

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

Chapter 401 Not Her Husband

[1,272 words]

Gabriel said, "Rose, then I'm going to head off first."

Gabriel bid farewell to Rose. He finally stepped out of the room just as Yvonne's patience was wearing thin. With a bang, the door shut, and Gabriel stood outside the door once again feeling the hostility from Rose's friend. Yvonne couldn't contain herself any longer. She turned back swiftly after shutting the door, asking, "Cousin? How come he is your cousin?"

Rose was already seated at the dining table, where Gabriel had thoughtfully laid out all her favorite dishes. Despite her recent lack of appetite, perhaps it was seeing Yvonne that suddenly stirred her hunger. Rose took a sip of some mushroom soup. Then, she looked at Yvonne in confusion. "If not cousin, then what's his relationship with me?"

Her innocent gaze made it seem as if she genuinely didn't understand Yvonne's implications. Yvonne's lips twitched slightly, but Rose had already started introducing this "cousin".

"He's Gabriel Yones, the only son of the Young family's adopted daughter. Hence, I was supposed to call him 'cousin' because of Grandpa's relationship.

"He's like a distant cousin to me. What? Are you interested in him? From the way you looked at him just now, you seemed quite satisfied with him."

Rose's eyes lit up with excitement, and Yvonne rolled her eyes inwardly.

She thought, "Interested? Satisfied? What did Rose see in her that expressed satisfaction or interest?"

Clearly, what she was interested in was...

Yvonne took a deep breath. Her expression turned serious as she said, "So, he's not your husband then?"

"No." Rose's hand, which was holding her soup spoon, paused momentarily. But in an instant, she resumed drinking her mushroom soup.

Yvonne was extremely curious about her husband. With her best friend in front of her today, she had to fish out some information to satisfy her desire to know more.

Yvonne sat down next to Rose. Curiously, she asked, "So, where is he? You came to Regalia, so he must have come too, right? What's his name? What does he look like? A male model from a bar, huh? He must have an amazing physique..." Yvonne bombarded Rose with questions. She was eager to uncover every detail about Rose's mysterious husband. However, Rose remained silent. The sudden sadness in her eyes did not escape Yvonne's eagle-eyed sharpness. "What? Did he hurt you?" The thought jumped into Yvonne's mind immediately.

In an instant, all her thoughts about whether Rose's "husband" was handsome or had a six-pack vanished. If he hurt Rose, he was an enemy, regardless of his identity.

"Tell me who he is. I'll help you get revenge," Yvonne declared fiercely.

Though she was a dancer without Rose's fighting prowess, the Spencer family had enough influence in Aquastead. If she needed to, she could arrange for someone to teach a man a lesson. Rose's heart warmed at Yvonne's protective stance, and she smiled.

"It's so good to have you," Rose said. She felt an unexpected sense of calm.

They had known each other since their school days and were closer than family. As long as Yvonne was there, Rose always felt supported.

Rose rested her head on Yvonne's shoulder. She picked up a piece of food that Yvonne loved and offered it to her.

"Open your mouth..."

Yvonne cooperated. She opened her mouth to eat the offered food. Then, she gently patted Rose's cheek in reassurance.

"As long as I'm here, no one will dare hurt you."

"Mm."

After that, Yvonne never brought up the topic of Rose's husband again.

With a table full of delicious food before them, Rose and Yvonne didn't hold back. They enjoyed every bite until they were full. Afterward, they lay side by side on the bed, chatting about everything.

They reminisced about their school days and Yvonne's accomplishments during her global tour. Rose learned just how much Yvonne had endured for years to achieve her dance dream.

"Are you going to continue the tour?" Rose asked. She lay on her side and gazed at Yvonne.

"Just one last show, right there in Regalia. It's in ten days from now at the Regalia Grand Theatre. You have to come. 'I'll make sure you get the best seat in the front row,'" Yvonne said. She was already excited about her coming.

Ten days later... Rose had planned to return to Aquastead soon. She wanted to escape the drama surrounding the Young family and Jonathan. But now...

"Of course, I wouldn't miss seeing my Yvonne shine on stage." Rose decided to change her plans. She would stay and watch Yvonne's performance before heading back to Aquastead.

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Downstairs in Yvonne's apartment, Gabriel had been waiting all day. As night fell, he thought about sending some food up to the two women but was interrupted by a call from Miles. "Where are you?" Miles asked directly.

"Downstairs at Rose's friend's place," Gabriel replied honestly.

Miles was a bit surprised. Gabriel was known for his love of fun. Miles couldn't believe he was actually waiting patiently for Rose all day.

However, he saw the positive side. Rose was unfamiliar with Regalia, and Gabriel's presence provided some security. But still...

"Don't get any ideas," Miles warned. He could tell Gabriel had a liking for Rose, but Rose wasn't like the women Gabriel usually entertained.

Gabriel paused. Then, he raised an eyebrow with a smile.

"What could I possibly do to my cousin? Miles, you trusted me enough to let me take Rose out this morning, didn't you? Whether it's about Rose or the Young Group, you can continue to trust me." This was his way of reassuring Miles. Gabriel had never been interested in the Young family's business. It was his mother, Chloe, who always sought power.

He rarely got involved and had no

intention of meddling in those affairs now. After the incident at

Aquastead, he realized how much Rose was willing to sacrifice for Oliver, who in turn risked his life for Rose. .

Their bond was deeper than just that of a foster grandfather and granddaughter.

Especially at Oliver's funeral, Miles went against everyone's opinion and put Rose in the most prominent position. He didn't sense that Miles had any malice towards her.

On the contrary, it seemed like he was protecting her. As for the reasons why...

Gabriel had no desire to guess or investigate further. His instincts hold him that Rose was incredibly important to both Oliver and the Young family.

The Youngs esteemed her greatly. Besides, with Jonathan around, Gabriel wouldn't dare to harbor any inappropriate thoughts about her.

Thinking of the three scions of the

Finch family sent a shiver down Gabriel's spine. Ending the call, Gabriel glanced up to see two figures approaching—one in white and the other in blue. It was Rose and Yvonne.

Rose had changed out of her previously somber black attire into a well-fitted white dress that was understated, yet elegant. She appeared much more relaxed now. Gabriel couldn't help but admire Rose's friend for showing some capability as he jogged up to them.

"Rose! Heading home now?" Gabriel greeted them with a wide smile.

In Regalia, Gabriel was a prominent figure. But now, he was just a driver. Yvonne glanced at him. She knew he wasn't Rose's "husband" and had long lost interest in him.

Due to her earlier misunderstanding, she was a bit upset and unfriendly. She said, "Rose isn't going home. We have plans."

"Plans?" Gabriel thought and chased after them. He asked, "Where to?"

"A bar," Yvonne replied.

"No way!" Gabriel raised his voice. "It's already dark. Why go to a bar?"

Gabriel frequented the major bars of Regalia. At this moment, it seemed he had forgotten that nighttime was when the bars truly came alive.

"Gabriel, you can go home first," Rose intervened.

Rose's attitude toward Gabriel had noticeably softened. Realizing he couldn't stop them, Gabriel relented. "It's still early. Actually, I feel like roaming around too. Let me give you a ride."

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Chapter 402 Something Big is About to Happen

[1,247 words]

Rose didn't refuse Gabriel's offer. She felt that Gabriel tagging along might have been at Miles's behest. So, Rose went along with it and got into Gabriel's car.

In the car, Rose and Yvonne chatted unabashedly about the male models at the bar. They discussed their abs and chests, leaving Gabriel shaking his head in disbelief multiple times.

As they approached the bar's entrance, Gabriel tried to stop them again. "Rose, how about we choose another place?"

This bar was notorious for its handsome staff and rumored special performances. Gabriel had frequented Regalia's bars for over a decade. Hence, he knew all too well what went on in these places.

Rose... didn't belong here. Gabriel wished he could drag Rose away, but he had no grounds to do so.

Rose looked at the bar in front of her. She recalled the first time she met Jonathan in Aquastead. She seemed eager to prove something, which was why she was eager to come when Yvonne suggested going to the bar. At this moment, she felt even more determined about a certain decision in her heart.

"Do you... want to come in with us?" Rose pointed to the bar and asked Gabriel.

Before Gabriel could respond, Rose made the decision for him. "You stay here. If you come in, it won't be as fun. Got it? Don't follow us inside!"

Rose winked at him. Her voice wasn't commanding, but it was confident. She knew Gabriel would listen to her. For some reason, she felt his attitude toward her was strangely protective.

As for why, she didn't care to find out. She wouldn't be in Regalia for long, so they wouldn't cross paths much in the future anyway.

Sure enough, Rose and Yvonne entered the bar. Gabriel took a few steps forward several times but stopped. After struggling for a while, Gabriel finally decided to call Miles for help.

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Rose and Yvonne entered the bar and found a booth with a good view. As soon as they sat down, Yvonne waved her hand grandly. She was determined to fulfill her role as the host. Then, she said, "Rose, tonight, everything's on me. Let's have some fun."

She waved a young man over and asked, "Hey, cute guy, can you bring over the most handsome young men with the best abs here to join us for a drink?"

Yvonne was a beauty. She flashed a smile at the young man who had seated them and watched as his face turned bright red.

"Sure. Miss... please wait a moment," he stammered.

Once they were alone, Yvonne let out a relieved breath. She noticed Rose's teasing look.

She admitted, "I've never been here before, but saying that should get us the best-looking male model, right?"

Rose shrugged and was noncommittal.

On the other side of the bar, Jonathan couldn't believe that Leonard had sent him to inspect a bar. This bar was known for its staff, which consisted entirely of handsome male models. "Leonard... you must have too much free time," Jonathan remarked. His eyes were dark and intense.

His sharp, handsome features were accentuated by his perfectly tailored suit. It made him appear even more unapproachable.

Leonard stood straight beside him. He defended himself, "Mr. Finch, I noticed you've been stressed lately and thought this might help you relax."

His intentions were sincere, though he knew he risked Jonathan's ire. Being the assistant to the ruler of the Finch Group was no easy job. Leonard felt his life was too difficult.

"Relaxing here?" Jonathan sneered. "You might want to take a good look around before you say that again."

Leonard managed a strained smile. Jonathan was already too restless. Glancing at the time, he knew he had to head to the Young Estate.

These days, despite being turned away at the door every time he visited Young Estate, and even though Rose avoided him, he still felt compelled to go, just in case Rose wanted to see him. Jonathan stood up and was ready to leave. Just then, Finley returned from taking a call nearby.

His expression was grave. He said, "Mr. Finch, there's trouble in Aquastead. Kelly is dead."

"Dead?"

"Kelly committed suicide by cutting her wrists. On the way to the hospital, the car she was in met an accident on the bridge. The car crashed through the guardrail and into the water." "How about the driver?"

"He also died."

"Prepare more compensation for the driver's family. As for Kelly..."

Kelly had caused a lot of trouble. She repeatedly tried to harm Rose and ultimately became a prime suspect in Oliver's death.

Jonathan had kept someone

guarding her. He wanted Rose to deal with her. But now that she was dead... Jonathan pondered for a moment, his dark eyes reflecting an endless coldness. FindNovel.net

"Make sure she's really dead."

With those words, Jonathan hurried away. Leonard and Finley exchanged a glance before quickly following him.

Finley couldn't resist a disdainful glance at Leonard. "What were you thinking? You let Mr. Finch inspect this place?"

Leonard retorted, "Well, that's better than you, who can't even keep track of one person."

The two were accustomed to their sharp exchanges. Just as Finley was about to retort again, he noticed Jonathan ahead had stopped.

"Rose, this young man is quite handsome. And this one is even more adorable. You'll definitely like..."

"Rose, take a look at him. Look at those abs..."

The voice was tinged with excitement, each "Rose" sounding particularly grating to Jonathan.

Jonathan paused at the sound of "Rose". He wasn't sure if it was Rose, but just this name instinctively made him look twice, and that second look ignited his anger.

"Rose? What are you thinking? Both of you, go over and entertain my best friend!" Yvonne commanded after having a few drinks. She was clearly loosened up. Despite her words, she was vigilant. If anyone dared to be disrespectful to Rose, she was ready to intervene as a protector.

Several young men surrounded Rose, making her uneasy. She felt a chilling sensation creeping up her spine as if there was a cold wind blowing behind her.

To dispel the feeling, Rose picked up the glass in front of her and downed it in one gulp. But instead of warming her, the alcohol seemed to make her feel colder.

She thought, "What's going on?" Rose glanced around. Then, she turned back and found nothing out of the ordinary.

"What's wrong?" Yvonne noticed her movement and asked with concern.

"It's nothing, it's nothing..."

Rose carefully reassessed herself. She confirmed that the chilling sensation from earlier was now gone.

She shook her head lightly and said, "It's nothing. It's probably the alcohol. It's too strong." The potent alcohol had likely caused her earlier hallucination. Meanwhile, Jonathan had already turned back. Leonard followed behind and was visibly puzzled by his action. Then, he snapped fully awake.

He couldn't fathom why Jonathan had turned back. However, judging from his expression, something serious was amiss. Then, Finley recognized Rose.

In that instant, Finley was panicked. He snapped back and hurried over to Jonathan. "Mr. Finch, Mrs. Finch, she.... hasn't been with any of those men..."

Just as Finley spoke, he saw from

the corner booth Rose's hand

provocatively tilting up a man's chin. Beside him, Jonathan's demeanor turned icy. It almost became

murderous intent. FindNovel.net

A chill ran down Finley's spine. Something big was about to happen.

"Leonard!" Jonathan called him. He wished he wasn't called Leonard.

Still reeling from Finley's mention of "Mrs. Finch" moments ago, he suddenly jolted awake.

"Mr. Finch, what... do you need..."

Beside him, Finley thought, "Was that... Mrs. Finch? What is she doing here? Oh my god, Leonard might end here today.

"What madness possesses him to bring Mr. Finch here for an inspection today? He's asking for trouble."

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Chapter 403 Jonathan Had No Limits with Rose

[1,188 words]

Leonard stood prepared. He had anticipated Jonathan's imminent wrath.

Despite the bar's freezing air conditioning, he still felt clammy with sweat. After a moment of silence, Jonathan finally spoke.

"Prepare a mask for me. Everyone else, wear masks too!"

His cold command cut through the air like a poisoned blade. His gaze remained fixed on a specific booth.

Leonard was speechless. He didn't immediately grasp the purpose of the masks. On the other hand, Finley understood. Jonathan was jealous.

As for what he intended to do, Finley had a vague idea. A flicker of surprise crossed his eyes. Then, he urged a bewildered Leonard.

He said, "Masks! What are you waiting for? Go and get it."

Leonard snapped out of his daze. He had to get the masks as soon as possible. There was no time to delay.

Inside the lively bar, Rose was surrounded by various young men. Perhaps it was because she had a few drinks, she couldn't see a single face clearly. However, in her mind, Jonathan's face kept appearing.

