

# My Husband Is A Secret Billionaire By Wiuu

## Chapter 191

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The art exhibition was grand and impressive, featuring works from renowned masters. Usually, a single painting could fetch millions of dollars.

Deinte strolled leisurely through the exhibition hall. She had received education from all directions since childhood, which cultivated her well rounded thinking and refined taste. She admired several works by Southeast Asian masters, appreciating their graceful lines, bold use of colors, and strong personal styles.

Deinie was deeply fond of one particular painting and immediately instructed her assistant beside her, "Go and contact the staff here. I want this painting!

The assistant eagerly nodded and hurried off.

Meanwhile, Jane also entered the venue accompanied her mom, Kassie,

"Mom, although there aren't many people here, the place is quite big. Please don't wander around randomly!" Jane said, a bit exasperated.

Jane smiled lightly after she instructed her mom. "I brought you here because I thought you might be bored at home. Besides, I'm here for work, so please cooperate, alright?"

"I'll take a few photos, inquire with the staff about the details, and then we can leave."

Kassie sighed, "So saan?"

She loved art exhibitions and used to visit them frequently back home. However, since leaving home, she hadn't stepped into such a beautiful exhibition hall again...

"Yes," Jane nodded, "Once the work is done, we can leave early, and I can quickly finish writing my article."

"Ah," Kassie pouted, "You can't even rest a few days in a month with your job, it's like you're making a fortune or something!"

"Mom!" Jane laughed, teasing her, "Why are you always talking about money? So vulgar!"

"I used to be too refined, that's why I ended up like this, thanks to that jerk David! I shouldn't have been so principled back then: I should have taken advantage of his money more, then you and Bailey wouldn't have suffered with me..."

"Alright, alright." Jane put her arm around her mother's shoulder, afraid that she might dwell on past grievances.

"That's all in the past, Dad is no longer relevant to us. Besides, we're doing well now! Right?"

"Yeah," Kassie replied indifferently, "We're doing well..."

She sighed, looking elsewhere, her thoughts still trapped in memories.

Now, she realized, what was the use of principles? Life is the most practical thing.

And the education she had received since childhood was to value integrity over everything else...

Kassie took a deep breath. These worldly principles had cost her half her life.

Jane was busy taking photos, her mind racing to figure out how to write her news report.

After wandering for a while, she found a resting area and helped her mother to sit on the couch. She quickly took out a pen and a paper to jot down the Inspirations that flashed in her mind.

"Mom, are you thirsty? Shall I get some water for you?"

This clear and sweet voice reached Deinic's ears.

Deinie turned to look and saw a mother-daughter pair sitting not far away, their backs facing her, but it was evident that they had a close relationship.

"Mom, you seem to be dressed lightly!" Jane said softly in a bit of surprise, "The central exhibition hall is cold, are you feeling cold?"

As she spoke, she took off her own coat and draped it over her mother.

Kassie hesitated for a moment but couldn't resist her daughter's kindness, so she put on the coat, revealing a warm smile.

This scene caught Deinie's attention. She felt a slight wave in her heart. Her daughter was so considerate, a kind of tenderness she had never experienced before.

Thinking of her own troublesome son, who nearly brought an unknown woman as her daughter-in-law, it almost drove her crazy... She wished she could stuff Dominic back into her belly!

"Can you see that painting. Jane?"

Following Kassie's gaze, Jane looked over.

The oil painting was quite large, occupying a significant portion of the wall. The brushstrokes were somewhat abstract and dreamlike, depicting a forest with a large firefly waving its wings, vividly coming to life.

Jane checked the signature and found it was from a famous painter in the Southeast Asian region.

"Mom, do you like this painting?" Jane asked.

Kassie didn't answer immediately; instead, she fell into contemplation, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

"Jane." After a while, she asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you know where this is?"

Jane shook her head, puzzled. She didn't know it was a private garden in the Southeast Asian region where her mother had grown up.

And the artist who signed the painting had also painted her mother's portrait before.

When Kassie saw this painting, it was as if she had returned to those carefree days.

Her eyes turned slightly red, and after a while, she said to Jane, "Can you buy that painting?"

Jane was taken aback, carefully examining the artwork. If it were to be bought, it should be quite expensive... But she rarely saw her mother so fond of something.

With a gentle smile, she nodded to her mother and immediately went to inquire with the staff. Unexpectedly, a voice came beside her, "I have already bought this painting Miss, I was here first."

Jane was taken aback for a moment, and when she turned around, she saw Deinie. Her heart couldn't help but tremble.

Although this middle-aged lady before her was in her prime, she had taken good care of herself, and there was an air of elegance in her every move. The corners of her lips curled

slightly, as if smiling but not quite, and when she took off her sunglasses, her eyes revealed no ripples, exuding an aura of dignified authority.

"Miss," the staff explained, "It was indeed Miss Mclore who contacted us first, and she offered a very good price."

"Oh..." Jane nodded, "I'm sorry for the disturbance."

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"Do you also like this painting?" Deinie asked her.

Jane chuckled, "I don't understand art, but my mother likes it."

Deinie paused and looked over to the resting area, realizing that it was the mother and daughter she had just envied.

"Madam," Jane politely asked, "although you've already bought this painting, could I take a photo of it for my mother?"

Deinie was somewhat surprised. She thought the girl would use the banner of filial piety to morally pressure her into giving up the painting

Or maybe she would assertively offer a higher price to buy the painting.

Because in Deinie's social circle, she had seen too many so-called socialites, and she knew well how to deal with them.

But unexpectedly, the girl before her didn't follow the usual script.

Deinie looked Jane up and down. The girl was pure and elegant, especially her clear and translucent eyes, which seemed to possess a magical power, making people unable to look away.

Although Deinic had already bought the painting, it was still in the exhibition hall and anyone could take photos of it.

However, this girl wanted to seek her permission.

A rare smile appeared on Deinic's sophisticated face.

"You want to take a photo to show your mother?"

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"Y...Yes," **Jane** honestly replied, "My mother rarely likes anything, and I **really** want to help her fulfill

this **wish**. But since you've already bought it, I can't take away what someone else loves."

Deinie smiled, acknowledging that Jane was a **well**-mannered and good child.

Nowadays, young girls with such grace and composure seemed to be becoming rarer.

She suddenly thought of Miranda.

The reason she had initially considered **Miranda** as a potential daughter in law **was** twofold. First, she thought **their** families were a good match, and if Dominic married **Miranda**, it might benefit the McLove Campbell family. Second, Miranda's looks were not bad, and she could barely be considered a suitable match for Dominic.

However, later, she discovered that the young lady from the Yeager **family** lacked the etiquette and restraint that a **wealthy** family's daughter should possess. Furthermore, she had no ability or tact to manage a family conglomerate! **Instead**, she spent the entire year making numerous trips to England, either trying to get close to her or engaging in extravagant shopping, which irritated **Deinie** to no end!

Deinie despised brainless ornaments, and Miranda's appearance **was** no **more** than that of a flowerpot....

**"Madam?"** Jane smiled innocently at her, bringing her thoughts back.

**"Can** I take the photo, then?"

**"Oh, go** ahead!" Deinie regained her senses and smiled lightly.

"Thank you, Ma'am!"

"By the way," Deinie couldn't help but want to talk more with this girl, "do you know what's depicted in the painting?"

"Fireflies," Jane blurted out, then frowned, "but... the firefly in this painting looks strange, with two layers of wings."

"Well, I can't understand it." She chuckled, "Perhaps that's the artist's creativity."

"It's not the artist's imagination" Deinie glanced **at** her. "This is a double-winged firefly, extremely rare, found only in the forests of Sabah, in the South Seas region."

"What?" Jane **was** astonished.

Deinie spoke in a low voice, "I once saw one in a private garden."

"Can we leave, Sweetie? Can I buy this **painting?"**

**Kassic** walked over from the side, holding a colorful scarf in her hand and showing it off with a smiling face.

bought this! Look at the embroidery, isn't it beautiful? Heh, this kind of craftsmanship is **rare** in the capital, only in the **South**...

Before she could finish her sentence, the atmosphere suddenly turned as quiet as if it had fallen into

vacuum.

