

## **CEOs Baby 1161**

### Chapter 1161

#### 1161 The War Has Started: Igniting the War

In the bathroom, Jeanne was very serious as she helped Edward shave his beard. Though, ultimately, he still had one or two scratches.

Jeanne washed him with clean water, cleaning him bit by bit.

"I'm sorry," Jeanne said. Her voice was low, and her eyes fixed on the small wound on his jaw.

"It's okay," Edward replied.

Jeanne was not just apologizing for this tiny scratch, and it seemed Edward understood. After everything she had done to him, including forcing him to come here today, he forgave her.

The two suddenly fell silent.

Their eyes met.

There were so many emotions, but it was as if there were none.

They looked into each other's eyes, which were familiar yet strange.

Jeanne closed her eyes.

A kiss was planted on her lips.

They touched each other gently, trying to feel each other's warmth. There was still some left.

Slowly, the lips on hers started to mold hers.

The temperature in the bathroom was rising.

Edward carried Jeanne out of the bathroom and kissed her. He placed her on the big bed and pressed his body on top of hers.

Mason was still in the room. During this period, he had not left Jeanne's side. They even slept in the same room. Though, Jeanne would sleep on the bed while he slept on the sofa.

He saw the two passionate people. Should he go?

A long time passed.

In the end, Mason did not leave.

To him, protecting Jeanne was the most important thing, and Edward was likely to threaten her life. So, he could only stand in the room and watch as they kissed.

"Still not leaving?" A deep male voice suddenly rang out in the room.

Mason's eyes moved slightly. He knew that Edward was talking about him.

He looked at Jeanne and her flushed cheeks.

Jeanne said, "I won't leave."

Edward looked at Jeanne. She was lying under him. Her clothes were wrinkled, and the lust on her face was obvious.

“Don’t you care about being exposed?” Edward asked her.

Jeanne did not answer, signifying a silent agreement.

Edward seemed to smile. When he did, he was still extremely charming.

At that moment, she felt a heart-penetrating coldness.

The next second, he kissed her again.

It was different from his eagerness just now. Now, he seemed to be a little ruthless.

The movement was so big that it hurt Jeanne a little.

She no longer cared about the presence of another man in the room. Under such circumstances...

“Edward.” Jeanne grabbed his hand. Her lips left his.

Edward’s eyes were filled with anger. No... It was lust.

He was venting.

“Don’t be like this,” Jeanne said. “I’m pregnant.”

Edward looked at her intently. He probably did not believe it.

Even if he had been threatened by her to come here, he probably still would not have fully believed she was pregnant. After all, they had been in a hurry that day and had only done it once.

They never did it again after that, and it could not be such a coincidence that she got pregnant on the first try. However, she really did get pregnant.

"It's true. I'm not lying to you," Jeanne told him seriously.

Edward clutched the bedsheets tightly as if he was trying to restrain himself. He had to control his emotions.

"I admit that I thought about not wanting her," Jeanne said. "When I first found out that I was pregnant at Delta Island, my first thought was to abort it because I felt it was not the right time. However, I decided to keep it because I couldn't bear to."

Edward's Adam's apple bobbed.

"I gave birth to George because I didn't have the means to get rid of the child. However, I can't bear to part with this child. This is... a child born from love, and I won't abandon it. Mm." Jeanne's lips were, once again, sealed by Edward.

It seemed he did not want to listen anymore.

She felt his lips on hers, and they were pressed so tight that not even a single drop of air could pass through.

It was as if he was making sure of her existence.

Until...

They panted heavily.

Edward moved away from Jeanne. He calmed himself down and lay down beside her.

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Jeanne was also trying her best to control her breathing.

She had not expected a child would suddenly appear at a time like this either. She had always been careful as she was afraid of getting pregnant, but it seemed that it was fate.

Edward had said previously that he wanted a second child. Now that she was really pregnant, she did not even know if he was happy or resentful. Perhaps he blamed her for threatening him with the child.

She lay down beside Edward.

The two remained silent, and the temperature that had just been ignited in the room was cooling down bit by bit.

Suddenly, a large pair of hands came close to her abdomen.

Jeanne's heart skipped a beat. She could feel the warmth of his palm on her abdomen. It was very warm.

He asked her in a serious tone, "Three months. How big are you?"

How big was a three-month fetus?

Jeanne could not help but laugh. It turned out that even Edward, who was well-versed in everything from astronomy to geography, did not know it all.

“About nine centimeters and twenty-three grams,” Jeanne replied and gestured with her hands. “About this big.”

Edward looked at the shape of her hands and muttered, “It’s only that big.”

