

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

Chapter 601 Stirring up Mischief

[1,199 words]

"How about... you just let it go?" Rose suggested suggestively, feeling sorry for Ezra.

Jonathan didn't say anything, but it was clear that he was going to refuse.

Let it go? What did she mean by that? If he didn't kick Ezra out of the car, was he supposed to bring Ezra back to their love nest? No! Absolutely not! Ezra had already been third-wheeling the entire journey, and Jonathan's patience was running out.

Jonathan gently patted Rose's hand to reassure her. Then, he swiftly stepped out of the car, opened the backseat door, and pulled Ezra's arm.

Ezra was as heavy as a boulder, showing no signs of waking up.

Jonathan frowned. Since that was the case, Jonathan had no choice. He was determined to kick Ezra out of the car, even if it meant dragging him out by force. "Jon, Ezzy is kinda pitiful..." Rose still felt bad for Ezra.

Jonathan froze. He recalled those rainy nights in their youth when he carried Ezra back to the Finch Manor. Ezra lying on his back, didn't even dare to cry out loud.

But Jonathan heard everything. He heard Ezra trying to hold back his sobs. It was indeed pitiful.

"Hubby, just let it go. Maybe... just let him sleep in the car," Rose suggested, looking at Jonathan.

This time, his furrowed brows finally started to relax. Jonathan glanced at Ezra, and he closed the back seat door.

Rose sighed in relief. When Jonathan returned to the driver's seat, Rose couldn't help but praise him.

"Hubby, you're so kind."

Jonathan raised his eyebrows. Of course, he was kind, especially when she called him "hubby"-that made him even kinder. Exactly. It was only because Rose called him "hubby" that he couldn't refuse her request and agreed to bring Ezra along. However...

Before starting the car, Jonathan huffed. "Fine! He'll sleep in the car!" That was the best he could do.

Seeing Jonathan so awkward made Rose laugh. She nodded and said, "Yes, yes. He'll only be in the car sleeping."

Only if... he was heartless enough.

Rose was certain that Jonathan was just acting tough. He would never be that heartless to let Ezra sleep in the car. But what she didn't expect was that as soon as they arrived at their destination, Ezra woke up!

The three of them looked at each other through the rearview mirror. Rose and Jonathan's eyes were filled with doubt. Was Ezra actually asleep?

The more they thought about it, the more doubtful they became. Eventually, both of them realized that Ezra had just been pretending to be asleep.

Ezra's lie was exposed, but he wasn't awkward at all. Instead, he leisurely stretched and looked outside the window. "Are we there?"

All he got in response was Jonathan's silence and grim expression.

Jonathan started the car again. He was determined to send Ezra back, even if it meant spending more time on the road. He didn't mind waiting to finally enjoy some time alone with his wife.

Only when Ezra was sent away could they spend alone time together. If not, they wouldn't get any alone time.

But as soon as the engine was started, Ezra opened the door and quickly got out of the car. Jonathan was speechless.

Ezra looked around, admired his surroundings, and generously complimented them. "Not bad! I don't remember you having this house under your name."

The Finch family owned a lot of properties. Jonathan had a number of them too.

Ezra and Jonathan were always competing with each other, so it was only natural for Ezra to investigate Jonathan's background.

But even if Jonathan had a problem with it, he wouldn't be able to discover anything about Ezra.

Ezra, on the other hand, knew every spot Jonathan had in Regalia. There was a touch of gentleness in Ezra's eyes. He didn't know about this place.

"Did you just buy it? Not bad. Nice location and environment. I can see that you put in a lot of effort for this place."

Ezra frequently showed his approval. This helped ease Jonathan's annoyance from earlier.

Jonathan turned off the engine and got out of the car to open the door for Rose. He wanted to agree that he had to put a lot of effort into choosing the best love nest for

himself and Rose.

toFindNovel

He picked out every detail according to Rose's preferences. But he didn't claim all the credit.

He guided Rose out of the car, and he tossed the car keys to Ezra.

"Take the car. Go back yourself."

He didn't want to say another word to Ezra. He didn't even bother to look at him.

Ezra caught the keys and stood in silence. Go back? He was there already, so he might as well stay.

Ezra had the car keys in his hand. He saw Jonathan and Rose entering the house, so he immediately jogged over to catch up to them.

He reached the door just as Jonathan was about to close it.

Jonathan and Ezra locked eyes. Jonathan tried to close the door quickly, but Ezra was quicker and managed to squeeze half of his body into the entrance. "Get out!" Jonathan urged Ezra to leave.

Ezra smiled at Jonathan, but he didn't plead with him. Instead, he looked towards the inside of the house.

"Rose, I'm thirsty..."

Jonathan remained silent.

Before he could respond, Rose said, "Ezzy is thirsty. Just let him come in and drink water."

Jonathan still didn't say anything. He didn't want his wife to think he was mistreating his brother. So, reluctantly, he took a step back.

He shot Ezra a warning glance, but Ezra didn't even look at him, let alone receive his warning. Ezra marched in with a big smile, heading straight toward Rose.

Rose took a bottle of water from the

fridge and handed it to Ezra.

Jonathan stood in the foyer, arms

crossed, determined to kick Ezra out the second he finished drinking.

But the moment Ezra took the water, he started to stir up trouble again.

"Thank you, Rose. You and bro treat me so well." Ezra's smile held a captivating charm that could enchant anyone.

Only Jonathan knew that his mention of "bro" was merely an add-on.

"Don't mention it."

Rose was flustered by Ezra's constant praises.

Ezra was Jonathan's younger brother, so she treated him as her own younger brother too. Of course, she was happy to treat him well.

"Rose, bro, I'm a bit tired from the journey. I'll go to rest now. You two carry on."

Both Jonathan and Rose exchanged a confused look at Ezra's mention of "carry on".

Rose stood there, speechless.

Just as she was lost in thought, Ezra had already dashed away. He glanced at the second floor of the villa, but he chose a room on the first floor, entering and closing the door in one smooth motion.

By the time they realized, Ezra was already inside the room.

Rose was left speechless. Wasn't he just thirsty and needed some water? Wasn't he supposed to leave after drinking?

Rose looked at Jonathan, only to see his extremely annoyed expression. Jonathan had a dark expression. He'd suspected that Ezra would cause trouble.

What did he mean by "I'm a bit tired from the journey"? Not only did he pretend to be asleep, but now he wanted to act tired too?

Jonathan cursed under his breath.

Soon after, he brushed aside his annoyance, and his handsome face lit up. When he smiled at Rose, his smile was even brighter than Ezra's moments ago.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 602 Wherever You Like

[1,184 words]

Rose stared, a little dazed.

She quietly compared the two faces in her mind. It was undeniable that Ezra's face was pleasing and impressive.

However, seeing Jonathan who stood before her made her heart race for reasons she couldn't explain.

At that moment, her heart was pounding wildly again, and her cheeks were slowly heating up. She was blushing.

Jonathan knew Rose found him handsome. He was very happy that looking at his face could make her blush. His gaze grew even more intense.

Rose quickly looked away as if she had been burned. She had the urge to escape.

But why would Johnathan let her do so? He no longer cared about showing her around the home he'd prepared for her. Right now, all he wanted was to hold her. Rose gasped in surprise. She then realized that besides the two of them, Ezra was still in the house. She immediately clapped a hand over her mouth, flustered. She felt even more embarrassed when she met Jonathan's mischievous gaze. What was he planning to do?

Even if she didn't think about it, she knew what he wanted to do. The desire in his eyes was too obvious.

Her heart didn't stop pounding. She realized what Jonathan was about to do as he carried her towards the stairs.

She instinctively grabbed his arm and said, "Don't..."

Jonathan stopped for a moment. He looked down at Rose and frowned.

"Here?" Jonathan glanced at the large living room and the couch. He stopped frowning. Well... He wasn't exactly opposed to it.

Rose was speechless. What did he mean by that? Rose finally understood when he withdrew his foot from the stairs and prepared to head toward the living room. He... That wasn't what she meant. She immediately stopped him in his tracks.

"Stop."

Jonathan stopped once again. He looked down at her, confused. She didn't want to do it in the living room?

Forget it. She could choose wherever she liked. He only cared about her, so the place didn't matter. But still...

"Where would you like it?" Jonathan's voice was low. His words carried a seductive tone.

"I like..." Rose's mind was still fixated on the living room. She didn't think about his question properly as she instinctively answered him.

Realization suddenly hit her. She felt that something was off. Where did she like it? What did he mean by that?

"I don't like it anywhere!" Rose protested firmly, struggling to free herself from his hold.