Deinie stared at **Kassie**, and Kassie stared back at **Deinie**.

The two of them looked at **each** other for quite a while, and almost simultaneously widened their \_\_\_\_\_

eyes, calling each other's names:

"Kassic?"

"Deinic?"

Both women wore the same **look** of astonishment and surprise, with rapidly changing gazes. Jane was stunned by their motionless postures. From afar, it seemed **as** if they were specially arranged wax figures in the exhibition hall!

"Mom, Madam, do you... know each other? **Jane** asked in bewilderment.

Kassie suddenly snapped out of it, her face not looking too good. She pulled Jane aside and whispered, "It's like seeing **a** ghost in broad daylight. Let's go, go... quickly, back home..."

"Kassie!" Deinie called out, stepping a few paces to **block** her, "You didn't see a ghost; you just can't face me, right?"

"You.. Kassie's fingers trembled slightly, "You stop spouting nonsense! Why would I not be able to face you?"

"Hmph! Deinie sneered, crossing her arms in front of her chest, 'Back then, I predicted everything correctly. You made such a mess of yourself for a worthless man. What face do you have now?"

"Shut up!"

**Kassie** roared, attracting the attention of everyone in the exhibition **hall**.

Jane shielded her behind and looked cautiously at Deinie. With great effort, she tried to speak calmly, "Madam, my mother is not feeling **well**. Please don't treat her like this."

A hint of surprise flashed in Deinie's eyes. "What's wrong with her? –"

I can't reveal that Jane embraced the trembling shoulders of Kassie, "but now **I'm** taking my mother **home**."

"Wait..."

Deinie couldn't stop them, and Jane hurriedly left the central pavilion with her mother.

"Madam President **Deinie**," her assistant asked in a low **voice**, "Should I check on them?"

"What's there to check?" Deinie glanced at her, "We grew up together, don't you think I know her."

**well?"**

The assistant remained silent and withdrew.

Deinie **watched** the fading figures of Jane **and** Kassie, lost in thought. Then she lowered her head and noticed that the scarf Kassie **had** bought earlier had fallen to the ground in the **rush**.

She picked it up, and a faint smile appeared on her lips.

"After all these years, she still likes the same patterns! Ha! Does she **still** think of herself as a princess?"

"But... this princess might not be reliable, but she gave birth to a good little princess!"

Jane brought home her mother and immediately rushed to search through the medicine box.

Kassie knew what she was looking for and **waved** her hand, gesturing for Jane to come over. **With** a gentle smile, she said, "Sweetheart, don't bother... I don't need to take medicine."

Jane was taken aback, looking at her with concern.

"I'm already fine, and I don't need medication to control it." Kassie sounded a bit tired, "I'm just a bit

Just **tired**. I'll rest for a while, and it will be alright. You go and write your article, finish your work early." "Mom, are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm sure."

"Then... I'll stay by your side." Jane brought her laptop, "You rest, and I'll do my work. If something happens, I can still help you in time!"

"Okay." Kassie showed a loving smile, patting **Jane's** head with tender affection.

**These** years, thanks to her daughter, their shaky family **was** supported.

Kassie gently closed her eyes, but her sleep was uneasy.

Images of London Bridge. Swiss **snow** capped mountains, and fireflies in the South appeared before her eyes, and **among** them, she saw the young Deenie. They were still wearing school uniforms, cheering and laughing under the Alps, encouraging each other at the national library, shining in various academic competitions.

"**What** kind of **man** do you think we'll marry in the future?"

"I don't know, it's all arranged by our families."

"Haven't you thought about resisting? Anyway, I'll marry a man I love, and I'm willing to **give** everything for him!"

"**You're** too **naive!** Men are **unreliable**; in the **end, we** can only rely on ourselves!"

"Deinie, when I have children in the future, would you be their godmother?"

"Well. how about you have a **daughter, and** I'll have a son? Then we can be in laws!"

"Deal!"

Kassie gripped the bedsheet, tears wetting her eyelashes.

"**Kassie, that** man doesn't deserve your love! He only **wants** the Davis family, he used you, deceived you! Wake up!"

"I don't need you to interfere in my affairs! Deinie, we **are** no longer **friends!**"

"Deinie..." Kassie muttered incoherently, "Actually, it's the Davis family that **owes** him. He's not at

fault..."

"Mom!" Jane kept wiping her sweat, "What are you saying? What's hothering you?"

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Dominic returned to Condominium and learned that his mother, Deinie had already come back.

After changing his clothes, he went upstairs to greet her, "Mom, do you like the room?"

"Mmm, it's **quite** nice."

Deinie had just prepared a cup of hand-brewed Lychee **tea** coffee, and a faint coffee aroma filled the

**Toom.**

Taking a sip, she looked around. The room was spacious and bright, with large floor-to-ceiling windows facing a continuous range of mountains. The decoration of the room was tasteful, and even a small ornament exuded an air of luxury and nobility.

Deinie sat down on the soft leather sofa.

The place **was** nice, but she couldn't shake off an inexplicable sense of alienation

She couldn't help but think, where is Kassie now? She **has** a considerate and filial daughter, and her room must be much cozier than this...

"Mom," **Dominic** noticed her unease, "what's wrong?"

Deinie took a deep breath and saw a hint of disappointment in his eyes.

Dominic noticed that she seemed to be trembling slightly and asked, "Are you feeling cold?"

"Mmm." Deinie wrapped her shawl **around** herself, "after staying in England for so long. I'm **not** used to the climate here all of a sudden."

"That's okay. I'll have someone adjust the temperature in your room anytime you want."

Under normal circumstances, this statement would have been perfectly fine. However, **today** she happened to see a touching scene between a mother and her daughter, and these words sounded a bit cold to her ears.

"Mom, you seem to be wearing too little. Put on this **jacket** of mine!" Suddenly, a gentle and sweet voice rang in Deinie's car.

She **looked** at Dominic and **a thought** occurred to her. So, she cleared her throat and said in a deep voice, "Honey, it seems like I'm not wearing enough

"Wearing too little? Dominic was puzzled, glancing at her five large suitcases, "Don't you **have** enough clothes? If not, I'll have someone go out and buy more."

Again with the "**have** someone do it"... Deinie's face began to darken.

"Dominic," she stared at him with both eyes, "I mean, I'm feeling cold right now! I'm feeling cold at this moment!"

Dominic suddenly realized, "Then put on some clothes now!"

With an annoyed expression, Deinde said, "Do I have any clothes here with me?"

Dominic finally understood. So, it turned out that his mother hadn't had the chance to unpack her luggage yet.

He immediately rang the bell **and** instructed the servant, "Come up and help my mom unpack!"

But before the words could fully leave his mouth, Deinde yelled, "DOMINICE

Dominic froze.

Then, his mother's voice continued in a **rapid**—  
fire tirade, "You have a jacket on you, don't **you**? Can't

you take it off and give it to me to wear? Other people's children know how to care for their mothers, but you never understand! You leave everything to the **servants** to do. Who exactly is my son?!"

"Hmph, why did I even have a son? Apart from making me angry, you're of no use at all!"

Deinde paced restlessly back and forth in the room, her hands on her hips.

"Other people are so fortunate... having such a good daughter! She accompanies her mother to go shopping and visit art exhibitions without finding it troublesome. She is **considerate**, thoughtful, and knows how to take care of others! I'm not blessed with such fortune!"

"I don't even have a good **daughter-in-law**!"

Dominic stood still, dumbfounded, frowning as he looked at his own mother as if she were an alien. This scolding came out of nowhere.

From her childhood memories, Deinie had always been a strong and rational woman, even more composed **than** most **men**. It was the first time she had ever complained like this.

Moreover, from childhood, Dominic had always been "someone else's chill," and now he **was** unexpectedly being compared to other **people's** children by his own mother....

Dominic's expression gradually darkened, feeling unhappy.

Whose child is she talking about? It's better not to let him see her!

He took several deep breaths, suppressing the anger in his heart, and finally managed to ask reluctantly. "Mom, are you alright?"

