

# Honey, You're a Billionaire?

## Chapter 375 Oliver Passed Away

### Chapter- 375 Oliver Passed Away

[ 1,020 words ]

The hall descended into chaos. Kelly never expected Oliver to take the hit for Rose.

She was stunned at the sight of Oliver slumping into Rose's arms. Before she could come back to her senses, somebody kicked her from behind and sent her out of the room. Kelly fell to the ground with a loud bang. She grimaced from the pain following the sound of her bones dislocating, but no one cared about her at that moment.

Everyone nervously gathered around Oliver and expressed their worry. Kelly was stunned by the sight. It seemed as if she had finally woken up.

She had ruined everything. She harmed Oliver in front of everyone again. If something really happened to Oliver, Jonathan would never let her off.

At that moment, she only had one idea. Run! Now that everyone in the hall was distracted, it was her chance! No one noticed that Kelly was dragging herself out in pain.

"Ro... Rose..." Oliver was barely breathing as he gazed at Rose. He seemed to have a lot to say to her, but he probably couldn't make it any longer.

"Grandpa, I'm here... I'm here. The doctors will be here soon..." Rose's heart sank as she held Oliver's hand tightly. She had never felt such panic before.

Rose's mind kept replaying the scene where Oliver stood in front of her and tears started flowing from her eyes. She sobbed, "How could you... How could you do such a foolish thing..." Even if Kelly hurt her, she'd rather take it on herself than have Oliver protect her.

"Don't... cry..." Oliver raised his hand and wiped her tears.

His frail movement made it seem like he would pass away at any moment. Yet, he still held on.

Oliver stared at Rose, wanting to look at her for longer. He kept mumbling, "You resemble her... a lot..."

Oliver could see Rietta in Rose whenever he looked at Rose's eyes. Now, when he looked at those eyes, he finally saw Rose as she was. She was his granddaughter!

He remembered the time Rose saved him on the ship. Thankfully Jonathan came in time to rescue her, otherwise...

He wouldn't be able to forgive himself even if he died. Thankfully... Thankfully Rose was saved.

Oliver seemed to think of something. "Miles..."

"Grandpa..." Miles approached him with a solemn expression, worry etched on his face.

Oliver stared at Miles seriously. "Remember what I told you..."

Before Miles could reply, Oliver couldn't hold on anymore. He used all his strength to look at Rose one last time, wishing he could etch her into his memory.

He wanted to look at her more, but unfortunately... Oliver's hand that was wiping off Rose's tears fell lifelessly as he closed his eyes.

The air seemed to go still for a brief moment. Then, the room sprung back into chaos.

"Grandpa..."

The room burst into sounds of sobbing and screaming while Oliver lay in Rose's arms, laying completely still.

Rose felt numb. She didn't dare to think about the possibility that...

Nonetheless, someone reached out to check Oliver's breath. It was none other than Chloe. She immediately came to a conclusion and retracted her hand. "He's not breathing... Oliver's..."

Gone... What did that imply?

Chloe subconsciously exclaimed, "Since Kelly is not related to Oliver, then the will is void! I want the distribution of assets to be reconsidered!"

With Oliver gone, she was now the oldest member of the Young family. Of course, she had to be quick to take advantage of this situation.

But the moment she said those words, everyone looked at her with disdain, especially Miles.

Although Chloe felt guilty, she still insisted, "I'm not wrong. The young family is powerful. We need to—"

"Stop it, Mom!" Gabriel interrupted Chloe before she could finish.

He was aware that his mother had her eyes on the Young family, but it was only then did he realize that she only ever cared about the family's wealth. Everyone was grieving over Oliver's sudden death. Yet, not only was she not pained by his death, she only cared about the distribution of assets... Afraid that Chloe would continue saying hurtful things to Miles and Rose, Gabriel decisively grabbed her hand and dragged her outside.

"What are you doing? Gabriel, let go of me!"

Chloe was furious. She tried to

release herself from his grip, but she couldn't win against Gabriel. As she was dragged to the gates, Chloe heard Mile's cold voice from

behind.

"Grandpa's will is still valid."

Chloe frowned. "What do you mean? The will clearly states that his biological granddaughter will inherit his assets. How could he have a biological granddaughter?"

Chloe sneered, but Miles did not

reply to her. Instead, he turned to Rose. At that moment, Rose was sobbing uncontrollably. It was as if she couldn't hear anything else

around her.

Her mind kept playing her last moments with Oliver. When Miles tried to carry Oliver away, Rose tightened her grip on Oliver the moment Miles touched him. "Rose..." Miles' voice trembled. He didn't know what else to say.

Rose cared for Oliver as much as he did. In fact... When he thought about what Oliver told him to do and his reminded earlier, he came to a decision.

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Outside the Young mansion... A figure that was fleeing sped up her movements. When she heard sounds of sobbing from inside, Kelly knew that Oliver was probably dead.

She once wished for Oliver's death,

but now. Even if he died, she

wouldn't be able to get what she

wanted. She wouldn't be able to stay in Aquastead anymore either.

Kelly's thoughts were occupied with ways to escape Aquastead. She completely forgot that Chelsea was still in Jonathan's hands. She thought she could escape, but before she could step away more than 100 feet, a few men in black suits rushed toward her. There was no time for her to run before she was detained by the men. She was thrown into a black sack and shoved into a car. The doctors from Harmony Hospital rushed over and declared Oliver's death. Miles placed his hand on Oliver's lifeless body. Rose also couldn't hold it any longer. She felt her head spin and lost all strength from her body.

The next second, a pair of strong arms caught her from falling. Before she lost consciousness, she met Jonathan's worried gaze.

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## Chapter 376 Fighting For Him

[ 1,151 words ]

Rose had a really long dream.

In the dream, Oliver was sitting on the bench at the park where they first met. He was holding that exact cake when they first met and was smiling and waving at her. "Rose, come here..."

Rose happily went to him, but when she got closer, he suddenly stood up and walked further away from her.

"Grandpa..."

Rose wanted to chase after him, but her feet seemed to be stuck to the ground. No matter how much she tried, she couldn't walk forward. Rose wanted to cry.

She kept yelling for him as if the moment he was gone, she wouldn't be able to see him again. That fear kept growing stronger.

"Grandpa, don't go! Please don't go!" Rose yelled.

Finally, Oliver stopped. He slowly turned back to Rose and smiled as he said something to her. However, no matter how much she tried, she couldn't tell what he was saying.

She panicked as she watched Oliver give her a final wave as if it was his last farewell. Then, he disappeared into a bright light.

When Rose woke up, she was on a bed. Her pillow was drenched with cold sweat.

Before she opened her eyes, the scene from her dream appeared once again in her mind before being replaced by the scene where Oliver died in her arms.

She had hoped what happened was a dream and that she would see Oliver stand in front of her with love in his eyes and call her name warmly, but the sound from downstairs reminded her that it wasn't just a dream.

It wasn't a dream. So Grandpa was...

Rose opened her eyes and shot up from the bed. She needed to see Oliver again!

Perhaps her body was too weak and because she was too frantic, she felt dizzy the moment she got off the bed. It took a lot from her to try to stand and not fall.

The sound from downstairs grew louder. Rose didn't want to waste another second.

...

Downstairs, after Chloe was dragged away by Gabriel, she successfully freed herself from Gabriel and found a way back.

"Now with Oliver dead, they can dream on if they're trying to have all his assets for themselves!" she thought.

"Miles, we're both adopted by Oliver. Neither of us is better than the other, but I'm your elder. I should be the one taking care of Oliver's matters. How could you?" Chloe was stopped from entering, so she kept shouting from outside.

When Rose walked downstairs, she saw the Finch's bodyguards blocking people from outside. Chloe was screaming like a maniac. She no longer looked like a noble. "Miles, the crematorium car is here..." Anastasia was standing next to Miles.

Everyone present was still in shock. No one would've thought that Oliver's fake death would become reality.

It was just a ploy to expose Kelly's true colors, but in the end, Oliver still died at Kelly's hands.

Miles turned to Oliver, who was lying in the coffin, with tears in his eyes for a while before finally saying, "Just a little longer..."

A little longer? For who?

Anastasia was puzzled. When she was about to say something, Jonathan noticed the person walking down the stairs.

He was watching everything unfold like an outsider without any sign of emotion, but when he saw Rose, he sprung from the couch in shock. He quickly strode to Rose in just a few steps.

His movements drew attention from the crowd. Everyone followed his line of gaze and saw Rose standing at the stairs.

Rose was wearing white. Though she gained consciousness, she was pale as a ghost, looking like she would pass out anytime.

Everyone could tell that Oliver's death did a great deal to Rose. Her frail manner made everyone feel pity for her.

"Miss Shaffer, my condolences. I believe Oliver wouldn't want to see you sad either." The butler couldn't help but console Rose when she walked past him.

Rose stopped in her tracks. He wouldn't want to see her sad... Oliver lost his life because he tried to protect her from Kelly. It's all her fault!

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She couldn't hold back her tears as a wave of sadness overwhelmed her. Her sobs echoed through the large hall. Slowly after, the butler and the other maids started crying as well.

Their cries were louder than Chloe's yelling from outside.

For a moment, Chloe was also sad, but it only lasted briefly as her heart turned cold. She sneered. "Ha! What a great actress."

She just got recognized as his

granddaughter not long ago. It was foolish of her to try to gain brownie points from the Young family with just a few tears! Chloe decided that she could not let Rose gain anything.

"Rose, is it? Don't think that you can fool the Young family into giving you the assets just by crying! None of the assets will go to you!" Chloe screamed into the hall. Everyone in the hall could hear her words. Jonathan frowned deeply. Why would his woman need any of the Young family's assets?

"Finley..."

Jonathan was about to get someone to send Chloe away, but before he could finish, Miles interrupted him.

"Since Rose is here, it's time to send Grandpa off."

The crematorium car had been waiting outside for a while. Rose was the reason Miles had been waiting so long? Anastasia was a little upset.

When Oliver's coffin was outside, Miles gave Rose the best seat next to Oliver. This deeply annoyed Anastasia.

She had not forgotten what she had to endure that night. Although Kelly was the culprit, everything Kelly prepared was for Rose.

Rose was the one who was supposed to endure all that, but Anastasia had to go through it. She would never let Kelly off easy. The same was true for Rose.

Seeing Rose's despaired look,

Anastasia thought the same thing as Chloe. Rose was just in on it for the Young family's assets. But Anastasia would not let that happen as long as she was there!

After Oliver was cremated, Miles passed his urn to Rose.

"What are you doing, Miles?" Anastasia stopped him.

The guards who had been stopping Chloe were also surprised at Miles' actions. Chloe took the opportunity to rush forward.

"Miles, how could you simply give away Oliver's urn?" Chloe screamed as she reached for the urn.

Rose was also stunned. She had no idea why Miles would pass her Oliver's urn.

Because of that, she wasn't ready when Chloe reached for the urn. When Rose came back to her senses, Chloe had already grabbed hold of the urn.

But Chloe was too focused on getting the urn, and she did it in a hurry, so she didn't manage to get a good hold of it.

Seeing that the urn was about to fall, Rose subconsciously reached for it. But in Chloe's eyes, it seemed like Rose was trying to steal from her. Chloe then pushed Rose aside.

Rose staggered from the push. She didn't manage to balance herself and fell onto the ground. As she fell, the urn also clashed with the ground with a loud clang.

The room fell silent.

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## Chapter 377 Rose Is Furious

[ 1,063 words ]

The ashes covered the ground. At that sight, everyone's faces began to look enraged.

Chloe was stunned. Regaining her composure, she instinctively looked at Miles and saw a cold glint in his eyes. He had always been gentle and well-mannered, but at that moment, his eyes conveyed extreme anger.

Chloe knew she had made a terrible mistake. After some thought, she decided to shift the blame onto someone else.

"It was..." Rose!

Chloe confidently made eye contact with Miles. To her, the only person she had to handle was Miles. As for Rose, it was a piece of cake to deal with her.

But before she could use Rose as her scapegoat, a tight slap landed on her cheek. All she could hear was a buzz as her mind went blank. Once she regained her bearings, she saw the person who slapped her.

Rose? How audacious of her! Enraged, Chloe glared strikingly at her.

"You..."

Once again, another slap from Rose landed on the other side of her cheek before Chloe could finish her sentence.

It was evident that Rose used all her might because her handprints were visible on Chloe's face. Furthermore, Chloe also lost her balance and retreated a few steps after being hit. When Chloe recovered her senses, she glared at Rose again. "How dare you hit me!"

Rose's expression darkened. Despite Chloe being Oliver's adopted daughter-an elder to her-Rose had not expressed her resentment once when Chloe made several huge fusses regarding the Young family's inheritance after Oliver's passing.

Yet, Chloe had crossed the line when she knocked over Oliver's ashes. There was no way Rose would tolerate that!

"What will you do about it?" Although Rose looked pale, the rage in her eyes sent a chill down Chloe's spine.

When Chloe met Rose's eyes, it suddenly felt like the person standing before her was Henrietta.

Henrietta...

Shaking her head, Chloe looked at Rose again and breathed a sigh of relief after confirming it was Rose. For some reason, she was reminded of Henrietta when she looked at Rose. "Why is that?" Chloe wondered. "Their eyes look identical."

It didn't make sense because Anastasia's eyes resembled Henrietta's as well. In fact, all of Oliver's adopted granddaughters had Henrietta's eyes. But none of them reminded her of Henrietta... except for Rose.

While Chloe was lost in her thoughts, Rose was already cleaning up the scattered ashes off the ground. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't retrieve the ashes that had integrated with the grass. The feeling of self-reproach weighed upon her.

Sensing that something was amiss, Miles quickly crouched down and held Rose's hand. He gently comforted her. "Let me help, Rose."

However, she didn't let him get involved. Instead, her mind slowly relaxed after hearing his voice.

She removed his hand from hers, slowly picking up the ashes as if she didn't want to leave a single speck behind or any dirt around it. That sight was heart-wrenching.

As Chloe looked at Rose, the agitation within her grew stronger. When Rose finally returned all the ashes back to the urn and stood up, Chloe thought she had seen Henrietta again.

"It's Henrietta holding the urn!" she thought. Startled, she became even more reluctant for "Henrietta" to hold the urn.

Just as Rose and the others were ready to leave with the urn, Chloe blocked her again. "You have no right to hold this urn!"

Halted by Chloe, Rose had no choice but to look at her. The two smacks earlier were considered restrained for Rose, but since Chloe wanted to continue the fight, Rose no longer held back.

In front of everyone, Rose placed the urn into Miles' hands. Understanding her intention, he whispered, "Let me handle her."

"No need!" Rose piped up. She didn't care if she overstepped her boundaries within the Youngs' business as an outsider. At that moment, she was ready to get physical.

She turned her head, and before her gaze landed on Chloe, the latter felt a chill down her spine. The fear she felt did not only stem from Rose's fierceness but also her memories of Henrietta.

For a moment, it felt like she had seen Henrietta again! Chloe couldn't understand why she saw Henrietta in Rose.

While she was still pondering, Rose,

on the other hand, had walked up to her and grabbed her wrist abruptly. The next second, Chloe felt a pain in her legs and a force against her head, sinking her to her knees.

"Get off me!" Chloe reflexively resisted upon realizing she had been suppressed.

The pale and fatigued-looking Rose surprisingly managed to subdue her. Chloe felt like a boulder was on her back, rendering her immobilized.

When recalling how Henrietta had similarly suppressed her, Chloe felt another wave of rage. "Rose..."

She was about to say something harsh when her mouth was stuffed with an unknown substance. Soon, she realized she was biting a mouthful of dirty grass. Rose actually did it...

"Hm... Hm..." Chloe was furious, but

no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't break free. Her mouth was stuffed with soil and grass, and she couldn't utter a sentence. It was even more infuriating that no one around them objected to what Rose was doing to her.

Then, she heard a stern order from Rose.

"Lie face down and apologize!" she enunciated, leaving no room for intervention.

Chloe found her ridiculous. "Hmm? Hm... Hm..."

Apologize to Rose in the form of prostration? Who did she think she was? She was nothing more than a granddaughter who'd been adopted on a whim!

Rose could sense her reluctance among her muffled whines. She repeated, "Apologize to Grandpa! On the ground!"

When those words rang, Chloe froze

momentarily. Even if she had

committed a horrible mistake like breaking the urn, which enraged everyone, she was still the remaining elder in the family-something that even Miles had to consider when punishing her.

Although the majority were displeased with her, no one dared to voice it out. Now that Rose had suppressed her and forced her to apologize, everyone present felt a sense of satisfaction. According to them, Chloe should display submissiveness and apologize to Oliver!

"What's wrong? Are you reluctant to do so?" Rose's voice echoed coldly when she saw her defying gaze.

No matter what it took, Rose would make Chloe lie face down and apologize today. Without waiting for her response, Rose delivered another hard smack onto her face. It took Chloe by surprise. Before she could react, she could feel her hairpin being removed. Soon, her hair fell into place, and a sharp weapon anchored near her eye...

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## Chapter 378 Prostrate and Repent

[ 994 words ]

Almost by instinct, Chloe instantly shut her eyes. Even if she did, she could vividly feel the hairpin in Rose's hand less than an inch away from her eye. If she opened them now, Rose might actually impale her eyeball.

Amidst the terror, she heard another command from Rose above her head. "Get on the ground and apologize to Grandpa!" Her voice was as cold as ice.

Despite her reluctance, Chloe gave in to the pressure. "Okay. I will. But first, take that thing away..." As if unfulfilled, she continued to request, "Also, you must let me go. Otherwise, how can I lie face down?" She thought Rose wouldn't fulfill her request, but to her surprise, she did.

Regaining her freedom, Chloe had no plans to prostrate and apologize. When she looked up and saw Oliver's picture, it felt like he was staring at her.

"Face down!" Rose's voice sounded again.

Chloe scanned the crowd, who had condemning gazes, and realized they were waiting for her to do it. Their looks conveyed that they would not leave unless she prostrated and apologized sincerely. After some hesitation, she conceded.