His body was... too warm. She would be set ablaze too if they stayed pressed together. She had to keep some distance between them, but how could Jonathan agree to that?

He tightened his grip on her waist, not letting her pull away. He coaxed her gently. "Rose, you were drugged earlier tonight."

Rose was silent. That was hours ago. Besides, did he forget?

"The doctor took care of it. I'm fine now," she reminded him.

Fine? But he wasn't fine.

"Wifey, everyone already knows we're married."

Rose had nothing to say to that. So?

"You bullied me back in the greenhouse!" added Jonathan in a pitiful tone.

The memory of what happened in the greenhouse came rushing back. She could recall what had happened, but... bullying?

Rose blushed. She would admit that she had been a bit bold with him, but... in the end, nothing had actually happened, right? Besides... "I... I didn't ask to get drugged..."

"But I think about it!" Jonathan stopped all her excuses with that interruption.

His forehead was pressed against hers. Their breaths intermingled. Rose was stunned by his words. She snapped out of her daze and was about to respond, but Jonathan spoke first. "Wifey, I helped you, so shouldn't you also show me some love? I've waited for you for too long. I..."

His whispered words felt like a spell. Rose's defenses weakened with each word.

"Wifey, you still haven't looked at my injury..."

He was stabbed by Jack that day at Aurora Crest while trying to protect her.

A wave of guilt and sympathy rose within Rose. "Let me take a look..."

"Alright!"

Jonathan held her tightly and headed upstairs. It was as if he had succeeded.

The villa was their new home. It was decorated entirely in Rose's favorite colors. Jonathan stayed here occasionally, but this time he was carrying his bride into the bedroom. It was a first for him. Rose was confused. She was examining Jonathan's wound, but it somehow resulted in this.

Their clothes lay scattered together on the floor. Even the air was charged with sexual tension. His breath brushed past her ear. It was soft and seductive.

Rose suddenly remembered his injury and tried to push him away. "Your wound..."

She hadn't even had a proper look before he'd brought her to the bed.

However, Jonathan wasn't concerned about his injury.

"The wound... doesn't matter." Nothing was more important than her.

Jonathan was never an impatient person. He always remained calm, but at that moment, he felt a sense of urgency. He was eager to relive that deeply satisfying feeling he'd missed for so long.

He glanced at Rose who was in his arms. If she could still worry about his injury, then it was clearly a sign he hadn't done enough to capture her full attention. It seemed

needed to put in more effort

As such, Rose didn't have the chance to focus on anything else due to his hard work. The room filled with their love, and it was a long while before everything finally calmed down. Jonathan woke up when the sun rose. The first thing he did when he woke up was look down at the person in his arms. Rose was nestled in his embrace, sleeping soundly.

At that moment, Jonathan was content. He couldn't help but plant a kiss on her hair. A certain part of his body stirred again.

No.

Jonathan worked hard to push down the impulse. He had fully indulged himself last night and put her through a lot.

She was too tired now, so she needed to rest. He didn't want to hurt her with his lack of restraint.

He closed his eyes, but he couldn't sleep. He realized he had overestimated his self-control as he held her in his arms.

After struggling with himself for a moment, he decided to get up. The sky gradually brightened.

Jonathan went downstairs and headed straight for the kitchen. The villa hadn't been staffed yet, but the fridge was always stocked with ingredients. Soon, he was busy in the kitchen.

He cooked some oatmeal, warmed some milk, and made sandwiches. He managed to fry a perfect heart-shaped egg after ruining a few in the process.

He looked at the breakfast he had

prepared for Rose with satisfaction. He then arranged everything on the dining table. It was as if he was making a work of art. He had to make several adjustments before he was finally pleased.

However, he didn't notice that someone was watching him the whole time. Ezra was in the living room before Jonathan came downstairs. The living room lights were off. He stayed hidden in the shadows, so Jonathan didn't notice

him.

Ezra watched him walk into the kitchen. Under the kitchen lights, he saw as he bustled around in an apron. For a moment, Ezra thought he was seeing things. The Jonathan who was feared and respected by many was... cooking?

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 603 Those Grudges Were His Too

[1,213 words]

Ezra had to admit that it seemed rather surreal. After watching the figure work in the kitchen for so long, and even seemingly putting in extra effort into a single egg... He could confirm that person was indeed Jonathan. Was he making breakfast for Rose?

Ezra felt a little jealous. In all his life, he'd never tasted Jonathan's cooking.

He watched as Jonathan inspected the breakfast from every angle in the dining room. Finally, Ezra couldn't hold back and got up to approach him.

It was just breakfast. Was there really a need to fuss over it?

With a silent scoff, Ezra strode over and plopped himself down in front of the breakfast Jonathan had so carefully prepared.

Jonathan said nothing. Where had he come from? Didn't he...

"Why haven't you left?" Jonathan sounded unfriendly. "I gave you the keys to the car last night. If you don't want to drive, I'll call Leonard to come get you."

In short, it would be best if Ezra left his and Rose's home immediately.

Ezra felt a little hurt, but he was shameless. He pretended not to hear Jonathan's attempt to kick him out and didn't reply to Jonathan's statement.

He then picked up the utensils in front of him, ready to eat the breakfast. Jonathan, of course, wanted to stop him.

Jonathan didn't make it for Ezra. he made it for Rose, his wife.

Just as he was about to say something, he saw Rose coming down the stairs.

"Wifey, you're awake." Jonathan greeted her eagerly. His eyes were glued to her. "Why didn't you sleep a little longer? Maybe skip the office today..." He had exhausted her last night, so he felt bad for her.

"No, I can't," she replied.

She couldn't hide that she was a little tired, but she had just taken over at the Youngs. With Miles going on vacation soon, she had a lot of work to handle. Her stomach growled when she smelled breakfast. Ezra heard it too.

Ezra, who was just about to eat the breakfast before him, glanced at Rose. He then pulled out his phone as if something urgent had come up and made a call.

He stood up and walked away from the table as he waited for the call to connect. The moment he left the table, Jonathan took Rose's hand and guided her to the dining room.

"I made you breakfast. Go ahead. Try it." Jonathan sat Rose down in the spot Ezra had just vacated.

"But..." Rose trailed off. This was Ezra's breakfast...

"Go ahead and eat it. He has more," Jonathan replied, smiling brightly.

Rose really was hungry. Her stomach growled again. She felt a little awkward, so she stopped hesitating and tasted the oatmeal. It was surprisingly tasty.

"How is it? It's not bad, right?" Jonathan was seated beside her as he stared at her. His expression screamed that he wanted to be praised.

"It's very good," Rose replied, sampling some of the other dishes. She recalled that Jonathan was still a beginner in cooking back in Aquastead. Yet, he had become this skilled in such a short time. Rose focused on eating while Jonathan watched her. His eyes were filled with unconcealed affection. Nearby, Ezra also watched, entranced. His manager's voice came through on the other end of the line. "Mr. Turner? Hello? Mr. Turner, do you have any instructions for me?"

The manager was met with silence. His manager, who had just woken up, was confused by the silence.

It had been a long time since Ezra had contacted him. He was thus a little shocked when he received the call.

However, Ezra was silent when he picked up the phone. His manager was at a loss for words.

"Mr. Turner? The fans are all asking when your break will be over..."

The manager sounded a little exasperated. During Ezra's absence, the company had told the public he was on vacation. Even so, he couldn't stay on vacation forever.

Ezra was a top celebrity. His studio, company, and he himself was barely holding up under the pressure.

The other end of the phone was still silent. The manager wondered if Ezra had accidentally dialed his number.

The manager tried once more. "Mr. Turner?"

This time, Ezra frowned and gave his phone an irritated glance. How annoying. Ezra hung up the phone.

The manager looked at the dark phone screen, utterly baffled.

Ezra quickly put away his phone. In the dining room, Jonathan served a plate of breakfast for himself.

The warm scene was asking to be interrupted, so Ezra walked back in without hesitation. He then sat opposite Rose.

Rose greeted him warmly when she saw him. "Have you eaten, Ezzy?"

Ezra gave a gentle smile. "Nope. I slept and now I'm a little hungry, but... I guess there's none left for me?"

Rose was silent. However, his cautious expression looked a little pitiful.

She immediately comforted him by saying, "Of course there is!"

However, there were only two servings on the table. One was hers, and one was Jonathan's.

Rose looked at Jonathan. "There's more breakfast, right? I can make some if there isn't."

"Oh, thank you..."

Thank you, dear Rose. He could finally taste her cooking. How wonderful!

Jonathan interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. "Of course there is!" he replied with a smile. "It's in the kitchen. I'll get it."