As if to dispel this image, Rose drank one glass after another. At some point, the young men around her began leaving one by one. Yvonne, who was also a bit tipsy, frowned.

She protested and said, "Hey, what's going on? Why is everyone leaving? My best friend hasn't had enough fun yet." She hadn't had enough fun either.

Except for their booth, almost all the young men in the bar had left. Rose and Yvonne exchanged glances.

Yet, within just two minutes of their departure, each person emerged wearing a mask. A variety of men wore a variety of masks. It was truly dazzling.

Yvonne couldn't look away. "So, there's something new after all."

Today, she felt like she had experienced everything new in this world. But Rose felt an intangible sense of oppression wash over her. She tried to pinpoint its source, but each masked face appeared ordinary. Those who returned sat around Rose as before.

Jonathan quietly took the seat closest to Rose. Rose searched for the source of the pressure. When Rose locked eyes with the man, it unsettled Jonathan.

Suddenly, Jonathan grabbed her hand and placed it on his wrist. This move shocked Rose and the surrounding "colleagues", including Leonard and Finley, who were also wearing masks. Leonard was shocked. His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

He tried to remain composed but then glanced at Finley. He silently asked, "What's going on?"

For Jonathan to wear a mask and personally intervene was already unimaginable. But this...

He had actively held a woman's hand and put her in such an intimate position. Besides, he could tell from Jonathan's gaze that he was enjoying the moment, almost seeking admiration. Finley thought, "Is this still his aloof Mr. Finch?"

Finley dared not make a sound. He saw once again that Jonathan had no limits when it came to Rose. Worse yet...

"Do you like it?" Jonathan's voice lowered to a seductive whisper. His tone carried an intense allure.

His gaze seemed to delve into Rose's thoughts.

This question jolted Rose awake, her body stiff with shock from his previous move. Instinctively, she tried to pull her hand back. However, Jonathan grasped her firmly. Rose couldn't break free no matter how hard she tried.

Yvonne noticed the commotion from behind. She immediately stepped forward. "What are you doing? Let go of her! Let go, let go!"

She brandished a bottle of liquor. She was ready to smash it over Jonathan's head.

Luckily, Finley stepped in to block her. While holding Yvonne back, Finley pleaded with his eyes at Jonathan.

If Jonathan continued to be so "audacious", things could get messy. Thankfully, after a brief standoff, Jonathan mercifully released Rose's hand.

The moment Rose regained her freedom, she quickly moved a step away. Finley also released Yvonne, but her anger was unabated.

She marched straight between Rose and Jonathan. She shielded Rose while glaring fiercely at the man before her.

With a stern warning, she said, "If Rose touches you willingly, it's fine. But if she doesn't want to, you can't force her to touch you! Try laying a hand on her again, and see what happens."

Yvonne feared this man would try to take advantage of Rose again. She said, "Rose, let's leave him." With that, Yvonne stood up. She wobbled slightly and intended to drive him away.

Under the mask, Jonathan's expression darkened. Just then, Leonard, sharp-eyed and perceptive, stepped forward to defuse the situation. "Miss, let's him stay. He... also has it tough."

The ruler of the Finch Group wore a mask while playing the role of a male model. Indeed, it wasn't an easy thing for him.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Let's give him a chance," Finley chimed in.

Yvonne frowned and said, "Give him a chance. He's been rude to guests..."

"But he's good-looking..." Leonard added.

"How good-looking?" Yvonne asked.

"He's the best-looking in the entire bar," Finley exclaimed.

Yvonne squinted as she sized him up. Jonathan's face under the mask darkened, but he noticed Rose also scrutinizing him.

He straightened his posture as if

proving a point. In this whole barche

was the best-looking. Seeing that Rose and Yvonne still hadn't

relented, Leonard interjected on Jonathan's behalf.

"His background is tragic. His whole family relies on him."

The entire Finch Group relied on his decisions. Hence, it wasn't an untrue statement.

"Huh?"

He was good-looking but he had a tragic background.

Yvonne suddenly felt she had been too loud earlier. A wave of guilt washed over her. Perhaps she had been too hasty, but....

Just as Yvonne hesitated, Jonathan's gaze remained fixed on Rose. His gaze was intense, especially after Leonard's comment about his tragic background.

He cooperated with Leonard. His eyes seemed to brim with infinite sorrow. His wife was seeking out male models behind his back... He was truly pitiful.

Rose couldn't bear it anymore. She caught his eye and spoke up suddenly. "Just... let him stay."

Though she agreed to let him stay, Rose felt the need to keep her distance from him.

Jonathan smiled contentedly. Rose stood up and found a new spot, putting several people between them. Upon seeing her action, Jonathan's satisfied smile instantly froze.

He casually picked up a drink, swirling it lightly. His gaze was still fixed on Rose. It was akin to a hunter eyeing beloved prey.

Rose was his, so he wasn't in a rush. Tonight, Rose wanted to play, and he would accompany her at his leisure.

As time passed, Rose felt increasingly uneasy. Whenever someone approached too closely, she would feel a tingling sensation on her scalp and uncomfortable all over.

After a few instances, she decided to escape to the restroom. However, she had barely left when someone stealthily followed her.

The bar was massive. After Rose emerged from the restroom, she was disoriented and was about to ask someone for directions when she saw a tall figure leaning against the wall ahead.

His white shirt had a few buttons undone. Though he wore a mask, Rose recognized him instantly from the hunter-like gaze. Rose wondered if he was following her.

Rose became cautious. But in the next instant, she found it amusing. Perhaps she was being overly suspicious. Maybe he just came out for some fresh air.

Rose thought, "Who says male models at the bar can't take a break?"

Rose decided to pretend not to recognize him and just walked over casually.

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Chapter 404 Take Her Home

[1,158 words]

For some reason, Rose's heart palpitated the closer she got.

The gaze from behind the mask initially held a smile, but an overwhelming sense of oppression suddenly surged within her. Rose had barely even reached the man when

her body froze. She forgot to turn around. "It's you!" Rose blurted out. Was he the source of the sense of oppression? But why?

Noticing the confusion in Rose's eyes, Jonathan's face behind the mask froze, but it soon resumed to normal. So she had just recognized his "new identity".

They shared a bed and did everything a couple should. He missed her dearly day and night, and he would pause just at the mention of her name. However, she still couldn't recognize him even after touching his body! Filled with jealousy, he obviously forgot that before coming out, he had sprayed an unfamiliar cologne on purpose. He had hidden his identity as well.

"You haven't answered me. Do you like it?" Jonathan's deep voice was faint amidst the music.

Although Rose heard his question, she was puzzled. What was it that she liked?

Before she could ask, Jonathan had grabbed her wrist. Shocked and helpless, Rose felt her wrist being pulled forward and her hand pressed against his chest.

Through the thin layer of the shirt, the sensation underneath made Rose's mind go blank. She retracted her hand as if she had been scalded. Jonathan didn't stop her this time. Instead, he looked at her with a smile. "You..." She would have slapped him if it were in the past, but she wasn't repulsed by the man in front of her now.

Rose figured that Jonathan must have needed money so desperately that he considered her a cash cow. That might explain why he tried every means to seduce her.

"Forget it!" Rose didn't want to get involved with him any further.

She turned around to continue asking for directions, but no one was around even after she turned several corners. The private rooms in the bar were designed like a maze.

Jonathan followed her. He leaned slightly over and whispered in Rose's ear, "You still haven't given me your answer. Do you like it?"

Rose kept walking, but she couldn't hide her accelerating heartbeat and flushed face.

The man was like a persistent plaster who stuck to her. Since Rose couldn't shake him off, she had to confront him, "How much?" Jonathan frowned.

Rose had clearly lost patience. "I didn't bring cash. I'll add the tip to the bill later."

Once he received the money and felt less pressured, he wouldn't have to work so hard anymore. It was only now that Jonathan realized what Rose was doing. So, she was trying to give him money again.

His eyes sparkled with amusement. Rose noticed the smile and breathed a sigh of relief. Since they had reached a mutual agreement, one more request from her wasn't too much to ask, right? "Can you take me out of here?" She was fed up with the maze-like private rooms.

"Of course." Jonathan was more than happy to guide her out.

Rose soon reached the booth area with someone leading the way.

The first thing she did was reach out to the manager to settle the bill and add a tip. She made a special remark that the remainder of it should be given to a particular man.

The manager knew who she was referring to. It was Jonathan. He had never expected Jonathan, who controlled the Finch Group's trillion-dollar empire, to have such a peculiar hobby. Rose lost interest in all the male models around her. She was so focused on drinking since she no longer felt pressured like before.

Indeed. Jonathan needed money so badly that he considered her his life-saving straw.

Feeling more at ease, Rose unknowingly drank a few more glasses, but it wasn't long before a few glasses made her tipsy.

Rose frowned. She knew her tolerance was much higher than that. Jonathan knew that too, so he instructed his men to serve highly intoxicating drinks. When Rose drunkenly collapsed, Jonathan signaled to Finley. The others present left one by one until only a few people remained in the booth.

Jonathan walked straight to Rose and removed his mask. Rose was stunned when she saw the familiar face amidst her blurred vision.

After recovering from a moment of surprise, she slapped his cheek. "You're everywhere!"

Wasn't that the truth? He was always lingering in her mind.

Rose figured that she was really drunk. Otherwise, how could she hallucinate seeing Jonathan? How could the mighty ruler of the Finch Group be here in the bar?

"I'm leaving. Yvonne... Where's Yvonne?" Rose pushed Jonathan's face aside and started searching for Yvonne.

Equally drunk, Yvonne responded immediately upon hearing Rose's voice, "Here! I'm here... let's... let's go home."

Stumbling, Yvonne found Rose, who completely ignored the man in front of her. As they held onto each other, they prepared to leave.

"Rosie, how was it? Let's come again some other time."

"Not here. Let's go somewhere else. Somewhere without him..." Rose pointed at Jonathan.

Again, she saw Jonathan's face. She ignored him and walked out of the bar with Yvonne as they held onto each other.

With that, only Finley and Leonard

were left. Leonard couldn't help but sympathize with Jonathan as he blurted out, "It seems Mrs. Finch doesn't

't like Mr. Finch that much either..."

When Leonard sensed a cold glare being shot at him, he immediately corrected himself. His words were now fawning with a hint of plea. "Mrs. Finch is drunk. She's drunk... Haha..."

Jonathan couldn't bother dealing with Leonard. Rose and Yvonne had been holding onto each other, but they somehow swapped partners. Rose found a man standing by her side... Was she hallucinating? Why did she keep seeing Jonathan?

"Yvonne?" Rose instantly panicked as she looked around for Yvonne.

But Jonathan stepped forward to block her view. "Someone's taking care of her. I'll take you home."

Rose frowned at the word "take". She couldn't help thinking that the man in front of her was strange.

"Rosie?" A man's mixed with worry voice sounded.

Rose looked up and saw Miles walking toward her with a stern look on his face.

"Miles..." Rose straightened up to move forward, but Jonathan clasped her shoulders tight.

Miles glanced at Rose as he approached. When his eyes turned to Jonathan, they were burning with anger. "I'll take Rose home."

Miles reached out to pull Rose over, but Finley swiftly stepped between them to block his way.

"Mr. Miles, Mrs. Finch is going home, but to Mr Finch's residence. As a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Finch shouldn't be staying apart all the time. Please understand, Mr. Miles."

Understand? Understand what? Miles wanted nothing more than to punch Jonathan.
"Who's that? He looks like... Mr. Miles?"

"And the other man..." Voices came from not far away.

The bar was a spot frequented by paparazzi who took valuable photos of scandals: They would always reap considerable benefits either by making the news public or by blackmailing the people in the photos.

Realization struck Jonathan and Miles. Almost instinctively, they responded by shielding Rose with their bodies at the same time.

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Chapter 405 Their Home

[1,049 words]

None of them wanted Rose to be exposed to the spotlight.

With a shared glance, they instantly reached a mutual agreement, though they had been in conflict just moments before.

Jonathan held onto Rose, while Miles shielded her from the paparazzi's view. They worked together as they moved to the side of the road.

After helping Rose into the car, Miles' face turned grim. The car was the Finches'!

Once the car door closed, Miles rolled down the window. This usual cold and aloof face now bore a triumphant smile.

He ignored the gloomy look in Miles' eyes and sincerely thanked him, "Thank you. I'll take good care of Rose."

A thought came to his mind when the window was half-closed. He looked at Yvonne, whom Leonard was holding onto.

"Oh, by the way, that's Rosie's friend. She cares a lot about her. If you're free, could you perhaps keep an eye on her? We'll both feel at ease knowing she's in safe hands."

Jonathan gave Miles a grateful look and closed the window.

The car then sped away, leaving Miles standing where he was. His usual gentle demeanor was now overshadowed by a storm brewing in his dark eyes.

"Mr. Finch, should... should I leave Ms. Spencer with you?" Leonard asked, standing behind Miles with Yvonne in tow. He had to obey Jonathan's instructions.

He wouldn't have to worry about Yvonne's safety with Miles. Miles was known to be a gentleman.

Miles turned around and frowned when he saw Yvonne. After a moment of contemplation, he said, "Please send her to my car."

Gabriel, who had been watching from the side, was still staring in the direction Jonathan's car had gone. He had brought Miles here, but it was a surprise to see Jonathan taking Rose away.

He couldn't understand when Jonathan had entered the bar.

"Miles, are we just going to let him take Rosie away?"

Gabriel didn't like the fact that Jonathan had brought Rose away. Rose was one of the Youngs despite being married to Jonathan. The thought that Jonathan might take advantage of the situation terrified him. Gabriel kept his gaze on Miles and waited for his instructions.

"Let's go home," Miles said, turning to get into the car.

"Miles..." Gabriel wanted to say more, but Miles' car had sped away. He had no choice but to angrily follow, unaware that Miles had a plan.

Miles calmly took out his phone and made a call. He hung up after a few words, and the frown on his face gradually eased.

...

Jonathan hadn't felt this good since his return from Aquastead. Rose, who was drunk and now asleep, occasionally nuzzled against him like a kitten.

The car stopped outside a villa. Jonathan gently carried Rose in and was careful not to wake up her.

The villa was his private residence in Regalia and his soon-to-be home sweet home with Rose. He had specially decorated it according to Rose's taste after his return to Regalia.

The feminine touches to what was previously a stark and cold house gave it a homely feeling. Jonathan liked this feeling.

Rose lay on the bed in the bedroom, sleeping more soundly than she had in the car. Jonathan couldn't take his eyes off her while he sat by the bed.

He was mad at the thought of how Rose recently avoided him and was unaware of his longings. Yet, he couldn't bear to punish her in the slightest.

Even her watching male models at the bar no longer bothered him. He just wanted to hold her and sleep soundly.

Jonathan reluctantly got up to shower. When he came out of the bathroom and was about to tug himself in, his phone rang incessantly.

He took the call in the living room for fear of waking Rose. He wouldn't wake her only if he took the call in a different room.