She knelt and bowed slightly at Oliver's urn and portrait, her actions looking extremely perfunctory.

Naturally, Rose was dissatisfied with that. There was no way she would accept this half-hearted repentance.

"Do it sincerely this time!" Rose voiced everyone's thoughts. They nodded and parroted, "Do it properly!"

Under the pressure, Chloe gritted her teeth and lowered her body again. This time, there was a slight improvement. Her face touched the ground.

However, to Rose, that wasn't enough to compensate for her mistake. "Not good enough!" Her gaze turned cold, and she made up her mind to put Chloe through this punishment.

Upon hearing that, Chloe lifted her head and glared furiously at Rose. "Don't overdo it!" Did she?

"Trust me, I can." Rose waved the hairpin, revealing a sardonic smile.

Faced with such threats, Chloe fumed with rage. "I dare you to..."

Just then, she was interrupted by a hairpin darting toward her eye. "Ah!" She closed her eyes out of fear.

The hairpin stopped in mid-air, and it was then Chloe understood Rose was not playing around. Shaken to her core, she begged, "Okay, I'll do it. I'll do it..." "Alright. Go on!"

Chloe would have to repeat it until she satisfied Rose.

Rose kept the hairpin away, and Chloe opened her eyes. She proceeded to repeat the action reluctantly, but it wasn't received well.

"Not good enough!"

Gritting her teeth, Chloe didn't say anything further and buried her face into the ground. "That should do it!" she thought.

"Not good enough!" Rose remained dissatisfied.

Chloe was enveloped in fury, but upon contemplation, she could only try harder. She lay submissively on the ground, her face covered in dirt.

Having suffered enough humiliation, she finally received Rose's approval. However, there was still one step left...

Just as Chloe thought things had ended, Rose's voice echoed again. "What about your apology? You can't forget that."

Chloe lifted her head abruptly and screamed, "Rose!"

However, Rose merely responded with furrowed brows. Then, Chloe saw her gripping the hairpin. Despite how pale Rose looked, Chloe had experienced first-hand how brutal she could get. An apology was nothing compared to earlier. She conceded defeat and turned toward Oliver's portrait and urn.

"Sorry, Oliver," she said, without a hint of emotion.

Rose was displeased. "Again!"

Chloe gritted her teeth and repeated, "I'm sorry, Oliver." It wasn't genuine.

Rose scrunched her brows. "Again!"

"You..." Chloe knew there was no way out until she satisfied Rose with her apology. Hence, she took a deep breath and stared at Oliver's picture.

This time, she met his eyes. The memories of him adopting her suddenly resurfaced.

Back then, the Young couple had suffered the disappearance of their daughter. To ease the wife's pain, they adopted Chloe.

During her time with the Young family, the couple treated her with utmost care and love. Back then, she felt like the luckiest orphan alive. She led a wonderful life until the age of 18.

One day, she found out that the Youngs had been searching for their missing daughter all those years.

That instilled a fear within her-anet

fear that she would be replaced and lose everything when the rightful heiress of the Youngs came home

alive.

As a result, she secretly investigated the case of the missing Young family's heiress. She wanted to prevent the real daughter from returning home before the couple found her. However, the universe defied her wish. Oliver located his missing daughter before her.

When the rightful heiress returned

home, she was well-loved by

everyone. That shift in environment led Chloe to think she was no longer worthy within the family. She thought to return to where she came from.

She didn't want to become an orphan again and lose everything she had. As such, she became two-faced since Henrietta's return, acting diligently on the surface but constantly sowing discord between Henrietta and Oliver.

Under her instigations, Henrietta left home out of anger. With that, Chloe became the only lady of the Young family once again, with everything belonging to her.

To her dismay, Oliver found out everything she had done. He regretted hitting Henrietta and banishing her from their home.

Since then, Oliver had looked for Henrietta for 20 years. Despite the failure, he never loved or cared for Chloe the same way again. He disregarded her, and she did the same to him.

At that moment, she realized she had been grieving the loss of her close relationship with Oliver. Without him, there would be no Chloe Young.

Her heart trembled. She stared at his picture before a wave of sorrow finally enveloped her. "I'm so sorry..." she uttered. "I shouldn't have broken the urn. I'm sorry."

She regretted sowing discord between Oliver and Henrietta... Chloe's apology was genuine. Tears filled her eyes as she muttered repeatedly, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry!" Miles had never seen her like this. Then, he glanced at Rose.

Staring at the posthumous portrait, Rose finally piped up, "Let's go."

Oliver's funeral awaited them. Miles placed the urn into Rose's hands once again. This time, she ignored the condemning gazes around her and unhesitantly held the urn.

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## Chapter 379 Pressuring Him Into Marriage

[ 1,110 words ]

At last, Rose and the others brought Oliver's ashes back to Regalia to prepare for his funeral. Around the same time she arrived, Jonathan's private jet landed too.

"Mr. Finch, I received a message from Finch Manor demanding your instant return." Finley walked alongside Jonathan.

Jonathan had returned to Regalia because of Rose. However, he hadn't expected his family to know his location as soon as he touched down.

Jonathan furrowed his brows without a word. It couldn't be more obvious that he had ignored Finch Manor's message. His footsteps did not halt for even a second. After getting into the car, he instructed Finley, "To the Young residence." He was confident Rose would be there because she had arrived in Regalia for Oliver's funeral. "Yes, Mr. Finch," responded Finley.

As the car left the airport, a group of luxury cars appeared on the road and surrounded Jonathan's vehicle. Then, his phone rang with a call from Finch Manor.

Jonathan scrunched his eyebrows at his family's usual tricks. He declined the call and tried to ignore it, but Mrs. Finch Senior quickly phoned him with her private number. After hesitating for a moment, he answered the call.

"Hey, big boy. Are you too proud to take my calls now?" Eleanor Garcia sounded upset on the phone, but her tone carried a hint of playfulness.

Among the Finches, Jonathan cared about his grandmother the most. He sighed silently, his voice similarly gentle. "Of course not, Grandma. I'll always answer your calls." "Don't you plan to come home after returning to Regalia?" She huffed. "Sigh. I missed it when you were little. You were so adorable, always telling me where you wanted to go.

"Then, you grew up and left for Aquastead without a single word. I wouldn't have known you returned if it wasn't for Uncle Yosef. Were you planning to hide from me?" She sounded displeased. Jonathan's gaze turned cold at that moment. "Uncle Yosef... I knew it," he thought.

"I must thank him for the grand escort then!" He chuckled sarcastically. Aside from the many luxurious cars tailing him, his uncle even got Eleanor to call him. It seemed that he desperately wanted him home. After a brief thought, Jonathan added, "Tell Uncle Yosef I'll be home soon, Grandma."

When the call ended, his expression turned grim. Finley tentatively glanced at him with the rearview mirror. "Mr. Finch, what about the Young residence..."

Impatience flashed across Jonathan's eyes. He couldn't wait to see Rose, but his family... Noticing his expression, Finley understood him and ordered the driver to speed up.

Finch Manor was located halfway up Mount Ebott. Since Eleanor got used to the serenity of living on the mountain, she refused to move back to the city.

As such, the Finch family, the wealthiest in Regalia, became the first occupants of many stately homes residing on Mount Ebott. Since then, Mount Ebott had become a hot spot for elite families.

The car maneuvered swiftly along the mountain road and finally arrived before a simple, yet majestic, garden.

When Jonathan exited the car, he saw a Bentley parked not far away. As expected, he saw his uncle, Yosef Finch, upon entering Finch Manor. Jonathan ignored him and merely flashed him a mocking glare. Consequently, the latter was enraged.

Before Jonathan could greet Eleanor, Yosef insinuated, "Ever since Jon took over Finch Group, he's got a different attitude."

"Did you ask me here just to see Uncle Yosef, Grandma?" Jonathan ignored Yosef and didn't bother to sit down either. He planned to leave soon.

He glanced at his wristwatch. "Please be forward, Uncle Yosef." He wanted to end this quickly.

Eleanor understood his attitude. She knew he was mad that Yosef had deployed those men to go after him at the airport.

She complained, "I asked you here

because I missed you! You left for Aquastead without a word and stayed there for what I thought was only two months! Look at how long it's been since then! Don't you care about me anymore? You're so cruel."

Eleanor was Jonathan's closest family member. She was 80 years old, and despite her great spirit, she was a concerned elder, after all.

Jonathan softened his tone. "It was for work, Grandma."

For work... He looked away subtly as he felt guilty for lying.

He knew for a fact that the reason he stayed in Aquastead was Rose, not his work. Even his return to Regalia was due to her. Reminded of how she had arrived there too, Jonathan couldn't wait to see her.

However, he had to face Yosef first. Thus, he could only suppress his impatience.

Despite that, Eleanor noticed something amiss. Jonathan had always been cool and composed, but his momentary slip-up was detected by her. Then, she remembered what Yosef had mentioned earlier. Jonathan had fallen for a woman in Aquastead. Still, there was this marriage alliance... "You've taken over Finch Group for some time now, Jon. It's time you remember your duty as the head of the Finches," she reminded.

"I do, Grandma." Since his takeover as the head of the family, Finch Group had expanded its business rapidly.

Then, she straightforwardly stated, "It's about time you get married."

He naturally would love to marry Rose, but he soon realized she was talking about someone else.

"I used to like those two girls from the Young family. Harriette was great with you, but... that happened. Sigh.

"Sometime after, there's Anastasia who adored you greatly. Yet, she announced her marriage out of the blue...

"Even though she wanted to divorce her husband, it's not a great idea for you to get involved with her now that you've taken over Finch Group.

"Luckily, the daughter of the Maize family has returned. I met her. She was beautiful. She's an international movie star.

"Although the entertainment industry can be complicated, her image has been positive. I think she'll be a great candidate for the lady of the Finches."

She sounded exceptionally pleased with the Maize family's daughter. Glancing at Yosef, Jonathan finally understood his purpose.

Yosef's wife was the granddaughter of the Maizes. According to that logic, the movie star Eleanor mentioned was a nephew of Yosef's wife.

"So... Was this Uncle Yosef's idea?" Jonathan scoffed.

Having been seen through, Yosef no longer hid it and chuckled. "The Maize family and us are two of the Three Greatest Families of Regalia. You two are highly compatible!" Compatible? Jonathan didn't want his marriage to be used for business alliances!

"I will get married, but the bride will

have nothing to do with the Maizes. If that is all, please excuse me. He turned and left, soon disappearing from the massive living room.

As soon as he departed, Yosef couldn't help but insinuate, "Look at him! He's saying he wants to marry that woman. Mom, we can't let Jon marry just anyone."

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## Chapter 380 A Mob

[ 1,029 words ]

"I know what you're planning!" Eleanor glared at Yosef, her demeanor cold.

She saw through his schemes easily. If Ms. Maize married Jonathan, it would increase Yosef's chances of regaining his power at Finch Group.

The startled Yosef played dumb. "Mom-"

"Stop it. The Finch Group now belongs to Jon, and you should stop plotting. Your only duty now is to stick to your position and assist Jon instead of poking into his private business," lectured Eleanor. She would not let anyone harm the family.

Although Yosef's capability was far from Jonathan's, he remained ambitious. That was something Eleanor understood. She glanced at his son and was ready to head upstairs.

Yosef was reluctant to give up. His goal today was to be the matchmaker between the Finches and Maizes. Even Eleanor sounded extremely pleased earlier! He couldn't accept the sudden twist... When Eleanor arrived at the staircase, Yosef quickly added, "Mom, regarding the marriage alliance with the Maizes..."

She halted her steps. Upon contemplation, she asked, "I heard that Ms. Maize signed her agency contract with Rise Entertainment. Is that true?"

Rise Entertainment was backed by Finch Group.

"Indeed."

"If so, tell the executive manager of Rise Entertainment to have a handover with Jon. In the future, he can manage Rise Entertainment."

Yosef finally understood Eleanor's intentions. Not only did she not object to the marriage alliance, but she even created more opportunities for Jonathan and the Maizes to engage.

"Alright. I got it. I'll make the arrangement now." Yosef was thrilled to achieve his goal. He knew that with Eleanor's approval of this marriage, she would find a way to convince Jonathan.

...

At Young Estate, Regalia...

When Oliver's cremains arrived at the airport in Regalia, the media caught wind of it. Undoubtedly, the news of his passing was massive.

As one of the three greatest families of Regalia, his death would naturally attract much attention. Some were curious about the Youngs' inheritance dispute after his passing, while some expressed their appreciation for all his charity acts.

When Rose, Miles, and the family members headed to Young Estate, they received information that the media had swarmed the entrance. Since they could not stop the press from doing their job, Miles instructed the security to maintain order once they arrived.

At last, a black luxury car halted outside Young Estate. Cameras were seen flashing before anyone had even stepped out of the vehicle.

Faced with a crowd, Rose tightened her grip on the urn. Miles sensed something amiss from her scrunched brows.

"Don't be scared. I've instructed them to keep the crowd under control. They won't hurt you," he said softly.

Rose smirked. She wasn't scared to be hurt. Instead, she feared the crowd would knock over Oliver's ashes again...

She glanced at the urn, and before she alighted from the car, she mentally prepared herself with one task-to bring Oliver back home safely.

The moment Rose stepped out of

the car, there was a momentary pause in the flashing lights. Among the crowd were veteran journalists who had captured many figures, including a few influential Youngs. Yet the woman was a stranger to them.

After a brief pause, confusion turned into shock when they realized she was holding the urn. According to custom, only a significant member could carry the urn. So who on earth was this young lady? Their journalism instincts quickly deduced that this person was extraordinary. Whoever discovered her identity first was bound to have a scoop.

Instantly, the crowd shoved their cameras and microphones toward her. Despite the heavy security, the assemblage turned chaotic.

"What's your relationship with Mr. Young Senior? Why are you the one holding the urn?"

"Were you part of the inheritance dispute after Mr. Young Senior's passing? Did you receive the Youngs' permission to do this? Or are you trying to make a statement with this?"

One question came after another like an endless wave.

Wearing her sunglasses, Rose did not spare anyone a glance or answer any questions. She was shielded by Miles as they made their way toward the Young Estate's main door. As soon as they entered, they could leave the flashing lights behind.

However, the crowd was not ready to let her go. Their curiosity

regarding her identity heightened when they saw how intensely Miles

protected Rose. At that moment, the

security guards separated the

Youngs from the journalists.

Seeing that Rose was about to enter the house, a journalist suddenly broke through the security's defenses and strode toward her, blocking her way.

The journalist positioned the mic before her. "Hello, miss. What's your relationship with Mr. Young Senior? We're seeing you for the first time only after his passing. Are you here to claim your share of the inheritance?"

At that sight, the other journalists followed suit and arrived with their microphones before Rose. She couldn't help but hold the urn tighter.

She wasn't afraid of these aggressive journalists, but she feared her answers to their questions would affect Oliver and the Young family.

After a brief thought, Rose piped up. She wanted to announce that she would not be involved with the inheritance controversy.

Before she could say so, a woman behind her interrupted, "Her name's Rose Shaffer, Grandpa's adopted granddaughter. She's part of the Young family, so naturally, she can claim a share of the inheritance!" It was Anastasia. The journalists looked in her direction and realized it too.

Since Oliver's cremation, regardless of any important tasks like holding the urn or leading the funeral, Miles had allowed Rose to be the face of the family.

Anastasia knew she could not challenge Miles while everyone was tuned in to their family's matters like today. Still, she was fairly reluctant and upset that Rose had taken the spotlight. Furthermore, Anastasia felt greatly threatened regarding the inheritance. She couldn't just watch Rose take her share like that! Thus, the crowd of media had become her weapon.

After digesting Anastasia's statement, the reporters questioned, "Can you confirm that Mr. Young Senior has another adopted granddaughter, Ms. Young?"

"Yes. That's the truth. Grandpa met Rose in Aquastead and instantly felt a connection. It's just that our family remained lowkey, with only a few in Aquastead knowing about this. That's why this is news to Regalia."

Anastasia spoke as if she were a kind sister who approved of Oliver's latest granddaughter. While everyone was curious about Rose's background, Anastasia continued...

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 381 A Deliberate Trap

[ 1,085 words ]

"Grandpa put himself in danger for Rose, so you better not make things worse for her!" Anastasia made it sound like a warning, but the rest quickly caught the hint.

"Ms. Anastasia, are you saying Mr. Young Senior passed away because of her?"

"What exactly happened? Can we interpret that as her causing Mr. Young Senior's death?"

The journalists were relentless, shooting out questions harder than before.

That was precisely what Anastasia wanted. Although she successfully threw Rose under the bus, she kept it as subtle as possible.

Facing the reporters, Anastasia quickly explained, "That's not true. You're speculating." She looked protective of Rose by "defending" her.

After noticing the awry in her statement, they couldn't possibly just accept her half-hearted explanation. On top of that, the protagonist was right before them. They needed to get this scoop!

They refocused their attention on Rose, ignoring Anastasia. "If Mr. Young Senior died because of you, are you directly responsible for his death then?" They were harsh.

The camera flashes were blinding Rose. As she recalled how Oliver protected her, there was a flicker in her eyes. The journalist perceptively caught on to that detail as if it were something major. "Are you feeling remorseful? Do you regret it?"

"Did you kill Mr. Young Senior for his inheritance?"

Their questions became more intense.

Rose's eyes trembled. It was undeniable that Oliver got hurt because of her. Of course, she was remorseful and regretted letting that happen, but she had never eyed his inheritance.

Looking at the crowd of journalists, Rose understood they needed a statement from her before they let her off. She instinctively tightened her grip on the urn as she faced their anticipating gazes and flashing lights.

Then, she enunciated, "I will not claim any-"

"Rose!" Miles interrupted her upon knowing her intention.

All of the Young family's resources rightfully belonged to Rose, but that was something non-disclosable to the public.

Miles held Rose's shoulders and shielded her with his arm. Despite being someone who had always politely engaged with the media, he was cold and harsh this time.