Although he was smiling, his

expression turned icy the moment he turned his back to Rose as he was returning to the kitchen. He shot Ezra a look that clearly told him how horrid he was. FindNovel

Ezra noticed but acted oblivious. He secretly lamented that he lost the chance to eat Rose's cooking.

However, that feeling didn't last long. He knew he would have the chance to do so in the future.

Jonathan served him breakfast. It consisted of a bowl of oatmeal, a cup of milk, and a few deformed heart-shaped eggs. It looked rather sloppy.

"That's it. Go ahead and eat it,"

Jonathan said. He resisted the urge

to tell him to hurry up and leave once he was done. However, his expression delivered the message perfectly. en FindNovel

And Ezra did eat, but he didn't hurry up.

Like Rose, he tried a spoonful of oatmeal. It was not bad. He then tried some milk and the temperature was just right. Finally, he tasted the heart-shaped eggs. "These eggs are really ugly," Ezra remarked, poking at them.

Jonathan didn't respond to his remark. Ugly? If they were that ugly he could stop eating it. Why did he continue to do so?

Jonathan glanced at him indifferently. He didn't feel like responding.

After breakfast, while Rose went upstairs to change, Jonathan called out to Ezra, "What are your plans for Carl?"

Last night, Ezra had asked Jonathan for Carl.

Ezra already had a plan. "I'll use him as bait."

He would be the bait... And the fish would be Lizzie.

Jonathan understood immediately. "And if the fish doesn't bite?"

"Then we'll kill the fish and hang it on the hook." Ezra's eyes gleamed fiercely.

Both brothers knew that, although Carl had taken the blame for everything, there were deeper grudges at play. Certain truths had to come to light, and those who wanted to escape couldn't do so.

QUMS

However... Jonathan looked at Ezra and said, "I can handle it. You don't have to get involved."

He didn't want blood to stain Ezra's hands.

Ezra met his gaze and raised a brow. "Oh, so you're planning to enjoy all the satisfaction yourself? That's not happening. This isn't just your fight." Those grudges were his too.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 604 Jonathan Really Went All Out

[1,127 words]

Jonathan understood what Ezra meant. "No matter what help you need, you can always ask Finley."

By the time Rose came back downstairs, the serious expressions that Jonathan and Ezra had previously worn were replaced by smiles.

Jonathan was preparing to send Rose to the Youngs, but right after they stepped out, they saw a luxury car parked outside the house, with Elijah standing beside it. Standing far apart, the two men locked eyes. Jonathan looked shocked at first, but the shock quickly disappeared. Elijah had most probably investigated Jonathan inside out, so it made sense that he knew the location of Jonathan's new house. Jonathan took the hint and handed Rose over to Elijah.

When Rose reached the office, everyone she met gave her an oddly happy look.

"Ms. Shaffer, congratulations!"

"Ms. Shaffer, thank you so much!"

Rose felt strange about receiving congratulations. What had happened that people were congratulating her? And thanks? Why were they thanking her?

Rose was confused. It wasn't until she went upstairs and reached her office that she understood everything.

On her computer, an extremely ostentatious email had been sent to the entire Young Group. It was a marriage certificate, zoomed in to almost fill the computer screen.

On the certificate, there were two names-Jonathan Finch and Rose Shaffer.

"Jonathan!"

Rose didn't know how to react. It was only the previous night when she had agreed to announce their marriage, so she thought that only the guests would know. She didn't expect him to announce it like that. He really wanted the whole world to know.

"Ms. Shaffer, would you... like to try this?" Her assistant, Rachel, came into her office, holding something mysteriously in her hand.

"What's that?"

Rose looked toward Rachel's hand.

Rachel opened up her hand, revealing some sweets.

Sweets? Rose had a bad feeling, and she was right. Rachel handed her the sweets with a teasing smile on her face.

"The sweets are so sweet!"

It was their wedding favor! Jonathan, what did he do?

Rose took the sweets and slowly unwrapped the packaging. "Is it only sweets? Is there anything else?"

Rose wanted to know everything.

Earlier, when everyone saw her walking towards her office unknowingly, they concluded that she had no clue what was going on in the office. They assumed it was all a surprise prepared by Jonathan to make her happy. And they were right about it. Rose had no clue!

Since she didn't know, of course, Rachel took it upon herself to convey Jonathan's good heart. After all, she received many benefits from Jonathan's surprise as well.

"It's not just sweets. There's a lot more! All staff in the Young Group, no matter their experience and position, received an exclusive car purchasing discount.

"Also, the female staff received a set of luxurious skincare products, while the male staff received electronic devices. There are also sweets, flowers, and..." Rachel's eyes sparkled with excitement, as if she were the one Jonathan was trying to please. Who wouldn't love it when Jonathan's going all out like that?

At the end of the day, Rose was truly the lucky one, being pampered by Jonathan.

Rachel looked at Rose, but only to see her frowning. It wasn't the shy and touched expression that Rachel was expecting. Instead, it looked like she was about to settle a score with someone.

Rachel's heart sank, so she asked, "Ms. Shaffer, you're not going to make us return everything, are you?"

They loved all of the gifts they received. There was no way they were going to return them!

Thankfully, Rose smiled and responded gently, "It's okay. They're gifts, so you can just accept them."

"Okay, okay." Rachel nodded vigorously.

Rachel grabbed a bunch of sweets from her pocket and put them on the office table. "Ms. Shaffer... enjoy the sweets. Let me know if you need anything." Then, Rachel left the office.

Rose quickly took out her phone and dialed Jonathan's number. It only took one ring for the call to be answered. Jonathan's magnetic voice came through. "Miss me already, wifey?"

It wasn't hard to imagine Jonathan smiling on the other side of the phone.

Rose walked toward the wall, pressed a remote, and the wall instantly transformed into transparent glass, allowing her to see the office area outside.

On the desks, there were flowers, sweets, gift boxes... It was quite a spectacle.

She wanted to confront Jonathan, but her heart was immediately softened.

"Wifey, I miss you." On the other side of the phone, Jonathan did not hide his feelings for Rose. They had only just parted.

"I want to hug you," Jonathan continued.

Rose suddenly recalled their wild passion the previous night, her cheek flushing. She quickly brushed away the memories and questioned Jonathan but in a much weaker tone. "The things in the office... when did you prepare it?"

There were nearly ten thousand workers in the office building. It would be impossible to prepare everything in just one day.

As Rose expected, Jonathan

responded as if seeking praise, "I

prepared it a long time ago. I was thinking of giving it to the staff during the wedding, but it's all the same to me to give it earlier,

prepare something else when the

wedding comes."

As soon as Rose agreed to announce their relationship the previous night, Jonathan had Leonard make the arrangements immediately.

Now that their relationship was no

longer a secret, of course, he was going to go all out to celebrate it. By sharing the joy with her employees, Jonathan was also trying to win over her family.

Jonathan felt very satisfied, but Rose's mind kept echoing the word "wedding".

"When did I agree to having a wedding?"

Jonathan's smile froze. They had already announced their marriage. How could they not have a wedding?

Jonathan asked in a serious tone, "Then what do I need to do for you to agree to have a wedding?"

Rose didn't know how to answer that question. She stuttered and hung up the phone, unable to stop thinking about the wedding.

In the office of the design director of the Young's House of Jewels, Harriette stared at the marriage certificate with a dark expression. It must have been Jonathan's doing!

Outside of the office, all the staff were excited to receive gifts from Jonathan. Jonathan really wanted everyone to know that Rose was his wife!

Harriette was jealous of Jonathan's possessiveness toward Rose. But even if she was jealous, what could she do?

Harriette knew that what happened at Finch Manor the previous night was Lizzie's doing, but too bad Lizzie didn't see this coming.

If Lizzie's scheme had worked, today would have been a very different scenario.

Too bad. Too bad! Harriette felt extremely disappointed.

Suddenly her phone rang, and it was

an unsaved number. But she

recognized the number-it was Lizzie! Harriette made sure the office door was closed before finally answering the call. FindNovel

"Madam, how are you?" Harriette sounded concerned.

She had no idea what had happened after she left the night before. She didn't know if Lizzie had cleared her own name.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 605 She Knows Her Secret

[1,122 words]

For a moment, there was only silence from the other end of the line. Lizzie didn't respond to Harriette's question.

"Madam?" Harriette called out cautiously.

It was as if she'd flipped a switch because what came after was Lizzie's sharp questioning. "Did you already know that Rose and Jonathan were married?" Even over the phone, Harriette felt uneasy.

"Answer me! Did you know?" Lizzie raised her voice.

Harriete gulped. "I only realized later that the person Rose married was Mr. Finch. Madam, I wasn't trying to keep it from you. I just..."

