

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

Chapter 481 She Cannot Be Afraid

[1,008 words]

They had never seen this version of Jonathan before. Although they were aware of how differently he acted toward Rose from the other night, they never knew such an aloof and cold man could be this compassionate. Eleanor looked at Rose with an added hint of curiosity. Cyrus, on the other hand, relaxed his shocked expression and focused on Rose. As for Lizzie...

Although she wore her usual, gracious smile, an unmistakable coldness flashed in her eyes. However, she wasn't looking at Rose, but rather Yara. Although she was crowned as a renowned international actress, it was obvious that she had the worst acting skills among everyone in the room. The way she looked at Rose revealed her utter jealousy. Had it not been for Jonathan's presence, she might've gone up and attacked Rose.

Lizzie raised her brows seamlessly. She thought luring Rose into the manor would make her susceptible to Eleanor's challenges, but Jonathan's actions gathered more resentment toward Rose. It seemed her efforts weren't in vain.

The surrounding gazes made Rose ignore her dizziness and quickly snap to reality. Then, she scanned the individuals in the room.

Whether it was people she knew or didn't know, they were all looking at her. She couldn't help but raise her guard. "Rose..." Jonathan's voice pulled her focus to him. Right then, she saw the concerned look on his handsome face. Seeing that Rose was in a daze, Jonathan wanted to call the doctor, but she grabbed his hand. "Where is this?"

She vividly remembered that she was in the car, looking for Dawn at Ebbott Road. For some reason, she got into a crash and...

She looked at Jonathan, the only person in the room who would answer her question. Upon hearing her voice, he heaved a breath of relief and hurriedly replied, "This is Finch Manor. You were in a car crash outside just now. Are you in pain or anything?" Rose met with his concerned eyes; he remained worried upon not receiving any answers. "I'm... fine," she said while gripping his arm.

She felt perfectly fine, but the thought of her being at Finch Manor and Ebbott Road...

At that instance, she finally realized why it felt familiar while she was on her way here. She had been here with Jonathan once!

Due to the darkness and her distraction from the incident that night, she didn't pay attention to the scenery outside. That was why she couldn't recognize the place earlier.

"Did you say I was in a car crash outside the manor?" Rose thought it was too coincidental for some reason.

Sensing her suspicion, Anastasia quickly said, "It's my fault, Rosie. I didn't know a car was coming, let alone see you inside..."

Then, she repeated her story to Rose. In the end, she even held Rose's hand worriedly. "Thank goodness the doctor says you're fine. Rosie, why didn't you tell me you were coming to the Finch family banquet tonight? I could've picked you up and gone together..." Since they were both Oliver's adopted granddaughters, it made sense for them to be close. However, only Rose knew how unnatural it all felt.

She knew better than anyone that she didn't share such a relationship with Anastasia. She hated pretenses and facades. Moreover, she wasn't there for the family banquet.

When recalling her reason for being at Ebbott Road, she sprung up. "I need to get going. Sorry about this."

Perhaps due to the concussion earlier, she was rather wobbly in her steps. The next moment, Jonathan's arms held her.

"I'll take you." His voice sounded above her head.

Yet, before they could step forward, Eleanor asked, "Anna, how's the kitchen doing?"

"Everything is ready, Mrs. Finch Senior." The dinner was ready long ago but had been interrupted by the car accident.

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"If it is, let's start. Jon..." Eleanor supported herself with the walking stick. Her tone was gentle and amicable yet carried a note of authority. "Help out Ms. Shaffer, I bet she hasn't had dinner. Since we're all here, let her join us." That could only mean one thing.

"Grandma..."

Jonathan locked eyes with Eleanor. He thought he had reached an agreement with her. Their collaboration with Lerain Group was supposedly the cost for excusing Rose's attendance, yet... "Is Ms. Shaffer unwilling to accept my invitation?" Eleanor ignored Jonathan and looked at Rose. Her smile made her look amicable.

Rose fell silent. The person before

her was none other than the most respected member of the Finch family. If she refused her invitation, it was equivalent to embarrassing her. That would be rude. But Dawn though...

At the thought of her, Rose was about to speak up when someone interjected. Ms. Shaffer, you better not disappoint Eleanor. You said you needed to get going. What's so important that requires your presence? If it's not important, just order anyone here to do it

It was Bella who had suddenly spoken. Not only did Eleanor intend for Rose to stay, but so did Bella.

"Bella is right. Ms. Shaffer, why don't you tell us about the matter?" Lizzie appeared eager to help.

It seemed like everybody wanted her to stay... Faced with their "enthusiasm", Rose knew it would be hard for her to leave.

"Don't be scared. If you want to leave, I'll go with you." Jonathan's deep voice sounded above her and warmed her heart.

Still, was she scared though? Of course not. However, that would be their perception if she left then....

Showing weakness meant a chance of being manipulated. Even if she would leave Regalia soon, she had Yvonne to care for. She couldn't back down!

Rose flashed everyone a smile and changed her mind. "Thank you, Mrs. Finch Senior, for your generous invitation. I happen to be hungry, so don't mind me if I stay." While the crowd assumed she would refuse and were prepared to gaslight her, they were stunned that she had actually accepted the invitation.

"Rose" Jonathan furrowed his brows and wanted to say something but was interrupted.

Meeting his eyes, Rose said, "My friend had a little incident at Ebbott Road, and I was supposed to pick her up. Can you ask someone to do that for me?"

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Chapter 482 Their Relationship

[1,019 words]

"Rest assured, Ms. Shaffer. I'll ask someone to handle that now." Lizzie enthusiastically took the lead without waiting for Jonathan's approval.

Looking at the smiling Lizzie, Rose hadn't forgotten her first time at Finch Manor. That night, the former knelt before Jonathan and attempted to put him in a moral dilemma.

Since she wanted to help, Rose naturally thanked her with a smile. "Thank you, Mrs. Finch."

After all, they had no reason to target or harm Dawn. As such, she wasn't worried about it. Lizzie soon asked Cyrus' driver to pick up Dawn.

The group went from the healthcare building to the main building. Jonathan kept Rose tightly by his side. The entire time, he was tense and solemn as though in high alert mode. He was nervous because Rose was unaware of Eleanor's invitation. Not only did she request Jonathan to bring Rose, but she had also invited Yara and Anastasia. He saw through what Eleanor was trying to do. His uneasiness prompted him to call out to Rose. "Rose..."

She turned toward him curiously. What did he want to tell her?

"The family banquet tonight..." Jonathan furrowed his brows. He wanted to say the dinner was a trap.

However, the intelligent Rose had long realized it. She glanced at Yara and Anastasia before revealing a playful smile. "Are they here to compete to be your wife?"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan halted his steps and darkened his expression.

Sensing his displeasure, she feigned pettiness. "One's an international actress, while the other's the Young family heiress. Both are compatible with the Finch family and your identity."

Jonathan's expression grew darker. She continued pondering who Eleanor would prefer. "Ms. Maize has a great image in the media, while the Young family is the second most influential in Regalia, just after the Finches. They-"

She was just analyzing the situation when she felt her wrist being seized by a large palm. Before she could react, she felt a force pulling her. Instinctively gasping in shock, Jonathan kissed her lips before she could make a sound.

The soft sensation rendered Rose's mind blank. Returning to her senses, she looked around in a panic and only realized Jonathan had pulled her behind a tall floral wall, which shielded the two completely.

She was secretly relieved and subsequently heard his deep, seductive voice. "Don't worry. They won't see us."

Jonathan sounded breathy when he spoke. It had been ages since he last kissed her. The way their lips touched prompted him to lose his rationality.

Rose tilted her head up slightly. Without any care, he lowered his body but was stopped by her this time.

Amid the panic, she grabbed his chin. Then, she dropped her volume for fear of attracting others' attention, her tone stern. "Have you gone insane, Jonathan?"

Had he? How could he not when he heard how she matchmade him with other women? Displeased, Jonathan stared at Rose and said, "You seem to have forgotten our relationship!"

She was stunned briefly.

"I'm your legal husband, wifey. How could you say those to me?" Amid her daze, he grabbed her hand, which was pinching his chin, and caressed it gently.

Rose was distracted by the terms "husband" and "wifey" and didn't notice his movements. Although she constantly reminded herself to cut ties with him, the two were a legal couple at the of the day. She felt regretful about it, but how could she not? They both knew how and why they got married in the first place.

Rose cleared her throat, intending to make things clear once and for all. But before she could say anything Jonathan suddenly embraced her Her face had no choice but to press against his chest as she listened to his heartbeat.

Then, he spoke. "You're the only one I'll ever love, Rose. You're my only wife! Nobody can stop me, not even you!"

His unwavering confession shuddered her heart, intensifying her guilt.

"Rose, I did something that angered Grandma. As punishment, she ordered me to bring you to this banquet tonight..." His voice rang above her head.

Rose was shocked by that

revelation. She wanted to look up at

him but was resisted by his chin

resting on her head. It felt like he had sealed her within his embrace, preventing her from breaking free.

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He continued, "She knows I care about you. That's why she's using you to punish me. But how could I let you face her?"

"I did the one thing I could and offered her an exchange to ease her anger, but who would've thought fate brought you into that accident right outside..."

Was it fate though? She happened to be at Ebbott Road and crashed into Anastasia's car right outside Finch Manor... At that moment, they both suspected something. "Rose, no matter what happens later, just don't consider me," Jonathan stated.

Rose frowned. What could possibly happen? Would she be able to do what he asked? She was unsure.

Meanwhile, the people ahead of them were all immersed in their thoughts. Yara walked with Bella, forming a distance from the rest.

At the healthcare building earlier, the former was extremely dissatisfied. Seeing that it was dark outside, she took the chance to let loose and reveal the frustration on her face.

"I don't understand you. Rose wanted to leave. Why did you have to convince her to stay? Didn't you see how much Jonathan cares about her?"

Yara had planned to use tonight's opportunity to spend time with him and make a good impression. Yet, Bella, who was supposed to be on her side, did her a "favor"!

She couldn't comprehend Bella's

thoughts. Of course, Bella wouldn't

disclose her reason either. While Yara complained, Bella stayed silent and ignored her, only looking at the ground as though contemplating something.

Yara desperately wanted to lash out. Just as she wished to see Jonathan and Rose, she turned around only to see them gone. Where were they?

Halting her steps, she asked, "Where's... Mr. Jonathan and Ms. Shaffer?" How did they disappear?

When the rest heard Yara's words, they stopped and looked behind themselves simultaneously. Jonathan and Rose were gone!

Some of them began to get suspicious. Since Jonathan had previously prevented Rose from attending "the trap", it wouldn't be a shock if he ignored Eleanor's orders and escaped with Rose.

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Chapter 483 Someone's Coming

[1,055 words]

This was something neither Lizzie nor Bella wanted to see. Bella was the first to speak up. "Anna, go and find them."

Anna immediately turned around and retraced her steps. "Mr. Finch? Ms. Shaffer?" she tentatively called out as she searched.

When the sound reached Rose's ears from behind the floral wall, she froze. "Someone's coming!"

At this moment, her body was pressed closely against Jonathan's. She instinctively tried to push him away, but his hand on her back held her tighter. The footsteps grew nearer outside the floral wall. "Jonathan!" Rose's voice carried a trace of urgency.

If anyone from the Finch family saw her so intimately intertwined with Jonathan, she figured that she would face more scrutiny and attacks from Yara, Anastasia, and the rest of the family tonight. The more nervous she got, the tighter Jonathan held her. With a mischievous tone, his voice came from atop her head as he said, "Call me something else."

Rose was at a loss for words before she eventually decided to give in. It was just a change of address, right?

"Jon..." Surely that would suffice.

To her surprise, Jonathan frowned. "That's still formal."

Was that still too formal for him? Rose forced a smile and tried again. "Jo... Jonny?" That wouldn't sound formal, would it?

However, Jonathan visibly stiffened, and he abruptly pulled away from her. Just as Rose thought the nickname "Jonny" finally pleased him to let her go, she met his cold, intense gaze. Only one thought crossed her mind-the nickname hadn't satisfied him at all! What should she call him then?

As Rose pondered, Jonathan leaned in as if to punish her. His handsome face magnified in her vision, and in the next moment, she felt his lips on hers... Her mind went blank.

The sudden pain on her lips snapped her back to reality. When realization struck her, Jonathan had already released her before she could struggle or cry out.

The sudden start and abrupt end left Rose dazed. The instigator, however, laughed.

Jonathan pulled her back into his arms. "Silly, I just wanted to hear you call me hubby. It's been a long time since I heard it."

Hubby... Rose's mind buzzed.

Jonathan's actions and voice were filled with fondness. "Never mind if you won't say it, but no matter who we face later, always remember that I'm your hubby! I'm yours..." The words "I'm yours" buzzed louder in Rose's mind. Her thoughts muddled together.

She vaguely heard Jonathan warning that she'd be in big trouble if she were to push him to anyone else. She didn't even realize that he had let go of her until a voice woke her. "Ms. Shaffer, Ms. Shaffer?"

Rose snapped back to reality and saw Anna in front of her. A flash of panic crossed Rose's eyes.

"Where's Mr. Finch?" Anna asked again.

Rose quickly glanced around and realized Jonathan was nowhere to be seen, but she knew he was watching her from the shadows.

Taking a deep breath, she calmly replied, "I don't know."

Anna looked around but didn't see Jonathan. After deciding that Eleanor's priority was Rose, she stopped searching for Jonathan.

"It's dark, Ms. Shaffer. Please follow me so you won't get lost," Anna said respectfully.

Rose nodded and followed her. Without the cover of the floral wall, those waiting ahead saw Rose. They felt relieved that she hadn't left and that the trap would proceed as planned. Only Yara found it odd. Why did both Jonathan and Rose disappear, but only Rose returned? Where was Jonathan? She glanced behind Rose, but Jonathan was nowhere to be seen. "Weren't we in a hurry to eat? Why aren't we moving?" Jonathan's voice broke the silence.

Everyone waiting turned to see him at the main building, leaning casually against the wall at the main entrance. His arms were crossed, and he was looking relaxed.

When did he get there? Rose couldn't hide her surprise when she looked at Jonathan.

"Hurry up, I'm starving!" The nervousness Rose had given him was gone. Right now, he was composed as he walked into the main hall.

