

My Husband Is A Secret Billionaire By Wiuu

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Dominic stopped in his tracks, his tall and aloof figure facing away.

He suddenly turned around and fixed his gaze on Miranda, a faint mocking expression forming at the corner of his lips. His icy eyes revealed a hint of sarcasm.

"Marriage?"

"Miss Yeager, when did we ever have an engagement?"

Miranda's heart skipped a beat, and she widened her eyes.

"In my understanding, an engagement should be based on mutual willingness.

Unfortunately, I don't think we both possess such conditions!"

"Dominic, you..."

"

"Call me Mr. Campbell from now on." Dominic sneered, "Miss Yeager, we are not familiar enough for you to address me casually."

With that, he turned away crisply, leaving Miranda standing alone, stunned in place.

His figure gradually disappeared from her sight.

Miranda clenched her fists tightly, feeling like a heavy stone was lodged in her heart.

She took a deep breath, calming herself down, and then entered the study.

Grandfather Campbell's face didn't look good either.

Miranda noticed the shattered tea set on the floor and the toppled dragon-headed cane.

Just by looking at these, she knew that there had been a heated argument between the grandfather and grandson.

In such a situation, Miranda didn't want to get involved. She politely offered some comforting words and was about to leave when she suddenly heard the vibration of a mobile phone on the tea table.

"Grandpa, this..."

Grandfather Campbell glanced at it and said, "It's probably something Dominic forgot here.

Miranda, could you bring it to him?"

Miranda gladly took this opportunity and quickly agreed with a smile.

"Give him some advice when you see him," Grandfather Campbell added, raising an eyebrow at her. "Miranda, I know you're a magnanimous person and won't bother with him, right?"

Miranda was taken aback.

Just now, she vaguely heard a few words at the door, something about another woman...

Could it be that Grandfather Campbell was suggesting that even if they got married, Dominic would

still have a woman on the side?

Miranda bit her lip and forced a smile. "Grandpa, you understand me. I'm not one to meddle in other people's affairs. As long as Dominic is happy, I can accept everything about him."

"Really?"

"You've raised Dominic so well, it's impossible for him not to have admirers! Grandpa, if Dominic really likes someone in the future, it wouldn't hurt for her to stay by his side. Wealthy young men are all philanderers, right? It's better for him to be with a proper lady than being pursued by some unscrupulous female stars!"

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"Besides, a marriage is a matter between two families." Miranda poured him another cup of tea. "Grandpa, for the sake of the family's interests, I won't make a big deal out of it."

Grandfather Campbell nodded approvingly, "I didn't misjudge you; you are indeed suitable for

Dominic."

"Grandpa, you flatter me."

A fire burned in Miranda's heart, but she maintained her radiant smile on her face.

Soon, she took Dominic's phone and hurried out.

The call that had stopped earlier suddenly came in again.

Miranda slowed her pace, and on the screen was just a phone number, no name. However, her intuition told her that this number was extraordinary.

What kind of relationship did this number have with Dominic that he didn't even need to save it in his contacts?

A surge of hatred filled Miranda's heart, and she was about to answer the call when a deep voice came from behind her!

"What are you doing?"

Miranda was scared out of her wits, letting out a scream.

She turned around and faced Dominic's cold and stern gaze, his sharp features looking exceptionally indifferent in the darkness.

"Dominic, didn't you just..."

Dominic didn't waste time on her and directly snatched the phone from her hand.

Miranda stood frozen in place, not even daring to breathe.

Without bothering with her, Dominic called back the number. Soon, the call connected, and the surroundings fell silent. Miranda clearly heard a sweet voice from the other end of the line.

"Hubby!"

Miranda tightly clenched her clothes.

Dominic spoke tenderly to the person on the other end, with a smile in his eyes and at the corners of his lips.

"Are you back home?"

"Of course! I'm very well-behaved when you're not around; I closed early and came back," the sweet voice replied.

"What did you have for dinner tonight?"

"Tomato braised noodles."

"Why eat that?" Dominic's voice turned soft and affectionate, "That's my signature dish!"

Jane coquettishly replied, "Well, you weren't here, and I only wanted to eat that..."

Dominic lightly curved his lips.

"Hubby," Jane paused for a moment and then asked, "When are you coming back?"

"Missing me?"

She denied it firmly, "No!"

But he only smiled without saying a word.

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After a while, Jane couldn't hold back and said softly, "Just a little bit..."

Dominic's heart melted.

"As soon as things are settled here, I'll be back immediately."

"How long will it take?" Jane asked in a low voice. "Also, don't forget our agreement: no going all out during the competition, no getting injured, and no... letting other women touch your muscles!"

He answered preemptively, "No letting other women touch my muscles!"

Jane giggled on the other end of the line.

"Janey, be careful at home in everything." Dominic said, feeling worried.

Although he knew that Henry Finn's arrangements wouldn't go wrong, he couldn't relax his guard when Jane was away from him.

"I'll remember to check the water, electricity, and gas before going to bed. I'll make sure to turn off the main switch before going out," he advised, "and lock the doors and windows. Hang my clothes on the balcony, and put my shoes at the door. That way, people will know there's a man in the house."

"Okay, I know!" Jane said, "Do you think I'm a three year old?"

Dominic chuckled. Actually, some of the practical knowledge was taught by her.

"By the way, hubby, tomorrow I'll be picking up my mother from the hospital. After she's back, I'll be going to take care of her often."

"I know, hon" he replied in a low voice, "Don't worry, I'll take care of mom with you in the future."

"Hubby..."

Although he had never met his mother-in-law, Dominic always referred to her as "mom."

Jane felt warm in her heart and softly said. "It's getting late; you should rest early."

"Okay," Dominic hated to end this call. "You should also get some rest."

"Ai, Janey..."

"What's wrong?"

He licked his lips, his voice deep and hoarse, "Say goodnight to me."

Hmm? Jane was stunned for a moment, then said, "Goodnight."

Dominic smiled contentedly, "Do you know the meaning of 'goodnight?'"

"It means I love you."

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There was a moment of silence **on** the phone.

After a while, a soft and tender voice of a little woman came through.

"I love you too."

Jane's heart was pounding, and her cheeks felt like they were burning. She quickly hung up the phone after saying those words.

She held the phone for a moment, then burst into a silly smile.

They had been married for so long, but it seemed like they had never formally said "I love you" to each other.

Jane stretched lazily, feeling as if she were floating on cloud nine. Tonight, that man's figure would surely appear in her dreams again.

After **hanging** up the call, Dominic was about to ask Henry Finn to come and pick him up when he heard movement behind him.

"Is that Miss Fallon?"

His heart tightened, and he turned around sharply, with a cold glint in his eyes.

"Why are you still here?"

"Dominic..." Miranda hesitated for a moment before changing her address. "Young Master Campbell, this isn't a solution for you **and** Miss Fallon, is it?"

Dominic's **face** darkened. "My affairs with her are none of your concern!"

"But your affairs are related to the entire Campbell family."

"You're not part of the Campbell family, so why bother **about** this?"

Miranda's body trembled slightly.

Jealousy burned in her heart like flames, consuming her pride and rationality.

She had overheard some of the argument between Dominic and Grandfather Campbell in the study just now. And the rare tenderness in Dominic's voice during the phone call had been so unlike the usual aloof and stern Campbell family's Third Young Master.

The Campbell family **and** the Yeager family had already tacitly agreed to this marriage, **and she** had always considered herself **as** Campbell family's future **daughter-in-law**.

But why...

Why did this Jane suddenly appear out of nowhere!

Miranda took a deep breath, clenched her fists, and forced a smile that appeared almost natural.

"Young Master Campbell, I'm not concerned about the Campbell family, but I'm concerned about you."

