

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

Chapter 461 Meeting Acquaintances

[1,234 words]

Rose guided the woman out of the room and into the corridor. As they passed by the other rooms, faint sounds emanated from within.

The two exchanged glances, fully aware of what was likely happening behind those closed doors. Rose hesitated momentarily, and the woman noticed.

"Are you going to save them?" the woman asked tentatively.

She had come to realize that tonight's gathering was merely a game orchestrated by Jack. The other women, probably unaware of the true nature of their drinking partners, might be in danger. Rose remained silent, pondering the situation. The woman bit her lip, understanding the gravity of their circumstances.

"If you try to help them, we might not make it out of this villa alive," she cautioned, fully aware of the potential consequences.

"Don't worry," Rose reassured, patting the woman's shoulder as they made their way downstairs.

Luckily, due to Jack's strict instructions to not be disturbed, the entire first floor was devoid of staff. The two made their way through the empty hallways and out of the main hall without any obstacles. However, instead of leaving through the main gate, they headed toward the spot where Rose had initially entered the villa by scaling the wall. Rose helped the woman climb over the wall before following her.

Under the enchanting night sky of the garden, Rose took one last look at the villa before taking out her phone and dialing the number for the police station.

"The police will be here soon. I hope your friends haven't suffered too much harm," she whispered, knowing that she had done all she could.

Now that they were out of the villa, the woman noticeably relaxed. However, a sudden realization struck her, filling her eyes with a mixture of fear and apprehension.

She blurted, "What if Mr. Finch manages to get the police under his thumb? After all, he has the Finch Group backing him, and when he wakes up, he will certainly seek revenge on us!"

She looked at Rose, her expression growing increasingly anxious. Jack might not have clearly seen Rose in the dark room, and it seemed she had been careful not to reveal her identity. However, if Jack decided to investigate, there was a chance he could uncover who Rose was.

The woman felt vulnerable, knowing that Jack knew her identity and could potentially retaliate against her and even the entire dance troupe.

Her eyes brimmed with unease. Suddenly, she grasped Rose's hand and spoke earnestly. "Don't worry. If Mr. Finch finds me, I won't tell him who you are. I promise!"

Although she didn't know if Jack would ultimately discover Rose's identity, she could guarantee that the information wouldn't come from her.

The sincerity in the woman's voice was palpable, and Rose could feel her earnestness. As they made their way further away from the villa, Rose pondered the potential fallout of her actions. She knew what she did to Jack would undoubtedly provoke his wrath.

If Jack couldn't find her, he might direct his anger toward the other women in the dance troupe. Even if Jack himself were incapacitated, those backing him wouldn't hesitate to seek retribution.

Looking across Regalia, the Young Group was the only entity that could stand up to the Finch Group. However, with Oliver's recent passing, the Young Group was now embroiled in a power struggle.

Miles had been working late into the night daily dealing with the Young Group's issues, and Rose didn't want to burden him further.

For now, there was one more person she could think of—Jonathan. However, Ezra was still unconscious at the hospital, and he was already quite overwhelmed. Rose reckoned that adding this matter to the mix would only complicate things further.

"Aside from Miles and Jonathan, who else could suppress Jack and the people behind him to protect this group of women?" She furrowed her brow in deep contemplation.

As they walked along the road in the villa district, Rose was so absorbed in her thoughts that she didn't notice a car speeding toward them.

The piercing sound of screeching tires filled the air as a blinding light flooded their vision. Startled, Rose and the woman fell to the ground, but thankfully, the oncoming car came to a halt.

Inside the car, Clover frowned, relieved that they had narrowly avoided a collision.

Not wanting to get out and check on

the fallen pair himself, he instructed Emily, who was in the passenger seat,

are, tasee if they're hurt. If they

take them to the hospital and give them some money. If they're not give them some money anyway."

Emily rolled her eyes at her boss, who had a tendency to solve problems with money. Nevertheless, she was genuinely concerned about the two individuals who were nearly hit by the car. She quickly got out and approached them. She began, "Are you two... Rose?" Before Emily could finish her sentence, Rose lifted her head, revealing her face. When Emily recognized Rose, she exclaimed, "Rose! What are you doing here? Are you hurt?"

Seeing Rose trying to stand up, Emily quickly stepped forward to help her, carefully checking her over to ensure she wasn't hurt.

"Emily?" Rose said, surprised to see her there. Noticing Emily's concern, Rose quickly reassured her, "I'm fine. I just fell, but I'm not hurt. See?" She extended her arms as if to prove her claim.

Emily let out a sigh of relief. "Good, good. As long as you're okay. You scared me."

Meanwhile, the person in the car was growing impatient. Clover eyed the scene outside, seeing only a silhouette from his angle. Emily was holding the person's hand, smiling as if reuniting with an old friend.

Knowing Emily had grown up abroad and had never been to Regalia, he was puzzled by her familiarity with this person. Thinking the matter could simply be resolved with some money, he frowned.

After mentally counting to three, Emily was still holding the person's hand. Unable to wait any longer, Clover honked the horn.

The horn made Emily frown as she glanced at the visibly annoyed person in the car. Rose followed her gaze and turned around. When Rose's face appeared in Clover's line of sight, the hand that was about to honk the horn again suddenly froze. Stunned for a moment, he finally realized what was happening. He hastily unbuckled his seatbelt, exited the car, and rushed to Rose's side. He grasped Rose's hand and anxiously examined her, but he couldn't find any visible injuries. Looking into Rose's eyes, he asked with concern, "Are you hurt anywhere? Are you in any pain? Come on, let's get

you to the hospital for a check-up." As he spoke, he started guiding Rose toward the car.

"You must have been frightened. We can't be careless about that fall. We need to check thoroughly for any internal injuries," Clover insisted, pulling Rose along.

Clover's frantic concern was a stark

contrast to the impatient person he

had been just moments earlier in the luxury car. Rose tried to reassure him, "Clover, I'm really fine. I didn't even get a scratch. You didn't hit me, and I wasn't scared."

Clover retorted, "If you weren't scared, how did you end up falling?"

Rose found herself at a loss for words, but she was certain she wasn't hurt. After pondering for a moment, she decided to redirect Clover's attention.

"Clover, why are you in Regalia? How did you end up here?"

She knew his family's business was based overseas, and the last time she saw him in Aquastead, it was for work. As expected, her question successfully made Clover pause.

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Chapter 462 Watch Him Get Taken Away

[1,111 words]

Clover's brows remained furrowed. His concern shifted to confusion as he listened to Rose. He echoed her question, "Why are you in Regalia? How did you end up here?"

Rose hesitated. Thinking of the recent events, her eyes filled with sadness. "Well, I came to Regalia because... Grandpa passed away."

Clover paused, momentarily taken aback. He knew that Rose was Oliver's adopted granddaughter. When he had left Aquastead, he had been in a rush due to family issues, and he hadn't even had the chance to say goodbye to Rose.

He hadn't paid much attention to the changes in the Young family as both the Xanth family and Lerain Group had their business operations overseas.

Seeing the sorrow in Rose's eyes, Clover felt a pang of sympathy. He tightened his grip on her wrist, not wanting her to dwell on unhappy memories. To lighten the mood, he changed the subject.

"So, what brought you to this place?"

As soon as he asked, he realized the redundancy of his question. Royal Garden was a prestigious villa district in Regalia, and with the Young family's wealth, it wasn't surprising if they owned property here. He thought she might be living here, but Rose's answer was different from what he expected.

"I'm here because..." Rose hesitated, her smile turning awkward as she recalled her actions. She thought carefully about how to phrase it, and finally said, "If I told you I came here to teach someone a lesson, would that sound too violent?"

She couldn't help but remember the force she used on Jack earlier. Every action had been delivered with full strength. Now that Rose thought about it, the deed did seem a bit violent.

Clover was momentarily stunned by her answer. He did not expect that she was here to teach someone a lesson. Nevertheless, his tension and seriousness from before dissipated, and he smiled at Rose.

"Who's the unlucky person? Tell me, and I'll teach them a lesson too!"

Rose knew Clover's background well. The Xanth family and the Finch family were comparable in terms of wealth, one being a top-tier presence overseas and the other domestically. Given Clover's personality, if he really were to deal with Jack, Jack might not be able to handle it.

For a moment, she considered whether Clover could help protect the women in the dance troupe from Jack's retaliation, making him a probable candidate aside from Miles and Jonathan.

However, she quickly dismissed the thought. While she and Clover were friends, they weren't particularly close, so she could never drag him into this mess.

"It was just a despicable person, but I've already handled it," Rose replied, not intending to involve Clover.

Just then, the sound of police sirens interrupted their conversation. They all turned toward the direction of the sound, and soon after, several police cars drove into the neighborhood, passing by them.

Clover gave Rose a strange look. "This... Could this have something to do with the person you were teaching a lesson?"

Rose chuckled awkwardly and nodded but didn't elaborate. Her priority now was to get the woman out of there quickly.

However, before she could bid farewell to Clover and Emily, the woman spoke up, her voice filled with desperation. "Sir, please help us..."

Emily had already helped the woman up from the ground. The woman observed the friendly interaction between Rose and the couple, particularly the man who appeared to care deeply for Rose. His luxurious attire and car were a testament to his affluence. To her, the man represented a beacon of hope.

Clover's brows furrowed. "Help you?" he asked, assuming the woman's use of "us" included Rose. Instantly, his demeanor became serious. "Rose, get in the car."

He had a hunch that the person Rose had taught a lesson to was no ordinary individual, and he was determined to understand the situation clearly.

Knowing the roadside wasn't ideal for discussing the matter, Clover signaled Emily, who immediately understood and helped the woman into the car. Rose, however, was still outside the vehicle.

"Rose, get in the car. Mr. Xanth just bought a new villa here, and we're going to check out the renovations Emily said as she got out of the car and took Rose's arm. "If you don't come, I won't have enough nice things to say to him."

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Rose hesitated for a moment but eventually got into the car. The luxury vehicle drove straight to a villa right next to Jack's residence. Although Emily mentioned checking the interior design, that

their

actual purpose.

"Let's start with the third floor," Emily announced as soon as they entered the villa, guiding the way with apparent determination. Clover glanced at her but remained silent.

The group took the elevator to the third floor and entered a study, where a luxurious telescope immediately caught their attention. Both Rose and Clover were momentarily stunned.

This was Clover's first time in this villa. The entire selection and furnishing process had been handled by Emily.

"Since Mr. Xanth likes astronomy, I

thought this spot with a good view would be perfect for stargazing in

his leisure time," Emily explained,

settling the woman on a couch

before walking over to the telescope. As she spoke, she adjusted the telescope, changing its direction from the sky.

Emily's meticulous and warm demeanor caught Rose by surprise. Even Clover's gaze seemed to show a hint of something different.

"Rose, come try out the telescope," Emily called with a smile.

Rose approached and looked through the lens. However, instead of stars, what she saw was something entirely different.

Through the telescope, a villa came into sharp focus—it was Jack's villa. Despite the considerable distance between the two properties, Emily had already adjusted the focus, making the scene crystal clear.

Inside the villa, fully armed police officers were escorting numerous men wrapped in bath towels. These men appeared to be in an abnormal mental state.

Rose anxiously scanned the scene for Jack, feeling a twinge of concern. Given the influence of the Finch family in Regalia, she wondered if the police might hesitate to act decisively.

She couldn't spot Jack for a long time, and her frustration became palpable, a tension that even Clover and Emily noticed.

Finally, a group of people emerged carrying a stretcher. Although the person on the stretcher had a swollen face and was covered in injuries, Rose immediately recognized him.

"Jack Finch!" she exclaimed, feeling a mix of relief and satisfaction. She did not even realize she had called out his name aloud.

Hearing the name, Clover quickly deduced that he was the "despicable person" Rose had mentioned earlier.

"Jack Finch?" he mused. Although he hadn't heard of this man before, Jack's surname immediately caught his attention.

Clover exchanged a glance with Emily. With their long-standing rapport, she instantly understood his unspoken request. Clover wanted to find out who this Jack was and what his background entailed.

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Chapter 463 Let Jonathan Know

[1,064 words]

The police quickly escorted everyone from Jack's villa, including the women. Rose knew that the news would soon reach the Finch family, and they wouldn't just sit by idly.

"So, how was it? Were the stars beautiful?" Emily asked as Rose stepped away from the telescope. Having already notified her subordinates, Emily was now waiting for their report. "They look great! Really beautiful!" Rose replied, feeling a sense of satisfaction from watching Jack being taken away by the police.

However, her worry about the Finch family's potential retaliation made her response seem absent-minded.

Clover and Emily noticed her unease but didn't press her further. "How about we have some drinks?" Clover suggested.

Before Rose could respond, Emily chimed in. "Yes. It's Mr. Xanth's first time staying here, so let's take this opportunity to celebrate his new move and enjoy some of the excellent wine in his cellar!"

With such a reason, Rose couldn't refuse. They headed downstairs, and Emily went to the wine cellar before returning with a few of the finest bottles.

The woman who Rose had rescued seemed to be slowly recovering from the effects of the drugs she had been given. Perhaps due to her narrow escape, she inadvertently drank a bit more than she should have.

"Ro... Rose? Can I call you Rose too?" the woman asked, her eyes still holding a cautious look despite her intoxicated state. She wanted to call Rose by her name but

feared she wasn't worthy. "Of course, you can," Rose replied, meeting the woman's gaze.

Receiving Rose's approval, the woman's face lit up with a bright smile. "Thank you, Rose. My name is Sadie Luxe. About Yvonne..." Sadie's eyes dimmed as she mentioned Yvonne.

The haunting memory of Yvonne lying on the ground at the celebration party came rushing back to her, filling her with guilt.

She could vaguely piece together what Yvonne had gone through that night. To avoid being violated by Jack, Yvonne had chosen to jump out of a window.

Tonight, Sadie had nearly faced the same fate. If it weren't for Rose, she was certain she wouldn't have escaped Jack's clutches. She shuddered to think of what her life would have been like afterward. She thought, "Rose has saved me. But Yvonne..."

"Is she okay?" Sadie finally asked, unable to contain her concern.

Thinking of Yvonne lying in the hospital bed, covered in injuries, yet always smiling and comforting everyone despite her pain, Rose felt a pang of sorrow. "She's... alive," she said, her voice tinged with sadness.

Hearing that Yvonne was still alive, Sadie sighed in relief, yet her expression remained solemn. She knew from Rose's demeanor that Yvonne's condition was likely far from good.

Sadie raised her glass and clinked it against Rose's before declaring with resolve, "She'll get better."

These words seemed to inject a bit of hope into Rose's heart. Rose met Sadie's eyes and firmly repeated her words. "She'll get better."