His attitude didn't escape Eleanor's notice. She understood her grandson well. Jonathan's current demeanor suggested he had things under control and was certain about something. "Let's go," Eleanor said.

Everyone snapped out of their thoughts and followed her into the hall.

This was Rose's second visit to the Finch Manor. Compared to the Young Estate in Regalia, the Finch Manor was more traditional and rustic.

The last time she was here was at night, too tense to appreciate the house. But tonight... Since it was a family dinner, she felt a sense of relaxation as if she were "home".

As Rose walked through the main hall to the dining room, she admired the furnishings in the house.

She noticed the walls of the house displayed several rare evening gown designs. The soft lighting cast a glow on the gowns, making them appear almost alive through the glass display cases. When passing by one particular gown, Rose stopped. Yara noticed this, and a sneer formed at the corner of her mouth.

She said, "Ms. Shaffer, you've probably never seen anything like this, right? Well, you're from Aquastead.

"Although Aquastead is a big city, the Young family is just a small household. You definitely haven't had the chance to see these kinds of treasures."

Yara pointed to the evening gown collection on the wall. "Grandma Eleanor loves these clothes. These items were all crafted by famous designers, most of whom are no longer alive. These are unique pieces that are incredibly valuable!"

Yara had researched Eleanor's preferences. Eleanor liked flowers, plants, and evening gowns.

Yara had initially planned to gift Eleanor a valuable evening gown today, but all the best collectible designs were already displayed on this wall. Hence, she had to settle for choosing rare flowers and plants instead.

As for Rose... Her longing expression clearly showed she hadn't seen much of the world!

However, Rose seemed not to hear Yara's words. She was fixated on the evening gown in front of her. The indigo satin and the vividly

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embroidered red peony flowers on

the gown were captivating

This one undoubtedly had the best design, cut, and embroidery among all the evening gowns. However...

Rose's gaze fell on a certain spot on the lower left side of the evening gown, searching for a trace of something she remembered as if trying to confirm something...

Although the lighting could deceive the eye and hide that trace, Rose still saw it.

"What a pity..."

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Chapter 484 She Remains Outside the Game of Rising Tension

[1,058 words]

Rose didn't realize her sigh of regret had slipped out aloud.

Yara was momentarily taken aback. Then, she let out a cold laugh. "Pity? Ms. Shaffer, you probably don't know its value, and you dare say it's a pity..."

She glanced at the evening gown Rose was staring at. Although it was hanging in the furthest corner of the wall, it was still very valuable. What right did Rose have to call it a pity? "Ms. Maize, you don't know this, but Rosie designs not only jewelry but also clothing," Anastasia explained when she noticed Rose's unusual behavior.

Yara was briefly stunned, but she quickly seemed to understand. Without hiding her mockery toward Rose, she sneered. "So she's trying to act like an 'expert' and mystify things... Ha!" "Trying to act like an "expert" and mystify things?" Rose withdrew her gaze, seemingly not hearing Yara's taunt.

Even after taking her seat, Rose couldn't get that evening gown out of her mind. The imperfection on the gown kept nagging at her thoughts.

"Today's family dinner is a bit special. It was just the Finch family in the past, but it's lively today. It's time for the Finch family to add new members."

Eleanor's voice broke the silence at the dining table, while her words made everyone present sit upright and take notice.

Adding new members... The younger generation of the Finch family was unmarried, and only Jonathan was present. Eleanor's intention was clear-she was urging Jonathan to marry!

Yara's face lit up with the most eager smile. "Grandma Eleanor, becoming a part of the Finch family is a great blessing. You should try this."

She got up from her seat and walked to Eleanor's side to offer Eleanor a piece of a fudgy brownie. "Grandma, I heard you like brownies. I enjoy making pastries, so how about I make some for you in the future?"

Yara's face was full of sweetness. Her intentions to please were unmistakable, and she wanted to become that new "Finch family member"!

Lizzie observed without saying anything. Instead, she cast a glance at Anastasia. Anastasia understood immediately, but she disdained such flattery.

To become a member of the Finch family, especially the wife of the ruler of the family, one needed commercial acumen.

As a frequently mentioned businesswoman in Regalia's business circles, Anastasia undoubtedly had the most potential.

"Grandma Eleanor, I heard you plan to build a comprehensive special education school for children. The Youngs happen to have a good piece of land. If you'd like, I'll have the design plan drafted tomorrow and send it over for your review as soon as possible."

A special education school for children. Such a charitable investment would benefit the Finch family immensely. This offer was far more valuable than Yara's "fudgy brownie".

Yara's face stiffened slightly as she glanced at Anastasia. Although she had lived abroad, she had heard of Anastasia, the eldest daughter of the Youngs.

Bella also mentioned that Eleanor once considered the Young family, but Anastasia paled considerably in comparison to Yara. It seemed that Anastasia hadn't divorced yet...

In an instant, Yara's expression returned to normal. Although the Youngs were more powerful than the Maizes, Anastasia was just an adopted granddaughter.

Given the current situation of the Youngs, she would merely have the Young family name if she couldn't outcompete Miles for power. To Yara, Anastasia was never her competitor. Her real competitor was...

Yara glanced at Rose. Rose was focused on eating a piece of fudgy brownie, completely absorbed in her actions as if nothing else mattered.

"Ms. Shaffer, do you like fudgy brownies as well?" Eleanor suddenly spoke.

Rose was still thinking about that evening gown, its imperfections bothering her greatly.

Years ago when it was presented to her, she couldn't figure out a solution despite much effort. By the time she found a method, the evening gown had been reclaimed by its owner.

For years, it remained her regret, but she never expected to see it again at the Finch Manor.

She hadn't thought much about it before, but when she sat down, her mind couldn't help but ponder ways to fix that evening gown.

She was so absorbed in her thoughts that she didn't notice the rising tension around her.

At the large dining table, everyone was looking at Rose. After a while, she picked up another fudgy brownie without responding to Eleanor's question.

Everyone present was thoroughly at a loss for words. Was Rose so blatantly ignoring Eleanor?

At this moment, Eleanor's face... Across from Rose, Jonathan frowned and lightly kicked her foot under the table. Rose was startled and looked up questioningly at Jonathan. Why was he kicking her and winking? What did it mean?

The whole dining table fell silent. Rose didn't want to speak out and attract attention, so she used her eyes to inquire. But to others, it looked like they were flirting.

Eleanor's face grew darker, but only for a moment before she resumed her "kind" smile. Her gaze fell on the second piece of fudgy brownie on Rose's plate. "It seems Ms. Shaffer really does like the fudgy brownies."

Fudgy brownie? Rose followed her gaze, saw the brownie on her plate, and felt embarrassed. Could she say she didn't know what she was eating?

"It's quite tasty." Rose could only manage to chuckle to ease the awkwardness. "Eat more if you like it." Eleanor signaled Anna. "Bring all of these to Ms. Shaffer."

Every spot on the long table had a plate of fudgy brownies. Though each plate had a small portion, it

combined. Rose felt the presnet

was quite overwhelming when

when they were all placed in front of her.

Eleanor added, "Eat them all!"

All of them? No matter how much Rose liked them, she couldn't eat them all! No one could eat that much! "Grandma..." Jonathan began, but Eleanor's warning gaze that was disguised as a loving smile cut him off. "Jon, Ms. Shaffer wouldn't reject my goodwill."

The implication was clear. Rose

would face more difficulties if she refused. Jonathan clenched his fists. Just as he was about to get up and take Rose away, Rose kicked him under the table.

Then she spoke up. "Thank you for that, Mrs. Finch Senior. I'd gladly accept it. "These fudgy brownies are really delicious. I haven't anything this good elsewhere!"

As she spoke, she took a bit and

gave Jonathan a reassuring look. It

was just a few plates of brownies, right? If eating them could avoid creating a rift between Jonathan and Eleanor, she'd gladly comply.

However, Jonathan's expression remained grim.

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Chapter 485 Diverting the Disaster

[1,078 words]

Everyone else at the dining table was gloating.

Yara enjoyed the scene greatly. With so many fudgy brownies, how could Rose eat them all without getting sick? She was looking forward to enjoying Rose's imminent embarrassment!

After eating too quickly, Rose choked a bit. She was handed a glass of water, and she took it without thinking. As she took a sip to swallow the brownie, a fork reached into the plate of brownies. Rose looked up to see Jonathan eating the brownies, gobbling one piece at a time as if afraid someone would take it from him. While she was in a daze, he had devoured an entire plate. The people at the table, who had been enjoying the show, suddenly had their expressions stiffened.

"Grandma Eleanor..." Yara couldn't help but speak, trying to get Eleanor to stop Jonathan.

But before she could state her purpose, Jonathan looked over and said, "Ms. Maize, do you want some? The fudgy brownies are really good today. They're Grandma's favorite. It'd be a shame if you don't try some." Yara didn't know what to say. She didn't want to help Rose eat them. Besides, she didn't even like fudgy brownies. But Jonathan looked at her expectantly as he continued eating.

He suddenly thought of something and frowned, asking, "By the way, what were you going to tell Grandma?"

In this situation, it'd be too obvious if she said anything to Eleanor.

Yara didn't want to displease Jonathan. "No, nothing much. I saw how much you and Ms. Shaffer were enjoying the brownies, and I just wanted to ask Grandma Eleanor if I could try some too." Yara smiled gently. She thought she could just eat one piece to cover up her lie. But to her surprise, Jonathan instructed Anna, "Anna, Ms. Maize wants to eat some too. Bring all of these to her." Did that mean that Yara had to eat all of them? Anna hesitated for a moment.

Upon seeing Anna hesitate, Jonathan looked at Eleanor. "Grandma, I plan to push the cooperation project in the next month. Do you think there'd be enough time?"

His tone was casual, but how could Eleanor not understand his implied meaning? Both Rose and Jonathan had eaten enough brownies, so that was enough. Eleanor frowned slightly and suddenly smiled. "Yara loves it, so she should eat more."

With Eleanor's word, Anna dared not delay and immediately brought the remaining brownies to Yara. "Ms. Maize, please enjoy."

Enjoy? These were clearly meant for Rose, so how did they end up in front of her?

Yara forced a smile and shot Rose a hateful look. The anger in her eyes brought Rose, who had been taken aback by Jonathan's series of actions, back to her senses. Meeting Yara's gaze, Rose looked at the brownies in front of her. Ha... Jonathan didn't have a shred of pity for Yara.

The media had once "advertised" Yara's appetite as a renowned international actress. If those advertisements were true, there was no way she could eat all these brownies! "Eat up!" Jonathan suddenly urged.

His handsome face put on an innocent look that didn't appear awkward at all. As he urged Yara, he nonchalantly picked up a piece of food Rose liked and placed it on her plate. Everyone was stunned. Yara was furious, but she couldn't show it.

"Alright, since Mr. Finch insists, I'll enjoy it." Yara smiled and started eating under everyone's gaze.

After just one piece, she felt overwhelmed and didn't want to continue. But how could Jonathan let her stop?

"What? Are the brownies made by the Finch family not up to your taste?" He frowned.

Finch family chefs were top-notch, so how could the brownies not taste good? Yara quickly replied, "No, no, it's delicious."

"Then keep eating! Finish it all." Jonathan assigned her the task and showed no mercy.

Yara couldn't refuse and had to eat the brownies piece by piece. Jonathan kept serving Rose her favorite dishes, occasionally giving Yara a cold look to urge her on.

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On one hand, he was gentle and doting, but on the other, he was indifferent and ruthless. He switched seamlessly between the two personalities.

Every action was a clear reminder to

everyone at the table-Rose was his, and no one should get any ideas about her. His threatening aim made the dining table a lot quieter.

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But Rose noticed the occasional glances directed at her, each one enough to make her heart race. She knew it was all because of Jonathan's "special treatment".

As Jonathan served her food again, Rose couldn't take it anymore and kicked him under the table. Jonathan was slightly stunned and looked at her.

"You don't want to eat this? No problem, try this instead..."

He placed a piece of shrimp on her plate. Rose didn't know what else to say.

She didn't want to try anything else. She just wanted to stop Jonathan from giving her "special treatment" in such a high-profile manner. Didn't he notice that the atmosphere at the table was becoming unbearable for her?

"Ha... excuse me, I need to go to the restroom." Rose forced a smile and decided to leave for a while to catch her breath.

But before she could get up, Jonathan stood up and pulled out her chair. "I'll bring you there!"

Rose was utterly baffled at his words. Was he offering to bring her to the restroom?

"No..."

"Jon..."

Rose's refusal and another voice simultaneously rang out.

That voice... Rose didn't have time to complete her refusal. She looked at the owner of the voice and saw Eleanor putting her cutlery down.

"I happen to have to go to the restroom too. Jon, you don't mind if Ms. Shaffer helps me, do you?" Eleanor looked at Jonathan.

At that moment, Jonathan was fully on guard. Meeting Eleanor's gaze, they locked eyes for a moment before Eleanor suddenly smiled.

"I won't eat her! Ms. Shaffer is my guest today, you don't need to be so nervous." She then looked at Rose. "Ms. Shaffer, is that alright?" Rose smiled. "Of course!"

Just as she was about to get up, Jonathan stood up even faster.

Everyone watched Jonathan, but he didn't care about their gazes at all. He just stared at Rose with a solemn look. His eyes seemed to tell her not to go.

Eleanor wanting her help to the bathroom wasn't just about going to the bathroom. Rose understood as much, but she wanted to see what Eleanor would say to her alone. She smiled reassuringly at Jonathan then walked toward Eleanor. When Eleanor extended her hand, she helped her up.

Under everyone's gaze, they left the dining room.

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Chapter 486 Facing It Alone

[1,048 words]

However, Jonathan still followed. The remaining people at the dining table, who had been silent, finally spoke up.

"I never thought Jon would care so much about Ms. Shaffer." Yara held up her wine glass.

She had been drinking all this time. While others were jealous seeing Jonathan and Rose's affectionate exchanges, she harbored deep malice.

She was now convinced that Jonathan had intervened in Jack's matter for Rose. Because of that, Jack was detained at the police station, and even Yosef had no clue.

"Yes. It's rare for Jon to treat a woman so well. It reminds me of another lady from the Young family..." Lizzie smiled gently.