"Miss Fallon currently doesn't know your identity, but once it's revealed, it might scare her."

"Will she still say 'goodnight' to you affectionately then? Maybe she will, but can you be sure that her 'goodnight' will be out of love **and** not fear?"

The cold moonlight reflected off Dominic's rigid lines and the hand he tightly clenched at his side.

"Young Master Campbell..." Miranda **continued further**.

Seeing that he didn't react much, **she** thought that her words might have had some effect, **so** she became even colder and softly called, "Dominic..."

"Dominic," she tried to demonstrate her lady of-the-house demeanor, "if you trust me, I can go talk to this Miss Fallon. At least after she knows your identity, she won't fear you and will stay by your side!"

"I don't trust you," Dominic coldly retorted with four words.

"Dominic, you..."

"Miranda, I warn you." He enunciated each word, "If you dare to approach her, I will spare no expense to ruin both you and the Yeager family!"

"Don't think I can't do it, and don't think the Yeager family is **so** powerful that **no** one dares to touch you."

"While other members of the Campbell family might have reservations, I won't! The fate of the entire Yeager family rests in your hands. If you don't want the entire clan to be buried with you, you better behave yourself and stop stirring up unnecessary thoughts."

Dominic exuded an overwhelming aura, like a death god emerging from hell.

Miranda took two steps back, looking at him with fear, her lips trembling slightly.

The Yeager family's strength was not inferior to that of the Campbell family; it could even be said that they were evenly matched.

But she, the esteemed Miss Yeager, born with silver spoon in her mouth, was now warned and humiliated by Dominic all because of a lowly woman!

Miranda was angry and afraid, but she didn't dare to say **a** word to Dominic. She could only stand stiffly in place.

Henry Finn drove up, and without looking back, Dominic got into the car and left.

Miranda was left feeling choked and screamed loudly in the courtyard, "Ah"

"Miss, what's wrong?" The Yeager family's servants rushed over.

Seeing Miranda's pale face, the servant guessed what had happened and helped her put on an outer coat, consoling her softly, "Miss, don't worry. As **long** as the old master of the Campbell family doesn't say anything, Young Master Campbell won't dare to bring that woman back..."

"But what am I going to do? What if he does?" Miranda said, her voice **choked** with tears.

"Miss, it seems that the woman doesn't have much background. Why don't we secretly investigate

her?"

Miranda recalled Dominic's menacing expression just now, hesitated for a moment, and **said**, "Miss, Master Campbell only said not to get close to that woman, but he didn't say not to investigate, right?"

Miranda narrowed her eyes. Yes, only by knowing the enemy can they find her weak points.

Only then can they strike back accordingly!

Cardiff.

After Jane brought her mother home, she went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Bailey took care of packing up their things, moving efficiently, and quickly arranging the bedroom. However, when he saw the box **in the corner**, his curiosity was piqued again.

It seemed that this box had always been off-limits since **he was** a child. Even when his mother was

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seriously ill, she had repeatedly reminded him to take good care of this box.

But what was inside?

Bailey was lost in thought when Jane came in, smiling and asking. "Are you all **done?**"

"Yeah, it's all done!"

"Dinner is ready, come out and eat!"

Bailey agreed and helped Mrs. Kassie walk to the dining room.

Kassie looked around with a sense of unfamiliarity in this room.

"Mom, you didn't know that we moved, did you?" Bailey said excitedly, "Sister-in-law helped us when the Yeagers came to cause trouble. We had to leave our previous place, and Brother-in-law found this place for us!"

"Brother-in-law?" Kassie Davis' eyes lit up, and she looked awkwardly at **Jane**, "You... married?"

Jane smiled **and** nodded.

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Her daughter's eyes were clear and **innocent**, and her smile was still so pure. Just as her mother's heart had once believed, she had indeed married the right person and found a lifetime of happiness. Mrs. Davis calmed herself and held Jane's **hand** as she stood up and returned to the bedroom.

"Mom, you're not having dinner?"

"Close the door." Mrs. Davis said softly, "Don't let little Bailey come in. Mom has something to tell you alone."

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Jane looked at her in confusion but still closed the door as she was told.

Mrs. Davis sat on a chair, her gaze unfocused as she looked out of the window, her expression serious and gloomy.

"Mom..." Jane crouched in front of her.

"Janey," after a long pause, she regained her senses and turned her head slowly to look at the small box in the corner, "Go and fetch that."

Jane was taken aback, her heart pounding suddenly with a sense of unease.

She obeyed and picked up the small mahogany box, which wasn't heavy, easily carried by one hand. The surface of the box was intricately carved with dark patterns, making it unique. Jane had been curious about this box when she was a child, but Mrs. Davis had always

forbidden her from touching it, so she suppressed her curiosity.

This was the first time she had been so close to the box.

There was a copper lock on the box, a rarity in this era.

"Janey," Mrs. Davis looked somewhat sad, "I haven't been a good mother, always causing trouble for you. Even when you got married, I couldn't witness it with my own eyes."

"Take this box with you as your dowry from me."

"However... there's nothing special inside, so it's better not to open it. Do you remember?"

Jane was puzzled for a moment, not sure what to make of this.

Did this box hold some kind of secret?

The copper lock seemed sturdy and not easily opened, but Mrs. Davis didn't mention anything about the key.

She was giving her the box but not the key, and she didn't reveal what was inside....

What did this mean?

Jane wanted to ask, but Mrs. Davis looked tired, and she turned and lay down on the bed.

"Go outside." She turned her back to Jane, "Mom wants to rest for a while."

Jane bit her lip.

The doctor had said that her mother's illness was most afraid of being stressed.

And she subconsciously felt that this box was something that could cause stress for her mother. So no matter how many doubts she had, she resisted the urge and gently closed the bedroom door. Jane brought the box back home and placed it in the same cabinet as her jewelry box.

She looked at it for a long time, sighed softly, and as she closed the cabinet door, she suddenly felt that the antique patterns on the box were familiar, as if she had seen them somewhere before.

But she couldn't recall where.

She lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling, feeling like she was walking in a maze without an exit, her mind in chaos.

Henry Finn booked the return flight ticket for Dominic and presented him with several time slots

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but each one was impatiently rejected.

Henry Finn didn't know what to do, as this was the first time he had encountered such a situation.

Finally, he sought advice from the experienced lawyer Attorney Tristan Brown.

Lawyers were always astute, and Brown immediately saw through the situation, chuckling and circling the earliest red-eye flight.

Henry was stunned, unable to speak for a while.

"Young Master used to hate taking such late-night flights!" he finally said.

"Now he will like it very much."

"But... the first flight no longer has first-class cabins."

"Just book him an economy seat, let the three of them squeeze into one row!"

Henry broke out in a cold sweat.

"You can trust me!" Tristan assured him with experience. "Even if you hang him on the plane, he would still willingly go back!"

As expected, after booking the red-eye economy class flight, Dominic promptly carried his luggage and rushed to the airport in the middle of the night.

He arrived in Cardiff at 3 a.m. and hurriedly entered the house.

However, as soon as he entered, he almost tripped over a pair of men's casual shoes!

Dominic was startled; those shoes didn't belong to him.

He slowed down and walked further inside, only to hear the sound of someone snoring?!

His face changed dramatically, but fortunately, the room wasn't large, and he soon stepped into the living room, where he suddenly saw someone lying on the sofa...

Aaron?!

Dominic put down his luggage and carefully approached Jane's side.

Their bed was quite large, and Jane was sleeping with her back to Kate, leaving a considerable gap between them. Jane was holding a pillow, the one Dominic usually used.

He raised an eyebrow, curling up his lips, and gently covered her with the blanket.