“Yep.” Jeanne nodded.

As she nodded, she felt his warm hands moving gently around her abdomen. It was as if he was feeling it. Where exactly was the tiny baby in her abdomen?

“Third Miss.” There was a sudden knock on the door.

Jeanne froze. Edward, however, instinctively hugged her tighter.

Mason walked toward the door. “What’s the matter?”

“To celebrate Fourth Master’s release from prison, the leader wanted to have dinner together at six in the evening.”

Mason turned to look at Jeanne.

Jeanne nodded.

“Alright,” Mason replied.

With that, the servant left.

When the door closed, Jeanne got out of bed.

Edward leaned back on the bed and looked silently at his palm. It was as if there was still a trace of an indescribable feeling left there.

"I don't have your clothes here with me. I'll borrow a set for you now, and I'll have someone send your clothes over tomorrow," Jeanne said as she walked to the door.

Once Edward replied, Jeanne left immediately to Justin's room, with Mason following her.

"Brother," Jeanne called out to him.

Justin opened the door.

"Sister, you were looking for me?"

"Can you lend me a set of clothes?" Jeanne asked.

"Why?" Justin seemed a little surprised.

"Edward was released from prison today and came back here with me. Father invited us to dinner tonight, and he has no other clothes. Since we can't go to see him in pajamas, we need your help." Jeanne smiled brightly. "You should be about the same size as Edward, so I thought to borrow them from you."

"I have a custom-made suit that just arrived this afternoon and hasn't been worn yet. He can have it." Justin smiled. "I was afraid Edward would have a problem with me since I sent him to prison. It'll be a good atonement."

"Business is business, and private is private. Don't think too much about it," Jeanne consoled him. "I won't be polite with you about that set of clothes."

"There's no need, sister. Come in." Justin warmly welcomed Jeanne into his room.

After a while, Jeanne asked Mason to take Justin's clothes and left his room.

Justin walked Jeanne out. The two seemed to have a good relationship and were even seen chatting happily together.

Such a scene was naturally being watched by many people.

In his quarters, Chester's expression turned ugly. "Are you saying that Jeanne and Justin are very close?"

"I just saw her looking for Fourth Young Master. The two seem to be on good terms," The subordinate reported respectfully.

What the hell was Jeanne up to?! Why was she trying to hide from him but took the initiative to get close to Justin?! What secret did she and Justin have?

...

At night, the Sanders gathered. Even Stacey, who was married, brought William back to the Sanders for dinner.

In the dining room, many sumptuous-looking dishes filled the table.

Warren said, "The country and the family have always been in a dilemma. While I must enforce the law impartially, as a father, I can't bear to see my children suffer."

As he spoke, he let out a sigh. "I really had no choice but to imprison you this time, Edward."

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“Father, there’s no need to blame yourself. I understand. Everyone is equal in front of the law,” Edward hurriedly praised.

“It’s good that you understand,” Warren said heavily. “I hope that our family can be happy together.”

“Definitely,” Edward and the others agreed.

It was very lively during the meal.

“Brother.” Justin took the initiative to raise his glass. “Let me toast you. No matter what, this matter was my fault.”

Edward picked up his wine glass. “Don’t be so polite. We’re family.”

“Alright.” Justin downed his glass, and Edward did the same.

The others were also toasting each other.

The meal went on for a long time.

“Jeannie, come and have a drink with your dad,” Warren suddenly said.

Everyone addressed Warren as their father. It was a symbol of status.

However, at this moment, he took the initiative to address Jeanne affectionately as ‘dad’. It was obvious that Warren treated Jeanne differently.

On the surface, no one showed any emotion. In reality, Quinn and Stacey, who were both his daughters, started to feel jealous.

Chester was not only jealous, but he also began to hold a grudge against her. Throughout the entire meal, he could clearly see that Jeanne seemed to be closer to Justin than the rest of them.

“Father, I can only drink tea at the moment.” Jeanne looked shy.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?” Warren asked with concern.

“I’m pregnant,” Jeanne announced.

The others turned to look at her. No one seemed to believe it.

Justin quickly chimed in. “There was a media report today stating that Jeanne was pregnant. I thought it was just the media taking it out of context. I didn’t expect her to really be pregnant!”

“Well, I really am pregnant. It’s been three months.” Jeanne smiled.

“What good news!” Warren quickly clapped his hands and cheered. “It’s amazing news to have a child in the family! Come, come, everyone. Let’s raise our glasses to celebrate. Jeannie, you can just have some tea.”

“Okay.” Jeanne smiled.

The others raised their glasses as well and congratulated one another.

Edward accompanied Jeanne as she accepted everyone’s well wishes.