"Just what?" Lizzie didn't believe that Harriete hadn't hidden the truth intentionally.

In the past, Lizzie would have definitely punished Harriete for her dishonesty, but at that moment, there were more pressing matters than punishing Harriete.

Lizzie forced down her anger. When she left the Finch Manor the night before, she hadn't returned to Cyrus's residence. Instead, she went to a luxury condominium she had secretly purchased. She'd spent the entire night alone on the sofa until daylight.

Before returning to the condominium, she had even secretly followed Jonathan, and she had realized that the villa was a new home for him and Rose.

How sweet. Jonathan put so much effort into Rose. How could that not drive her mad? How could she not want to destroy it all?

"Did you see Rose today? She looked happy, didn't she?"

Lizzie knew she wasn't the only one who resented Rose. Rose's luck and happiness stung others too. For example, Kelly Shaffer. Kelly Shaffer, who was now Harriete.

As Harriete thought about the fuss surrounding the Young Group building, jealousy flashed across her eyes.

"Yes. Happy."

If she were in Rose's place, she'd be on cloud nine.

"You two used to be sisters, both Shaffers. You used to have so much more than she does now. But fate is funny. Look at you now, living with someone else's face, while she..."

"A powerful father, a protecting brother, and a loving husband. She has it all. If I were you, the one thing I'd want the most now is to destroy her."

Lizzie's voice came through the phone, slipping into Harriete's ear like a devil's whisper, dangerously seductive. Each of her words struck Harriete's heart. Harriete wanted to destroy Rose. Even without what happened the previous night, she would still want to destroy her. But they have to wait... "Miles is going on vacation soon, so I'll find a chance after that. But Madam, will you still be able to help me?" Harriete still had to be realistic. She sensed that after last night, this Mrs. Finch was no longer as powerful as before. They had come together to benefit from each other.

If one lost their value, the relationship would fall apart. If Lizzie was no longer "Madam", then Harriette wouldn't have to follow her orders anymore.

From Harriette's tone, Lizzie could tell what she was thinking. On the other end of the line, Lizzie let out a cold laugh.

"You want to get rid of me? Etta, don't you forget who you are."

She was Kelly Shaffer.

Harriette's heart sank, and she immediately returned to being obedient. "Madam, that's not what I meant."

"You better not have," Lizzie replied sternly.

"I'm the only one who knows about the secret of your face. In Regalia, even with the face and identity of the Young family heiress, you can't achieve anything on your own. As for whether I can still help you, of course I can." With that, Lizzie hung up. To Lizzie, Kelly was a foolish pawn. But Kelly was very jealous of Rose. She wanted to drag Rose off her pedestal and step all over her. That was all Lizzie needed.

Harriette stared at her phone, feeling defeated.

Lizzie knew her secret, so she still had to be at her disposal. Instead of thinking about escaping Lizzie's control, it would be better to focus her energy on dealing with Rose. What should she do to Rose?

Harriette was lost in thought, but the sound of knocking pulled her back into reality. Harriette quickly went to open the door, meeting Miles's anxious gaze. As soon as he saw her, he hugged her tightly.

"Etta..." Harriette was startled by his actions.

She composed herself and patted Miles on his back. "Miles, what's wrong?"

Miles pulled back and looked at her face, his eyes filled with deep concern. "Etta, ever since you returned, I haven't asked you this. What happened when you went missing? Who did that to you?"

Harriette's heart skipped a beat. The

day on the rooftop, from Lizzie's words, she had vaguely guessed that Lizzie was involved in the death of the Young family heiress, but she didn't know exactly what had happened.

"Miles, why are you asking? I..." Harriette's mind raced as she tried to figure out how to handle the situation.

After some thought, she decided to put on an act.

"The past is the past. I don't want to dwell on painful memories anymore," she said with a frown. It looked as if she felt pain thinking about the past.

Miles noticed Harriette's reaction.

"But I can't let it go. You and

Grandpa are the most important people in my life. I'll make them pay for hurting you. I didn't know before, but now that I do, I can't just sit by!"

QUMS

Harriette was silent. He knew? He knew that Lizzie had something to do with Harriette's death?

Harriette was panicking inside. She was afraid that if Miles talked to Lizzie, she might reveal the secret of her face.

"Don't be afraid!" Miles noticed how panicked she was. "Carl is already locked up. Mrs. Finch Senior told me this morning herself that the Youngs can do whatever we want to Carl."

"Carl?" Harriette was stunned for a moment, blurting out his name.

How could it be Carl?

She quickly hid her surprise and heard Miles continue. "Carl has already admitted to pushing you into the water."

So that was why!

Harriette was secretly relieved. It turns out that Carl had admitted everything the previous night. She guessed that Carl took the blame for Lizzie.

Since they were dealing with Carl, Harriette had no more concerns. She felt that she should "take revenge" for everything that Harriette went through. So she looked up to Miles's eyes. "Miles, what are you going to do?"

"I think..." Sharpness flickered in Miles's usually calm eyes.

That brief moment of ruthlessness frightened her, but she quickly calmed herself, knowing that it wasn't directed to her.

She was Harriette, and Miles loved her. He was even willing to take revenge for her.

Revenge... Harriette's mind raced.

If she could use Miles's "revenge" to her advantage and destroy Rose, wouldn't that be perfect? But how could she make it happen?

Harriette was focused on thinking and didn't notice how Miles's gaze grew colder.

She stopped listening to him after "I think". Suddenly, an idea came to her, and she interrupted him.

"Miles, I want to meet him."

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 606 I Will Take Good Care of You

[1,109 words]

Harriette was referring to Carl.

Miles frowned instantly, as though worried that she might get hurt again.

However, Harriette immediately reassured him, "Don't worry, Miles. As long as you're by my side, he won't be able to hurt me again."

Miles thought for a moment, and his brows began to relax.

"Okay." Miles agreed for Harriette to meet Carl.

"Be good. I'll go visit Rose. She was scared last night too, but luckily nothing happened to her. Otherwise, her fate, as well as Jon's and Ezra's would be very different." Miles didn't hide his concern for Rose in front of Harriette.

"Go ahead, Miles. I'll visit her later today as well." Harriette said kindly.

The moment Miles left the office, the smile on her face instantly faded.

"Such a shame..." She sighed, lamenting at Rose's luck. It would be ideal for her if something had happened between Ezra and Rose in the greenhouse.

If so, Rose would have never had the chance to be with Jonathan, and there wouldn't be so much commotion at the Young Group building today.

She thought about the thousands of gifts and the amount of money Jonathan had spent on Rose, and her jealousy drove her mad.

Consumed by her jealousy, Harriette carefully planned how to avoid Miles and meet with Carl.

What she didn't know was that as soon as Miles left the office, his usually calm and elegant demeanor was immediately replaced by a cold, ruthless expression. He quickly headed upstairs while telling Victor to prepare an outfit for him. Miles still had his old office in the building. In the office, there were always spare clothes in case he needed it.

He hugged "Harriette" and felt disgusted. If it weren't for needing to gain her trust, he wouldn't even bother to look at her.

He lowered his head and smelled the lingering scent of "Harriette" on him.

He frowned the whole time, and only after changing into a fresh outfit was he somewhat satisfied before heading to meet Rose.

When Miles arrived at Rose's office, she was in a discussion with Rachel about work. She was so focused that she didn't notice him entering the office.

Miles didn't disturb her. He quietly observed how seriously she worked, and a smile appeared on his face.

His eyes followed her. His gaze was filled with affection that he couldn't hide. Even he didn't realize that this affection was no longer romantic. It was purely platonic, familial love. "Mr. Miles..."

Rachel finally saw Miles.

"Miles!" Rose lifted her head. Her smile was bright and radiant, like the sun.

Rachel took the hint and left the office, giving them privacy.

"Are you getting used to the work?" Miles approached the office desk. Looking at how she handled her work, he already had his answer.

However, Rose answered differently from what he expected. "Absolutely not! I can't handle such a huge company on my own."

Rose truly wanted to return the Young Group to Miles. To her, even if she inherited it, the company still belonged to Miles. Young Group belonged to Miles. Of course, she wanted to return it to him. "I need rest," said Rose. Miles didn't want her to overwork herself.

But according to his plan, he needed to detach himself from the company for a while so that his enemies would let their guard down.

He had to wait till his enemies showed their true colors. After that, he would return to the company to help Rose.

"I... leave tomorrow." Miles looked at Rose.

Rose was shocked, as she hadn't expected it to be so soon. "Why so sudden?"

"It's not. I've planned it very early on. I've been working non-stop these past few years, and now I just want to relax. Rose..."