Her words made everyone present pause. Their curiosity was successfully piqued.

Yara was the first to ask, "Which lady from the Young family?"

Lizzie glanced at Yara. "That was a long time ago. You went abroad early, so it's normal that you don't know her.

"I remember her name was Harriette. She often spent time with Jon, and I'd say that they were childhood sweethearts. I used to think that Harriette and Jon would end up together, but unfortunately... Harriette disappeared. "It was a big deal back then, but it was eventually forgotten. Jon probably hasn't forgotten her, otherwise..."

Lizzie stopped abruptly, suddenly realizing something. But how could Yara hold herself back from asking when Lizzie stopped at the key point?

"Otherwise what?" Yara pressed on.

Lizzie hesitated, and Yara looked at Anastasia. "You're also an adopted daughter of the Youngs. You must know the reason, right?"

Anastasia wanted to ignore Yara, but she changed her mind when she thought of something. "Rosie's eyes are very similar to Harriette's!"

Did it mean that Jonathan's special treatment for Rose was just a transference?

Ha! Yara's frustration dissipated. She looked at Anastasia and recalled Rose's appearance, and only then did she realize that their eyes were quite similar.

It seemed that even if Jonathan's feelings were transferred, he had no interest in the married Anastasia. So, Yara's rival was Rose, but it seemed to Yara that Rose wasn't as important anymore!

"I'm full. You guys enjoy yourselves. I'm going to touch up my makeup."

Yara didn't want to stay at the table any longer. What was the point without Jonathan around? It was better to find Jonathan and perhaps seize some opportunity.

After Yara left, Anastasia put down her wine glass and also left the dining room without a word. Meanwhile, Jonathan was stopped at the entrance of the elevator in the lobby.

"Mr. Finch, Mrs. Finch Senior and Ms. Shaffer are going to the restroom. It wouldn't be convenient for you to follow."

Anna smiled respectfully, but inside, she was panicking. If Jonathan wanted to go against Eleanor's wishes, how could she stop him?

The elevator carrying Eleanor and Rose went upstairs and finally stopped on the third floor. Jonathan looked up and met Rose's gaze. They reached a mutual understanding with just a shared glance.

Rose reassured him that she could handle Eleanor, while Jonathan reassured her that he would be here waiting. He would be there for her whatever happened!

"Ms. Finch..." Anna cautiously tried to persuade him again.

Before she could finish, Jonathan took a step back and turned, walking decisively to sit on the couch in the lobby. From that position and angle, he could see the third floor.

In full view of Jonathan, Rose and Eleanor entered the study. The door to the study closed, shutting out everything.

The room was decorated in an

old-fashioned style. On the other side of the desk was an antique sewing machine surrounded by various colored threads and embroidery tools. FindNovel

Hanging in front of the sewing machine was a large photograph of the damaged gown displayed downstairs.

Was Eleanor repairing that gown? But judging from the half-finished sample, she seemed to be on the wrong track.

Eleanor noticed Rose's special attention to that area, but she didn't care much.

"Take a seat." Eleanor sat in the chair behind the desk and glanced at Rose before focusing on the stack of documents in front of her. Eleanor's voice brought Rose back to reality, but she didn't sit. "I'd rather stand."

Jonathan had told her that Eleanor was mad at her for something he did, hence the family dinner to make things difficult for her.

If standing and making things difficult for her for a while would ease Eleanor's anger, then so be it.

Eleanor looked up at Rose's eyes thoughtfully. "Jon treats you specially, but you should know why, right?"

The reason for Jonathan's special treatment? Rose thought for a moment. "Because... of my eyes?"

Eleanor's eyes showed a hint of surprise, but soon her smile deepened. "So you know. Then you must know about Harriette." Harriette... The girl in the photo Rose had seen in Jonathan's room flashed in her mind. "I do."

edan

Eleanor raised an eyebrow and then lowered her gaze. "Harriette and Jon were childhood sweethearts, and Oliver and I intended for them to be a couple. They had deep feelings for each other, but then Harriette had an accident..."

"Jon seems cold on the outside, but he's actually someone who values relationships a lot. Naturally, he has more affection for those connected to his past."

"Your eyes are very similar to Harriette's. Oliver spent the later part of his life collecting these eyes, and Jonathan is no different."

Eleanor spoke calmly without looking at Rose as if Rose's response didn't matter to her. Or rather, she didn't care about Rose at all. For any other woman, being told she was just a substitute would be heartbreaking and discouraging, but Rose found it amusing. She had expected Eleanor to have more formidable means, but it was just about using "Harriette" to label her as a substitute. "Mrs. Finch Senior... Do you know why Mr. Young Senior spent his later years collecting these eyes?" Rose suddenly spoke. "Why?" Eleanor frowned but still didn't look up at Rose.

"Because of his daughter, Henrietta Willis! Grandpa said that it isn't just Harriette, but Anastasia and me, our eyes look very similar to Henrietta's. Grandpa reminisced about her through our eyes." FindNovel

Eleanor naturally understood Oliver's obsession. "You seem well-informed."

"Yes, I am. And I also know something else."

"Whether we're substitutes for Grandpa or not, the love and affection he gave us were real. That genuine bond was enough for me so... "Whether Jonathan sees me as Harriette's substitute doesn't matter to me!"

When Rose finished speaking, Eleanor finally looked up at her.

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Chapter 487 What's More Important Money or Him

[1,070 words]

Eleanor didn't expect Rose to say such things. Was Rose truly insightful, or did she see through the provocations and say those things on purpose? Either way, it was enough

to make Eleanor take a second look at her. But nevertheless, there was one thing that couldn't be changed.

"But the background of Jon's wife is important to both Jon and the Finch family. Your information was sent to me from the moment you arrived in Regalia."

Eleanor didn't hide it. If Rose was truly insightful, it would be better to be straightforward.

Rose wasn't surprised, and Eleanor continued, "Your mother left you a jewelry company. Although it's fairly large-scale, it's far too insignificant compared to the Finch family in Regalia." These words were within Rose's expectations. She admitted that the Finch family had a prestigious background, but as for who was not worthy of whom...

Rose raised an eyebrow. "So how much would you like to offer to make me sensibly stay away from Jonathan and the Finches?"

Eleanor was stunned. She couldn't believe her ears. "What did you say?"

Rose smiled. "Isn't this the part in the drama series where you offer lots and lots of money to drive me away?"

Eleanor's face darkened immediately. She stared at Rose as if trying to see through her. After a long while, she spoke in a displeased tone.

"Do you want money? Is Jonathan less important to you than money?"

Was Jonathan less important than money to her? Rose contemplated the question.

Money wasn't that important to her. As for Jonathan... She recalled his whispered words to her by the floral wall earlier.

"No matter who we face later, always remember that I'm your hubby! I'm yours..."

He was hers... His tone had been like that of a fierce, yet deeply insecure, stray cat.

If she told Eleanor that money was more important than Jonathan, it would perhaps make Jonathan believe that she had no intention of hooking up with the Finch family.

But at the thought of Jonathan, her heart softened. Rose didn't answer.

Nevertheless, Eleanor didn't care about her answer because, no matter what it was, it wouldn't change the fact that the Finches needed the lady of the household to help the Finch Group, and Rose fell far short. What Eleanor needed to do now was make Rose retreat in the face of difficulty.

"The Maize family may not match the Young family's wealth and status, but only Yara is the best candidate for Jonathan's wife in the whole of Regalia.

"Although Yara is in the entertainment industry, she has a positive image and is a good fit.

"She may have some small schemes, but they won't matter. With some guidance, she'll make a fine Mrs. Finch.

"I know Jon's mind is currently on you, but everything between you two will eventually become the past. Right, Ms. Shaffer?"

Eleanor's voice remained calm and steady. From beginning to end, Rose listened quietly until Eleanor called her out.

She slowly said, "Jonathan and I will indeed become a thing of the past."

What surprised Eleanor was that when Rose said so, she seemed utterly relaxed if she had long been aware of this outcome and was not attached to it. "Mrs. Finch Senior, your worries are actually unnecessary."

Eleanor was slightly taken aback. "Oh? How so?"

"You know I'm from Aquastead, and I'll eventually have to return to Aquastead. If it weren't for some matters in Regalia, I might have already left. "When I met Jonathan, he wasn't Mr. Finch. After I learned that he was, I knew that some things weren't up to me.

"I had improper thoughts about

Jonathan, but never had any about Mr. Finch. So, if you're worried that someone like me from Aquastead, is unworthy of the Finch family and would like to hook up with any of the Finches, you can rest assured.

"I have no intention of hooking up with, nor any interest in, Mr. Finch!"

Jonathan had always been the one to make her heart flutter, not Jonathan Finch, the ruler of the Finches.

Eleanor understood what she

meant. Just now when Rose didn't answer whether money or Jonathan was more important, Eleanor was certain Rose wouldn't easily give up the chance to marry a wealthy family. But she hadn't expected...

Eleanor stared at Rose. "You love Jonathan, not Mr. Finch?"

Love Jonathan? Love? Rose's heart skipped a beat. Rose didn't want to ponder on the question, but her expression already gave Eleanor the answer.

"I see. I'm tired. When you go downstairs, please tell them I'm taking a rest. You young people can continue..."

Rose had expected Eleanor's difficulties for her not to end there. Was it just these harmless words that made her retreat?

But soon, Rose understood. Eleanor cared about who Jonathan's wife would be. As long as she confirmed it wouldn't be Rose, she would be relieved. "Okay."

As Rose was about to turn around, Eleanor's voice rang out again. "Wait.

"If you have time, come sit with me more often in the future. When your business in Regalia is done, and you're returning to Aquastead, let me know."

Rose was genuinely shocked. Was Eleanor inviting her to come visit more often? Was it to continue making things difficult for her?

But Rose quickly dismissed this thought. Eleanor's tone didn't sound like she intended to continue making things difficult for her.

Rose observed the elderly woman in front of her. Eleanor's attitude toward her was something she couldn't quite grasp.

Since she couldn't figure it out, Rose decided not to dwell on it. She nodded and agreed, then left the study.

As she passed by the sewing machine, she paused. She thought of the evening gown in the display case, her former regret, here with Eleanor...

She couldn't help but speak,

"Although the French knot stitch is

exquisite, it may not be suitable for this evening gown. Simply using the French knot stitch might not be enough to repair the burnt part."

Rose's unsolicited comment made Eleanor look up sharply. Seeing Rose standing by the sewing machine, and her words...

"You understand embroidery and restoration?"

Eleanor was visibly surprised. According to what she knew about Rose, Rose was a jewelry designer and an honorary designer of K&K. Designing didn't necessarily mean she knew embroidery and restoration. Rose humbly replied, "I know a little."

After Celeste's death, Jamie barely cared for her. One summer while traveling and studying in Herkleton, she met an elderly man.

They were quite fated, and she spent two months as his apprentice. Every summer after that, she would visit him. The elderly man was a craftsman devoted to embroidery. Unfortunately...

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Chapter 488 Yes I Slap You

[1,000 words]

Eleanor naturally saw through Eleanor's modesty. The more she thought about Rose's earlier remarks, the more intrigued she became.

She set down the documents on her desk and hurried over to the sewing machine. Her gaze followed Rose's and fell on the large photo of the evening gown.

"This evening gown was burned years ago, and I've been searching for experts to repair it.

"Actually, there was a master who could have restored the gown a decade ago in Herkleton. But unfortunately, he suddenly passed away..."

Eleanor sighed, lamenting not only the gown's irreparable damage but also the loss of such an excellent embroiderer.

Rose's eyes dimmed. She remembered the last summer she saw the old man. That summer, he had a car accident. She never returned to Herkleton after handling his funeral.

"I heard that the legendary embroiderer had an apprentice. I've spent years trying to find them, but there's been no trace of them anywhere. If we could just find that apprentice, perhaps the gown would have been restored by now. But alas..."

Rose felt a jolt in her heart. In her daze, Eleanor suddenly looked at her. "You mentioned that the French knot stitch isn't suitable for this gown's repair. Do you have any ideas?"

Rose snapped back to reality and instinctively replied, "No, I... I just felt it wasn't quite right. I don't really understand anything, and I have no idea..."

"Is that so?"

A hint of disappointment flickered in Eleanor's eyes. She had thought Rose's modesty was a facade. Perhaps she had been too focused on the gown, wanting to grasp at any straw.

"It seems I won't live to see this gown restored to its original form." Eleanor shook her head, appearing like a completely different person from the one who had given Rose a hard time at the desk.

As Rose left the study, Eleanor's regretful silhouette and the gown lingered in her mind. Outside the study, there was no one around. Rose chose to take the stairs instead of the elevator. "Rose!" Just as she reached the second-floor landing, a voice called out to her.

Rose stopped and turned to see who it was, frowning as she did.

Yara... At this moment, Yara stood with her arms crossed, glaring at Rose with disdain as she approached.

Recalling Eleanor's earlier praise of Yara, Rose couldn't help but chuckle. Yara's public image was indeed very positive. But in Rose's few encounters with Yara, she knew that Yara was far from kind-hearted. If Yara managed to hide her true nature, it was fine. But if her facade ever crumbled...

"Ha..." Rose couldn't help but chuckle.

Just a short distance behind Rose, Yara heard Rose's laugh, and her expression darkened further. "You're laughing at me?"

Laughing at her? Rose was momentarily taken aback. Had she laughed out loud just now?

"Sorry." Rose acknowledged it was impolite if she had laughed out loud, but she didn't mean to mock Yara.

Rose didn't bother to explain further and had no intention of standing there waiting for Yara to boss her around. She turned to go downstairs, but before she could take a step, Yara rushed forward and grabbed her wrist. Rose frowned. "Let go!"

"Hmph! Rose, you're just from a small family in Aquasteed and not even considered a socialite there. What gives you the right to order me around?"

Yara sneered. The thought of Jonathan defending Rose and making her eat all those fudgy brownies infuriated her.

After leaving the dining room, Yara saw Jonathan sitting on the couch looking at the third floor like a bodyguard.

She had wanted to approach and talk to him, but before she could say a word, he had coldly told her to get lost.

Yara had never been treated like that before, and Rose was to blame! As long as Rose was around, Jonathan wouldn't notice her. Today was like that, and that night was the same.