“Fourth Master.” At this moment, William also raised his cup. “To you. Congratulations.”

Edward stared at William before the two raised their glasses.

William said, "Stacey and I are also making plans. When the time comes, I hope you'll share some of your experience with us."

"Some things are just up to fate. The more you try, the harder it is to get," Edward replied perfunctorily.

"That's true." William approved.

The two finished the wine in their glasses.

William said, "I heard it's especially easy to get pregnant if you have a good relationship."

"Jeanne and Edward have such good chemistry together. No wonder they have a second child so soon," Justin interrupted. "You and Stacey have a great relationship, too, though. I believe you'll have good news soon."

"I'll count on your blessings, then." William appeared to be very happy and drank a few more cups with Justin.

The atmosphere at the dinner table was very good. After the meal, Warren seemed to be in a good mood. He even asked everyone to stay and have some tea.

In the tea room, Warren and Chester played chess while the others watched from the side. They looked like an ordinary family with some daily entertainment.

"Let's go out for a smoke," William suddenly called out to Edward.

Edward nodded and informed Jeanne before leaving with William.

Jeanne turned to look at them before continuing to watch Warren play chess.

Outside the teahouse, William handed Edward a cigarette.

Edward accepted it, and the two started smoking. They did not speak much, and only white mist lingered between them.

“Why did you follow Jeanne here?” William asked him directly.

Edward took a deep puff of his cigarette and said, “I had no choice.”

“Who forced you?”

“Jeanne.”

“Edward, you disappoint me.” William’s face darkened.

“I also have people I need to protect too.” Edward faced him. “You’re not the only one.”

“Is that the answer you’re giving me?”

“As long as you trust me enough, you can continue to do what you need to do,” Edward said bluntly. “My relationship with Jeanne will not affect you in any way.”

William looked at him coldly.

“There’s no conflict between me protecting Jeanne and not betraying you.” Edward made it very clear.

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He was telling him not to doubt him. So he kept his cool and continued smoking.

William was about to say something when Edward's eyes moved.

William instantly changed his composure. "Next time, I'll give you an antique from Sozin. You can go back and show it to the old man. If he likes it, it's his."

"Let me thank you on behalf of my dad, then."

"Don't mention it." William was warm and polite.

At this moment, Stacey appeared by William's side, intimately holding onto his arm. "William, what are you talking about with Edward? You've been out for such a long time."

"Fourth Master asked me about an antique, saying that Old Master Swan would like it. I'm helping him get ahold of it."

"Sorry to have to trouble you, William." Edward expressed his gratitude.

"It's no trouble at all." William smiled.

He extinguished his cigarette and said, "I'll let you know when I have news on them."

"Alright."

"Let's go in, then."

When the few returned to the tea room, it just so happened that a game of chess had ended.

As it was getting late, everyone said their goodbyes and returned to their own quarters.

Just as Edward and Jeanne were about to enter their bedroom, Jeanne rushed into the bathroom and headed for the toilet face down. She could not help but vomit.

Edward hurriedly followed behind her. "What's wrong?"

Jeanne endured the discomfort in her stomach and vomited a few more times.

"Are you okay?" Edward gently patted her back.

Jeanne suddenly paused.

After she vomited, she gargled some cold water to wash her mouth. However, the moment she opened her mouth, she could not help but feel nauseated and retched a few times.

A long time passed before she calmed down. She turned to look at Edward, who had a worried expression on his face.

She said, "Normal morning sickness."

Edward frowned. He did not seem to believe her.

"I can't smell smoke," Jeanne explained.

Edward was stunned for a second. He lowered his head and sniffed his body.

There was almost no smell on him. He had been smoking in the open air and had only one cigarette.

“During pregnancy, my nose becomes especially sensitive,” Jeanne said helplessly.

“I’ll take a shower immediately,” Edward said hurriedly.

Jeanne smiled and said, “Alright. You go first.”

“Why don’t we shower together?” Edward raised his eyebrows.

Jeanne refused. “What if you can’t control yourself? It’s not good for the baby.”

Edward’s smile was obvious. Under such circumstances, he could laugh.

“Jeannie.” Edward suddenly grabbed her just as she was leaving.

Jeanne was stunned.

Edward pressed a light kiss against hers.

“Thank you,” he said.

“For what?” Jeanne was speechless.

“The product of our love,” Edward said bluntly.

Jeanne did not know what to say. He suddenly felt a little mushy.

“Thank you for staying.” Edward was very clear and affectionate.

Was this moment suitable for a confession? The great Fourth Master Swan was too unprincipled. He was so easily blinded by love.