Miles paused. "Remember, I'll be by your side no matter what happens."

Rose took his words literally, not realizing there was another meaning behind it.

"Miles, have fun and come back soon." Rose held Miles's arm lovingly. "Miles, I'll send you off tomorrow."

"Okay."

That night, Rose returned to the Young estate, and the family had a meal together. The next morning, the Youngs all went to the airport to see Miles off.

"Miles, I'm gonna miss you after you leave!" Harriette looked at Miles affectionately. However, in her heart, she was thrilled to see Miles leave.

It was fantastic! She never expected Miles to go on vacation so soon. She had been worrying about how to avoid him, and now even fate seemed to be on her side.

Looking at Harriette's affectionate expression, Miles only responded with a smile. Though his expression was loving, his eyes remained cold.

"Then... should I skip my vacation?"

Harriette froze. "But you had it all planned, and you need to relax."

Miles responded, "Then how about you go with me?"

"What about Rose?" Harriette reacted quickly. There was no way she would go with him.

She had to take this opportunity while Miles was away. She had something more important to do.

"I'd be happy to join you for vacation, but leaving Rose alone at the company would be too much for her to handle. I should stay and help her out." Harriette grabbed Rose, looking concerned, as if they were real sisters.

Even Rose was taken aback.

Vels

When it came to Harriette, Rose always felt a strange sense of powerlessness. No matter how Harriette tried to act affectionately toward her, she always felt an invisible barrier between them. She found it hard to reciprocate Harriette's friendliness.

"Thank you, Etta." Rose was a little awkward.

"Don't mention it. We're family after all!" Harriette's voice was hoarse, but her smile was radiant.

Miles looked at both of them. In his deep eyes, a subtle and mysterious look flickered.

They then sent Miles off to the security check. From the beginning, Harriette and Rose were holding hands, while Anastasia, left out, silently observed.

In her eyes, Harriette's face wasn't Harriette's. Instead, it was Kelly's.

Kelly! Ever since she discovered that Harriette was actually Kelly, she had been observing her. She had to admit that Kelly was extremely talented in acting. Miles believed her, and Rose didn't notice anything odd either.

Rose...

"Rose, don't worry. I'll take care of you while Miles is on vacation." Harriette held onto Rose lovingly, but to Rose, that warmth was unbearably intense." Rose smiled politely. Then, she turned around and met Anastasia's gaze. Was it just her imagination?

She sensed a sense of sarcasm and sympathy.

Harriette also saw how Anastasia was looking at Rose. Naturally, she knew the meaning behind Anastasia's look. Was Anastasia trying to give Rose a hint? But... Harriette would never let that happen.

"Anastasia, you're my younger sister,

of course, I'll take good care of you

too,"

looking as if she was being a responsible older sister.

ette promised cheerfully,

But only she and Anastasia knew that what she meant by "taking care" wasn't actually taking care. Instead, it was a warning.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 607 The Chance Is Finally Here

[1,113 words]

Harriette was warning Anastasia. If she interfered, she would "take care" of her.

Anastasia's eyes flickered with surprise, and she swiftly looked away. After that, she quietly left the airport with the two of them.

On the way back to the company, Harriette deliberately separated Anastasia from her and Rose. Anastasia took a car on her own, while Harriette and Rose shared one.

In the car, Rose couldn't stop thinking about the look Anastasia had given her earlier. She felt that Anastasia had something she wanted to say to her.

Rose sensed that ever since Harriette returned, Anastasia had changed entirely. She was no longer as aggressive as before. But despite Anastasia's change, they still didn't interact much. What could she possibly want to say to her?

"Rose? Rose?" Harriette called her twice before Rose finally reacted. She was immediately met with Harriette's pout. "Rose, what were you daydreaming about? You

weren't listening to me, were you?" Rose didn't respond. She tried to recall what Harriette had said, but her mind went blank.

"What did you say?" Rose responded apologetically. She genuinely didn't hear anything.

Harriette huffed, but she wasn't blaming Rose. She repeated, "The bodyguard at Finch Manor that night, I've seen him before."

She spoke while frowning as if frightened by unhappy memories.

Rose recalled what Carl had said that night and couldn't help but feel bad for Harriette. She comforted her, saying, "Etta, it's okay now. Carl's been locked up, and he won't be able to hurt anyone again." Rose wanted to reassure her and chase away her fear.

But to her surprise, Harriette replied, "I know, Miles told me that too. For a long time, I kept having the same nightmare. I dreamed I was pushed into the water and drowned. That's what happened before I went missing. After that... "After that, I kept telling myself not to think about it anymore, and I did stop thinking about it for a long time.

"But Miles told me that it was the bodyguard from the Finch family who pushed me into the water and nearly took my life. Last night, I had the same nightmare again. I'm scared."

Harriette was really good at making up stories. All of the lies were made up at the last minute when they got in the car.

When talking about fear, Harriette looked genuinely afraid. Anyone who saw her would have felt sorry for her.

Rose... should fall for it too, right?

"I know a good therapist in Aquastead..." Harriette seemed to have psychological trauma, so a therapist should be able to help her.

Harriette didn't answer. What she wanted wasn't a therapist.

But she couldn't let Rose suspect her, so she pretended to be pleased. "Really? That's great. I also think it could be psychological trauma, and maybe a therapist can help.

"I told Miles yesterday that I wanted to meet the bodyguard, and he agreed."

Rose was visibly surprised. Meet the bodyguard? She was confused.

Harriette suddenly held onto her arm. "Miles arranged everything, but now that he's gone, I'm scared."

Scared? Then why would she still want to meet him?

"Rose, can you come with me?" Harriette looked at Rose with anticipation.

Her hoarse voice had a certain charm that made others feel sympathy for her.

Rose thought of Miles and the way Harriette mentioned "taking care" of Anastasia. She couldn't refuse her request.

"Okay."

"Really? That's wonderful! Rose, you're so sweet." Harriette hugged Rose's arm happily.

As expected, Rose fell for it.

A smug smile appeared on Harriette's lips. Rose had agreed, and Miles was gone. Now, all she had to do was keep track of Jonathan and Clover and find the right time to bring Rose to see Carl.

In the next few days, Harriette monitored Jonathan and Clover's movements. But almost every day, either Jonathan, Clover, or Elijah would appear.

They were all busy men, but somehow, they had so much time to revolve around Rose. It was so annoying!

Harriette felt frustrated, but the time finally came.

One afternoon, Rose was dining alone in the Young Group building's staff cafeteria. The moment she appeared, it caused a stir.

The other day, when Jonathan arranged the surprise for Rose, everyone in the Young Group benefited from it.

"Ms. Shaffer, you're here to eat?"

"Ms. Shaffer, this is delicious. Let me bring you some..."

"Ms. Shaffer..."

Everyone was so friendly to her. Rose was awkward at first, but now she had gotten used to it.

"Rose, where's Mr. Finch?" Harriette approached and sat opposite her.

"He... went on a business trip."

Because of the work trip, Jonathan clung to Rose until late at night before finally falling asleep. In the morning when they parted, he was once again very affectionate, whispering softly in her ear.

Thinking about that, Rose's cheeks flushed. Harriette noticed the flush on Rose's pale face, and she couldn't help but feel jealous.

"Where's Mr. Xanth and Clover? Why aren't they here today?" Harriette asked affectionately.

Rose quickly brushed away the flashbacks from the previous night. "Dad made plans with an old friend, and Clover is keeping him company."

Rose felt a warmth in her heart thinking about how both of them had been taking turns having lunch with her. She nearly forgot that both of them were busy. It made her feel selfish for wanting their company.

While Rose was lost in thought, Harriette was excited.

Today was the day! She secretly

made a decision. Jonathan was on a business trip, and both Elijah and Clover were occupied. It would

be

hard to find another opportunity like

this, so today had to be the day!

However, Harriette didn't bring it up right away. After she took a nap, she rushed into Rose's office in a panic and threw herself into Rose's arms, her whole body trembling. Rose was stunned for a moment, then asked softly, "Etta, what's wrong?"

"I... I had the nightmare again," Harriette stammered, trembling.

The same nightmare she had mentioned before? Rose patted her back, trying to comfort her, but Harriette couldn't seem to calm down. Suddenly, she grabbed Rose's hand. "Rose, I need to see him. Maybe if I see him again, I'll stop being afraid. Exactly. I'll go right now." Harriette muttered.

It was as though she was losing her mind. She didn't ask Rose to come with her, but she was certain that Rose would be too worried to let her go alone.

Simply because "Harriette" was important to Miles, Rose wouldn't just stand by and let her go alone. As expected, before she even left Rose's office, she heard Rose's concerned voice. "Etta, wait. It's raining outside..."

