Why not?" He stared at her face, daring her to look at him. But she kept her gaze down. "It is only dinner. Surely, you don't see me as a bad person."

Usually, those lines work on women who were hesitant to trust him. Not all women, after all, fell for looks alone. Some needed more convincing than others, a little push in the right direction.

"Of course not," Amelia answered as a sort of conflict overshadowed her eyes. It was as if she had an internal debate with herself. "I don't think such things about you. I don't even know you."

It was a good sign because it indicated that he still might have a chance to convince her to change her mind. He truly wanted to go out with her as his mind kept nagging at him not to allow her to get away.

"Precisely why we should go out tonight. It will be a perfect opportunity for us to be friends." He looked down at his grandmother, who silently watched their interaction as if she enjoyed a show.

"I think you two should continue your conversation somewhere else and allow Angela to rest." The nurse was back, carrying some things back to the room.

"I think the two of you should go out." Angela finally spoke up. "Please, Amelia, would you be kind enough to show my grandson a little city tour. It has been a while since he was last home. He might have forgotten it already." Her voice had a slight tinge of accusation on it directed at him.

"But I barely knew any places around here, too, since I am mostly away," Amelia explained to the woman that she was not qualified to act as a tour guide when she did not know much of her home too.

"I assure you that I have not forgotten this place." Evan finally interjected into the conversation. "But I am more than happy to show you around." He used his grandmother's words, hoping to secure a date with her.

"Then, it is settled. The two of you shall go to dinner tonight." Angela said, deciding for the two of them. "Now, leave my room and let me sleep in peace." Dismissing their presence with a sweet smile.

He watched the other woman's face go in slight shock, but she never had the chance against his grandmother. Suddenly, he wondered if she would abide by Angela's wishes or ignore her command for them to date.

But he was hoping for the former as he walked away from the bed and headed to the soft cushion, where he found her sleeping earlier.

Soon, she followed him but did not bother to sit down. "Can we talk outside?" She asked him but did not wait for his answer as she continued to walk to the door.

Having no choice, he followed her, curious about her intention. "What is it?" He asked as soon as he closed the door behind him.

"I don't think we should have dinner tonight or any other night." Shutting him down. "It has nothing to do with you." She continued in a low voice, not wanting Angela to hear her. "But, me."

He could only wonder about the conflict he read in her eyes. Was it the reason why his charms would not work on her? Did it also have to do with what she was telling Angela earlier?

She did look a little bit broken-hearted.

Chapter 710: The young version

"Sir Gerald, you have a visitor waiting outside." His assistant told him as he ran on his treadmill inside his private gym in his house.

"What?" He asked again, lowering the volume of his headset to a minimum to better hear the message. Then, he slowed down the speed of the machine to a jog and gradually down to a walk.

"Sir, you have a visitor." He repeated, pointing in the direction of the living room.

Learning who it was, he instructed his assistant to attend to his guest while he took a quick shower and changed. He was done with his routine anyway, and he was due to an appointment in an hour.

He made his way to his room using the other exit, leading him to the kitchen and backway to his room upstairs. He had designed his house like a labyrinth with many passageways and secret rooms.

After a few minutes, he walked toward the office where his guest was already waiting for him. "Hey, Lord, I hope you bring with you the result." He greeted as he strode to his chair opposite the other man.

"Of course. I will not come here without bringing you good news." The investigator said with a wide grin on his thick lips, looking satisfied with his work. "That is if my result was what you are expecting. Otherwise, there was nothing else I could do."

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Stockholm was correct about that. He had no control over the result this time. Whatever he had in his possession could either be good news or not.

However, he was unsure if getting a positive result would make things better for him or only worsen what he felt. He still could not tell if he was glad that Ethan could be his father.

"Can I see it?" He leaned forward on his seat, anticipating the form that the investigator would hand to him.

Stockholm immediately pulled an envelope inside his pocket and threw it on the top of the desk. He quickly grabbed it and ripped the closure, pulling the paper inside.