She was confident that the ever-optimistic Yvonne would recover.

Clover and Emily did not interrupt the conversation between Rose and Sadie, nor did they inquire about Yvonne or the meaning behind Sadie's plea for help. After all, they could easily piece together the events with Emily's investigation and some common sense. Since the women had drunk alcohol, Clover insisted they stay the night, given the villa had plenty of rooms. Emily arranged accommodation for them and then shared the information she had gathered with Clover.

"Jack Finch..." Clover was seated by the window in his bedroom, freshly showered and dressed in a loosely fastened bathrobe.

The night light accentuated his handsome features, giving him a captivating and dangerous allure. Even Emily, who was used to seeing him daily, found herself momentarily captivated.

She quickly regained her composure and focused on the information at hand, effectively shifting her attention.

"I didn't expect Jack to be part of the Finch family. Rose is quite bold," she commented, unable to hide her admiration for Rose.

Jack, who presented himself as a polished professional within the family business, was actually an idle playboy with some disturbing tendencies.

Emily flipped through the file. "Jack's relationships have always seemed consensual on the surface. But about a year ago, he was seen frequently with a company employee, who soon disappeared without a trace." She continued, "Two years ago, he dated a florist, and not long after, she also vanished."

She flipped through more pages. "Three years ago..." Emily recounted her findings from the investigation.

"Jack seems to have a pattern. He has a different girl each year, and they all disappear shortly after meeting him. There might be more to this story, but we'll need a thorough investigation to find out."

Emily was impressed with how much they had uncovered in just a few hours. However, she hesitated before asking, "Jack is from the Finch family. Are you sure we want to dig deeper?"

She already knew what Clover's answer would be. As expected, he didn't hesitate. "Yes. Investigate further and do it quickly. But first, we need to handle the matter that's troubling Rose."

Understanding immediately, Emily nodded. "With Jack's arrest, the Finch family will likely act swiftly to get him out."

"Jack won't take tonight's events lightly, and even if he doesn't retaliate directly, those trying to help him might target Rose and the other women."

She had considered all possible scenarios. Clover looked at her, noting the meticulous care she took in planning. His gaze softened slightly as he appreciated her thoroughness and reliability.

Emily didn't notice the subtle change

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in Clover's gaze. She knew that he would see things through once he decided to get involved. Their long-standing rapport meant she could handle most of the details without his constant oversight.

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"Although the Xanth family isn't based in Regalia, they've maintained some connections over the years. Keeping Jack detained shouldn't be too difficult, but it might require your intervention," Emily suggested.

Clover snapped back to attention. "Arrange a dinner meeting," he instructed, quickly shifting his gaze away as if to dismiss any personal thoughts.

His focus returned to the matter at hand, and he frowned. "As for the Finch family..." He paused, his voice growing colder. "Let Jonathan know about Jack's actions tonight."

"Jonathan, the recently appointed

head of the Finch family?" Emily mused. She was surprised by this decision but accepted the

instruction without question.

"Understood, I'll handle it as you've directed. You should rest now."

As Emily turned to leave, Clover called out, "Wait."

She looked back, meeting Clover's gorgeous eyes.

"Stay," he said, leaning back in his chair and extending an inviting arm toward her.

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Chapter 464 Forgot Our Agreement

[1,163 words]

Emily was caught off guard. Although their relationship extended beyond the professional boundaries of a boss and assistant, as she had once been his closest confidante and lover, that was all in the past. Now, she was merely an assistant.

Nothing more. "It seems you've forgotten our agreement, Mr. Xanth," she said with a smile.

Clover's outstretched arm hung in the air, his eyes subtly narrowing. It had been so long since they made that agreement. He couldn't believe she was still holding onto it after all this time. "Emma-" he began.

Maintaining her professional smile, Emily gently cut him off. "You should rest, Mr. Xanth. I'm going to check on Rose. She's had quite a lot to drink tonight, so I can't help but worry about her." Without waiting for Clover's response, she turned and walked toward the door. His expression darkened as she left.

Outside the room, Emily's professional smile immediately faded. She knew precisely what he was about to say that she shouldn't be so stubborn. But she didn't perceive it as stubbornness.

A glimmer of sadness filled her eyes as she took a deep breath, attempting to regain her composure before making her way to Rose's room.

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Meanwhile, Jack had been taken to the police station. When the station called Bella, it was late at night, rousing her and Yosef from their slumber.

"What's going on?" Yosef grumbled, clearly irritated.

Bella took the phone and ended the call, but not before noticing the name on the caller ID. Her expression shifted momentarily, and a flash of something unreadable passed through her eyes before she quickly composed herself. "Nothing. It's just Yara. You know how she's infatuated with Jonathan. She keeps calling me lately, asking about his preferences. But it's really inconsiderate of her to call at such odd hours!" Bella fabricated an excuse.

Yosef looked skeptical. "Is that so? It's good that she's interested in Jonathan, but Jonathan... You should teach Yara some strategies. She needs to use the right methods with him."

"Yes, I know," Bella responded absentmindedly.

After soothing Yosef back to sleep and waiting long enough to ensure he was deep in slumber, Bella carefully slipped out of bed. She tiptoed out of the room, getting outside the villa before calling the number back. When the call connected, she asked urgently, "Jorge, has Jack gotten into trouble again?"

On the other end was Jorge Lennon, who had some distant relation to the Maize family. Initially just an ordinary police officer, he had cultivated close ties with the Maize family

due to Jack's antics over the years, eventually becoming the deputy chief. He frowned deeply. "Jack did get into some trouble, but this time it's different. You'd better come over and see for yourself."

His words made Bella grow increasingly uneasy. However, with Yosef still asleep, she knew she couldn't just leave.

If Yosef woke up and found her missing, he might grow suspicious. She needed to keep him in the dark about Jack's situation.

After weighing her options, Bella said, "Jorge, I'll come by first thing in the morning. I'll call my brother now and have him handle things in the meantime."

"Please keep an eye on Jack. You know he's always been troublesome, and we really appreciate your help. Both the Maize and Finch family will be grateful." Normally, Jorge would have exchanged a few polite words, but this time he was silent.

After hanging up, Bella immediately dialed the Maize family's number. Despite how late it was, Rupert, Yara's father, got up and headed to the police station. Not long after, Bella received a message from Rupert. "The situation is complicated. Jack has been seriously injured."

Bella's heart ached

with pain and

anger upon reading the message. She had assumed Jack had caused trouble again, and maybe even hurt someone, but she hadn't expected that he was the one who had been beaten.

"My son was hurt? How could this have happened?" she thought. She considered waking Yosef to take him to the police station by using Jack's injury to elicit sympathy from him as a father.

However, just as she was about to

act, she received another message

that made her abandon the idea entirely Jack is suspected of

organizing an illicit gathering and providing illegal substances

QUMS

Bella's heart sank. She glanced at the still-sleeping Yosef, grateful she hadn't woken him up. She took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing thoughts.

Early the next morning, as soon as Yosef left the house, she rushed to the garage and drove straight to the police station. When she arrived, she found Rupert already there.

As they walked inside, Bella fumed, "Organizing gatherings is a minor issue that we can easily handle, but whoever assaulted my son must not be spared!"

Compared to past incidents involving more severe accusations, this was indeed a lesser offense. Rupert tried to soothe her anger.

"Of course, we'll handle it. I've already had Jorge question the others, but no one seems to know anything about Jack being beaten, let alone who did it. "We'll have to wait for Jack to regain consciousness. He must know something."

"Regain consciousness?" Bella stopped in her tracks and looked at Rupert with concern. "What do you mean by 'wait for him to regain consciousness'?" Rupert knew how much Bella loved Jack. To prepare her for the worst, he gently explained, "Jack is still unconscious..."

Bella staggered and nearly lost her balance. When she regained her composure, she quickened her pace. "Where is Jack? Take me to him now!"

Soon enough, Bella saw her son. Due to his severe injuries, Jack was separated from the others who were arrested the previous night.

The police station's medical staff

had assessed his condition and

determined that, while he had sustained numerous external injuries he didn't require hospitalization. Thus, he was placed in a private room.

When Bella saw Jack, her legs nearly gave way.

"Jack? Jack!" she called out, rushing to his bedside. Jack was lying in bed with tattered clothes, his body covered in whip marks and burns of varying severity. It was a heart-wrenching sight. "Who did this to you? Who beat you like this?" Bella's initial shock quickly turned to fury. Then, noticing the handcuffs securing Jack's wrists to the bed, her anger flared even more.

She began berating the officer on duty. "My son is in this condition, and you still have him handcuffed? Are you blind? My son is the victim here!"

The officer frowned and was about to explain when Jorge entered the room.

"Mrs. Finch, given that your son is involved in other matters, this is standard procedure," he explained, trying to ease the tension.

However, Bella was having none of it. "Other matters? What other matters? How can those trivial things compare to my son's injuries? Release my son from these handcuffs immediately!"

Both the officer and Jorge appeared troubled. Despite Jorge's connections with Bella, he was bound by protocol and had to maintain a semblance of impartiality.

At that moment, Jack began to stir, seemingly awakened by the commotion. As he slowly opened his eyes and saw Bella, tears welled up in his eyes. "Mom..." he whimpered.

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Chapter 465 A Woman Beat Him Up

[1,183 words]

Jack's cry instantly silenced the room. Abandoning her outburst, Bella quickly leaned over him, wanting to touch his face.

However, she hesitated when she saw how swollen and bruised it was. There was nowhere she lay her hand on without causing him pain.

"Jack, your injuries look terrible. Do they hurt?" Bella asked, her voice quivering with concern.

Every part of Jack's body felt like it was on fire, the pain excruciating and relentless. He had never experienced such agony in his life, and now, in front of Bella, he felt utterly helpless and miserable. His expression alone conveyed the extent of his suffering, intensifying Bella's anguish and anger toward whoever had done this to him.

"Your friends all claim they don't know who did this to you. Now that you're awake, you can tell me who the culprit is."

Bella stared at Jack, desperate for a name. She needed to know who was responsible so she could exact her revenge and make that person pay dearly.

It was then that Jack fully comprehended his situation. "Where am I? How did I end up here?"

He seemed disoriented, struggling to process the reality that he was in a police station. Normally, he wouldn't have been so shaken, but now, he was like a frightened animal.

Bella quickly reassured him. "Don't worry. You'll only have to stay here for a little while longer. I'll get you out soon."

Upon hearing this, Jack began to calm down. Regardless of why he was at the police station or what he might have done, he knew his mother and the Maize family would smooth things over for him. "Now, tell me who did this to you." Bella couldn't wait any longer.

Jack's anger flared as he struggled to recall the previous night's events. His memories were flooded with images of a woman using the same tactics he had once used to torment women on him. The pain, humiliation, and rage he experienced made him want to kill her. Nonetheless, he had no idea who she was.

"I... I don't know," he spat out through gritted teeth.

This unexpected answer surprised Bella. "How can you not know? Think harder! Could it be that you've forgotten?"

The very thought that he may have forgotten something made Jack's anger surge. "How could I forget someone who did this to me? I didn't see her face. If I knew who she was, I'd make sure to tear her apart!" Bella's eyes widened in shock. "Her? Are you saying the person who did this to you was a woman?"

Jack's humiliation grew as he confirmed, "Yes. It was a woman!"

The woman's actions had felt personal as if she bore a grudge against him and wanted him to suffer. His mind raced with thoughts of revenge.

"That woman had it out for me! Mom, you have to find her for me. I'll make her experience everything she did to me!" By the end of his plea, Jack's emotions were running high.

Bella quickly reassured him. "Don't worry, my son. I will find her."

The Maize family could easily find someone within Regalia without involving the Finch family. However, the current priority was to address the matter at hand.

Bella looked toward Jorge and walked up to him. "Jorge, can I have a word with you in private?" she said, indicating that she needed to discuss getting Jack released on bail without too many prying eyes around. Understanding her message, Jorge agreed. Bella

left the room first, and Jorge followed shortly after. In no time, they were in Jorge's office.

Upon arrival, Bella immediately took a seat on the couch and said, "Jorge... Deputy Chief Lennon..."

She continued, "That 'Deputy' on your doorplate looks rather striking. If I remember correctly, you assumed this role three years ago, didn't you?"

Three years ago, Jorge had aided the Maize family in concealing a scandal involving a young woman.

Jorge was slightly taken aback but quickly regained his composure and served Bella a cup of coffee. "Mrs. Finch your memory is impressive. Indeed, it was three years ago around this same month."

In public, Jorge maintained a certain distance from Bella to avoid suspicion about their relationship. However, in private, he showed her apparent deference.

Bella took a sip of coffee and then

gave Jorge a meaningful look. "You have a good memory too. But if I were in your shoes, I'd be tired being the deputy chief for three years. Have you thought about moving up?"

Moving up meant vying for the position of chief. Jorge's heart raced at the implication. Noticing Bella had consumed a significant portion of her coffee, he promptly refilled her cup. "Who doesn't aspire to rise in the ranks? The challenge lies in finding the right opportunity."

"Opportunities are easier to come by than you think. A golden one is just right in front of you. If you seize it, not only will you get the chief's position, but you can also rise even higher," Bella explained with a slight smile.

Jorge fully understood what opportunity she was referring to.

It wouldn't be difficult for him to smooth things over for Jack. He had done it many times before. Still, some things needed to be explicitly stated by the other party.

He smiled and said, "We're all on the same side here, Mrs. Finch. Just tell me what you need."

This was precisely what Bella was waiting for. "First, I want you to get Jack out of here."

Jorge looked troubled. "You see... last night's incident involved too many people. There's the charge of public indecency, and it involves drugs. Moreover, the location was Mr. Finch's villa..." Bella's expression darkened. "Public indecency? Drugs? Jack wasn't involved in any of those things!"

Jorge immediately tried to soothe her. "Mrs. Finch, please don't worry. Yes, it's a bit tricky, but haven't I always handled things well for you? I just need a bit of time." Bella's expression softened slightly. "How much time?"

"Three hours," Jorge replied confidently. "I guarantee that Mr. Finch will leave this place within three hours. I hope you can give me these three hours, Mrs. Finch." Bella thought three hours was acceptable. She stood up, not wishing to stay any longer. "You said three hours. Jack must be out by then."

With that, she walked out of the office. For Jorge, three hours was more than enough time to take care of things.

As family members, Bella and Rupert couldn't stay long at the police station. Thus, they found a nearby coffee shop to wait in.

Inside the coffee shop, Bella looked serious as she continuously replayed Jack's words in her mind. "That woman had a grudge against Jack!" she thought.

Over the years, although Jack had done some outrageous things, the Maize family had managed to settle most of them.