Rose hurried to catch up with Harriette. She followed Harriette out of the office, but Harriette stepped into the elevator before her. The elevator door closed, so Rose had to wait for the next one. After a moment, the elevator door opened again. But just as Rose was about to enter, a hand grabbed her wrist.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 608 Strangeness Everywhere

[1,080 words]

Rose stopped in her tracks and turned around, surprised to see the person behind her. Anastasia?

"Don't..." Anastasia looked anxious. But before she could finish, someone from behind bumped into her, causing her to let go of Rose's hand. The person immediately apologized. "Sorry, I... I'm in a rush."

The person looked frightened but quickly stepped into the elevator.

As the elevator door was about to close, someone inside asked Rose, "Ms. Shaffer, aren't you coming?"

For some reason, Rose entered the elevator.

"Rose..." Anastasia wanted to stop her, but as she reached out, the elevator door closed, leaving her standing alone.

She tried to stop her, but she failed, so what else could she do?

Rose... Since Miles left Regalia, Harriette had been behaving herself, but today, she was acting weird. She was about to cause trouble! Anastasia was certain of that. But she didn't know what Harriette was planning to do.

In the elevator, Rose felt uneasy. The elevator reached the first floor. When the door was about to open, a voice came from behind. "Ms. Shaffer, thank you."

Rose was slightly startled. She turned around and saw the person who had bumped into Anastasia earlier. She was also the receptionist who had been bullied by Chloe not long ago, Olivia.

Rose remembered that she had transferred her to another position.

"How's your new job? Are you getting used to it? Rose asked gently.

"Yes, definitely."

It was Olivia's first time standing so close to Rose. The entire time in the elevator, she was so nervous that she held her breath.

At that moment, Rose smiled at her.

Olivia got distracted for a moment, then remembered what she was supposed to do.

She quickly handed Rose an umbrella and said, "Ms. Shaffer, no matter what happens, don't be afraid." After that, she left the elevator in a hurry.

Rose held the umbrella in her hand, confused. Strange. The day was full of strangeness.

Just now upstairs, Anastasia grabbed onto her and said, "Don't."

Don't do what? Rose couldn't understand.

And the staff member just now, whose name she didn't even remember, gave her an umbrella and said, "Don't be afraid."

"Was that Ms. Young? It's pouring outside, and I think I saw her run into the rain. Did something happen? She looked very panicked."

As Rose was lost in thought, she heard a voice. Rose snapped back to reality and remembered Harriette. She ran outside with the umbrella.

From afar, Rose saw Harriette in the rain. Harriette was hailing a taxi.

"Etta..." Rose called out.

The worry in Harriette's heart finally eased. She thought she had miscalculated as Rose hadn't caught up to her for a while. There were already several taxis passing by, but she couldn't get in because Rose hadn't caught up yet. Because of that, Harriette had to stand in the rain. She was drenched.

Harriette turned around and saw Rose with an umbrella. She felt displeased. She was drenched in the rain, while Rose had an umbrella!

She felt resentful, but she needed to focus on the bigger picture. She saw a taxi approaching and immediately stopped it and got in.

In the rearview mirror, Rose saw her leaving. She looked worried and was trying to stop another taxi.

A victorious smile appeared on Harriette's face. Seeing how Rose hadn't been able to hail a taxi yet, she told the driver, "Drive slowly. Wait for my friend. She's behind. Wait for her to catch up."

It would be bad if Rose fell behind.

Rose finally got a taxi and asked the driver to follow Harriette. Luckily, the traffic was slow due to the rain.

Rose's taxi followed Harriette's for

half an hour before finally stopping at their destination. The rain was still heavy. Rose followed Harriette into a building. Harriette was drenched.

en FindNovel

Harriette saw Rose when she stepped out. There was water dripping off herself, while Rose... The umbrella was so big that Rose didn't get wet at all, even in such heavy rain. How unfair! "Rose..." Harriette cried. She looked like a mess, so pitiful. She tried her best to make Rose feel sorry for her.

As expected, Rose quickly looked for another set of clothes for Harriette to change into.

"Rose, you're so nice to me." Harriette looked at Rose.

Harriette had a bright smile, but Rose felt a sense of coldness in it. She felt even more strange now.

Rose realized where they were and felt confused. "This is a psychiatric facility."

They were in a psychiatric facility.

Harriette's eyes darkened. "He's here."

Rose immediately understood who she meant by "he".

It was the bodyguard from the Finch family, Carl Larson.

"Miles said that he's here."

Harriette seemed to be recalling the nightmare again. She looked at Rose, scared, but determined. "I don't want to be controlled by fear anymore. I need to see him. I have to." What could Rose say? If Harriette wanted to see him, of course, she would follow her. But a psychiatric facility...

Rose had a bad feeling, especially after entering, she felt a chillness that was following her around. Maybe it was just her imagination, but she couldn't help but feel cautious. "I'll call Ezra. Let him arrange things for us."

The other night at Finch Manor, Ezra had asked Jonathan to hand Carl over. Rose guessed Ezra wanted to handle Carl personally, so the psychiatric facility was probably his doing. Asking Ezra to arrange a meeting between Harriette and Carl should be no problem.

Panic flashed across Harriette's eyes. Ezra? She had completely forgotten about him! She couldn't let Ezra mess up her plan.

She was about to stop Rose, but Rose had already pulled out her phone and dialed Ezra's number.

"Hello?" The call went through. In the tense silence, Harriette heard Rose's voice. "It's fine. You don't have to tell him I called." The situation...

"How was it?" Harriette asked hesitantly.

Rose looked apologetic and explained, "Ezzy... might be busy. It was the housekeeper who picked up the phone."

The housekeeper was recently hired by Jonathan. She was the housekeeper at the villa that he took Ezra to that night.

Ever since Ezra followed them to the

villa, he hadn't left. But it was

strange. Ezra rarely left the house, yet the housekeeper said he rushed out after taking a call. He even forgot his phone.

"It's fine. We're already here. We can go see him right away." Harriette sighed in relief.

Luckily Ezra hadn't answered the call, so he wouldn't know Rose was there. Harriette had to be quick.

By that time, everything would be set in stone. Even if Ezra found out, he wouldn't be able to change anything.

Harriette schemed in her mind. She couldn't wait. "Rose, wait here. I'll go see him alone."

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 609 Time to Test Her Acting Skills

[1,195 words]

Henrietta turned and left after she spoke. But how could Rose feel at ease with letting her search for Carl alone? He was a dangerous person.

She had witnessed how dangerous and crazy he was that night. Now that everything he had done was revealed, he had even less qualms. If he hurt Henrietta again...

Once she thought of Miles, she immediately followed Henrietta. She tailed her and realized Henrietta was darting aimlessly through the corridors. She peered through the glass door of each room to check inside. Once she was sure the person inside wasn't Carl, she would move on to the next room.

Was that how she planned to find him? She had to go through the facility even if she wanted to see Carl. She would at least be able to guarantee her safety that way.

"Etta..." said Rose. She wanted to stop Henrietta so she could provide her information to the facility to meet Carl. However, just as she called out to Henrietta, she heard Henrietta's hoarse voice.

"Carl!"

The next instant, Rose saw Henrietta take off, running in a certain direction. She looked where she was headed and saw him-it was Carl.

At that moment, Carl was being led out of a room under the supervision of several nurses. He instinctively looked over when he heard someone calling his name and was momentarily stunned when saw Henrietta rushing toward him. It seemed like he recognized her. Snapping back to reality, he shoved the nurses aside and bolted forward. Henrietta chased after him while Rose followed from behind.

Ever since the day Carl was taken from the Finch Manor, he had been locked in this psychiatric facility, enduring relentless psychological torment. As such, he was merely a shadow of the imposing figure he once was.

However, he was ultimately from the Azure Clan. Although he had been tormented relentlessly, outrunning a woman was easy for him.

Carl's expression had taken on an unsettling, manic edge. Perhaps it was due to the psychological torment he had received. He charged forward recklessly, yelling as he did so.

His yells were mixed with spine-chilling laughter. He crashed into countless people and objects along the way, stirring up chaos.

Rose almost fell over and collided with others during the chaos. However, she was assisted by others nearby each time or shielded from oncoming collisions. But Henrietta wasn't so lucky.

Amid the chaos, Henrietta fell twice, scraping her knees and even hitting her forehead once. The pain made her head ring, and she couldn't help but curse Carl silently.

God damn it, Carl. She wouldn't have chased after him if it weren't for the chaos and the acting. Hadn't Lizzie asked him to cooperate with her? His cooperation was getting her hurt. Finally, Henrietta chased Carl into an abandoned warehouse.