"This is the Youngs' business. Please await our official response. If any baseless speculations persist, we will spare no effort in taking legal action!"

It was a warning that the journalists could not ignore. They even felt terrified by his demeanor.

Before they could pry more, Miles had walked Rose toward the door with his arm around her. He whispered to her, saying, "Ignore what they say. You have more right to inherit the Youngs' property than anyone." He vowed to make that happen because that was Oliver's wish.

Rose, on the other hand, did not overthink his words. She didn't care about what others insinuated either.

At that point, all she cared about was Oliver's funeral. After the ceremony, she would leave Regalia and all the other speculations behind.

Holding the urn, Rose entered Young Estate.

"Mr. Young, are you involved with this woman who killed Mr. Young Senior?" A voice rang among the crowd of reporters.

When Rose halted her footsteps abruptly, it felt like the atmosphere had frozen for a second.

"Let's go, Rose," urged Miles. He didn't care about what they said. However, Rose crossed the line at them involving him.

"Hold this, Miles." She passed the urn to him. Subsequently, she retreated from the building and went straight to that journalist.

Her fierceness stopped the flashing lights. Soon after, they resumed their camera flashes at her as though afraid to miss any of her actions.

Scanning the crowd, Rose locked down one of the male journalists. She interrogated, "Did you ask that question?" She knew it was him through the look in his eyes.

Without waiting for his reply, she grabbed his microphone and looked at the tag. "FMZ Media..."

She was no stranger to this media outlet. FMZ Media was known as the most baseless, intrusive, and deceitful outlet in the country and lacked journalistic integrity. They were an eyesore within the media industry.

"Huh..." Rose scoffed, not concealing her disdain. The journalist's face turned ugly. Even without a word from her, he felt humiliated.

"So, Mr. Journalist from FMZ, where

is your evidence that I harmed Mr.

Young Senior? How are you so confident that Mr. Young and I teamed up? Have you fact-checked your sources? Have you interviewed anyone to get that information?" She positioned the microphone in front of the journalist.

After momentarily freezing, he answered, "I'm asking you now, aren't I?"

"Oh, me? Well, my answer is no. I did not harm Mr. Young Senior. But will you take my word for it?" She chuckled. "I'm pretty sure you and your outlet won't!"

Not only would they not believe her, they would bother her further to get more clicks online.

"A good journalist and media outlet

respects the truth and the parties involved. I hope you don't spread your twisted lies just to get some extra clicks." Her tone then shifted into a harsh one, warning, "Please do not slander Mr. Young!" Then, she tossed the microphone back at him.

The journalist was startled. He and FMZ Media had always been the outcast within the industry, but he could never tolerate others criticizing him. Rose's direct

criticism had angered him. On top of

that, his peers looked at t

mockery and disdain. Hadn't

take this!

"How touching to see the two of you defending each other. Dare I assume that you two are..." The journalist grinned lecherously, openly provoking them.

He knew what those words would do to her, especially when they lived in a world where gossip between a man and woman attracted the most attention. Regardless of whether the scandal was true, it would create unnecessary speculation about her.

The journalist didn't care about her identity because he had a strong backing. If Miles couldn't faze him, why would this random woman scare him? Even if he got physical with her, he believed he could walk away unaffected.

With that thought, he stepped forward and was ready to hit Rose with the microphone. The two were only a few steps apart.

Due to the limited space, she reflexively stepped back when the microphone came her way. However, she was tripped by something.

Rose tried her best to hold her footing but fell backward at last. She accepted her fate and prepared to crash against the floor, but strangely, she felt no pain. Instead, a pair of arms rescued her.

Seeing that it was Miles, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Before she could thank him, the microphone was coming at her face! She knew she couldn't avoid it and simply closed her eyes. As expected, she heard a loud thud. It felt like something landed on her head, but there wasn't any pain.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 382 Pleading for Forgiveness

[ 1,030 words ]

When Rose opened her eyes, she was surprised to see someone in front of her. "Jonathan? He's back in Regalia too?" she wondered.

Upon seeing his scrunched eyebrows, she finally understood Jonathan had protected her from the attack.

"A-Are you alright?" She stood up with Miles' help and hurriedly went to check on Jonathan.

However, Jonathan turned away from her and shielded her with his tall body. His gaze then landed on the journalist. The latter had long been petrified to see Jonathan.

Although there were minimal reports regarding the new ruler of Finch Group, he knew who Jonathan was as a journalist. He could easily disregard the Youngs, but he dared not mess with Jonathan and the Finches.

Upon realizing that he had struck Jonathan's head, he hastily explained, "Mr. Finch, I didn't mean to hit you. I wanted to teach her a lesson..."

"You... teach her a lesson?" Jonathan's gaze turned cold.

"Yes..." The journalist quickly realized something and retracted his words. "No, I... I... I..." He was usually eloquent, but when faced with Jonathan, he stammered.

When the crowd realized Jonathan had arrived, they abandoned their earlier aggression because they witnessed Jonathan taking a hit for that woman.

It was known within the industry that he was aloof with everyone, so why would he stand up for her? Instantly, they realized something was up.

Despite the tempting scoop, they were afraid to report the news as it involved Jonathan. At last, the camera flashes died down. Many held their breath while some were afraid to meet his eyes.

Having been subdued by Jonathan's presence, the journalist who attacked Rose went from panicking to fearing for his life. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. Ultimately, he knelt on the ground after succumbing to the pressure.

"I was wrong, Mr. Finch! I'm so sorry! Please spare me..."

Spare him? Why didn't he spare Rose when he attacked her with the microphone then? Had Jonathan not made it in time, she would've been struck on the head.

When he thought of that, his face turned merciless.

"FMZ Media..." He glimpsed at the press badge. Although Jonathan didn't say another word, everyone present understood that FMZ Media would cease to exist soon. The journalist was terrified. "Mr. Finch..." FMZ Media was Finch Group's...

Before he could finish, Jonathan told him to get lost without sparing him another glance. Then, his icy gaze swept across the other journalists. He looked indifferently at the crowd. "What are you guys still doing here?"

"N-Nothing." One look from him was enough to send chills down their spines.

FMZ Media had become the first fallen victim. Afraid to attract any unnecessary attention from Jonathan, the journalists took their equipment in haste, covered their badges, and fled the scene. Suddenly, the outside of Young Estate was peaceful again.

When Jonathan looked back, he saw Rose's concerned eyes. "Where is it? Does it hurt? Let me see..." The loud thud alone was enough to tell it was a hard blow.

Her attentiveness was enjoyed by Jonathan. Despite the striking pain at the back of his head, he didn't want to worry her. "I'm fine. It doesn't hurt..."

"For real?"

She was suspicious. Rose wanted to take another look, but Miles came urging her, "Rose, let's head in."

She hesitated briefly. Her top priority

was to bring Oliver home. With eyes full of gratitude, she glanced at Jonathan and said nothing else, retrieving the urn from Miles Soon, the group headed inside the estate.

Jonathan wanted to follow them but was stopped by Miles. "We'll invite you inside another day, Jon. Our family will be occupied today."

When he heard that, Jonathan furrowed his brows. Was that what he got in return for dismissing the crowd?

However, he didn't want to argue with Miles. Instead, he glanced toward Rose, displaying a look of sadness and anticipation. "Rose..."

She paused in her tracks. When she turned her head and met his eyes, she instantly regretted doing so.

At that moment, the Jonathan before her was no longer the cold and harsh man from earlier. His eyes and smile seemed to say, "I want to go in and be with you."

He came to Regalia for her, and Miles had caught on too. Hence, he had no choice but to reject his entry. He didn't want any person or matter to disrupt Oliver's funeral. "You should go," said Rose.

Jonathan's heart sank. "Rose, I—"

She interjected, "I need to proceed with the funeral. I'll thank you for your help just now another day." With that, she turned around and entered Young Estate.

Even after the main doors closed, Jonathan remained standing at his spot. His gaze was full of disappointment.

"Mr. Finch? Did Mrs. Finch just..." Leave you out here? Finley didn't dare to finish his words and switched the topic instead. "How's your head?"

It was indeed a hard blow. When

Finley recalled the scene earlier, he knew he was supposed to take the hit for Rose as someone who had learned martial arts. Yet, he didn't expect Jonathan to have faster reflexes than him.

Faced with Jonathan's grim expression, Finley couldn't tell if it was due to Rose or his headache. As such, he could only tentatively ask, "Should I call the doctor, Mr. Finch?" Jonathan stayed silent, his brows increasingly tense. Suddenly, a realization dawned upon him, and he looked regretful. "If I'd said I was in pain, would she have felt bad for me?"

If she had felt bad, she wouldn't have deserted him outside.

"Ugh! I should've said it hurt! I'm actually in pain!" Jonathan felt intense regret and wished he could turn back time.

Meanwhile, Finley was speechless.

After staring at Young Estate

momentarily, Jonathan wanted to knock on the door but changed his mind at the last second. His hand hung in mid-air for a while, but he returned to his car at last.

Finley thought they were leaving. "Where to, Mr. Finch?" However, Jonathan didn't plan to depart. Instead, he reclined his seat and lay down. Seeing his seamless action-reclining and resting-Finley's mouth couldn't help but twitch. He knew Jonathan wanted to wait there all night.

As he heaved a helpless sigh, Jonathan said, "Tell Leonard to dismiss FMZ Media."

"Understood, Mr. Finch," responded Finley.

Once the instruction was relayed to Leonard, by the crack of dawn, FMZ Media would disappear like it had never existed.

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## Chapter 383 Beaten Up

[ 1,319 words ]

Leonard answered Finley's call and said slowly, "Yosef's family controls FMZ Media. I'm afraid that..."

Finley couldn't care less if the devil himself controlled FMZ Media. Yosef's family had always been Jonathan's archnemeses, and they had tried to kill him while he was in Aquastead on several occasions. Wiping out FMZ Media was the least they could do to settle the score with Yosef's family.

"Mr. Finch was also beaten up by someone from FMZ Media," Finley said gravely. "Do you think we should spare them?"

Leonard was rendered speechless by this. The paparazzi had beaten Jonathan up. How had they gotten away with such a feat? Something must have happened to lead up to this shocking event.

He was about to press for details when Finley explained, "The paparazzi nearly hurt Mrs. Finch. So, I'll ask you again. Do you think we should spare them?"

Finley had been Jonathan's confidante for a long time, and his voice was laced with the chilling promise of a terrible wrath.

Leonard froze. "I see."

Everything made sense now. The paparazzi must have wanted to attack Rose, and Jonathan had probably stepped in to save her like a knight in shining armor. Leonard had never met Rose before, but he knew from the way Jonathan behaved around her that she was more important to Jonathan than anyone else.

He muttered, "FMZ Media is knee-deep in shit this time."

Not even having the Finches as its backers could save FMZ Media from impending doom. Leonard said solemnly, "I promise Mr. Finch will hear the news about FMZ Media first thing tomorrow morning." Leonard sounded nonchalant, but with his skills, Finley did not doubt that FMZ Media would be brought to ruins before tomorrow morning.

After ending the call, Leonard took his laptop out and got to work. It took him only a few minutes to wipe out a media company. It was a child's play for him at this point.

At 8:00 p.m., the internet was abuzz with the allegation that FMZ Media had fabricated news and distorted facts.

The netizens' curiosity was piqued after the allegation appeared on major news platforms, and they dived into a frenzied discussion.

It was revealed that the month-old news about an up-and-coming starlet whose billionaire husband divorced her after she was caught cheating with a male co-star had been a groundless scandal started by FMZ Media.

Following this, FMZ Media had also been accused of fabricating the groundbreaking incident two weeks ago where a director took advantage of an actress working under him.

The netizens ate up the gossip. As the topic began trending, more stories of those who were victimized by the company surfaced.

One of them happened to be the victim of school bullying who jumped off a building after getting picked on consistently by a scion. The incident had shocked the country.

As it turned out, the victim had resorted to taking his own life after growing tired of the public discourse incited by FMZ Media.

As similar stories surfaced all over the internet, FMZ Media became a trending topic. Netizens took to several major news platforms to voice their thoughts.

Wallace Lyons, the CEO of FMZ Media, soon got word that the police were on their way to his residence. His wife, Daisy Pattinson, was beside herself with panic as she demanded, "What do we do? Who did you cross?"

Even she could tell from the gravity of the situation that someone had orchestrated this.

Wallace froze in place. Who had he crossed? There was no telling how many people FMZ Media had crossed since its establishment, but everyone in the industry knew it was backed by the Finches. No one would dare give FMZ Media any trouble even if the company had crossed them.

However, this time was different. Wallace suddenly thought of something and quickly made a phone call.

The person on the other line was none other than Tom Greenfield, FMZ Media's most dedicated paparazzi. Wallace knew there was a high chance that Tom had something to do with this. After all, the latter had a talent for rubbing someone the wrong way.

"Did you piss anyone off lately?" Wallace asked gravely.

Sure enough, Tom stiffened. He had seen the news spreading like wildfire across the internet, and he knew who was behind it.

Still, he did not want to confess to Wallace that he was the cause of such trouble. But he paused long enough for Wallace to take his silence for admission.

"So it was you! Who did you cross? Tell me!"

Tom made no reply, which confirmed Wallace's suspicions. "If you value your life, you'll tell me who you pissed off!"

Self-preservation had Tom stammering after a moment of thought, "M-Mr. Jonathan Finch..."

Wallace felt his heart leap to his

throat. His body slumped as if all the

air and strength had been sucked out of it, and he sat on the couch in shock. He prayed that he had.

misheard Tom as heeet

further.

"Who... Who did you say it was?"

"Mr. Jonathan Finch..."

Jonathan. If Tom had crossed anyone else, Wallace could resolve matters simply by name-dropping the Finches or having Yosef speak for the company. Unfortunately, Tom had gone and rubbed Jonathan-the head of The Finch Group-the wrong way. Wallace already knew how things would pan out. Fear coursed through him as he bellowed, "What the hell did you do?" Perhaps he could have Yosef remedy the situation if Tom hadn't crossed any lines. Wallace's hope was dashed when Tom answered shakily, "I... might have beaten Mr. Jonathan up."

"What?" Wallace shot to his feet. He

couldn't believe what he had just heard. "Y-You... Where did you even get the nerve to do such a thing? You might as well have killed him! Now it's my neck that's on the

butchering block!"

Wallace hung up the phone in a fit of anger as Tom's words echoed in his mind. At that moment, he heard the police sirens wailing outside the house. Panic welled up in him.

"Do something, Wallace! Call Mr. Finch and ask for his help!" Daisy urged.

Only then did Wallace snap out of his daze. "You're right! I'll call Mr. Finch right now!"

He scrambled to find Yosef's number. He was just about to call when his screen flashed with Yosef's name and number.

The moment Wallace answered the call, Yosef's angry voice thundered on the other end.

"What the hell did you do?"

"I... I didn't do anything. One of the paparazzi beat up Mr. Jonathan, and..." Wallace knew better than to lie to Yosef.

Upon hearing Jonathan's name, Yosef grimaced and cursed Jonathan for pulling such a stunt. Knowing the young man, he was likely set on destroying FMZ Media.

"Mr. Finch, do you think you could talk him out of this?" Wallace asked tentatively.

Yosef snorted, clenching his fists. "As if Jonathan would do as I ask. Before he hung up, he added darkly, "You're the CEO of FMZ Media. Put a stop to this before it opens up the floodgates, or else."

FMZ Media had plenty of skeletons in its closet, and Yosef would not hesitate to leave Wallace stranded with those skeletons if they were ever revealed. "Mr. Finch..."

Wallace tried to plead his case, but the police had shown up at that moment. There were thunderous knocks on the front door downstairs.

When Yosef heard the noise, he warned grimly, "If you know what's good for you, you'll do as I ask." With that, Yosef hung up.

Then, the police entered the house and led Wallace away. He did not so much as resist.

Meanwhile, Yosef was so angry that he swept his favorite tea set onto the floor. The crisp and sharp sound of porcelain cracking had Bella opening the door.

When she saw the look on Yosef's face, she more or less guessed what had happened. In the past year, the only person who could piss Yosef to high heaven was Jonathan. Bella asked nothing as she cleaned the shattered porcelain cups on the floor.

"Jonathan will be family if he marries Yara. There's no need for you to get mad at him over trivial things."

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## Chapter 384 The Heiress of the Maize Family

[ 1,346 words ]

Yara Maize was the eldest heiress of the Maize family.

Upon hearing Bella's suggestion, Yosef calmed down considerably and said, "You're right. The marriage alliance between our family and the Maizes must go through. I don't care if Jonathan is against it. He will marry Yara and that's final."

Bella cleaned up the porcelain fragments on the floor. She was dismissive of Yosef's words as she said, "You think Jonathan will be against the marriage? You underestimate Yara's charms. I doubt any man won't want to marry her." She sounded proud of Yara.

Yara had been abroad for a while and did not have much contact with Jonathan. If she hadn't, she would have already ensnared the latter with her feminine wiles.

"Let's make a bet. Now that Yara and Jonathan are in Regalia, she'll have the latter begging to marry her in a month!" Bella proposed confidently.

Yosef perked up at the sound of this. "Very well then. A month it is. Let's see what happens after that."

If Yara succeeded in winning over Jonathan after a month, Yosef could proceed with his plans. He exchanged a pleased, cunning look with Bella, his mood lightening.

Bella got to work as well. Aside from furthering Yosef's goals, she had her own reasons for wanting the marriage alliance between Jonathan and Yara to go through. With those reasons in mind, she called Yara. Yara had only just emerged from the mansion pool when her assistant, Kate Summers, handed her the ringing phone. "Ms. Maize, you have a call from Mrs. Finch."

What a coincidence. Yara had been wanting to thank Bella.

She took the phone and smiled warmly, saying, "Hi, Aunt Bella. I want to thank you and Mr. Finch for helping me land a part in that movie. I'll be sure to include you in my speech once I become the queen of the silver screen."