At this moment, Kate, lying beside her, suddenly turned over, rubbing her sleepy eyes. In the dim light, she suddenly realized that there was a person standing beside Jane's bed!

"Ah-!" Kate screamed, suddenly feeling a chill!

She hurriedly shook Jane awake and then rushed towards Dominic!

"There's a thief! A thief!"

"Aaron, hurry in!"

Dominic hadn't reacted yet when Aaron, without saying anything, kicked him fiercely!

"Aaron, you bastard!"

"Huh??" Aaron was about to kick him again, but his leg was suspended in mid-air.

The two women were still in shock, staring wide-eyed at the scene before them.

Finally, Jane reacted, "Hubby? Is it you!"

She jumped out of bed and, after turning on the light to see clearly, she dashed into his arms.

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Dominic's waist was in pain, and he glared at Aaron several times.

"You kicked my waist, huh?" Mr. Campbell gritted his teeth, "What if you hurt it!"

Aaron burst into laughter.

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, you're such an excellent actor! Aren't you tired of pretending?"

"That's right, this is no longer about us, Aaron dearie, we can't blame you!"

"It was so dark, and you stood there motionless like a ghost; weren't you asking for a kick?"

Dominic

Who can get these two people out of here!

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Jane's **face** turned pale, and she quickly lifted his T-shirt to examine his injury.

Sure enough, there was a clear mark on his lower back.

"It's red!" She gently rubbed it, then turned to look at Kate.

"Kate, look! Aaron kicked him like this!"

Aaron, who had just been showing affection to Kate a moment ago, was taken aback by her sudden change of attitude.

"That's right, why were you so reckless!"

"Kate," Aaron looked innocent, "weren't you on my side?"

"On your side for **what?**" Kate put her arm around Jane's shoulder. "My Janey is upset now! Go, **go**, go, get some medicine for Mr. Murphy!"

Aaron widened his eyes.

"My Janey?"

Wasn't she just calling me Aaron dearie a moment ago?!

Did that mean sisters were more important than men?!

So does love disappear?

Aaron stood there stunned for a moment, then raised his eyes and met Dominic's slightly smug expression.

"So, Mr. Wilson, can you **do** me a favor and buy some medicine?"

At six in the morning, Aaron not only bought the medicine but also brought breakfast **for** everyone. After he set the table and utensils, he opened the balcony door and handed the medicine to Dominic with a cold sneer.

"Just a little kick to see you being dramatic! Trying to frame me?"

Dominic smiled, "**You** flatter me. I'm just returning the **favor**."

Aaron rolled his eyes, almost rolling them to the heavens.

This little thing didn't need medicine at all, so Dominic just put the ointment aside.

Jane **and** Kate enjoyed their breakfast happily, while the **two** men leaned against the balcony railing, wearing the same smile on their faces.

"By the way, let's talk about something serious," Aaron said with **a serious** expression.

Dominic was taken aback, "What's the matter?"

"**Give** me a cigarette first."

Dominic glared at him.

Aaron gestured for him to hurry up and get one.

With a snort, Dominic reluctantly took out the remaining half-pack of cigarettes **from** his pocket—his limited stock.

He took one for Aaron and then the two of them hid in a corner of the balcony where the two women couldn't see them, quickly lighting up their cigarettes.

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"What's going on?" Dominic furrowed his brow. "Don't even have money to buy a pack of cigarettes?"

"All my money is with Kate," Aaron replied nonchalantly. "She didn't allocate a budget for cigarettes"

my pocket money."

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"Oh," Dominic nodded, suddenly feeling a little sympathetic.

Compared to Jane, Kate was much stricter about controlling his spending.

As a result, he was now barely managing with this half-pack....

Aaron wanted another cigarette, but Dominic suddenly opened his hand and put the cigarette back in his pocket.

"Tell me the important stuff!" he said in a low voice. "Otherwise, they'll come looking for us in a bit!"

Aaron sighed, taking one last drag before looking at him. "Kevin has been in touch with me these past few days."

Dominic's eyes darkened.

"He got in touch with me for **no** other reason than to ask about your whereabouts. Didn't the news of you secretly returning to the capital city reach his ears?"

"I returned secretly," Dominic **said**, his voice low, "and I only stayed for two days. It's normal that Kevin didn't know."

"Yeah," Aaron nodded. "I didn't tell him anything else, just said that you weren't in England. We need to continue searching for the exact location."

Dominic patted his shoulder.

"Also, I got some more information."

"What is it?"

"They are secretly training Mr. Dan Murphy to imitate you. The real Dan Murphy. From dress ing to mannerisms, even small gestures and micro-expressions, they're making Mr. Murphy mimic you completely."

Dominic's expression changed slightly, lost in thought.

He had already expected this.

After finally catching Mr. Murphy, they wouldn't easily waste such a valuable pawn.

"They must really want him to replace you," **Aaron** played with his lighter, "when I said you weren't in England, Kevin smiled in a strange way."

"My second uncle has been wanting the land in the western suburbs of the capital city," Do minic mused, "but he doesn't have enough money. It would be very difficult for **him** to take on that project."

"If they could mobilize a British consortium at this time, my second uncle could easily obtain that piece of land."

"So... Aaron frowned.

"So, if I'm not mistaken, my second uncle wants Mr. Murphy to sign in for me and get the money from the British consortium!"

Aaron suddenly understood.

He thought Kevin would immediately take action against Dominic after capturing Dan Murp hy. So during the time Dominic was away from Cardiff, he didn't want Jane to be alone and came with Kate to keep her company.

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Now it seemed that Kevin wasn't foolish enough to directly harm Dominic; instead, he first u sed Dan

Murphy's face to deceive people.

"Aaron," Dominic smiled slightly, "Saying that I wasn't in England actually did me a big favor !"

Aaron was a clever person and quickly understood what he meant.

"If they think you're not here, they can send a fake Dominic, and since your consortium is full of foreigners, they won't be able to tell the difference between you and Mr. Murphy!"

Dominic sneered, "Then let them have what they want!"

"But when Mr. Murphy arrives **in** England, Aaron grinned, "we can catch him in the act!"

As scheduled, the Fallon family's board meeting was held, and Jane took a deep breath as **she** entered the building, heading straight for Mr. David Fallon's office.

Before the board meeting, she needed to talk to Mr. Fallon.

Mr. Fallon was preparing meeting materials, and he was slightly startled when he saw her.

Jane didn't call him "Dad" and politely addressed him as "Chairman Fallon."

Mr. Fallon's brow furrowed.

Jane pinched the documents in her hand and placed them in front of Mr. Fallon.

"What does this mean?" Mr. Fallon's face suddenly changed.

The documents clearly stated "Return of Shares" in black and white.

Below was Jane's handwritten signature.

Ever since she learned that she wasn't Mr. David Fallon's biological daughter, she had decided to cut off all ties with the Fallon family.

"I'm here today to return these shares," Jane said clearly, "Chairman Fallon, I believe you must **know**... I am not your **biological** daughter."

Mr. Fallon's face turned even uglier, his sharp fox-like eyes fixed on **Jane**, showing complex emotions.

Jane's heart pounded as she had two possible **scenarios** in mind before coming.

First, Mr. Fallon would accept her request to return the shares, and **she** could sever all **ties** with the Fallon family.

However, this possibility was very low.

If Mr. Fallon had known all along that she wasn't his biological daughter but still gave her shares, then there must be something suspicious, and that was the key she needed to figure out.

Therefore, returning the shares was just a pretext.

The actual test **was** David Fallon's attitude.

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Just as she had expected, Mr. Fallon did not sign the documents for returning the shares. Instead, **he** set them aside and scrutinized her **with** a particularly complicated expression.

Jane felt uncertain, not knowing what he was going to say or do next.