Thinking of her failed plan that night made Yara even angrier.

"Rose, you said you were leaving

Regalia to return to Aquasteed. You lied, didn't you? How could you give up the chance to marry the Finch family after finally hooking up with Jonathan?

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"But Rose, the Finch family won't accept you. You're from a small family that's unworthy of the Finch family. And oh, by the way..."

Yara's smile turned malicious. "I heard your mother died early. No wonder you're so good at seducing men, you've probably practiced on many, right? "Ha! If I were your mother-"

A crisp slap interrupted Yara's words, and the sudden pain stunned her. Clutching her face, she looked at Rose in disbelief. "You slapped me?" "Yes, I did." Rose's voice was cold.

She could tolerate Yara belittling her background, but she couldn't stand Yara insulting Celeste! The slap was a warning.

"If you keep your mouth dirty, I'll slap you again!" Rose glared fiercely at Yara.

Yara shuddered. She believed Rose would follow through, but what right did Rose have to slap her? She was the eldest daughter of the Maize family and a renowned international

actress, so how could national

"You..." Yara gritted her teeth.

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At that moment, footsteps sounded from downstairs. It was Lizzie and the others coming out from the dining room. From her angle, Vara saw Jonathan's tall figure walking toward them.

Her mind raced. Suddenly, she pulled Rose hard and swapped their positions. Rose, wary of Yara entangling her further, saw Yara suddenly smile. That smile was smug.

In that triumphant smile, Yara let go of Rose's wrist. Then she leaned back... Rose instinctively tried to catch her but missed.

"Ah!"

A scream and a loud crash echoed through the lobby. Lizzie and Anastasia came out of the dining room to see Yara tumbling down the stairs. Bella was also present.

Bella had come out earlier and was looking for an opportunity to deal with Rose, but Yara had beaten her to it.

She had seen the entire exchange on the stairs, including the truth behind Yara's fall. However, she and Yara had the same goal.

Realizing what was happening, Bella's gaze shifted to Rose standing in shock. Excitement surged through her.

She wasted no time and screamed, "Murder! Murder! Help! Someone help!"

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Chapter 489 Not on Purpose

[994 words]

Bella's shout startled everyone in the manor. Lizzie and Anastasia snapped out of their shock, exchanged a glance, and quickly ran up the stairs.

The scene before them was shocking. Yara was lying on the floor.

She had mentally prepared for this and had acted out the scene countless times, so she knew how to fall just right to make it look serious without causing real harm, although there was still a faint pain in her abdomen. However, the urgent situation left her no time to care about that. Yara looked at Rose still standing on the stairs.

A faint trace of smugness flashed in her eyes before she accused in a pitiful voice, "Ms. Shaffer, why... why did you push me?"

Why did she push Yara? Rose snapped back to reality, taking in the scene before her.

Every moment flashed through her mind. She was certain she hadn't pushed Yara, and Yara had fallen on her own. Yet, Yara was accusing her of having pushed her?

Rose was momentarily dazed but quickly understood Yara's intentions. Soon, a crowd gathered at the stairway.

Jonathan, who had just taken an important call, returned to the scene. He immediately rushed up the stairs.

Yara saw his figure and pitifully called out, "Mr. Finch."

She expected at least some sympathy from him, but the next moment, Jonathan walked past her without even a glance.

He rushed to Rose and grabbed her wrist to pull her back a few steps as if afraid she might fall too.

"Are you okay?" His eyes were filled with concern only for Rose.

Yara felt a surge of frustration. She was the one who had fallen, not Rose. Shouldn't Jonathan be concerned about her?

Yara gritted her teeth. "Mr. Finch, Ms. Shaffer pushed me!" she accused again.

Jonathan finally looked at her, but his eyes held a cold anger instead of concern. The chill in his gaze made Yara shudder as if she had been seen through. How could it be? She had meticulously staged her fall and ensured all the witnesses would "see" Rose push her. Plus, Jonathan hadn't seen it happen!

The pain in her abdomen became more pronounced. Using this pain, Yara acted even more convincingly. "It hurts. Aunt Bella, am I... am I going to die?"

Bella saw an opportunity to escalate the situation. "Don't worry, the Finch Manor has a doctor. Quick, tell the medical wing to get ready."

She instructed a servant to carry Yara to the medical wing and planned to blow up the situation even if Yara wasn't seriously hurt.

The atmosphere in the lobby was tense. Rose, still held tightly by a strong arm, snapped out of her daze.

"I didn't push her!"

She struggled to describe what had happened. Recalling the events, she realized Yara had orchestrated everything perfectly, making it hard for her to defend herself with just words. She seemed unable to clear her name with mere explanations. "I know." Jonathan's voice came from above her head.

Rose was stunned as she instinctively looked up. "You trust me?"

"Silly, if I don't trust you, am I supposed to trust her instead?" His voice was gentle.

Rose wasn't a malicious person. Even if Yara provoked her, she would openly retaliate, not push her down the stairs.

Rose's heart skipped a beat. The arm around her made her feel inexplicably secure.

But to Lizzie and Anastasia, the scene was especially glaring. They hadn't expected Jonathan to trust Rose so much. He trusted Rose's simple denial unconditionally.

"Ms. Shaffer, don't be afraid. We all believe you didn't do it on purpose," Lizzie said with a smile.

Her words seemed to offer comfort, but they implied something else. Even if it wasn't intentional, Rose still pushed Yara.

"I..."

"What do you mean by not on purpose?" Jonathan interrupted Rose before she could finish.

His cold gaze swept over the people below the stairs, and he uttered slowly, "Rose said she didn't push Yara, so she didn't. Everyone, watch your words!"

His tone was one of warning, and Lizzie flinched a little. She forced a smile. "I meant..."

Jonathan had no interest in listening to whatever Lizzie meant. Without waiting for her to finish, he held Rose's hand. "I'll take you back to the Young Estate." "But..." Yara's condition was still unclear, and the matter was unresolved.

"Listen!"

His voice was soft but firm, leaving no room for argument. He knew Yara's fall wasn't innocent. Yara would cling to the accusation even if Rose didn't push her. He didn't want Rose to be tainted by such filth and would handle everything himself.

Rose hesitated, but she eventually followed Jonathan out.

Watching them disappear through the door, Anastasia glanced at Lizzie. With Cyrus present, Anastasia dared not speak openly, but Lizzie's calm demeanor reassured her that Rose wouldn't leave the Finch Manor easily.

BUMS

Sure enough, a commotion erupted outside.

"You can't leave!"

It was Bella's voice. In the courtyard, Bella blocked Jonathan and Rose. She glared at Rose. "Ms. Shaffer pushed Yara down the stairs and now wants to evade responsibility?"

She had expected Jonathan to try to take Rose away, but she wouldn't let Rose go so easily after finally seizing an opportunity to teach her a lesson.

"Move!" Jonathan didn't want to waste words.

His stern words made Bella tremble. She feared Jonathan, but her hatred for Rose outweighed her fear, especially after how Rose had beaten Jack up, who was now detained at the police station. Bella was determined not to let Rose off easily tonight.

"Jonathan I'm your aunt. Is this how you should talk to me?" Bella played the elder card. "Yara is so badly hurt, and since I can't protect her, I have Mrs. Finch Senior do it instead.

Anna!"

She believed Eleanor was fully capable of controlling Jonathan. Anna was in a deep dilemma, but she still informed Eleanor. Eleanor emerged, still in her clothes from earlier, which indicated she hadn't rested. She first looked at Rose.

"What happened? Did you not relay my message?"

Rose recalled Eleanor's instructions and felt apologetic. "Sorry, I didn't have time..."

She hadn't had time to tell anyone that Eleanor wanted to rest before Yara intercepted her. What followed...

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Chapter 490 Jonathan's Child

[939 words]

Rose felt helpless knowing that, with Eleanor here, there was no way she could leave. But that was fine. She wanted to get to the bottom of things anyway.

Rose looked up at Jonathan and smiled. "I need to clear things up before I leave. Otherwise, I won't even have a chance to defend myself if someone falsely accuses me." Jonathan frowned. "Rose, I can-

"It's fine. Only Ms. Maize and I know what really happened." Rose had made up her mind.

Jonathan tightened his grip on Rose's hand, thought for a moment, and finally agreed. "Alright."

Bella felt a surge of satisfaction when she saw Rose finally staying. She stepped forward to support Eleanor and began recounting the events.

"Eleanor, Ms. Shaffer just pushed Yara down the stairs. Yara is currently being examined. I saw the whole thing, and Yara's condition... is very pitiful.

"Ms. Shaffer really did push her down the stairs. When I saw Ms. Shaffer trying to escape, I got so agitated that I brought you here.

"Eleanor, you must stand up for Yara!"

Bella's words were highly accusatory. Even Jonathan couldn't help but frown and wanted to say something, but Rose stopped him.

Rose smiled faintly at Jonathan and was completely unfazed by Bella's words. Meanwhile, Eleanor merely responded with a light hum and showed no clear stance on Bella's request for justice. In the medical wing, Yara cried out in pain and claimed that it hurt everywhere as if she were dying.

The doctor conducted a thorough examination in the shortest time possible and found no injuries but... The doctor frowned deeply as he held the report.

"Eleanor, listen to how much pain Yara is in!"

They heard Yara's cries before even seeing her. Bella was pleased. Yara was indeed following her instructions to act out exaggerated pain and was living up to her title as an award-winning actress. Eleanor furrowed her brows as Rose and Jonathan followed behind her.

"Ms. Maize, it seems... you're pregnant..." The doctor spoke with uncertainty, but his tone was firm.

Yara's cries abruptly stopped. She stared blankly at the doctor. "What did you say?"

Pregnant? Had she heard it wrongly?

"Ms. Maize, you're pregnant," the doctor repeated.

"Pregnant... pregnant..."

Yara momentarily forgot her act as panic rose within her. She hadn't been with any men recently. The only time was that night with that random man she had found. She was carrying his child! Her face turned pale as she thought about it.

Just then, Eleanor and Bella walked in, and they paused at hearing the doctor say, "Ms. Maize, you're pregnant."

As a thought crossed Bella's mind, she immediately let go of Eleanor and hurried to the doctor. She grabbed the report from him.

"Pregnant... Yara is pregnant! Eleanor, Yara is carrying a child of the Finch family."

Bella was overjoyed as she momentarily forgot about her plan to attack Rose. She looked at the report with great excitement. Her words brought the terrified Yara back to her senses. "A Finch family child..." she muttered.

How could she forget? In the eyes of others, the man she had been with that night was none other than Jonathan! Yes, it was "Jonathan"! She was carrying "Jonathan's child"! Bella gave Yara a satisfied look. "See? You were so shocked by the news. Of course, it's a Finch family child."

"Yes, I... I didn't know..." Yara's fear turned into a mix of shock and excitement. Seeing Jonathan and Rose behind Eleanor, she found her courage. "Mr. Finch, I... I'm pregnant."

That night in the hotel, Jonathan had

left without saying anything and had avoided her ever since. But now, she was pregnant. With so many people present, Jonathan had to give her an explanation.

Everyone turned to look at Jonathan, including Cyrus and Lizzie who had just arrived, and Anastasia. Yara was pregnant, and it seemed that the child was Jonathan's. They had no idea Jonathan and Yara had developed such a relationship. Jonathan was standing next to Rose, making the situation even more complicated.

Amid the myriad of expressions, Jonathan frowned and glanced at Yara. His gaze was indifferent and dismissive. He then sneered.

"You're pregnant? What does that have to do with me?"

Yara's face stiffened. Just as she was feeling guilty, Bella defended her. "Jon, how could you say that? Yara is a virtuous girl, and the report shows the pregnancy dates back to that night!"

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"Jon, are you trying to shirk your responsibility? We saw you and Yara in the same bed that morning!"

Yara's words were sharp and clear.

From the moment Rose heard the doctor announce Yara's pregnancy, her mind had been buzzing. She immediately thought of Miles felling her about Jonathan and Yara leaving the hotel together. FindNovel

She couldn't hear any of Yara's words, but the repeated phrase in her mind, "Yara's carrying Jonathan's child", tugged painfully at her heart. Jonathan's grip tightened around her hand, and his strong voice sounded beside her. "I never had sex with Yara!"

This statement was for everyone present, but mostly for Rose. But Bella and Yara wouldn't allow him to deny it. "Mr. Finch..." Yara bit her lip, looking pitiful.

Bella questioned sharply, "Jon, is it true that you're trying to evade responsibility? If Yara's child isn't yours, whose is it?"

"She should know best whose child it is!" Jonathan's words implied much as he glanced at Yara.

His look made Yara's heart skip a beat. As if trying to hide something, Yara looked at Rose.

"Mr. Finch, I know you care about Ms. Shaffer, but I willingly gave myself to you that night.

"As for the child, I have nothing to say if you won't acknowledge their presence. You don't have to take responsibility..."

Not take responsibility? How could the Finches not take responsibility for a child of the Finch family?

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Chapter 491 Rose's Way of Apologizing

[998 words]

Yara's words garnered more sympathy and made it more believable that she was carrying Jonathan's child. As expected, Eleanor spoke up. "How's the child in her womb?"

"There's no major issue, but it's best to take care of it and ensure a healthy pregnancy," the doctor replied.

Eleanor hummed with her face devoid of emotions. "I heard she fell down the stairs but is unharmed. This child is fortunate."

Eleanor's tone was ambiguous. Bella quickly picked up on it. "Yes. Fortunately, the ancestors of the Finch family are looking over us!"

"Ha..." Eleanor chuckled lightly and left the others unsure of her intent. She then told Yara, "Listen to the doctor and take good care of the child."

"Yes, Grandma," Yara said, feeling pleased.

Eleanor's instructions implied her acceptance of the child. Yara felt reassured, and Bella also relaxed.

Bella had been working to match the Maize and Finch families for a long time and hadn't expected such good news today. She wasted no time bringing up the marriage between the two families. "Eleanor, I'll inform the Maize family tomorrow morning to discuss the marriage. And about tonight's incident..."

Bella hadn't forgotten about Rose. She had planned to teach Rose a lesson tonight, but Yara's pregnancy was already a significant blow to Rose.

Bella decided to hold off and planned to make Rose's life miserable once Yara firmly secured Jonathan. That would make things a lot easier too.