Yara had been building her career abroad in the last few years. While she was doing well, she needed to build a portfolio after returning to the country.

Upon her return, she vied for a role in a movie to help her break out into the local entertainment industry and broaden her acting career here. Unfortunately, she was two years too late.

The role she wanted had been given to another actress, and filming had already started. However, Yara was not deterred. She would have that role even if it meant she had to steal it.

As such, she sought Bella and Yosef's help. They took care of matters swiftly, and within days, the actress who had been cast for the role was plagued by a scandal that eventually got her fired from the movie. Even the director who had initially defended the actress was bribed to stay out of the matter.

Yara was practically a shoo-in for the movie after that.

"Oh. I've agreed to meet with the reporter from FMZ Media for an exclusive interview. I'll be sure to thank him later," Yara said. She was confident she could charm the media, and she knew how to buy their loyalty.

At the mention of FMZ Media, Bella swallowed and quickly changed the subject. "Forget about the exclusive interview, Yara. Jonathan's back!"

Jonathan? As in the infamous third scion of the Finch family?

Yara straightened up upon hearing this. She recalled Bella telling her about the marriage alliance planned for her and Jonathan.

She would be more than happy to marry into the Finch family, but after seeing Jonathan's picture, she had made him her new target.

If Bella was calling her to tell her about Jonathan's return, she could only jump to one conclusion. She asked hopefully, "Did he want to see me?"

Bella cringed on the other end. Yara, who was born with wealth and beauty and flaunted a career as an international box office queen, had always been full of herself.

Recalling what Yosef had said about Jonathan after he got home from work today, Bella decided Yara was better off kept in the dark.

She answered vaguely, "Jonathan's been so busy running The Finch Group that he doesn't even have time for his family. But I'm sure he'll want to see you every day once you've been properly introduced." It was a reasonable answer that would not bruise Yara's ego.

Yara had heard rumors about Jonathan, most of which described him as cold and impassive. But that did not matter to her, for she was confident she could make him warm up to her.

A strong desire to win seized her, and she set a deadline for herself before her aunt could suggest it. "Give me a month-no, half a month. He'll be putty in my hands after that. You'll see."

Bella was pleased to hear the confidence and arrogance in Yara's tone. She said expectantly, "Very well, Yara. I trust you have what it takes to make Jonathan fall for you. I look forward to hearing of your conquest!"

They hung up after exchanging a few more pleasantries.

Meanwhile, Kate was on edge throughout the entire call. She was thinking about the news trending on the internet, and she was so lost in her thoughts that she did not hear Yara calling her name. She snapped out of her daze and frantically looked at Yara, who was glowering at her.

Frowning, Yara tossed the phone at Kate and snapped, "What were you daydreaming about?"

The phone hit Kate squarely on the forehead. As it rebounded, she scrambled to catch it before it clattered to the ground.

Yara portrayed herself as a polite and pleasant person to the public, but the box office queen was secretly vicious and tempestuous.

After FMZ Media's past acts of fabricating news had been exposed, it was also revealed that the scandal that had plagued the actress whose role Yara stole was falsified. If the story went any deeper, Yara's dirty secret would be dug out too.

While Kate's thoughts ran rampant, Yara took a sip of her water and asked unhappily, "Where's that reporter? Shouldn't he be here by now? Didn't you tell him I hate it when people show up late?" "Huh?" Kate was pulled out of her thoughts once more.

Yara's brows furrowed at the young assistant's dazed response. When she turned to see Kate panicking because she hadn't heard the question, she snarled and threw the glass at her. Soaked from head to toe, Kate trembled at Yara's rage. Panic got the better of her as she squeaked, "F-FMZ Media is in trouble!"

FMZ Media? Yara couldn't care less about them. "What does it have to do with you? You look like you just lost a pet."

"Everyone knows that the scandal that plagued the actress before you was... fabricated," Kate answered trepidatiously, peering at Yara's expression.

When she saw the latter's eyes widen, she knew she had connected the dots.

Yara quickly snatched the phone out of Kate's hand and clicked on a news platform. It seemed FMZ Media's downfall was spreading quickly.

She anxiously searched for news on

the actress whose role she had stolen and found the fans and the general public engaged in discourse over the so-called "scandal". Some of them had even come up with conspiracy theories.

"Do you think the mastermind is the new lead herself?" The netizen who wrote this even tagged Yara's official account.

Immediately after that, the fans took the discourse to Yara's public page. At the sight of this, Yara seethed and threw her phone on the ground.

"What the hell is going on?" she demanded, glaring at Kate.

Kate gulped. She had half a mind to tell Yara that the fans were only stating facts. After all, Yara had orchestrated the whole scandal just so she could steal the role from that poor actress. However, Kate was but a timid assistant who took orders from Yara. She had no choice other than to comfort the latter.

"Don't worry, Ms. Maize. I've already called the publicist. I'm sure the agency will handle this."

"So why hasn't it been handled?" Yara asked, angry at the agency's lack of efficiency.

As if recalling something, Kate said tentatively, "Maybe... Maybe it's because there's been a change of,

personnel at Rise Entertainmentnet

The person in charge resigned, and the role has been taken up by... Mr. Jonathan Finch."

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[ 1,386 words ]

Yara marched up to Kate and gripped her by the arms. "What did you just say?"

Startled, Kate eyed Yara with bewilderment. She had mentioned only one name earlier, and that was Jonathan's. She said carefully, hoping she was answering Yara's question, "M-Mr. Jonathan Finch." She saw Yara's eyes light up. "Jonathan... Jonathan..." Yara mumbled under her breath, her mood lightening as a sudden thought crossed her mind. "This is perfect! Don't you see? This is my chance!" Her chance to get close to Jonathan, the new person in charge of Rise Entertainment, and have him handle the controversy before it spiraled out of hand.

As long as she could see him-or rather, let him see her-she was confident she could make him fall for her.

Yara could already see her plan falling into place. Feeling victorious, she turned to Kate and ordered, "Put out a statement using my social media account and make it sound like I was so focused on my work that I didn't pay attention to any scandal, false or not.

"Tell everyone that I think the last actress fitted the role more than I do, and that I'm quitting so that she can reprise it."

"Quitting?" Kate repeated, mortified. "But what about all the lengths you went to to get the role?"

By that, she meant the destructive scandal Yara had crafted so that the unfortunate actress would be so ostracized that the movie producers would sack her. However, Kate dared not elaborate on this. Yara ignored Kate's concerns and sauntered over to the mirror, admiring her sculpted figure and angelic face.

It was just as well that she backed out of the movie. At least then she would have time to conjure up ways to ensnare Jonathan and marry him. Jonathan was practically hers for the taking. Meanwhile, Jonathan was outside Young Estate. He closed his eyes in hopes of getting some rest, but Rose filled his mind and stole sleep from him.

It was past midnight, and the sky had yet to break with dawn's first light.

Finley lay asleep inside the car. When his eyes fluttered open and he did not see Jonathan anywhere, he bolted upright.

He hurried out of the car and spotted a towering figure in the distance, creating a dark silhouette against the night.

The figure appeared to be staring in Young Estate's direction, looking for all the world like a stone statue gazing upon the estate with longing. The figure was none other than Jonathan.

"Tsk," Finley clicked his tongue, sighing. A few months ago, Jonathan would never have predicted himself to be standing in front of Young Estate like a lovesick fool. He must really have been in love with Rose.

Jonathan couldn't tell where Rose was. He couldn't see through the walls of the mansion, after all. However, just knowing that she was somewhere beyond those walls assured him.

Rose had been in the funeral hall of Young Estate since her return. She had not left her post. She was already injured from the blast, and she had lost some weight after days of exhaustion. Miles couldn't bear to see her like this. "Go get some rest. I'll take over."

"No," Rose said.

She wanted to stay with Oliver for just a while longer. She did not feel tired at all, at least not in the physical sense. Only sheer will kept her upright at the moment.

But no sooner had she refused Miles' offer did her head swim with fatigue. She braced through it, but the next wave of exhaustion crashed over her and the room spun.

Her body went limp as she swayed, and she would have hit the ground had Miles not caught her in time.

"Go and get some rest," Miles repeated more firmly.

He was not making a suggestion this time. He was ordering Rose to get some sleep. Without another word, he hauled her up and frog-marched her to the guest room in Young Estate.

Rose was too tired to protest. Her body had been so deprived of rest that sleep claimed her as soon as she hit the mattress. Still, hers was not a restful slumber.

She kept drifting in and out of dreams. Nothing seemed real anymore, and she awoke with a pain in her chest. She got up and threw the curtains back, opening the window.

The sky was still dark, and the night air was crisp and fresh. She took deep breaths of it, feeling the pain in her chest subside. Once she was feeling better, she decided to head to the funeral hall to stay with Oliver.

Rose had only just turned from the window when she spotted a dark figure against the night. She was staying in one of the rooms on the second floor, which gave her a full view of the scene beyond the estate walls.

Outside the estate, the street light added inches to the tall and lean silhouette. Despite the distance between them, Rose could make out Jonathan's features. What was he doing here? Had he been there the entire night?

Rose's heart tightened at the thought of this as a wave of emotion coursed through her.

While she was lost in her thoughts, the night breeze picked up. She shuddered as the chill kissed her skin. She saw the tall silhouette under the street light curl up against the breeze as well, wrapping his arms around himself.

She frowned at this. The breeze showed no sign of relenting and instead grew stronger, rustling the branches and leaves.

At that moment, Rose closed the window and hurried downstairs. She kept thinking about Jonathan standing under the street light and made up her mind to see him outside the estate.

She had only just reached the bottom of the stairs when someone called out from behind her. "Are you going to see him?"

Rose turned to see the owner of the voice rising from the couch and approaching her. It was Anastasia.

The lights in the living room were dim, but Rose could tell from one glance that Anastasia had been waiting here for a while, perhaps in anticipation of her.

As for the "him" that Anastasia had mentioned...

"He is the head of The Finch Group. You've been in Aquastead all this time, so even if you heard about the mighty Finch family you couldn't possibly understand the power that family wields," Anastasia said, drawing close enough to look down her nose at Rose as if assessing her imperiously.

There was contempt in her eyes, the kind that served to remind Rose that this was Regalia and that she held the court.

"Do you know how many heiresses and socialites are crawling in Regalia? Jonathan would never marry a nobody from Aquastead," Anastasia continued icily, implying that Rose's presence was insignificant in this city.

Rose fell silent. Just as Anastasia believed Rose was stricken by her vicious words, Rose prompted nonchalantly, "And?"

Anastasia frowned at the curt, unaffected response and wondered if Rose was simply too stupid to understand the implication, or if she was deliberately ignoring it.

She did not mince her words this time as she elaborated, "Marrying into the Finch family isn't an easy feat. Jonathan is out of your league. Don't think that you've won just because you got a marriage license with him in Aquastead. You will never be Mrs. Finch!"

Anastasia leveled a vicious stare at Rose, hoping to drill those words into the latter's bones. She waited to see how Rose would respond. She expected disappointment, shame, and diffidence to flicker across her face.

However, the only one who was disappointed was Anastasia. Rose did not so much as falter, and she returned Anastasia's icy stare with nonchalance.

Angered by this, Anastasia was about to insult Rose even more when the latter suddenly said, "You want to marry Jonathan."

Anastasia gaped at her.

Rose knew she had guessed right. Anastasia wanted to marry Jonathan. She did not let Anastasia speak as she added, "So you're jealous of me. You're jealous that I got my marriage license with Jonathan and you didn't!"

Once again, her words left Anastasia stumped. Rose smirked. She had spoken Anastasia's mind, and she did not look the slightest bit affected by the latter's intentions.

Anastasia's pride felt attacked when

she saw the arrogance with which Rose regarded her. She thought about the controversy surrounding FMZ Media that was surely orchestrated by Jonathan and how he had been waiting outside Young Estate all night.

He had done all this for Rose!

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## Chapter 386 Intertwined

[ 1,235 words ]

The reality made Rose's nonchalance feel like a slap to Anastasia's face. She could not help the jealousy boiling in her as she stormed up to Rose, intending to slap the cavalier grin off the latter's face. Anastasia raised her hand, but as she brought it down in an arc, Rose seized her wrist.

Rose had regained some strength after sleeping, and she did not hold back. Anastasia tried to pull away from her grip, but her struggles were to no avail.

She glowered at Rose and commanded, "Let go of me!"

Rose snorted. She would be a fool to let Anastasia go and earn herself a slap across the face. She maintained her vise-like grip on Anastasia's wrist even as the latter seethed.

"We're in Young Estate right now! If you don't let go, I'll scream."

"Go ahead," Rose said, a cruel challenge flickering in her eyes.

She didn't bother playing nice now that things had escalated to the point of near-violence. "Don't think I don't know that you tripped me outside the estate yesterday."

She had known about Anastasia sticking her foot out and tripping her yesterday, but she did not expose the wretched young lady for it. However, the wretched young lady just had to provoke her, and Rose hated provocation.

Shock colored Anastasia's face as she went still, forgetting to struggle and pull away from Rose's grip.

Rose continued slowly, menacingly, "You know what? It'd be great if you screamed and woke the whole house now. That'll give me a chance to explain to everyone why I'm picking on you now!" Anastasia was well aware that even though Miles had taken Rose under his wing, he would not hesitate to make Anastasia pay if he found out she tried to trip Rose.

With Oliver gone, the distribution of the Young family's fortune was still an undecided matter. Anastasia couldn't afford to get on Miles' bad side now.

However, the thought of Miles and Jonathan reaching out to catch Rose last night sent another wave of jealousy crashing over her.

She gritted her teeth and snarled at Rose, "What the hell did you do to bewitch those two men and Grandpa?"

Until now, Anastasia could not make sense of Oliver's past attitude toward Rose. She still couldn't accept the fact that the old man had risked his life to save Rose from Kelly.

Anastasia's accusation struck Rose like lightning. Bewitched, huh? Miles was her friend and brother. They shared a natural and easygoing bond.

As for Jonathan, she had never thought about taking advantage of him. Not even their marriage of convenience or the feelings she subsequently developed for him changed that.

With Oliver, Rose felt nothing but guilt for the tragedy that befell him. If she and Oliver had never met, he would never have become Kelly's target. She had put Oliver in danger. It was her fault he died at Kelly's hand.

Guilt and grief tore at her, but before Anastasia could see her anguish, she quickly hid it and warned the latter coldly, "Don't get on my nerves."

Rose released Anastasia's wrist with a hard fling, then turned and left without so much as a backward glance.

"You-"

Anastasia made to go after her, but she stopped instinctively when she saw Rose heading toward the front door. Rose was going to see Jonathan, and there was nothing she could do to stop her. She growled through gritted teeth, "Rose!"

She clenched her fists as her jealousy made her yell after Rose. She watched as Rose walked out the door and pictured her running into Jonathan's arms.

Hatred filled her as she silently vowed, "Just wait, Rose. You'll never marry into the Finch family on my watch!"

Under the streetlight, Jonathan shivered when the breeze picked up. He had lost count of the times he had sneezed.

Rose had only just stepped out of the gates when she heard him sneezing. She stopped just as he glanced in her direction. His eyes lit up when he saw her.

He did not wait for Rose to walk up to him and instead jogged over to her excitedly. "Rose..."

When he noticed how thin her clothes were, he shrugged off his jacket without hesitation and wrapped it around her.

Only then did she snap out of her daze. Her gaze fell on the red tip of his nose. She felt sorry for him for bracing the cold, but her tone was full of admonishment as she asked, "Dont you have anywhere else to go?"

Jonathan stared at her helplessly. Before he could respond, she grabbed his wrist and said, "Come with me!" The warmth of her fingers spread from his wrist to the rest of his body, chasing away the chill in his bones.

He struggled against her grip, tugging at her arm until she stopped and turned to look at him inquisitively. "Why did you-" She didn't get to ask him why he had stopped, for what he did next was an answer enough.

His free hand clasped around hers and pried it away from his wrist. Her fingers grazed the brittle air for only a second before his warm palm was pressed against hers. The next

moment, their fingers intertwined.

"I like this better," Jonathan said, looking into her eyes. She was all he could see as he swung their interlocked hands as if to show her off. "Where are you taking me?"

Rose blinked when she noticed the expectant gleam in his eyes. The man before her was nothing like the cold and domineering Jonathan rumor had made him out to be.

She would have drowned in his

have

indulgent gaze if she didn't know he

was Jonathan Finch, but

unfortunately, she could not unlearn

the truth. The man before her was

the head of the Finch family

admired and feared by all of Regalia.

Rose looked away from him, but not before he caught the frigid look in her eyes. Still, he found assurance in the warmth of their intertwined hands.

He stopped inquiring about where she was taking him and simply let her lead him forward. He froze when her steps halted before his car.

He figured she must have had something she wished to speak to him about in private, specifically in his car. If not, she could be suggesting that he take her someplace that they could reach by car. Rose was about to open the door when Jonathan hurried forward and said, "Let me get the door for you!"

As if he could ever let a fair lady open the car door by herself. Chivalry and love demanded that he open the door for her every time from now on.

As he opened the door, he stepped aside to let Rose get in. However, she did not budge as she said, "Get in."

Jonathan stared at her speechlessly. Was she asking him to get in first? He considered the possibility of it and acceded, reluctantly letting go of her hand.

The moment his fingers detached from hers, a hollow feeling seized him. He had wanted to hold her hand as soon as she got into the car after him, but he was surprised to hear the door closing behind him instead.

He turned around and gaped at Rose through the car window. He made to open the door to let her in, but she had thrown her weight against the door to keep him from opening it.

At once, Jonathan realized what she was doing. He rolled down the window and smiled at her appeasingly.

"Will you please get in the car, wifey? It's getting cold outside, and I don't want you to freeze."

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## Chapter 387 No Dice

[ 796 words ]

Jonathan was worried about Rose getting cold. She would have been touched by his concern if he hadn't called her "wifey", which reminded her that what they had was a deal on paper-a consequence of mistakes and happenstance.