Deinie crossed her arms in front of her chest, sighing deeply

After **venting**, she felt calmer, and her rationality returned. She looked at Dominic with a calm **expression** and said softly, "Please, have **a seat**."

Now she sounded just like her usual **self** when dealing with official **matters**.

Dominic narrowed his eyes, making sure she was back to normal before he sat down and handed her the acquisition proposal from Fortress Media.

"McLore and Campbell families jointly hold shares, you **have 49%**, and I have 48%, with the rest being held by scattered shareholders."

Deinie's eyes slightly darkened. "You are only one percentage point below me?"

"**Mom**, this offer is **already** very generous," Dominic said in a flat **tone**, his **face** expressionless. "I can see that you like this company, and the media sector is significant in the McLore family. They **are** professionals. Besides, this company doesn't have much potential under my management, so that's why I agreed with your **proposal**..."

"Generous offer?" Deinie raised her voice abruptly. "Is this how you talk to your mother?"

Dominic was bewildered again, and after a long pause, he asked softly, "Aren't we... discussing business?"

"Hmph, now we have no mother son relationship, only business, is that right?"

Dominic sighed in helplessness, not saying anything.

Is this what they call the menopause?

"Mom, I..."

"Fine, the offer is good, let's proceed with it!" Deinle signed decisively. "Since I am the major shareholder, Fortress Media needs to change its name to Pursuit Media."

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"No problem."

"I want to bring in some of my **own** people."

Dominic nodded. "Sure, that's reasonable."

"But Manager Howard will continue to be the CEO," she **said**. "He is experienced **and** well connected in both **the** entertainment industry and the media sector. The company needs him."

"Do you have any suitable candidates for your side?"

Deinie thought of **that** fair skinned and **gentle** little princess, **Kassie**.

When selecting personnel, she valued character the most, and that little princess had a kind and virtuous disposition that immediately caught her eye... As for her business abilities, she could surely groom her.

She cleared her throat twice. "I need a senior assistant, someone who will always be by my side, **and** I already have a candidate in mind."

"But bringing her into the company **may** take some time."

"Alright, sure." Dominic agreed. "You tell me where she **is**, and I'll take care of it for

you”

Deinie didn't answer immediately. She looked at him for a while and said softly, "Honey, I won't beat around the bush with you. Besides her work, I also hope you can spend more time getting to

know her.”

“What?” Dominic's brow furrowed.

“This girl is superior to that b\*tch you're involved with in every aspect—appearance, character, and family background. I've already decided on her! **Even** that Miranda can't compare to her! Think it over carefully.

“Mom, you haven't even met her, why **would** you say that?”

“I haven't met her? Deinie sneered. “Honey, perhaps you haven't seen another side of her?”

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Dominic had a cold and composed demeanor, with a hint of depth in his eyes.

He silently watched Deinie.

He didn't know why she had such a strong prejudice to Jane, but he knew he had to do everything in

power to protect his woman

his

“This matter is settled then,” Deinic said coldly. “Although you haven't officially engaged to Miranda, both families have understood each other for so many years, so it might be a bit troublesome to handle.”

“But you don't need to worry, I will handle things with the Yeager family!”

Deinie walked up to him and gently patted **his** shoulder twice. "**You** just need to listen to your mother and build a good relationship with the girl I mentioned!"

"Impossible," Dominic uttered three cold and **firm** words.

The atmosphere instantly froze, and the temperature dropped to freezing point:

Deinie looked at him **with** a serious and **fierce** gaze.

"Son," Dominic paused for each word. "If you insist on doing this, I withdraw **all** my 5

Pursuit Media!"

"What did **you** say?" she was shocked.

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"You should know **that** the rules in the capital are different from Manchester," his **voice** was **calm**, but each word was emphatic. "Without my shares in this company, foreign investments cannot be injected, and the money you invested earlier will not see any returns!"

"I know you don't lack that amount of money," he continued coldly, "but you don't like the feeling of failure!"

"If this matter reaches Grandfather's ears, or even the **Board** of Directors **and** Uncle's ears, you will become the laughingstock of **the** McLore and Campbell family conglomerate!"

"So, are you sure you really want to force me?"

Deinie's heart trembled.

"**In** any case, I won't date the person you mentioned," Dominic strolled to the door and looked back at her. "Just give up on this idea, Mom!"

After submitting her manuscript, Jane specially took leave from the newspaper and stayed at home to take **care** of her mom.

Although Kassie insisted **that** she didn't need **any** care, Jane couldn't help **but** worry. She always remembered what the doctor had **said** – mental illnesses take time to **recover**, and one must be extremely cautious and attentive,

"Mom, I'm **going** to the supermarket **to** buy some stuff," she looked at the clock, "You wait for me to come back and make lunch, don't wander around the kitchen by yourself!"

Kassie couldn't help but laugh and cry, "Why do you speak as if I'm a three-**year**-old child?"

Jane smiled and turned around to give her a hug. "Just be obedient, if you're not, I won't let you watch **TV** this afternoon!"

Kassie helplessly thought, "She's really treating me like a childr

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"You, little girl, I **have** to find my son-in-law to come and discipline you properly!"

The mother and daughter laughed together.

Jane

tidied up and headed outside. However, as soon as he opened **the** door and looked up, he saw an unexpected visitor.

Deinie wore a **faint** smile on her face, **and** she still exuded a powerful aura. Seeing Jane's guarded expression, she explained softly, "Your mother and I used to be very good friends."

Jane nodded silently but didn't let her in.

Deinie smiled; this little princess was quite vigilant. Yes, that's right, she should be!

"Chiki, your mother and I were really good friends, close as sisters. Later, we drifted apart due to some

misunderstandings, Deinie explained sincerely. "But please believe me, I never had any ill intentions **towards** her. Today, I came specifically to see her."

Jane hesitated and noticed the gifts in her **hands**, seemingly expensive skincare products.

"Is this bird's nest?" Jane **had a** sudden realization and smiled slightly. "I'll accept it on behalf of my mother. Thank you, A Auntie."

"It's not bird's nest; it's fish maw," Deinie corrected with a pause. "Ha, your mother is a cleanliness fanatic. Once she found out that bird's nest is made from bird saliva, she stopped eating it!"

After saying that, Deinie met Jane's clear gaze, realizing that she was being tested by the young girl.

If she were a fake **friend**, how could she remember these details?

"You, my child..." She smiled with affection, finding herself growing fonder of Jane.

Jane stepped aside and let her in. When Kassie saw her, she froze.

"Mom, your **childhood friend** came here specifically to see you."

a moment of silence, Kassie looked at Jane still standing on the side **and** smiled, 'Go buy something; I'll chat with that friend alone for a while.'

Jane pursed her lips but didn't move.

"There's nothing to worry about!" Kassie waved her hand. "This **Auntie** is your mom's best friend!" Jane finally nodded but reminded Kassie in a low voice to keep her phone close and call her if anything happens.

Deinie looked at Jane's back, her emotions complex.

"Envious, huh?" Kassie raised an eyebrow, got up to boil water for tea, and smiled triumphantly. "I noticed it during the calligraphy and painting exhibition the other day. You're especially envious that I have a daughter!"

Deinie rolled her eyes.

This person **was** just like before, always trying to outdo her!

**Oh** well, she would also be like before and indulge her this time.

"Yes, having a daughter is really nice. Deinie smiled lightly. "But you must take good care of **your** daughter. Don't let her fall into the wrong hands and follow your old path"

"Deinie! **You...**" Kassie couldn't stand her, just like before, never willing to back **down** in an argument! The two exchanged glances for a long time, their emotions changing countless times on their faces. Once from noble backgrounds, now having gone through the ups and downs of life, they returned to each other as the girls who used to stand by each other's **side**.

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They both smiled at the same **time**.

After all these years, without any news, it turned out they still had so much to talk about when they

met.

It was just tough on Jane; she could have finished the shopping in twenty minutes and then got a call from her mother, asking her to come back later.

So she pushed the shopping cart, shuttling between the shelves again and again, almost memorizing all the price tags...

Kassie briefly recounted her experiences over the years to Deinie.