Moreover, Bella had kept an eye on the families of those women. After so much time had passed, it was even less likely that they would come after Jack.

"The most recent incident..." Bella suddenly thought of something. "Yvonne? Could it be her?"

Her grip tightened around her coffee cup as she urgently looked at Rupert sitting across from her. "Is there still no news about Yvonne?"

After all this time, they still didn't know whether she was alive or dead.

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Chapter 466 It Must Be Rose

[1,167 words]

Rupert was frustrated about this matter as well.

"I've looked into it. Even though Yvonne comes from the Spencer family in Aquastead, the Spencer family has no business dealings with the Young family, nor do they have any private connections. So why is Miles protecting Yvonne so closely?" The mention of the Young family deepened Bella's frown. It wasn't just the Young family, but also Jonathan.

She mused, "The Young family... Jonathan... Yvonne..."

There was a connection between the three, and one person came to her mind suddenly. She accidentally knocked over her coffee in her realization.

"Rose! It's Rose! The Young family is protecting Yvonne because of Rose, and Jonathan is investigating that night because of her!"

She continued, "Yes, it's Rose! It has to be her! The one who hurt Jack last night must be Rose. I will never let her off for doing this to my son!"

Bella's eyes flashed with a mix of hatred and ruthlessness. She wished she could find Rose at this moment and teach her a good lesson. However, she had to wait for Jack to be released first. As for Rose...

She said to Rupert, "Find out everything you can about Rose. I want to know why Miles and Jonathan are so protective of her and even her friends."

Even though she had already reviewed the information about Rose in Yosef's study, she sensed there was more to this woman than the data suggested.

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Back in Royal Garden, at Clover's villa, Rose had indulged in a few extra glasses of wine the previous night.

Watching Jack being taken away by the police after she had personally confronted him had felt incredibly satisfying. The first thing she saw when she woke up in the morning was Emily entering the room.

"You're awake. Did you sleep well last night?" Emily was dressed professionally, with her astute and elegant demeanor on full display.

She walked over to the window and pulled the curtains open slightly. The sunlight streaming in cast a beautiful glow on her, and Rose found herself momentarily captivated by the sight.

When Emily turned back, their eyes met. Rose snapped back to reality, giving Emily a bright smile before saying, "I slept very well." She had not dreamed at all last night. Emily placed the clothes she had brought on the bed beside Rose.

"Mr. Xanth had some business to attend to early this morning, so it'll just be the two of us for breakfast. These clothes were sent over by him. Why don't you change into them?" Rose was momentarily taken aback. Clover was really good to her. His care felt different from Jonathan's and was more akin to what she now experienced with Miles. "Thank you, Emily," she said with a hint of playful affection.

"Hurry up and change. I'll be waiting downstairs. Sadie has already been waiting for a while." Emily gave Rose's nose a gentle, affectionate tap before leaving.

When Rose came downstairs after changing, Sadie immediately approached her. "Rose, you're up! Come, join us for breakfast."

Dressed in fresh clothes, she looked at Rose with a mix of excitement and gratitude. Rose responded with a smile.

Over breakfast, the three of them chatted about light-hearted topics, seemingly unaffected by the previous day's events.

It wasn't until after breakfast when Rose was about to leave that Emily stopped her. "Let me send you home."

"No..."

Rose began to refuse, but Sadie chimed in, "Rose, let Emily take you. After what happened last night, they'll be looking for you. If they find out you left from here, it could expose you. You can't take that risk." Sadie's words made sense.

"I'll be troubling you then, Emily," Rose said, quickly adding, "But what about Sadie?"

Last night, most of the women from the dance troupe were taken away. Jack and his people knew that Sadie was there. If they couldn't find her, they would surely come after her.

Noticing Rose's concern, Emily smiled reassuringly. "You don't need to worry about her. She's staying here with me, and she'll be perfectly safe. It's you we need to be careful about."

She squeezed Rose's hand. "I know you have things to deal with outside, but don't worry too much about this. They won't be able to get to you." Or rather, they wouldn't have the chance or the courage to try.

Rose knew that Clover had

intervened. She wasn't exactly sure

of the extent of the Xanth family's power overseas, but seeing how- Clover handled things with Jonathan, she was confident that Sadie and the other women would be well protected.

"Thank you, Emily," she said sincerely. "And thank Clover for me as well."

Emily raised an eyebrow. "I'm just following orders. As for thanking Clover, you can do that yourself."

Rose knew that she now owed Clover a huge favor.

Emily soon led Rose to the underground garage, where they got into Clover's luxurious car before driving out of Royal Garden in broad daylight.

Shortly after their departure, officers

from the police station arrived at the Royal Garden property management center to retrieve surveillance

footage from the past day. The ne

meticulously reviewed every frame of the footage.

Not long after, Bella received a call from Jorge in a nearby coffee shop.

"How's it going?" she inquired urgently.

Jorge's expression was grim. "Mrs. Finch, I had my team check Royal Garden's surveillance footage from yesterday and even today. They didn't find the person you mentioned appearing in the Royal Garden at all." "No?" Bella found it hard to believe. She suspected that it was Rose but wanted to be sure. "Are you sure? Could the footage have been tampered with?" She considered all possibilities.

Jorge paused, not ruling out the possibility. "It's unlikely they didn't see clearly. The team is very meticulous in their work. However, we'll need to send the footage to the tech department to determine if it has been tampered with."

"Then what are you waiting for? Send it to the tech department right away."

Bella was convinced Rose had been at the Royal Garden. As long as the tech department could detect any tampering, there would be a way to recover the original footage. Then, she would make Rose pay for what she had done. She clenched her fists, thinking about Jack still being at the police station. She checked the time. "Jorge, two hours have passed. What's the situation over there?"

"Everything's going according to plan. Please continue being patient, Mrs. Finch," Jorge replied.

Bella had no choice but to wait. Half an hour later, she called Jorge again.

"It's almost done. You can prepare to pick up Mr. Finch now," he said.

Bella was quite satisfied. Before hanging up, she kept her promise. "Deputy Chief Lennon, you've done a great job. It won't be long before you'll be called Chief Lennon."

She didn't waste any time and headed straight to the police station. Following the procedure outlined by Jorge, she was ready to pick up Jack.

However, when she explained her purpose to the officer on duty, he gave her a strange look.

"Jack's case is very clear, and he can't be released on bail. Not only that, but I'm afraid he won't be getting out anytime soon."

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Chapter 467 Jonathan Made His Move

[1,183 words]

Bella's head throbbed as she shouted at the officer.

"What nonsense are you talking about? What do you mean his case is clear, and bail can't be granted? What do you mean he won't be getting out anytime soon?"

Her loud outburst attracted numerous curious glances. Emerging from the chief's office with a serious expression, Jorge heard the commotion and hurried over. Bella spotted him immediately. "Jorge, tell them I can take Jack home!" she demanded, arms crossed, waiting for him to handle the situation.

However, Jorge remained still, his eyes apologetic.

"Jorge..." Bella's voice trembled with frustration.

Afraid that she would cause an even bigger scene, Jorge pulled her aside. "Mrs. Finch, please come to my office. We need to talk about Mr. Finch's situation."

Bella glanced at him but didn't refuse. Once inside Jorge's office, she slammed her bag onto a chair and demanded sharply, "What's going on?"

Jorge sighed. "Mrs. Finch, I had everything set up for Jack's release. It was all clear. But then-"

"But what?" Bella's patience was wearing thin.

Jorge hesitated before continuing, "But the chief suddenly took an interest in the case. He made it clear this situation is more serious than just an illicit gathering and drug use."

"Someone testified that Jack misled those women into thinking they were spending the night with him last night when it was with his friends."

Bella's face darkened. She knew Jack enjoyed these kinds of amusements. "But these are all small matters..." she began.

"These are not small matters," Jorge interrupted, shaking his head. "The Finch and Maize families have the power to suppress these issues, but it's evident someone doesn't want this matter to be buried." "Someone doesn't want it buried? Who could that be?" Bella fumed inwardly, her body trembling with rage.

Her immediate suspicion fell on Jonathan. If he was indeed involved, she feared that resolving the matter could prove to be far more challenging than anticipated.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was on his way back to the Finch Manor. He had just finished a call with Rose, confirming that she had safely arrived at the Young family's hospital. Finley and Leonard were in the car with him. Seated in the front passenger seat, Leonard reported on the task Jonathan had assigned him.

"The surveillance at Royal Garden has been handled. Any traces of Mrs. Finch have been erased. You can rest assured, Mr. Finch. A top-notch hacker did the job. Even if the footage is examined, no traces will be found." Jonathan nodded. "Good." He knew it was crucial not to leave any evidence behind.

He suddenly realized that he had been so preoccupied with Ezra's situation that he had neglected Rose and had not followed up on Yvonne's incident. The fact that Rose had confronted Jack spoke volumes about the potential implications. The person involved in Yvonne's fall that night was, in fact, Jack. If there had been no evidence, Rose wouldn't

have acted rashly. Her actions the previous night, however, left Jonathan feeling uneasy.

The thought of Rose facing Jack alone and the potential consequences made him shudder.

Leonard's voice broke through his thoughts. "Mr. Finch, I called Mr. Chambers and asked him to handle Jack's matter thoroughly.

"Mr. Chambers mentioned quite a few people are interested in this case. But apart from you, who else could have called? Could it be Mr. Young?"

Leonard's speculation was understandable. Those concerned about the matter would likely be doing so for Rose. In Regalia, besides Jonathan, only Miles from the Young family would have that level of concern. However, Jonathan knew it wasn't Miles. The person had to be someone else.

A peculiar glint appeared in his eyes. He then addressed Finley. "Select a few of your most trusted and capable men from the Azure Clan to protect Rose."

Without waiting for Finley's response, he continued, "Protect her discreetly. Don't let her notice, or she might feel uncomfortable."

"Understood, Mr. Finch," Finley replied.

He and Leonard exchanged a glance, both recognizing the thorough care Jonathan always took when it came to Rose.

Meanwhile, the person Leonard mentioned, Warren Chambers, was sitting in a coffee shop with Clover. They had arranged to have breakfast together, a meal that had stretched into several hours. Warren was well aware of the powerful family behind Clover. He found himself reminiscing about past connections.

"The last time I saw your uncle was over 20 years ago. It's been so long. He might have forgotten what I look like."

His relationship with the Xanth

family stemmed from Clover's uncle, who had saved Warren's life back in the day. So, when Clover called early in the morning to invite him to breakfast, Warren rescheduled his entire morning to make it.

The breakfast turned into a leisurely affair, extending until now.

"Uncle Elijah is still the same. When he heard I was coming to Regalia, he reminded me to find you if I needed anything. He said you two share a bond forged in life-and-death

situations," Clover said with a smile. Warren felt a wave of emotion at the mention of their bond. "Yes. Elijah saved my life," he said, taking a sip of coffee.

Reflecting on the matters Clover had

brought up during their

conversation, Warren assured him "Don't worry, Clover. I will personally ensure that Jack's past deeds are thoroughly investigated. If there's any wrongdoing, the law will not let him go unpunished."

"Thank you, Uncle Warren," Clover responded, lifting his cup in a gesture of respect and gratitude.

Their conversation continued amiably, punctuated by moments of shared memories and mutual respect.

Warren felt a sense of closeness to Clover upon hearing him say "Uncle Warren". As such, he didn't conceal the conversation he had with Jonathan's assistant earlier.

"Clover, this matter has also caught the attention of Mr. Jonathan. Is it related to the Ms. Young you mentioned earlier?"

Clover merely smiled in response, opting not to say too much about Rose. Jonathan's involvement didn't surprise him.

After all, he had deliberately let Jonathan know about Jack's deeds. Jonathan had acted swiftly, making his regard for Rose clear.

Meanwhile, Jonathan's car pulled up outside the Finch Manor. He had received word that Yosef had returned to the manor early in the morning to have breakfast with Eleanor. Jonathan's visit was specifically aimed at Yosef.

He stepped through the entrance to

find Yosef and Eleanor tending to the flowers in the garden. Ever since Jonathan became the head of the Finch family, Yosef often sought to make his presence felt, especially around Eleanor.

Upon seeing Jonathan, Yosef greeted him warmly from a distance. "Jonathan! What brings you here? It's almost lunchtime. I suppose you'll be staying to have lunch with your grandmother, right?" Given Jonathan's busy schedule, particularly with the recent incident at the art exhibition involving Ezra, he hadn't been back to the manor in a while. Yosef was confident Jonathan wouldn't stay for lunch. Jonathan approached, first greeting Eleanor before turning to Yosef. "Uncle Yosef, are you staying for lunch?"

"Of course!" Yosef replied with a broad smile.

Jonathan had expected this response. However, he furrowed his brow slightly.

"I thought you might not have the time, Uncle Yosef. But don't worry about Jack's situation. With the Finch family's influence in Regalia, we can handle it even if he's committed a serious offense."

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Chapter 468 The Witty Side Of Jonathan

[1,106 words]

Jonathan usually ignored Yosef, but he unexpectedly offered words of comfort and concern that day. Yosef was initially taken aback, but his expression drastically changed as he reflected on the meaning of Jonathan's words.

"What do you mean he's committed a serious offense? Jonathan, Jack has always been well-behaved and diligent at work. Don't tarnish his reputation with baseless accusations," Yosef retorted, knowing full well that Jack's abilities at work were average. However, in Eleanor's eyes, Jack represented him. He had maintained Jack's image and couldn't tolerate Jonathan tarnishing it.

Jonathan's demeanor shifted from concern to shock and puzzlement. "Uncle Yosef, does this mean you don't know?"

Yosef had no idea what Jonathan was talking about. He looked at his nephew, feeling a sense of foreboding rising within him. He couldn't help but wonder if Jonathan was trying to use Jack to attack him.

Refusing to take the bait, he attempted to change the subject. He forced a smile and said, "Jonathan, since you're busy, I won't have the kitchen prepare lunch for you. Rest assured, your grandmother has me to keep her company. If you care, just visit her occasionally." He was subtly reminding Eleanor that Jonathan rarely returned to Finch Manor. Naturally, Jonathan saw through Yosef's tactic but had no intention of letting him off the hook so easily.

"Uncle Yosef, I thought you cared about Jack, but it seems..." Jonathan shook his head and easily brought the conversation back on track.

Upon seeing the stiff smile on Yosef's face disappear, he sighed. "Jack probably got involved in that illicit gathering and drug abuse case because he felt neglected by you." Yosef's mind went blank, and the smile on his face completely vanished.

"What do you mean by illicit gathering and drug abuse? Jonathan, how could you spread such slander about Jack? As his cousin and a member of the Finch family, you should be ashamed of yourself!" he scolded angrily, for he knew such serious accusations against his son were also a direct blow to him.