She could ignore that stinging fact if she were in Aquastead. But now that they were in Regalia, she had to admit Anastasia had given her a reality check.

"Don't call me 'wifey' so casually, Mr. Finch," Rose warned, her gaze distant and flickering with contempt.

The smile on Jonathan's handsome face faltered slightly, but only for a moment. The corners of his lips were still tugged upward when he reached for Rose's hand.

However, she drew back from him when his fingers grazed her hand. He heard her sneer the next second.

"You're making things hard for me, Mr. Finch. Don't you know where you are? It's not a good look for the head of the Finch family to be caught loitering outside Young Estate.

"Who knows what the media is capable of writing up if someone snapped a picture of you hovering here? The rumors could be damaging for both of us.

"Also, while I appreciate you helping me last night in front of the press, you are still a member of high society. I'd rather you didn't say any of those things or behave that way in the future, lest someone gets the wrong idea."

Rose wanted to keep the conversation brief and straight to the point. As such, she kept a cold and indifferent tone while delivering the harshest words she could think of.

She doubted Jonathan, who had been revered his whole life, could stand being condescended to like this.

Sure enough, the smile on Jonathan's face disappeared. His face turned stormy as he assessed Rose with narrowed eyes. She felt her heart sink to her stomach. Had she gone too far and stirred the angry beast in him?

However, there was no taking back what she said. Perhaps angering the beast in him was what she needed to do to get her point across.

Further resolved, Rose added fuel to the fire she was building. "Besides, I'd like to marry for love one day! Ah-"

Her startled cry pierced the silence of the night as Jonathan's hand clamped around her wrist. Before she could register what was happening, he reached his free hand out the car window and cupped the back of her head.

He drew her close, his handsome face magnifying before her eyes. This close up, she could see the muscle in his jaw feathering with rage. When she realized what he was about to do, she made to pull away.

"Don't-"

A wall was all that separated her from the funeral hall of Young Estate, where Oliver's ashes were. Jonathan could not do this to her.

Rose pressed her lips into a thin line, her body tightly coiled in resistance. Just as she thought he was going to kiss her or do worse, she felt his lips brush against hers in the lightest of strokes.

The next moment, she felt his warm breath tickled the delicate curve of her ear. She shuddered at the sensation just as Jonathan opened his mouth. A sharp pain shot up her neck, and she hissed. "Ow..." He actually bit her!

Jonathan could have flayed her alive

for what she said to him. He felt like his heart was cracking beneath his ribcage. But for all his rage, he dared not bite down hard on her neck for fear that he would hurt her in the process.

The air around them went still as he nipped her neck as if to punish her. He did not release her for a good while.

Rose did not struggle as she acclimated to the feel of his teeth against her bare skin. She let him do what he wanted. For a moment, the atmosphere was both odd and amorous.

Finley was still in the driver's seat, processing the shocking turn of events until he decided to close his eyes to afford Jonathan and Rose some modicum of privacy. He even tried not to breathe too loudly, lest he interrupted them.

There was no telling how much time had passed before Jonathan was content to release Rose from his grip. He brushed the flat of his finger against the purplish-red mark he had left on her neck.

He leaned his brow against hers, his

voice raspy as he said quietly, "I don't have to stay here all night, but if you plan to marry anyone else, no dice. You're mine, and you will only be mine. Is that clear?"

All the thoughts eddied out of Rose's mind when she heard this. She made no reply.

Jonathan frowned at her silence, seemingly displeased by it as he growled again, "Was I not being clear? I guess I'll just have to show you what I mean, then..."

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## Chapter 388 Apprehension

[ 1,324 words ]

Jonathan's words, delivered in his lazy, roguish tone, made Rose stiffen. When she caught the wicked gleam in his eyes, she immediately knew what he meant to do.

As his handsome face inched closer, she instinctively drew back. However, his hand, which cupped the back of her head, kept her from pulling away. She could feel his breath tickling her cheek, his mouth dangerously close to her neck.

His teeth were about to graze her skin when she suddenly cried out, "You were clear! You made yourself very clear!"

Jonathan stopped, but that did not mean he was pleased with her surrender. She hadn't so much as batted an eye when she said those cruel things to him. He had to punish her to soothe his wounded soul and pride.

"What did I say?" he whispered into the crook between her neck and shoulder. Rose's body tingled at his playful, devilish tone. When she did not answer immediately, he prompted in a velvety voice, "Hmm?"

He was demanding a response. What did he say? Rose picked through Jonathan's words from moments ago, her face warming.

Jonathan repeated lazily, his lips brushing against her skin, "What did I say?"

Not daring to dawdle, Rose blurted, "I'm yours... I'm yours!" Blood rushed to her cheeks as soon as the words left her mouth.

Thankfully, Jonathan stopped teasing her after that. Satisfied, he reluctantly pulled away from her and took in the blush on her cheeks, illuminated by the street light overhead. Judging by her glistening eyes, she was flustered.

He did not hide his satisfaction as he pointed out with faint amusement, "Well, you didn't have to say it twice. But at least you've made your undying and unrequited love for me crystal clear."

Rose gaped at him. Undying and unrequited love? When she met the wicked amusement in his eyes, she snapped, "You... You baited me!" He must have. "Mm-hmm," Jonathan answered insouciantly, nodding. Just as she struggled to shake off his grip, he released her. "You're mine. You will always be mine."

The domineering edge of his tone belied his tender gaze. He did not wait for Rose to respond—not that he particularly cared what she had to say—before caressing her face and muttering, "Go in. It's getting cold out here."

He had gotten over his plan to pull Rose into the car and abduct her. She was still mourning over Oliver, and he knew how sentimental she was. She had long since accepted Oliver as family, and she would observe the mourning period out of loyalty.

As for Jonathan, he was starting to find it hard to resist Rose's temptation. She could be sitting next to him and doing nothing, and he would still want to pull her into his lap and burrow into her warmth. In fact, he was experiencing such urges now.

Jonathan hastily withdrew his gaze. If he stayed any longer, he might change his mind and keep Rose from returning to Young Estate.

"Finley, drive," he ordered.

Finley stiffened in the driver's seat, his eyes still tightly closed. When he heard Jonathan's order, the first question that came to his mind was, should he even start the car at all?

If he did, Jonathan would know he had heard every bit of the conversation with Rose earlier. Finley shook his head. No! Jonathan could never find out!

He planned to pretend he had just woken up from a nap and missed the exchange between Jonathan and Rose.

However, when he met Jonathan's dark gaze in the rearview mirror, he had a feeling that the imposing man in the backseat had seen through his plan. Resigned, Finley gave up on the plan and started the car.

As the car cruised down the street away from Young Estate, Jonathan looked into the rearview mirror and saw Rose standing in place.

Her silhouette grew smaller as the distance between them grew, and she disappeared entirely when the car turned a corner at the junction.

Rose returned to Young Estate and found Miles alone in the funeral hall. When she walked in, he immediately recognized the jacket draped over her shoulders. It belonged to Jonathan, and Miles wondered if she had gone to see him again.

Miles lowered his gaze and felt an odd feeling course through him, but he suppressed it.

Jonathan did not get much rest after returning to his city abode. At first light, he showered and pulled on a change of clothes. Half an hour later, his car pulled up outside Young Estate once more.

...

"Mr. Finch, are you..." Finley glanced into the rearview mirror, hoping to decipher Jonathan's mind.

It had only been a few hours since

they left Young Estate, but now they were back again. It seemed that Jonathan was intent on keeping watch over Rose, if not keeping her company in spirit. How had Finley not noticed how clingy the man was before?

Nonetheless, he pointed out warily, "Mr. Finch, with all that's happening in the Young family, I don't think Mrs. Finch will be very pleased to see you like this." She was grieving, after all. "Like what?" Jonathan demanded icily.

Finley would be a dead man if he said, "like a chick following its mother hen", so he wisely kept his mouth shut.

He thought Jonathan would get out of the car immediately and find an excuse to see Rose, but the man simply leaned into the backseat and closed his eyes.

An hour passed before several more cars pulled up outside Young Estate. Only then did Jonathan open his eyes. He straightened his suit and stepped out of the car.

All the important people in Regalia

who either knew Oliver or had been affiliated with him at some point dropped by Young Estate to pay their last respects to him. Dozens of luxury cars were parked outside the estate, and Patrick was personally ushering in the funeral-goers.

Patrick was a little taken aback when he saw Jonathan. He knew something was going on between Rose and Jonathan, but Miles seemed to harbor enmity against him the last thing Patrick wanted

was for Jonathan and Miles to

cause a scene if he let the former in.

While Patrick was confronted by the dilemma, Jonathan came to a stop before him and said calmly, "The Finch family would like to pay their last respects."

He was here as a representative of the Finch family. Upon hearing this, Patrick knew he had no reason to turn Jonathan away.

The butler courteously ushered him in and said, "If you please."

To keep Jonathan from causing a scene, Patrick personally showed Jonathan the way to the funeral hall.

The Youngs were gathered in the funeral hall. Jonathan spotted Rose from a distance. Unlike Anastasia and the others in the Young family who were entertaining the funeral-goers, Rose was kneeling before Oliver's urn and lighting candles in vigil.

Following Oliver's death, the distribution of the Young family fortune became a matter of urgency. The funeral-goers present today could play a vital part in the family's fight for their fair share of the fortune. However, none of that had anything to do with Rose.

"My condolences," a familiar voice suddenly sounded next to her.

Her heart leaped to her throat, and she turned to meet Jonathan's gaze. Why had he returned?

His presence brought back the memories of last night. She could still hear his low, territorial warning in her ears. She was terrified that he would get up to funny business during the funeral.

Rose wouldn't put it past him to pull a crazy stunt in front of all these people. He was nothing if not a maniac.

Alas, she had overthought. She watched as Jonathan offered up a short prayer before Oliver's urn, then bowed his head at her as if in respect. There was no wicked amusement or mischief in his eyes. Rose froze. By the time she came to her senses, Jonathan had already left the funeral hall. He had actually come to pay his last respects!

As she heaved a sigh of relief, she couldn't help feeling guilty about her apprehension toward Jonathan earlier. She thought too little of him.

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## Chapter 389 Taking the Initiative

[ 866 words ]

Outside Young Estate, Yara lounged in the backseat of her luxurious car. After learning Jonathan's whereabouts from Bella that morning, she had eagerly made her way to Young Estate in hopes of catching him.

She had no interest in attending a funeral, but she did not mind using it as an excuse to get close to Jonathan.

Yara wore a long, black dress. She checked the makeup she had painstakingly applied. Having made sure she looked perfect, she put on her shades and stepped out of the car.

She surveyed her surroundings and grew disappointed. She grumbled to Kate, "I can't believe the press didn't show up."

She had expected to see reporters crowding outside Young Estate to get an exclusive on Oliver's funeral, seeing as the old man had been a titan in the industry.

Had she known the press wouldn't be here, she would have contacted them and had them stationed outside in advance.

Unfortunately, it was too late for Yara to pull such a stunt. She glared at Kate and said, "Forget it. Just remember to call the press and tip them off on where I'll be the next time. What kind of assistant are you? Seriously, I would never have..."

Yara trailed off, taking off her shades and giving Kate a sharp look.

"I promise I'll do better next time, Ms. Maize," Kate said timidly. She knew what Yara had intended to say before she trailed off.

Not too long after Yara returned to the country, she had been invited to an award ceremony. The venue had been teeming with the press, and Yara had been parading down the red carpet.

Kate was one of the usherettes then, and she accidentally stepped on a small-time actress' gown. The actress, in hopes of getting her five minutes of fame, had made a big deal out of the mishap.

Her fans had taken to social media to hurl abuse at Kate, the hate comments flooding her social media account like a storm.

Kate had neither power nor money, so she tolerated the abuse. She thought the incident would blow over in a flash, but a few crazed fans hunted her down and threatened to beat her up and cuss her out.

Just then, Yara swooped in and saved Kate from the altercation. She even called out the small-time actress for not reprimanding her fans' behavior and letting things get out of hand. She defended Kate like an angel who brandished justice as her sword.

In a show of kindness, Yara publicly appointed Kate as her assistant in the country.

When the incident finally blew over, Yara had established herself as a kind and beautiful international actress who had just returned from abroad and cared about the weak.

Kate had been stupid enough to believe in that image of Yara, only to later learn that it was just a facade.

Yara was nothing like the angel she portrayed herself to be. She hadn't come here to pay respects to the deceased, but to snag Jonathan.

"You've seen what Jonathan looks like. When you go in, be on the lookout for him and locate him as soon as possible," Yara ordered.

"Yes, Ms. Maize," Kate said with a nod, before noticing that Yara had stopped in her tracks.

She followed the latter's gaze and saw a man in a black suit. One glance was all it took for Kate to sense the man's imperious and domineering air.

His imposing presence was so suffocating that Kate had to avert her gaze. However, an image flashed through her mind, and she realized the imposing man was Jonathan himself!

Yara could not take her eyes off Jonathan from the moment he appeared. She had seen his picture before, but it did not do him justice. The refinement and dominance that poured out from him was ten times more than the picture led her to believe.

Jonathan had a face crafted adoringly by the gods themselves. Not even the hottest male celebrity could compete with him.

And he was more than a pretty face. He was the ruler of the Finch family and the head of the powerful behemoth that was The Finch Group.

He had money, power, and

everything that male celebrities

could only dream of having. A man

like him could only be Yara's. She

was confident that she was the only woman worthy of him.

She drew back her gaze, already

tasting the victory that lingered so

close by. With someone like

Jonathan, she would be wise to take things slow and feel him out,

especially since they were at Oliver's funeral.

Kon

Yara schooled her face into neutrality and calmed her thoughts. She then made her way toward the funeral hall.

However, when she emerged from the funeral hall, Jonathan was nowhere to be found. She whirled to face Kate as she demanded shrewdly, "Where is he?" Kate replied, "He left."

"Left?" Kate repeated incredulously.

She shot Kate a menacing look, her features twisting into a menacing expression as she seethed. "What good are you for when you can't even keep a man from leaving?" Yara did not want to miss such a rare opportunity. She let out a frustrated sound and hurried out of Young Estate.

Meanwhile, in the funeral hall, Rose suddenly thought of something. She turned to Miles and said with some hesitation, "Miles, I'm heading out for a bit."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 390 Bad Feeling

[ 668 words ]

Finley spotted Jonathan coming out of Young Estate and hurriedly handed him the phone. "Mr. Finch, Mrs. Finch Senior... Mrs. Finch Senior wants you to check your phone. She also said you must answer the

call..."

He gave Jonathan a look as if to say, "Save yourself."

Jonathan fished out his phone. Sure enough, there were several missed calls from Finch Manor. He gave Finley a brief hum in response and took the phone from him.

"Grandma-"

No sooner had the word left his mouth did Eleanor's snort come from the other side. "Grandma, huh? Here I was thinking you'd forgotten about me."

"As if," Jonathan said lightly. "What is it? Sorry, I missed your calls. I was at Mr. Young Senior's funeral."

Eleanor's displeasure waned when she heard this. She said, "I see. I called to ask you to head to Rise Entertainment. The person in charge quit, and I need you to run things for a while."

Rise Entertainment? The Finch Group had countless enterprises under its umbrella, and Rise Entertainment was only an entertainment agency. He couldn't help wondering why Eleanor was asking him to run

it.

Suddenly sensing something amiss, Jonathan asked, "Grandma, why don't you come right out and tell me what you're planning?"

Eleanor fell silent. If she were to tell him that she was trying to set him and Yara up, he would never agree to it. As such, she lied.

"It's Ezra. He and I had words on a few occasions after he returned from Aquastead.

"He said he fell for a young woman called Something-Shaffer. When I asked him for her full name so that I could track her down, he refused to tell me. Maybe you can talk to him and find out." Jonathan considered the information Eleanor had given him. His gaze darkened as he said, "Got it."

Eleanor froze. "I-Is that a yes?" She had been prepared to persuade him to take up the job and was surprised to hear him agree so readily.

"Yes," Jonathan answered.

Upon hearing his confirmation, Eleanor nodded in satisfaction. "So you do still care about your brother after all."

Jonathan raised a brow but kept his tone neutral as he drawled, "Well, of course." However, Eleanor could not see the smirk that now played on his lips.

Meanwhile, over at Rise Entertainment's dressing room, Ezra was sipping on some hot tea when he suddenly felt a chill run down his spine.

He frowned and inched closer to the makeup artist next to him, asking, "Hey, did you feel anything weird?"

The makeup artist gave him a bewildered look as if to ask, "What are you talking about?"

"You know, it's like this weird... chill-down-your-spine kind of feeling?" Ezra thought his description was spot-on. It was a bad feeling that made one's skin crawl.

The makeup artist glanced at the

artist

door, which was tightly shut. Even the windows were closed, and the weather outside did not indicate a drop in temperature. The air conditioning had not been turned on either.

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There was no draught in the room, so the makeup artist chalked Ezra's so-called "weird feeling" up to

nonsense. She raised a brow and

said, "I haven't done anything wrong

to feel so paranoid."

Was she implying that Ezra had done something wrong? He was about to snap at her when she smacked the makeup sponge squarely on his lips, silencing him in a comically timely manner. Outside Young Estate, Jonathan was about to get into the car after wrapping up the phone call with Eleanor when he heard a pleasant voice call out, "Mr. Finch?"

However, he kept walking like he hadn't heard it at all.

Yara clenched her jaw. She had deliberately raised her voice. There was no way he hadn't heard her. But the more indifferent he was, the more she rose to the challenge.

This was her first meeting with Jonathan, and she was determined to make him see her in all her glory!

Resolved, Yara marched forward in

her tall stilettos, breaking into a

small jog to catch up with him. She stopped him just before he reached his luxurious ride and said, "Hi, there! It's nice to meet you."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 391 Seeking Jonathan Out

[ 664 words ]

Yara elegantly extended a hand toward Jonathan. She was an heiress who had made a name for herself in the entertainment industry, and she was revered by all.

Even when she was abroad, she could walk into a room and steal everyone's attention with her charm and pretty face.