**Deinie** tightly held her hand, her eyes turning red, biting her lip without saying a word.

Instead, it was Kassie who comforted her, "It's alright, it's all in the past now."

"Fortunately, I had Jane by my side during these **years**; otherwise, I wouldn't have made it this far," Kassie said gratefully.

Deinie nodded, showing a content smile.

Now she knew, the little princess was named Jane. Just like her, radiant like the sunshine.

"Don't just talk about me," Kassie refilled her tea. "What about you? How have you been?"

"After we had a falling out. I got married soon after under my family's arrangement. Huh! To a terrible person. I divorced him after **giving** birth **to a** son. I've been living in the United Kingdom all this while, and I came back to the capital two days ago because of some business matters."

"Deinic," Kassie looked a bit guilty, "back then... I know you meant well. You didn't want me to end up worse by being with Michael"

"But you still ended up worse, didn't you? Deinie's anger flared up. "Michael, an adopted son, managed to take over the Davis family! Has he ever looked for you all these years? Does he know you gave birth to two children for him?"

"It was my own choice," Kassie said **firmly**. "Besides, he hasn't done anything wrong

"And you're defending him!" Deinie couldn't argue with **her**.

Kassie patted her arm with a smile. "I've let go of these things long ago. The most important **things** in the Davis family are in my hands, thanks to Michael."

"What things?"

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A faint ripple appeared in Kassie's eyes.

Not long after, Deinie caught on and blurted out, "Could it be those medicinal formulas?"

She knew that the Davis family had been imperial physicians in the palace from generation to generation, and this tradition **had** continued. Later, they combined unique local herbs from Germany to create a set of formulas that had been in use **ever** since.

Kassie nodded, her heart **filled** with mixed emotions.

Deinie glanced at her and said, 'Those formulas should have been yours in the first place! Even if Michael gave them to you, it would be considered returning what rightfully belongs to you. Why do you still care about him?'

"The formulas aren't mine," Kassie said softly. "The old medicinal formulas from the Davis **family** had already been scattered long ago."

"Later, my grandfather supported a medical student, who was Michael's biological father. He was like the right-hand man of our family. It was he who developed these formulas."

"This entire **set** of medicines **sold** exceptionally well back then, but... ever since I left the Davis family, all the medicines produced by the Davis Pharmaceutical Factory changed their formulas." Deinie was taken aback. "**Because** the formulas were in your hands? This shouldn't be right. **Michael** should have memorized those formulas a long time ago!"

The atmosphere suddenly quieted, and the only sound **was** the bubbling of the tea kettle..

"Is this... Michael's final thought for you? Deinie's voice became low. "But why would he entrust this to you?"

Kassie took a deep breath and began to explain. I've never met Michael's biological father. I've called Michael as elder brother since I **can** remember, and it was only when I grew up that I learned. about his identity **as a** member of the Davis family. Later..."

Later, they fell in love, and Michael cherished her **dearly**.

At that time, nobody had high hopes for their relationship. Their parents opposed it, the family opposed it, and even Deinie, who **had** always been close to her, opposed it.

Kassie left in anger, intending to wander the world with her beloved. However, in the blink of an eye, the Davis family changed ownership.

Michael calculated everyone, including her!

She was

left in a miserable **state**, abandoned by everyone in the family. Meanwhile, on the day she was expelled from Germany, Michael became the new head of the **Davis** Pharmaceutical Industry. in charge of **everything**.

Later, she learned that

Michael had harbored hatred long ago. Many years ago, in order to obtain those formulas, Michael's grandfather caused an explosion in a pharmaceutical lab, and Michael's father was inside....

Deinie gently patted her back, feeling her trembling body, and couldn't help but feel distressed.

But more than that, she felt indignant!

"So I was right!" Deinie **was** a bit excited. "Michael really used you and then abandoned you!"

"

"That's not true! Kassie looked up at her. "Later, he came looking for me. It was a few years after I gave birth to Jane, he was searching for me all this time!"

10.00

My Husband Is A Secret Billionaire

"So, you softened your heart again? And you gave birth to a son for him? Deinie couldn't help but wish she could pry open Kassie's head to see what was inside.

"Kassie, you are just being foolish! I hope your daughter doesn't inherit your brain."

Kassie fell silent for a while and then whispered, "During our final encounter, I made it clear to Michael that the grievances between us might never be resolved in this lifetime. I will never return to the Davis family, and I hope he never disturbs me again."

"You..." Deinie didn't know what else to say. Finally, she sneered, "You **really** have principles!"

"

Kassic smiled at her.

They were different. Deinie was rational, even in the face of significant events, she remained calm, analyzed the situation, and made decisions **that** were most advantageous to her.

Kassie, on the other hand, was deeply emotional.

In her world, without emotions, everything became **meaningless**.

"Oh, Kassie," Deinie suddenly thought of something. If these formulas were sold outside, their value **would** be beyond measure. **Haha**, it seems that Michael hasn't completely lost his humanity; he left you a way out!"

Deinie quickly did some calculations **in** her mind; the **profits** in the pharmaceutical industry were immeasurable.

"I didn't expect it, Kassie, the things you hold in your hands are worth more than the McLore family's fortune!"

"That's nonsense!" Kassie handed her some pastries, shutting her mouth, "I won't sell these!"

"You..." Deinie rolled her eyes, "You're just stubborn! My daughter-**in-law** **has** suffered so much following you..."

"What **daughter-in-law**?" Kassie was taken **aback**.

"Have you forgotten? Deinie said seriously. "We agreed in the **past** that if you have a daughter and I have a **son**, we'll become **in laws**!"

"That won't work! My daughter **is already** spoken for!"

Deinie paused, a hint of disappointment flashing in her eyes, "She...**is** she married?"

"Not yet, but it's coming soon!"

"If she's not married, it doesn't **count**!" Deinie persisted.

Kassie looked at her with disdain, scanning her up and down, and then turned **away**, "What kind of person are you...trying to ruin someone's chance at **marriage**? Let me tell you, I am very satisfied with my son in **law**, and I won't let Jane break up with him!"

"Wait until you meet my son, **you'll** be even more satisfied!"

"We'll talk about that later," **Kassie's** expression suddenly turned serious, "Let me tell you, you must not speak about my situation to anyone. Even **Jane** doesn't know who I really **am**, so I don't want anyone else to find out either."

Deinie nodded, "Okay, I understand."

People from the Davis family might think that I **was already** dead, and over the years, Michael had indeed managed the Davis family very well.

If I were to reappear, it would cause turmoil. They might be exploited by some cunning individuals within the family, and it could lead to more harm than good.

Chaper 11

"But don't blame me for speaking out of turn," Deinic sighed, "I still believe that the Davis family belongs to you. When the time is right, you should **reclaim** what is rightfully yours along **with** your

children."

"No need," Kassie smiled faintly, "I just want to live the rest of my life peacefully, being with my children is enough for me."

"Speaking of children..." **Deinie** still wouldn't **give** up. "Don't you consider my son?"

Kassie frowned, looking even more disdainful, she turned her **head** and walked to the balcony to retrieve some clothes.

Deinie followed behind like a broken record, nagging. "Hey, my son is **really** outstanding, definitely better than **your** son-in-law! Our little princess is so great, she can't just marry anyone, she should. **marry** someone **extraordinary**, right?... Hey, Kassie, I'm talking to **you!**"

Jane sat at the supermarket entrance, looking at her phone, bored and occasionally pouting.

In the shopping bag, a **big** lobster **was** bubbling, seemingly as bared as she **was**.

She thought the lobster was fresh and cheap and had planned to buy it and go home quickly. However, her mother and her friend were chatting so animatedly that it **was** almost noon, and she still hadn't received a call asking her to come back.

Jane pursed her lips, her beautiful big eyes rolling a few times before a mischievous smile appeared.

She dialed someone's number, and after a few rings, a steady voice came from the phone:

"What's the matter?"

She lazily smiled, her voice as soft **as** cotton candy, "Can't I call you without any specific reason?"

C

Chapter 196

Jane thought it was almost lunch break, and she assumed that the person on the other end of the phone should not be busy. Little did she know that a terrifying storm had just ended in the conference room.