Jonathan looked at Yosef innocently. "But Uncle Yosef, I'm not slandering him. I only heard about this incident this morning when I overheard some chatter at the company.

"Apparently, someone's neighbor works at the police station and caught wind of a story involving Jack.

"Curiosity got the better of them, and after a phone call, the news spread like wildfire. I made sure to scold those involved, emphasizing that we mustn't spread rumors without evidence. After all, seeking the truth is what matters most.

"But with the reputations of Jack, yourself, and the entire Finch family on the line, I knew I had to get to the bottom of this. I wanted to prove that the gossip surrounding Jack's alleged involvement in promiscuous behavior and drug abuse was completely baseless. "Unfortunately, when I sent someone to investigate at the police station, the truth was more distressing than I could have ever imagined..." Jonathan let his sentence trail off, but the implication was clear.

Yosef's face had turned beet-red with rage. Recalling Bella's strange behavior when she received a call late last night, he feared that what Jonathan said might be true.

However, even if it was true, he could never admit it in front of Eleanor.

"Jonathan, you can plot against me, but you can't-" He gritted his teeth, preparing to play the victim in front of Eleanor, but Anna hurried over with a phone before he could finish his sentence. "Mrs. Finch Senior..." She handed the phone to Eleanor. "It's from the company..."

While Eleanor remained detached from the company's daily operations during her time at Finch Manor, her deep-rooted involvement from her younger days, when she actively worked alongside her husband, meant she needed to be informed of certain matters. As she took the call, her expression darkened with each passing moment, casting a tense and cold atmosphere around them.

Eleanor carried on tending to her flowers, carefully pruning them as she had been doing before the phone rang.

Once she completed her task, she shot a glance at Yosef. Beads of sweat had already formed on his forehead due to his growing anxiety, and her gaze only intensified his unease.

"Why are you so nervous?" Eleanor asked, a smile playing on her lips, though her demeanor was anything but gentle.

"Mom..." Yosef began, but Eleanor cut him off.

"Perhaps your nervous energy would be better spent checking on your dear son. He must be quite frightened being all alone at the police station."

The biting irony in her voice was impossible to ignore. Eleanor's obvious anger further validated the truth behind Jonathan's words.

"Mom, don't worry. If Jack has truly disgraced the Finch family, I won't let him get away with it!" Yosef was seething with anger. Everything Jack did affected Eleanor's perception and judgment of him.

"Damn that Jack!" he fumed inwardly. Wasting no time, Yosef set out to confront his ungrateful son and ascertain the extent of the chaos he had caused.

Upon departing, he cast a resentful,

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venomous glare in Jonathan's direction. With Yosef gone, Eleanor stood up and headed inside, deliberately ignoring Jonathan. She was furious. en FindNovel

Given her keen intellect, it was impossible for her not to discern the machinations of Jonathan's plan. While Jack had undeniably erred, the rapid dissemination of this news throughout the company undoubtedly bore the mark of Jonathan's involvement. Content

Eleanor believed that family scandals should never be aired in public. To her, this was equivalent to disregarding the Finch family's reputation.

Even knowing this would anger Eleanor, Jonathan still acted this way because it was the only way to make her aware of Jack's deeds. He was using Eleanor to pressure Yosef.

Through this calculated maneuver, Jonathan sought to utilize Yosef to obstruct all future avenues for Jack, ensuring his utter defeat.

Only by making Jack powerless would he stop clinging to this issue, allowing Rose to have peace of mind.

Jonathan was about to leave when Eleanor, who had just reached the hall's entrance, suddenly stopped. "Jonathan..."

Jonathan looked over.

Eleanor continued, "Ms. Young, who visited our home the other day, left too quickly, and we didn't get a chance to talk. Have her come over tomorrow for a visit."

She left Jonathan no room to refuse. Almost instinctively, he clenched his fists. He knew this was his grandmother's way of punishing him, spurred by her anger. "Rose..." he mused. Even after leaving Finch Manor, his brow remained furrowed.

"Mr. Finch, is everything alright?"

Noticing Jonathan's troubled expression, both Leonard and Finley exchanged worried glances. This wasn't how things should have transpired.

After all, they had just witnessed Yosef's furious exit, confirming that Jonathan's objective in returning to Finch Manor had been fulfilled. "Mr. Finch, could it be that you're thinking about Mrs. Finch?" Leonard took a guess.

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Chapter 469 Utterly Humiliated

[1,105 words]

As expected, the moment Jonathan got into the car, he instructed Finley, "Head to the Young Family Hospital." Finley raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

As Jonathan made his way to the Young Family Hospital, Rose took a taxi to the Finch Family Hospital.

Meanwhile, Bella's outburst was still ongoing at the police station. "Do you have any idea who I am? Do you know who my son is? If you don't release him, I'll make you pay dearly!"

She had lost all sense of rationality, casting aside the grace and composure befitting the name Mrs. Finch.

After all, Jack was her everything. The thought of him being beaten and locked up drove her to madness. The onlookers, who were aware of her status in the Finch family, didn't dare to drive her away. When Yosef arrived at the police station, he witnessed Bella arrogantly scolding an officer, her finger pointing accusingly at his nose.

Yosef's grim face darkened further. He immediately stepped forward and slapped Bella across the face.

The resounding slap echoed through the police station's lobby as Bella staggered and fell to the ground, clutching her face in shock. When she looked up and saw Yosef, her eyes flickered with unease. "Why are you here?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"If I hadn't come, you'd have kept this from me, wouldn't you?" Yosef retorted, his tone sharp and accusatory. "How long were you planning to continue this madness and disgrace us?"

Acutely aware of the judgmental stares around him, his expression darkened even further. This was neither the time nor place to discipline Bella.

With a piercing glare, he commanded, "We're leaving. Now!"

As he turned to go, Yosef caught sight of Rupert standing nearby. "You're coming too!" he ordered brusquely.

Although Rupert held significant influence within the Maize family, the power disparity between the Maize and Finch families was immense. Faced with Yosef, Rupert could only respond with respectful compliance. Rupert stepped forward to help the still-dazed Bella to her feet. "Let's go. I told you not to make a scene earlier, and now look what's happened..."

Bella appeared remorseful, yet her true concern was the possibility of Yosef learning about Jack's actions.

"Yosef doesn't know about what happened to Jack, right?" She grabbed Rupert's wrist anxiously, desperately clinging to a sliver of hope.

Rupert sighed helplessly. "Given that he's already here, he probably knows."

"He knows..." Bella felt a wave of weakness wash over her. Thankfully, Rupert supported her as they walked out of the police station.

Her mind was in turmoil. "What should I do? In Yosef's eyes, Jack had always been well-behaved. If Yosef knew what he had been doing in secret..." "Get in the car!" Yosef's voice cut through Bella's thoughts as they reached his vehicle.

They climbed in, and Yosef's expression was so dark it seemed almost menacing. Bella swallowed nervously and tried to explain.

"Jack is the victim..."

"Victim?" Yosef sneered. "Was someone forcing him to hold an illicit gathering? Did someone hold a knife to his throat, coercing him into drug abuse?"

"It's not like that," Bella insisted, her voice trembling. "There's more to the story. Didn't you see Jack? He was beaten mercilessly, his body covered in bruises. You have to seek justice for him!"

She emphasized Jack's injuries, hoping to evoke Yosef's sympathy. Unfortunately, in Yosef's eyes, there was never such a thing as sympathy.

He glared at Bella's disheveled appearance in the rearview mirror and scoffed. "I will uncover the truth myself. Just look at you. You're no different from a madwoman!"

"Return home immediately, and don't you dare show your face in public without my permission!"

Without another glance at Bella, he stepped out of the car.

"Rupert, come with me," he commanded. Feeling like a mere underling, Rupert reluctantly followed Yosef back into the police station.

As they made their way inside, Yosef questioned, "What's the situation?" His tone made it clear that if Rupert concealed anything, there would be severe consequences.

Thus, Rupert relayed the events truthfully—from his visit to the station the previous day to Bella's arrival that morning.

"Jorge was about to secure Jack's

release, but the chief suddenly intervened and took over the case asserting that the evidence was conclusive. It seems that Jack may not only face detainment but potentially charges as well, he explained.

The sudden involvement of the chief piqued Yosef's interest. However, he remained quiet. Leveraging his connections, he arranged to see Jack in his cell. Upon witnessing his son lying bruised and battered on the bed, Yosef's expression hardened.

"Dad?" Jack hadn't expected Yosef's visit. His first instinct was to reassure him, "Dad, don't worry, I—"

"You ungrateful brat!" Yosef coldly interrupted him.

At that moment, all he could picture was Jonathan standing before him with a sarcastic sneer. This time, Jack had truly disgraced him.

"Dad, I'm sorry. I..." Jack stammered, feeling guilty.

"Don't call me Dad!" Yosef snapped, his gaze icy. His eyes had nothing but anger. He had entered the cell merely to see Jack, and now that he had, he turned to leave without another word. However, Yosef didn't leave the police station.

"I need you to arrange a meeting with the person in charge," he instructed Rupert.

Rupert immediately understood. "Of course. I'll contact Jorge and set up the meeting right away."

"Not him-I want to meet with the chief himself," Yosef clarified.

Since the chief had taken over Jack's case, he knew he needed to speak with the man directly. Rupert was momentarily taken aback but quickly grasped Yosef's intentions.

Half an hour later, during lunchtime,

Yosef had reserved a table at an

upscale restaurant for a private meeting with the chief. He waited patiently, and finally, a waiter

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ushered someone into the room.

However, the person who arrived was not the chief, but rather Rupert.

"Where is he?" Yosef asked with a frown.

Rupert looked helpless. "I asked Jorge for help, and I did meet the chief, but he said his position is too sensitive, and it wouldn't be appropriate for him to dine with the family of a criminal." Yosef's face darkened. Being labeled as "the family of a criminal" when he was from the esteemed Finch family was beyond insulting. He was seething with anger, and he had no outlet for it. "Yosef, what about the meal then?" Rupert, who had been working tirelessly since the previous night, was in dire need of sustenance.

Yosef shot him a fierce glare. "Forget the meal. We're leaving!"

With the chief's absence, he had lost his appetite. Rupert could only follow suit, his own hunger mounting.

He thought Yosef might give up on Jack after such an encounter, but to his surprise, Yosef returned to the police station right after leaving the restaurant.

They waited until lunch had passed, and when the chief finally arrived at the station, Yosef intercepted him outside.

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Chapter 470 Poor Jonathan

[1,191 words]

Yosef introduced himself with a smile. "Mr. Sullivan, I'm Yosef Finch."

The police chief, Carson Sullivan, frowned, clearly trying to remember who he was. "Finch?" he mused.

Seeing Carson still not making the connection, Yosef helped him out, which he rarely did. "About the case you took today involving Jack..."

Recognition finally dawned on Carson. "Ah, yes. The family member. How may I be of assistance?" he asked politely.

Yosef attempted once more to invite Carson to dinner that evening, only to be swiftly declined. Left with no alternative, he initiated a conversation outside the police station.

He began, "Regarding Jack's case, while it should be thoroughly investigated, he's always been well-behaved and couldn't possibly have committed those crimes. Plus, he's injured. Is it possible to release him on bail for recovery? As for the rest..." He planned to smooth over the situation once things calmed down. However, Carson only sighed in response.

"I empathize with family members standing by their loved ones, but facts are unyielding, and the law is absolute.

"Even ancient kings were subject to the same justice as commoners. As a public servant in our modern society, I must enforce the law impartially.

"Mr. Finch, your son's transgressions are quite severe, so, unfortunately, bail isn't an option." He remained resolute, offering no opportunity for negotiation.

Yosef's displeasure grew. "Mr. Sullivan, you may not know me, but you should know the Finch family, right?"

Carson paused briefly before a smile spread across his face. "Of course, I'm aware."

He was not only familiar with the Finch family but also with Yosef himself. After all, it was nearly impossible to find someone unfamiliar with the prominent Finch family in Regalia. "Doesn't the thought of offending the Finch family concern you?" Yosef's voice grew cold. He decided to apply pressure since Carson seemed unresponsive to subtlety.

However, Yosef had severely underestimated the character of the man before him. Or perhaps his understanding paled in comparison to Carson's knowledge.

The threat was evident, and Carson naturally picked up on it. However, he maintained his calm demeanor.

"I wouldn't dare to offend the Finch family, which is precisely why I must conduct a thorough investigation into your son's case," he said.

With that, he headed back into the police station, leaving Yosef standing there, contemplating Carson's words.

"What did he mean by conducting a thorough investigation precisely because he didn't want to offend the Finch family?" Yosef mused.

Suddenly, he clenched his fists as a realization struck him. "Jonathan..." he muttered through gritted teeth.

It became clear to him that Jonathan must have influenced Carson's decision. "But to what end? Was his goal to see Jack behind bars or to humiliate me publicly?" he thought.

At that moment, Yosef longed to confront Jonathan and deliver a well-deserved punch. However, he knew that losing his temper would only serve to give Jonathan more ammunition for mockery.

Initially, his only concern was preventing Jack's conviction to preserve his reputation. Yet, as this situation transformed into a battle of wills between him and Jonathan, Yosef became increasingly determined to prove Jack's innocence and clear his name. If Jonathan could manipulate the situation, he was equally capable of doing the same.

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Meanwhile, the lunch hour had just passed at the Finch Family Hospital. Having grabbed a quick meal outside, Rose entered the facility with the purpose of visiting Ezra.

His room was situated in a secluded section of the hospital, guarded by a contingent of bodyguards. As soon as they saw Rose, they stepped aside without her even having to explain her purpose.

Surprised, Rose asked, "That's it? You're just letting me in?"

She was aware that the bodyguards were tasked with preventing anyone from entering the room or even approaching the area.

One of the bodyguards responded respectfully, "Mr. Finch has expressly permitted your entry, Ms. Young. Any other individual would have been barred from this area."

Rose's heart skipped a beat. Trying not to read too much into it, she forced a smile and walked toward Ezra's room.

As she opened the door, she

expected to find Ezra in bed, but it was unoccupied. Startled, she quickly regained her composure and was about to call for the guard when she heard a sound near the window beside the bed.

Rose approached and found Ezra lying on the floor, making her wonder if he had fallen out of bed.

Panic-stricken, she hurried to help him up. Thankfully, Ezra cooperated, and she got him to sit up. However, he refused to stand.

Ezra repositioned himself to lean against the bed. His gaze was fixated on Rose's forehead. Thinking that her bangs were in the way, he reached up. Before Rose could react, he brushed her bangs aside, revealing a scar hidden beneath. Ezra's gaze flickered as he lowered his eyes remorsefully. "I'm sorry."