There was no denying her beguiling wiles. Just one look at her and a man would find it difficult to tear his eyes away. She doubted Jonathan would be immune to her beauty.

Yet, her confidence and arrogance did not help her foresee that Jonathan would leave her hanging. He did not take her hand or even offer a greeting in response.

Yara decided to cut the man some slack. Perhaps he was so stunned by her beauty that he had forgotten how his body worked.

She looked up slowly through her lashes, the seduction clear in her gaze. However, Jonathan met her bedroom eyes with storm-filled ones. She stiffened but chose to ignore the divot between his brows. A smile played on her lips as she stepped forward and said, "I'm Yara—"

She broke off when she suddenly tripped and lost her balance. She fell forward, her arms reaching for Jonathan.

Yara prided herself on her acting skills. She was confident that Jonathan would not see her tripping and falling into his arms as anything but an accident. She refused to believe that she could not win over the imposing man.

In the spur of the moment, Yara clutched Jonathan's arms to steady herself. She was practically half-hanging off his frame, and her heart thundered when she felt the muscle coiling under his arms. She grew even more resolved to take this man for herself.

"Ah, Mr. Finch..." Yara bleated softly, hissing in pain.

If she pretended to have sprained her ankle, and therefore have difficulty walking, he might take pity on her. It would be even better if he carried her into his car.

She could already see the scene unfold in her mind, but she was oblivious to the stony look on Jonathan's face.

He hated being touched. Ever since he found Rose, his body had grown attuned to her touch and rejected everyone else's.

He glowered at the woman hanging off his frame. Just as he was about to shove her away, he heard Finley's horrified voice. "M-Mrs. Finch..."

Jonathan immediately turned

around. He saw Rose standing at the front door of Young Estate. She was wearing a white dress and had her hair pulled back. Even though she

attire little to no makeup and her

was simple, she still looked

dazzling.

Jonathan's heart skipped a beat. He even forgot about the contempt and disgust that had filled him a minute ago. His handsome face broke into a warm smile that softened his features. He did not even bat an eye as he shoved Yara aside and made his way to Rose.

He hadn't planned on disturbing Rose on account of Oliver's funeral, but if she was coming to him of her own accord, he couldn't be bothered with decorum.

Jonathan's strides were long as he closed the distance between him and Rose. He gazed at her with such expectation and warmth that Rose couldn't help her surprise.

If she didn't know better, she would think he loved her. She suddenly couldn't bear the thought of leaving him.

Just then, she heard a female voice cry out, "Ah... Mr. Finch!"

When Jonathan shoved Yara aside earlier, she had lost her footing for real. She had been hanging off his towering frame after faking the fall, so when he pulled away from her, she staggered and fell forward.

Her knees and arms scraped against the tarred surface. The burning abrasions made her hiss in pain, but she still called out after Jonathan with a bell-like voice, hoping he would turn around and tend to her.

But all she saw was Jonathan making his way to the front door of Young Estate. His steps were quick, and even from the back, she could tell he was eager to get to the person standing at the front doorstep.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 392 An Act of Jealousy

[ 1,387 words ]

Jonathan might have stepped into Rose's line of vision, but she still heard the other woman's voice loud and clear.

She had already seen the woman clinging onto Jonathan's frame like a sloth earlier, and it was an image that she would not soon forget.

A self-deprecating smile suddenly curved on Rose's lips as she buried her bitter thoughts and headed forward.

Elated to see Rose coming his way, Jonathan broke into a jog to meet her in the middle. He extended an arm, ready to embrace her the moment they were close enough.

He could already smell the scent of burning candles on her. The distance between them was growing smaller with each step they took.

However, Rose suddenly sidestepped him and marched right past him. Jonathan gaped at the air before him speechlessly.

An intense roaring filled his head, and he felt like someone had dumped a bucket of ice water over him. He stood rooted in place. He wanted to move, but his legs felt like they had been weighed down by lead. Rose had already gone up to Finley. She smiled politely at the assistant and handed him the jacket Jonathan had given her last night. "Would you mind passing this to Mr. Finch?"

Finley gaped at her. What was going on? He had yet to recover from the shock of seeing Rose brush past Jonathan like the latter was invisible, and now, he was seized with despair as he registered her words. This was bad. He knew how much Jonathan had looked forward to seeing Rose. If he took the jacket from her, he had no doubt Jonathan would flay him alive.

Finley turned to Jonathan helplessly. The latter was still standing where Rose had walked past him, though he had angled his head to the side so that Finley could catch the dark look in his eyes.

"Mrs. Finch..." Finley pleaded, his heart leaping to his throat. He silently begged her to take pity on him and understand that he could not possibly take the jacket.

Finley was about to say this when he saw Rose's brows furrow. The courteous smile she had worn seconds ago now vanished and had been replaced by a cruel smirk. He gulped instinctively. "Mr. Willis," she ground out, holding out the jacket to him once again.

This time, he heard the unspoken warning in her tone. If he didn't take the jacket out of his consideration for Jonathan's feelings, she would not hesitate to torment the latter.

Finley knew Jonathan loved Rose. A meaningful look was all it took for her to have Finley alive, and Jonathan would have happily carried out the act. At that moment, the assistant knew he could not cross her. He abandoned all reason as he reached for the jacket. But before his fingers grazed the heavy fabric, he heard Jonathan clearing his throat in the distance.

It was an outright warning. Finley's hand froze in mid-air when he heard it, and he glanced warily in Jonathan's direction.

Jonathan had turned around, and his chin was raised slightly as he pinned Finley's hand with a dangerous look, as if to say, "Take that jacket at your own risk."

"Mr. Willis—"

"Finley!"

Rose's and Jonathan's voices overlapped. Finley thought his body might shut down from anxiety.

"Mrs. Fi—" He was cut off by the warning look in Rose's eyes. He decided to drop the address and immediately said, "Ms. Shaffer, Mr. Finch is over there. Perhaps you could pass the jacket to him yourself." The two were mere feet apart. Surely there was no need for Finley to play the messenger when she could deliver the jacket to Jonathan personally. At least Finley wouldn't have to risk his neck. Rose frowned. Jonathan, on the other hand, smirked. He was pleased with his subordinate's suggestion. As far as he was concerned, Rose ought to give him the jacket personally. He was prepared for the close encounter.

Rose had left Young Estate with the intention of handing the jacket to Jonathan personally, but she could not shake the image of the woman hanging off him.

She felt like her chest tightened whenever she thought of it, and she didn't want to see Jonathan at all.

"In that case..." Rose was never one to stoop to coercion. She respected Finley's refusal to play the messenger. She only had to find someone else who would willingly pass the jacket to Jonathan instead. A faint smile tugged on her lips. Finley mistook her smile for acceptance and heaved a sigh of relief.

He felt like a huge weight had been taken off his chest. Now that Rose had agreed to hand the jacket to Jonathan personally, the latter would be pleased.

However, the next second, Finley watched in shock as Rose turned and headed in another direction instead of Jonathan's.

Finley went still, and the smile on Jonathan's face faltered. Rose had walked right up to Yara. In other words, she wanted Yara to pass the jacket to Jonathan.

Jonathan Scowled at this. Under normal circumstances, he would have thrown the jacket away if another woman had touched it. But Rose had worn the jacket last night, and he couldn't bear to part with it.

The reluctance and dilemma had only just washed over him when he, unable to help himself, moved toward Rose.

Rose was halfway to Yara when she felt a large hand grip her wrist from behind. His grip was loose enough that she pulled away easily.

"Rose!" Jonathan growled, angry that she had evaded his touch.

He stepped forward, and she stepped back. She made it clear that she wanted some distance between them, and he could feel it when she did not so much as meet his gaze.

She was avoiding him. Panic and

confusion welled up in him. He wanted to know why she was avoiding him, but he didn't want to get too close to her and hav@her back away for good.

After a long pause, he said loudly, "Finley!"

There were no orders that followed, but Finley knew what Jonathan wanted him to do. He hurried toward them and grabbed the jacket from Rose.

She turned to Finley and said, "Thank you."

After that, she returned to Young Estate. Even after she had disappeared through the entrance, Jonathan did not look away.

"Mr. Finch, the jacket..." Finley asked tentatively, his heart hammering away in his ribcage.

Jonathan finally tore his gaze away from Young Estate. He angrily snatched the jacket away from Finley and harrumphed once before storming toward the luxurious car. "D-Don't blame me, Mr. Finch!" Finley cried, sweat breaking out over his forehead as disgruntlement filled him. He dared not say anything more as he hurried after Jonathan. Finley had only just opened the door for him when he asked, "What's wrong with her today?"

The more Jonathan thought about it, the more he found Rose's behavior odd.

She had been distant with him since

last night but her behavior earlier

had seemed almost hostile. He

couldn't for the life of him figure out

what he had done to make her

harbor enmity against him

Finley was stunned to hear that Jonathan had yet to understand why Rose had behaved that way. As such, he gently nudged the man in the right direction.

"Do you think it's because Mrs. Finch saw something that... displeased her, Mr. Finch?"

Jonathan repeated with a frown, "Something that displeased her?"

He followed Finley's gaze and turned to see the woman who had accosted him earlier. At that moment, comprehension dawned on him.

Rose must have seen that infuriating woman hanging off him earlier and grown jealous! Jonathan's lips curled in satisfaction as a chuckle escaped him. "Oh... So she was jealous, huh?"

Yara caught the warmth in Jonathan's eyes and went still. She was too far away to hear what he and Finley were saying, but his warm gaze comforted her. He had noticed her, and that was enough reason for her to ignore the clumsy moment earlier.

She gracefully rose to her feet and tossed a flirtatious smile in Jonathan's direction. She made to catch up to him. "Mr. Finch-" However, Jonathan had already gotten into the car, leaving Finley to numbly process what he had just ordered him to do.

He asked when the backseat window was rolled down, "Are you sure, Mr. Finch?"

"Is it not doable?" Jonathan asked nonchalantly, unbuttoning his jacket.

The corner of Finley's mouth twitched as he replied, "Of course it is, Mr. Finch. For you, everything is doable!"

"Then go and do it," Jonathan said.

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## Chapter 393 The Elusive Ms. Shaffer

[ 1,332 words ]

"Yes, Mr. Finch," Finley said, not bothering to ask Jonathan to reconsider.

By the time Yara caught up to Jonathan, he had already been ferried off in his car. She watched as the car vanished into the distance. She thought about asking Kate to bring the car around, but she wouldn't catch up to Jonathan in time.

Yara stomped her foot in anger and turned to lash out at Kate.

"Why can't you be a little more proactive? Didn't you see me trip and fall just now? I could have caught up to Jonathan if you'd helped me, but now I've missed my chance because of you! He even smiled at me just now!"

Her face was twisted into a menacing grimace.

Kate had hurried over to Yara. She flinched as the latter threw a fit, but she couldn't help her disbelief. She had seen what happened earlier.

From a spectator's point of view, Jonathan hadn't seemed all that interested in Yara. The only person he cared about was the woman who had come out of Young Estate, and Kate was surprised that Yara hadn't noticed. She inwardly mocked the actress' ignorance.

Yara calmed down and analyzed the incident earlier. She frowned and asked, "That woman who came out just now, how come I've never seen her before?"

It seemed she had not heard Finley address Rose as "Mrs. Finch", but she did catch him addressing her as "Ms. Scahffer".

"Ms. Shaffer... Based on her dress and the white flower brooch she wore, I can only assume she's from the Young family. But why haven't I seen or heard of her before?" Yara drawled pensively as a bad feeling crept up in her.

She dared not dawdle as she fished out her phone and called Bella. "Aunt Bella, do you know what's the connection between Jonathan and a certain Ms. Shaffer?"

There was no deference in her commanding tone, which irked Bella. Still, she reigned in her temper when she thought of the potential marriage alliance between Yara and Jonathan. "Ms. Shaffer?"

Bella knew Rose, of course, but not well enough. She added, "She's just a woman from Aquastead. I didn't think you'd know her. But don't worry, she's not a threat to you.

"Not every woman who is infatuated with Jonathan can stand a chance at marrying him."

"But Jonathan seems to care for..." Yara trailed off. She was loathe to admit that Jonathan cared about Rose, and her pride would never let her say it either.

Bella knew what Yara was trying to say. She comforted the young actress immediately, "You know how men are. It's normal for them to take a few more glances at beautiful women, but not to worry. For all her beauty, Rose has nothing on you."

Such flattery stroked Yara's ego. She was certain that she was the fairest of them all, which was more than she could say for Rose.

She had caught a glimpse of Rose's face and silhouette earlier. While Rose was pretty, she still paled in comparison to Yara. More importantly, Yara had both money and looks.

Yara was the heiress of the Maize family, after all. The Maize family's affluence placed it just behind the Three Greatest Families of Regalia. Two of the Three Greatest Families of Regalie did not have daughters.

As for the Young family, their daughters were all adopted, which demarcated them from rightful heiresses like Yara. Yara didn't think it was a stretch to name herself as the top socialite in Regalia. Having regained her confidence, she said lightly, "You're right. I might just be a little paranoid. If Ms. Shaffer is just some unknown woman from

Aquastead, she couldn't possibly stand a chance against me. She's no threat to me at all."

Yara hung up after that. She was unhappy that she and Jonathan didn't get the chance to talk earlier, but that didn't matter. Her chance would come soon.

"Bring the car around!" she snarled at Kate. "We're going to Rise Entertainment."

...

Rise Entertainment, unlike the other enterprises under The Finch Group, was not housed within the group's main office building.

In his attempt to break away from The Finch Group, Ezra had selected Young Industrial Park as the business address for Rise Entertainment.

Two luxurious cars drove into Young Industrial Park.

Yara had ordered the driver to speed up. She also had her team contact the press and inform them of her whereabouts. The reporters staked out at the industrial park before she arrived.

When the first car pulled up, the eagle-eyed reporters immediately noticed that the person inside the luxurious car could not be from an ordinary background.

They hoisted up their cameras and were about to approach the car when the person who came out of the vehicle made them freeze.

They exchanged baffled looks as if to ask each other, "What do we do? It's Jonathan."

"Do we go up and take his photos anyway?"

"And risk his wrath?"

They were suddenly confronted by an existential crisis, and they wisely decided to back off.

Last night's incident where Jonathan came to Rose's defense was still circulating. Overnight, FMZ Media had been plunged into scandal. Even Wallace, the CEO, had been brought in for questioning.

FMZ Media had done well in the reporting industry in the last few years. Everyone knew it was backed by some bigshot. But even so,

media company could not es

the controversy that upended its reputation overnight.

Moreover, it was hard for the reporters to think that Jonathan hadn't caused FMZ Media's downfall in a fit of rage.

After exchanging a few knowing looks, the reporters stowed their cameras away and stepped out of range. They did not want Jonathan turning that icy gaze on them.

Jonathan had always kept a low

profile and did not like publicity. The reporters had come because they were tipped off that Yara would be signing with a new entertainment agency while in Regalia.

As an act of self-preservation, they would stick to taking pictures of her and writing about her today.

Just as the thought crossed the reporters' minds, they spotted another luxurious ride pulling up at the industrial park. It was parked where Jonathan's car had been a moment ago. The moment Yara got out of the car and spotted Jonathan walking ahead, she went after him without hesitation.

"Mr. Finch-

She had called out to him loudly enough for the reporters to hear. They had only just snapped a picture of her getting out of the car when they paused.

They watched as she caught up to the man before her and blocked his way.

The international box office queen and the ruler of The Finch Group in one frame—a picture of them could shock the entertainment and business industry. The question now was, did the reporters dare snap a shot of them?

Jonathan frowned at the lady who had obstructed him. He regarded her as if he had never seen her before.

In hopes of bringing out her charm, Yara had shrugged off the black dress she wore to Young Estate and changed into a stunning, figure-hugging red dress that left little to the imagination. Anyone would have been bewitched by her beauty. Anyone except for, obviously, Jonathan. In fact, he was far from bewitched. He was utterly confused by her appearance.

Yara couldn't help feeling indignant. Had he forgotten her so quickly? She hid her displeasure and reintroduced herself to the man.

"I'm Yara Maize. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Finch."

However, Jonathan only stared at her. Yara blinked at him.

His brows were still furrowed as he shot Finley a dark look as if to ask, "Who the hell is Yara Maize?"

Exasperation washed over Finley. He knew Jonathan did not pay attention to any woman other than Rose, not that he had paid any attention to the opposite sex before.

As such, he knew that even though

Yara was the woman who had accosted Jonathan half an hour ago

at Young Estate and caused

jealousy, Jonathan did not remember her at all. It didn't help that she had changed into a

different outfit.

Finley couldn't believe Yara had trailed after them from Young Estate. He suddenly thought about Jonathan's instruction earlier, and a bold idea crossed his mind.

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## Chapter 394 Marriage Alliance

[ 725 words ]

Finley inched closer to Jonathan and whispered, "Mr. Finch, she's the woman who accosted you outside Young Estate. You wanted to make Mrs. Finch jealous, right? Well, Ms. Maize here has the figure and the looks to make Mrs. Finch supremely jealous."

The suggestion was bold, and even if Finley didn't think Jonathan's plan to make Rose jealous was a good idea. Alas, he had no choice in the matter other than to play along with Jonathan's plans.

"Mr. Finch, I came by to thank you and the rest of Rise Entertainment for helping me pave my career in the local entertainment industry. I'm not very familiar with it, which is why I haven't signed with any agency before this.

"Imagine how terrible it would be if this had continued," Yara said, pouting like a child. She knew men couldn't resist the masculine urge to protect her if she put on the damsel-in-distress act.

However, Jonathan only frowned at her. "Maize... Did you say your last name was 'Maize'?"

Many people had that last name, but he could only think of one prestigious family in Regalia who went by it.

Yara confirmed his suspicions. "Yes, that's right. Now that I think about it, my family and the Finches go way back. I might have been working abroad all these years, but I've heard my family speak of you." Jonathan had guessed correctly. He knew Eleanor could not have asked him to temporarily oversee Rised Entertainment without good reason. It seemed she had taken Yosef's advice to form a marriage alliance between their family and the Maizes.