"You'd better have something important to say," Jonathan warned, keeping his voice low. Leonard was on the other end of the line.

Leonard knew the trouble he might get himself in for disturbing Jonathan during his alone time with Rose, but there was a solid reason for his call.

"Mr. Finch, there's trouble at the Finch Manor. Mrs. Finch Senior has suddenly fainted, and her condition is unpromising. Mr. Yosef's family and Mr. Turner have gone back."

Leonard was trembling. Eleanor

Garcia's matters were of utmost

importance to the Finches. If anything happened to her, and Jonathan wasn't present, his enemies would use it against him.

As Jonathan's assistant, Leonard knew the importance of thinking ahead.

There was a long silence from the other end of the line. Leonard carefully added, "Mr. Finch, you... have a lifetime ahead with Mrs. Finch."

Beep beep beep... The call ended.

Jonathan returned to the room and pondered on the words "a lifetime ahead". He kissed the sleeping Rose on the forehead, left a soft light on, and exited the room. Rose vaguely sensed warmth on her forehead. She wanted to open her eyes but was too sleepy to do so. After a few attempts, she gave up.

Rose had a peaceful sleep that night. She figured the alcohol and exhaustion from recent days had taken their toll.

It was late at night, but the Finch Manor was brightly lit. All eyes turned to Jonathan when he entered. None of them were friendly.

"Jonathan's still busy, I see. Things

are so serious with Mrs. Finch

Senior, but as the ruler of the

Finches, he's the last to arrive. Jack, tell him how long you've been here," Yosef said mockingly, not hiding his sarcasm.

Jack Finch, Yosef's son, triumphantly smirked. "I rushed over as soon as I heard about Grandma's condition. I was the first to arrive." Jonathan's cold gaze swept over them and didn't linger for a second. He approached the butler, Anna Moore, and asked, "Where's Grandma?"

"She's upstairs, Mr. Finch. The

doctor checked on her and said she

needed rest. But it's best stay

you

here in case she wakes up needs you..." Anna said respectfully.

Jonathan glanced at the second floor and moved to the quietest corner of the hall, ignoring everyone else.

Yosef and Jack exchanged glances, their faces growing uglier. Jonathan's blatant disregard infuriated them. "Jonathan..."

"Jonathan!"

Howard started to speak but was interrupted by another voice. It was Ezra. Ezra's presence today was unexpected as he was rarely seen at the Finch Manor. Everyone knew Ezra and Jonathan didn't get along, so Yosef was expecting a confrontation. He fed the fire by saying, "Ezra, even you came before him."

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Chapter 406 Discovering the Mask From Last Night

[1,034 words]

Ezra lounged lazily on the couch, engrossed in his game. He glanced at Yosef and immediately understood his intentions.

"So what? We all arrived before him, but did any of us actually get to see Grandma?" Ezra looked up and grinned at Yosef, who was caught off guard by his response.

Yosef was momentarily speechless. What did Ezra mean by that?

"Ez..." Yosef wanted to speak, but Ezra didn't give him the chance.

"Jonathan... is that how you're supposed to address him?" Ezra directed his gaze at Jack.

Although Jonathan was the second in their generation by age, he had to be treated with the utmost respect as the ruler of the Finches. According to the rules in their family, Jack was supposed to address Jonathan as "Mr. Finch". Jack's face flashed pale. "Ezra, you..."

Wasn't Ezra supposed to be at odds with Jonathan? Why the sudden behavior change?

Not only were Yosef and Jack shocked, but even Jonathan looked at Ezra in confusion. He wondered what Ezra was up to.

Yet, after silencing the father and son, Ezra returned to his game, leaving the room in awkward silence. Yosef and Jack didn't dare speak again after being put in their place.

As Jonathan's father and the previous ruler of the Finches, Cyrus Finch didn't look at Jonathan at all. But the woman beside him occasionally glanced at Jonathan in the corner. Everyone waited in silence until dawn.

After Anna entered Eleanor's room and returned, she announced, "Mrs. Finch Senior wants to see Mr. Finch."

Jonathan stood up.

Yosef and Jack watched him go upstairs. They were visibly displeased. "What about us?"

Anna smiled and said nothing. She was following Eleanor's instructions.

Jonathan stopped in his tracks just after he entered the room. Eleanor had just washed up and was stretching in the morning sun, as was her routine. She showed no signs of having fainted and was looking as healthy as ever. "Are you mad that I tricked you?" Eleanor didn't bother hiding it. Then, she pointed to her shoulder. "Massage my shoulder."

Jonathan obediently stepped forward to do as he was told.

His compliance surprised Eleanor. "You're not mad?"

"Were you monitoring me, Grandma?" Jonathan asked.

He understood her reasoning with just some thought. "You used this as an excuse to bring me back. Everyone will get upset that you've summoned them back for nothing, Grandma."

"Let them be. If you are mad... I'd still do the same." Eleanor patted his hand lovingly.

"Why?" Jonathan was puzzled.

"I wasn't monitoring you," Eleanor replied, avoiding his question.

Jonathan was silent for a moment. He seemed to realize something as he mulled over Eleanor's words.

Eleanor continued, "Jon, have you met Ms. Maize, the eldest daughter of the Maize family?"

He had, but he had no interest in the renowned international actress. He couldn't even recall her face after meeting her once. But for Rose...

"Rose is perfect for me. I can arrange it anytime if you want to meet her," Jonathan said firmly. He had made up his mind.

Eleanor wasn't too concerned. "But

the Youngs don't seem to want you

vel.net

to get associated with her. Don't forget the fact that the adopted daughter of the Youngs has disappeared for years. The Youngs still blame you for it although it hasn't been mentioned."

"Her disappearance has nothing to do with me!" Jonathan stopped massaging her shoulders and decided to withdraw from the conversation. "Grandma, the sun's up. I'll get going since you're healthy and well." He bowed respectfully and left the room before she could respond.

The look on Eleanor's face grew solemn. She looked out the window and felt a sudden curiosity about the girl named Rose. "Perhaps I should find the chance to meet her."

...

Jonathan headed straight out the door after getting downstairs. The others in the living room watched him leave, expecting Eleanor to summon them next.

However, Anna delivered a different message. "Please leave or stay for breakfast if you'd like. Mrs. Finch Senior is fine now." There was no mention of meeting any of them. Yosef's face turned ugly. Despite his internal grumblings, he forced a smile and decided to stay for breakfast. There might be more opportunities to meet Eleanor if he did so. Cyrus and his wife left immediately, and so did Ezra.

Ezra followed Jonathan's car and suspected him of going to meet Rose. He thought Jonathan had dumped Rose until he saw her holding Oliver's memorial photo in the news. He came to realize that Rose was in Regalia, and she was the reason for Jonathan's return. Ha...

He had been wanting to meet Rose, but he couldn't do so since she was staying at the Young Estate. Today seemed like his chance.

...

Sunlight seeped in through the drapes and woke Rose. She was surprised to find that instead of feeling a terrible hangover, she woke up feeling refreshed.

But the unfamiliar surroundings shocked her. It wasn't the Young Estate or Yvonne's place.

The room was soft and cosy with skincare products on the vanity, and a man's bathrobe was draped over the foot of the bed.

As Rose lifted the covers, a thought struck her. Her clothes had been changed!

She paled instantly and tried hard to figure out where she was. She tried to recall last night, the bar, the male model, the drunkenness, and the hallucinations. It was all a blur as she failed to connect the dots. She noticed something under the bathrobe. Rushing over, she pulled it aside to reveal a mask she could instantly recognize. It was the same mask worn by the handsome and tragic male model from the bar.

She could vividly remember him wearing the mask, so was this his place?

But soon she shook her head. The room alone was worth a fortune, but the male model lacked money. Someone living here couldn't be in need of money.

So, where was she then? Where was the man? And what had happened last night?

A flood of questions overwhelmed Rose, and she felt her head spinning. Regardless of what had happened last night, she decided that leaving was her best choice. Taking a deep breath, Rose changed back into her clothes and tiptoed out of the room. She avoided looking around and headed straight for the door.

As she placed her hand on the doorknob, she heard the sound of the keypad unlocking behind the door.

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

- Chapter 407 Inflammatory Nosebleed

Chapter 407 Inflammatory Nosebleed

[1,054 words]

Rose's heart skipped a beat.

Seeing that she was about to be caught red-handed, she didn't have time to take in the room's layout. She hurried back along the original path in a panic and hid in the walk-in closet.

The door opened and then closed. Rose held her breath, but the footsteps were getting closer.

Jonathan returned to the room immediately. Not seeing Rose on the bed brought a sudden wave of disappointment. Had she left? But her unique scent was still in the air.

Jonathan felt a sense of loss as his eyes caught sight of the mask on the floor. As he picked it up, memories of last night flashed in his mind, particularly the embarrassed look on her face when her hand touched his chest. There was a sudden bang. Jonathan looked in the direction of the sound and confirmed it came from the closet. A heavy gasp came after the noise.

Rose... Jonathan was certain she was inside. Was she hiding from him? A dotting smile spread across his face as he walked toward the closet.

Each step he took made Rose's heart beat faster. She regretted bumping into the closet when trying to avoid him. The sound must have caught his attention, so what should she do now? Rose held her breath even more, praying that he wouldn't come in. Perhaps her prayer worked because the footsteps suddenly stopped. A few seconds later, they resumed but moved away. Had he left? Rose breathed a sigh of relief. But now, how was she going to get out of here?

She listened carefully to the sounds outside. The man seemed to have left the room. Music started playing loudly outside.

Its soothing melody relaxed Rose slightly, and she lowered her guard as it masked some of the finer noises.

Hiding in the closet, Rose didn't notice someone slowly approaching until a figure appeared before her. She almost screamed but managed to stifle it and cover her mouth.

Rose peered at the man through the gap between the women's clothing and saw his back. Just from his height, she could tell it was the same oppressive, good-looking man from last night.

He wasn't wearing a mask now, but Rose wasn't curious about how handsome he might be. She just prayed he wouldn't turn around and see her.

The man didn't turn around, but he did start undressing in front of her.

Rose was stunned. She should have closed her eyes as peeping was inappropriate, but the scene was too captivating. She even forgot to breathe, let alone close her eyes.

The man's broad shoulders, narrow waist, and healthy, tan skin reminded her of her husband, Jonathan.

The realization shocked Rose. His back really looked like Jonathan's, but she wondered who had a better-looking face.

She looked up and found that she couldn't see his face from her angle, only the part below his neck and not even his head.

Just as she felt it was a pity, the man turned around, revealing his sculpted abs. Rose felt a rush of heat to her head as her eyes widened in astonishment.

Seeing the physique reminded her of the sensation from last night when she touched his chest in the bar. A warm flow surged up her nose.

She covered her mouth and felt a wet sensation. Blood...

Rose panicked. She couldn't keep covering her mouth. She had to pinch her nose to stop the bleeding and avoid making any noise. It'd be incredibly embarrassing if the man saw her like this. Just then, the man tugged at his pants, seemingly about to...

Rose couldn't hold back any longer when she guessed what he was about to do. She closed her eyes and screamed.

"Ah!"

Her scream pierced through the music. She didn't see the man's evil smirk. Jonathan raised an eyebrow. Had Rose exposed herself already?

He coldly shorted when he

remembered her going to the bar to check out male models last night. He brushed aside the women's clothes in the closet and grabbed her out to teach her a lesson.

But seeing her crouching in the closet with her hands covered in blood, all thoughts of punishment vanished and were replaced by concern. Jonathan couldn't care about anything else. He quickly pulled Rose out of the closet with his arms wrapped around her waist.

Rose's heart raced. She still kept her

eyes closed and dared not open them. To her, it felt safer not seeing him as it made her feel as if she were still hidden. But what was he doing?

Rose didn't sense any malice. She felt herself being carried for a while. Jonathan brought her into the bathroom, turned on the water, and wet a towel to place it on her nose.

The cold sensation helped calm her. Her nosebleed seemed to be stopping. But upon realizing she was sitting on his lap, she was relieved to feel his pants still on.

Her hand was against his waist, feeling his skin. The warm sensation was... Rose swallowed nervously and quickly moved her hand away. "Sorry, sorry. I didn't mean to peek..."

Peek? She hid in the closet before he entered. That didn't count as peeking, right?

"Sorry, sorry. I mean, I didn't mean to look. I swear. I didn't see anything..." Rose's words lacked conviction. She had seen quite a lot.

To cover her guilt and sound convincing, she raised her palm as if swearing an oath. "I swear... I didn't see anything."

A faint voice rang in her ear, "If you didn't, why the nosebleed?"

Rose's mind went blank, and her face turned beet red. "I... I..."

She desperately searched for an excuse. "It's too hot." Too hot?

Jonathan pointed out, "It's an indoor climate-controlled temperature." "Then it must have been the alcohol last night causing an inflammation."

Rose tried to cover up her story. She kept her eyes closed, too nervous to realize who the man in front of her was, even when they were talking with almost no distance between them.

Jonathan was displeased at the fact that Rose still hadn't recognized him.

"Open your eyes!" Jonathan commanded softly.

Rose said nothing. Ha. She wasn't stupid. He wasn't wearing anything, and opening her eyes would only make things worse. What if he blamed her then? Rose took a deep breath. "Could you let me go?"

"I can, but you have to open your eyes first."

"This guy! Wait... The voice..." Rose exclaimed to herself. But she suddenly noticed something.

She frowned suspiciously and demanded, "Say something again!"

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Chapter 408 You Spent Money to Take Me Out Right

[1,105 words]

Was Rose finally recognizing his voice?

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "What do you want me to say? I love you?"

I love you... Rose's mind went blank. It was the familiar voice that shocked her compared to the ambiguous words.

She finally opened her eyes and confirmed who the person in front of her was. "It's you!"

"It's me. Who else did you think it was?" Jonathan had a playful smile on his face.

Rose thought of the mask. "Are you also the man from last night?"

Jonathan nodded innocently. "Yes, yes. It was me, wifey."

Rose was at a loss for words. So he had been teasing her on purpose last night!

She was both embarrassed and annoyed as she punched Jonathan in the chest. He let her be before grabbing her hand. Such an action turned Rose's displeased outburst into a coquettish gesture.

Rose couldn't take it anymore, especially when she saw his triumphant smile. She grabbed his hand and bit down hard on his arm.

Jonathan gasped in pain, but his smile was unchanging. The fondness in his eyes intensified.

Rose was about to go crazy. It seemed that the bite she gave him was no longer satisfying. Jonathan was clearly...

"You pervert!" Rose released her bite and broke free from Jonathan, jumping off his lap.

She glanced at his bare upper body, sure that he must have known she was hiding in the closet. He must have stripped on purpose for her!

"Weirdo!" Rose gritted her teeth, embarrassed at the thought of how she just had a nosebleed.

She didn't want to stay any longer, but she remembered he now had something to laugh at her for. Walking toward the door, she was still thinking about what had happened at the bar.