With this in mind, Bella looked at Rose. "Eleanor, what should we do about Ms. Shaffer pushing Yara down the stairs? We need to give Yara justice." Eleanor glanced at Rose when she heard the question. Rose's lips twitched slightly.

Then, Yara spoke up. "Grandma, forget it. Although I don't know why Ms. Shaffer pushed me, I believe she didn't do it on purpose.

"Ms. Shaffer, I forgive you!"

Yara was forgiving her? Rose found it amusing. "Ms. Maize, what are you forgiving me for?"

Yara was momentarily stunned but quickly recovered her composure. "For pushing me down the stairs, of course!"

"Ms. Maize, you're truly forgiving!" Rose sneered.

Yara bit her lip with a grievance. "Ms. Shaffer, I've forgiven..."

Rose stopped smiling. "When we arrived earlier, we heard you crying in pain as if your bones had fractured. It sounded like you were in a lot of pain. How come you're suddenly not in pain anymore?" Yara's expression stiffened. "Who said I'm not in pain? I... ah..."

Yara tried to act again, but her sudden switch felt unnatural. The others started doubting the severity of her fall.

"If you're in pain, you should have a thorough check-up to be sure. We've seen the pregnancy report, so we should check the other reports to feel assured..."

As soon as Rose finished speaking, Jonathan strode forward and grabbed the stack of reports from the table. He began reading them one by one as a cold smile formed on his lips.

"There's no injury. Where's the pain coming from? Your acting is indeed impressive."

"I..." As Yara's lies were exposed, she regretted not being tougher on herself earlier. But thinking about the pregnancy, she feared for her child.

Luckily, she had been careful when she fell. She dared not think about the consequences if she had harmed the child when she fell.

Yet, even though her lies were

exposed, she had an excuse. "Although I'm not injured, Ms. Shaffer pushing me is a fact. don't need anything else. She can't apologize to me."

Yara met Rose's gaze. Yara had just said she forgave Rose, and now she wanted an apology.

Rose frowned. Jonathan threw the stack of reports onto the table and walked over to Rose's side. "Rose..."

He wanted to tell Rose to ignore Yara, but Rose spoke up. "Alright!"

Everyone was stunned, including Yara who hadn't expected Rose to readily agree to apologize. Since Rose was going to apologize, Yara decided to gladly accept it.

Her lips curled as she waited for Rose to start apologizing, but Rose stepped forward and unexpectedly grabbed her wrist.

Yara was shocked. "What are you doing?"

Rose raised an eyebrow and smiled as she replied, "Don't you want me to apologize?"

Yara tried to break free, but Rose held her tightly and pulled her up from the bed.

"Rose, just apologize. Why are you pulling me?"

Rose didn't mind explaining why she was pulling Yara. "It's to take you back to the stairs and actually push you down so I can apologize."

"You..." Yara panicked when she saw that Rose wasn't joking. Despite her struggles, Rose had a powerful grip and managed to drag Yara to the door of the medical wing.

Yara knew that if Rose pushed her once more, she might not be able to guarantee the safety of her child.

"Help!" Yara screamed. But besides Bella who hurried after her, no one else came to her aid.

Before Bella could get close, Rose whispered in Yara's ear. "Ms. Maize, explain what happened earlier, or I swear I'll push you for real."

The menacing threat was spoken in such a low voice that only Yara could hear it.

"Rose!" Yara gritted her teeth. She tried to grab Rose's hair but failed. Instead, her hand was caught and twisted downward by Rose. "Ah!" Yara cried out in pain.

Rose continued dragging Yara forward, counting down as she walked, "Three, two..."

"I'll tell them! I'll speak!"

Before Rose could count down to one, Yara couldn't hold out any longer. Rose was serious about pushing her down the stairs.

Rose stopped and looked satisfied

as the others approached. Bella was the first to arrive and intended to help Yara, but a tall figure blocked her path. Bella looked up to see Jonathan's stern face.

"Jon, are you just gonna let Rose do this?" Bella chided sharply. Jonathan answered the question directly, "Yes. So what?"

"Jonathan, you..." Bella clenched her teeth.

The thought of Jonathan being so protective of Rose that he would go to the extent of using connections to keep Jack from leaving the police station infuriated her.

While Bella seethed, Jonathan

looked affectionately at Rose. He had understood her intentions the moment she dragged Yara out of the medical wing and threatened to push her down the stairs.

"Speak!" Rose calmly urged.

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Chapter 492 The Truth Revealed

[972 words]

"Speak" Rose urged as she eyed the approaching crowd.

Yara gulped nervously. She didn't want to confess, but Rose's grip on her wrist tightened, and Jonathan was holding Bella back. She was alone and helpless, so she had no choice but to comply. "Rose... Rose didn't push me..." Everyone had just arrived when they heard Yara's voice.

"Yara, what nonsense are you talking about?" Bella panicked. She tried to stop Yara, but Yara had spoken and couldn't back down.

"Rose didn't push me..." Yara repeated.

Although Lizzie had seen through the truth, she feigned ignorance and asked, "It wasn't Ms. Shaffer? How did you fall down the stairs then?"

A look of guilt flickered in Yara's eyes. "It was me. I didn't watch my steps."

She dared not admit that she had framed Rose on purpose, but Rose didn't mind. It was enough to her that she had her innocence proven.

"Yara!" Bella was furious. It was the perfect opportunity to push the blame onto Rose, but since Yara had said so, she had no choice but to go along with Yara's words.

She eyed Eleanor and forced a smile. "Yara must have been too frightened that she mistakenly thought Ms. Shaffer pushed her."

The explanation was to preserve Yara's dignity.

Rose released Yara and raised an eyebrow. She asked with a smile, "No worries, Ms. Maize. Do I still need to apologize since I wasn't the one who pushed you?" "No... there's no need."

Now free, Yara quickly retreated a few steps for fear of falling into Rose's hands again. But Rose's gaze still made her scalp tingle.

Rose smiled. "Shouldn't you apologize to me then?"

To say that it was just a simple misunderstanding wasn't enough for Rose. Just an apology was a concession for Yara! Yara gritted her teeth. She was always proud and now had to apologize to a woman from Aquastead. Why would she?

But when Rose took a step forward, Yara shuddered and hurriedly apologized. "I'm sorry..."

Clenching her teeth in frustration, she reluctantly continued, "Ms. Shaffer, I'm sorry for the misunderstanding."

Rose responded with a hum and a nod in satisfaction. She then turned to the others present. "I said I didn't push her. Mrs. Finch Senior..."

Rose didn't feel to stay any longer after having cleared her name. Just as she was about to say goodbye to Eleanor, a helper rushed over followed by a concerned man and woman. "Mrs. Finch Senior, these two guests..."

"Rosie?" The man's voice interrupted the helper before she could finish.

Rose turned around and was immediately embraced by the two people who anxiously asked, "Rosie, are you alright? Are you hurt?"

"Rosie, let me check."

The man and woman had eyes full of concern only for Rose. Rose was shocked when she recognized them.

"Clover, Emily, how..."

How did they know she was here? And the worry in their eyes... They seemed relieved after having made sure she was fine.

A thought crossed Rose's mind. "How did you know that I had a car accident?"

The question made Clover pause. He had secretly arranged for Rose to be protected, and Rose might feel uncomfortable if she knew.

Clover looked around and saw Jonathan. "Mr. Finch told me about it. Right, Mr. Finch?"

Clover's arrival surprised Jonathan too. He hadn't informed Clover about Rose's accident, so it could only mean that...

Jonathan met Clover's eyes and caught a hint of threat that confirmed his suspicion that Clover had someone watching Rose just like he did. He played along since neither of them wanted Rose to know. "Yes, I told him."

Rose was skeptical.

"Rosie, it's good that you're fine. You

e

don't know how frightened Clover was when he heard about your accident." Emily cracked a joke now that the tension eased.

Rose felt a warmth in her heart. Although she hadn't known them long, their concern for her was genuine, especially Clover's!

"Thank you, Clover. I'm sorry to have made you worried. And you too, Emily. Thank you."

After being targeted and wronged, and having fought back alone, the warmth in Rose's heart prompted her to hug Emily's arm. Clover felt a twinge of jealousy seeing Rose's affection for Emily.

"What's with the thanks? We're here to take you home." With that, he hooked his arm around Rose's neck. Clover and Emily had arrived in a hurry, and now the three left happily together.

Throughout the interaction, Clover and Emily had paid no attention to anyone else, but Clover's innate air of eliteness caught Eleanor's attention. "Jon, who is he?" she asked as Jonathan was about to follow them.

"He?" Jonathan paused then truthfully answered, "Clover Xanth from Lerain Group."

Lerain Group? Eleanor's expression changed. She wanted to ask more, but Jonathan had run forward to catch up with the trio.

Bella begrudgingly watched them leave. She clenched her fist and shouted, "Jon, don't forget Yara is pregnant with your child!"

The trio abruptly halted, and Clover's face darkened. When they came to the gate of the manor, he blocked Jonathan's way. "Someone's pregnant?" he bluntly questioned, displeased.

Jonathan frowned and glanced at Rose. "She had nothing to do with me!" He was referring to Yara.

"Nothing to do with you? How is she pregnant then? Jonathan, if I remember correctly, you're married to Rose. Care to explain what you're doing?" Clover stepped up for Rose. Then his words took a turn. "That's fine. Rosie deserves better. Rosie, let's go. Don't come with us."

Clover turned to leave with Rose and protected her with Emily, directing his final words to Jonathan. Jonathan, however, refused to obey and followed. Rose hadn't shown any reaction to Yara's pregnancy, but he needed to know how she was feeling.

Before Rose got into the car, Jonathan called out, "Wifey..."

Rose paused.

"I have something to tell you," Jonathan said. He needed to speak to Rose alone.

"Jonathan..."

"Sure." Clover was about to speak when he got interrupted by Rose. "Clover, I happened to have something to tell him."

Clover frowned and hesitated, but he eventually agreed to her request.

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Chapter 493 What Happened That Night

[1,102 words]

At the Finch Manor, Eleanor stood in place for a long time after they left. None of the others dared to leave without her permission.

Lizzie noticed something unusual in Eleanor's demeanor, and soon a suspicion formed in her mind. "Ms. Shaffer is truly something. A Xanth from Lerain Group. That man seems to treat her quite special." Special indeed! Eleanor lowered her gaze and was lost in thought.

Bella echoed, "She already knows how to deal with men so well at such a young age."

She assumed her words would incite Eleanor's dislike toward Rose, but Eleanor glanced at her instead. Bella inexplicably shivered under her gaze. Only after Eleanor left with a grave look on her face did Bella relax.

"It's late, and it's inconvenient for you to go back since you're pregnant. You should just stay here tonight," Bella said as she pulled Yara along and arranged for her to stay.

Anastasia didn't receive such treatment. She noticed Lizzie's deep, contemplative gaze and decided not to disturb her.

Tonight's events clearly hadn't pleased Lizzie. She had schemed to bring Rose here, but Eleanor's attitude toward Rose remained ambiguous, especially the warning look Eleanor gave Bella before leaving. Lizzie felt uncertain. Bella arranged for Yara to stay in a guest room closest to her own. After they entered the room, they were silent for a long time before they spoke in unison.

"Rose shall not stay!"

They exchanged glances and understood that they shared the same thought.

"Mr. Finch left with them. He still doesn't care about me. What's so special about Rose? She's just a woman from Aquasteed, from a powerless family..."

Although Yara was trying to belittle Rose, her words exposed her jealousy.

Bella was reminded of Jack who was still detained at the police station. She had planned to wait until Jonathan married Yara and hoped that his interest in Rose would wane before dealing with Rose. But Clover...

"The Lerain Group, the Xanth family..." Bella hadn't paid much attention to it, but she suddenly thought of the Lerain Group after returning to her room.

She heard Yosef mention that Eleanor had always wanted to expand their foreign business with the help of the Lerain Group.

Clover's concern for Rose meant that she wouldn't be easy to deal with even without Jonathan present. In that case, it was better to act sooner.

"Yara, now that you're pregnant, your top priority is to take good care of the baby. This child is your pass to marry Jonathan. You must marry him!" Bella said firmly.

Yara shot Bella a questioning glance. "What about Rose?"

"I'll take care of everything." Yara's eyes gleamed with determination.

Yara was satisfied to hear that. "Don't worry, Aunt Bella. I'll help Jack once I marry Jonathan. We'll truly be one family then."

Jack was the reason Bella was doing all this. Yosef was just her husband to lean on, but Jack was her life.

"Good. Remember your words, Yara."

"I swear I will!"

With that, their eyes met, reaching an agreement.

Two luxury cars sped along on the roads of Mount Ebott. Rose had gotten into Jonathan's car, while Clover's car followed closely behind. Rose sat in the passenger seat. Jonathan had been silent since getting in, but he held her hand tightly and refused to let go.

Rose had struggled at first, but since

she couldn't break free, she let him be. She thought they would remain in a stalemate until they reached their destination, but Jonathan

suddenly spoke after leaving Mount

Ebott.

"I received a note that night. It was an invitation from you to meet at the hotel."

Rose immediately knew he was referring to the night of Yvonne's celebration party but...

"I never sent you a note, and I never asked you to meet at a hotel!"

Rose's voice was panicked as she tried to clear herself. She could never have arranged such a suggestive meeting.

"I know, but I didn't. There was an earring with the note, and I recognized it as one of the pairs you wore that night. I was so happy thinking that you wanted to see me..."

"

Jonathan thought Rose wanted to see him as much as he did to her. His unfinished words made Rose's heart skip a beat. She knew he was being vague by saying he wanted to see her.

Her mind couldn't help but recall

their first encounter at the hotel, and

UT

she felt a rush of warmth. To stop her mind from wandering, Rose pinched her thigh and forced her

thoughts back to the matter at hand.

QUMS

The earring... Rose thought carefully. She was sure that someone had taken her earring after she passed out to use it as proof to convince Jonathan. And that person...

"So, Yara was the one waiting for you at the hotel."

Jonathan didn't deny it as he continued, "I found the other earring on the table. I drank the alcohol she spiked."

Rose's heart tightened. She realized she actually cared about what might have happened.

"After that, I realized you weren't the person in the room. I recognized Yara, but the drug had taken effect by then, and I passed out."