A cold gleam flashed in Jonathan's eyes as he put two and two together.

Yara went on obliviously, "I heard that of all the rulers of the Finch family, you are the one who wields the iron fist. I thought you were intimidating at first, but I was wrong. With that young and handsome face, you're anything but intimidating!"

She blinked, playing up her innocence and naivety. Some men ate up the act, but Jonathan nearly gagged.

He suddenly demanded, "Has your family agreed to the marriage alliance with the Finches?"

Yara didn't think he would be so direct. Even Finley's jaw dropped.

She snapped out of her daze and gave a quick nod. "Yes. Once our family is allied through our marriage, it'll be good for both our businesses."

She had heard that Jonathan was decisive and ruthless when it came to doing business. It wasn't surprising that his questions were brutally forthright.

Yara found this aspect of him particularly attractive. If he brought up the marriage alliance, she could only assume that he was happy about it.

She couldn't help the thrill that

rushed through her as she promised, "If I marry into the Finch family, I'll be able to boost the company's

worry, I'll be your best asset when we're married!"

exposure internationally. Don'tal ne

Once they were married, Yara would be known as Mrs. Finch. She would be put on a pedestal by the fine ladies of upper-crust society. She grew even more eager about the marriage as the thought

Sold of

her.

"So, when are we getting married?"

Next to them, Finley was stunned speechless. He wondered what was going on. How could Jonathan consider marrying anyone else when he was so in love with Rose? As the question rang through his head, he

shot a baffled look at Jonathan.

To his surprise, Jonathan was smiling, his icy gaze dark as he eyed Yara. Only Finley could detect the hint of contempt on his face. Jonathan glanced at Yara's red dress and drawled, "Don't wear red anymore."

"If you don't like it, I won't wear it," Yara said obligingly.

She hadn't known he disliked the color red. She thanked her lucky stars that she had brought extra dresses to change into.

Not wanting to ruin Jonathan's impression of her, she decided to go back into the car and put on a different dress.

"Give me a minute! I'll be just a moment!" she said as she bounded back to the car excitedly.

As if Jonathan would wait for her. The moment she left, he turned and headed straight for the elevator.

Behind him, Finley asked tentatively, "Mr. Finch, are the Finches actually going to enter a marriage alliance with Ms. Maize? What about you and Mrs. Finch-"

"What does Ms. Maize's marriage alliance have to do with me and Rose? There are others in the family who can fulfill that alliance," Jonathan ground out.

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## Chapter 395 Sibling Rivalry

[ 724 words ]

A few faces flashed through Finley's mind, all belonging to the other male Finch family members from Jonathan's generation.

Just then, the elevator doors opened with a ding. Finley looked up to see the most handsome man in the entertainment industry walking toward them.

With a face crafted by the angels, the man wore the simple white blouse like he was doing it a favor.

"M-Mr. Turner?" Finley frowned.

Not a lot of people knew that Ezra, the hottest male star in showbiz, was from the Finch family. Rise Entertainment had been established because of him. Finley immediately thought about what Jonathan had said in the elevator. Was Jonathan planning to let Ezra fulfill the marriage alliance with Yara instead? He dared not speak this thought aloud, but the comprehension laced with surprise in his eyes told Jonathan enough.

"What are you doing here?" Ezra asked sullenly when he saw Jonathan.

Though Ezra and Jonathan were siblings, their meetings were always hostile. If one didn't know better, one might think they had some age-old feud to settle.

Ezra had been dragged back to Regalia when he visited Aquastead twice. After the second time, he had been placed under the "protection" of the Azure Clan of the Finches and only just regained his freedom not too long ago.

"I see you've finally decided to grace Regalia with your presence," Ezra drawled. When he thought of Rose, he asked, "What about her?"

If Jonathan was back, Ezra could only assume he had lost interest in Rose. He shook his head mockingly and added, "I feel bad for her."

Naturally, Jonathan knew the woman Ezra was referring to. He would have given Rose the moon if she asked for it. As far as he was concerned, Ezra's sympathy could shove it.

Then again, Jonathan didn't think he needed to explain anything to Ezra. He stared at the latter for a while before looking away and walking straight past him.

"Jonathan!" Ezra ground out, clenching his fists. He hated it whenever Jonathan treated him like he was invisible.

The three of them were the only ones in the corridor beyond the elevator bay. Finley could feel the angry energy crackling in the air, the tension so thick he could suffocate. Jonathan suddenly halted in his steps and turned to meet Ezra's incensed stare. He said breezily, "Drop by for family dinner sometime."

He spoke to Ezra in a brotherly manner.

The latter gaped at him, dumbfounded. He had never heard Jonathan speak so warmly or affectionately before.

A strange feeling seized him, but when he snapped out of his daze, Jonathan had already turned and disappeared into the office.

Ezra had wanted to grate on Jonathan's nerves earlier, but he changed his mind. He couldn't help thinking about Jonathan's invitation to the family dinner.

The Finches were a large family, and he had no way of knowing who else would be included in a family dinner.

But he knew one thing—he and Jonathan would definitely be present if the latter's invitation was any indication.

Ezra was still in deep thought when the elevator doors opened. He heard a female voice ask, "Did you get the shot earlier?"

The woman who had come up was none other than Yara. She had already changed out of the red dress and into a short, white one. She had even tweaked her makeup to suit her attire, and every bit of her radiated with confidence.

Once she was done with her makeover, she hurried to catch up with Jonathan. While she was in the elevator, she thought to make sure that the reporters from just now had taken a shot of her and Jonathan. If not she could always create another photo opportunity.

The reporter on the other end was conflicted. He knew Yara was talking about getting a picture where she and Jonathan were in one frame, but none of the reporters had dared to aim their cameras at Jonathan.

However, they were also intimidated by Yara's powerful background. The reporter hesitated for a while before nodding. "Yes, we got it." That was a lie. They only got a shot of her coming out of her car.

Upon hearing this, Yara happily hung up the phone. Admiration and determination flashed in her eyes as she thought about Jonathan. "Mr. Finch-no, I'll be calling him Jonathan soon."

She had only just muttered this when she looked up and met a pair of beautiful bedroom eyes.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 396 Not His Type

[ 703 words ]

Ezra leaned against the wall, looking amused as he crossed his arms. He and Yara had never met, but each knew who the other was courtesy of their profession.

Ezra was the most handsome man in the entertainment industry with countless female fans. In the past, Yara would have found a way to stir up a potential romance with him for the sake of publicity. However, she had set her sights on Jonathan, who stood at the top of the social food chain and ruled the Finch family. She couldn't be bothered with lesser men like Ezra.

She had caught the wicked amusement in Ezra's eyes and knew that he'd heard everything she said. But that didn't matter. She looked away from him, rolling her eyes as she did.

Jonathan was somewhere on this floor. He did not like red, but she doubted even he could resist the allure of seeing a woman in white. She couldn't wait to see him, and in her eagerness, she made her way toward the office.

She had taken only a few steps when she heard a lazy male voice drawl, "Jonathan won't like you." He sounded like he knew Jonathan's preferences.

Yara stopped and turned to give Ezra an incredulous look. "What did you just say?"

He repeated insouciantly, "Jonathan won't like you." Then, he unabashedly scanned her from head to toe. "You're not his type."

A dark shadow passed over Yara's face. She didn't want to waste her time on someone irrelevant like Ezra. He was just some guy in entertainment. How would he know

Jonathan's type and preferences? Still, she found herself asking, "What's his type then?"

"His type?" Ezra immediately thought of Rose. "Someone refreshingly honest and who speaks her mind. You're not like that at all."

He could tell from first glance that Yara was pretentious. He shook his head in contempt and turned to head into the elevator.

"You-" Yara snarled as the elevator doors closed after Ezra, grinding her teeth.

She was even more resolved to win Jonathan over. "The first thing I'll do once I become Mrs. Finch is to have you banned from the industry, Ezra! Hmmp!"

She was full of confidence as she paraded around the office, but Jonathan was nowhere to be found. She did not so much as catch a glimpse of him even as the sky darkened outside.

She stopped the employee who was last to leave and asked, "Where's Mr. Finch?"

The employee stared at her in puzzlement. "He... left a long while ago!"

Jonathan, the new person in charge of Rise Entertainment, had only dropped by for a few minutes before leaving. Yara had missed him.

She stomped her foot angrily and

left the office. When she returned to

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the car, she immediately asked Kate about how her pictures with Jonathan were faring online. She was sure the pictures would have spread across the internet by now.

However, Kate looked hesitant. Under Yara's demanding gaze, she held out her phone reluctantly.

Yara thought she would see a picture of her and Jonathan, but the only picture that had been published online was the one where she got out of the car.

She frowned and scrolled down to see if there were other snapshots, but all the reporters she had hired only took shots of her alone.

Yara called one of the reporters immediately and demanded sharply, "Where are Jonathan's pictures?"

"Jonathan?" The reporter sounded like he was slowly remembering this. "Oh, you mean Mr. Finch? What do you mean by his pictures?" He was obviously playing dumb.

Yara seethed as she hung up and called another reporter. She asked the same question, only for the reporter to feign cluelessness as well.

"I didn't see Mr. Finch at all, Ms.

Maize. I only saw you getting out of the car Didn't you ask us to

out at Young Industrial Park fatto

so we

could take your pictures?"

Rage boiled within Yara. The

reporters dared not tell her that they

couldn't and wouldn't cross

Jonathan, not without risking their necks. As such, they chose to get on her bad side instead.

She gritted her teeth. The turn of events only spurred her need to win Jonathan over.

At that moment, Yara's phone rang with a call from an unknown number. She wanted to reject the call but accepted it after some thought.

She asked impatiently, "Who is this?"

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 397 The Woman Jonathan Loves

[ 1,408 words ]

When Yara's question was met with silence, she let loose a torrent of abuse. But just before she hung up, a female voice sounded from the other end.

"Jonathan is in love with someone."

Yara never expected to hear this from a stranger. She asked instinctively, "Who?"

"Rose Shaffer," came the answer from the stranger on the other end.

Yara blinked. "Who the hell is Rose Shaffer?" She had never heard of any Rose Shaffer, who hailed from Regalia.

"I can't help you with that, but I can tell you that Jonathan is madly in love with Rose. So what should you do if you want to marry the head of the Finch family?" the woman asked.

Yara pondered the question. If the woman on the other line was telling the truth and Rose truly existed, she would do anything to come between Rose and Jonathan. But there was something else she needed to know—the identity of her secret messenger.

Yara was about to ask when the other person hung up. She stared at her phone silently for a while. She muttered Rose's name several times and gradually grew curious about this mysterious woman. Arrogance radiated off her as she wondered what kind of woman had caught Jonathan's eye. Regardless of what this Rose Shaffer looked like, Yara was confident that the former had nothing on her. Over at Young Estate, droves of people came to pay their last respects to Oliver. On the day of his burial, articles about his funeral still ended up on mainstream media even though the Young family had kept the paparazzi away through any means necessary.

Pictures and videos taken on the day of Oliver's burial began to circulate.

Everyone with access to the mainstream media saw a young woman carrying Oliver's portrait while leading the procession.

She stood front and center, and even the eldest scion of the Young family walked alongside her like an escort.

Who was she? At once, the netizens went wild as they discussed the young woman's identity. They reckoned she might have come from some formidable background.

Meanwhile, in an abandoned house in Aquastead, the door to a pitch-black room slammed open with a bang.

The woman lying on the bed jumped down like a startled bird. She ran toward the corner and curled up with her arms covering her head. Every bit of her trembled with fear.

The woman was none other than Kelly, whom Jonathan had kept imprisoned in this dilapidated house.

Following Oliver's funeral and cremation, his ashes were brought back to Regalia overnight. Most of Jonathan's bodyguards had followed him back to Regalia, leaving only a select few in Aquastead to keep an eye on Kelly.

However, the bodyguards' scrutiny added to the torture Kelly was experiencing. She had already developed a bone-deep fear after being imprisoned for so long.

"Mr. Young Senior's burial just happened not too long ago," a voice said in the dark room.

Kelly noted the difference in the bodyguard's behavior today. Previously, the bodyguards who delivered her meals did not speak her, but it seemed the one who came today was setting a new precedent. She stiffened in the corner. Oliver had been buried, the bodyguard said.

As if to answer Kelly's question, the newscaster's voice rang through the room. "Oliver Young was buried today in the loving presence of his children and grandchildren. "The procession was led by a mysterious young woman who did the honor of holding up Oliver's portrait in solemnity, channeling the image of the head of the family.

"Even Miles Young, the eldest scion of the Young family, was respectful toward the young woman. One can only presume she hails from a formidable background..."

Kelly slowly looked up. Her gaze was murky, and her face was lined with exhaustion. But when she saw Rose's face in the news footage, unbridled hatred and jealousy filled her eyes.

She couldn't believe Rose had been given the honor of holding up Oliver's portrait for the procession. Did that mean Rose had been acknowledged as the true heiress of the Young family? Maniacal rage burned in Kelly's eyes as she thought about the prestigious status Rose now wielded and the massive fortune that would last her through lifetimes.

She hissed through gritted teeth, "Rose... Rose!"

Her jaw clenched as she glowered at Rose's face in the video. She wanted nothing more than to reach past the screen and take everything away from her.

As far as Kelly was concerned, she and only she could be the true heiress of the Young family.

When the person who came into the room saw the crazed gleam in Kelly's eyes, he knew his employer had guessed correctly. Kelly hated Rose with a passion.

As such, he said, "Rose is in Regalia right now. Do you want to see her?"

Kelly froze and turned to look at the man, wondering what he meant.

"I can help you get to Regalia if that's what you want," he added.

She stared at him. She was wary at first, then baffled. She was even mildly surprised by this stroke of luck as she asked, "Can you really help me?"

"Of course."

"What do you want in return?" Kelly probed. She doubted he would help her for free, so there had to be something he wanted from her.

"What do I want? Well, I want you to do something for me. Don't worry. It's nothing you wouldn't want to do," the man promised with a low chuckle. He asked again in confirmation, "What do you say?" "Deal," she replied without hesitation.

She had been tortured enough within these four walls. Jonathan would never spare her. Knowing him, he was probably saving any cruel punishment for after they had wrapped up Oliver's burial.

As such, she couldn't care less who this mysterious man was, who he worked for, or what he wanted. She would gamble with what little odds she had in her favor if it meant she could get out. "Then stay here and wait for my word," the man said after hearing Kelly's answer and left the room.

In Regalia, society was abuzz with the question of who the mysterious young woman was at Oliver's burial.

Some felt that she was a socialite, but anyone who pried for more information only learned that the woman was Oliver's adopted granddaughter from Aquastead.

However, that narrative did not check out. If she was just an adopted granddaughter, why did she get the honor of holding up Oliver's portrait during the funeral procession?

The Young family was one of the Three Greatest Families in Regalia. Even with Oliver gone, the family's status did not change, nor did its affluence and power.

On the third day after the funeral,

many socialites were pressured by

their families to extend invitations to the Young family for various

gatherings. Those invitations were

made out to one Ms. Shaffer.

"Rose sure is popular. She is well-liked throughout Aquastead and Regalia," Anastasia remarked acerbically as she tossed yet another invitation into the pile on the side.

She knew these invitations were only made out to Rose because of the latter's startling presence at Oliver's funeral.

Anastasia had been among the many who protested against Rose holding up Oliver's portrait and leading the procession, but Miles ignored the opposing voices and pushed Rose into taking up the task.

Consequently, Rose looked like the

most important person in the Young

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family. That did not sit right with Anastasia, who was also an adopted granddaughter and did not

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appreciate the preferential treatment Rose received.

Rose sat on the couch, not at all reacting to Anastasia's snide comment or showing any interest in the invitations piling up on the table. She did not so much as spare them a glance. Anastasia ground her teeth at Rose's indifference. Furious, she was about to snap at the latter when Miles' voice cut through the tension.

"Rose, you don't have to go to any of the gatherings if you don't want to."

When he looked at Rose, it was with warmth and consideration.

Gabriel piped up, "That's right. You don't have to go if you don't want to, but you'll get cabin fever at some point if you keep staying in. I can give you a lift if you ever want to go out for some fresh air."

Rose rolled her eyes at Gabriel's offer. He had been staying at Young Estate since Oliver's burial. He was a relative of the Young family and also a scion, not to mention a hedonist.

At first, Rose thought he had stayed because of the whole funeral business. But now that the burial was over, what reasons could Gabriel possibly have for extending his stay at the estate?

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 398 I Want to See You

[ 1,168 words ]

Anastasia noticed Gabriel's gaze toward Rose and understood immediately. There was another protector around Rose.

It was Rose again. Anastasia felt particularly uneasy at this moment. If Rose aimed to inherit a portion of the Young family's wealth, Gabriel and Miles would likely support her.

The more Anastasia thought about it, the more she felt that this situation couldn't continue. She had to take action and drive Rose out of the Young family and Regalia.

During various family gatherings, Rose never showed up. She came to Regalia only for Oliver. Now, with Oliver's funeral settled, she would leave as soon as possible. Thus, Rose found an opportunity to bid farewell to Miles. "Miles, I think it's time for me to go back."

At the Young Estate's dining room, everyone was having breakfast. However, Rose set down her cutlery first.

Since Oliver passed away, a layer of melancholy had crept into Rose's demeanor. She appeared sorrowful, which evoked sympathy from Miles in particular. Miles knew Rose's identity and would never allow her to leave. However, right after Oliver's funeral had ended, the Young Group seemed calm on the surface. However, beneath the facade was an undercurrent of turmoil, like an abyss with hidden turbulence swirling within. The Young Group belonged to Rose. Miles intended to hand everything over to Rose in peace.

"Aren't you staying in Regalia a bit longer? It's rare for you to visit. Let Gabriel accompany you and relax a bit," Miles said gently.