“Hurry and take a shower.” Jeanne nudged Edward lightly.

Edward let go of her, not forgetting to remind her, “Be careful when you walk.”

When had she ever been careless?

Jeanne walked out of the bathroom with a smile. However, under Mason’s gaze, the corner of her mouth stiffened. It made her think of Kingsley and Lucy.

It seemed she had also been blinded by love.

...

Half a month passed.

No one had ever thought that this period would be so peaceful. It was unrealistically calm.

After such a long time, the Duncans had not taken any action. Logically speaking, it was unlikely. However, nothing happened.

The Duncans did not seem to be threatened because of Edward.

Jeanne was currently in Warren’s study, and the two were playing chess in the study.

During this period, Jeanne had been playing chess with Warren almost every day. Sometimes, Justin would accompany him. After all, Chester was busy with work and rarely had time to spare.

Jeanne made her next move.

“You’re getting better,” Warren complimented.

“It’s because you taught me well.”

Warren looked at the game, contemplating. After some thought, he said casually, “It’s been peaceful for far too long.”

Jeanne nodded. “I do feel that something is amiss.”

“It means that the Duncans were not affected by Edward.”

“That’s why I’m suspicious.” Jeanne looked at Warren’s next move and said bluntly, “Maybe a Duncan is among us.”

Warren’s hand that was playing chess paused.

“How else could they be so calm and not react if they did not already know about Edward’s relationship with me?” Jeanne speculated.

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“You mean...” Warren could not help but shudder. “This person is in our circle?”

“It’s just my suspicion.”

“No, I think that after what you’ve said, the possibility is actually very high.” Warren’s expression changed.

If that person was really in his circle, was their every move now being watched? If he was being watched, all of their plans were simply useless.

“Father, why don’t you check the people around you?” Jeanne suggested.

“Yes, we should’ve done this long ago! We’ve been searching for the Duncans’ descendant for so long, but it didn’t cross our minds that we would have to first investigate the people around us.” Warren was a little angry.

Moreover, he did not think of that.

At that moment, he was naturally not in the mood to play chess.

“Other than five of us, everyone around us is a suspect. That includes...” Jeanne looked at Warren and said clearly, “William.”

Warren was shocked to hear William’s name because he had never considered that there would be any problems with this person.

“If there’s no problem, forget it. But if there is, it’ll be a problem. That’s why I think you should put down your pride and verify William’s DNA on the spot!”

“But... Still, I need to rely on William’s manpower and financial resources now. If we do that, I’m afraid I’ll offend him.” Warren still had his concerns.

“It’s simple. During the verification, let Chester, Justin, and Edward do it together with William. As long as everyone is treated equally, William will have nothing to say.”

Warren was overjoyed to hear Jeanne’s suggestion.

He said, “Jeannie, I’m very pleased with you. To think you can think of things that I can’t.”

"I'm just trying my best to help you and share your burdens," Jeanne said with a smile.

Warren patted Jeanne's shoulder in relief and asked, "When do you want to verify them?"

"The sooner the better."

"Tonight," Warren insisted.

Jeanne nodded in agreement. "Let me remind you to not tell anyone about what we're going to do tonight."

Warren frowned.

"What I mean is, don't tell Chester and Justin either. The fewer people who know about this, the better."

"Alright." Warren nodded. "there's no harm in being cautious."

"Prepare for the worst," Jeanne reminded him again.

Warren looked at her.

"That is to say, if William is really the Duncans' descendant, we can't make any mistakes and must take him down in one fell swoop!"

Warren nodded silently, thinking about what he should do next!

"Father, have you thought of a comprehensive plan?" Jeanne asked him.

“I’ll send more people to our residence tonight.”

“No.” Jeanne objected. “If that’s the case, people will be suspicious and know that you will definitely make a big move tonight. The descendant of the Duncans has been in hiding for so many years! Even the slightest clue could be discovered.”

“So, do you have any good ideas as to how we can go about it?”

“Are the assassins of the Hills still with you?” Jeanne raised her eyebrows.

When it came to the assassins of the Hills, Warren still felt a little ashamed. After all, he did not get his hands on them legitimately.

He explained, “If I had known that Kingsley was in such great danger, I wouldn’t have detained his assassin. The main thing was that I didn’t get any news that night. Moreover, I did have selfish motives. I was afraid that Kingsley would not listen to my arrangements, but I didn’t expect—”

“Let’s forget about the past.” Jeanne did not seem to want to talk about it. “Besides, the person who killed Kingsley was Edward.”

“As long as you don’t hate me.”