The atmosphere fell into **an** awkward silence, and after a long while, Mr. Fallon looked up and asked in a slightly hoarse voice, "Is this how you want to cut ties with me immediately?"

Jane pursed her lips but remained silent.

"Has your all this?"

mother been discharged from the hospital?" Mr. Fallon's gaze was sharp. "Did she tell you

"No," Jane replied softly. "I found out by accident. We have no blood relation."

"So, today I'm here to return these to you...."

Her palms were sweaty as she discreetly observed Mr. Fallon's expression.

David Fallon straightened his posture and asked, "Why do you want to do this?"

"Because I'm not surnamed Fallon," she answered. "These things don't belong to me."

"Janey, I've treated you **as** my own daughter for so many years," David said. "Well, haven't I? Is it not worth something to you?"

Huh, is that so? Jane sneered inwardly.

When she was bullied by Fiona, when she **was** scolded by Joy, when she **watched other** girls being loved by their fathers while she had nothing..

Where was this father of hers?

Jane took a deep breath and looked at him calmly. "My mother taught me from a young age that I shouldn't take what doesn't belong to me. The company's shares involve too many interests, **and** I don't want to get involved in this mess or bring trouble upon myself."

"These shares were a gift from me," Mr. David Fallon insisted. "**Janey**, the company is mine, and I have the right to dispose of the **shares!**"

"It's your business whom you want to give them to, but whether I accept them or not is my business."

"Janey!" Mr. Fallon's voice grew stern.

Jane's body trembled slightly, and her doubts grew heavier.

Who would insist **on** giving money to someone else?

The only explanation was **that** the person could bring him a value greater than that money!

Her heart raced, and her scrutinizing gaze made Mr. Fallon worried.

This girl was too clever, just like her mother...

But to get those things from Mrs. Davis's hands, Jane was an obstacle that couldn't be bypassed.

Mr. Fallon calmed himself, about to say something, when suddenly the door was forcefully pushed

open-

"Dad! What's going on here?"

Fiona, the bully stormed in, glaring fiercely at Jane the moment she entered the room.

"So, you're not Dad's daughter at all! You..."

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"Fiona!" The head of the Fallon house scolded her in a harsh tone. "This **is** the company. How dare you eavesdrop outside my office? This is not professional! You have a lot of nerve!"

"Dad..."

Fiona was full of resentment, and her **jealousy** burned away all her reason.

What a joke!

The reason she had bullied Jane since childhood was that she was an illegitimate daughter and had no right to compete with her!

But she never expected that Jane wouldn't even be considered a member of the Fallon family....

With red eyes, **Fiona became** emotional.

What she couldn't understand **was**, even without any blood relation, why would Dad give a way the shares like this?

"Dad, don't you think you're going too far?" Fiona's voice trembled as she pointed at Jane. "She's not your daughter; I am! How can you treat me like **this**?"

"Shut up!" Mr. David Fallon was exasperated.

Even if Fiona had half of Jane's cleverness, he wouldn't be so furious.

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"The company is mine, and I can give the shares to whomever I want. What right do you have to make such a scene here?"

"Dad!"

"I've already given the shares to Janey!" Mr. Fallon said firmly. "If you can't stand it, then get out and leave the Fallon family!"

Fiona was stunned, and her brain went blank as she trembled on the spot.

After a while, she ran out of the office, slamming the door loudly.

The loud sound echoed in Jane's heart as she suddenly looked up and inadvertently caught Mr. Fallon's cold gaze, along with a faint smile on his lips.

Leaving the office, Jane hadn't even walked out of the building when she **was** pulled from behind by

Fiona.

"Stop right there!"

Jane turned her head, and Fiona slapped her across the face without hesitation!

However, Jane had been prepared for this and swiftly dodged the attack. Fiona missed and was about to slap again, but **Jane** firmly grabbed her wrist!

Fiona's eyes were fierce, **but** Jane didn't back down and forcefully pushed her away.

The documents for returning the **shares** scattered on the ground, the empty spaces where Mr. David Fallon **hadn't signed**, seemed particularly ironic.

Fiona screamed in a fit of madness.

At that moment, Jane's **mood** became somewhat complicated.

Looking at it from a different perspective, if she and Bailey were half-siblings, **and** if she **had** disliked Bailey since childhood and done everything to make things difficult for him, but then found out that Bailey was not her brother, **and** her mother still gave him what belonged to her...

She probably would **have been** furious as well.

She had taken something that belonged to Fiona, but she herself didn't belong to the Fallon family. It-

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was truly a farce.

Jane took a deep breath and **was** about to advise Fiona not to cause such a scene in the company.

But as soon as she approached, Fiona suddenly turned around, picked up the potted cactus from the front desk, and hurled it at Jane!

"Ah!" Jane was startled and instinctively covered her head.

At that moment, a tall figure rushed over, holding her in his arms and quickly moving to the side! The potted cactus crashed on the ground and shattered into pieces.

The lobby fell into silence as the employees watched in shock.

Jane tried to suppress her racing heartbeat and looked up, "Hubby..."

Dominic's expression was cold, and he stared at Fiona fiercely.

"Hubby, let's go home," she said softly.

Dominic stroked her head. "Did you get hurt?"

"No."

He glanced at the scattered documents on the floor and sneered softly, "Quite a lot of shares. It seems Chairm an Fallon is quite generous!"

"You..." Fiona wanted to say something, but she dared not speak in the face of his cold and imposing

aura.

"My wife has been bullied by your Fallon family for so many years, so it's only right that you compensate her!"

"Are you being serious right now? What a joke!" Fiona's voice trembled as she tried to appear composed. "She's not my father's daughter, why should she get so much money?"

"So, Miss Fallon is feeling discontented?" Dominic raised his voice, and the surroundings fell silent.

Fiona also timidly took a step back.

"These shares rightfully belong to my wife," he said in a deep voice, "but she doesn't care about this superficial money at all!"

Dominic held Jane close and walked out, kicking **the** scattered documents on the floor.

The oppressive aura brought by the man made the entire hall feel like it was under low pressure. Even after he left, no one dared to make a sound.

Once **Jane** returned home, she sat quietly on the couch, unusually calm.

This made Dominic a bit worried.

He poured a glass of warm water and handed it to her, then sat gently by her side, wrapping his arm around her slender shoulder, allowing her to lean against him.

"What are you thinking, honey?"

Jane held the glass of water, feeling the sense of security he brought, and her tense nerves gradually

relaxed.

She chuckled and said to herself, "Wouldn't it be nice if I could hide in your embrace forever?" "Why **not**?" He smiled. "Isn't it said that if you truly love someone, you should cherish them like a child?"

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My **Husband** Is A Secret Billionaire

"Then from now on, I'll pamper you like my daughter."

Jane was taken aback and looked at him with a mix of laughter and tears.

"What, do I need to call you 'daddy' then?"

"Well... that's even better," Dominic grinned, leaning closer to her. His voice was low and hoarse, "Come on, say it, and I'll listen!"

"Hmpf! You're annoying!"

Jane laughed and pushed him, but the man was like a solid wall, firmly standing in her way, and he seemed to have the intention to push her over...

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"Alright, don't tease!"

Jane softly refused, her small hand gently holding onto him.

Dominic smiled and gave her a deep kiss on her neck, suppressing the sudden surge of desire.

He knew she was a conservative woman who wasn't used to being intimate outside the bedroom.

Looks like he'll have to properly teach her in the future....

"Honey, why are you in a daze?"

Dominic's thoughts returned, and he licked his dry lips, chuckling at her.

"Feeling better now?"

"Mhm!"

"Honey," he whispered, "what do you think about the shares?"

She bit her lip, not knowing how to tell him.