Rose understood the unspoken meaning behind his words. "It's not your fault... What happened that day was an accident."

Naturally, Ezra knew it wasn't as simple as an accident. His uncontrollable, ferociously aggressive side had reared its head once more.

"The floor is cold," Rose said. "You've just woken up. It would be best if you returned to bed, or, at the very least, sat on it. It's better than being on the floor." Ezra remained motionless. After a long silence, he finally said, "I didn't fall."

Rose was puzzled.

"Lying on the floor is comforting. The coolness against my back clears my mind," he explained.

Rose was rendered speechless.

"You should join me." Ezra patted the floor beside him, sincerely inviting her.

Rose hesitated but ultimately chose to sit beside him. Observing Ezra's profile, she couldn't help but notice his striking resemblance to Jonathan.

Initially, she had chalked up their similar appearances to coincidence, never imagining they were actual brothers, sharing the same parents.

Not only did their profiles match, but

so did their noses, eyes, and facial features. The main difference lay in their expressions-Jonathan appeared stern and aloof, whereas Ezra seemed gentler.

Unbeknownst to Rose, Ezra had turned to face her as she was mentally comparing the brothers. It wasn't until she met his amused gaze that she realized her mistake.

A flush crept up her face as she hastily tried to explain herself. "I... I wasn't..." She desperately searched for a way to clarify without causing any misunderstandings.

Her thoughts were in turmoil. But before she could find the right words, Ezra let out a soft chuckle. "I understand."

Rose was taken aback, unsure of what he meant. "No, you don't!" she blurted out impulsively.

"I do understand..." Ezra repeated, his tone shifting from amusement to seriousness. "Are you aware that your eyes lit up when you were looking at me earlier?" Rose was left speechless, struggling to find the right words. She knew that an explanation was still within reach if she could articulate her thoughts. "You really like this face," Ezra affirmed with unwavering certainty.

Rose couldn't refute it. "Who

wouldn't admire such a handsome face? Your fans adore you for your striking looks. As the entertainment industry's top player, it's clear why you're so celebrated!" she complimented.

Ov

Ezra unexpectedly turned to face Rose head-on. "I wasn't referring to my face."

Rose's brow creased in confusion. "It's Jonathan's face you're drawn to," Ezra stated, holding her gaze intently.

Rose froze, her expression betraying her. Ezra noticed the brief flicker of guilt in her eyes.

"Poor Jonathan," he remarked.

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

- Chapter 471 Jonathan Is Acting Weird

Chapter 471 Jonathan Is Acting Weird

[1,074 words]

Rose was rendered mute, reeling from the unexpected assertion that Jonathan, the revered and feared head of the Finch family, could be considered pitiful. She reckoned she must have misheard Ezra's words. But the confusion wasn't limited to Rose alone. The man standing at the door, having arrived at an uncertain point in the conversation, also raised a brow.

"I'm pitiful?" he mused.

"Isn't he pitiful?" Ezra queried, his eyes sparkling with mirth as he observed Rose's reaction. "The woman he loves only appreciates his face. If he were to lose it, wouldn't he also lose her affection?"

Rose was momentarily taken aback. The statement seemed somewhat logical. However, she quickly focused on the phrase "the woman he loves", but decided to intentionally ignore it almost as if fearing to confront the idea. Nonetheless, Ezra's claim that she was only interested in Jonathan's physical appearance didn't sound right to her.

Without much thought, Rose immediately retorted, "Who said it's just about his face?"

Ezra was intrigued. "Oh?"

He looked at Rose, his gaze inviting her to elaborate. For some reason, facing him made Rose feel incredibly at ease.

She pictured Jonathan in her mind, trying to summarize why she liked more than just his face. Memories of her moments with Jonathan flashed through Rose's mind. She pondered what else she liked about him beyond his face. She mused, "Was it the way he gazed intently into my eyes? Or perhaps the sense of security and comfort I experienced while wrapped in his arms?"

For a while, Rose remained silent. However, her expression and an involuntary joyful smile made it clear to Ezra that her feelings for Jonathan were far from superficial.

"Jonathan..." Ezra wanted to say something but stopped short. The atmosphere in the ward grew tranquil, punctuated only by the soft breathing of the two occupants.

At the door, Jonathan, who had been on the verge of entering, abruptly retreated from the ward's vicinity.

"Mr. Finch, why did you come out? Isn't Mrs. Finch inside?" Leonard questioned, glancing toward the room.

The bodyguards had confirmed Rose's presence inside, so it made little sense for Jonathan not to visit her.

Leonard and Finley exchanged a look, both observing that something seemed off about Jonathan.

As Jonathan's mind replayed Rose's silence, he wondered what it implied. It seemed to him that she had nothing else to like about him apart from his face.

Lost in thought, he wandered forward until he halted in front of a reflective glass pane. He scrutinized his reflection, his focus fixated on his face.

Finley and Leonard followed behind him, observing Jonathan touching his face as if looking in a mirror. First, he studied his entire face, then his profile.

This behavior was unusual for Jonathan, who typically couldn't care less about his appearance. His sudden fixation on his features was both baffling and concerning. Suddenly, Jonathan's voice broke the silence. "Is my nose not high enough?"

The question startled both Leonard and Finley, their hearts skipping a beat.

As if that wasn't enough, Jonathan continued, "Are my lips too thin? They say having thin lips means having a fickle personality..."

Leonard and Finley exchanged wide-eyed glances, shock evident in their expressions.

"Is my jawline too harsh? Does it make me look unapproachable?" Jonathan persisted, prompting Leonard and Finley's expressions to mirror those of having seen a ghost. Jonathan's behavior was undeniably strange, and they wondered if something was wrong with him.

Finally, Jonathan proposed, "Should I find a top-notch plastic surgeon?" Unable to bear it any longer, Leonard and Finley simultaneously interrupted him.

"Mr. Finch!" Their hearts couldn't take much more of this bizarre episode.

"Mr. Finch, your face is already perfect. You don't need a plastic surgeon," Leonard assured him.

Finley added, "Indeed, Mr. Finch, your features are even more exceptional than Mr. Jameson's. There's no need for any changes."

Both Leonard and Finley felt distressed. They couldn't help but wonder what terrible event could have triggered such a thought in Jonathan's mind.

Jonathan frowned at his reflection in the glass, still appearing somewhat dissatisfied. "Is that so?"

Leonard and Finley nodded vigorously. "Yes. Absolutely!"

"But..." Jonathan frowned, about to say something more, when Leonard swiftly interjected, employing his most convincing argument.

"Mr. Finch, your wife adores your face just as it is. If you alter it and she no longer finds it appealing..."

Jonathan's expression stiffened. Leonard's words rang true-Rose cherished his face in its current state. The risk of changing it and potentially inciting her disapproval loomed large.

He let out a deep breath. Looking at

his reflection again, he changed his perspective. After a contemplative pause, he instructed Leonard, "Hire a reliable facial care expert for me. No matter the cost."

He thought his face needed to remain precisely as Rose cherished it.

Oblivious to the shock on Leonard and Finley's faces, Jonathan turned his thoughts to another pressing concern-Eleanor had requested he bring Rose to Finch Manor the following day.

Recognizing his grandmother's

request as a form of punishment for

his previous transgression, He was resolute in his determination not to allow Rose to face whatever

unknown challenges awaited her alone.

"Leonard..." Jonathan suddenly spoke.

Leonard and Finley were still reeling from the shock of Jonathan's unprecedented request for a facial care expert.

Upon hearing his name, Leonard quickly snapped back to attention. "Yes, Mr. Finch? If there's anything else you need, be it a facial care expert or another specialist, I'll find the best one for you." Jonathan gave him a brief, unamused glance, displeased with the faint trace of amusement in Leonard's eyes. The subtle reprimand was all it took for Leonard to return to his composed self. "Mr. Finch..."

"How's the negotiation with Lerain Group going?" Jonathan asked, changing the subject abruptly.

Lerain Group, with its extensive overseas business network, was comparable to Finch Group. Last year, Eleanor had expressed a desire to expand into international markets, prompting Jonathan to set his sights on a partnership with Lerain Group.

During his time in Aquastead, Jonathan had met with Clover, the head of Lerain Group. Since then, Leonard had been handling the negotiations.

However, Lerain Group's stance remained unclear. They neither committed to the partnership nor rejected it. Each meeting was positive and cooperative, yet they avoided making any definitive statements.

Leonard was perplexed by this. "Mr. Finch, Lerain Group's attitude has been consistently vague. Our interactions have been smooth, but I can't identify the source of their hesitation."

While he couldn't identify the issue, Jonathan's sharp intuition immediately recognized the root of the problem. "Clover..." he mused.

Since Clover had come to Regalia, it was only proper for Jonathan, as the host, to meet with him personally.

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Chapter 472 Can We Have a Drink

[1,063 words]

That night, Clover drank alone at a bar in Regalia.

He had just ended a call, where he found out Yosef was actively using his connections for a favor. Was he still intent on bailing Jack out?

When he heard the news, he stated that Jack could not be released. The more they resisted, the more Jack would suffer.

Perhaps he was so focused on his thoughts that he became unaware of the constant admiring gazes thrown in his direction. His exquisite facial features and captivating vibe made him the most appealing man in the bar. Initially, the women only admired him from afar. Then, a woman broke the ice and made her move. "Can I have a drink with you, sir?"

Clover lifted his head, revealing his handsome and heart-throbbing smile. However, his irresistible lips uttered the coldest words. "No, thanks."

The woman felt her heart shatter. Even though he had rejected her, she maintained her composure to leave a good impression on him. As such, she didn't insist and left with a gracious smile.

A woman's failure meant another chance of success for others. Gradually, those who thought they had a shot proceeded to hit on him.

However, without exception, all of them returned to their seats in disappointment. Despite the rejections, they stared longingly at the handsome man. Amid their admiration, they began to suspect a theory.

All the girls who went up to him were undoubtedly bombshells, yet a man like him chose to drink alone instead of spending time with one of them.

Perhaps... he liked men and not women? At least, that was their theory.

As they made the assumption, they saw a man approaching him. A guy who was almost as alluring as he was had entered the picture!

"Can we have a drink?"

Clover was sipping his wine when he heard a sultry voice. "Is it another admirer? No..." he contemplated with furrowed brows. "That's a man's voice!" he thought.

He was straighter than a pole. He thought he had come to an ordinary bar where he could enjoy himself amid the boisterous scene. Yet, after multiple attempts from several women, a man was now hitting on him! Clover was slightly displeased. "I'm not into that."

Jonathan was speechless. He was here to show goodwill and had purposely softened his tone to keep things polite. What was Clover mad about?

"Mr. Xanth..."

"Like I said, I'm not into that!"

Clover had lost his mood to enjoy the night. He regretted coming to this bar. Had he known he'd be approached by men here, he would've dragged Emily along when she rejected him. Clover didn't want to stay another second. He disregarded the remaining wine in his glass and rose to his feet. Yet, when he turned and saw the person before him, he froze instantly. "Jonathan?" He was visibly startled.

Jonathan flashed him a rare smile. "You seem bothered, Mr. Xanth." His bad mood ought to affect the outcome of his business discussion with him later.

Recalling the reason for his displeasure earlier, Clover felt awkward and quickly drank from the glass before him to hide his emotions.

As if it was water, he grabbed the wine bottle on the table and moved to pour Jonathan a glass. Seeing that there was no empty glass, he called out to the staff. "Another wine glass, please." His series of actions threw the admiring women in the bar into chaos. So, that was the truth!

Not only was he into men, but he was also interested in this handsome dude! Otherwise, why the series of actions? He was obviously nervous! Was it... love at first sight?

The two men surprisingly made a good-looking couple. The women instantly diminished their t from earlier and started rooting for them. However, Jonathan and Clover were unaware of that.

When the servant returned with an empty glass, Clover poured Jonathan some wine but saw him standing. He hurriedly said, "Have a seat. We're old friends, so let's save the courtesy." From what Jonathan remembered, Clover had always been arrogant. Why was he suddenly so enthusiastic?

It took a while for Jonathan to get used to his energy. Since Jonathan was the one who had sought Clover out, he naturally didn't refuse and sat down. After taking a sip, he stated his purpose. "Mr. Xanth, I'd like to know which aspect of our proposed collaboration is not to your liking."

Clover was surprised to know Jonathan was here to talk business. He instantly stopped feeling the awkwardness from earlier.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Finch. There's nothing I dislike." He repeatedly downed his glass.

At that moment, he was no longer the embarrassed man from before. Instead, every gesture and movement of his exuded an air of arrogance before Jonathan.

Jonathan furrowed his brows. "Then, please enlighten me as to why you've been dragging out signing the papers despite our several attempts."

He understood that the problem lay with Clover. As for the reason that held him back...

Clover maintained his smile. "I don't like Finch Group."

Disliking Finch Group? That was obviously not the reason. If it were, they wouldn't have discussed the collaboration in the first place.

Jonathan locked eyes with Clover and spoke straightforwardly. "Is it because of Rose?"

Startled, Clover didn't expect him to know that. "If you already knew why and want to seal the deal quickly, you should know what to do, right?"

Jonathan had long anticipated this point of their conversation. Suddenly, he lowered his gaze and chuckled.

"Rose is my wife, so I can't possibly satisfy your wishes. However, given the Xanth family's extensive business network abroad, I believe your family would never forgo such opportunities for a girl.

"If we collaborate, it means Finch

Group gets to hit the overseas

market while your family can establish a foothold domestically. It's a win-win situation. I suppose the Xanth family won't oppose that.

"If you intend to challenge me, why don't you try a different approach? As long as you keep Rose out of the picture, I'm okay with anything."

His last few words suggested a significant offer!

Clover looked at Jonathan, and his gaze slowly shifted. Fiddling with his wine glass, Clover smiled half-heartedly.

"Is Rose truly that important to you? Is she worth more than your dignity and life?"

"My life?" Jonathan seemed indifferent. "believe my life has no value to you. As for my dignity..." He met Clover's eyes. "What do you want me to do?" He implied that Rose mattered more than his dignity!

As such, Clover responded, "What do I want? Well, I need time to think about that!"

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Chapter 473 What Did You Do Last Night

[1,029 words]

Clover put a lot of thought into it. While sipping his wine, he stole glances at Jonathan as though he had a million ideas to crumble his dignity. However, he quickly dismissed each of them. Jonathan enjoyed his wine calmly. No matter what Clover proposed, he would accept it.

After some time, Clover revealed a smirk, an indicator that he had arrived at a decision. Then, he swept his gaze across the bar.

When the women saw him looking at them, they couldn't help but feel shy. After filtering his searches among the women, he finally landed on a person.