“I don’t hate you. Kingsley made it clear to me that the Hills’ mission was to help you stabilize your power. Moreover, if you don’t stabilize your power and the country is taken over by the Duncans, the Hills will be the first to be killed by the Duncans as we are the greatest contributors to your power. So, the only thing I can do now is to help you eliminate the remaining members of the Duncans.”

“Jeannie, I’m glad you understand,” Warren said with relief.

Jeanne was not used to being emotional, so she suggested, “If you believe me, you can hand over the Hills’ assassins to me.”

Warren was obviously hesitant.

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Jeanne said, "If William is really a descendant of the Duncans, the people who can kill his men without anyone knowing would be the assassins from the Hills. Of course, if you don't trust me, you can leave it to Chester or Justin to handle. However, handing it over to them would expose what we're going to do tonight."

Warren did not agree immediately.

Jeanne did not urge him either. She was merely analyzing the current situation. "William seems to have a good relationship with Chester and Justin. Of course, this doesn't necessarily mean that William is a descendant of the Duncans, so whether or not we need to be cautious is up to you, father."

Warren looked at Jeanne.

He was thinking about everything that Jeanne had said.

Jeanne was indeed more thoughtful than he had thought. If she was truly loyal to him...

He had to admit that Jeanne's behavior during this period of time had been very obvious, and he actually believed in her. However, when it came to his own interests, he had to give it more thought.

After all, the assassins of the Hills were not a small force. If he handed them over to Jeanne and they turned against him, the consequences would be unimaginable.

He said, "Jeannie, it's not that I don't believe you, but you're pregnant now and I'm afraid you'll overwork yourself. Besides, you've just returned to the Sanders. If I give you too much power, it might not be a good thing for you. In a family like ours, imbalance is a very scary thing."

"I understand what you mean, father." Jeanne did not seem to be surprised or disappointed by Warren's reply. She did not seem to be in a hurry to get back the Hills' assassins either.

"Don't be disappointed in me."

"I won't." Jeanne said with certainty, "I won't be too involved in what happens next. I believe you already have your own plans. I'll be leaving now."

She knew her limits, and it was that sense of propriety that made Warren scrutinize Jeanne for a few more seconds.

Perhaps he was indeed too guarded against Jeanne.

Jeanne could not read Warren's emotions, so she got up and walked out of his study.

Just as she opened the door, Warren suddenly called out to her, "Jeannie"

Jeanne stopped in her tracks.

The moment she turned around, an evil smile appeared on his face. She had expected Warren to test her.

She turned around. "Father."

"Although I'm afraid that you'll suffer, and that you'll be the subject of the jealousy of other brothers and sisters, I really can't think of anyone else I can trust besides you!" Warren suddenly said.

Jeanne did not seem to understand what Warren meant.

“I’ll leave the Hills’ assassins to you, and you can make the proper arrangements for tonight,” Warren said bluntly.

Jeanne did not agree immediately.

Warren raised his brows. “Why? are you throwing a tantrum at me just because I rejected you?”

“No, I’m not. It’s just that...” Jeanne said, “You just reminded me of the imbalance, and I think it makes sense.”

“Don’t worry. As long as I’m here, none of them can say anything. Moreover, the Hills’ assassins were originally yours, and they should have been returned to you a long time ago,” Warren said righteously.

Jeanne sneered as she found Warren’s words very ironic. However, she just smiled. “Since you believe in me, I will not let you down.”

“I’ll leave it to you tonight.”

“Yes.” Jeanne nodded.

What would the outcome be tonight?

She did not know, but all she wanted was to regain the power of the Hills and speed up the war between the Sanders and the Duncans.

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When Jeanne left Warren’s study, she ran into Chester again.

During this period of time, Chester would come to Warren whenever he had the slightest opportunity as he was anxious and afraid of losing favor.

He looked at Jeanne with an ugly expression.

He had heard that Jeanne played chess with Warren every day, but he did not know what they talked about in private.

Every time he asked, Jeanne would tell him that they said nothing, that there were no plans at all.

Yet, every time, he would still ask, "What did father tell you today?"

Jeanne looked at Chester.

"It's fine if you don't want to tell me." Chester seemed impatient.

Jeanne said bluntly, "He told me not to tell you"

It meant that there was a plan this time, but she could not tell him.

Chester's expression changed, and he looked at Jeanne coldly. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said. Big brother, you've always been wise and intelligent. There's no way you wouldn't understand what I mean."

"Are you showing off?" Finally, Chester could not hold it in any longer and lost his temper.

“Big brother, aren’t you being too sensitive? I’m just telling you that I can’t tell you many things because of father’s orders. I don’t know why you would misunderstand me like this!” Jeanne looked very innocent.