As Gabriel was mentioned, his eyes suddenly brightened. He also set down his cutlery.

He chimed in, "Yes. I'll take you around. Regalia is where I know best." Gabriel was full of anticipation.

Though surprised that Miles wanted him to accompany Rose, he quickly understood that Miles probably had more pressing matters tying him down. Otherwise, such a good opportunity wouldn't be given to him.

The Young Group was bound to face a struggle for financial power. Gabriel had already made his decision to simply be an observer.

"No need for sightseeing..." Rose started to decline.

Just then, her phone rang. Seeing the familiar number, Rose was delighted. She immediately answered the call.

"Rose..." On the other end of the phone was Yvonne.

After half a year of no contact, Yvonne had just returned to Regalia with her dance troupe from a global tour. Upon seeing the news about the Young family, with Rose holding Oliver's memorial photo, she felt concerned and had many questions. "Are you still in Regalia?"

Yvonne wanted to ask what exactly happened, but she knew that the Rose she saw in the news had eyes full of grief. It was not something that could be explained in just a few words. Before she could suggest a meeting, Rose preemptively said, "I want to see you."

Her tone was different from usual. It was a tone even Miles had not heard before. It was part coaxing and part excitement as if she couldn't wait to be with the person on the other end. Miles thought, "Who could it be? Could it be Jonathan? No! It couldn't be him!"

Jonathan had been coming to the Young Estate every day, but Rose always avoided him. Even when she answered his calls, her tone was perfunctory.

If it wasn't Jonathan, Miles wondered who it could be. Miles frowned.

As he pondered, Rose seemed to have already arranged a time and place with the person on the other end of the phone.

After hanging up, excitement finally sparkled in her eyes. She stood up and said to Miles, "Miles, I need to go out for a while."

"Where are you going?" As Miles spoke, Rose had already left the dining table and headed to her room. She changed her clothes before coming back out.

She wore all black, with her hair casually tied in a ponytail. At least she looked more spirited than the past few days. In the living room, Miles and Gabriel both waited intentionally. Seeing Rose walk over, Miles spoke again. "I'll drive you."

"No need. It's easy to get a cab," Rose replied. She didn't want to trouble Miles.

"Then I'll drive you. I'll get the car," Gabriel said. He didn't give Rose a chance to refuse as he ran out.

When Rose stepped outside the Young Estate, Gabriel's red Ferrari was already waiting outside. Gabriel got out of the car and opened the door for her. His eager and kind smile made it difficult for Rose to refuse.

"Thank you," Rose said.

She gave Gabriel an address, and he drove straight to the destination. As the Ferrari left, Miles' car also pulled out of the garage.

Elmer tentatively asked, "Mr. Miles, should we head straight to the Young Group?"

Miles hesitated for a moment before replying, "Follow Gabriel first."

With that, Miles buried his head in his documents. It was like he was hiding his true intentions.

Rose and Yvonne had agreed to meet at a regular cafe. When Rose arrived, Yvonne wasn't there yet. She casually found a seat and waited for Yvonne.

These days, her mind had been in turmoil. There was so much she wanted to talk about with Yvonne.

"Yvonne, I'm here. Take your time. No rush," Rose texted Yvonne.

Yvonne's work with the dance troupe involved long periods of rehearsals and performances. It left her with little free time. But even with long periods of no contact, their bond remained strong.

Though Yvonne hadn't arrived yet, she sent a series of amusing emojis to Rose. Rose laughed at Yvonne's emojis.

Just then, a voice nearby said, "This spot by the window is perfect. Mr. Chapman, please clear out the people." The arrogant tone was grating to the ears.

Rose wasn't interested in what was happening around her. But when she looked up, she met a pair of arrogant eyes.

Upon seeing the familiar face, Rose's gaze wavered slightly. She quickly looked away. She intended to ignore the situation.

But within seconds, a staff member, Cuthbert Gardner, approached her table. "Miss, could you please move? Ms. Maize has chosen this spot, and we need it." Although the tone was better than the woman's earlier, it still lacked much respect.

Rose finally understood. It turned out that the window seat Yara mentioned earlier referred to the one she was sitting in.

Rose thought, "Should I move? It's just a seat. It's no big deal."

Rose forced a smile. She got up and relocated to the most inconspicuous corner of the cafe.

"Ms. Maize..." Algernon cleared the table. He was eager to impress the international award-winning actress.

However, he saw Yara's face darken. She turned and walked toward the corner of the cafe.

"This spot works best. It'll yield better results for the shoot," Yara said. She eyed Rose's new seat.

This time, Algernon signaled Cuthbert without waiting for Yara's cue.

Cuthbert approached again, "Miss..."

Rose knew what he was going to say. If it weren't for her meeting with Yvonne, she would have left the cafe altogether. She didn't want to trouble Cuthbert. She stood up again and looked around. There were plenty of empty seats.

Rose purposely chose the most

inconspicuous seat. It was neither by the window nor in any notable location. But as soon as she sat down, Yara approached once more.

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## Chapter 399 Deliberately Troubling Rose

[ 1,200 words ]

Yara stood by Rose's seat with her arms crossed and her eyebrows raised provocatively even more pronounced than before. "Let's switch here. This spot is better."

If Rose couldn't see Yara's intentions now, she was truly naive. In fact, Rose had sensed her ill intentions from the first word Yara spoke. However, she didn't want to stir up trouble. Giving way once was enough, but it didn't mean Rose would tolerate being bullied. This time, Rose decided not to yield.

She looked up and met Yara's gaze squarely. "Ms. Maize may not be eyeing the seat I'm in, but something else."

Her hostility wasn't baseless. And the reason... Rose vividly remembered Yara as the woman leaning on Jonathan outside the Young Estate. Indeed, it was... trouble.

Jonathan's face alone was enough to catch the attention of the woman. Moreover, now that he also held the position of the Finch Group's ruler, there would likely be more flatterers around him.

Rose didn't like entanglements, nor did she want to get herself involved in these messy affairs. She didn't like either being seen as a rival or wasting her energy unnecessarily. So...

Rose smirked slightly. She could see Yara's discomfort at being read so accurately.

Before Yara could respond, Rose firmly asserted her position. She said, "Ms. Maize, go find someone who can give you whatever you want. As for me... my home is in Aquastead, and I'll come and go as I please. It's none of your concern." Yara's expression stiffened. "You... you really intend to go back to Aquastead?"

She clearly doubted it. Over these few days, she had someone investigate and found out that the woman she saw outside the Young Estate was indeed Rose.

Rose was acknowledged as Oliver's adopted granddaughter. Even with the Young family's connections, as long as she was not the true heiress of the Young family, she couldn't compare to Yara. Yara was a true heiress of the Maize family. But considering that day outside the Young Estate, it seemed that Jonathan did show some interest in her. Yara believed Julia's revelation.

Today, she happened to encounter Rose, so she naturally wanted to teach her a lesson. But unexpectedly... Rose saw through her intentions and straightforwardly mentioned leaving Regalia.

Yara stared at Rose. She tried to discern the truth behind her words.

"Why would I lie?" Rose shrugged nonchalantly.

"Are you willing?" Yara persisted. She was still skeptical.

Rose raised an eyebrow. She was confused by Yara's words. "Willing for what?"

Yara tilted her chin defiantly. "Of course, about the Young family and... him!"

Even if Rose was willing to let go of the Young family's wealth, she wouldn't believe she could resist the allure of associating with the Finch family.

Rose understood her implication. The Young family's affairs had never concerned her.

The only thing she cared about was Oliver, whose funeral had already ended. There was nothing else she was unwilling to part with. As for Jonathan...

The image of Jonathan crossed her mind. There was a hint of something unfamiliar stirring in her heart. But in an instant, she deliberately pushed that feeling away.

She and Jonathan were never meant to be in the same circle. Hence, everything should naturally return to its normal state.

"Rose." A familiar voice rang out.

Rose turned toward the entrance and saw Yvonne. Their eyes met. At that moment, it seemed as if they only had each other.

Rose paid no further attention to Yara, who had come to cause trouble. There was nothing else that could be more important than being reunited with Yvonne after such a long time. Rose got up from her seat and rushed over. They grabbed each other's hands. They embraced several times before pulling back to gaze at each other.

In her excitement, Yvonne couldn't hide her concern. "You've lost weight," Yvonne lamented.

In just a short time, Rose had noticeably slimmed down. She looked as if a gust of wind could blow her away at any moment.

"You look more beautiful." Rose was aware of Yvonne's dreams in dance.

Her global tour must have gone smoothly. It was evident from her confident demeanor. Clearly, she had been well-nourished spiritually. They embraced again in excitement. "So much has happened, and I wasn't there for you. Rose, I..." Yvonne reproached herself.

She didn't know exactly what had happened, but just from the vague images in the news, Yvonne could sense Rose's sadness. Clearly, Oliver meant a lot to Rose. "Yvonne..." In Yvonne's presence, Rose didn't need to pretend to be strong.

It felt like something that had long been pent up in her heart had finally found an outlet. Just like when her mother passed away when she was young, Rose collapsed onto Yvonne's shoulder. FindNovel.net

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably. "Grandpa is gone. He's gone..."

Yvonne gently patted her back and soothed her in a soft voice. "You still have me. I'm here for you."

Yvonne understood that Rose needed to release the suppressed emotions in her heart.

Suddenly, Yvonne glanced around. At that moment, it seemed like every staff member from the film crew was staring at them.

The atmosphere was tense, especially the outspoken woman whose gaze held clear hostility. Yvonne didn't know what was going on, but she felt that this place... wasn't safe. "Let's get out of here," Yvonne declared. With that, she grabbed Rose's hand and hurried out of the cafe.

Rose let herself be led outside. She felt an unprecedented sense of relaxation. It was like returning to her student days. They held hands and ran toward their secret hideout.

On the roadside, Gabriel leaned against the car. He took a call and finally ended his conversation with Chloe.

Due to the call, he hadn't noticed

anything that had transpired in the cafe moments before. Seeing Rose holding hands with a young woman and running toward him, the

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and trust in Rose's eyes caught him off guard.

So, the person she came to meet was a woman. He had thought...

Gabriel dispelled the slight sense of unease in his heart. He put on a welcoming smile as he prepared to act as a capable driver.

"Rose..." he began. He was ready to offer them a ride.

But the two holding hands simply dashed past him. Gabriel's smile froze for a moment. Turning back, he watched as Rose and the young woman got into a car and drove off.

Not far away a luxury car had just

pulled up. As the car window rolled down, a gentle and handsome face relaxed upon seeing Rose and a

he car.

young woman getting into the

The tense, worried expression on his

face eased.

It turned out that Rose had met with a woman. He remembered that Even's sister, Yvonne, was in a dance troupe in Regalia. He didn't see her, but it had to be her.

It was good to have Yvonne with her. Someone to keep Rose company. And him...

"Go to the Young Group," Miles instructed Elmer ahead. Then, he lowered his eyes to continue examining the documents in his hands.

He needed to swiftly handle matters in Young Group before announcing Rose's identity to everyone.

The Youngs' luxury car had only paused briefly. But unknown to them, the sharp-eyed individuals inside the cafe had recognized him. "That... is Mr. Miles..."

"Oh, I remember now. The girl in a black outfit with the high ponytail just now... was the one... the one that Ms. Maize drove away..."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 400 Wrong Couple Pairing

[ 1,204 words ]

The man realized he had said the wrong thing and immediately stopped talking. Looking at Yara, he noticed her staring grimly outside the cafe. She seemed oblivious to his presence, which relieved him. Others around caught on after his reminder. They immediately recognized that the woman in black was indeed the mysterious woman from the Young family everyone had been curious about recently. "What exactly is her connection to the Young family?"

"She's here to meet a friend, and Mr. Miles had to check on her. Even Mr. Gabriel was on guard outside."

"Mr. Gabriel looks more like a bodyguard to her. Her status must be significant."

The staff member of the film crew was extremely curious about Rose's identity. Yara felt particularly bitter inside.

"What's so significant about her? She's just Mr. Young Senior's adopted granddaughter from Aquastead. They don't even share any blood relation. She hasn't contributed anything to the Young family. She simply used some tricks to deceive Mr. Young Senior. "Do you think Mr. Miles and Mr. Gabriel care about her? They're just keeping an eye on her and guarding against her. That's all."

Yara smirked coldly. Though she said that, no one knew for sure if they were genuinely just guarding against Rose or not. She recalled Rose's reaction after asking her that question.

"Are you willing?"

Yara became even more wary. She wasn't willing. Whether it was about the Young family or Jonathan, she couldn't afford to sit idly by.

"I'm tired. Let's call it a day." Yara had no more mood to film. Her thoughts were solely on how to drive Rose out of Regalia.

Yara ignored Algernon and other staff member's reactions and made her way back to the minivan.

"They seem to have a close relationship," Yara muttered to herself.

By "they", she meant Rose and Yvonne.

After pondering for a while, a strange expression appeared on Yara's face. She took out her phone and dialed a number.

"I need you to look into someone for me."

...

Yvonne drove Rose back to Yvonne's apartment in Regalia. Along the way, Rose recounted the events of the past few months, including how Oliver had adopted her and everything Kelly had done. "Kelly hates me. She wants me dead. She aimed to kill me, but ended up harming Grandpa instead..."

Whenever Rose thought about that day, she wished she could turn back time. She couldn't bear the thought of Oliver taking such a risk on her.

"Mr. Young Senior didn't want you to get hurt. He wouldn't want you to carry this guilt forever..." Yvonne comforted her.

While listening to Rose, a question formed in Yvonne's mind. Even if Rose had eyes strikingly similar to Oliver's daughter, risking his life for someone would require a significant motive. Yvonne wondered if that motive really was just transference.

"Rose, have you ever considered..." she hesitated.

Yvonne couldn't help but think, "Have you ever considered that there might be another connection between you and Mr. Young Senior? Rose's mother was named Celeste Young, also with the surname Young... "Could it be..."

A wild guess popped into her mind, but Yvonne quickly shook it off. She didn't want her speculation to further upset Rose, so she stopped herself from speaking.

At that moment, she stood by the window in the eight-floor living room. Downstairs, a man stood with several bags.

Yvonne immediately recognized him as the person who had offered to take them earlier outside the cafe. He had followed them here.

Yvonne raised an eyebrow and smiled. "Hmm, he does seem to care about you. He's quite handsome."

Rose felt baffled by Yvonne's sudden remark. Just then, Rose's phone rang. It was Gabriel.

To the people of the Young family, she still had to maintain the appropriate courtesy. Besides, Gabriel had driven her earlier that day. After a brief hesitation, Rose answered the call. Upon answering the phone, Gabriel's voice came through. "It's lunchtime. I had your favorite dishes prepared, and I made sure to include a few things your friend might like too." Rose felt a bit perplexed. She thought, "What's he implying?"

Suddenly, a thought struck her. She sprang up from the couch and rushed to the window. Rose and Yvonne peered down together and saw Gabriel standing there with several bags. "Tsk..." Yvonne gave Rose a teasing look.

Rose knew Yvonne had misunderstood the situation. Before Rose could explain, Yvonne leaned in with a mischievous grin. She intended to openly eavesdrop on her. "Rose, should I bring the food up?" Gabriel's tone was cautious. He was afraid Rose would reject him.

Rose was about to decline, but Yvonne agreed before she could. "Yes, please do! We're starving. Thanks, handsome." She even provided the floor and apartment number. Downstairs, Gabriel's spirits were lifted. He quickly headed up with the bags.

Rose watched Yvonne's face light up with gossip anticipation. She wanted to tell Yvonne that she was focusing on the wrong person, but Gabriel arrived sooner than expected. When the doorbell rang, Yvonne's face lit up with excitement as she hurried to the foyer. She swung open the door and warmly invited Gabriel in.

Yvonne said, "Thank you so much for this! Please, come in, come in..."

Gabriel was taken aback by her enthusiastic welcome.

Once inside, Yvonne quickly assessed him. As Gabriel laid out the contents of the bags on the dining table, she examined each item with curiosity.

Gabriel had taken care to include

Rose's favorite dishes. Yvonne raised an eyebrow and glanced at Rose. She almost whistled. Even though she restrained herself, Rose understood the look instantly.

It was as if she was saying, "He's quite handsome, and he's got a nice physique. Despite those charming eyes, it's clear he's turned from a playboy to a loyal man. I can't believe it. I can't believe it."

Rose could almost imagine how excited Yvonne would be. She could picture her stomping her feet in excitement over the gossip once Gabriel left. Unfortunately... "Thank you, Cousin Gabriel," Rose said. She smiled warmly.

Her gratitude caused Gabriel to falter slightly. It was the first time Rose had called him "Cousin Gabriel".

"Oh, you're welcome." Gabriel avoided Rose's gaze.

Beside her Yvonne's earlier

excitement about the gossip

completely disappeared after Rose

addressed him as "Cousin Gabriel". It

took her a while for her facial

expression to return to normal.

Yvonne was confused. She thought, "What's going on?"

However, Rose didn't pay any attention to her. She cautiously asked Gabriel, "Would you like to stay and eat with us?"

On the table, Gabriel had laid out a feast with all of Rose's favorite dishes prominently placed.

Gabriel felt pleasantly surprised by Rose's invitation. He couldn't believe that he could stay and eat together in such an intimate setting with Rose and her friend...

"Ah, Gabriel... Gabriel, right? You must be very busy. How could you have time to stay and eat with us?" Yvonne beamed.

"Eating together? Nonsense!" Yvonne thought.

She needed to figure out what was happening. With Gabriel here, Yvonne couldn't bring up the subject. Yvonne was eager for Gabriel to leave immediately.

However, she kept her composure. She smiled politely and said, "Gabriel, you must be very busy. We won't force you to stay here anymore." As Yvonne spoke, she made way for him to leave. Gabriel frowned. He found Yvonne's behavior quite strange. Just moments ago, she had been warm and welcoming. However, her demeanor had completely shifted now.

Moreover, her smile appeared polite. Yet, it lacked any genuine friendliness.

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