However, as soon as he **heard** that soft, tender, and sweet voice, Dominic's heart melted, and his immense temper vanished into thin air.

He **smiled** faintly, and his eyes and brows were filled with indulgence.

Hearing silence from the other end of the **line**, Jane waited for a moment and then asked in a **gentle** manner, "Are you... busy? Did I disturb you?"

He whispered, "No."

"Then what are you doing?"

"Do you want the truth?" the man chuckled.

"Of course!"

"I'm thinking of you."

Those four soft words made Jane's cheeks blush, and he clutched his phone with his hand, fingers fidgeting restlessly.

"What about you?" he asked. "What are you **doing**?"

Jane said softly. "I'm thinking of you 100,"

Dominic's eyes lit up with a smile, and the previous gloom **was** swept away.

In the conference room, everyone looked at Assistant Henry Finn, his family driver with an inexplicable expression, as if they had seen a ghost. Henry glanced at them, wearing a helpless expression.

"Have you **had** lunch?" Jane asked softly, "If not, come to my place. I bought lobster and will make lobster baked rice for you."

Dominic immediately nodded his agreement and left behind a room full of people, flying to Jane's place to wait for lunch.

But the reality was...

Campbell Corporation's affairs were endless, and he couldn't find a moment of peace.

He looked at Assistant Finn, who looked anxious, gesticulating **and** indicating that there were negotiations, meetings, visitors, and a stack of documents he hadn't looked at...

However, Dominic **was** focused on the phone and **casually said**, "Where are you right **now**?"

"Just outside the supermarket near my **house**," Jane replied with a light laugh.

"Wait for me, I'll be right there."

After hanging up the phone, Henry's eyes **nearly** popped out. Young Master, this..."

"What's the matter?" He shot a cold look, "I don't even have the right to have a lunch **break** now, is that it?"

"**Not...** not that," Henry forced a smile, "Actually, your meal is already **reserved**. At Bright Brilliance Mansion, you can rest after eating..."

"Hey, Young Master!"

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Before he could finish, Dominic had already disappeared **without** a trace.

Nothing was more important than the phrase "thinking of her."

Dominic quickly arrived at the entrance of the small supermarket and hugged Jane tightly **as** soon **as** he saw her.

Rice can be skipped, but people cannot be ignored.

The faint fragrance emanating from her is the best medicine, capable of curing all sadness.

"Hey, what's wrong with you?" Jane patted his back and smiled, "You're so energetic even when you're hungry!"

"It's precisely because I'm hungry' that I have more energy," the man's voice carried a **hint** of laughter as he whispered in her ear, "**Has** it ever been different before?"

Jane suddenly realized what he was referring to, and her little face blushed instantly. She raised her small fist and playfully swung it at him.

But Dominic just smiled and let her hit him, while he held her small hand and placed it against his chest, saying. "Hit here, harder!"

Jane couldn't take advantage and was instead gently pulled into his embrace.

"Alright, I won't tease you anymore," Dominic put **away** his smile and looked at her seriously, "I came to see you briefly, but I won't **have** a meal."

"Ah?" She was taken aback. "Why?"

"There are **still** many things to handle at the company.'

..

"Oh..." she nodded, feeling a bit **disappointed**, but work was more important. "**Alright** then, if you have time, come over in the evening."

"Okay," he ruffled her hair, "I'll help you take your stuff back."

"No need! It's just a lobster and some vegetables. I can handle it myself. Besides, there are guests **at** home now, so I might have to wait a while before **going** back."

"Guests?" Dominic **was** surprised. Jane's mother **rarely** interacted **with** people, so why were there suddenly guests?

"Yeah, it's my mother's best friend from the past," Jane said with a smile, "A very elegant aunt."

Dominic nodded, not thinking too much about it.

He placed his hand on her shoulder, looked into her eyes, and said softly, "Jane, I plan to... arrange **for** you to meet my mother."

Jane's heart jumped to her throat.

"Don't worry," he spoke gently, "I will handle your relationship with her in the best possible way, and I won't let you feel uncomfortable."

**Jane** felt sad, "It's because of me **that** you're feeling uncomfortable, right

"

"What nonsense!" He patted her **head** and chuckled lightly, "This **weekend** is the thirtieth wedding anniversary of the White family's parents. The Campbell family will definitely attend, **and** my mother has always been on good terms with Mr. **White's** parents, so **she** will be there too."

"Love, come with me. I want everyone to know **about your** existence!"

**After** returning home, Deenie couldn't forget about the little princess and was determined to make

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her become her daughter-in-law.

One day, when she heard from Kassic that the little princess was working at a newspaper, and she was going to interview some Wall Street investment elite at the financial center, Deenie decided to **drive** there herself without even bringing her assistant.

Jane waited at the entrance of the financial center for **nearly** two hours.

Although her back was sore and her **waist** ached from standing, she dared not let **her guard** down. As the conference in **the** financial center was about to end, she took advantage of the last ten minutes to review the interview outline.

Suddenly, the door of the conference room opened, and several other reporters rushed over. Jane was already accustomed to such scenes, so she also pulled her cameraman along and rushed forward. Because of her petite figure, she easily secured an excellent position in the front **row**. The interviewee was named Tyrone Walkermann, born into a middle-**class** family. After graduating from university, he had ten years of investment experience on Wall Street, making him a true elite. Coupled **with** his handsome appearance, he attracted attention wherever he went. However, it was precisely this that gave him a sense of superiority and condescension.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the press!" his assistant called out, "Mr. Walkermann has another financial seminar to attend, and he only has five minutes available. Please make good use of your time to ask questions!"

Jane quickly turned on her recording pen and politely asked a question about investment. Unexpectedly, Tyrone **paused** and looked at her with a disdainful expression.

"Which media are you **from**?"

Jane was taken aback.

Tyrone **continued**, "The angle of this question is a bit tricky, and it's a professional matter. **Even** if

answer, I'm afraid you won't understand!"

"Mr. Walkermann, I've been reading books about finance recently." Jane explained, "If you could briefly explain **this** question, I believe I can understand."

"Hmph," Tyrone sneered, "Do you think you can compare to me just by reading a **few** books?"

Tyrone looked displeased and very impatient.

"Which media are you from, and what articles have you written before?"

Jane bit her lip, feeling that she couldn't **continue**.

At **this moment**, the cameraman stepped forward to defend her, "Our journalist here has interviewed Tom Cruise before!"

From the

"Oh, no wonder," Tyrone snorted, "**Hmph**, Tom Cruise is from the entertainment industry, and I'm **from** the financial industry. How can he **compare** to me?"

"Mr. Walkermann, I've written a feature on Tom **Cruise**," Jane said softly, "It had **about a** hundred thousand views."

"Just a hundred thousand!" **Tyrone** smirked, "Then don't bother interviewing me! Journalists who interviewed me before **had** articles with millions of views!"

**13:45**

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Jane was taken aback, hearing the whispering voices around her, feeling extremely embarrassed,

Tyrone arrogantly rolled his eyes and had a few assistants clear the way for him as they hurried toward the main entrance.

As they left, one of the assistants, whether intentional or not, bumped into Jane. Jane's small body lost its balance, nearly falling, and the interview equipment in her hands scattered onto the ground.

"Hey, what are you doing!" the cameraman along her exclaimed indignantly.

Jane stopped him. "Let it go..."

"And they call themselves Wall Street elites! Is this the kind of people Wall Street produces?"

"Alright, don't argue with them here," Jane whispered, "We won't gain anything by making a scene in front of so many people. Do you want to get scolded by the chief editor?"

"Then you go back first." After pondering for a moment, Jane continued, "I'll come up with a plan and see if I can attend the next lecture!"

The cameraman let out a sigh and had other tasks at the editorial department, so he could only do as she said and left.

Jane felt the surrounding gazes pierce through her like knives, as if mocking her for being incompetent.

She steadied herself and was about to crouch down to pick up the things from the ground when suddenly, the hall became eerily quiet. Everyone's eyes turned to the entrance, followed by the confident and powerful sound of high heels on the marble floor.