Chester’s expression turned ugly. “You’d better not be too full of yourself. You’re just a daughter of the Sanders. No matter how smart and capable you are, you’re just like water that has been spilled.”

“You’re right.” Jeanne said to his back as he left, “Harken is a place that favors boys over girls, so I naturally can’t do anything. However, you shouldn’t be too proud and complacent of yourself either. You’re not the only son in the Sanders.”

“What are you talking about?” Chester suddenly stopped in his tracks and glared at Jeanne.

Jeanne smiled faintly. “I’m just reminding you that there’s really no meaning this time. Big brother, if there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave first.”

Without waiting for Chester’s approval, she left.

Chester glared at Jeanne’s back and walked angrily to Warren’s study. He slowly calmed himself down and knocked on the door.

“Father.”

“I have something to deal with, so you don’t have to come over and report to me alone. If there’s anything, we can talk tomorrow.” Warren directly refused his entry.

Chester was so angry that he flung his hand away and left.

...

At night, Warren told everyone to have dinner together.

Usually, even if they lived in the Sanders' residence, each courtyard would have its own life, and they rarely gathered together.

However, it seemed to be because of Jeanne's return that there were often such family dinners.

The family sat around a table.

Everyone was originally happy, but they saw Warren's serious expression.

He said, "Before we eat, I have something to announce."

Since Warren was serious, the others naturally became serious as well.

"Before I announce this, everyone, please hand over your phones," Warren ordered.

Since he treated everyone equally, no one had anything to say about it. Although everyone was surprised, they still voluntarily handed their phones to the servants beside them.

The servant took them all and locked them in the safe beside them.

The key was passed to Warren, who accepted it.

Then, he said, "I think everyone here is clear about the Sanders' current situation. "Now, the Duncans' descendant is getting restless, but we still don't know who he is. I have to admit that I'm a little worried because of this person's existence. Thus, in order to prove everyone's innocence and let us trust each other, we can only choose to investigate blindly. We'll start with the most important people around me."

The whole family looked at Warren, and everyone except Jeanne was a little surprised.

Jeanne glanced at William without batting an eyelid and saw that he did not react much.

“I’m not targeting any of us here, nor do I suspect any of you. But in order to dispel everyone’s concerns and be more honest, I have to verify all of us present.” Warren said coldly, “That’s why I want to see if your DNA matches the Duncans’ descendant.”

No one dared to object or have any opinions.

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“Everyone, sit down and don’t move. Someone will come and cut off a single hair on your head,” Warren ordered.

“Yes,” everyone replied respectfully.

Although they could not understand Warren’s actions, they could only accept them because they could not resist.

The staff at the scene collected the hair of everyone present.

Once the collection was completed, Warren said, “The DNA matching time can be controlled to be at least six hours. It was now 6 p.m. in the evening, and the results would be out at around 12 a.m. During this time, everyone will stay here until the results are out.”

“Yes.”

“Let’s eat.” Warren greeted.

Then, he picked up his utensils, and the others also started to eat.

During the meal, the atmosphere was a little too serious as no one spoke rashly. After all, the atmosphere tonight was completely different from the usual.

At 7 p.m. after dinner, everyone was in the tea room, playing chess with Warren and Chester.

There were many guards standing in the tea room and stationed in the entire Sanders' residence. The security was so tight that not even a fly could fly out.

After two games, which was 8 p.m., Justin moved his body and got up, ready to leave the tea room.

Just as he was at the door, two guards stood in front of him.

Justin frowned.

"Where are you going?" Warren asked while playing chess.

"I'm going to the toilet," Justin replied.

"Bring them along," Warren ordered.

Justin's expression changed slightly.

As he did not expect it to be so serious, he could not help but say, "Father, are you suspecting me? Didn't I grow up by your side?"

"I don't suspect anyone now. I suspect everyone." Warren's tone was cold.

Justin wanted to say something, but Jeanne got up and pulled him back. She whispered in his ear, "You have to understand where father is coming from."

With that, Justin endured it and left with two guards by his side.

Jeanne sat back down on the sofa.

“It’s your turn,” Warren urged Chester.

Chester returned to his senses.

He had just taken a look at the interaction between Jeanne and Justin. Obviously, the two of them... did not have a simple friendship.

Nevertheless, he continued playing chess.

After a while, although Justin was a little upset when he returned, he did not dare to say anything.

The atmosphere in the tea room seemed to have become even gloomier.

By 10 p.m., Warren was a little tired. He said, “I’m not playing anymore.”

While Chester kept the chessboard away, Warren called a guard in. “Ask how long it will take.”