But he had abruptly stopped, unable to continue. He guessed he needed some privacy before uncovering the truth about his identity. Although he doubted if Stockholm had not figured out what this was all about since his job was to know everything.

"I guess whatever is inside that test is something very close to your heart." The investigator seemed to know more than he realized based on the look he was giving him.

But he was not about to give him a match to start the flame. If he knew something, it probably came from somewhere else, but he would not give him more information other than what he already knew.

"Once again, you have proven your worth. But I think it is time for you to continue enjoying your vacation." He told the man, not answering his unspoken question. "Let me take care of your transportation and your expenses." He offered, calling his assistant to assist the investigator out of his office.

"I am always glad to help, but thanks for the bonus." Grabbing the thick envelope, he handed to him that should be enough to cover his services.

"Thanks again. Until the next time that I will need you again." Then his guest walked out of his office, leaving him to deal with the information alone.

But he was still contemplating opening the folded paper when his assistant knocked on his door and told him that he had another unexpected guest waiting at the gate.

It meant his guest could be someone who did not frequent his guest list if his security did not clear him to enter. He quickly asked who it was, hoping to get rid of him as soon as possible.

But learning who it was, he knew he had to face her. But he was surprised that she would come to his house alone or without her husband. He was suddenly curious to know her intention for her unexpected visit.

He unconsciously placed the paper in his hand on top of the table. Then he walked towards the window to look at the car parking just in front of his house.

"Sir, Mrs. Hamilton is here to see you." His assistant announced her arrival.

Soon, the woman entered his room with a hesitant smile planted on her beautiful face. She certainly had a lot of similarities to her daughter.

"I am sorry to come here without an appointment." She excused herself as she walked further inside the room as her eyes slightly scanned the room.

"Please take a seat." Gesturing to the chair vacated by the investigator earlier, even offering something to drink. But she politely declined the latter. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Hamilton?" His eyes studied the woman who exuded confidence, but he could tell that she might be nervous inside.

"Thanks, but call me Laura." She suggested with a friendly smile. "But I only came here to explain something to you about your past." She offered, her eyes slightly dropping on her hands, clutching her bag on her lap.

“Ok, Laura. What can you tell me that my supposed father had not told me already?” His interest in her statement made him lean back in his seat, waiting to listen to her story.

“I saw your mother when you were just a child.” Laura immediately answered him. “She asked me to come and see her. Then, she told me she always wanted to tell Ethan about you.”

“But she did not, did she? Why?” Gerald was suddenly surprised by her revelation. “Why would she keep me from my father if that is what you are trying to tell me?”

“Because she loved your father, Joaquin. She could not bear to lose him if she went against his wishes. Then, learning about my pregnancy with Dani made her change her mind.” Laura explained to him.

“Marietta could not afford to ruin her relationship with your father. At the same time, ruined mine by involving us about your existence.” Laura added as her eyes glazed with unshed tears, remembering the past.

“I tried to convince her that Ethan had the right to see you, but she said that it was a mistake that she bothered me. She believed that we should forget that you existed for everyone’s sake.” Her voice was full of regret.

He could see that recalling her mother was not particularly easy for her, seeing genuine tears rolling down her cheeks.

“But still, if Ethan believed that I was his son, he should have tried to look for me, get to know me.” His fist balled at his side, recalling how his father, Joaquin, had made him believe all his lies.

“He wanted to, but I stopped him because your mother had made me promise that we would put all this secret with us to our grave,” Laura said. “But I think I made a mistake because we did not consider what you would feel about it.”

Then, her eyes darted to the paper slightly open on his table. “You don’t need to look at that test result to see your resemblance to your real father.” Her eyes stared at his face, then focused on his eyes.

She was right about that.

He had to admit. He also had seen the resemblance in their features when he looked into his father’s eyes. There was no denying that he was his father’s son. The blood that ran in his vein was no other than Ethan.

He was the young version of his father.