"See that person?" Clover downed the glass excitedly and raised his chin, signaling Jonathan to look over, which he did.

Not far away from them, a guy sat by the end of the bar. He looked ordinary. However, Jonathan noticed he was looking in their direction with a fiery and intrigued look. When the guy realized the men had looked his way, he seemed slightly flirtatious. Jonathan stayed silent. What did Clover want him to do?

"You should be his type. Did you see how he was staring at you? You should have a drink with him!" Clover's voice sounded before Jonathan.

Clover wanted Jonathan to hit on a man? Instantly, Jonathan shot the former a cold glare. Before he could proceed to say anything, Clover was so shocked that he jolted backward and frightfully patted his chest.

However, that only lasted briefly as his handsome face then showed unmasked provocation. "You're not backpedaling, are you?"

Due to the awkwardness he felt for mistaking Jonathan for flirting with him earlier, Clover wanted him to experience the same feeling.

Jonathan's sharp gaze slowly softened, but he maintained his dark expression. While the two locked eyes, both held their wine glass. One awaited a good show, while the other was filled with resentment. After a while, Clover smiled mockingly. "If you don't want to—"

"I do!" Jonathan interrupted him.

Clover was surprised to see him conceding. Soon after, he applauded him. "If so, go ahead, Mr. Finch!" He leaned against his chair, ready to enjoy the show.

After Jonathan tidied his suit, grabbed his wine glass, and stood up, he stared at Clover and sternly reminded, "I've told them to prepare the contract. You can sign it later. If you don't..."

Jonathan didn't finish his words but managed to convey his meaning through his chilly gaze. Clover understood him.

If he had made a fool out of Jonathan, he would be doomed in Jonathan's hands even if he had the Xanth family as his backing! Was he afraid? He naturally wasn't, but...

He met Jonathan's eyes and flashed him an innocent smile.

Soon, Jonathan grabbed his glass and turned away. His action instantly attracted all the women's attention in the bar.

Seeing that the handsome beau behind them had stood up, they couldn't help but hold their breath. Everyone else gradually paid attention as well.

Amid the anticipating gazes, Jonathan slowly made his way to the end of the bar. It wasn't until he arrived before the man Clover had selected that he halted his steps.

"Can we have a drink?" Jonathan

raised his wine glass. When he said that, he instantly felt a sense of déjà vu. That was exactly what he said to Clover earlier... Such a common phrase held a different meaning when used in certain contexts.

Amid Jonathan's daze, the guy was surprised to receive his invitation and answered, "Of course. Come, have a seat." He pulled the seat out for Jonathan.

Despite his reluctance, Jonathan had no choice but to sit beside him. Then, he could distinctly feel the guy's hand traveling behind his back.

Such an action was highly ambiguous. However, Jonathan was revolted by it. Even when faced with women, other than Rose, he was averse and always maintained a distance with them-let alone with a man!

At that point, Jonathan desperately wanted to walk back to his seat and bash Clover. However, for the sake of the contract, he had to endure this.

Once he sealed the collaboration with the Xanth family, Eleanor would be content, and Rose would be out of trouble.

"What would you like, sir? Do you want anything else? I know a place where we can do more than just drink. It's fun there. If you like, I can take you there."

The man inched closer to Jonathan,

not knowing he was straight. As he

did so, Jonathan's face darkened.

When he swept his harsh gaze over

the

man, he turned terrified and instinctively straightened his back.

"Drink!" Jonathan glanced at the glass on the bar.

QUMS

The guy was startled but soon became more into it. Who wouldn't like an aloof, handsome man? That type of man in question was sitting right beside him and asking him for a drink!

He excitedly replied, "Sure, let's drink."

He raised his glass and downed it. Upon seeing that, Jonathan followed suit. He had completed the task of asking him for a drink! That meant he had no other reasons to stay.

Jonathan rose to his feet and left

without looking back. He revealed a

victorious smile while returning to

his original seat. Then, he ordered

Clover as he stood before him,

want to see the contract signed by 8:00 p.m. tomorrow. Get it ready, Mr. Xanth."

Clover raised his brows. "Sure, as you wish. However, I'm afraid you've been marked as gay by everyone here!" He thought he could provoke Jonathan with that.

Yet, Jonathan merely smiled faintly. "You do hold a grudge, Mr. Xanth. But I must clarify-I didn't drink with you because I wanted to hit on you."

With that, Jonathan ignored the stiffened smile on Clover's face. "Here's to a great collab, Mr. Xanth!" Jonathan raised his empty glass and placed it on the table. With a flourish, he headed out of the bar. Left behind was Clover, who stood still and felt embarrassed.

The next morning, all the necessary contracts regarding the collaboration between Lerain and Finch Groups were handed into Jonathan's hands.

Leonard was more than surprised. "We tried so hard to seal the deal. How did you do it after a night..." He looked at his boss with shock and curiosity.

Yesterday, Jonathan made him track Clover's location. After knowing he was at a bar, Jonathan quickly dropped by. Out of curiosity, Leonard blurted, "What did you do last night, sir?"

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Chapter 474 Caught in Embarrassment

[1,041 words]

Leonard's question soon received a cold and brutal glare from Jonathan, as if saying, "Whoever dares to bring up last night again will be dead meat!"

Leonard trembled and quickly dismissed his curiosity. "Okay, I'll stop."

Perhaps he had lost his bearings from Jonathan's intense glare, so he started buttering Jonathan up. "You're amazing, sir. You effortlessly resolved an issue that took others months to achieve! You're so wise, sir. And..." He thought his words would ease Jonathan's anger, but he saw Jonathan's gloomy expression intensifying.

"Sir..." Leonard became anxious and mindful.

"You seem to have too much free time on your hands." Jonathan stared at him with intensity.

Knowing that his fawning attempt earlier was a flop, Leonard dared not say anything more. "I'll... go follow up with the project."

He immediately disappeared from Jonathan's sight for fear of being in the presence of this furious man.

Finley, watching from the side, accidentally burst into laughter. When Jonathan glanced over, Finley concealed his smile and reminded him of his schedule for the day.

"Sir, I received a call from Finch Manor ten minutes ago. Mrs. Finch Senior stressed your attendance for tonight's banquet."

A reminder... It seemed that Eleanor still held a grudge. Jonathan glanced at the document in his hands and answered, "Got it."

He was confident that the collaboration between the Finch and Lerain Groups could stop Eleanor's will to see Rose.

...

At the Young Family Hospital...

After visiting Ezra yesterday, Rose felt relieved. She was ready to see Yvonne after a good night's sleep. When passing the emergency fire door, she heard a woman weeping behind it. Who was crying?

Rose frowned and immediately heard the woman begging in between sobs. "Evo, Eve is fine now. It won't take you much time to go through with the wedding in Aquastead." It was Dawn and Eva.

"Evo, you promised me. The wedding is in two days. I've already booked the flight tickets. Please return to Aquastead with me. Okay?" she sobbed.

Rose recalled the last time Dawn requested her to advise Evan not to postpone the wedding, which she refused. Was their wedding just two days away?

"We can postpone the wedding. You know Eve. She's not exactly out of the woods." Evan sounded impatient.

Dawn had always been kind and generous. Yet, when it came to Yvonne, she was overly indifferent.

Although Yvonne had kept her life, her shattered limbs, plastered in casts, and her bandaged face made Evan feel terribly sad for her. Nevertheless, Yvonne always forced a smile to console everyone, while Dawn only cared about her wedding and disregarded the former. "Evo..."

"I promised I'll marry you. I won't renege on my words. If only you could give me more time and wait for Eve to get better..."

"Miles has arranged a villa for you to settle and nurture yourself during your pregnancy. There will be professionals looking after you. Just stay there so you don't have to go back and forth between the hospital and the hotel. "I can't leave Eve alone in the ward. I'll head back in now."

Evan had been mentally and physically exhausted lately. At that moment, he was suppressing his impatience while consoling Dawn.

Outside the fire door, Rose snapped back to reality. If she got caught eavesdropping on content she shouldn't have known, it would only make the situation awkward.

Almost reflexively, she turned around and retreated to the turn, hiding herself with the wall.

After hearing the retreating footsteps, she waited another moment before turning the corner. Assuming they had left, she was surprised to see Dawn standing by the fire door.

Startled, she soon locked eyes with Dawn who had turned around. The atmosphere turned strange. Recovering quickly enough from the awkwardness, Rose revealed a smile and casually greeted her.

"Hey, Dawn. You're here."

During every shift change with Evan, Rose would see her beside him. She resembled a devoted wife who was always caring for him.

Dawn, regaining her composure, quickly wiped the tears off her face. While doing that, she smiled contently.

"Oh, Rose, this is embarrassing. I heard that pregnant women tend to have emotional fluctuations. I don't know what just happened."

"All I thought about was how my baby would call me Mommy and Evo Daddy, and I just..."

Rose stayed quiet. Was that really what happened though? Both parties were trying their hardest to hide something, so Rose naturally wouldn't expose her.

She chuckled. "Congrats to you. I'm relieved to see you this happy." She truly wanted Dawn to find the happiness she desired.

Dawn stroked her tiny bump. "I am happy now."

The situation made Rose feel eerie. As such, she excused herself by saying she had to change shifts with Evan.

Unbeknownst to her, the smile on Dawn disappeared as Rose passed by her. Instead, it was replaced with coldness and darkness.

"She heard us!" Dawn thought. She scoffed, and humiliation ignited within her and gradually engulfed her being. At some point, her nails had dug into her palms.

"She heard it! But she pretended she didn't. She must have been mocking me when she congratulated me," she thought.

As for Evan, she deemed his explanation a lie. It wasn't that he wanted to stay for Yvonne but because of Rose! How could she know what he secretly felt?

He had always been in love with

Rose since young. Had it not been for Dawn's calculated trick that got herself pregnant, she wouldn't have gotten the chance to marry Evan.

She watched her wedding, which was supposed to be in two days, get postponed right under her nose.

How could Evan do that to her? It had to be because of Rose that he refused to marry her! All of that was Rose's fault.

Dawn pondered about what she could do. She stood still for a long time and only left the hospital dejectedly after a long while.

What could she do then? Rose had Miles and Evan's protection, while she watched her wedding and position as Mrs. Spencer slipped away through her fingers.

If she did anything impulsive to Rose and was caught, she would gain nothing and even lose Evan for good. There was nothing she could do!

She couldn't help but feel extremely aggrieved. As she arrived by the roadside, she was pulled back to reality by a blaring horn.

Dawn turned to the luxury car, inches away from her, and apologized in a panic. "Sorry! I'm so sorry..."

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Chapter 475 A Glimpse of Her Old Self

[1,076 words]

Dawn only got into Aquastead College thanks to Rose's sponsor. When she worked at a high-end restaurant in Aquastead, she had met countless wealthy people and had been reprimanded harshly for minor mistakes. She had long gotten used to being mindful. However, it was as if the car horn had triggered her low self-esteem and humbleness.

"I'm so sorry..." Dawn continuously apologized with a lowered head. She couldn't take on the elites in Aquastead, let alone the ones in Regalia.

The luxury car window slowly rolled down. Lizzie glanced at Dawn and was caught off guard for a moment. It felt like she had seen her old self.

But soon after, she regained her composure. After sweeping a cold glance over Dawn, she shifted into a smile and opened the door to walk toward Dawn.

"Are you okay, young lady?" Lizzie looked concerned.

Her kind voice put Dawn into a trance. When she looked up and saw the noblewoman before her, she was stunned in place momentarily and stared at the woman. "Hello?" Lizzie held Dawn's hand.

Recovering from her daze, Dawn realized she had been rude by staring at the noblewoman. She looked down. "N-No, I'm okay. I'm so sorry, madam-"

"Why are you apologizing to me?" Lizzie frowned. "It should've been me. My driver blared the horn and scared you. It was my fault too because I was too eager to see you."

To see her? The startled Dawn thought she had misheard. "See me?"

The person before her looked more than a typical noblewoman, based on her demeanor and manner of speaking.

"Yeah, you. I have a favor to ask of you. Why don't we... talk inside the car?" The kindness radiating from Lizzie's gentle smile made one unable to refuse her. Even as Dawn entered the vehicle, she remained stunned.

A shield separated the driver and the passenger's backseat, leaving only Lizzie and Dawn in the ample space.

Staring at Dawn, Lizzie wore a smile and seemed unreadable. Her gaze was amicable, but her unsolicited kindness made Dawn ponder this stranger's intention. More importantly, what could she do for her?

"I'm not from Regalia, madam. I just came here from Aquasteed not long ago. I'm afraid I can't help you."

Dawn looked at the noblewoman before her with a hint of admiration. They were from two different worlds!

However, Lizzie simply responded with a faint smile. "I'm aware."

She was? How did this woman know she was from Aquasteed? She easily read all the visible signs on Dawn's face.

"I also know you're Dawn Stevens, a friend of Rose!"

"Rose?" Dawn unknowingly revealed a hint of resentment in her gaze when hearing her name. Soon, she realized this woman wanted her help regarding Rose. However...

She smiled. "I probably don't deserve to call myself her friend yet."

She was merely a student Rose had sponsored. It was only with her help that she got to go to school in Aquasteed. Without her, she wouldn't even meet Evan.

All of these were enough reasons for her to thank Rose, yet for some reason, Rose's "charity" made her feel small. When recalling what happened at the hospital earlier, she couldn't help but tighten her fists.

All her fleeting emotions reassured Lizzie that Dawn would be a good minion for her. "There's no deserving or not when it comes to making friends. You know, I do vibe with you, and I adore you."

Lizzie patted the back of Dawn's hand. Gradually, the latter relaxed. She looked at Lizzie and asked, "What can I help you with?"

"It's simple heard Rose designs

jewelry, so I would like her to custom-make me a set. I'm free tonight. Would you be able to bring her

to this location?" Lizzie passed Dawn a note. en FindNovel

"1 Mount Ebott?" Dawn was clueless about where that was.

Without waiting for her response, Lizzie patted her hands gently again. "I believe in you. I'll be waiting for you at 7:00 p.m. tonight."

Even after exiting the vehicle, Dawn stayed in a daze. The luxury car was no longer in sight, but the note crumpled in her hand reminded her that everything was real.

"1 Mount Ebott... Rose..." She read the address on the note. Other than that, there was also a phone number.

Although Dawn didn't know who that lady was, her instinct told her that the lady's reasoning was just a coverup.

If she truly wanted her

custom-made jewelry, she could've gone straight to Rose instead of going through her. If so, her true motive was... using her to trick Rose into going to 1 Mount Ebott

"It seems like I'm not the only one who dislikes you, Rose!" Dawn revealed a cold smile. Should she take the risk for that lady? Soon enough, she decided to take part in it. As for the plan...