“Yes.”

After the guards left, they quickly returned. “The fattest will take an hour to be completed. The final manual comparison is being made.”

Warren nodded before turning to the servant beside him and said, “Bring in another pot of tea.”

“Yes, leader.” The servant left.

Just like that, another half an hour passed.

At 10:30 am., William stood up from the sofa. "Father, I need to go to the washroom."

"Go on." Warren agreed.

"I'll go with you." Stacey quickly said, "I want to move around too."

Without asking for permission, she pulled on William's arm and left.

The room was quiet and filled with silence.

At that moment, Edward suddenly stood up. "I need to use the washroom too."

Warren frowned. "Wait for a while. We'll go when William comes back."

"I'm really in a hurry." Edward looked troubled.

"Go and urge William." Warren gave the order to one of the guards in the tea room.

"Yes."

The guards quickly left.

With that, Edward stood up and walked around as if he was holding back his body's needs.

After waiting for a while, Warren's expression turned grim. "Why isn't he back yet?"

At that moment, Edward could not hold it in anymore. "I really can't take it anymore."

After that, he walked out, not caring if he got approval to do so or not.

"Stop right there!" Warren's face darkened.

However, Edward did not listen, and he was walking a little fast.

"Edward!" Warren called out to him.

Edward did not stop and walked straight out.

"Stop him!" Warren ordered the guards.

The guards immediately left, but the moment they went up, Edward kicked one of the guards, sending him flying.

Warren's expression changed.

Not just Warren, but the other members of the Sanders were also shocked by Edward's sudden resistance.

Jeanne was the same.

Did that mean Edward was covering for someone?

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Just like that, she watched as Edward and the guards started fighting.

There were many guards, and no matter how good Edward was at fighting, he would not be able to last long.

At that moment, Warren even had the intention to kill Edward. However, Jeanne stopped him. "Father, I think it's William."

Warren was stunned, and that was when he seemed to realize that William had yet to return.

"We have already verified that Edward is not a descendant of the Duncans. Since he is not, Edward is now deliberately attracting attention so that the real descendant can leave successfully!" Jeanne said quickly and anxiously.

Warren reacted quickly by standing up and leading everyone to the washroom.

At the entrance of the washroom, the two guards who had left with William were still there.

"Where is he?" Warren asked loudly.

"He's inside," the guard answered quickly.

"Knock it down!" Warren ordered.

The guards obeyed his order and knocked on the door.

When there was no response at all, Warren's expression sank. He shouted, "Knock it down!"

The security guards rushed to the bathroom door and broke it open.

The moment the door was pushed open, only Stacey was left lying on the ground in the huge bathroom. William was long gone.

As everyone hurried in, Chester hurriedly picked Stacey up from the ground and called out to her, "Stacey!"

Stacey did not move.

"Stacey..."

"Blood..." Quinn was shocked at that moment to see that Stacey's head was covered in blood.

Chester also noticed that the hand that was holding her head was now covered in blood. He, too, was shocked by the sudden scene.

"Where's William?" Warren looked at Stacey, who looked like she was on her last breath, and was extremely furious.

No one could answer.

Warren yelled at the guards, "Where is he?!"

The guard replied nervously, "We've been waiting at the door. We didn't see him come out."

"Didn't you see him come out? Didn't you hear the noise inside?" Warren questioned.

"There was some noise, but we thought..." The guards could not bring themselves to say it.

They probably thought that William and Stacey were making love.

After all, the two of them had not been married for a long time. Since they were newlyweds, it was inevitable that they would not be able to control themselves.

“Trash!” Warren cursed.

Jeanne’s attention was also focused on the washroom at that moment.

How did William escape? Where had William escaped from?

She looked up and down. When she saw a crack in the ceiling, she quickly said to the guards, “Help me open that.”

The guard quickly jumped onto the sink and reached out to touch the ceiling that Jeanne had mentioned.

The moment he touched it, the ceiling began to slide.

Everyone’s attention was on that.

The guards quickly slid the ceiling open, instantly revealing a hole big enough for a person to crawl through.

“Go up and see where it leads to!”

“Yes.” The guards quickly climbed up.

Just then, a servant suddenly ran into the bathroom. “Leader, Mr. Swan has knocked down all the guards and left!”

Warren's expression became even more grave!

He quickly led his men out.

Since everyone's attention had been on William, they had neglected Edward, allowing him to escape!

When he returned to the main hall, there were indeed a few unconscious guards on the ground, and Edward was nowhere to be found.

"Father." Jeanne whispered in Warren's ear, "There are assassins from the Hills all around us. They won't be able to escape."