Rose felt a heavy weight in her chest. She could easily guess what happened next that led to Yara's pregnancy.

Jonathan continued speaking, but Rose didn't want to hear what he had to say.

"Jonathan..." Rose tried to interrupt him.

But in the next moment, Jonathan released her hand and pressed a button in the car. A woman's voice sounded. "Damn it, how could he pass out? Even if you're unconscious, I, Yara Maize, will get what I want tonight."

The sound of rustling followed, and

the frustration in Yara's voice was evident "Damn it! It's impossible. He's like a dead man, and I can't move him at all. What can I do? I can't go on like this..."

There was a pause. Yara seemed to be thinking of a solution before she laughed softly as if she had a brilliant idea.

"No problem if you can't do it. I'll have someone else do it. As long as I have your mark on me by morning, you'll have to take responsibility." Yara then dialed a number.

The atmosphere in the car turned eerie. Apart from the static noise, Yara occasionally muttered about how useless it was for Jonathan to be unconscious.

There was a knock at the door after a long while, and the sound of it opening followed.

Then, the sound of heavy breathing of a man and woman filled the car, mixed with occasional low moans from Yara that echoed throughout the car.

Rose's face was burning hot. The sounds grew more explicit and indecent. Rose was stunned until Jonathan raised his hand and turned off the recording. Only then did Rose snap out of it, though she still couldn't fully regain her composure.

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Chapter 494 Invite Her to the Wedding

[1,192 words]

Jonathan's voice suddenly sounded next to Rose. "Do you want to listen anymore?"

Rose was caught off guard. She instinctively tried to defend herself as if she had just been caught red-handed, but Jonathan didn't give her the chance to do so. "What's there to listen about other people? If you want to listen more, we can-"

"Jonathan!" Rose urgently interrupted him before he could finish his suggestive words. When she met his teasing gaze, she quickly looked away as if his eyes burned her.

"I don't want to listen. You were the one who played it. How could you play something like that?" Rose was eager to prove that she wasn't the kind of person who enjoyed such things. But the more she tried to clear her name, the more flustered she became, and the less convincing she sounded.

Beside her, Jonathan shot her a doting look before suddenly becoming serious. "I had no intimate relationship with Yara, and the child in her womb isn't mine, so I didn't cheat on you."

The air in the car tensed. Rose had to admit that the heaviness she had felt earlier dissipated and was replaced by a sense of relief that was slowly spreading. But why? She would leave sooner or later. Rose lowered her gaze when she recalled what Eleanor had said.

"Wifey, am I not well-behaved? I wouldn't have done anything to Yara even if I hadn't passed out that night. My heart only belongs to you, and I'd only="

"Jonathan..." Rose suddenly interrupted him and met Jonathan's gaze.

Jonathan responded with a hum and an expectant face as if he were waiting for Rose's praise.

Looking at his face, the words Rose wanted to say got stuck in her throat. In the end, she couldn't bring herself to say them and instead forced a smile.

She changed the subject. "What do you plan to do about Ms. Maize?"

Now that everyone in the Finch family knew Yara was pregnant with Jonathan's child, the wedding between the two families would likely be held soon. But how could Jonathan marry a woman carrying another man's child?

Jonathan let out a cold laugh at the mention of Yara. He hadn't wanted to bother with Yara at all, and he couldn't even bother to glance at her.

But since Yara and Bella were so eager to bring about a marriage between the Finch and Maize families, he would have to respect their wishes.

"The Maize family is a prominent name in Regalia, and Yara is a famous actress in the entertainment industry. The child in her womb needs a complete family."

Jonathan raised his eyebrows. As he said this, Rose could see the faint, sinister smile on his lips.

"What are you going to do?" Rose instinctively asked.

Jonathan gave her a meaningful look. "When the time comes, I'll invite you to the wedding!"

Rose was confused by his words, but Jonathan didn't explain further. His smile was cryptic, and Rose found herself growing increasingly curious. She even felt a bit of pity for Yara. She was certain that Yara wouldn't be able to handle Jonathan's scheming. During the drive, Jonathan slowed down on purpose, but they eventually reached their destination.

Since Yvonne had been hospitalized, Rose had been staying at the hospital under the Finch Group. Though Jonathan was reluctant to part with her, he still brought her there.

The car pulled to a stop, but Jonathan wanted to spend some more time with Rose. "Wifey, I want to..."

Rose, who seemed to have noticed something, panickedly opened the door.

"Wifey..." Jonathan immediately followed her.

Rose ran toward the hospital and finally caught up with the person she was chasing at the entrance. "Evan, what happened to Dawn?"

Earlier, she had seen Evan hurriedly getting out of a car and carrying a figure to the hospital.

Looking at Dawn in Evan's arms, Rose noticed she had her eyes closed appearing to have fainted. The white dress she was wearing was stained with blood too. Rose's heart skipped a beat.

"Dawn..." Evan's face was grim.

Realizing what might have

happened, Rose quickly arranged for medical assistance. The nurse

recognized Rose as someone of

importance and swiftly organized everything. Dawn was soon taken into surgery.

Outside the operating room, Evan sat on a chair with a blank gaze.

Rose stood beside him, feeling a deep sense of guilt. She was supposed to pick Dawn up earlier. If she hadn't been delayed by the car accident, would things have turned out differently? After what felt like an eternity, the light above the operating room went off. When the doctor came out, his expression was heavy.

"Mr. Spencer, Ms. Stevens is out of danger, but we couldn't save the baby."

Evan staggered backward. He remained silent even after Dawn was transferred to her ward.

Later that night, Dawn woke up and immediately looked for Evan, but to her surprise, it was Rose she first saw by her bedside.

"Dawn..." Rose began but then noticed the intense hatred that flashed in Dawn's eyes. The hatred disappeared as quickly as it had appeared as if it had just been Rose's imagination. When Rose looked at Dawn again, her face was pale, and her eyes were filled with exhaustion and pain. "Rose, my baby's gone, isn't it?"

Dawn's hand moved to her

In

abdomen. She had known she was going to lose her baby the moment she felt pain before losing consciousness. The place had been deserted, and she wasn't sure if Evan would arrive in time.

Unable to bear the sight, Rose tried to comfort her. "Dawn, you can still have a baby with Evan..."

Dawn sneered at her words. Rose didn't know that she had only had that one night with Evan because she had taken advantage of an opportunity.

The baby was the reason a wedding was planned. Without the baby, she knew that the wedding, which Evan wasn't eager for in the first place, was off the table.

Biting her lip, Dawn was filled with regret. If she hadn't agreed to help set up Rose in the first place, would she still be carrying Evan's child?

There was hope for a wedding with the baby around though it might be delayed, but now... Dawn couldn't help but cry.

"Dawn..." Rose didn't know how to console her, and the guilt she felt grew stronger at the thought that maybe things wouldn't have turned out this way if she had picked her

up earlier. "I'm sorry. I was supposed to pick you up, but there was a car accident on the way."

A car accident? Dawn's sobs suddenly stopped. She knew that the car accident must have been set up, but Rose's guilt provided an outlet for her resentment. It was Rose's fault!

"Yes. If you had arrived earlier, and if you had picked me up sooner, I wouldn't have..." Dawn muttered, staring at Rose. "Rose, it's your fault that I lost my baby."

Rose found herself unable to argue when faced with this accusation. All she could do was repeatedly apologize. "I'm sorry, Dawn. I'm so so sorry..."

As Rose continued to apologize, Dawn seemed to forget that she had originally planned to set Rose up. She had known all along that Rose wouldn't be able to pick her up. Nevertheless, she genuinely believed that Rose was the reason she lost her baby.

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Chapter 495 Like Her as a Sister Just Like Eve

[1,048 words]

Dawn felt like slapping Rose in the face but...

"Rose..." She suddenly reached out to hold Rose's hand. Seeing the guilt on Rose's face, she concealed the hatred in her heart and forced a smile, albeit one that was incredibly bitter. "Could you promise me something?" Dawn looked at Rose.

Given Dawn's condition, Rose couldn't refuse. "Alright. Just tell me, and I'll do my best."

Rose had prepared herself to convince Evan to return to Aquastead and marry Dawn, but to her surprise, Dawn didn't ask for that.

"Rose, could you please keep it from Evan that I called you to pick me up? The truth is, I was upset with Evan after our argument in the morning. It's my fault..."

Not letting Rose tell Evan about her call was Dawn's way of hiding the fact that she had set Rose up last night by luring Rose to Mount Ebott. She had to eliminate all possibility of them discussing the incident and exposing her scheme. As for her and Rose...

"Okay."

Upon hearing Rose's promise, Dawn contentedly released her hand. "Rose, I want to sleep for a bit."

With that, Rose tucked Dawn in and left the room.

As soon as she was gone, the look on Dawn's face changed completely. Gone was the pretense and disguise. Instead, her clenched fists were full of repressed hatred. A moment later, a cold smile crept onto Dawn's lips. "Rose, you'll do as I want, won't you?"

Rose was kind but not stupid. She had once financially supported Dawn, but after their encounter in Regalia, Rose decided not to intervene in Dawn's relationship with Evan and didn't want to pressure him into marriage. Dawn knew why. Rose no longer saw her as the same Dawn she knew. But just now, Dawn had likely triggered Rose's guilt. As her guilt mixed with pity, Dawn figured that Rose would help her now.

When Rose found Evan, he was on the rooftop of the hospital. Beside him, Jonathan, Clover, and even Miles, who had arrived after hearing the news, were there. Each of them stood some distance apart as if they despised being too close to one another. As soon as Rose stepped onto the rooftop, several gazes fell on her at once. She was stunned before greeting each of them one by one.

"Clover, Emily, Miles..."

In her greetings, she skipped over Jonathan and Evan on purpose. After a brief exchange of glances, she walked straight to Evan's side. "Evan..."

Jonathan was the only one left out, yet he wasn't disappointed. This meant he was different from the others in Rose's eyes, wasn't he?

Clover and Miles exchanged glances and frowned. They were both annoyed at how Rose had greeted the other by their first name. It seemed a little too intimate, and that wasn't how it should be. A surge of jealousy simmered between the two men. Unaware of the silent rivalry among them, Rose was focused on Evan with concern. After some thought, she spoke.

"Evan, Dawn is taking a rest, but she doesn't seem to be doing well. Would you like to go check on her?"

It seemed as if Evan hadn't heard her. Assuming he was still grieving the loss of the child, Rose consoled him. "The child's gone, but you're both still young. You can " "Rosie..." Evan suddenly interrupted her. He turned to look at Rose, wanting to tell her that the child wasn't something he had ever wished for. It was just a responsibility.

He had wondered if, without the mistake from that night, he might still have a chance with Rose, but reality told him that he had lost his chance.

Evan glanced over Rose's shoulder, his gaze sweeping past the other men and finally landing on Jonathan.

Even from a distance, he could clearly see Jonathan looking at Rose with undeniable affection in his eyes. Jonathan really loved Rose. "Rosie, I like you," Evan uttered these words after a pause, shocking Rose.

When she recovered, she was flustered. "Evan, I..."

"Ha ha. Look at you panicking... I don't mean romantically. You're like a sister to me. Just like Eve..." Evan chuckled softly.

Only then did Rose breathe a sigh of relief. But she knew those words were just meant to ease her burden.

"Evan, Eve is in the Young family's hospital. I'll be with her, but as for Dawn..."

Rose struggled to find the right words. Although she felt sympathy and guilt for Dawn, she still found it uncomfortable to meddle in Evan's affairs.

But before she could finish, Evan

interrupted her again. "I'll take Dawn

back to Aquastead tomorrow

morning, and I'll return after the

wedding. I'll need you to take care of Eve in the meantime."

Evan had a relaxed smile, but his eyes betrayed a deep sadness.

Rose was stunned. Almost instinctively, she called out, "Evan, you-"

Again, Evan didn't let her finish. He maintained his smile and met Rose's gaze. "You have to stay in Regalia to look after Eve, so I won't invite you to the wedding the day after tomorrow. "But when it's your wedding, let's celebrate together with Eve."

Rose remained in a daze even after Evan left the rooftop. She couldn't shake the feeling of bitterness in Evan's final smile, as if all life had left him.

Early the next morning, Evan brought Dawn to the airport. Rose escorted them to the security checkpoint.

When she returned to the hospital,

she received a wedding invitation for the marriage alliance between the Finch and Maize families. Though no names were written on it, Rose knew that the bride was Yara

At the Finch Manor, the Maize family rushed over eagerly after learning about Yara's pregnancy before she had even returned.

They finalized the wedding arrangements with Eleanor within an hour. Within another hour, the wedding invitations were designed and ready to be sent out.

Yara sent the first wedding invitation to Rose. After Eleanor, Cyrus, and Lizzie's departure, only the Maizes remained in the parlor.

"Isn't the wedding too rushed if it's tomorrow?" Cindy was worried about the tight schedule.

With only one day to prepare, she feared the arrangements would be insufficient. Yara deserved the grandest wedding, not something thrown together.

Both Yara and Rupert agreed that

the sooner the wedding, the better. It

was best to hold the wedding quickly so everyone would know Yara had married Jonathan and become the lady of the Finch family. Once it was set in stone, there would be no turning back.

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Chapter 496 A Sense of Crisis

[1,106 words]

Bella noticed Cindy's concern and smiled.

"Cindy, I understand you're worried that the wedding might be rushed and that things won't be prepared in time, but Yara's marrying into the Finch family.

"Mrs. Finch Senior has given her orders, so don't worry. Yara will definitely have a grand wedding tomorrow."

After tomorrow, the Maize and Finch families would be united through marriage once again. Bella pondered the possibility that the connection would soften Jonathan into leniency and let Jack out of the police station. Meanwhile, Yara was lost in thought staring at the wedding invitation.

"The Finch and Young families... Why aren't my and Jonathan's names printed on it?" She was slightly displeased.

Just then, Anna served her some juice and snacks. Yara stopped her, saying, "Anna, this won't do. Have it redone with Jonathan and my names on it."

"Also, add our photos. Just saying that it's a wedding between the Finch and Maize families is too badly done." Yara was already acting like the lady of the Finch family.

Anna politely set the refreshments on the table. "Ms. Maize, you don't have wedding photos with Mr. Finch. As for the photo..."