"These shares are not worth much," he touched her hair, "if you want them, take them; if you don't, then don't. There's no need to overthink it."

"These shares?" Jane burst out laughing, "You talk as if you're incredibly rich! You don't even care about 'these shares' anymore!"

Dominic smiled lightly without saying a word.

Jane leaned against his chest, her voice soft and tender, "Actually, I'm not after the shares... I used the agreement to return the shares as a way to test him."

"Test?"

"Don't you find my father's attitude strange?" After calling him 'father' for over twenty years, it's still difficult to change the way she addresses him.

"He clearly knew I wasn't his daughter, yet he still wanted to give me the shares. Why is that?"

"Also, I carefully recalled all these years. Although he didn't show me any fatherly love, he covered my school expenses, our living expenses, and even took care of Little Bailey's share."

"Honey," she looked up at him, "from a man's perspective, would you treat a child with no blood relation like this?"

Dominic's eyes slightly darkened, and after a moment, he answered in a low voice, "If I love the child's mother very much, then yes."

"Heh," Jane sneered, "Does he really have feelings for my mom? I don't believe it."

How could someone who truly had feelings for a person force her?

How could they be so cruel to her, except for giving her some money, without caring about anything else?

So there must be another reason behind it.

"Alright, stop thinking about it," Dominic gently stroked her back, "Don't ask your mom about this either; we can't meddle in the grudges of the previous generation. If you're still worried, just be cautious around Mr. David Fallon in the future."

Okay," Jane smiled lightly.

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After talking to him, she felt much better in her heart.

Looking at the time, it was already almost one in the afternoon. Jane quickly got up to prepare lunch in the kitchen.

Dominic's

gaze turned towards the closet in the bedroom.

He quietly walked in, gently opened the cabinet door. He knew that the locked drawer inside contained their marriage certificate.

But he didn't know where Jane had put the key.

He looked around, searched under the pillows and in other drawers, but he couldn't find the key. Instead, he discovered a small sandalwood box standing quietly in a corner.

Dominic was stunned.

He stared at the box in silence, suddenly feeling that the patterns on the box were familiar, as if he had seen them somewhere...

"Honey!" Jane's voice came from outside, "Lunch is ready!"

Dominic hurriedly closed the cabinet door.

Jane made two simple dishes and stared at her phone while eating, then burst into laughter.

He was curious, "What's making you so happy?"

Jane showed him the bill on her phone.

It turned out that the cafe had made quite a profit in the past two months.

"Adding the previous savings and the investment returns... The corners of the cheery petit woman's eyes and eyebrows were filled with excitement. "Honey, guess how much money we have now!" Dominic chuckled lightly, shaking his head.

Jane quietly mentioned a number, making him unable to close his mouth with joy.

"Honey, I can finally buy you a car!"

"What?" Dominic put down his chopsticks, looking somewhat surprised.

"A car!" Jane repeated, "Didn't I say I wanted to buy you a commuter car a long time ago? It's just that we didn't have enough savings back then."

Dominic's heart warmed.

It seemed that when she was still working in that company, she got promoted to sales manager and her salary doubled.

After that, she said she wanted to buy a big house on mortgage and get him a car for convenience.

She spent money on him as if she never cared....

Dominic gently held her small hand, gazing at her intently.

"No need to buy for me. Save the money for mom and Little Bailey."

"I've already set aside their living expenses!" Jane smiled, "Although taking care of mom and my brother is important, I can't neglect my husband! I promised to buy you a car, so I must buy it for you."

"Then... you said before that you'll support me for the rest of my life, right?" Dominic's voice sounded bitter.

Jane nodded very seriously.

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-When she said "for the rest of my life," she meant every day, every hour, every minute, and every second.

"Honey, it's decided." She picked up a dish and put it into his bowl, "This weekend, let's go check out the cars! Oh, I'll bring Kate with us; she worked at a car dealership during college and knows a lot about cars!"

Dominic couldn't resist her, so he went to the 45 store with her over the weekend.

Unexpectedly, Kate brought Aaron along.

As soon as the manager of the 45 store saw Aaron, his eyes widened in shock. He had been acting all high and mighty just now, but in an instant, he became submissive, as if he wanted to smile from ear to ear.

"Mr. Wilson! Oh... Mr. Wilson, why do you have time to come today? Look, if you had let me know in advance, I could have rolled out the red carpet for you!"

"That's the legendary Mr. Wilson?" Several salespeople whispered, "He really has the aura of a Black Boss..."

"No wonder the manager treats him like he's meeting an ancestor."

"But why would Mr. Wilson come here to buy a car? Is he being watched by the police?"

"Hush..."

Aaron helplessly lowered his cap.

He didn't plan to come today. The most expensive car in this store didn't exceed five hundred thousand. It was really....

He had a look of despair on his face.

Jane and Kate were enthusiastically choosing cars, and Aaron went to Dominic, trying to laugh, "Third Master Campbell, it's your first time at a 45 store, right?"

Dominic didn't feel like talking to him when he saw his evil expression.

"Hey, Third Master," Aaron continued to smile, "the most expensive car here is still not as good as one of your car tires, right?"

"So... Jane is going to buy a car here. The budget won't exceed one hundred thousand. Will you be comfortable with that?"

Dominic let out a light sneer, patting Aaron on the shoulder.

"You don't even have money to buy cigarettes, yet you're talking to me about buying a car?"

Aaron's face changed, "You..."

"Speaking of which, I'm really annoyed." Dominic pretended to be dramatic. "My wife always wants to buy things for me and spend money on me. She's afraid of treating me badly."

"Aaron, what should I do? I'm really fed up!"

Aaron:...Damn you!

Dominic couldn't hold it anymore, he turned around and walked towards Jane.

"Honey, you came at the right time!" Jane pointed to one of the cars, "Kate and I have looked into it, and this one has the best value for money, and it fits our budget!"

"Do you like it?"

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It was a very ordinary small car, low displacement, fuel-efficient, with not much space, and priced under a hundred thousand.

Even the servants of the Campbell family didn't drive this kind of car.

But Dominic liked it very much.

Because the moment Jane saw this car, her eyes lit up, and he liked the light in her eyes.

"Honey, what do you think?" Jane intimately hooked her arm with his.

Dominic smiled, "As long as you like it, it's fine."

"I do like it, but since it's for you, it should be something you like!"

Jane knew that men had a special attachment to cars; cars were like their other wives.

So she had to choose one he would like.

"Myself and Katie have looked at so many, and we think this one is perfect in all aspects!"

Honey, why don't you take it for a test drive?"

"No need," Dominic looked into her eyes. "I like this one. It's perfect for me."

Jane sweetly smiled and continued discussing the car's color.

Although black was cool, she hoped he would choose white.

He was usually very serious, and driving a black car might be a bit intimidating.

As she spoke, she couldn't help but laugh.

Dominic had been silently watching her, listening to her chattering and laughter, like a happy little

bird.

His expression suddenly darkened, his brows slightly furrowed, and his deep gaze followed her, reluctant to look away for even a moment.

Aaron whispered, "You have cars worth millions in your garage, but are they still not as

good as this one that costs less than a hundred thousand?"

Dominic remained silent.

"If you're worried that your status might scare her, you don't have to be." Aaron patted his shoulder, "Your lady is brave and smart, she won't be frightened!"

"I know." He glanced at him.

Jane wouldn't be seared, but she was independent and insightful. She wouldn't accept a marriage with such a big gap between the two parties.

When that happened, she would inevitably distance herself from him and leave him.

But if she couldn't step into his world, he was willing to give up everything to step into hers....

"Honey!"

Dominic suddenly snapped out of his thoughts when he saw Jane waving at him not far away.

"Quick, take out your ID card!"