...

At the hospital, Rose found Yvonne asleep when she entered the ward.

She thought Evan only sounded tired when she heard his voice at the fire door, but when she saw him, she realized he was in a haggard state. Compared to his usually carefree look, he looked messy with visible red veins in his eyes. She could tell he was worried sick about Yvonne.

"Go ahead and rest, Evan." Rose lowered her volume to avoid waking up Yvonne.

"Okay." Evan was similarly grateful for Rose. The only person, other than him, who truly cared about his sister in Regalia was her.

"Thank you, Rosie. I'll come by earlier for tonight's shift," he said before leaving.

Although the hospital was equipped with medical workers, Rose and Evan only felt relieved if they watched over her in person.

Usually, without any special occasions, Rose would take the daytime shift until 7:00 p.m. before handing it over to him. As for tonight, though...

"Don't worry, Evan. I'm free tonight. Just rest more and spend some time with Dawn. It's fine if you don't come tonight too."

She wanted to add that he could carry on with his wedding in Aquastead worry-free while she watched over Yvonne in his stead. However, she instantly swallowed her words. Wouldn't that be exposing herself to have eavesdropped on their conversation? As such, she dismissed her thought.

Meanwhile, Yvonne was in a poor state that day, with pain in several spots and pale lips for almost the whole day.

Rose couldn't help but feel sorry for her. It wasn't until the afternoon that she recovered slightly and fell asleep. Holding her hand, Rose prayed for her to heal soon.

At about 6:00 p.m., Rose received a phone call.

"Rose? Rose..." The person sobbed on the phone as soon as the call connected. The voice belonged to Dawn.

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

Chapter 476 It's a Trap

[1,053 words]

Why was Dawn calling her? If she remembered correctly, the two had not contacted each other over the phone for a long time. Not to mention, Rose felt like Dawn had turned into a different person when they had reunited in Regalia this time. Surprised, Rose quickly comforted her after sensing she was crying. "Dawn? What's wrong? It's okay. Calm down, and talk to me slowly."

Her concern was genuine and contagious. Had Dawn actually been in a terrifying situation, she would've felt comforted by her.

On the other side of the call, Dawn became startled but only for a fleeting moment. As though discarding a part of her real self, she continued feigning terror and cried.

"Rose, I was wrong. I lied to you. This morning at the hospital, I wasn't crying out of happiness. It's supposed to be my wedding in two days. I asked Evan to return to Aquastead with me, but he refused, saying he wanted to postpone the wedding..." Rose was surprised to hear her mention this.

Dawn continued, "I cried because of that, Rose. I'm pregnant with Evo's baby, and the baby needs this ceremony. That's why I was anxious about it... I was mad, so I left the hospital to get some fresh air. I took a cab and told the driver to drive me around. "I was too focused on my thoughts and forgot about the time. When I realized, the fare meter showed an amount way out of my existing cash. I fought with the driver because I couldn't pay the full amount.

"After taking my money, he kicked me out of the car... Rose, what should I do? There are no cars here at all... I'm hungry and thirsty..." She sobbed helplessly.

Rose softened her tone and comforted her. "Hey, relax. Does... Evan know?" For some reason, she thought Evan should be the first person Dawn reached out to when she needed help.

Dawn paused briefly and panicked. To avoid raising suspicion, she cried even harder. "Rose, I called Evo, but his phone was switched off. He's been too tired taking care of Eve lately. Maybe he's sleeping. I don't know... Rose, I'm scared..." Rose frowned upon hearing her sobs. If anything happened to a pregnant lady in the wild...

"Relax, Dawn. Just tell me where you are, and I'll pick you up." She maintained a low voice while glancing at Yvonne on the bed.

When Rose exited the ward, Dawn described her location. "I don't know where I am. After the driver left, I wandered and saw a sign labeled Mount Ebott."

Rose didn't think much about that name. "Wait for me there."

After ending the call, Rose told the nurses to look after Yvonne before leaving the hospital. She took a cab and tried to call Evan's number but was informed that his device had been switched off.

In the meantime, Dawn stood at Ebott Road, which she had carefully chosen beforehand. Just a distance away was 1 Mount Ebott, the designated location on the note.

She also anticipated Rose calling Evan on her way here. In an attempt to make the settings real, she deliberately returned to her hotel and prepared a glass of water, dosed with sleeping pills, for Evan. After he fell asleep, she unplugged his phone from the charger, knowing that his remaining battery wouldn't be sufficient to last the night.

As such, she wasn't lying when she told Rose that Evan's phone was dead. Even if Rose were to check out the situation, she would only hear an automated message stating his phone was switched off. Dawn caressed her belly and smiled coldly. "Sorry, Rose." She was, however, not sorry at all.

After a while, she thought of the lady she had met and quickly called the number on the note. The call soon connected.

"Hello?" A voice rang from her speaker.

Dawn's tone was careful. "It's me, madam."

"It's you, Ms. Stevens. Have you done what I asked?" Lizzie looked and sounded amicable, but her eyes were tinted with coldness.

"I can only make Rose pass by your location, madam. That's... all I can do." Dawn had thought of countless ideas, but she arrived at this plan, which had the mildest chance of being exposed.

She knew that the lady, with such exquisite appearance, probably had a way to lure Rose inside.

As expected, Lizzie smiled. "Thank you, Ms. Stevens. That's more than enough. Rest assured that I'll repay you with my gratitude. Is your wedding in two days?"

Dawn was shocked. How did she know that? "Yes- Well... no. It was supposed to be, but something happened. The wedding might be postponed." She didn't hide the disappointment in her tone.

Lizzie quickly knew what Dawn wanted. "There are still two days, Ms. Stevens. Perhaps things would fall back into place," she hinted at her. To Dawn, however, her consoling words were merely out of courtesy and didn't have any impact on her.

After ending the call, Dawn sat by the road. She pondered that lady's intention and what she wanted to do to Rose.

Nonetheless, she didn't regret being an accomplice. All she needed to do next was continue waiting. She had to finish the show without raising any suspicions.

At Finch Manor, Eleanor organized

the family banquet that night in a rush. Although it was supposedly a family gathering, she had invited people outside the family, like Anastasia, Yara, and Rose.

Lizzie heard from Anna that Eleanor had personally sent Anastasia and Yara invitation cards while instructing Jonathan to bring Rose along.

After asking around about the incidents lately, Lizzie easily deduced why Eleanor wanted Jonathan to bring Rose.

If she could, so could Jonathan. Judging by his affection for Rose, he couldn't possibly send her to the manor and face Eleanor's obstacles. As such, she concocted a plan.

Since Jonathan prevented Rose from attending, Lizzie had set a trap for her to come! Recalling the phone call earlier, she revealed a sly look.

It wasn't a problem to her that Rose would only "pass by the manor" because she could easily make her stay! She burst into a cold laugh and called a number.

The garden of Finch Manor was

especially busy at the moment. Yara had arrived early. Knowing Eleanor had green fingers and always stayed at the manor, she purposefully gifted her a few expensive plants

Eleanor adored them and couldn't stop smiling. As Jonathan entered the manor, he heard a cheerful laugh...

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Chapter 477 His Guest

[1,043 words]

"Mrs. Finch Senior, I met a veteran actor during my shoot, and he loves saffron crocus. He's very well-versed in them.

"He spent a lot of effort nurturing this lilac one. I had to convince him until he reluctantly parted with it.

"Also, these Kadupul flowers are part of a botanist's personal collection. It was one of his precious babies. And this..." Yara aimed to impress Eleanor, looking like she was presenting treasures.

Since the day she and Jonathan became "entangled" at the hotel, Eleanor became extremely indifferent toward her. She had been looking for a chance to change Eleanor's impression of her, so she had come prepared by learning all her interests.

After multiple attempts, she finally received Eleanor's invitation to attend the Finch family's banquet. Coincidentally, she had prepared these plants in advance and brought them tonight.

Looking at how Eleanor examined the flowers, Yara knew she had it in the bag. As expected, Eleanor had an added hint of adoration in her eyes when looking at her. "You sure know the way to my heart!"

As she said that, she saw a figure passing by the garden and heading straight into the building... alone.

She frowned. "Jon..."

Jonathan didn't want to participate in the garden scene. However, he had no choice but to return to the garden when he heard Eleanor's voice.

The incoming poised and upright figure rendered Yara's heart racing. This man, notwithstanding his identity, was enough to make one fall for him with his appearance. She deserved to have a man like him! Yet, he had never spared her a glance. Jonathan arrived before Eleanor and greeted her. "Grandma."

She glanced behind him. "Didn't I tell you to bring a guest? Hm?"

He didn't reply to her question. "Grandma, I have great news."

Great news? Eleanor stared at him briefly and instantly knew that this "great news" was aimed at suppressing her anger. Did he care so much about Rose that he shielded her from facing her wrath?

She lowered her eyelids. "I assume it's the ultimate great news then."

"So... Shall we talk at the study?" Eleanor didn't refuse and told the helpers to serve Yara well before leaving with Jonathan.

Yara was reluctant to look away despite the two having disappeared from her sight. The family banquet had yet to start, but the guests had gradually arrived.

Aside from Anastasia, Bella was the last to arrive. She didn't want to attend initially. After all, her son was still in lockup, and she was too troubled to enjoy a banquet.

When she heard from Yosef that Jonathan was involved in Jack's incident, she knew what it meant. Even without concrete evidence, she deduced that Rose was the one who had bashed Jack!

She almost wanted to confront Rose, regardless of whether it meant killing her or not. However, Yosef's slap sent her back to reality.

He said confronting Rose would only further anger Jonathan, seeing how he had protected her. Besides, Jack was still in the lockup.

During the last 24 hours, Yosef had used all his connections to bail him out, but it was futile. He crashed the items in his house to lash out, while Bella... couldn't take it anymore.

Whatever it took, she needed to get Jack out. As such, she showed up to the banquet.

"Mrs. Finch Senior said Mr. Jonathan was supposed to bring a guest. What did she mean?" Yara had been curious and guessing while in the garden. When she arrived at the tea room, she decided to ask Bella and Lizzie. "Is Jon bringing a guest?" Lizzie seemed shocked, as if clueless about that information.

Yara glanced emotionlessly at her. When faced with Lizzie, she wasn't as enthusiastic as with others. Although she was Cyrus' wife, Yara heard that Jonathan disliked her. As such, she naturally paid no heed to her since that was the case for her future husband, Jonathan

She deliberately inched closer to Bella. "Aunt Bella, do you know who Mr. Jonathan is bringing?"

"How would I know?" Bella thought. She was already troubled enough to begin with, so her tone was stiff and cold. "I don't know."

Her response made Yara slightly awkward. To ease the atmosphere, she shifted her attention to a helper nearby, looking arrogant.

"You must know who Mr. Jonathan is bringing!" She raised her chin and gaze with a mighty attitude. "Hurry up and tell me! That way, I can prepare beforehand and host the guest!"

She behaved like the lady of the house with the way she spoke and acted. This left the helper in an awkward position.

"..."

"What are you stuttering for? Answer me!" Yara grew impatient.

Her aggressive demeanor made the

helper nervous. After all, how could she reveal such supposedly confidential information to an outsider? Still, she knew she couldn't

offend the guest. As such, she

humbly lowered her head in apology.

"I'm... unsure. Sorry, Ms. Maize..."

Naturally, Yara wouldn't let that slide. "You don't know who your boss is hosting? Do you even work here?" "Ms. Maize..."

"Enough!" Bella had no choice but to stop Yara despite her already frustrated state.

"Aunt Bella..." Yara was displeased that she had been stopped. Bella glared harshly at her and dismissed the helper. She wanted to lecture Yara to act more humble right then but saw Lizzie's anticipated gaze.

Bella's face darkened, and she seized Yara's wrist.

"What are you doing, Aunt Bella?" Yara was caught off guard.

Having been dragged away by Bella, she could only leave the tea room with her. When they arrived at an empty area, she flung Bella's hand away. "What are you doing?" "That's my question for you!" Bella chided. "You're not even married to Jonathan, yet you're already acting like it. People will see you as a joke!"

Yara recalled her actions earlier and thought she had indeed been obnoxious. But still...

"I ought to be his wife sooner or later. Isn't it normal to question a helper?" She rolled her eyes. "If they dare to mock me, I'll—"

"You're not married to Jonathan, Yara!" Bella unhesitantly cut her off.

"I..." Yara's face stiffened. She eagerly wanted to refute but was glared at by Bella.

"If Eleanor or Jonathan had seen you earlier, did you think they'd like you still? You're an actress who's supposed to be good at acting. What's wrong with you today?" What went wrong? Well, of course, it was because she had won Eleanor's heart earlier! Yara looked smug.

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Chapter 478 Are You Nervous

[1,047 words]

"I gifted Mrs. Finch Senior several valuable plants, which I spent a ton on. Luckily, she likes them and now has a better impression of me!" As soon as Yara said that, she heard a discussion from the kitchen.

"Ms. Maize just asked me who Mr. Jonathan is bringing."

"Did you tell her?"

"Of course not! This is the Finch family! Besides, that was Mrs. Finch Senior's instruction for Mr. Jonathan. Nobody can ever dare me to reveal their matters to an outsider!" An outsider? When Yara heard that, she felt humiliated.

It was one thing that Bella had warned her about others' opinions, but when she heard others discussing her behind her back, her prideful self wanted to give them a lesson.

Yara tightened her fists and was about to confront them when Bella halted her. Before the discontented Yara could say anything, she heard the discussion continue. "But I think Mr. Jonathan truly adores Ms. Shaffer..."

"You think? Didn't you see how Ms. Shaffer defended him? When Mrs. Finch knelt before Mr. Jonathan that night, Ms. Shaffer's first instinct was to shield him."

"But Mr. Jonathan didn't need a woman's protection. At the time, I even thought she was overstepping. But upon reflection, I realized it was her instinct telling her she couldn't let anyone harm Mr. Jonathan. That's why she protected him unhesitantly!" "You're right! Ms. Shaffer's bravery and powerful presence make her deserving to be part of the Finch family. And her looks..."

"Although we couldn't see her clearly that night, she looked fairly compatible with Mr. Jonathan!"

"Too bad Mr. Jonathan had just returned alone and didn't come with Ms. Shaffer..."

Every word of the chatter traveled into Yara's ears. At that moment, her pretty face contorted out of fury.

"Ms. Shaffer? There's only one Shaffer around Jonathan, and it's Rose! How dare they say Rose should marry into the family and that Jonathan likes her? And they're compatible? As if!" she thought.

Yara tried everything in her power to suppress her impulse to correct them. However, her rational mind took over this time.