Tyrone also halted his steps, and when he saw the person, a look of surprise mixed with flattery appeared on his face.

He quickly stepped forward and nodded and bowed to the woman. "President McLore, ah... Why have you come?"

"I heard Mr. Walkermann is holding a financial lecture here," Deinie answered casually, "so I came to learn something too!"

"President McLore, you're joking! What are my trivial skills compared to you?"

Deinie took off her sunglasses, her eyes deep and inscrutable, lips lightly curved, appearing neither angry nor pleased. Her aura was overwhelming, making people not dare to act rashly in her presence.

"Mr. Walkermann is too modest! As an elite who has returned from Wall Street, you must have more investment experience than us."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare..."

"This time, I'm also looking for suitable investment projects while I'm back in the capital," she smiled gently, "I wonder if Mr. Walkermann is interested in introducing one to me?"

In that moment, Tyrone's eyes lit up, nearly popping out of his sockets.

Who was President McLore? She usually had tasks that were far beyond reach for ordinary people, yet today, she was standing in front of him, talking about investments?

If he didn't seize this opportunity, he would truly be a fool!

"President McLore!" Tyrone rubbed his hands together, his smile stretching to his ears,  
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investment environment in the capital is indeed excellent right now! If you want to invest in the capital, I will do my utmost to assist you!"

"Oh... In fact, my company specializes in investments. It will definitely help President McLore make money!"

"Really?" Deinie arched her eyebrow, a complex smirk appearing on her lips.

"May I ask how large Mr. Walkermann's company is?"

"Our company's registered capital is fifty million!" Tyrone proudly straightened his back, adjusted his tie, and said, "We have recently invested in several projects, and the returns have all exceeded

one million..."

Before he could finish speaking, Deinie interrupted, "Mr. Walkermann, are you kidding with me?"

"Just fifty million? Then don't bother cooperating with me. The investment companies I've worked with before made net profits of up to one billion in just one project!"

Tyrone's face suddenly changed, staring blankly at her,

Deinie enunciated clearly. "Who doesn't boast? The key is to have the capital to back it up!"

Saying that, she took out her phone and dialed her assistant's number, saying, "Put Mr. Tyrone Walkermann on the blacklist. The McLore Group of Companies, including all its holding companies, will never work with this person again!"

Tyrone turned pale, already covered in cold sweat, not knowing which sentence offended this

Woman.

But the next moment, Deinie simply rolled her eyes at him and walked towards Jane.

She picked up the things scattered on the ground and handed them to Jane, putting her hand on Jane's shoulder with a warm smile.

Almost everyone in the hall held their breath, looking at Jane with astonishment.

Tyrone hurriedly approached, "Ms. McLore, this..."

Deinie remained expressionless and said coldly, "You bumped into my daughter earlier and didn't even say sorry?"

Tyrone was stunned, stuttering as he asked, "This... this young lady is..."

"She's the most precious princess of the McLore Corporation!" Deinie said with a cold smile,

'Do you understand now?'

After speaking, she didn't even bother to look at him and left the financial center with Jane. The two of them went to a nearby cafe.

Deinie didn't know what kind of coffee Jane liked, so she ordered every type on the menu. Jane couldn't stop her, feeling a little overwhelmed by the aunt's enthusiasm.

"Auntie, thank you for what happened earlier," she said sincerely.

"It's just a small matter, nothing to thank me for!"

Deinie smiled at her, but noticed that this girl seemed to have something on her mind.

"Jane, what's wrong?"

"Oh, it's nothing." Jane forced a smile, still unsure how to write the interview report.

Deinie thought for a moment and guessed, "Is it because you haven't completed the interview task?"

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"Yes."

"Show me the interview plan you've prepared.

Jane handed it to her, and Deinie looked through the outline. She liked the neat and organized approach, clear thinking, and valuable questions without any empty words.

The more she looked, the more she liked it, appreciating this work style.

"Do y

ou have to interview this Tyrone Walkermann?" she asked.

Jane replied honestly, "Not necessarily, as long as it's someone in the financial industry."

Deinie turned her eyes, someone in finance? That's right within reach! Her own son would be the perfect fit!

This weekend, they were going to the White family's banquet, so she could take this little princess along and introduce her to her son. Maybe the two of them would hit it off...

And then...

Mutual affection, lovey dovey, wedding bells...

Deinie seemed to have already envisioned the scene of holding her grandchild, feeling blissful and smiling with delight!

Jane looked at her strangely and gently shook her, "Auntie? Auntie!"

"What's wrong with you?"

"Oh, it's nothing." Deinie snapped out of her thoughts.

Jane shrunk her neck a bit, the aunt's smiling face and eyes... making her feel a bit uneasy.

"Jane," Deinie asked her, "how long have you been a journalist?"

"Not for a long time, so I lack experience." Jane modestly replied, "I still have a lot to learn."

Hmm, eager to learn, ambitious, truly a good child! Deinie nodded with a smile.

"Heh, don't focus solely on work," she chuckled, "I see your mother cares a lot about your personal

matters!"

Jane was taken aback, full of question marks on her face.

Deinie continued, "You're so pretty, I bet many people pursue you, right?"

Ou

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Jane felt embarrassed and replied, "Thankfully..."

"Do you have a boyfriend now?" Deinie asked.

Jane sheepishly nodded.

"When will you break up?" Deinie inquired.

Jane remained silent. Shocked from what the Old Lady asked her.

Deinie was speechless.

Oh, why did I blurted out the truth like that?

"Oh, no, that's not it!" She quickly corrected herself with a smile, "Ah, what I meant was, you're

young and beautiful now, with plenty of opportunities to choose from. There's no need to be tied to one person!"

Jane looked at her with wide eyes.

Oh no, she misspoke again!

Deinie bit her lip. Today was really out of the ordinary. In front of the little princess, she couldn't even speak properly!

"Jane..." She struggled to explain, "Actually, what Auntie meant was..."

"Auntle, you don't need to say anymore, I understand," Jane politely smiled, "But I won't break

up

with my boyfriend. I love him very much, and in my heart, he is my future husband. I want to spend my life with him!"

Deinie paused, remaining silent.

She was indeed disappointed. Didn't this just mean she had no chance with her son?

Well, a lifetime...

This trait must have come from Kassie. Once she set her heart on something, she would be unwavering and faithful in her dedication. Hmm... Although Deinie didn't entirely agree with this perspective on love, upon further thought, she realized that such steadfastness could be an advantage. If her own son could be loved by a girl like that, it would truly be a stroke of luck!

So she absolutely couldn't miss this opportunity with the little princess!

But now the conversation had reached a dead end. What else could she do to continue?

Deinie tightly held the coffee cup, tapping her fingers forcefully against its surface.

great

She had experienced even the most challenging business negotiations and overcome the most difficult opponents. She could eloquently outwit anyone with her clear thinking. Yet, in

front of the resolute little princess, she suddenly lost her sense of direction...

"Auntie, really appreciate your help today," Jane stood up, bowing politely, and smiled gratefully, "But I must go now. I have other interview tasks."

"Just a moment!" Deinie called out, gently holding Jane's hand, "Jane, are you free this weekend?"

"I..."

"Didn't you say that your interview subjects could be anyone from the financial world? I happen to know someone like that. I'll introduce you this weekend, and you won't need to waste time on preparing another interview outline."

Chapter 158

Jane was a little hesitant. She had already promised Dominic to accompany him to the White family this weekend and also meet his mother.

If she left midway, it might leave a bad impression on her future mother-in-law.

However, this interview opportunity was indeed rare, and if she could complete this interview, she would finish her task for the month ahead of time.

"What's wrong?" Deinie noticed her hesitation and asked, "Do you already have plans?"

Jane honestly nodded.

"Oh, that's alright," Deinie chuckled, writing an address on her notebook, "If you change your mind or finish your date early, come to this place."

Her eyes seemed cunning like a sly fox. "Rest assured, no matter how late you come, I will make sure this interview is a resounding success!" "Rest assured, no matter how late you come, I will make sure to stall Dominic and hand him over to you!" Deinie thought.

Weekend at the White family's house.

The White family's grand mansion was also built along the mountainside, overlooking the distant Campbell estate.