"ID card?" Dominic's heart tightened, "What do you need it for?"

"Th signing the car purchase contract!" Jane pointed to a blank space, "I need your signature, and also your ID card."

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"Why do you need to use mine?"

The petite woman was amused and exasperated, "Why do you keep asking silly questions again?"

"It's a car for you, of course, it should be under your name! Hurry up and take out your ID card!"

Dominic's throat felt tight, his lips moved, and he looked at her with complex emotions.

"Honey! What's wrong? Are you unhappy?"

"I..."

"He's not unhappy: he's just overly happy!" Aaron chuckled, trying to ease the situation, "But Jane, are you really planning to buy it in his name? I advise you not to do that!"

Jane frowned, looking puzzled.

"Um, I think," Aaron racked his brain, "it's better to buy it in your own name! Heh... Don't focus all your attention on a man and spend money on him! Take care of yourself too!"

"Things like cars and houses should be in your name for security!"

"No objection, right, Mr. Murphy?" Aaron nudged him with his elbow, giving him a signal.

Dominic smiled lightly. "Of course, I have no objections. In fact, I was thinking the same thing."

"But..." Jane hesitated.

"Katie," Aaron turned to Kate, "why don't you persuade your friend?"

"Oh, what's gotten into you today?" Kate laughed, "Why are you suddenly speaking up for women?"

"Swear to the heavens, I'll be the friend of only one woman in my life!" Aaron put her hand over her heart, "Your friend!"

"Go to hell!"

Kate jokingly hooked her arm around Jane's shoulder, "Jane, I think Aaron my dear is right. I'm not trying to ruin your relationship with Mr. Murphy! I've told you before, a woman should hold onto her own things!"

"Having these things under your name will give you more security in life. Besides, even if you buy it in your name, Mr. Murphy can still drive it!"

"That's right, honey." Dominic looked at her, "Let's buy it under your name. Everything at home should originally be yours."

"Honey..."

"Including me," Dominic affectionately smiled, "I'm yours too."

Jane's heart was filled with love and affection, and she tightly held his hand, a hint of tenderness in her eyes.

Kate's eyes sparkled with a pink glow, then she rolled her eyes at Aaron.

"Aaron dearie, when have you ever said such sweet words to me?"

"Aaron, besides smoking, what else can you do? Go sleep with your cigarettes!"

"But don't you remember? I don't even have money to buy cigarettes now!"

"Oh so now you dare talk back to me?"

Aaron fell silent, glaring at Dominic resentfully.

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Why should he be the one scolded when he got a new car, while Dominic was praised by his wife?

This was totally unfair! Totally unfair!

Dominic parked the car outside the cafe, meticulously wiping it until it was spotless, shining under the sunlight.

Not far away, Hector White and Attorney Tristan Brown couldn't help but stare.

"Tristan, didn't you want to study medicine before?"

Attorney Brown was taken aback, "What do you mean?"

"Have you seen descriptions of psychiatric patients in your medical books? Does he match the description?"

Tristan Brown rolled his eyes at him.

Dominic was wiping the car enthusiastically, humming a song. If he had a tail, it would be wagging in the air; he looked quite pleased with himself.

Compared to the usual aloof Third Master Campbell, he was indeed abnormal...

Attorney Tristan Brown couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Can he really drive this kind of car?"

"What's he unable to do?" Attorney Tristan Brown whispered, "As long as it's bought by Jane, he can drive even a tractor!"

"Haha..."

Hector White burst into laughter accidentally, immediately covering his mouth.

He always remembered Third Master Campbell's warning to him: Within five hundred meters of Jane, don't make any noise!

Dominic finished wiping the windshield, and as soon as he looked up, he saw the two of them sneaking around. Now that they were discovered, they couldn't hide, so he waved at them with a playful smile.

"What are you two doing here?"

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"Um, it wasn't my idea; it was Old man White's idea to come!" Tristan quickly clarified.

Dominic gave Hector a gloomy look.

"It's not just that, bro, I..."

"Not only did you want to come, but you also said you wanted to take a ride in bro Dom's new car!"

"Tristan!" Hector felt like he couldn't get a word in edgewise.

Dominic coldly said, "Didn't I tell you not to wander around here when you have nothing to do? What if **Janey** sees you?"

Hector was speechless, while Tristan suppressed a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Forget it, Brother, he's not very clever. Don't bother with him!"

Hector: "..."

the way, your new car is really beautiful!" Tristan grinned like a sly fox, "Isn't it Janey's taste?" This time, a hint of a smile appeared on Dominic's face.

Tristan continued, "Janey **does** have great taste. Brother, your previous cars weren't very practical, but this car's performance **and** style, especially the color, are a perfect match for you!"

Hector couldn't help but show disdain.

But Dominic was in a good mood and even suggested taking them for a drive.

So Tristan finally got to the point, "This time we came to see you for a reason... Let's find a quiet place to talk."

Dominic nodded and went back into the store to get the car keys from Jane.

"Are you going out?"

"Yes... taking a ride with some friends." Dominic smiled lightly.

Linda was inside the store, guarding the oven like a little glutton. When she heard this, she immediately understood that those two guys had come to see her **brother**.

She **handed** him the keys and casually asked, "Which friends?"

"Just..." Dominic thought for a moment, "Former cellmates!"

Linda almost burst into laughter; she almost sprayed coffee everywhere.

"Cellmates?" Jane was taken aback. "Is it the guy who called you to borrow money last time?"

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"Honey, didn't you say you didn't want to have any contact with them anymore?"

Linda mischievously looked at him, waiting to see how he'd explain!

But Dominic was Dominic; he just said, "They've turned over a new leaf and are starting fresh. I think they deserve a chance."

Linda almost choked on her coffee.

Jane quickly handed her a tissue and patted her back gently, not taking Dominic's words too seriously

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If Aaron could turn over a new leaf, then those people should be okay **too**.

Besides, she had always believed that her husband's judgment wouldn't be wrong!

"Alright, you should go then!" Jane smiled, "I'll take care of the **store!**"

Dominic went out with the car keys. **Linda** watched his back and then looked at Jane. She asked **in** a low voice, "Sister, do you really trust him like that?"

"Hmm?" Jane didn't understand. She was busy making another iced latte for Linda.

"His friends were all cellmates, people who have been to jail!"

Jane's smile faltered, but the gentle warmth in her eyes remained unchanged.

She looked at Linda gently and whispered, "Before he met me, he had taken the wrong path, but since he's been with me, he hasn't strayed again."

"The most important thing between husband and wife is trust. I understand Mr. Dan Murphy, my one and only husband **and** I trust him one **hundred** percent. He won't make the same mistakes **again.**"

"But look sis." Linda was moved, "What if he really deceives you one day?"

"How **could** that happen! He promised me he'll never hide **anything** from me."

"But..."

The words were on the tip of her tongue, but Linda couldn't say them. She just swallowed her spit, hard enough to stop herself from spilling everything out.

In this matter, no one else could intervene except for her brother, who could explain it to her personally.

"Alright," Jane smiled and playfully pinched her nose, "Why are you acting so strange today? Is it because you didn't **get** any cookies?"

Linda reluctantly forced a smile and took out some cookies with her.

The wind chime at the door rang as customers started coming in.

Jane began another busy **day**. Like any other day, sunlight filled the small courtyard, and the aroma of coffee wafted through the house. Customers chatted and took pictures, leaving positive reviews as they left.

Although it **was** almost autumn, the irises were still blooming beautifully.

Jane's heart swelled with a sense of happiness, and Linda looked at her contented smile, hoping that she would always be this happy.

Dominic **drove** along the riverside, driving very slowly and carefully, with very few bumps along the

way.

The passenger seat was reserved for Jane, and no one else **was** allowed to sit there.