"Carl!" She deliberately slowed her pace. Those behind her, including Rose, had been left behind.

As she reached a spot inside, a hand suddenly shot out from behind her. It hooked around her neck and yanked her back roughly.

With her back pressed against a chest, Carl's voice could be heard in her ear. "You've got some nerve!"

His statement wasn't about her coming to the psychiatric facility. Instead, it was about how she had dared to manipulate Rose, the one cherished by Jonathan and the Xanth family. Henrietta didn't misunderstand what he meant. Her lips curled into a cold smirk. "Madam has given you your orders. Do you have what it takes?"

"Do I have what it takes?" he echoed. "What are you talking about?"

Carl caught a whiff of her perfume, and he closed his eyes, savoring it. He then leaned in and licked the back of her ear.

A shiver swept through her body, followed by boundless disgust. She didn't care what kind of relationship he had with Lizzie. To her, he was nothing but a bodyguard and an old mutt. How could he have the right to touch her?

However, he was very useful today. So, Henrietta forced herself to endure it and returned to the topic at hand. "Do you have what it takes to kill Rose, of course?" Carl did not respond.

Henrietta furrowed her brows. "Madam wants her dead, even more than I do. Everything I'm doing today is under her orders. You wouldn't go against her wishes, would you?"

She knew Carl's feelings for Lizzie

were deep based on the fact that he took responsibility for planning to murder the Young family heiress. He wouldn't go against Lizzie's wishes. He would even help her to his detriment.

Henrietta was right. But Carl still hadn't given her a clear response.

Carl heard the noise outside the warehouse grow closer. He gave her a meaningful smile and said, "It seems like it's time to see your acting skills."

With that, he pushed Henrietta out of the shadows into the line of sight of the people entering the place.

The moment Henrietta saw Rose, her acting skills kicked in. She gasped with a terrified look on her face. From her expression to her movements-her entire being seemed to scream terror.

After all, she was still a woman.

Even if her desire to confront the man who haunted her nightmares had been strong, now that she'd actually fallen into his hands, realization hit her. How could she not feel afraid when she was held hostage by him?

Amidst her fear, she looked at Rose as if she was her savior.

"Rose, save me... No..." She had just started to beg for help when she suddenly realized something and changed her mind. "Rose, you have to leave! Get out of here, and don't worry about me!" She was like a selfless sister who was unwilling to let those she cared about walk into a trap. Who wouldn't feel moved by her righteousness?

Carl, who held her hostage from behind, cooperated with her. Upon seeing Rose, he said immediately, "Ms. Shaffer? Heh. You're here too? Don't even think about leaving! You're not going anywhere!"

Rose frowned. She saw madness in Carl's eyes.

"Rose, leave! Don't listen to him. He's insane. I was wrong, Rose. I should have listened to you. I also shouldn't have wanted to see him. He's crazy. He's a crazy person!"

Henrietta's voice was hoarse as she screamed. It sounded grating.

Once she said that, Carl slapped the back of her head. "Shut up, you bitch!"

Henrietta's cry of pain wasn't an act. Carl knew they were putting on an act, but he didn't hold back at all.

She would have slapped him right back if it weren't for Rose and the others watching. However, the show had to go on.

Henrietta secretly clenched her teeth but kept up the pitiful and fearful look. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Rose's furrowed brows. She looked extremely worried about her. After Carl hit her, he gripped her firmly so she couldn't struggle. He then looked at Rose. "Ms. Shaffer, are you worried about her?"

Rose frowned. She responded with a question instead. "What do you intend to do?"

The madness in Carl's eyes flared even brighter. Henrietta had been right about one thing earlier he was insane.

"Rose, go!" Henrietta's voice rang out again. Her hoarse voice made Rose's head throb.

Go? But how could she leave? Henrietta's warmth had never quite reached Rose's heart, but Henrietta was Miles's family. Besides...

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 610 Revealing Her True Colors

[1,095 words]

That strange feeling in the air today hadn't faded since it began. Rose had the strange urge to find out where it came from. What would the result be?

She ignored Henrietta's frantic cries. Her gaze slid past her and fell on Carl. She asked once more, "What do you intend to do?"

"What do I intend to do?" Carl sneered and continued, "The Finches sent me here to a psychiatric facility."

He then chuckled. "Do I look insane to you?"

Rose was speechless.

Yes, very much so.

Carl's heart was filled with genuine hatred. Being sent to the psychiatric facility was Ezra's doing. Ezra clearly wanted him to experience what his mother, Nancy, had suffered back then.

During his time here, they injected him with drugs. He knew exactly what those drugs were doing to his body. It was the knowledge that filled him with terror. This was exactly what Ezra wanted. He even felt that he was mentally ill now. Hatred flared in his eyes. "No, I'm not sick. I don't have a mental illness! I don't have a mental illness! What do you think I intend to do after everything the Finches have done to me?"

Carl then squinted at the doctors and nurses behind Rose. He shouted, "You-all of you, get out! Leave now!"

The people behind Rose frowned but didn't move.

Carl's expression grew vicious. Out of nowhere, he pulled out a syringe. The sharp needle went straight for Henrietta's eye.

Henrietta screamed, terrified. Rose was shocked as well.

Fortunately, the needle stopped halfway toward her eye. However, Rose understood what he meant by this action. He was telling everyone that if they didn't follow his demands, he would do something crazy and hurt someone. Henrietta stared at the syringe which was filled with some kind of drug. Although it was all an act, a trace of real fear surfaced in her eyes. "Rose... I..."

She didn't tell Rose to leave again. Instead, she looked at Rose. Her eyes were filled with unmistakable fear.

However, the doctors and nurses behind Rose still didn't react. She glanced back, surprised. They were too calm.

"Please leave," requested Rose. They only seemed to react once she spoke. After a brief exchange of glances, one of them nodded, and the doctors and nurses finally exited the warehouse.

Henrietta and Carl watched this with a flicker of surprise, but their thoughts quickly shifted to excitement as they focused on Rose, now alone across from them.

She was here, alone. It was as if a lamb had walked straight into the lion's den. Taking her life would be easy.

Besides, her death would be caused by a "mental patient". There was nothing to be said about it even if anyone wanted to.

As for this "mental patient," Carl was nothing but a pawn. For the sake of Lizzie's wishes, he should accept his fate as a disposable piece.

As Henrietta thought of that, she couldn't help but say, "Rose..."

Her body trembled, and her voice quivered. However, she was secretly overjoyed.

"Henrietta, don't worry. He wouldn't dare hurt you," Rose reassured her.

Carl laughed. "Ms. Shaffer. No, that's not right. You're married to Jonathan now. I should call you Mrs. Finch.

"If you don't want me to hurt her, why don't you come over while she leaves?"

"No, Rose! Don't do it..."

Henrietta still played the role of someone unwilling to let Rose fall into danger. Rose frowned. It was clear now-Carl's target had been her all along. After a moment's contemplation, Rose didn't hesitate. "Fine."

"Rose!" Henrietta cried out. She would've laughed out loud in joy if it wasn't for Rose watching her.

That was great. Rose had agreed to take her place, and everything was unfolding exactly as Henrietta had hoped.

Carl laughed without reservation. "In that case, come on over!"

Rose took a step forward, then another, and another...

In the empty warehouse, her footsteps could be heard extremely clearly. It seemed to ring in everyone's ears and synched with everyone's heartbeats.

Finally, Rose was only a few steps away from Carl.

"All right. You can let her go now," Rose said as she stared Carl directly in the eyes.

Her gaze stirred some apprehension within Carl. She was just a woman. What was he afraid of? However, Rose had learned self-defense. Once he recalled that, his guard went up. "Come a little closer!"

Rose took a few more steps.

The closer she got, the more Carl's

caution grew. When she was close enough, he grabbed her wrist.

ovel

Perhaps was his nerves or his eagerness to control her, but soon as he had Rose, he immediately kicked Henrietta away.

Rose reacted swiftly upon seeing that Henrietta had escaped Carl's grasp. Before his other hand could reach her, she reversed her grip on his wrist and applied a lot of force. She then slammed him to the ground with a powerful

over-the-shoulder throw.

Henrietta and Carl were both stunned.

At that moment, a single thought ran through both of their minds-the plan couldn't fail today.

Meanwhile, someone paid close attention to a screen in a hidden room separated from the warehouse by a wall. The person was clutching a radio, but their tense grip gradually relaxed.

A trace of affection could be seen in their gaze, but the anxiousness returned.

On the screen, a glint of malice appeared in Henrietta's eyes.