"Where's my friend?" Rose remembered Yvonne and stopped, looking at Jonathan accusingly.

Jonathan followed behind her, step by step. "I handed her over to Miles."

Had Miles gone to the bar as well? Yvonne's safety was guaranteed under Miles' guard, but...

"Why didn't you hand me over to Miles too?"

If Miles had taken her home last night, she would now be at the Young Estate and wouldn't have embarrassed herself in front of Jonathan.

Jonathan held back his displeasure from thinking that Rose was inclined to leave with Miles. It was fortunate that he had happened to be inspecting the bar last night and ran into her. They were indeed destined by fate! He stared at Rose's puffy, angry face, seemingly in a good mood. "You forgot? I didn't take you out."

Rose said nothing as she couldn't understand his words.

"If it wasn't you, who was it?" Her mind vaguely recalled some images.

She seemed to have seen Jonathan last night, but she assumed she was drunk and seeing things. Yet, it turned out to be him!

While Rose waited for Jonathan's answer, he took a big stride forward and came up to her in just one step. His height brought a strong sense of oppression that forced Rose to instinctively step back.

Jonathan circled her waist before she could react. She heard him speak in a voice that sounded like a seducing whisper.

"You took me out."

Rose held her breath. Her mind was a mess. "What do you mean I took you out? I'm warning you, don't talk nonsense!"

Although she was drunk, she wouldn't go to the extent of bringing a male model out of the bar. But Jonathan's next words left her stunned.

"You paid last night."

The stupefied Rose couldn't respond in time. Paid for what? Then, she hurriedly explained herself when she realized what he meant. "That was for the drinks."

"And?" Jonathan stared intently at Rose.

Rose felt a strange tingle under his gaze. She added after a brief ponder, "Tips?"

Jonathan replied, "Besides the tips."

Besides the tips... Rose instantly remembered. "I asked the manager to give the remaining of the tips to you for..."

She thought hard to structure her

words. She sympathized with his tragic background and need for money, so she gave him extra. But Jonathan... How could he lack money as the ruler of the Finches? She felt she had been tricked.

Jonathan's smile grew increasingly cunning. He went along with her words and said, "You spent money to take me out, didn't you?"

How was spending money equivalent to taking him out? Rose immediately defended herself. "I didn't mean that. I've never thought of doing anything to you..."

"Oh. I thought you needed me, just like the first time we met..." Jonathan responded with a disappointed click of the tongue.

Needed him... The voice lingered on. Rose felt an electric current run through her body, bringing back memories of that night. Her reaction pleased Jonathan greatly.

He had unfortunately been called away last night and missed the chance to sleep with her, but he was lucky to have her in his arms right now.

He hadn't slept all night. Working nonstop for several days had been routine for him, but now with Rose in his arms, he just wanted to hold her and sleep. "Wifey, I need you..." Jonathan's low voice made Rose blush so hard.

Rose had no idea what went wrong, but by the time she snapped back to reality, she was on the bed.

Her heart pounded as Jonathan's arms secured her in his embrace. Moments later, she heard his even breathing.

Had he fallen asleep? Rose breathed a sigh of relief.

Back when she had known him as Jonathan Finch of the Finches, she had found him to be aloof and distant. His dangerous aura made him seem unapproachable. But when Jonathan became her star escort husband, all Rose could see was his good looks.

She felt conflicted after learning they were the same person. She couldn't sort out her feelings, but she knew one thing-they were from different worlds.

Yara from the Maize family had warned her and was determined to have Jonathan. She made it clear that Rose getting involved would only find herself in trouble.

Rose hated having to compete. Although she had made up her mind, she couldn't help wanting to set herself free now that no one was around.

Jonathan seemed to be dreaming. Even when asleep, his handsome face had a smile as he unknowingly pulled Rose closer.

With their bodies pressed tightly together, Rose abandoned the thought of slipping away while he slept. She closed her eyes and soon fell asleep, letting Jonathan hold her.

Rose, who was a light sleeper, was awakened by her phone ringing. She quickly grabbed her phone, worried that it would wake Jonathan. She answered the call with her voice lowered.

"Hello?"

She hadn't even had time to see who called.

Yvonne's anxious voice sounded

from the other end. "Rosie, wheret

are you? Are you okay? I heard that a bad guy took you away last night. Did he hurt you? It's all my fault..."

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Chapter 409 Slipping Away

[1,182 words]

"It's all my fault. If I hadn't taken you to the bar last night, the bad guy wouldn't have taken you away..." Yvonne cried in remorse.

At the Young Estate, a hint of guilt surfaced in Miles' heart as he sat on the couch and watched Yvonne bawl. It even seemed that Yvonne wished she could bear all the pain for Rose. Gabriel sat beside him and glanced at him, looking a little diffident. He was the one who said Rose was taken away by a bad guy after Miles attached the bad guy label to Jonathan. "Rosie, where are you? Say something..." Yvonne's heart was in knots.

Yvonne hadn't stopped speaking in an anxious voice since the call was connected. Rose finally grabbed the chance to speak.

"I'm fine-"

"Rosie, it's all my fault..."

Rose immediately comforted her. "I'm fine. Yvonne, you... calm down. Just calm down..."

Yvonne was taken aback. "You're fine? Is that true? Did the bad guy go easy on you?" She was still worried that Rose had said that to appease her concerns.

Rose eyed the "bad guy", who was in a deep sleep. "He... isn't really a bad guy..."

Her response stunned Yvonne. Rose whispered in a lowered voice, "Are you at the Young Estate? Stay there. I'll be back soon."

With that, Rose quickly hung up.

As Yvonne stared at her phone, Rose's words echoed in her mind. She looked suspiciously at the two men present.

"Rosie told me that the man isn't a bad guy..." But the two of them had clearly said that a bad guy had taken Rose away!

Miles averted his gaze and masked his guilt by picking up the cup of coffee from the table. He took a sip and asked, "What else did she say?"

Recalling Rose's words, Yvonne looked at them with innocent eyes and told the truth without holding back.

"She also said to wait for her and that she'd be back soon." In other words, was Rose coming back now?

Miles breathed a sigh of relief. The Finches had kept Jonathan occupied last night. He should have returned to his place by this time, and Rose should be back as well.

...

Rose stared at the ceiling. In the few minutes after hanging up the phone, she had tried countless times to slip out of Jonathan's arms, but there seemed to be a string connecting their bodies. Jonathan would hug her tighter with every subtle movement. She was sweating profusely after several attempts. All of a sudden, she noticed the pillow beside her...

Ten minutes later, Rose successfully replaced herself with the pillow. She stood by the bed and watched Jonathan hug the pillow, even nuzzling it.

She felt a pang of guilt at the thought of his reaction once he woke up. But guilt aside, she had to leave. Yvonne was still at the Young Estate.

"Ha ha ha. Sweet dreams." Rose laughed dryly and offered her most sincere blessings to the sleeping man.

She cautiously moved and tried not to make any noise that might wake him. Even after leaving the villa, she continued to tiptoe and frequently glanced back.

Ezra had specially followed Jonathan over. He waited for a long time in the car before seeing a sneaky figure. The scene made him smile.

He thought he would have to wait much longer for Rose, but to his surprise, it only took two hours. Watching her cautiously look back, her careful demeanor indicated she was sneaking away!

Ezra raised an eyebrow. He grabbed a mask and a baseball cap and walked straight toward Rose after getting out of the car.

Rose repeatedly looked back to make sure Jonathan was asleep and Finley wasn't staying on guard. She finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She had walked a fair distance, so she no longer needed to be cautious. She laughed in triumph, withdrew her gaze, and planned to grab a cab back to the Young Estate.

But as soon as she turned around,

she saw someone standing in front of her. Rose stopped abruptly in panic, but it was too late. She noticed the person too late, and inertia made her bump into him.

"Ow..."

Rose's nose stung with pain. Her nose now took another hit from having had a nosebleed in the morning. She quickly checked if it was bleeding again.

Luckily... It was just pain with no blood. But the person she bumped into...

"Hi, what a coincidence!" Before Rose could scold the man for not watching where he was going, he spoke.

His voice was clean and pleasant. She could sense his good intentions just from his voice, and was that a "what a coincidence" she heard? Did they know each other?

Rose looked up and examined the person in front of her. Baseball cap, mask, trendy clothes. There seemed to be such a person in her memory but...

Rose's gaze fell on his face. Ezra pulled down his mask as if reading her thoughts, revealing his stunningly handsome face.

"You... you... you... You're Ezra Turner!" Rose recognized him as Ezra Turner, the most handsome face in the entertainment industry.

"What a coincidence, do you live here too?" Rose pointed behind her.

It was a high-end neighborhood according to her observations. As a top star in the entertainment industry, Ezra had the financial capability to live here. Was Jonathan neighbors with Ezra? Ezra looked around. Living here didn't seem too bad either. He could buy a place and move in. He soon withdrew his thoughts.

He stared at Rose and pretended to casually ask, "Do you... also live here?"

"No, no, no. How could I live here? Just a... friend lives here." Rose hurriedly waved her hand.

"Friend? What kind of a friend?" Ezra's eyes were hard to read.

Rose pictured Jonathan in her mind and seriously pondered over the question, but she couldn't categorize him even after a while. Luckily, Ezra didn't press for an answer. "Are you leaving? I'll give you a ride," Ezra offered.

He pointed to a car parked not far away and added before Rose could respond, "It's hard to grab a cab around here."

It was indeed hard to grab a cab around here, so Rose didn't reject the kind offer. The fact that Ezra was driving in person took Rose aback. Surprisingly, they had a lot to talk about on the way.

Rose got out of the car at the gate of the Young Estate. Before she left, they exchanged numbers.

Ezra watched Rose walk away until she was out of sight. He felt a bit dazed staring at the number he had just received. Setting aside Jonathan, he found he liked Rose!

Jonathan slept until noon. Before opening his eyes, he instinctively reached for the "person" in his arms. He opened his eyes when sensing something was off and saw a pillow in his embrace. His face darkened instantly.

"Rose!"

He didn't need to think to know it was her doing. She had sneaked away while he was asleep and used the pillow as a stand-in!

Just as he was feeling irritated, Leonard called, clearly catching him in a bad mood.

"What is it? Speak!" His tone was unfriendly.

Finley's body shivered. A chill ran through him, but he had to muster the courage. "Mr. Finch, the sponsorship for Regalia Drama House..."

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Chapter 410 Jonathan With Unfulfilled Desires

[1,160 words]

"Regalia Drama House? What does that have to do with me?" Jonathan sounded like he had eaten gunpowder. "Isn't there anything else going on in The Finch Group? Is the entertainment industry all that's left?" Leonard broke out in a cold sweat. It seemed Jonathan's mood was worse than he had imagined!

It must be because he was called away to the Finch Manor last night, interrupting his time with Rose. But he had gone back in the morning and should have spent his entire day lovingly cozying up to Rose. Why did he seem like he had unfulfilled desires? Could the couple be in an unharmonious state?

Leonard was more mindful of his words as he went on to say, "Mr. Finch, the Regalia Drama House is different."

"How could it be different? Is your girlfriend in it?" Jonathan's face was ugly.

Leonard wore a grim look on his face as he spoke, "Mr. Finch, I dedicate all my time to work, and I'm determined to contribute to you and The Finch Group till my last breath. How could I have a girlfriend? "But... Ms. Yvonne Spencer is in the Regalia Drama House."

Yvonne Spencer? Who was that? There was a brief pause on the phone.

With long-standing tacit understanding, Leonard had developed an acute sense for reading rooms. He could guess what was going on through Jonathan's mind even over the phone.

He immediately explained, "Ms. Spencer is Mrs. Finch's best friend, the one who drank with her last night..."

So it was her! Jonathan coldly said, "Then there's even less reason to sponsor it."

He hadn't settled the score with Yvonne for taking Rose to a bar on a male model sightseeing trip last night.

Just as Jonathan was about to hang up, Finley spoke urgently. "Mr. Finch, I've investigated. Ms. Spencer is Mrs. Finch's closest friend. She applied for a VIP ticket for the best seat an hour ago, saying they were for her most important person." Yvonne's family was all in Aquastead. Only her best friend, Rose, was in Regalia. So, the most important person had to be Rose.

Jonathan's eyes narrowed as he said without hesitation, "Sponsor them at the highest level. Give them whatever they need. Also... I want the seat next to hers."

"Got it, Mr. Finch. I'll take care of it right away."

Leonard was thrilled to receive the order. He was sure to earn major credit!

At the Young Estate, Yvonne didn't expect her application to be approved so quickly. The electronic tickets were soon sent to her email, and she immediately forwarded them to Rose. "My dear Rosie, I'll be top form with you in the audience. Make sure you come early that day!"

Yvonne hugged Rose tightly before leaving the Young Estate and didn't want to let go.

"I'll definitely come early."

Rose didn't want to be separated from Yvonne either, but she knew Yvonne had rehearsals to prepare for. Staying until now was already pushing her limits. Thus, the two reluctantly parted. Yvonne suddenly remembered something and frowned. "If only Jonathan could come too..." She didn't finish her sentence, shaking her head regretfully. "Unfortunately, I only got one ticket..." VIP seats were incredibly precious. Getting one was already a huge favor from her superior.

Rose sent Yvonne to the car, and Gabriel was tasked to drive Yvonne back to her dance troupe. Rose pondered Yvonne's words as she watched the car disappear from her sight. With Jonathan's status, he could get any ticket he wanted. But Jonathan... As the ruler of The Finch Group, he was likely interested only in business and making money, not in arts! Ten days elapsed. Rose didn't see Jonathan again in those ten days.

Miles left early and came back late every day. Even at night, the light in his study would be turned on until late, and Rose would often hear the car starting before dawn.

On the day of Yvonne's performance, she called Rose early in the morning and repeatedly reminded her, "The show is at eight tonight. Don't forget. Be sure to arrive early." Yvonne sounded excited. "Yes, yes. I'll definitely be there early."

Rose laughed at how excited Yvonne was even after touring globally. Yvonne insisted this time was different because Rose would be in the audience. "Dress nicely." Yvonne chuckled.

Rose wasn't too bothered by her outfit. "Why should I dress nicely on your big day? You're the star. I'll bring you a gown for the celebration party." For the past ten days, Rose had personally designed and tailored a gown for Yvonne.

She thought of Evan. They hadn't been in contact for a while now. She had thought he would stay in Aquastead for a longer period, but his career was based in Finterra. He hadn't sent her any design orders for months. t

Last she heard from Yvonne, Evan seemed to have a girlfriend, and that girlfriend went to Finterra with him.

"It's a pity. Evan liked you but... Hmph! He's moved on!" Yvonne was dissatisfied whenever the topic was mentioned. She even declared that if Rose wasn't happy, she would ignore Evan in the future!

Seeing Yvonne's face puffed up in anger, Rose quickly explained that she had no feelings for Evan other than friendship. She even swore to Yvonne, who reluctantly believed Rose had no romantic feelings for Evan.