Warren calmed himself down a little and ordered loudly, "Find them! Even if you have to dig three feet into the Sanders' residence, you have to find those two people!"

"Yes."

The guards all dispersed.

At that moment, Chester was still holding the bleeding Stacey in his arms. He walked straight out of the hall as if he wanted to send her to the hospital.

"Stop!" Warren called out to him.

Chester turned around. "I've contacted the driver to send Stacey to the hospital first. She's lost too much blood."

"No one is allowed to leave today. Everyone can only enter! Inform all the doctors in the Sanders' residence to come here to treat Stacey!" Warren ordered emotionlessly.

Chester stopped in his tracks.

He had no choice but to place Stacey on the sofa in the living room, and in an instant, the sofa was covered in blood.

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Everyone was trembling with fear. However, Warren's attention was all focused on William, the descendant of the Duncans.

Chester had always had a good relationship with Stacey. After all, she was his youngest sister. Hence, there was no competition between them, and they had a certain level of affection for each other. Now that he was seeing her on her last breath and feeling his father's indifference, he naturally felt a little upset.

The atmosphere was a little tense.

The guard who had just left the bathroom ceiling came back and reported, "Leader, the ceiling leads to the back garden of the tea room. Mr. Gates should have left from there!"

"Go and find him!" Warren was furious.

Never did he expect that William would slip away from right under his nose, and he definitely could not let that happen.

"Leader."

At that moment, the staff member who was in charge of the DNA testing appeared in the hall.

"Are the results out yet?" Warren asked coldly.

"It's out. We've run a DNA test on everyone, and Mr. William's DNA is a complete match with the sample you gave us," the staff member reported.

Upon hearing the result, Warren, who was sitting on a mahogany chair in the hall, kicked the coffee table in front of him, and it flipped it over!

Everyone was so frightened that they did not even dare to breathe loudly.

After confirming William's identity, Warren was furious. He had never thought that it would be William!

It was all his fault!

To think that he trusted William so much and did not hide anything from the latter. He even thought that he could borrow some of William's power abroad, as well as the wealth William had, to help him take down the remaining Duncans Little did he know that he had been used and schemed against by William the entire time!

He gritted his teeth and could not control his anger.

Suddenly, his eyes narrowed, and he looked at the antique vase in the hall. The vase was a gift from William.

At that moment, it was ironic to put it there!

He stepped forward and grabbed it before smashing it on the ground madly.

A loud noise sounded, and the atmosphere in the hall was so oppressive that no one dared to even breathe.

"Once we catch William, I'll definitely tear his corpse into ten thousand pieces!" Warren said fiercely.

It was not just about his identity as a descendant of the Duncans, but it was also because William had played him like a fool.

In order to let William quickly gain a foothold in Harken, he had even used his identity to introduce her to many of the Sanders' officials. Now, who knew how many officials and politicians William had already hooked up with in secret! How much had he been scheming against him in secret?

He thought about how he had shot himself in the foot. In fact, if not for Jeanne's reminder, he would have continued to help William develop a career in his regime and even tried to make him the next Michael. After all, with Michael's departure, he would have to nurture another talent. He had always thought highly of William, thinking that he could become the minister who would support the Sanders!

He did not expect himself to have long fallen into William's trap and be used! Not only that, but William was even benefitting from using him.

What a disgrace!

To Warren, it was a great humiliation to be schemed against to that extent!

At that moment, he really felt as if his vision had turned black. He was so angry that he almost fainted.

He wished that he could peel off William's skin and eat his flesh; he wished he could chop William into minced meat.

However, he did not have an outlet to release his anger!

"Have you found him?" Warren lost his patience and suddenly shouted.

He rushed to the hall and asked fiercely.

A few guards at the door who were in charge of reporting hurriedly came in. "Leader, we're still searching! According to the news from the front, no one has left the Sanders' residence so far, so they must still be here. If we send more people to search for them carefully, we will definitely find them."

"Cut the cr\*p. Hurry up and find it for me!" Warren flew into a rage.

"Yes." The guards quickly left.

After a short while, a group of doctors rushed to the main hall.

Everyone was respectful toward Warren.

"Go and see how my daughter is doing!" Warren suppressed his anger and ordered.

"Yes." The doctor hurried over.

A few doctors quickly took out their medical equipment and started to treat Stacey.

The atmosphere in the hall was still tense.

Jeanne looked at the time in the hall. Half an hour had passed since William left, yet the men still had not found them.

Why did she find it a little strange? No matter how she looked at it, she felt that something was amiss.

She took the initiative to walk to Warren's side. "Father, I want to go out and take a look."