So the two people in the backseat had bored and dejected expressions, staring at the back of the person in front of them, sighing lightly from time to time.

He treated a car worth less than ten thousand dollars like a precious gem.

But those **previous** luxury sports cars worth tens of millions? He revved their engines loudly, not caring at all if they broke down, and treated them like scrap metal.

Truly, **people** in **the same** car lived entirely different lives....

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"Brother." Hector yawned, "**If** you keep driving at this speed, I'm going to fall asleep!"

In the rearview mirror, Dominic's face darkened, and he slowly pulled the car over to the side of the

road.

"If you want to sleep, then go ahead, but be careful not to drool on the car!"

Hector immediately straightened up and became more alert.

"Then, Brother," Tristan forced a smile, "Can I have some water?"

Dominic narrowed his eyes, "What if you **spill** it?"

Tristan didn't say anything, even if he was thirsty, he held back.

"Brother, I **have** something to tell you." Hector decided **to** get straight to the point and not suffer here any longer. "Kevin is planning to send Mr. Murphy to **England**."

"Yeah, he's right." Tristan nodded, "They're in the process of handling the paperwork, and they've trained Mr. Dan Murphy to be presentable."

"Quite fast," Dominic sneered, "They're preparing to have him go to **England** and ask for money my place!"

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"Indeed."

"It's alright. I've also contacted my mom." he said coldly, "I told her that there would be a fake son. asking for money soon, so she should be prepared."

"Aunt?" Hector was a little worried, "Can she handle it on her own? I heard that Edward Campbell has been getting close to your uncle recently, and they might have colluded already!"

"Don't worry," Dominic looked back at them, "My mom named me; she **only** recognizes one word in her life, and that's 'Dom!'"

The two exchanged glances and burst into light laughter.

Dominic's mother, being the Grand Princess of the **family**, was used to being dominant and was even more capable when dealing with powerful opponents.

Dominic inherited this excellent **trait** from her.

"So, when Mr. Murphy arrives in England, he'll have only one path left." Hector grinned, "Being captured by Aunt!"

Attorney Brown **nodded**, "Capturing him will solve a considerable part of the problem!"

"Oh, by the way, **bro**," Hector continued, "Yvonne and Linda have been staying at the Emperor Hotel, where my uncle is taking care of them, so everything is okay!"

"Thank **you**; you guys have gone through a lot."

"We're brothers; no need to mention it," Hector grinned, then his **expression** became serious, "But.... Brother, is Sister Linda in love? There has been a man around her all the time..."

Dominic's eyes froze.

Hector pulled out **some** surveillance footage from his phone, "This person; I remember **his** name is Eric Koller, and he's a long-term worker at your house."

"Yes, there is such a **person**." Dominic's brow furrowed, "What's wrong with him?"

"He's not doing anything else, **and** he doesn't dare to bother Linda all the time." Hector scratched his head, "I just feel that he's strange. I ran into him a couple of days ago, and he didn't **say** a single word. If Linda hadn't introduced him, I would have thought he was mute!"

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Dominic frowned, feeling a momentary awkwardness inside.

Linda was not worldly-wise and had always been a good girl since she was young.

However, it was often these kinds of girls who were more susceptible to meeting the wrong people. He took a deep breath, feeling a bit of a headache, and then quietly drove back.

Outside the private club in Central City, Carl Sherwood had been waiting for seven consecutive days.

Every day, he came and pleaded to see Edward Campbell, standing outside from seven in the morning until eight at night. However, no matter how much he spoke, the guards outside remained expressionless.

As soon as Edward Campbell heard his name, he became annoyed, let alone seeing him.

Just as Carl was about to despair, the butler came out and announced, "Mr. Sherwood, the Young Master Campbell invites you inside."

Carl's eyes lit up, and he immediately rushed inside.

In the backyard of the club, there was a giant iron cage. As Carl approached, he could smell a rotten and foul odor in the air.

He was slightly surprised and continued to force himself to walk forward. Suddenly, he saw two vultures kept inside the cage!

Kevin Campbell played with amber bracelets and turned to look at him. The profound and sinister look in his eyes shook Carl's heart.

"Y-Young... Young Master Campbell," Carl smiled reluctantly.

The vultures flapped their wings fiercely, emitting a harsh and unpleasant sound.

Carl's face turned pale, and he froze on the spot, no longer daring to move forward.

Kevin had a strange smile on his face and glanced at him, saying coldly, "I heard that Mr. Sherwood has been waiting outside for several days?"

"Heh, these people are really inhospitable! They should at least bring Mr. Sherwood inside to see my two treasures!"

After saying that, he put on gloves and took two pieces of rotten meat from the basket nearby, throwing them into the cage. The vultures flapped their wings and landed on the ground to peck at the food.

Carl's back turned cold. He knew that wealthy people liked various exotic things, such as raising lions, tigers/pythons, and leopards.

But he never expected that Kevin Campbell would like to keep creatures that feed on rotten meat!

"Mr. Sherwood," Kevin finished feeding the birds, turned around with a smile that wasn't a smile, and stared at him, "You've been standing outside for several days, haven't you?"

Carl felt sickened by the smell, but he forced himself to stand up and hit his lip.

"I heard that you want money? Kevin dragged his tone, "Is that what this is about?"

Carl lowered his head humbly, and his heart pounded.

"Three billion..." Kevin Campbell clapped his hands, with a strange look in his eyes, and suddenly

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sneered, "Mr. Sherwood, do you think my dad is a money-making machine?"

"This... is the end of the line. Young Master Campbell, if this three-billion funding gap cannot be filled, the company will face bankruptcy, and..."

"You want money? Then bring something valuable to use as collateral!" Kevin interrupted him. Carl was taken aback.

Then, Kevin lowered his voice, with a cold smile on his lips.

"Mr. Carl Sherwood, do you think you can mortgage yourself for how much? My two treasures haven't tasted human flesh yet!"

Carl's eyes widened, feeling frightened, and sat on the ground shivering.

Kevin burst into laughter.

"Amusing, truly amusing!"

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"Mr. Sherwood, do you think my dad is an easy target?" A sinister look suddenly appeared on Kevin face.

The bodyguards around them immediately pulled out their guns and pointed them at Carl's head. Carl wailed, kneeling on the ground and kowtowing for mercy.

"You ba stard, do you think I don't know everything you did in Cardiff?"

"You've betrayed me and sought refuge with Hector White, and yet you still have the audacity to act like a loyal dog in front of my Campbell family!"

"I didn't! Young Master Campbell, please believe me, I was forced by Hector White, and I had no choice..."

"Then go ask him for money!"

Carl looked pained, beads of sweat as big as beans rolled down his temples.

He wanted to ask Hector White for help, but the young master of the White family didn't give him any attention at all.

So, he had to turn to Mr. Edward Campbell.

But he didn't expect that Mr. Edward Campbell had known about his capture by Hector White a long time ago and had already become wary of him, cutting off the funding for his company.

Kevin sneered and threw a piece of rotten meat toward Carl's face!

Carl endured the nauseating smell and struggled to get up from the ground, gritting his teeth.

He had never thought of seeking refuge with Hector White, nor did he ever plan to be loyal

to Edward Campbell.

He was just a small pawn, surviving in difficult circumstances, hoping to gain some benefits from the company.

But now even survival seemed impossible.

Carl bit his lip fiercely, realizing that he was now in an inhumane situation. He might as well reveal all the secrets and information!

"Young Master Campbell!" He enunciated each word, "Hector White approached me for a reason..."

"Hmph, a reason?" Kevin glared at him with disbelief, "Do you still have any value that he can exploit?!"

"Yes," Carl looked at him, trembling, "Because I know the whereabouts of Edward Campbell.