QUMS

Rose still found it amusing to recall Yvonne's disappointed look after she swore.

After ending the call with Yvonne, she heard a voice behind her. "You're lucky to have such a leisurely time. Miles is exhausted by the recent turmoil at the Young Group." Rose knew who it was without turning around. It was Anastasia, whom she hadn't seen in a while either. Like Miles, she seldom returned to the Young Estate.

A faint smile appeared on Rose's lips. "No matter how big the turmoil at the Young Group is, Miles can handle it."

She knew well what the turmoil at the Young Group referred to. There was bound to be a power fight with Oliver's passing.

Chloe, Anastasia, and Miles each had their own factions within the Young Group, each vying to be the final victor. Anastasia was no exception.

Rose turned around to meet Anastasia's gaze and calmly reminded her, "Miles left a while ago. Aren't you going to the company? You should be careful with how passive you are." Anastasia's face visibly darkened at Rose's words. Her abilities didn't match up to Miles', and that had always been her sore spot.

Rose's words hit her right where it hurt! Damn it!

Anastasia gritted her teeth and

glanced at the time. She had an appointment with an important client soon. She snorted coldly and went so left, not wanting to miss out on the big opportunity.

She came to the garage and saw Elmer tending to the car that had been used exclusively by Oliver when he was alive.

"Is someone using the car today?" Anastasia casually asked.

Elmer replied, "Ms. Rose is using it. She's going to the Regalia Grand Theatre for a performance tonight. Mr. Miles instructed me to send her there with Mr. Young Senior's car."

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Chapter 411 Special Treatment

[1,172 words]

When Oliver was alive, he never liked anyone else to sit in his car, not even Anastasia. Even tagging along was unacceptable. Miles knew Oliver's habits best, but he allowed Rose to use Oliver's car. Anastasia got into the car with a face full of doubts.

In Miles' office on the top floor of the Young Group, an assistant was reporting the arranged schedule for the day, confirming everything up till the afternoon.

"Mr. Miles, you have a dinner scheduled with Thomas Chambers at seven."

Thomas Chambers was the head of the Chambers family in Regalia. Although the Chambers family didn't venture into the business world, they had an esteemed reputation in politics. The Chambers and Youngs had always had a close relationship. Miles had something to ask for at tonight's dinner but...

"Seven is too late," Miles murmured.

The assistant was puzzled. 7:00 p.m. for dinner wasn't late. He didn't know that Miles wasn't referring to dinner time.

Miles then said, "Change it to noon."

Changing it to noon would allow him to go to the Regalia Grand Theatre earlier in the evening.

"But Mr. Miles, you should rest at noon..."

The assistant couldn't hide his concern. Miles' workload had recently been immense, and no matter how good his health was, he might not be able to hold on.

"It's fine." Miles closed his eyes and gently massaged his nose. He alleviated some fatigue before getting back to work.

Jonathan cleared his schedule since Rose was going to the Regalia Grand Theatre in the evening.

Yara was on set, shooting a scene. It was evident she wasn't in the right state to shoot after several cuts. The helpless Algernon had no choice but to have her rest for a while.

During the break, a call came through from Bella Maize, Yara's aunt. Yara knew she was calling about Jonathan.

She answered the phone and blurted out, "Does Mr. Finch want to see me?"

Bella was startled. She then smiled. "Pretty much. Your Uncle Yosef found out he will be at Regalia Grand Theatre tonight, so you can see him there."

Would Jonathan be watching a show? He had to have plans with someone in such a setting. Was it... Rose?

Yara perked up when she thought of Rose. She hung up the phone after saying, "I understand, thank you, Aunt Bella."

Just then, Algernon came to the minivan to ask her to continue the shoot. "Ms. Maize, you've had enough rest. Shall we continue? Tonight's scene is crucial, and all departments are working together. We might have to stay up all night..." "I'm not shooting anymore," Yara coldly interrupted before Algernon could finish.

As Algernon was momentarily stunned, Yara continued, "Mr. Chapman, please step aside. Mia, where's the chauffeur? Tell him to drive."

Yara looked urgent, clearly leaving no room for discussion.

Algernon snapped back to reality. "Ms. Maize, what about today's shoot if you leave?"

Today's schedule was set to shoot Yara's crucial scene. He had coordinated all departments, and if she quit, they would inevitably suffer quite a loss.

"Just film someone else's scenes." Yara forced a smile. If she didn't need to maintain her image, she would have told her assistant, Mia Woods, to drive Algernon out.

She gave Mia a look. Mia was reluctant, but she had no choice but to ask Algernon to step aside.

The car drove away, leaving Algernon frowning behind. Yara was crowned as a renowned international actress, but she clearly had no professionalism.

If it were any other actress, he would definitely blacklist her. But besides being a renowned international actress, Yara was also the daughter of the Maize family. Her family had capital, and this movie was backed by The Finch Group with specific instructions for Yara to play the lead.

"Alas!" Algernon could only swallow his anger and resentment.

In the minivan, Yara easily got a spectator ticket through the Maize family's connections. But as the showtime approached, she only got a regular seat ticket. As long as she could get in and possibly run into Jonathan, the seat didn't matter.

Next, Yara hastily selected her clothes, matching accessories, and bag on her tablet. Everything was set and ready to be worn by the time she returned home. To present her best self in front of Jonathan, she arranged for an in-home skincare treatment.

After getting ready, she looked at herself in the mirror with a satisfied smile on her lips. "If Mr. Finch is meeting Rose, my look will definitely outshine her." Meanwhile, at the Young Estate, Yvonne repeatedly reminded Rose to dress nicely, but Rose didn't take it to heart.

Today's star was Yvonne. Rose wore a simple white T-shirt with jeans. Her hair was tied in a ponytail, and she had light makeup on, looking just like when Yvonne knew her.

At 6:00 p.m., Rose left the Young Estate and got into the car. She was surprised by the car's interior.

"This car... She wasn't surprised

by ne

its luxury but by the presence of some of Oliver's belongings inside. There were a pair of glasses a tobacco pipe, and a spare cane.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Rose. This was Mr. Young Senior's car. Some items he used are still here. I... I didn't have time to remove them."

Elmer knew about Rose, Oliver's new granddaughter, but he had never interacted with her. He knew nothing about her temper and was only aware that Rose was extraordinary. Miles even ordered Oliver's car for her use and specifically instructed that this car would be used to pick her up in the future. But this car... was more than just a car!

Elmer carefully glanced at Rose through the rearview mirror. "Ms. Rose, I'll move these items elsewhere once we reach our destination."

"No need! Leaving them here is fine!" Rose gently touched the items. This was Oliver's car. The items were still a reminder of him even though he wasn't here anymore. The Regalia Grand Theatre was exceptionally lively today. The Finch Group rarely sponsored such performances, and today, the sponsor wasn't just The Finch Group. Backstage at the theatre, the theatre's supervisor and leader of the dance troupe were grinning from ear to ear.

"I heard someone from the Finches is coming today. Do you know who it is?" the theatre's supervisor eagerly asked.

The leader of the dance troupe replied, "Someone important is coming. It should be Mr. Jack from Yosef's family." Noah Finch, the eldest grandson of the Finches, went abroad after Jonathan took over the Finch Group.

Moreover, the fourth grandson had always been mysterious. The public only knew of his existence and didn't even know his name. Only Jack, Yosef's son, seemed most likely to show up.

"It should be him."

Even befriending Jack would be a significant deal.

"Should we personally go welcome him?"

"Yes. Let's go greet him in person."

The two reached a consensus and arranged for a special passage, waiting to welcome Jonathan as soon as he arrived.

Most of the audience had entered the theatre after a long wait. Finally, a sports car stopped at the entrance.

"He's here! He's here!" The two eagerly welcomed him. They couldn't wait to flatter as soon as the person got out of the car. "Mr. Jack, take your time..."

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Chapter 412 Rose Ignoring Yara

[1,071 words]

Jack had never expected anyone to greet him in person.

He hadn't revealed his plan to attend the performance, but he instantly understood. They must have found out through some channel that he had a ticket, which explained the grand reception. "Baby, come on..." Jack beckoned to his companion.

The reception deeply satisfied his ego. He entered the theatre through a special passage surrounded by the staff.

Not long after, another car stopped. Jonathan was dressed in a white shirt the same style he had worn when he first met Rose. Before coming, he had even styled his hair like how it was done that day. Walking into the Regalia Grand Theatre, Jonathan frequently checked his reflection when passing by glass decorations. He ensured he looked exactly how Rose liked before he satisfiedly continued forward. Following Jonathan, Leonard had never seen him care so much about his appearance.

"Doesn't he look like a peacock seeking a mate?" Leonard realized with a start that he had inadvertently spoken his thoughts aloud when he noticed the astonished look on Finley's face beside him. Walking just a few steps ahead, Jonathan stopped.

"Ahem... ahem..."

Finley signaled Leonard and silently gave him a thumbs-up as if to say, "You take the cake for bravery but... good luck!"

Leonard had sensed a cold gaze from behind. He plastered a flattering smile and tried to explain. But before he could speak, Jonathan's cold voice sounded, "What are you doing here?"

Leonard was at a loss for words. Of course, he was there to watch Jonathan try to win Rose over, but how could he say that out loud?

"Mr. Finch, as a sponsor, you have to go on stage and take pictures with the dancers after the performance. It's gonna be crowded, so I should stay close to ensure your safety." Leonard tried to come up with an excuse, but it was a lame one. Jonathan looked at him with disdain. "You're not allowed to come along!" With that, he turned and continued walking.

Leonard's face fell. Finley looked at Leonard gloatingly and jogged to catch up with Jonathan. He showed Leonard a victorious peace sign as if to say, "I'm Mr. Finch's most trusted man!"

Yet, just after he flaunted, he stopped in his tracks.

"You're not allowed to come either!" Jonathan spoke without looking back as if he had a pair of eyes on the back of his head.

A cold shower doused Finley and dampened all his pride. His smile froze as he momentarily forgot to respond. Fortunately, Leonard responded on his behalf.

"Yes, rest assured Mr. Finch, we won't come along."

He jogged up and smiled, watching Jonathan disappear around the corner. He then patted Finley on the shoulder and felt a lot more satisfied.

"Come on, let's wait outside."

...

The performance had yet to start in the theatre, and all the VIP seats were empty.

Rose had intended to go backstage to visit Yvonne, but Yvonne had her phone taken away before going on stage. Since it was impossible to contact her, Rose gave up. She sat in her VIP seat, which had an excellent view offering a clear sight of the stage.

Rose took out her phone, wanting to capture the stage where Yvonne would soon shine. It was then a woman's voice sounded above her.

"Ms. Rose..."

Rose looked up to see Yara dressed in a white evening gown with exquisite makeup. Even her hair was meticulously styled.

One had to admit that Yara had what it took to become a superstar, but they weren't much acquainted. So, Rose didn't plan to engage with her.

She smiled slightly and gave Yara a brief nod. She then returned to taking pictures. Yara frowned. Was Rose ignoring her?

She looked at Rose, who seemed to

be glowing. Rose was dressed in casual jeans and a T-shirt, looking

relaxed. Yara had thought Rose was indeed a beauty the last timeshe

had seen her in the cafe.

But today, after seeing Rose again, Rose's beauty intensified her sense of crisis, especially since Jonathan had given her the best seat in the house, while she... Yara glanced at the audience seats further back. Her seat was far from here.

"He invited you too? Did he also give you this ticket?" Yara suddenly sat in the seat next to Rose.

She could guess that the seat next to Rose's was definitely Jonathan's. She could imagine the two of them watching the performance side by side. Yara wore a fake smile. Rose politely responded, "Yes."

Yvonne had given her her ticket, but what did Yara mean by "also"? Yvonne shouldn't know Yara, right?

Rose didn't delve into it. The one-word response was out of politeness since she had never expected the renowned international actress to sit beside her.

She didn't want to offend Yara too

much since they would be sitting together for the rest of the

performance. But that "yes" was not the answer Yara wanted, and nor was Rose's reaction what she expected.

She waited for Rose to ask questions and suspect, but Rose continued changing angles to capture every detail of the stage setup.

Finally, Yara couldn't hold back from saying, "I didn't expect him to treat an ordinary friend so well. Ms. Rose, you won't misunderstand anything, right?"

Rose was bewildered. She couldn't understand what Yara was talking about the more she spoke. Since she couldn't understand, she chose not to respond.

Rose gave Yara a polite smile before standing up. Then, she excused herself and left.

What did Rose mean? Yara bit her lips. She had thought she could create a rift between Rose and Jonathan, but... Did Rose not take her seriously? Or was Rose not taking Jonathan seriously instead?

"Hmph!" Yara was displeased. Although she had lost her target, she didn't leave.

She figured the seat she was sitting in was most likely Jonathan's, so she set her sights on the other empty seat.

...

When Rose returned to the performance hall, many audience members were already seated, and the lights were dimmed.

She noticed all seats were taken apart from the seats on either side of hers and noted that Yara was one seat away from her. She couldn't help but wonder if Yara had changed seats.

She didn't pay much attention to think about it. Perhaps the empty seat between them was hers. The person Yara was waiting for might have not arrived yet.

It was fine. There was no need for them to sit too close.

Soon, the performance started, but Yvonne hadn't taken the stage yet. Rose focused on watching the dancers perform, not even noticing when people sat by her side.

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Chapter 413 It's Just an Illusion if She Doesn't See Him

[1,067 words]

Jonathan felt a bit disappointed. The woman beside him was intently watching the stage, not sparing him a single glance. Was he not as attractive as the performance on stage? "Ahem... ahem..." Jonathan cleared his throat like he was vying for attention, but his action didn't draw Rose's notice. Instead, it caught someone else's gaze.

Their eyes met... A trace of surprise flashed across both Miles' and Jonathan's faces. Maybe the audience lights were too dim, but with Jonathan's attention solely on Rose, he hadn't noticed Miles' presence. Similarly, Miles hadn't realized Jonathan was there either. With Rose sitting between them, their eyes met for a second. Both gave each other a faint smile before looking away, their smiles vanishing.

On stage, the dancers were performing with great dedication. As the principal dancer, Yvonne executed numerous high-difficulty moves and drew thunderous applause from the audience.

Amid the applause, Rose's heart was bursting with excitement. Yvonne had loved dancing since she was a child. She was talented and had put in extreme effort. Rose was genuinely happy to see her shine onstage at this moment.

Jack sat comfortably in a special box seat within the theatre. He had a selection of juice and snacks laid out before him.

The box seat was made of a special glass that was invisible from the outside but offered a clear view from within. This box seat was set up for special guests.

A beauty next to him with a voluptuous figure had initially sat in her own seat. But at some point, she had moved onto Jack's lap and clung to him as if trying to regain his attention.

Yet, Jack's eyes remained fixed on the stage, intently following the brightest star. The beauty beside him was increasingly anxious seeing the light in his eyes.