"Just find a picture of Jonathan and one of me and put them together. There are plenty of photos of me on the red carpet online, just pick one!"

"Ah no, that's not right. If fans recognize that it's a photo from the Internet... No, that won't do. I need to take a new wedding photo!" Yara insisted and instructed Anna to arrange for it.

Anna looked troubled. "Mr. Finch is busy with work. I'm afraid he won't have time to take wedding photos with you, Ms. Maize."

Yara's expression darkened. Just as she was about to lose her temper, Bella quickly intervened. "It's just an invitation. If you want a photo, you can take one yourself, but the invitations have already been sent out."

"I think it's fine as it is. What's important is the wedding!"

Yara understood her words. Though she felt disappointed, she had to accept it.

But after Anna left, Yara immediately called Kate and ordered, "I'm getting married tomorrow. Inform all the media outlets that they're allowed to cover the entire wedding."

She wanted everyone to know that she was marrying into the Finch family.

Her ostentation was something the Maize family was happy to support. They couldn't wait for everyone to know about the marriage alliance between the Maize and Finch families. The entire family eagerly anticipated tomorrow's wedding. At the Finch

Building, Jonathan was reviewing the first collaboration project between the Finch Group and Lerain Group.

"Mr. Finch, the hashtag #RuleroftheFinchGroup_MarriesARenowned InternationalActress started trending on Twitter. But as you instructed, we suppressed it before it could gain too much attention.

"But now, #Reowned InternationalStar_MarriesFinchGroupHeir is trending instead. Are you satisfied with that?"

Jonathan didn't even look up. "It's fine. If she wants to be in the spotlight, give her a few more trending topics. Make sure they're at the top."

"Got it. This is my specialty." Leonard quickly added a few more hashtags.

"#DaughteroftheMaizes_Marries FinchGroupHeir."

"#FilmStarAndHeir_TiestheKnot."

"#WeddingoftheCentury_Between MaizeandFinchFamilies."

Due to Leonard's effort, any news related to the marriage between the Finch and Maize families quickly topped the trending list.

The Internet was abuzz with the news of Yara's marriage to the Finch family. Everyone was discussing and admiring the marriage alliance. Yara was pleased with the attention that came like never before.

After trying on her wedding dress,

she was receiving the most expensive full-body treatment. She eagerly looked forward to presenting herself in the best light and basking in everyone's admiration and praise the next day.

At the Imperial Gardens, Clover's face darkened when he saw the news. Emily was also worried when seeing his concern for Rose.

"It's almost noon. I'll ask Rosie out for lunch. You wouldn't mind, would you?" Emily asked Clover as she packed her bag.

Lunch? "Perfect, I'm hungry too." Before Emily could leave, Clover was already heading to the garage.

When they arrived at the hospital and got out of the car, they coincidentally ran into another person getting out of the car as well. It was Miles.

Their gazes met briefly, and without greeting each other, they both headed straight into the hospital.

In the hospital, Yvonne had just had her dressings changed. Rose fed her a simple meal, but Yvonne only took a few bites before falling asleep again.

After tidying up, Rose walked out and saw the three of them. "Clover, Emily, Miles, what brings you here?"

Miles was the first to step forward and affectionately ruffled Rose's hair. "It's noon, so I came to take you to lunch."

His affectionate gesture felt completely natural, and Clover frowned slightly.

Rose looked at Clover and Emily. "Clover, Emily, you "

"We're here to take you to lunch too!" Clover smiled as he stepped forward. Just like Miles, he reached out and ruffled Rose's hair, finally feeling satisfied. This time, it was Miles' turned to be displeased. "Rosie, let's go home for lunch. I've had them make all your favorite fishes."

Home? The word caused Clover's momentary satisfaction to vanish instantly.

"Rosie, I noticed there are some nice properties near the hospital. I'll pick a few for you to choose from, and once you've decided, I'll buy you one.

"Although you need to take care of

Ms. Spencer, you shouldn't stay in the hospital all the time. If you don't like any of the nearby properties, you can stay at Imperial Gardens, where

I live. Consider it your home.

"As for Ms. Spencer, I have some free time, so I can drive you here every day," Clover spoke domineeringly.

His words left Rose utterly bewildered. "Clover..."

She forced a smile. Why was Clover suddenly talking about buying a house?

"That won't do!" Rose shook her head. How could she accept such a gift from Clover?

The frown on Miles' brows relaxed. He was satisfied with Rose's response. "Right, that won't do. The Young family can afford it. How could Rosie just casually accept such generosity from someone else?" Clover frowned at the words "someone else". He ignored Miles and continued smiling at Rose. "Why not? What's mine can be yours."

His words left Rose completely

stunned. Even Miles looked at Clover in surprise. From his experience,

Miles was sure that Clover's gaze at Rose wasn't one of romantic love, but what exactly were Clover's intentions toward Rose?

Miles couldn't figure it out, but he was undoubtedly displeased with Clover.

The atmosphere became so tense that Rose started feeling uncomfortable. While she was afraid that Clover might say something even more shocking, she noticed that Emily had been quietly laughing to herself. She seemed to have found her savior after being briefly stunned.

Rose quickly avoided the two men and ran over to Emily to cling to her arm and whine. "Emily, I'm hungry. There's a nice restaurant near the hospital..."

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Chapter 497 The Illusion of Being a Family

[1,064 words]

"Shall we go give it a try?" Emily played along.

As the two women discussed dishes at the restaurant, they gradually walked away. Clover and Miles, who were still glaring at each other, suddenly lost their interest in staying behind. They turned around to hurry after Rose and Emily. "I'm hungry too. I'll join," Clover said with a smile.

"Rosie, a friend of mine owns that restaurant. I'll get him to recommend some dishes for us," Miles enthusiastically suggested.

Clover retorted, "Ha! We can order for ourselves. We don't need any recommendations."

Miles responded, "Oh, I was just planning to recommend them to Rosie, not you."

"Mr. Miles..."

"Mr. Xanth..."

As the two continued to bicker, Rose felt a headache coming on.

"Ha... Emily, is this how Clover usually behaves?" Rose asked Emily as she shot Clover a weird look.

The CEO of Lerain Group, who controlled the entire corporation's decisions, was acting like a schoolboy.

Emily shook her head. "Not at all. This is the first time I've seen him like this." Her tone carried a hint of disdain. Then, her gaze fell on Miles as she asked, "Does Mr. Miles usually act this way too?" "Of course not. He usually isn't like this."

Miles had always been calm and composed. But today, he was behaving like a schoolboy as well.

The two men continued their childish bickering throughout the journey. If they weren't in public and had to maintain their image, they would have given each other a beating.

Rose initially felt stressed, but she gradually grew accustomed to their constant squabbling and became more at ease. She and Emily chatted about topics of mutual interest, ignoring Clover and Miles' petty arguments. After observing their behavior, Rose concluded that the two men simply didn't get along. Rose thought it would be best to avoid them meeting in the future.

Just as this thought crossed her mind, both men simultaneously asked, "Rosie, are you free tomorrow?"

Both spoke in unison. They then looked at each other and rolled their eyes in sync as they turned away.

Rose was at a loss for words. With both men's gazes fixed on her, Rose felt the need to answer carefully. Fortunately, she did have plans for tomorrow. Thinking of the wedding invitation, Rose relaxed. "I'm attending a wedding."

Though Rose's tone was light, the mention of a wedding caused the other three to freeze mid-bite. A wedding? All three looked up and eyed Rose.

Rose's focus was on cutting her steak. Her smile made the other three more uneasy. Clover glanced at Miles. Coincidentally, Miles looked back. Their eyes met as each silently questioned the other, "What's going on?"

Rose spoke of tomorrow's wedding as if it were no big deal, and there was even a hint of anticipation in her smile. How could she be looking forward to it? That wedding was for Jonathan and Yara! Was she hiding her pain behind a facade of happiness?

Clover frowned. He shouldn't have come to see Rose after learning about the marriage alliance between the Finch and Maize families. He should have gone to Jonathan and beaten him up. "Rosie, there's no need to attend the wedding tomorrow," Miles suggested.

"Why not?" Rose asked, surprised.

Yara had personally sent her the invitation and wanted her to attend. If she didn't go, wouldn't that spoil the bride's mood? She didn't want to dampen her spirit.

"It's just a wedding, not anything worth going to. Rosie, I happen to have a banquet tomorrow. How about you be my date?" Clover sincerely suggested.

Emily glanced at Clover and chimed in, "Yes. There's a banquet tomorrow, and several renowned jewelry designers will be there. You can meet and exchange ideas with them."

Was there even a banquet? Yet, if Clover said there was, there would be one. Though the Xanth family business was based overseas, they had connections in Regalia and could easily gather a few renowned jewelry designers.

But Rose laughed. "Clover, you already have Emily as your date. I shouldn't intrude."

"Rosie-" Clover began, trying to persuade her, but Miles interrupted him.

"No need for the banquet. There's been too much work at the Young Group recently, so let's take a break tomorrow. How about we hike a mountain and relax?"

"Right. The weather will be good tomorrow, perfect for a hike." Clover surprisingly agreed with Miles for once.

Rose was taken aback but felt increasingly warm inside. How could she not understand their intentions? The moment she saw them at the hospital, she knew they weren't just there for lunch.

They were worried that she'd be

upset about the Finch and Maize families' marriage alliance tomorrow, so they came to accompany and comfort her. And when they heard she was attending

the wedding, they tried everything to stop her from going.

But for the wedding tomorrow...

"I must go to the wedding tomorrow," Rose insisted. It wasn't just because of Yara's invitation, but she also wanted to see what Jonathan was up to.

The air froze momentarily. For a while, no one spoke. But during this time, the three realized Rose was determined to attend tomorrow's wedding. There was no stopping her.

Since they couldn't dissuade her, they had to change tactics. Clover and Miles' eyes met briefly. In that instant, they both understood each other's thoughts.

"Rosie, try this..."

"Rosie, this is your favorite."

Suddenly, the tense atmosphere dissolved as if it had never existed.

No one mentioned "tomorrow" again, and the harmonious atmosphere stunned Rose. She

remembered how Celeste would et

fuss over her meals and always

made sure she had her favorite meals when Celeste used to be around.

And now... the scene gave her an illusion. It was almost as if they were a family.

The marriage alliance between the Finch and Maize families was one of the grandest events in Regalia recently. Despite the tight timeline, the Finch family's preparations were impeccable.

The wedding was set at the most luxurious hotel under the Finch Group. Nearly all media outlets had arrived at the venue early in the morning.

The media had been invited to the wedding, but they still came early to secure the best spots for coverage.

Yara had stayed at the hotel's presidential suite the night before. She had been too excited to sleep, but she had taken medication to fall asleep to ensure she was in her best condition for the wedding. Now, she was getting her makeup done, admiring photos of the hotel's beautifully decorated venue on her tablet. She was satisfied with every detail. The wedding venue was a dream, a fairytale brought to life.

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Chapter 498 Quick to Lose Composure

[1,133 words]

The luxury was evident at a glance and was clearly the result of immense wealth. It was undoubtedly the most extravagant wedding ever held by a celebrity in the entertainment industry. Yara felt incredibly delighted as she swiped through photos of the venue. But when she reached an image, she stopped abruptly. Her expression darkened with displeasure. "What's this?"

The image was supposed to be her wedding photo. She and Jonathan hadn't had time to take official wedding photos, but she had carefully taken a solo picture in her wedding dress yesterday. She had asked for post-production to combine her solo picture with a photo of Jonathan and create a wedding photo to be used at the ceremony today.

But in the image before her, the groom was shown only from the back although her picture was used. His face was hidden. Without seeing his face, how would anyone know who the groom was? "They said it's Mr. Finch's decision. I think it's cause Mr. Finch is usually low-key, and perhaps he doesn't want his photo to be widely spread since today's wedding is open to the media," Kate quickly explained.

The mention of Jonathan's decision immediately softened Yara's attitude. Although she still wasn't satisfied with the photo after calming down, she reasoned that Jonathan would eventually have to appear at the wedding today. No matter how low-key he wanted to be, it wouldn't be possible for him to avoid being seen.

"Fine. The media outlets will take photos of me and him together at the wedding anyway. At that point, everyone will see us together." Yara's urgency subsided on second thought.

"By the way, have the media outlets arrived?" Yara asked. She was now calm.

Kate checked the latest updates and answered, "All media outlets are here. Every major media outlet will be broadcasting the wedding live."

This response clearly pleased Yara and swept away her earlier irritation. She then instructed Kate, "Make sure to treat them well and give them extra wedding gifts. The Finch family isn't stingy with small amounts like this. "When you give out the gifts, remind them to make sure photos of the groom and I turn out beautifully."

Yara was well-versed in the ways of the entertainment industry. Treating the media outlets kindly and generously would ensure they portrayed her in the best light possible.

"Yes, Ms. Maize," Kate responded, but her words were met with a sharp glare from Yara.

"What do you mean by Ms. Maize? Starting today, I'm Mrs. Finch. Do you understand?"

Kate carefully adjusted her term of address. "Yes, Mrs. Finch."

This made Yara smile with satisfaction. From now on, everyone would have to address her by that and highlight her identity as the lady of the Finch family.

Thinking of Jonathan, a blush spread across her face. "Where's Mr. Finch?"

"We're... we're not sure yet." Kate knew this wouldn't please Yara, so she quickly added, "I saw Mr. Finch's bodyguard, Finley. He said "

"What did he say?"

"He said that Mr. Finch doesn't like others knowing his whereabouts. But since Finley is here, I think Mr. Finch must have arrived as well."

However, this response still didn't satisfy Yara. After today, she wouldn't just be another person. An image of Jonathan surfaced in her mind. Despite her thoughts, she knew better than to upset him, especially today. But after today, Yara believed she would have every right to know where Jonathan was at all times as his wife. Although she didn't know where Jonathan was, there was one person she could keep tabs on. "What about Rose? Has she arrived yet?"

"Yes, she has," Kate replied.

Yara raised an eyebrow and smiled. She had thought Rose might not show up today, but it seemed she had arrived quite early. It was good that Rose was here.

A glint of triumph flashed in Yara's eyes. Since Rose was here, Yara would make sure to give her a warm welcome.