The entire mansion was designed in a traditional European courtyard style, exuding an ancient and noble atmosphere. With the addition of high-tech facilities, it also carried a modern aesthetic.

Dominic's car slowly entered the internal road of the White family.

He held Jane's small yet soft hand all the way, smiling lightly at her and said, "Don't worry, the people of the White family are easy to get along with. You'll see when you meet Hector."

"His parents are warm, kind, and have good character."

Jane was curious. Then how do they adapt to the deceit in the business world?"

Dominic touched her hair and said, "Adaptability is the best way to survive in the face of constant changes."

"Oh, so when I meet your mother later, I should also adapt to whatever comes my way?"

Jane smiled, "I'll stay true to myself and face her with the utmost sincerity. I think she should accept me."

"Of course."

Dominic leaned down and gently touched her little nose. Her fragrance filled his nostrils, and his emotions stirred. His large hand began to wander around her waist, becoming restless....

"Don't do this..." Jane pushed him gently.

Dominic grinned impishly and lightly kissed her lips like a dragonfly skimming over water. Hearing some movement from the front, Henry intended to close the partition, but accidentally pressed the wrong button, and the window came down...

A gust of wind blew in, messing up Dominic's hair. Henry's face changed dramatically, he hurriedly closed the window and saw his boss' cold expression through the rearview mirror. Henry forced a smile and, in his nervousness, accidentally stepped on the brake.

Dominic's face grew even darker.

"Young Master," Henry turned back, his mouth twitched twice, "we've arrived."

Dominic gave him a death stare, remaining silent for a while.

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Jane's face blushed slightly as she held his hand, smiled softly, and pulled him out of the car. The White family mansion was bustling with excitement today, and all the guests were either rich or noble. The White family was hospitable and loved children, so mischievous kids often ran around the courtyard, playing and chasing each other.

A group of older children were chasing balloons, while a four or five-year-old boy held a piece of cake, stumbling along behind them.

Clearly, the boy couldn't keep up with them and panicked, bumping into Dominic among the crowd...

"This kid!" Dominic helplessly, both amused and annoyed, and the whole piece of cake ended up on his suit.

The little boy knew he had made a mistake and stared at the two of them with a pitiful look. Jane couldn't bear to scold him, so she patted his little face and let him play elsewhere.

"Good thing I am not wearing the suit you bought for me," Dominic laughed, "otherwise, I would have spanked this kid!"

"You're an adult, why bother with a little child!"

Jane helped him wipe off the cake, but there was too much cream, and the suit was ruined. Assistant Henry hurriedly brought out a spare one from the car.

"I'll go change my clothes first," Dominic said softly. "you stay here, don't wander around. I'll be back soon!"

Jane nodded and smiled.

The White family mansion was like a maze, with so many guests around; naturally, she didn't know where to go.

She remembered the interviewee mentioned by Aunt Deinie. At that time, Aunt Deinie wrote down the address in her notebook, but she didn't pay attention.

Looking at the situation today, it seemed that the event wouldn't end anytime soon.

Jane thought for a moment, took out her phone, and intended to send a message to Aunt Deinie. "Auntie, I'm really sorry, I might not be able to make it today..."

"Jane?"

Before she could finish the message, a familiar voice suddenly came from behind.

Jane turned around in surprise.

Deinie looked radiant, holding a glass of champagne, and walked towards her with a delighted expression.

"Jane, why didn't you tell me you were coming!"

"Auntie?" Jane was stunned, "Why are you here?"

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Deinie was overjoyed. Just a moment ago, she ran into Dominic, who was preparing to change clothes on the corridor. To her astonishment, this rascal of a son solemnly informed her that tonight he had also brought his girl along....

Deinie was so angry that she almost exploded. She sternly warned him, "Dominic, if you dare to let that woman enter our house, I won't be around when she's here, and she won't be around when I am!"

Dominic, however, remained unperturbed and smiled, "Mom, if she enters, it will be the Campbell family's door, not the McLore family's."

Deinie was speechless at his response, glaring at him with clenched teeth.

What a rebellious son!

She poured a glass of champagne and walked away angrily, unexpectedly bumping into Jane!

Ah, this was perfect! The little princess had arrived. It seemed even the heavens were helping her! Deinle grabbed Jane's hand, showing a loving auntie smile, and looked her up and down. "Jane, you look really beautiful today! This outfit suits you and complements your temperament!"

Jane smiled shyly. "My boyfriend picked it for me."

Deinie instantly frowned, thinking to herself: "Boyfriend? What a tasteless choice, lacking in refinement!"

But soon she put on a smile again and said, "By the way, Jane, are you here for an interview? Well, let me take you to meet the person I want to introduce you to!"

Jane's mind was a bit confused. So this was the address her Aunt Deinic had written for her...

Since she could attend this banquet, it meant she had connections with the four major families. Maybe she knew Dominic's mother too?

Jane furrowed her brows, feeling something strange in her heart.

Just as she was lost in thought, Aunt Deinie pulled her and was about to walk away.

"Auntie, I..."

"Hurry, hurry!" Deinie urged anxiously, "I just saw that person. Let's go find him quickly before he runs away!"

"But I'm waiting for someone here," Jane looked at her with hesitation.

Deinie was taken aback. She couldn't stand to see the little princess in distress, so after a moment of consideration, she said, "Alright, you wait here, and I'll go get him!"

Saying that, she put down her champagne glass and swiftly walked into the crowd on her high heels.

Jane stood there waiting, surrounded by a pleasant atmosphere of laughter and conversation. The sound of a melodious violin perfectly complemented the ambiance of the courtyard.

She looked around, guessing that Dominic should be almost done changing. She was thinking about how to explain the situation with Auntie Deinle when a sharp voice came from not far away.

"Oh, Jane Fallon is here too?"

Jane looked up and saw a woman in a glamorous outfit, wearing exquisite makeup and exuding an imposing aura.

She was the same woman Jane encountered at the door of the house last time.

The one who had a close relationship with Dominic since childhood. Jane pursed her lips and smiled politely, "Miss Miranda, hello."

Miranda was somewhat surprised. "You know who I am?"

"I do," Jane looked at her, "Dominic mentioned you to me."

Miranda was briefly taken aback, her gaze filled with doubt. "He... actually mentioned me to you?" Jane didn't deny it.

At this moment, Miranda seemed to breathe a sigh of relief in her heart. This meant she still held some significance in Dominic's heart... After all, it was the Campbell and Yeager alliance. No matter how unwilling Dominic might be, he couldn't defy the entire family! Thinking this, Miranda proudly curled her lips, crossing her arms in front of her chest.

"Since you know about my relationship with Dominic, is it appropriate for you to appear here today?"

Jane smiled without saying a word.

Miranda approached her, feeling a little uneasy about Jane's serene and elegant temperament. The innate nobility emanating from her made Miranda somewhat doubtful. This Jane... Isn't she an illegitimate child? Moreover, she comes from a small place like Coltsvoc Countryside.

And she, the precious daughter of the Yeager family in the central city, how could she possibly lose to Jane in terms of aura!

"I know you met Dominic in Coltsvor Countryside," Miranda cleared her throat, "He was recuperating in Coltsvoc Countryside at that time, and you ended up together by coincidence." She stared at Jane intently, "Jane, you are a smart person. Why don't you think about why Dominic didn't tell you that he already had me, his fiancée, in the central city?"

"Fiancee?" Jane raised an eyebrow, "You mean you and Dominic have an engagement?"

Miranda raised her voice, "This is an unspoken agreement between the Campbell and Yeager families!"

Jane smiled gently and said, "Miss Miranda, I'm not well-versed in such matters as 'unspoken agreements',"

"I think, since both families approve and understand each other's intentions, and Dominic doesn't object, why is it 'unspoken? If there was no agreement," it means both families still have concerns about this marriage alliance."

"Or perhaps," Jane looked into her eyes and emphasized each word, "Dominic doesn't acknowledge it at all!"

"You..." Miranda's face turned red and white alternately.

Jane lifted her hand to adjust her hair, and the large emerald on her ring finger exuded an extraordinary sense of luxury and love, stinging Miranda's eyes.