"Mr. Jack, Mr. Jack?" the beauty called out several times before finally drawing Jack's attention with a hum.

"Mr. Jack, do you know that I used to study dance too? I dance better than those onstage. Could you help get me into this dance troupe?" The woman wrapped her arms around Jack's neck.

Jack knew exactly what she was capable of. She was good at pleasing men with her moves, but compared to the dancers on stage...

His eyes drifted back to the shining dancer on stage. He patted the woman's waist. "You don't have what it takes."

"What do you mean I don't have what it takes? Mr. Jack, you're from the Finch family. Getting me into this dance troupe should be a piece of cake for you, right?" the woman whispered as she leaned into Jack's ear.

The words piqued his interest. The flattery pleased him immensely, but that wasn't all he wanted. Jack stared at the stage and pointed at Yvonne.

"Alright. I'll get you in. But remember, she's the first..." He then pinched the woman's thigh playfully with a chuckle. "Behave, and I'll make it worth your while."

They exchanged smiles.

On stage, Yvonne focused on her every move and every emotion. She was a professional dancer who was always striving to perform her best.

Today, she was especially motivated because she knew Rose was watching her from the audience. After the performance, she specifically glanced at the seat where Rose was as she took her bow.

Yvonne threw a flying kiss when she saw Rose. Her playful gesture not only touched Rose's heart but others as well. Then, it was time for acknowledgments on stage.

After getting off stage, Yvonne's first act was to retrieve her phone and message Rose. "You have to come to the celebration party with me!"

Rose was overjoyed when she looked at her phone. Of course, she would join Yvonne for the celebration.

Jonathan's jealousy intensified beside her. His thoughts had been occupied with watching out for Miles during the performance. Now that the performance was over, Rose might leave with Miles if he didn't act soon. Jonathan moved closer to Rose. "Wifey..."

Just one word spoken in a

deliberately low voice overpowered the acknowledgments happening onstage. Rose felt her mind go blank as if a current ran through her body. Jon... Jonathan?

"Ha..." How could it be? Wasn't the seat beside her supposed to be Yara's? How could it be Jonathan?

Rose took a deep breath and avoided looking beside her. It was as if by not looking, the "wifey" she heard would become an illusion. But someone wasn't letting her escape.

"Wifey, why are you ignoring me?" Jonathan moved closer. His tone was filled with grievance.

Rose said nothing in response.

"Wifey, I was so heartbroken when you left me the other day. Wifey, you didn't even bother to look at me..."

Rose felt her scalp tingle. Jonathan's voice was getting louder with each sentence. If she didn't stop him, it might draw the attention of those around them. "Wifey..."

"Stop calling me that!" Rose cautiously looked around for fear that someone might have heard the commotion and looked over.

Fortunately, the host seemed to be

introducing some prominent figure onstage and had grabbed

everyone's attention. Rose relaxed a bit, but she suddenly noticed the person sitting on her other side.

"Mi... Miles?" Rose almost exclaimed in surprise. She asked out loud. "Why are you here?"

And he was sitting beside her too! She hadn't even noticed him all this time!

Miles smiled warmly. Before he could say anything, a voice announced the answer to Rose.

"Another sponsor of today's event is here as well. We thank Miles Young of the Young Group for supporting this performance."

As the host's words fell, a spotlight shone on Miles' seat. So, the Young Group sponsored the performance. Miles was here for business. Since it was business, it had nothing to do with her! Rose seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

The host continued, "Now, please welcome Mr. Miles onstage with a round of applause."

Miles going on stage naturally had nothing to do with Rose, but when he stood up under the spotlight, he extended his hand toward her.

Nearly everyone's attention was on

Miles. The Young family was facing

a crucial period of inheritance.

disputes with Oliver's recent

passing, and Miles gathered all the attention.

Everyone looked at his hand and noticed the person sitting beside him. The spotlight also generously included her in its glow.

"The lady next to Mr. Miles..." The host was full of curiosity.

Rose slowly raised her hand and looked at Miles as if to ask, "What does this mean?"

Miles continued smiling at Rose. "Together."

Together? Together onstage?

"Ha... Haha... Can..." Could she not?

"Can? Can what?" Jonathan shrieked inwardly in alarm. He instinctively grabbed Rose's hand.

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Chapter 414 The Most Important Person in His Life

[1,032 words]

Rose turned around and met Jonathan's eyes. He didn't say a word, but his gaze clearly spelled out, "Don't go".

There was a hint of displeasure and a clear warning in his eyes, causing an inexplicable shiver to run down Rose's spine.

Under the spotlight, the audience's attention shifted to the person next to Rose as she turned. The crowd was momentarily stunned upon seeing Jonathan.

Most people present didn't know his identity, but his face and the aura he exuded were no less imposing than Miles'. Speculation arose among the attendees about which family in Regalia Jonathan belonged to. A few recognized him, their eyes showing a mix of surprise and gossipy interest as they stared at the young woman whose hand he held.

"Rosie?" Miles ignored Jonathan and continued to extend his hand with a gentle smile. He looked at Rose as if he wasn't urging her but was patiently waiting.

Rose felt as if the gazes from the crowd would burn through her. She wished she could disappear on the spot.

To add fuel to the fire, the host chimed in, "Why don't the three of you come on stage together?"

Rose couldn't respond. Was the host not having enough fun since he was inviting them together onstage?

She maintained a polite smile and racked her brain for an excuse to escape this messy situation, but it seemed that the host's suggestion pleased Jonathan. He stood up, smiling at Rose. "Let's go."

As he spoke, he naturally placed her hand on his arm. He smiled smugly as he turned, seemingly challenging Miles. Jonathan led Rose a short distance away.

For a moment, the spotlight didn't know who to focus on. Fortunately, Miles hesitated briefly before retracting his hand and following them.

Throughout this, no one noticed Yara sitting beside them. Watching Rose walk toward the stage with Jonathan, she couldn't help clenching her fists.

It seemed even Miles cared so much about Rose, an adopted daughter of the Young family. Rose would undoubtedly steal the spotlight once she got on stage. But how could Yara let anyone outshine her?

As the trio was about to reach the stage, Yara let out a sudden exclamation. Although the sound couldn't travel far, it was enough to draw the attention of those around her.

Someone recognized her in the dim light.

"Yara? Is that you?"

Yara feigned panic after having been "discovered".

"Oh, I'm sorry for the disturbance. My earring fell off. It was a precious gift from my late grandmother."

Yara apologized and explained as she bent down to "search" the floor.

The person raised their voice in excitement upon confirming it was Yara. "Yara, it's really you! I didn't expect you to attend this performance."

Many around heard the commotion. Attention shifted to Yara in no time, and the commotion caught the host's notice. Soon, a spotlight shone on Yara. Yara knew she had achieved her goal.

"Found it! I'm so glad I found it, otherwise..." Yara exclaimed with delight. She "found" a gem earring on the ground and played out the joy of recovering a lost treasure perfectly.

"Ms. Yara? We didn't expect you to be here today. Our performance is truly blessed by your presence. Ms. Yara, would you care to join us onstage?" The host conveyed the organizers' wishes. Yara feigned reluctance. "I only came as a spectator today. I'm afraid it's inappropriate."

"Ms. Yara, you're a renowned international actress. Your presence alone makes it appropriate."

Yara pursed her lips, pretending to be in a difficult spot before finally deciding. "If I refuse, it might seem like I'm being pretentious. Ha ha... I guess I should come."

Yara gracefully stood up. She had

dressed up specifically for the

occasion. Her outfit was even suitable for a red carpet event. She was undoubtedly the center of

attention under the spotlight.

Yara confidently glanced at Jonathan on the stage, only to see his gaze fixed on Rose. He didn't bother to spare her even a glance. Yara's smile momentarily froze but quickly recovered. On stage, Rose stood between Miles and Jonathan. She felt like she was on pins and needles.

She initially thought Jonathan's "Let's go" meant leaving the chaotic scene, but she was wrong. He led her straight onto the stage.

He held her hand firmly despite her attempts to free her hand from his arm. Rose's desire to escape was destroyed when she saw the sea of black heads underneath the stage.

Since she was here, she might as well stay calm and play it through. Rose smiled and hoped nothing else would go wrong. She prayed she could quickly get through the formalities and leave.

Soon, Miles finished his speech.

The host was clearly intrigued by Rose and Miles' relationship. He asked, "Mr. Miles, may I ask who is this young lady to you?"

The host's eyes darted among the

three of them. Rose's hand was still hooked around Jonathan's arm.

a love triangle. A love trianagimet

Many in the audience had imagined

involving Miles would be

overme

sensational.

Everyone awaited Miles' answer. Miles looked at Rose, and his gentle gaze caused wild speculations.

"Sister!"

A voice rang out, but it wasn't Miles'. The crowd looked toward the speaker, who was the man whose arm Rose was holding.

Jonathan gave Miles no chance, but his answer disappointed those hoping for a juicy scandal. Jonathan met Miles' gaze with a deep look. "Mr. Young Senior is Rosie's grandpa, so she's Miles' sister. Right, Mr. Miles?"

All eyes turned to Miles.

"Of course, Rosie is my sister. And now, she's... the most important person in my life!" Miles' smile remained.

The most important person. Everyone was slightly surprised, including Rose. She met Miles' gaze and saw the untainted gentleness in his eyes.

That look even made Jonathan pause, seemingly not understanding its deeper meaning.

While they were momentarily stunned, the host's voice chimed in again, "The most important person? So is Mr. Miles the most important person in this young lady's life?" Almost immediately, a voice denied it.

"No!"

The speaker was again Jonathan. All eyes turned to him with curiosity.

To the audience, Jonathan was on stage just because the host had suggested, "Why don't the three of you come on stage together?"

Technically, he didn't even have the right to be on stage. Yet, he kept answering every question the host asked.

Someone chuckled from the audience. "Who do you think you are? If not Mr. Miles, then who?"

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Chapter 415 Step Up

[1,237 words]

The voice was loud enough for many to hear, echoing the unspoken thoughts of those in attendance. All eyes once again turned to the handsome man on stage.

Those familiar with his identity broke out in cold sweat, for they recognized him as Jonathan. To disrespect him so openly could only incur the wrath of this revered figure.

However, Jonathan showed no signs of anger. His world seemed to revolve solely around the woman beside him as he gazed at her tenderly.

"I am the most important person in her life," he declared before adding with equal certainty, "and she is the most important person in mine."

Rose felt her heart flutter under Jonathan's passionate gaze, her face flushing with heat and embarrassment. Almost instinctively, she averted her eyes, her bashfulness evident to the onlookers.

When Miles confessed, "She is the most important person in my life", her reaction was different. The contrast made it apparent, even without words, that Jonathan was the one who truly held a special place in her heart. As for Miles, he kept a smile on his face and maintained his gentle gaze, but a hint of something else seemed to flicker in his eyes.

Amidst the crowd's buzz, a voice cried, "Wait, isn't she Mr. Young Senior's adopted granddaughter?"

"Yes, I remember now! She's from Aquastead. I saw her in the news at Mr. Young Senior's funeral!" another exclaimed.

As people recalled Rose's conspicuous attendance at Oliver's funeral, it became apparent that her background might be more intricate and mysterious than initially assumed.

Soft murmurs rippled through the crowd, starting as hushed whispers and gradually growing louder as more people began to recognize Rose. The atmosphere shifted as understanding dawned upon the onlookers.

"No wonder he mentioned she was Miles' sister. Turns out, it's true, but something is striking about this man's presence. I wonder which unassuming, talented young figure he might be..." someone commented.

Speculation filled the air below the stage. Seemingly oblivious to the chatter, Jonathan focused solely on Rose as if she were the only one in his sight.

His unveiled affection made Rose's heart race. Unaccustomed to such tension, she subtly shot Jonathan several warning glances, urging him not to overdo it.

However, Jonathan seemed immune to her silent pleas. At one point, he even managed to discreetly grab her hand, intertwining their fingers tightly.

"He's even more handsome than a celebrity, and she could easily be a beauty in the entertainment industry. They look so perfect together. Look at their hands!" someone commented.

Another clicked their tongue. "They're definitely a couple who's madly in love!"

The crowd started to swoon over the couple.

"Ah! The man's gaze is so gentle..."

"Look! The lady's making eyes at him too!"

As the chatter persisted, Rose found herself at a loss for words. She couldn't fathom how the crowd perceived her interactions with Jonathan as flirtatious, dismissing their observations as mere nonsense. She glared fiercely at Jonathan, who clearly reveled in everyone's recognition of their relationship.

Meanwhile, Yara found the crowd's approval particularly grating. She couldn't help but think they were blind.

After all, she was the one meant to marry Jonathan. However, seeing Jonathan's expression and the sight of their interlocked fingers made her realize she had underestimated Rose.

She initially assumed Jonathan was merely interested in Rose, but today revealed that his feelings ran deeper than expected.

Yara knew that eradicating this growing bond would require more than just relying on Rose's promise to return to Aquastead.

Yara clenched her fist, her gaze hardening momentarily as she studied Rose. Watching the crowd's growing support for Jonathan and Rose's relationship, she couldn't stand it any longer.

"Ms. Shaffer, do you sing?" she suddenly asked.

The abrupt question brought a sudden hush over the crowd. Both the audience and those on stage paused, their attention shifting to Yara.

She stood with a poised smile, her gaze locked on Rose, curiosity and kindness painted across her face as she awaited Rose's response.

Still feeling the weight of countless eyes upon her, Rose found solace in the shift of focus. Although uncertain of Yara's intentions, she welcomed any distraction from the suffocating scrutiny she endured from her forced association with Jonathan. Rose smiled and responded without hesitation, "No, I don't."

Momentarily taken aback by Rose's directness, Yara persisted in her inquiry. "Then you must be a dancer, right?"

Rose shook her head. "I'm afraid not."

Feigning disappointment and a hint

of apology, Yara continued, "Oh, I'm sorry, Ms. Shaffer. I assumed you'd be skilled in something, considering your striking appearance. I initially planned to suggest that you perform for everyone as a way to celebrate the successful conclusion of this event."

Realization dawned upon Rose as she understood Yara's intentions. Yara wanted to showcase her own talents by exposing Rose's lack of abilities. And not just that-Yara aimed to redirect the spotlight onto herself.

Feeling amused, Rose was more than happy to oblige. If someone was keen on stealing the limelight, she was more than willing to present it on a silver platter.

"Unfortunately, I don't possess any such skills. However, you're talented in singing and dancing, among other arts. Why don't you perform something to celebrate the successful conclusion of this event, Ms. Maize?" Rose suggested with a sincere smile. Rose's genuine invitation caught Yara off guard. After all, she had expected Rose to resist relinquishing the stage. However, Rose appeared eager to hand it over.

As she watched Rose's smiling face, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of dissatisfaction.

In Yara's mind, Rose should have been fighting for attention. The ideal scenario would have been Rose engaging in fierce competition with Yara, ultimately leading to her own humiliation.