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Third Young Master is not in England but in Cardiff!"

"I already told Second Uncle about this, but Second Uncle didn't take it seriously!"

Kevin was taken aback and then narrowed his eyes.

"After the plane crash, Dominic has been recuperating in Cardiff. I don't know why he took Mr. Murphy's identity and even got married..."

"Are you sure this is true?" Kevin suddenly grabbed his collar, "If you dare to lie, I'll throw you into the cage right away!"

true, it's true!" Carl's legs were shaking, "I saw it with my own eyes. The woman wore a ring with an emerald gemstone, engraved with the unique symbol of the Campbell family. I can't be

mistaken!"

"So, Dominic really got married?" Kevin felt like he had just stumbled upon a heaven-sent opportunity.

"Haha... does he dare to defy Grandpa's will and casually marry a woman?!"

"This... needs to be investigated." Carl said in a low voice, "After all, he is using Mr. Dan Murphy's identity!"

"That's not difficult." Kevin stroked his chin, pondered for a moment, and instructed his subordinates. "Contact Mr. Wilson immediately and ask him to come to Central City if possible!"

"Young Master, are you referring to Mr. Aaron Wilson?" Carl sneered.

"What's wrong? Do you know him?"

"He betrayed you a long time ago, and yet you still treat him as your own?" Kevin looked at him in.

disbelief.

Carl swallowed hard and continued, "I've been in Cardiff all this time, so I've seen it clearly."

"Aaron had long joined forces with Dominic; they are in cahoots with each other!"

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Kevin was stunned for a moment, then suddenly grabbed the teacup from the table and violently smashed it!

"Y-Y-Young Master, please don't get angry!" Carl took a cold breath, cautiously observing his expression, "If you trust me, give me a few days, and I'll investigate everything!"

Kevin's eyes flashed with a sinister and vicious light, and he smiled lightly at Carl.

"So, you're willing to join us again?"

"I originally received Young Master Campbell's favor, so I should repay it!"

"Don't speak so high and mighty!" Kevin Campbell was a despicable person and knew very well what was going on in the mind of a sly person like Carl. "It's just that Hector White is unreliable, and you need money, so you sold this information to me!"

"If Hector White was willing to cover this three-hundred-million gap for you, you would have kept- all this information to yourself, right?"

Cold sweat kept pouring down Carl's forehead.

"But this is good news.... At least Dominic, that dead man, now has a stain in front of my grandfather."

"Yes, yes!" Carl tried to smile, "He went ahead and got married without permission, which violated the Campbell family's taboo!"

"What does the woman look like?" Kevin became interested.

Carl's throat tightened, and after a moment of hesitation, he stammered, "She's... she's very... beautiful."

"Really? What makes her beautiful?" Kevin had always been lustful, and even he could tell that the woman who could captivate Dominic to this extent couldn't be an ordinary person. Suddenly, he felt itchy in his heart.

What was it like to have Dominic's woman?

"Mr. Campbell," Carl said in a low voice, "That woman's name is Jane. The Fallon family in Cardiff also has some influence, but Jane is a bastard and isn't treated well by their family."

"I had some dealings with Jane because of business relations. Not only is she beautiful, but she's also very capable. She's indeed an exceptional woman."

"Not bad!" Kevin raised an eyebrow, and his interest in Jane's name grew.

He signaled his subordinates, and they immediately brought over a box of money.

"Take this as a temporary solution." Kevin Campbell smiled lightly and patted Carl's shoulder, "As for the rest, it depends on how you handle things for me!"

Jane helped Dominic pack his luggage while folding clothes and softly said, "Darling, you seem to have a lot of competitions and training lately!"

Dominic was slightly startled.

Jane had this kind of temperament; even if she felt dissatisfied, she never complained openly.

Just saying these few words in a low voice was her way of expressing her discontent.

Dominic couldn't help but curl his lips.

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He didn't want to leave either, but several companies under his name-Downtown Industries, Rain Technology, Wetherton Investments-were all due for annual assessments, and he had to personally visit Central City.

Though he had kept a low profile, these two years had seen considerable capital gathered through those companies.

Even Grandfather, the head of the Campbell family

enough power to rival the whole Campbell family didn't know that Dominic had already amassed

"Darling, do you have any formal occasions to attend during this training session?" Jane stood in front of the wardrobe. "If so, take this suit with you!"

Dominic remained silent.

Jane continued, "The weather forecast says Central City will have rain in the next few days. I've packed a foldable umbrella for you, it's on the side of the suitcase."

"Also, it's early autumn now, and it gets cool in the mornings and evenings. Remember to cover yourself with the blanket when you sleep, okay? You always have the habit of kicking the blanket off!"

"Darling, take a look at what else you need to bring."

Dominic walked slowly over, clean underwear, socks, T-shirts, jackets, and miscellaneous everyday items in Jane's hands seemed to be magically arranged, neatly lying in the box, accompanied by her faint sweet scent.

His heart trembled, and he suddenly hugged her, his deep eyes gazing at her quietly.

"Why are you looking at me like this?" Jane smiled gently.

"Janey... I feel very happy." Dominic licked his lips, "Very happy with you."

Jane was taken aback.

Lately, this man seemed to be feeling quite a lot, and it was all about how happy he was with her.

Jane chuckled and gently covered his mouth with her small hand.

"Being happy is something you should know for yourself. Don't say it out loud; it won't work if you do."

"Janey, when I come back this time, I want to tell you something."

Seeing him looking serious, Jane couldn't help but ask, "What is it?"

"Well... It's a long story." He spoke with a heavy tone, "In this year of our marriage, you still

don't know my family situation. In fact, there are other people in my family, but we rarely have any contact."

Jane was somewhat puzzled. When they got married, she learned that the Murphy family had already declined, and both of Dan Murphy's parents were deceased. He was a delinquent who often fought and caused trouble.

But she didn't expect that there were still other people from the Murphy family.

But now that she thought about it, if there really was a relative who had been to prison, it would be better for a normal person to keep their distance.

Jane smiled lightly, her voice gentle as she asked, "Why are you telling me this now? You should have told me earlier. I could have visited your family with you!"

"Right, where is your family? Are they not in Cardiff?"

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Dominic shook his head.

"Is this what you wanted to tell me?" Jane looked at him tenderly, "Do you want to reconnect with your relatives and friends but find it hard to open up?"

"Mm..."

"Then don't worry!" Jane smiled, "During these days, focus on your training and competitions. I'll prepare the gifts for your relatives and friends. When you come back, we can visit them together, okay?"

"You're willing to go with me?"

"Of course. Your family is my family too."

Dominic held her small hand and made up his mind to reveal everything after he handled the matter.

"Honey, I won't be gone for too long, just two or three days at most. You stay at home and wait for me!"

"Mhm!"

"After I come back. I'll tell you everything about my family and relatives."

"Okay!" Jane smiled and rubbed his face.

After rechecking for anything left behind. Dominic put his luggage in the trunk.

Cardiff wasn't too far from Central City, so he planned to drive back.

Jane once said that a car was like a man's other wife, and now he understood why. With this car by his side, it felt as if she was accompanying him, and he had no fear.

"Hubby, be careful on the road, drive slowly!"

"Mhm," Dominic waved his hand, "Go back quickly!"

Jane stood in place as the car gradually disappeared from her sight, then she turned back

and walked into the corridor.

At that moment, she received a phone call.

"Miss Fallon?"

Jane didn't react for a moment, "Who is this?"

"My name is Macy!" the warm voice on the other end said, "Miss Fallon, someone delivered a letter this morning. It came from Central City, and it seems to be... some kind of invitation! The envelope has Miss Fallon's name on it."

"Miss Fallon, when do you have time to come and pick it up?"

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