She was itching to vent her hatred, but she knew she couldn't show it on her face. After all, this was the White family's place, and causing a scene with Jane here would damage the Yeager family's reputation.

Besides, Dominic was also present, and she couldn't let him think she was a shrew.

Miranda suppressed her jealousy and reluctantly forced a smile. "Miss Fallon is indeed eloquent. No

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My Husband Is A Secret Billionaire

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wonder Dominic likes you."

"But some things won't change just because Dominic likes you." Miranda sneered, "He represents the entire Campbell family, and his marriage is closely linked to the Campbell family's interests!" Jane lowered her gaze and gently caressed the emerald on her hand.

"Don't think that exchanging rings with him means you can privately bind him to you and become part of the Campbell family. Miss Fallon, it's not that easy to enter the Campbell family..." Miranda leaned in closer and whispered, "But I can see that you really like Dominic, and having you around. can keep him in check, which is better than him messing around with other people."

Jane looked coldly at her. "What do you mean by that?"

On the other side, Assistant Henry Finn walked ahead as if he were being coerced, with Deinie closely following behind him.

Assistant Henry didn't dare to turn around because doing so would meet Miss Deinie's piercing and sinister eyes.

Who dared to disturb Third Master Campbell while he was changing clothes?

But this biological mother was someone Assistant Henry Finn couldn't afford to provoke either...

In his heart, Assistant Finn sighed countless times, stopping in front of a room and forcing a smile at Miss Deinie. "Madam Deinie, this... is it."

"Haven't changed yet?"

"I should be done soon."

Deinie knocked on the door directly, "Dominic, stop dawdling! Come out quickly and go with me to meet someone!"

Dominic opened the door abruptly and felt a headache when he saw his mother.

"Mom, can't you give up on this? How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not interested in the person you mentioned!"

"Interest can be cultivated!" Deinie insisted, "When you were a child, besides eating, what else were you interested in? Didn't I teach you everything step by step and give others the illusion of natural talent..."

"Mom, you!"

"Hurry up and come with me!"

Dominic's face darkened. "I'm going to the bathroom!"

Deinie yelled, "Hold it in!"

On the side, Assistant Finn couldn't hold back anymore and laughed twice before quickly shutting up.

"Dominic, if you dare to go to the bathroom, I'll take that girl to the bathroom to find you! Deal with it yourself!"

After saying that, Deinie turned around and left.

Dominic glared at her back, his face almost turning purple.

"Young Master, it's not a big deal to meet her," Assistant Finn reminded in a low voice, "Don't forget, Miss Fallon is going to meet Madam Deinie tonight. It's best not to clash with your family's matriarch now... Go for the sake of Miss Fallon!"

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Actually, Dominic thought the same way.

It would be better to meet the person and clarify things directly, rather than dragging it on like this.

"Alright, I'll go now." He said in a deep voice. "You go find Jane. Don't let her wait anxiously. Take her to the room to wait, or call my sister, Linda to accompany her."

"And... under no circumstances should you reveal to her who I'm meeting. Understand?"

Chapter 200

Jane and Miranda stood face to face.

She looked at the slight upward curve of Miranda's mouth, her small hand clenched into a fist at her side.

"Miss Fallon, do you not understand what I mean?"

Miranda sneered, "I won't stop you from being with Dominic. Even if I marry him in the future, I will take care of you properly, and I won't be jealous of you!"

"Well, in families like ours, this kind of thing happens all the time. I will gradually adapt, and I believe Miss Fallon will get used to it too!"

Jane bit her lip and took a deep breath.

She was just about to blurt out the words "concubine" and "mistress."

Miranda smiled like a hidden knife, quietly watching her. Hmph, this woman who overestimates herself actually used the exchange of engagement rings to humiliate her last time. This time, she must not give her any face!

"Yes, Miranda is right!" Suddenly, a loud voice rang out.

Miranda's eyes brightened, and she immediately put on a smiling face and sweetly shouted, "Auntie!" However, just as she was about to run over, Deinie stepped aside and raised her hand to refuse her hug.

Miranda's arms were already stretched out, now awkwardly hanging in mid air, looking very embarrassed.

Her face changed when she saw the Old Lady walking towards Jane and hugging her shoulder.

"What Miranda said is correct," Deinie chuckled, "In families like ours, it's quite normal for men to have concubines. Having just one is not enough; they need to enjoy the pleasure of having three or four wives and concubines!"

"Auntie?" Miranda couldn't figure out the meaning of her words for a moment.

"But Miranda, you can rest assured," Deinie looked at her, "My Dominic is not that kind of person!"

Miranda thought she was talking about her and couldn't help but smile shyly.

But the next moment, Deinie turned her gaze to Jane, with a gentle and affectionate look in her eyes. Her voice was also tender, "My Dominic only needs Jane!"

"What?" Miranda was dumbfounded.

Jane's mind went blank with a loud bang.

Auntie said, Dominic? Her Dominic?

Is she talking about my boyfriend Dominic?

At this banquet, there can't be another Dominic, right?!

How is it possible... Auntie Deinie is Dominic's mother?

Auntie, what do you mean?" Miranda couldn't believe it.

Deinie had a smile on her face, but that smile was cold and mocking, completely different from the one she had when she laughed at Jane,

"Miranda, what's wrong with you? Can't you understand human language?"

Chapter 200

"Auntie, you..."

"I think you were right just now." Deinie had long been displeased with Miranda and took this opportunity to give her a lesson, "You should indeed not stop Jane from being with Dominic, nor should you be jealous."

"After they get married, as her mother-in-law, I will take care of you properly. Hmph, in our family, we have many rules, and you must follow them if you want to be a concubine."

"But don't worry, families like ours' have many customs. As long as she kneels and pays her respects to the main wife, kneeling down three times and bowing nine times, she can be accepted by you as a concubine! How about it?"

Jane was stunned, unable to digest for a while, staring at her in a daze. Miranda's face turned pale, trembling all over, her teeth chattering. No wonder even Wendell is wary of Deinie... It's not just because of the McLore family's immense wealth, but also because of Deinic's sharp tongue and overwhelming presence... People around turned their gaze in this direction, whispering with interest. Miranda didn't want to be treated as a laughingstock. She stomped her foot hard, glared at Jane, and quickly walked away from the place. Jane took a while to regain his senses. "Auntie, you... you are..." "What's wrong?" Deinie looked at her with a faint smile. "You don't recognize me after just leaving for a while?" "Right, I've already brought the person for you. It's my son, Dominic McLore-Campbell." "Dominic, come over here!" Deinie called out to him.. However, to Jane's surprise, Dominic had the same expression as him! They both stared at her intently, looking astonished and then at each other, full of surprise. As Deinie observed... well, they seemed even more like a married couple now! "Don't just stand there like fools! Get to know each other!" she urged. Even Assistant Finn was dumbfounded.. Deinde felt that something was off with the atmosphere. She looked at Jane, then at her son, Dominic, and finally threw the question to Assistant Finn. "What's going on with them?" Henry chuckled, "Madam, when did you meet Miss Fallon?" "Miss Fallo" "Yes!" Henry smiled wryly, "Our Young Master wanted you to meet Miss Fallon, that is, Miss Jane Fallon!" "Fallon... Jane Fallon?" The little princess' surname is l'allon? Then who was the one Dominic encountered? "Madam Deinie, that was Fiona Fallon, Miss Jane Fallon's nominal sister... but in fact, Miss Jane is not David Fallon's daughter!" Now it was Deinie's turn to widen her eyes like bells. So, the woman her son had been determined to marry was the same person she wanted as her daughter-in-law! My Husband la Ad So, there was no need for her introduction; her son had already secured his future wife! So... She made a huge blunder, and the clown was actually herself? Enormous joy surged like a flood, struck like lightning, and erupted like lava in front of her! The immense joy made her behavior a bit abnormal. She looked at Dominic, who was smiling, and slapped him on the back of her hand. "You brat! Why didn't you tell me earlier that you have known and liked Jane? How much misunderstanding have you caused me these days!" "Mom, is it my fault?"

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