"It would be a delight to have Ms. Maize perform for the event. Ms. Maize, what do you think?" the host eagerly asked, wanting to finalize the arrangement.

Yara gathered her thoughts and replied, "Of course! I'd be happy to."

There would be other opportunities to embarrass Rose. But for now, Yara cast a subtle glance at Jonathan. She knew it was rare for him to be interested in the arts, so having him watch her perform was a chance that was few and far between.

Yara was adamant about seizing the

moment. If she could captivate

Jonathan with her brilliance on stage, perhaps it would capture his attention and leave him spellbound. As the anticipation grew, she

became increasingly eager to begin. The stage was hers.

Rose couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. As she stepped off the stage, she took advantage of a moment when Jonathan was distracted to slip out of his grasp. Before he could notice, she quickly and deftly made her way out of the auditorium. Jonathan watched her silhouette with a hint of amusement dancing in his eyes. Her earlier tension

was evident, making it clear that she cared about him. Deciding to grant her some time and space, he returned to his seat.

On stage, Yara sang a heartfelt

ballad, earning a round of applause from the audience. Although Jonathan's gaze remained fixed on the stage, his mind was preoccupied with silently calculating the passing time. Rose had been away from him for five minutes.

While he had allowed her time and space, it didn't mean he would tolerate her continuous evasion. Five minutes marked the extent of his tolerance.

Back on stage, Yara had chosen a love song she had meticulously prepared for a grand event to showcase her vocal prowess.

She had invested a significant amount of money to hire a top-notch sound engineer to create a flawless backing track. All she had to do was lip-sync.

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Chapter 416 He Cannot Stand It

[589 words]

The song's heartfelt lyrics, amplified by her passionate performance, seemed to be sung exclusively for Jonathan. As anticipated, his gaze remained fixated on her throughout, never once shifting away.

Yara's excitement escalated, prompting her to take it up a notch. As the song approached its most emotional peak, she deliberately turned her back, aiming to captivate Jonathan with an enchanting glance over her shoulder. Her heart fluttered with anticipation, confident that her captivating gaze would ensnare him. However, upon turning around, Yara was met with an unexpected sight-Jonathan's seat was empty.

Her instincts kicked in as she frantically scanned the audience, losing her focus on lip-syncing to the music. Not only was Jonathan nowhere to be found, but the situation worsened as murmurs began to spread. "Wait... Is she lip-syncing?"

"Of course, she is. Isn't it obvious? She's not even moving her lips, yet the singing continues."

"It's fake! I knew her voice sounded too perfect-it's probably not even hers!"

"She could've just skipped the performance if she couldn't sing well. Lip-syncing is such a waste of everyone's time."

The once captivated audience was now abuzz with whispered remarks. Some expressed their dissatisfaction, while others mocked her.

The sound drew Yara's attention back to the performance. She attempted to continue lip-syncing, but the audience was no longer buying it. Mockery erupted from all corners of the auditorium.

With the performance now concluded, the audience gradually dispersed, leaving behind an air of disappointment. Disheartened by the lackluster display, even the host couldn't be bothered to wrap things up.

The music continued to play as Yara stood alone on stage, her face ashen with disbelief. She struggled to process the unexpected turn of events. She had anticipated adoration from the crowd. Yet, she was humiliated instead.

Yara clenched her fists in frustration, but a sense of clarity soon washed over her. The opinions of these ordinary people meant nothing to her. Her focus had always been Jonathan.

Relief washed over her as she realized Jonathan hadn't seen her mortifying moment. There was still hope.

Drawing a deep breath, Yara forcefully discarded the microphone and hastily made her way offstage. She was determined to find Jonathan.

Meanwhile, Rose silently made her

way backstage in search of Yvonne.

From a distance, she spotted Yvonne removing her makeup in front of a vanity mirror. Rose stealthily approached her, retrieving a necklace from her purse and holding it in her clenched fist above Yvonne's forehead.

As she opened her hand, the necklace dangled from her grasp.

Yvonne saw Rose through the mirror and noticed the shimmering necklace dangling before her eyes.

"Wow! It's beautiful! Is it for me?" Yvonne exclaimed, her excitement palpable. "It must be for me!"

Not waiting for Rose's response, Yvonne eagerly grabbed the necklace, holding it against her neck and admiring her reflection. "Help me put it on!"

It was clear that Rose had

personally designed and crafted this necklace. As Rose fastened it, she pointed to her own neck, saying, "This is one of a pair-the only two in the world. Don't you dare lose it!"

"I would never lose anything you give me!" Yvonne exclaimed, embracing Rose tightly.

Having been without a family for ages, Yvonne savored the moment, clinging to Rose and inhaling her delicate fragrance. She blurted, "You smelt so lovely, Rose! I'm going to sleep holding you tonight!"

It would be just like when they were kids.

Jonathan arrived backstage just in time to hear Yvonne's bold statement. Seeing Yvonne holding his wife and nuzzling her hair, he couldn't tolerate it-not even from a woman. With a commanding stride, Jonathan's voice turned frigid as he demanded, "Release her!"

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Chapter 417 Will Not Let Her Escape Again

[1,153 words]

The familiar voice made Rose's body stiffen slightly. She hadn't expected him to follow her here.

Yvonne slowly lifted her head and saw the man behind Rose. She was first struck by his stunning appearance. With his chiseled features, sharp eyes, and height, he looked like a model. Even his hair seemed to exude charm. She immediately recognized him as the most attractive man she had ever seen.

Yvonne quickly returned to her senses as she recalled what the man had just said to release Rose.

"Are you talking to me?" she asked, still holding onto Rose.

Something about this man's gaze struck her as peculiar, brimming with an undeniable possessiveness.

A sudden realization dawned upon Yvonne. Without giving Jonathan a chance to respond, she eagerly pushed Rose aside, her gaze rapidly shifting between the two of them.

"Is he..." she began. She couldn't help but suspect the identity of the man before her.

Rose's mouth twitched as she could see Yvonne's unspoken question in her eyes. However, having already decided there was no future with Jonathan, Rose hesitated about how to introduce him. After a moment's contemplation, Rose made up her mind. "He's-"

"I'm her husband!" Jonathan interjected, introducing himself before Rose could finish.

Recognizing Yvonne as Rose's closest friend, he reined in his previous hostility and politely said, "Rose mentioned you to me."

Rose fell silent and thought, "When have I ever mentioned Yvonne to him?"

Yvonne, however, was thrilled upon hearing the word "husband".

"So, you're her husband!" she exclaimed, her initial suspicion now confirmed.

A flame of excitement ignited in her eyes as she reassessed Jonathan, exchanging a conspiratorial glance with Rose.

Her gaze seemed to convey, "It's only natural that you would say yes to such an irresistible charm."

She was thrilled that her dear friend had snagged such an undeniably attractive man. However, Yvonne's expression abruptly turned stern as she addressed Jonathan.

"You haven't mistreated her, have you?" she questioned, waving her clenched fist to emphasize her point.

The underlying message was clear. If he had mistreated Rose, Yvonne would not hesitate to defend her friend, regardless of his good looks.

Jonathan smiled and glanced at Rose. "Have I ever treated you poorly?"

His gaze was anything but innocent. A series of inappropriate scenes invaded Rose's mind, causing her face to flush with heat.

She struggled to dismiss the thoughts, but her mind remained in turmoil, and the burning sensation on her cheeks persisted.

As she met Jonathan's gaze, her eyes held a silent warning. However, to an outsider, the exchange appeared as a silent, flirtatious conversation.

Standing nearby with her fist still raised in the air, Yvonne was at a loss for words. Feeling suffocated by the couple's affectionate atmosphere, she grabbed her bag.

"Alright. I'll leave you two alone. I need to change for the celebration party. See you there."

Rose was rendered speechless and couldn't help but wonder what Yvonne meant by leaving them alone.

Noticing Jonathan's intense gaze, which seemed ready to devour her, Rose was determined not to be left alone with him. As Yvonne began to walk away, Rose swiftly grabbed her hand. "Let's go together!"

Jonathan caught on to Rose's plan and tried to grab her hand, but she skillfully slipped away like an agile cat, dodging his grasp once more.

When Finley and Leonard found Jonathan, the theater had already emptied out. Jonathan was leaning against a wall by the backstage exit, clearly waiting for Rose.

"Mr. Finch, are you waiting for your wife?" Finley asked, using a question for the sake of Jonathan's pride, though he was certain Jonathan was indeed waiting for Rose.

Jonathan didn't respond and simply glanced in the direction of the backstage.

"But Mr. Finch, didn't your wife just leave with Ms. Spencer? They got into a car together..." Leonard trailed off when he noticed Jonathan's expression darken.

A sinking feeling settled in his gut, and he forced himself to finish the sentence.

Jonathan's expression grew even more displeased. He had been waiting here the entire time and hadn't seen them come out. However, he soon realized there had to be more than one exit backstage.

Realizing that Rose might be trying

to avoid him Jonathan was determined not to let her slip away again. With the celebration party approaching, he knew Yvonne would be in attendance, and it was likely that Rose would join her.

"Find out where the celebration party is being held today," Jonathan commanded before striding away from the backstage area.

As Yvonne filled Rose in on the latest gossip, they arrived at the location for the celebration party. Just as they were about to enter the building, Yvonne received a phone call.

...

After a few brief words, she hung up and shrugged at Rose. "We need to change venues," she said.

With no other choice, they returned to the car and drove to the new venue, arriving as night fell. The newly designated location for the celebration banquet was a private club in the suburbs.

Upon arrival, they found that most of the dance troupe members had already gathered. This celebration was undeniably more extravagant than usual.

"This place belongs to the Finch

family. I heard that someone from

the Finch family attended our performance today and was impressed. That's why they offered this venue for our celebration, Yvonne explained, holding Rose's hand as they entered the club.

As they stepped inside, Rose overheard murmurs amongst the crowd and abruptly stopped in her tracks.

Noticing her friend's unease, Yvonne asked, "Rose, what's wrong?"

Rose's mind raced with the snippets of conversation she overheard the Finch family, and more specifically, Jonathan, had attended the performance.

Realizing she had inadvertently entered Jonathan's domain once again, Rose couldn't help but suspect it was an intentional trap.

However, upon seeing Yvonne's concern, she knew she couldn't dampen her friend's celebratory spirit, even if it meant facing Jonathan.

"Nothing's wrong. Come on. Let's dance," Rose said, glancing at the dance floor where couples swayed together to the music.

Exchanging a look, Rose and Yvonne reached an unspoken agreement. They hurried to the dance floor, where Rose took on the role of a gentleman. With a slight bow, she

extended an invitation to Yvonne. "May I have this dance, pretty lady?" she asked, deliberately making her voice gruff.

Usually, Yvonne played the

gentleman's role during their playful dances at school parties. But that

day, Yvonne wore the dress Rose had designed for her, looking elegant and beautiful—the epitome of a princess. As such, Rose decided to take on the role of the gentleman that night.

Yvonne cleared her throat, playfully lifting her head and offering her hand to Rose in an exaggerated motion. They began to dance, their laughter and joy filling the dance floor.

At that moment, Rose forgot the pain of her grandfather's passing. It felt as if she had returned to her carefree student days with Yvonne.

Upstairs, on the second floor of the club, Jonathan watched Rose intently as she danced.

After a while, Finley, who stood behind him, remarked, "Mrs. Finch seems very happy tonight."

Indeed, Rose was truly happy that evening.

"Should I find a way to get Ms. Spencer out of the way?" Leonard offered.

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Chapter 418 You Want To Use Me

[1,153 words]

Leonard noticed that Jonathan was staring longingly at the dance floor, likely wishing that he was the one dancing with Rose. However, his suggestion only earned him a cold glance from Jonathan. "You seem to have a lot of free time, huh?" Jonathan said coolly.

Leonard was momentarily stunned and wondered if he should help Yvonne out of the dance. He usually prided himself on being Jonathan's best assistant, always

understanding his intentions with just a glance. But when it came to matters involving Rose, he couldn't figure out what Jonathan was thinking.

He glanced helplessly at Finley, who looked both amused and sympathetic. Finley gestured for Leonard to keep his mouth shut, which he wisely did.

Meanwhile, Jonathan's focus never strayed from the captivating figure on the dance floor. Rose's enchanting smile seemed to have a magical quality, effortlessly transcending the distance between them and lighting up his own expression.

Outside the club, Miles sat in his car, having just finished a video conference. He rubbed his temples wearily and turned to look toward the club. His assistant was walking toward him.

"Where is Ms. Shaffer?" Miles asked, his tone softening at the thought of her.

Standing beside the car, his assistant reported, "Ms. Shaffer is dancing with Ms. Spencer, and she appears to be having a great time."

Pleased to hear this, Miles nodded thoughtfully. Then, he continued, "What about Jonathan? Has he been pestering her?"

"Mr. Finch is outside the dance floor, merely observing her from a distance. He hasn't approached her," the assistant explained.

This response took Miles by surprise. After all, earlier at the theater, Jonathan had displayed such evident possessiveness toward Rose. Afterward, he even took the trouble of changing the celebration venue and followed her here. Miles had assumed that Jonathan would relentlessly pursue Rose, but apparently, that was not the case.

"Mr. Miles, at this hour, Mrs. Yones is likely meeting with several partners of Young Group. This may be an opportune moment to visit her," the assistant suggested.

Chloe, also known as Mrs. Yones, had been fervently trying to secure alliances to gain control over the Young Group.

Although the Young family appeared calm on the surface, an undercurrent of conflict was steadily intensifying.

Chloe was doing everything in her power to consolidate her hold, but the Young Group, as left by Oliver, would never be hers.

Miles opened his eyes, a rare glint of determination shining within them. He cast a glance toward the club and, after a contemplative pause, instructed his assistant, "Let's go."

He decided to give Jonathan the chance to watch over Rose. Once he had dealt with everything that rightfully belonged to Rose, he would make his move.

Miles refocused his gaze, seemingly immersing himself in the upcoming battle.

In a spacious room inside the club, surveillance screens covered all four walls, displaying various locations within the building.

Jack sat lazily on a couch, his eyes fixed on one of the screens. His gaze was both fiery and covetous like a predator eyeing its prey and eager to devour it.

On-screen, Yvonne was dancing with the same woman who had joined Jonathan on stage at the theater earlier that day.

"Her name should be... Rose..."

Jack had heard from Yosef that Jonathan had met a woman in Aquastead, and though he was curious about the kind of woman who could capture Jonathan's interest, he hadn't expected to see her in person.

He studied Rose intently as she danced. Even in her simple attire, her exquisite figure, rosy lips, and sparkling eyes made her a rare beauty indeed.

Just then, the sudden sound of knocking interrupted Jack's thoughts, followed by a woman's domineering voice.

"Why knock? Just open it! I know he's in there, but I'm not here for him!"

The voice was haughty and displeased, and Jack recognized it immediately as Yara's.