She took out her phone, typed a message, and sent it. A sinister smile formed on her lips. "Rose, how dare you come today. I won't be showing any mercy."

Since Rose had threatened her the other night, she would make sure Rose paid for that with interest.

At the poolside of the hotel, Rose shivered for no reason. There was no wind, yet she felt a cold chill down her spine.

But it passed just as quickly as it came. Everything felt normal as if the chill had been nothing but her imagination.

Rose looked around. The wedding ceremony was scheduled for noon, and though it was still early, many guests had arrived.

Nearly everyone had smiles on their faces, both out of curiosity and excitement in looking forward to the upcoming wedding. Today's wedding...

Rose recalled hearing the indecent sounds she had heard in Jonathan's car the other night, and she was equally curious about today's wedding.

As she was lost in thought, Rose didn't notice that people were slowly leaving the poolside until she heard laughter and some commotion beside her. "Come on. Let's take a picture over here."

Rose turned around to see a young

group of women dressed as

bridesmaids and playfully running toward her. The women were all famous actresses in the

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entertainment industry, faces Rose recognized on TV.

"Hurry up and get the entire pool in the shot," a woman urged.

Rose knew they wanted to take photos, so she prepared to move aside to give them space. But just as she was about to leave, the women were already upon her.

Linked arm-in-arm, the women seemed to not notice her presence and were pushing backward.

Rose frowned and had to step back to avoid a collision, but the edge of the pool was just a few steps behind her.

"Please move aside," Rose said.

But the women acted as if they didn't hear her. Rose continued to step back until she was at the pool's edge.

Suddenly, a hand pressed against her waist and shoved hard. Rose lost her balance and fell headfirst into the pool. Water sprayed everywhere with a splash, and laughs rang out. "This angle is perfect! Take the shot!"

"Yes, hurry up! We've got the perfect poses, capture every angle!"

The women's laughter echoed around the pool. Rose surfaced, sputtering. If she had any doubts about their intentions earlier, she was now sure that they were targeting her.

The sound of camera shutters
clicking away mixed with their
laughter as if mocking Rose for
falling into the water. She frowned. It
was obvious that Yara had sent
these people. She smirked at how
quick Yara was to lose her
in'
composure.

Ignoring the bridesmaids at the poolside, Rose turned and swam
toward the other side of the pool,
intending to climb out from there.
But the bridesmaids seemed
unwilling to let her go so easily.

Just as Rose's hand grasped the pool's edge, she looked up to see the bridesmaids standing over her with their faces full of malicious intent.

"Isn't it fun in the water? Why rush to get out so soon?"

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Chapter 499 Rose's Retaliation

[1,100 words]

One of the bridesmaids laughed and said, "If it isn't fun, should I find something entertaining for you?" She flashed Rose an evil grin and clapped her hands a few times. Soon, several men walked over.

"Get in and keep her company!" she ordered.

The other bridesmaids giggled and urged, "Go on! Look at her, she's all wet. Make sure to give her a change of clothes."

Change of clothes? How could there be any clothes to change into at the pool? Were they planning to have these men strip her clothes off in the water? Were they trying to humiliate her? Rose's eyes narrowed with a hint of disgust. Those men were obviously prepped in advance as they quickly jumped into the pool one after another.

"Ha ha! Capture it! Hurry up! It's such a wonderful scene.

"Who knows? We might be able to sell it to the media outlets at a high price in a few days and stir up some buzz!"

"Yes, but in a few days. We can't let her steal the bride's spotlight tonight." The women were high on malice.

In the pool, the men swam toward Rose, who defensively pressed herself against the pool's edge.

Suddenly, a hand pressed down on her head from behind. Rose was easily submerged by that force as she was at a disadvantage in the water. "Ha ha ha! Look at her! How pathetic."

Pathetic? Rose held her breath underwater. This completely enraged her.

"Grab her hair!" The women by the pool were both enjoying the show and offering advice.

The woman pressing down on Rose's head was about to follow her companions' advice and grab her hair, but a wet hand suddenly grabbed her wrist.

She frowned and felt herself being pulled downward without having the time to react. The next moment, she was dragged into the water.

"Ah!" She screamed and wanted to curse, but Rose didn't give her the chance.

She only had time to let out a scream before Rose pulled her underwater.

The sudden turn of events left the bridesmaids by the pool stunned. Even the men in the pool who were approaching Rose were momentarily taken aback.

It wasn't until someone onshore snapped out of it and shouted, "What are you all standing around for?", that the men finally woke up and rushed to save the bridesmaid from Rose's grasp.

But as they neared the pair, Rose let go of the bridesmaid. While they were busy saving her, Rose had already grabbed another bridesmaid by the ankle.

"Ah!" There was another scream followed by a splash that sent water flying everywhere.

The chaos in the pool escalated. Amid the chaos, Rose grabbed another leg and pulled another bridesmaid down just like before. One by one, they fell like dominos.

The bridesmaids remaining onshore instinctively took a few steps back. They never expected Rose to have the guts to fight back.

"Catch her!" someone shouted to the men in the pool.

They had underestimated Rose and needed to subdue her to regain control of the situation, but was Rose that easy to control?

She suddenly dove underwater like a fish. By the time the men submerged to find her, she had swum over to the other side. She gracefully emerged from the water and climbed out of the pool. Everyone thought Rose was going to flee, but she walked toward the bridesmaids instead.

Seeing her approach, the bridesmaids couldn't help but swallow nervously. "Wha... what are you doing?" Their voices lacked confidence.

Rose was drenched, and her hair was stuck to her body. Yet, she still looked drop-dead gorgeous. She smiled faintly as if without any malice.

"I'm not gonna do anything. But you're right, the water is fun." Rose sighed.

Fun things should of course be shared with everyone. Rose quickened her pace. As she approached, she gave each bridesmaid a shove.

The women, who had been so full of
themselves when bullying her

together, were now helpless against Rose. One by one, they were pushed into the pool, creating more

splashes and chaotic screams

swam

Only one person remained onshore. It was the photographer with a camera.

Rose looked at the photographer, who took a step back. "I... I didn't join in. I can't swim. I'm sorry, please..."

Rose wasn't interested in determining if she really hadn't joined in. She looked at the camera the photographer was holding and extended her hand. "Give it to me." Following Rose's gaze, the photographer saw the camera and handed it over without hesitation.

Rose took the camera and reviewed the photos. The photos captured the women laughing heartily with Rose in the background and appearing to be miserable in the water. "Not bad. Every angle looks great."

Each shot had perfectly captured her humiliation. Were they planning these photos to curry favor with Yara?

Rose sneered as she quickly deleted all the photos on the camera. She then raised the camera and targeted the people in the pool.

The women struggled to get out while the men enjoyed helping them. It was supposed to be a chaotic scene, but Rose found the best angles and took a few shots.

She turned the scene into one of wild revelry and instantly changed the atmosphere in the photos. It now looked like a scene of debauchery and scandal.

Satisfied, Rose put away the camera and grabbed a towel from a nearby chair. She draped it over herself as she walked away from the pool. "Mrs... Ms. Shaffer." As she left, a voice called out.

Rose looked up to see Finley hurriedly running toward her. "Ms. Shaffer, what happened? You're all wet."

Before he could finish, two voices followed. "Rosie?"

Rose turned slightly and saw Clover and Miles walking briskly toward her from behind Finley.

"What happened? Why are you soaking wet?" Clover's face was grim.

Miles' eyes were equally dark. "Did someone give you trouble?"

Rose didn't hesitate. "Yes, but I've already taken care of it." She smiled in satisfaction as she recalled the bridesmaids' miserable state.

She raised the camera in her hand. "Also, this is for you, Miles."

Simply dunking the bridesmaids in water was too lenient. She believed that the camera could be used to its fullest potential in Miles' hands.

Miles took the camera and immediately removed his jacket when he saw that Rose was drenched. He draped it over her shoulders. "Let's get you changed." "I'll get the car." Clover didn't stay idle either.

Finley hadn't had a chance to speak all this while. He watched as Clover and Miles escorted Rose away, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of urgency on behalf of Jonathan.

Miles had always treated Rose differently, but now there was another contender, Clover. Both were top notch men. If they continued to court Rose like this, Jonathan's place as Rose's legal husband might be in jeopardy.

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Chapter 500 Jonathan's Warning

[1,148 words]

Finley wasted no time and immediately dialed Jonathan's number.

In a room at the hotel, Jonathan sensed the urgency in Finley's voice on the other end of the line. His dark eyes were ominous and cold. "Find out how she ended up in the water." Finley was momentarily stunned. "Wait, Mr. Finch. Shouldn't you be looking for Mrs. Finch? Both Mr. Miles and Mr. Xanth are..."

Jonathan had hung up the phone before Finley could finish. Finley looked at his phone, puzzled. That was strange. He knew better than anyone how much Jonathan cared about Rose.

If it were in the past, Jonathan would have immediately instructed him to go after Rose, but it seemed that Jonathan wasn't too concerned about Clover and Miles being close to Rose today.

But then again, the reason Rose fell into the water was also important. Finley stopped overthinking and quickly requested the surveillance footage.

Soon, everything that had happened near the swimming pool was clear, including the conversation the bridesmaids had before they went to the pool.

In the hotel suite, Jonathan sat on the couch. Finley entered moments later with a man.

"Mr. Finch..." The man dressed in a suit was tall and imposing, but when facing Jonathan, he was slightly hunched.

Perhaps it was a result of Jonathan's oppressive aura before him, or maybe because of his guilty conscience. There was even caution in his voice. Jonathan glanced at him indifferently. "Have you thought it through?"

"I did, Mr. Finch. Thank you for giving me this chance. I had no idea there was someone else in the room that night, let alone know that it was you. "Mr. Finch, I..." The man was increasingly uneasy.

He carefully observed Jonathan as if trying to confirm that Jonathan wasn't too concerned about what had happened that night. Only then did he feel relieved. But for today...

"Mr. Finch, if Ms. Maize finds out that I'm not you at the wedding." The man appeared worried.

However, Jonathan remained unconcerned. "She's carrying your child. Does she have any other choice?"

With so many media outlets present, Yara couldn't afford to embarrass herself, and neither could the Maize family.

Seeing the man still nervous, Jonathan stood up, took the groom's boutonniere from the table, and pinned it on the man's chest. He then gave him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

"Don't forget your identity. You're worthy of Yara in this marriage alliance between the Finch and Maize families."

The man's gaze flickered slightly at the mention of his identity. Today was more than just a wedding for him.

"Don't worry, Mr. Finch. I'll play my part well." The man suddenly felt resolute as his previous unease swept away.

Jonathan nodded. He too was eagerly anticipating today's wedding that the Maize family had worked so hard to secure. He left the room after giving the man one last look.

When the surveillance footage Finley had retrieved arrived on Jonathan's phone, he was already downstairs and ready to find Rose. He frowned at seeing the group of people bullying Rose in the footage.

"If they like playing in the water so much, get them to stay there. Also, make sure Ms. Maize gets a good look at how her friends enjoy their swim."

They had to pay the price if they dared to lay their hands on Rose.

"Don't worry, Mr. Finch. I'll make sure they thoroughly enjoy themselves," Finley replied.

At the swimming pool, the

bridesmaids finally managed to get out of the water after much struggle and with the help of the men. They were soaking wet and looking like drowned rats, and they couldn't help cursing Rose with resentment.

"What are we going to do? Our makeup is ruined, and we still need to appear in the photos with Ms. Maize. This won't do!"

"Hurry up, and let's go reapply our makeup. There's not much time left till the wedding. As for that woman..."

"We'll tell Ms. Maize about her. She'll teach that bitch a good lesson!"

The bridesmaids hurried to leave, but a group of tall men in black suits and sunglasses swarmed in before they could get any further.

The bridesmaids barely had time to react before the bodyguards approached. They shoved everyone back into the water without tolerating any resistance.

"Ah!" Screams and splashes mingled together.

After struggling in the water for some time, someone finally gathered the courage to shout at the men in black, "What are you doing? Do you know who we are? We're all Ms. Maize's close friends."

"The Finch and Maize families are having a marriage alliance. After the wedding, Ms. Maize will be Mrs. Finch. Aren't you afraid she'll come after you later?"

The bridesmaids tried to assert themselves, but the men in black remained impassive and stood resolutely by the pool. Every time someone tried to climb out, they would be kicked mercilessly back into the water.

The scene was streamed live onto a tablet which Finley delivered to Yara. At this point, Yara's face was ashen. Beside her, Finley smiled politely as he handed over the tablet.

"Ms. Maize, while today holds the marriage alliance between the Finch and Maize families, the wedding hasn't started yet.

"You're not yet part of the Finches or Mrs. Finch. The Finch family doesn't favor a daughter-in-law who uses underhanded tactics.

"If you still intend to cause trouble and can't think clearly, perhaps a dip into the water like them will help clear your mind."

With that, Finley retrieved the tablet, wiped it clean with a tissue, and turned to leave the room. Yara clenched her fists in fury, nearly exploding in rage.

The room wasn't empty. There were members of the Maize family beside Yara, including Bella. Finley had spoken in front of them all without any attempt to hide it. However, they did not say a single word in defense of Yara.

Kon

Yara felt humiliated and insulted by Finley in front of her family. She grew angrier by the minute, but before she could lash out at her family for not defending her, they reprimanded her first. "Yara, how could you be so impatient?" Rupert scolded her with a gloomy face.

Cindy echoed, "Exactly. Today is your wedding day, and you're already the winner. Making things difficult for Rose is one thing, but angering Mr Finch..."

Paxton chimed in, "If Jonathan decides to call off the wedding, it'd be a huge loss. I'd wait until after today if I were you. There will be plenty of ways to deal with Rose discreetly afterward." The entire family disapproved of Yara's actions.

Yara felt utterly stifled. "You didn't defend me, and you're blaming me instead. Whose family are you really?"

Bella soothed her softly, "Yours of course! I know you hate Rose, but everyone is right. Today's your big day, and nothing can go wrong. The big picture is what matters. As for Rose..."

Bella too harbored a deep hatred for Rose, but Jonathan had issued a warning. She relaxed her clenched fist and reassured Yara.

"I told you the other night that I'd handle Rose. Don't worry. It's on the way."

"Really? Almost?"

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