She grabbed the stunned Bella, whose current thoughts were unknown, and quickly headed far away from the manor before ensuring nobody was around.

She was just about to express her frustration when she heard Bella's voice.

"Rose..." It sounded like Bella had uttered her name through gritted teeth, making the resentment in her tone unmissable.

"That's right. Mr. Jonathan's plus-one is Rose!" Yara finally got the answer to her question, but it was nothing like her expectations.

"They said it was Mrs. Finch Senior's order for Mr. Jonathan to bring Rose. What did she mean by that?" She was confused, which made the situation even more unpredictable.

"Luckily, he didn't bring her here." Yara was relieved because she didn't want Rose to attend the Finch family banquet. After all, tonight was her opportunity to get closer to Jonathan.

Bella suddenly piped up, "He should've brought her!" That way, she could give Rose a lesson!

Unbeknownst to them, Rose was currently at Ebbott Road, getting closer to them. In the meantime, a car was parked by the roadside at the intersection outside the manor.

Anastasia sat in the driver's seat, her eyes darting around as if struggling with an intense dilemma. She looked into the darkness that spanned down the road and bit her lips. At last, she finally made the call. "Madam Lizzie..." Her voice trembled.

Lizzie, who was originally in the tea room on the ground floor, went up to the second floor after Yara and Bella left. She could perfectly see the street outside the manor from the room she was in. When she heard Anastasia's voice, she smiled faintly. "What's wrong? Are you nervous?"

Of course, Anastasia was nervous. What she was about to do next would pose a danger to herself. If she had a slight misstep...

"I'm terrified, Madam Lizzie. Is there... another way?" Anastasia's eyes wandered. However, her question only prompted more questions to be thrown at her.

"And how will you get her inside? How about you and I give her a phone call and invite her in? Is that what you think will work?" As usual, Lizzie's words were sharp and precise despite her calm tone.

Indeed, that was the case. They

didn't have a proper reason to invite Rose into the manor. As such, they could only orchestrate an accident and blame it on fate later on. Even if Jonathan had his suspicions, he couldn't do anything without concrete evidence.

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"Anastasia, I've always had high hopes for you and Jon, but then... I know that you've been living separately from Anthony and are proceeding with a divorce, but he's not letting you go. He doesn't even want to meet you, let alone talk about the divorce. That is

huge

burden to you.

"Besides, Yosef and Bella are encouraging the marriage alliance between Jon and the Maizes. I'm worried for you, Anastasia.

"You know, Anastasia. I'm actually acquainted with Anthony's mother..."

Lizzie didn't hide her tempting offer. To Anastasia, this exchange of benefits was exactly what she needed right then. She couldn't refuse the offer.

Hence, she instantly dismissed her hesitance and said, "I know what to do, Madam Lizzie."

Lizzie smiled contentedly. "Do it well, and be safe."

"Yes." Anastasia bit her lip. After ending the call, she looked ahead at the road, determined. Suddenly, a car maneuvered toward her direction. Was it finally time?

"Rose!" Anastasia murmured, her hands tightening around the steering wheel.

Mount Ebott was a fair distance away from the Young Family Hospital. Following the winding path up Mount Ebott and entering Ebott Road, Rose examined the situation outside the car for fear of missing Dawn. Even then, she hadn't found Dawn. As such, she could only ask the driver to keep going forward. As they drove, she told him to reduce his speed.

When they passed by a spot, she saw a familiar-looking manor. Suddenly, Rose remembered where she was.

At that moment, a screeching brake

sound blared in her ears. The next moment, a loud bang echoed in the still air before she felt a violent impact that caused her head throb painfully. Along with that came an intense pain from her body as she slammed against the back of the seat.

Her brain instantly recognized she was in a car accident, however, she lost consciousness the next moment. The collision was deafening, especially on such a quiet night. As such, everyone in the manor was alerted.

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Chapter 479 Stealing His Attention

[993 words]

Watching from the second floor, Lizzie revealed a smile.

"What happened?" Cyrus asked upon exiting from his art studio.

Sensing that he was behind her, Lizzie hid her smile and turned to him with a solemn and worried look. "Let's go check it out." They could bring her in while they were at it.

The pair descended the stairs and saw Yara and Bella, who were similarly startled by the loud sound. "It sounded like... a crash..." Yara commented as she turned toward the source of the sound.

Soon, Lizzie and Cyrus hurried outside. The two women locked eyes and followed the couple.

In Eleanor's study, when the loud crash pierced through the walls, Jonathan couldn't help but feel his chest tighten, his breath hitching.

"What's wrong with me?" he wondered as he touched his chest, a sense of foreboding creeping in.

Holding up the collaboration agreement between the Finch and Lerain Groups, Eleanor was unperturbed by the booming sound as though she didn't hear it. Instead, she stared at the document and nodded in satisfaction. "You did a great job, Jon."

She was generous with her compliments. Undeniably, the Xanth family could be a huge stepping stone for Finch Group to expand its overseas market.

"I'll go see what happened, Grandma." Jonathan couldn't ignore the growing anxiety within him. He believed it had something to do with that crash he had heard.

Eleanor heard him but was unbothered. "What's there to see? Just let Anna handle it."

Her abundant life experiences made her apathetic toward minor things like this. All she cared about at that moment was this collaboration!

"Now that you're the ruler of Finch Group, Jon, my biggest wish is for the company to maintain its wealth and status, and to see it grow and thrive. With the Xanth family-"

Jonathan's ringing phone interrupted Eleanor. She watched as he fished out his phone. He wouldn't disrupt their discussion no matter what pressing matter it was.

As such, she was confident he would decline the call and continued, "With the Xanth family's partnership, you must..."

However, Jonathan wasn't paying attention to what she said. His phone screen displayed an incoming call from the bodyguard he had sent after Rose. Recalling the unsettling feeling from earlier, he quickly answered the call with bated breath. The caller spoke, "Sir, Mrs. Finch is in trouble..."

Before they could explain any further, Jonathan had turned around to leave the study. When he reached the door, he anxiously asked, "Where is she?" His voice was audibly shaky. "Outside Finch Manor..."

That meant the booming sound from earlier... Jonathan kept his phone and dashed outside.

In the study, Eleanor scrunched her eyebrows. Anna rang the telephone in the room, which she answered.

The latter reported, "Mrs. Finch Senior, there's been a car accident outside the manor. Two vehicles have crashed into each other. One of the drivers is Ms. Anastasia, while the other-" "Rose?" Eleanor interrupted her.

Anna was shocked. "How did you know, Mrs. Finch Senior?"

Eleanor ended the call without responding. How could she not know? Jonathan looked like his soul had left his body when answering the call. Moreover, he even left in the middle of their conversation. Who else but Rose could make him act that way?

To excuse Rose from attending the family banquet, Jonathan had sealed the collaboration between Finch and Lerain Groups as an exchange. Yet, here she was...

Eleanor became more intrigued by Rose. "Now, let's meet this girl from Aquastead and see what she has that got my grandson under a spell!" She grabbed her walking stick and slowly exited the study. Around the same time when Jonathan heard the news, Clover was at his villa, Royal Garden, and received the same call.

"Car crash? Where is she?" He instantly put down the glass of wine, which he had been enjoying, and walked outside. Emily saw him and followed suit.

"Sir, there's another group who's secretly tailing Ms. Shaffer. They've gone to take a look, so it's best if we stay low first."

Another group? Clover instantly guessed it was Jonathan's bodyguards. "I got it. Send me the address. I'll be there soon," he ordered in a low voice. When Clover ended the call, Emily had driven the car out of the garage. With that, the two headed straight to Finch Manor.

....

When Jonathan rushed to the scene, there was already a crowd. Under the lamp post, they saw smoke emerging from the crashed vehicles.

At that moment, his heart skipped a beat. Instantly, he found his bearings and squeezed through the crowd only to see Rose stuck inside the car.

"Rose..." Jonathan was unaware of his trembling voice. He quickly went forward, while the bodyguard opened the car door, revealing the unconscious Rose in the backseat.

"Step aside!" He felt suffocated by the sight of her.

The bodyguard quickly made space, after which Jonathan carefully carried Rose into the manor. As he did so, he yelled, "Call the doctors!"

There was a designated medical team within Finch Manor. Nobody dared to go against Jonathan's instruction, so Anna summoned the doctor from another building to the main one.

From the cars, the cab driver was assisted out of the vehicle while the other lay on the steering wheel.

Although Anastasia was prepared

for the collision earlier, her head still knocked against the steering wheel and started bleeding. It was painful. Amid the chaos outside the car, she heard Jonathan's voice.

"Has he brought Rose inside? I did it! But... It seems like he didn't notice me in the car," she thought.

Filled with disappointment, she supported her aching head and looked up. It was only then that the people outside noticed her.

"Anastasia? It's her!" exclaimed

Lizzie. She seemed worried, and her

kind persona left her no choice but to dash toward Anastasia's side and show he

show her concern. "Somebody, help! Anastasia is hurt too!"

Anastasia rolled down her window. Before the others could come closer, she whispered to Lizzie, "I did it, Madam Lizzie."

Lizzie was extremely satisfied with the outcome. She leaned against the window and whispered back, "You can look forward to your divorce soon!"

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Chapter 480 An Unusual Jonathan

[1,071 words]

At last, Anastasia was assisted out of her car. Nobody knew about their secret conversation, nor the truth about the "accident".

The crowd returned to the manor, while Dawn continued waiting further down the road. She repeatedly checked the time and confirmed that there was no activity at the end of the road. "I guess it's done!"

Lizzie should have already taken Rose in. Otherwise, the latter would've arrived by now. It was also about time Evan woke up as well. Indeed, he had.

When he awoke, the room was in darkness. He searched for his phone on the nightlight and wanted to check the time but couldn't find it.

As such, he quickly turned on the light and saw his phone, with the charger, on the ground. He remembered he had plugged it in before sleep...

Evan initially frowned but soon relaxed his brows. Perhaps he had accidentally knocked his phone over amid his deep sleep.

When he picked up his phone, he saw it had been switched off. By the time the phone regained its battery, he realized he had missed the hour for the shift change.

He hoped Rose wasn't too exhausted, so he quickly left. When he arrived at the ward, he saw Yvonne sleeping in a nurse's company.

"Where's Ms. Shaffer?" he asked softly.

"Ms. Shaffer left about an hour ago. She took a call and had an emergency I think."

Evan didn't think much about the emergency. What was strange was he hadn't seen Dawn since he woke up. After much contemplation, he called her but realized that he couldn't reach her.

Despite several attempts, it remained futile. Recalling the fight they had this morning, he frowned. "She must be mad at me," he thought.

He knew she wanted to proceed with the wedding. Despite knowing he was only marrying her out of responsibility, he still felt repelled by it. After dialing her number a few times, he gave up.

Sitting by the road, Dawn watched as her phone rang repeatedly. It was Evan, but she dared not answer. She was afraid that he would find out about her deeds or become worried about Rose upon discovering her disappearance. Hence, she pretended not to see his calls and decided to hold off until later.

By then, even if Evan found out about Rose, Lizzie would've achieved her goal, and Dawn would have a better excuse for her absence.

As she contemplated her next steps, a searing pain struck her stomach. She held her belly and gritted her teeth, brushing the pain off. However, the pain persisted. She couldn't help but feel anxious. "It's okay. It's probably nothing..." Dawn comforted herself.

The cold wind grazed her skin, sending chills down her spine. Faced with the increasing pain, she couldn't take it anymore and fished out her phone to call Evan.

"Hello?" Evan's voice sounded.

She was lethargic from the pain. Hearing his voice resembled a lifeline for her. "Evo, help... Help me..."

"Where are you? What happened?" Evan asked anxiously.

Dawn couldn't possibly recite to him what happened. After a momentary daze, she knew she had to keep up the act. Ultimately, she cried, "I don't know, Evo. I'm... I'm at Ebott Road. I don't know where I am exactly. Help me, Evo..."

As long as Evan traveled along Ebott Road, he would find her!

At Finch Manor, 1 Mount Ebott...

In the office of the healthcare building, the room was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

Rose was unconscious, having suffered a concussion. Despite the doctor assuring him that she was fine, Jonathan remained solemn. The people in the room dared not relax.

"Anastasia, what exactly happened? How did you crash into her?" Lizzie asked amid the haunting silence. That was a question that everyone in the room had. As such, she needed to explain. Anastasia had scrapes on her head. As if petrified from the "car accident", she seemed increasingly fearful and unstable when asked about the crash.

"It was all my fault... I didn't notice the oncoming car. If only I'd arrived earlier, this wouldn't have happened..."

"It's just that, lately, I've been pulling all-nighters at the company. I was so happy that Mrs. Finch Senior had invited me to the banquet. That's why I came immediately after work.

"I wasn't in my best state and didn't want to be rude to Mrs. Finch Senior. As such, I parked by the road and retouched my makeup. Since I was exhausted, I decided to rest briefly.

"I thought it was a quick nap, but

when I opened my eyes and saw the

time... I started driving in a panic

because didn't want Mrs. Finchoet

Senior to wait. So, I forgot to check the road. Who'd have known that at the next second..."

The next second, she crashed into an oncoming car. That sounded perfectly reasonable. Everybody in the room knew her family had been in an inheritance dispute since Oliver's passing. Anastasia, as one of the managers in Young Group and Oliver's adopted granddaughter, naturally had the right to fight for it. As such, it was perfectly normal for her to be busy with work. Retouching her makeup... Taking a power nap... It all made sense.

Eleanor sighed. "You could've come in and rested. It's so dangerous to sleep in a car. No. This is on me. I shouldn't have invited you when you're busy and tired-"

"This isn't your fault, Mrs. Finch Senior. I'm glad that you invited me. It was my fault that I wasn't mindful of the road." Anastasia quickly interrupted Eleanor and took all the blame.

Glancing over at Rose, she seemed extremely aggrieved. "Thank goodness, Rosie is safe. Otherwise, I don't... Rosie..."

At that moment, Rose opened her eyes and heard her voice. Meanwhile, Jonathan was asking the doctor to reevaluate her CT scan to make sure she was a hundred percent fine from the collision.

As such, Anastasia was the first to

notice her. She even strode toward

Rose while calling her "Rosie"

intimately. At that point, she needed to show everyone she was

ye'

Swnet

e

remorseful for what she'd done to Rose. , FindNovel

Before she could act her script or get near her, she was blocked by an arm. She stopped and looked up only to see Jonathan intercepting

her. His face was grim, as though preventing her from nearing Rose.

The moment he turned toward Rose, however, his sullen expression vanished. "You're awake! Are you hurt anywhere? What about your hands? Your legs? And your head is it still dizzy?"

He shot her a series of questions. More importantly, his gentle and caring voice shocked everyone in the room.

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