"Move aside!" Yara snapped, snatching the key card from the manager.

The door beeped and swung open. Without sparing a glance at the people inside, she immediately started searching the electronic screens on the walls. "The person you're looking for is over there," Jack said suddenly, pointing to an inconspicuous spot in the lower right corner of the left wall.

Yara strode over in her high heels

and spotted Jonathan standing by a

railing, seemingly gazing at

something with a hint of

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amusement on his face. She wondered what he was looking at that made him so happy.

Following his gaze, she realized that whatever had his attention was off-screen. Yara gritted her teeth, then heard Jack's voice.

"There."

She looked over to see Jack taking a sip from his glass, his gaze fixed on the electronic screen on the opposite wall, which showed the dance floor, where Rose was clearly visible.

Yara wondered if Jonathan was also watching Rose and if she was the reason behind his seemingly joyous expression.

The thought made her heart burn with jealousy. Suddenly, she turned her attention to Jack on the couch.

Although Yara and Jack didn't

interact much, they were indeed cousins. She knew enough about Jack to understand his true nature. While he presented a respectable front, he was notorious for his unsavory behavior.

If it weren't for Bella protecting his public image and the Maize family privately handling his escapades involving women, Jack would have likely become a source of disgrace for the Finch family long ago.

As Yara fixed her gaze on Jack, a wicked plan began to form in her mind. Meeting her gaze, Jack saw through her thoughts with a single glance.

"You want to use me?"

Yara's face briefly stiffened at being called out so directly, but she quickly regained her composure and walked over to sit beside Jack.

She poured herself a glass of wine, her gaze following Jack's to the screen showing the dance floor.

"Use you? That sounds a bit too harsh, don't you think?" Yara said with a smile.

Jack downed his drink and chuckled. "No wonder Jonathan isn't interested in you."

Yara's smile froze. Displeased, she turned to Jack. "Who says he isn't interested? Your parents want me to marry him, and I will eventually become his bride!"

Jack chuckled softly. He was well aware of his parents' intentions and wasn't opposed to them coming to fruition. However, this did not mean he liked his cousin.

Yara had initially planned to negotiate amicably with Jack, but she was no longer in the mood to play nice. Nevertheless, she knew they still had to discuss the matter at hand.

"I know you've taken a liking to her," she began, referring to Rose. "She certainly has a charm that surpasses all those other women you've been with in the past."

Unbeknownst to her, Jack's current target was actually Yvonne. As for Rose, he didn't want to risk his life meddling with Jonathan's woman.

Besides, even though Rose was just an adopted granddaughter of the Young family, her relationship with Miles seemed anything but ordinary.

Jack remained silent, so Yara

continued, focusing on her own

agenda,

"This club may belong to the Finck family, but Jonathan is too preoccupied with the family's

business empire to involve himself with it. In reality, this club is under your family's control."

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Chapter 419 Yara's Scheme

[1,205 words]

The reason why Jonathan was currently observing Rose from a second-floor railing rather than in the monitoring room was due to his ignorance of its existence.

Even Yara, who knew more about this club than the Finch family's leader, demonstrated how well Yosef's family had concealed this place.

"What are you getting at?" Jack casually continued pouring himself a drink, his gaze still fixed on the figures dancing on the electronic screen.

Seemingly tired from their revelry, the pair on the dance floor stepped away from the crowd. Yvonne whispered something to Rose, and the two disappeared from view.

Jack's eyes eagerly searched the screens until he spotted them again on another panel. Grabbing the remote, he enlarged the image and replaced the previous view of the dance floor. Witnessing this series of actions, Yara became even more convinced that Jack was interested in Rose.

"Why watch her from afar? Wouldn't it be better to bring her here and observe her closely? It can be arranged right now if you desire," Yara hinted suggestively.

This thinly veiled proposition, almost explicitly stating that they could abduct Rose and force her into submission, struck a chord with Jack. He regarded Yara with a meaningful glance. "Great idea!" he exclaimed.

Unbeknownst to her, Jack had already set the wheels in motion. His decision to change the celebration's venue to this location was deliberate and all part of a carefully orchestrated plan for an indulgent night ahead.

What he hadn't anticipated was Jonathan's presence at the party. Although Jonathan had likely attended the event for Rose's sake, Rose and Yvonne's constant companionship effectively meant that Jonathan's watchful gaze was fixed on Yvonne as well.

This posed a considerable obstacle to Jack's plans for the night. He glanced at the screen that had displayed Jonathan moments ago, only to find that he was no longer in the frame. As expected, Jonathan was following Rose's every move. Displeased, Jack downed his drink in one go before turning to Yara and asking, "What do you propose we do?"

Seeing that Jack was finally open to cooperation, Yara cast aside any pretenses. She was prepared to go to any lengths to achieve her desires.

"I can help you keep Jonathan preoccupied, giving you the chance to pursue Rose while I focus on him," she proposed.

Jack chuckled lightly, skeptical of her ability. "You think you can keep him occupied? From what I've heard, you've been trying to catch his attention for quite some time now. Has he ever shown the slightest interest in you?" Jonathan's disinterest in Yara was evident, leaving Jack doubtful about her ability to distract him.

Yara felt a sting of resentment at Jack's words, but she kept her composure and said, "His mind is just elsewhere right now. Once his fascination with Rose wanes, he'll come around. As long as I end up with him, that's all that matters. As for tonight..." She continued in a tone dripping with craftiness, "Just have your men assist me a little, and I guarantee Jonathan won't have time to focus on Rose. Without his vigilant gaze, you can do whatever you want with her." Jack's interest was piqued. "How do we cooperate?"

Yara outlined her plan briefly, and he immediately nodded in agreement.

After Yara left the room and the door closed behind her, Jack let out a sinister laugh. Then, he picked up his phone and dialed a number, instructing the person on the other end, "I need you to do something for me..."

...

Rose and Yvonne left the dance floor and found their way to a garden for some fresh air. Under the dim lighting, they could still see the flowers in full bloom.

"I haven't had this much fun in ages! The last time we went wild like this was back in school," Yvonne said, pulling Rose to lie down on a grassy patch among the flower beds.

The night sky was filled with twinkling stars that night, reminiscent of the starry sky over Aquastead.

Lying beside Yvonne, Rose felt a sense of peace. Dancing had been a physical release, and now, gazing at the stars, she felt a deep mental relaxation.

Yvonne seemed chattier than usual. As she gossiped about Rose's "husband," Nixon suddenly came to her mind.

"If you ask me, Nixon deserved it. Kelly's not a good person either. Those two cheaters got what they deserved. It's just a shame that..."

Her voice trailed off as she thought about the unfortunate fate that had befallen Oliver. A wave of sadness washed over Rose as she thought of her beloved grandfather.

Yvonne realized she had touched on a sensitive topic for Rose and quickly changed the subject. "I wonder what's happened to Nixon and Kelly now?"

"Who knows?" Rose replied.

Kelly disappeared after that fateful day. In the aftermath, everyone's attention was focused on the funeral arrangements for Oliver, leaving no time to dwell on Kelly's

whereabouts. However, Rose was determined not to let Kelly off the hook. She planned to return to Aquastead to find Kelly and ensure she paid for her actions.

Turning to Yvonne, Rose said, "Yvonne, I've booked a flight back to Aquastead for tomorrow."

It was time for her to leave. She had delayed her return to Aquastead for Yvonne's performance, but now that it was over, she could go back and focus on her mission.

Recognizing the resolve in Rose's eyes to confront Kelly upon her return to Aquastead, Yvonne's heart ached at the thought of their impending separation. Still, she understood the importance of Rose's mission. Yvonne sat up and opened her arms, inviting Rose into a warm embrace. With a gentle pat on Rose's back, Yvonne offered words of reassurance.

"Go back to Aquastead and do what you must. There will be plenty of time for us to catch up. Rose, just remember," she said softly, "if you need any help in Aquastead, don't hesitate to reach out to my parents."

"The Spencer family may not be as influential as the Young family in Regalia, but they have connections in Aquastead that you can count on."

Yvonne knew Rose well enough to

understand that despite being adopted by Oliver, Rose had never sought anything from the Young family. Now that Oliver had passed

away, it was even less likely for her

to rely on their support.

Rose nodded and asked, "What are your plans?"

As the lead dancer of their troupe, Yvonne had enjoyed tremendous success with their recent global tour, but Rose knew her friend's passion for dance was far from satiated. Yvonne's eyes sparkled with excitement as she shared her aspirations.

"I want to further my studies at the Sardovia Royal Dance Academy. It's where my idols and dreams reside! Sadly, the admission process is quite unique. The only way to get in is through a professor's

recommendation."

Her voice carried a hint of disappointment, but she quickly regained her usual optimism. "But who knows? Maybe one day, by some stroke of luck, I'll get the chance to go there..." After all, dreams were meant to be pursued and believed in.

Rose couldn't help but be captivated by the passion and hope in Yvonne's eyes, but her friend's attention soon shifted back to her, showing genuine concern.

"What about him?" Yvonne asked, referring to Jonathan.

It took a moment for Rose to realize who Yvonne was asking about. "I'm going back to Aquastead alone," she replied.

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Chapter 420 Ready To Face It

[1,093 words]

Rose chose not to disclose Jonathan's true identity to Yvonne. Given his background, their time in Aquastead might have been for business purposes. Their shared experiences there were just fleeting episodes in their respective lives intertwined with the weighty legacy of the prestigious Finch family. The two would soon return to their separate worlds, and Rose had no desire to be swept up in unnecessary conflicts.

Yvonne gently pulled Rose back and noticed a hint of bitterness in her eyes. Convinced that the couple was experiencing a rift, she was about to console Rose when a voice suddenly interrupted them. "Excuse me, are you guests at tonight's celebration party?" They turned to see a staff member smiling politely outside the garden.

"Yes, we are. Is there something you need?" Yvonne asked, puzzled.

The staff member gestured to another worker, who brought out a raffle box. "We apologize for disturbing you, but in celebration of your dance troupe's successful performance, we've arranged a lucky draw for our esteemed guests. Please pick a number, and we wish you both the best of luck."

Neither woman objected, and they each drew a number from the box. After the staff members left, Rose and Yvonne put the event out of their minds until ten minutes later, when faint sounds of commotion drifted over from the crowded area nearby. "Number 12... who has number 12? Is it you?"

"No, unfortunately not. I wonder who got that lucky number?"

Even from a distance, Rose and Yvonne could sense the regret on the guests' faces, as if having that number meant gaining something unexpected.

"Rose, it's you. Number 12!" Yvonne exclaimed, glancing at the number Rose had casually placed on the grass beside her. Yvonne was visibly excited, even more so than if she had won the number herself.

Upon hearing the commotion, a staff member quickly approached them.

"Excuse me, is it you?" the staff member asked, noticing the number 12 in Yvonne's hand.

Yvonne quickly shook her head and handed the number to Rose. "It's her. Rose has always been the luckiest! She is now and will always be blessed by the goddess of luck!"

Her gaze held unwavering sincerity, her heartfelt blessing woven into each word. She wished for Rose to experience eternal happiness and a carefree existence.

Moved by Yvonne's profound emotions, Rose felt a lump form in her throat as tears welled up in her eyes.

Before she could find the words to respond, the staff member's polite voice intervened, "Congratulations, Miss. Would you please accompany me to claim your prize?"

"Of course," Rose replied. Yvonne stood up and gently pulled Rose to her feet.

The two women followed the staff member back into the main hall, where the dance floor was located. As they made their way through the crowd, numerous gazes filled with envy settled upon them. Among those gazes, one seemed especially fervent. Rose followed the gaze and spotted a familiar figure at the edge of the crowd, which caused her heart to skip a beat. It was Jonathan.

She quickly looked away and glanced down at the number in her hand. Considering that this club belonged to the Finch family, Rose suddenly felt uneasy about this so-called luck. She suspected it might have been orchestrated at Jonathan's behest. "Excuse me, but I..." she began, intending to refuse the number in her hand. However, before she could finish, she found herself ushered to the center of attention by the crowd.

The staff member's voice echoed through the hall via a microphone, announcing, "Congratulations to our lucky guest! You've won a recommendation slot to the Sardovia Royal Dance Academy!"

A hush fell over the crowd. Most of the attendees were dancers or industry professionals, and the Sardovia Royal Dance Academy was an esteemed institution

coveted by almost every dancer. The words "Sardovia Royal Dance Academy" echoed in everyone's minds as they tried to process what they had just heard.

After a moment of silence, someone in the crowd exclaimed, "A recommendation to Sardovia Royal Dance Academy... that's practically an admission letter, isn't it?"

"Oh my god! I can't believe the lucky prize is this! Why couldn't it be me?" another person cried.

"But she's not part of our dance troupe..." a voice protested.

The crowd stared at Rose, some envious, others hoping she wasn't in the dance industry and would give up the opportunity for a redraw.

Amidst these gazes, Rose's eyes sought out Yvonne in the crowd. She recalled Yvonne's words from the garden.

"I want to further my studies at the Sardovia Royal Dance Academy. It's where my idols and dreams reside! Who knows, maybe one day, by some stroke of luck, I'll get the chance to go there..." "Could this be... that chance?" Rose mused, looking at the stunned Yvonne. In that instant, she wanted to seize this opportunity for her friend.

"Can this recommendation be transferred?" she suddenly asked.

The crowd fell silent once more. Even the staff member paused for a moment before responding, "Of course. As the lucky guest, you have the freedom to decide what to do with your prize."

Rose's gaze locked with Yvonne's across the crowd. At that moment, Yvonne seemed to realize what Rose intended to do. Overwhelmed with excitement, Yvonne stomped her feet and blew Rose a big kiss.

Seeing that the prize could be transferred, others in the crowd grew eager as well.

"Pretty lady, please consider me..."

"Lucky goddess, pick me! Please pick me!"

Amidst the clamor, everyone vied for Rose's attention, hoping for a chance at the coveted recommendation. However, amidst the noise, a staff member quietly approached Rose with a request. "If you wish to transfer this recommendation, you'll need to meet someone," he whispered.

Rose immediately thought of

Jonathan. When she first heard

about the prize, she had been perplexed as to why it to dance. Now, she began to s related understand that Jonathan was probably using this as a way to see her.

She searched the crowd for

Jonathan. She had caught a glimpse of him earlier. But now, scanning the entire hall, she couldn't find him anywhere. Unable to locate him, Rose decided not to delve further

P.ne

into the matter.

"Alright," Rose agreed. She was willing to go through with this for Yvonne's sake and was determined to secure this opportunity for her friend.

"This way, please," the staff member said, leading Rose away from the crowd.

As she left, Rose glanced back at Yvonne. For some unknown reason, her heart started racing, and an inexplicable discomfort began taking hold. She couldn't understand what was happening.

"Miss?" The staff member's concerned voice brought her back to her senses.

Taking a deep breath, Rose reassured herself and nodded, signaling that she was ready to proceed. "It's nothing. Let's go."

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