Back in the warehouse, Henrietta's expression darkened. She hadn't expected that this Carl would allow Rose to throw him to the ground so easily. She silently cursed him.

In an instant, Henrietta let out a

startled cry. It seemed that Carl's hard kick caused her to stagger and lose her balance. At that moment, with a look of horror on her face, she tipped backward.

Behind her lay a pile of discarded medical equipment. Rose frowned.

Seeing Henrietta about to fall into the heap of scrap metal, Rose acted quickly, stepping forward to catch her.

"Rose..." Henrietta murmured, as if still in shock.

She tried hard to appear grateful, but when she caught sight of Carl rising to his feet, she couldn't contain her excitement. Her smile twisted, losing its earlier "kindness".

It was a smile that sent chills down one's spine.

Rose frowned, sensing someone approaching from behind. She prepared to counter it, but before she could act, an arm circled her neck from behind.

"Thanks for making this easy, Ms. Young..."

Carl's laugh was evil, and Rose felt a chill run through her entire body.

Henrietta, who Rose had just kept from crashing into the metal pile, now dropped all pretense. A smile appeared on her face. It was different from all the smiles she had shown Rose in the past. That smile was unrestrained, evil, and triumphant...

Like a demon from the depths of hell, shedding its human mask and revealing its true nature at last.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 611 Be More Resolute

[1,268 words]

When Harriette saw the look on Rose's face, she felt stirred up with even more excitement.

She was astonished, shocked, and even confused-all these emotions were present except for fear.

This made Harriette feel very dissatisfied. Why wasn't Rose afraid?

She wanted to instill fear in Rose and make her scared. She even wanted to watch her tremble all over, begging for mercy and pleading for her life... How could she be okay as though nothing was happening at all?

In the current situation, Carl has control over Rose. There was no chance Rose would be able to leave the psychiatric facility's warehouse today.

So, Harriette decided to stop pretending.

She faced Rose, whose eyes were filled with a complex mix of emotions. With a gentle smile, she said, "I owe it all to you, Rose!"

She passed on Carl's message to Rose, doubling the irony.

"Harriette, you..." If Rose didn't understand by now, she had to really be clueless.

After Rose connected everything together, it became increasingly clear that today, and even before that, Harriette had been scheming and guiding her step by step into the current situation. But why?

Rose looked at Harriette and asked the question that had been on her mind, "Why?"

"Why?"

Harriette laughed wildly, making her face appear somewhat menacing. When the laughter abruptly stopped, she fixed her gaze on Rose, her eyes filled with a jealousy that was almost tangible.

"Because you're Rose, and despite your modest beginnings with at Aquastead, you somehow had the fortune of attracting Clover's favor, which led to reconnecting with your influential father and becoming the only daughter of the prestigious Xanth family. Not only that, Mr. Young Senior left the entire Young family's estate to you. What's even more infuriating is that Miles actually let you inherit it!

"And then there's Jonathan..."

Harriette's eyes were filled with a growing madness as she screamed hoarsely at Rose, "He actually announced he was marrying you! Mrs. Finch... Why you? Why are you the one who gets to be Mrs. Finch!"

It should have been Kelly's. Everything should have rightfully belonged to her!

Rose looked at Harriette's current state and suddenly realized something. She never expected that she would attract so much envy and resentment.

Harriette...

Because of the Young family's inheritance, because of Jonathan... Rose remembered that ever since Harriette returned, she seemed indifferent to the assets and influence of the Young family.

She didn't care about Jonathan either.

It turns out she did care.

But that still didn't seem right. Rose thought about it more, and the more she did, the uneasier she felt.

Even at this moment, the strange feeling that had been lingering in her heart didn't disappear. Instead, it grew stronger.

What exactly was off about the situation?

Rose's brows were slightly furrowed, and she looked at Harriette with a gaze full of curiosity.

What exactly was wrong about this?

Under Rose's gaze, Harriette felt a moment of unease. She reminded herself that, in Rose's eyes, she was Harriette, not Kelly.

In the future, Kelly would no longer exist she would only be Harriette.

She needed to use Harriette's identity in order to obtain everything she desired-wealth, status, glory, and more.

"Goodbye, Rose," Harriette said, her expression calming.

As she spoke, she smiled at Rose and slowly stepped back.

The distance between the two of them gradually increased. The smile grew wider on Harriette's face while Rose looked at the needle pressing against her neck.

"Mrs. Finch, someone wants you dead today, so you won't be leaving this warehouse," Carl said from behind.

After being thrown over the shoulder by Rose just moments ago, Carl was now being especially cautious and vigilant as he faced her. He was worried that if he let his guard down for even a moment, she might seize another opportunity against him. Rose furrowed her brow. "I can't get out, yet you think you can? Those doctors and nurses saw you just now, and Jonathan knows about it. He won't let you off."

"Let's discuss this. You still have a chance..."

Rose took a moment to compose herself. Now, she could only rely on her own resources to help herself.

However, Carl burst into laughter. "Negotiate? A turning point? Mrs.

Finch, if you're hoping I'll let you go don't waste your effort. Even if I let you go, Mr. Finch won't spare me. Which of the things I've done

wouldn't make Mr. Finch want to kill

me?

"I know why he left me behind."

Carl had a look of deep solemnity and paused for a moment before continuing, "It's not just to let Mr. Turner vent his anger. He wants to use me as bait, but how could I allow that?"

Rose furrowed her brow and immediately understood what he meant.

Even though Carl took full responsibility for everything that night, she sensed that something unusual was going on.

Based on her speculation, Carl took the blame for everything on his own to protect Lizzie.

If that were truly the case, was he implying that he was willing to risk his life for Lizzie? He truly had deep feelings for Lizzie.

But...

"Is it worth it?" Rose sighed.

The sigh carried a hint of pity, and Carl was momentarily taken aback.

But he quickly dismissed the strange feeling that had arisen in his heart and, with a sardonic laugh, said, "Mrs. Finch, you're being too nosy. Instead of worrying about whether it's worth it, perhaps you should be more concerned about whether you're going to be in pain when you die soon."

"Will it hurt?"

Rose recalled the times when she was in danger.

Every time, thanks to Jonathan, they managed to turn a dangerous situation around. He was like her guardian angel!

But this time, Jonathan wasn't in Regalia.

Not only was he absent, but Elijah and Clover were also busy. Miles had also gone abroad for vacation. It seemed like everyone who could protect her was unavailable. Rose suddenly laughed.

She understood even more clearly how much effort Harriette had put into her scheming. She really worked hard on it, likely struggling to find a day when none of them were around to set up the trap and meticulously planning to make her fall into it. "What do you plan to do?" Rose asked.

Carl spoke in a cold voice that

carried an unchangeable

determination. "If this needle pierces

your main artery, you won't have long before you bleed out. I also know some special pressure points in the human body; with this syringe,

I can disable your ability to call for

help."

"Hmm, it's quite an effective way to kill someone." Rose nodded, surprisingly calm in the face of life and death.

This actually made Carl feel a bit of admiration for Rose. "You... really are impressive. No wonder out of all the women, Mr. Finch set his sights only on you and treated you like a treasure. It's just a pity..."

Carl also sighed for Rose. He then said, "Don't worry, I'll be more resolute. I won't let your suffering last too long."

"Oh, really? Well, thank you for that." Rose chuckled softly.

She didn't see this as Carl's kindness toward her. He simply hoped she would meet her end sooner rather than later so as to avoid any accidents or chance of unexpected developments.

"You won't be alone. After you die, I will use what's in this syringe to end my own life. A life for a life; that seems fair," Carl said.

Rose sneered. How was that fair?

Forget it. There was no point in arguing with him. It was better to spend that time thinking about the people she cared about.

Jonathan... They had just announced their marriage, and during that time, he had been sticking by her side every night, holding her as they slept and not wanting to let go for even a moment. She wondered if he would get used to sleeping alone at night in the future.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 612 Leave It to Her

[1,265 words]

And there was also Miles... He was currently on vacation abroad, which was a time meant for relaxation. If Rose were to die, hearing the news would likely affect his vacation, right?

He would definitely rush back for this.

It would be a time of sorrow and a time to take on the responsibilities of Young Group once again.

He wouldn't know that Harriette played a part in Rose's death. In truth, Harriette only held resentment toward Rose, and even if she were with the Young family, she wouldn't harm Miles.

However, when Rose reached this conclusion, she felt particularly uneasy.

But she didn't have enough time to figure out why she felt uncomfortable. She thought about Elijah, Clover, Yvonne, Emily...

The people she thought about flashed through her mind one by one.

Outside the warehouse, Harriette, in a state of panic, ran out. Once she was in a more populated area, she resumed her act.

The doctors and nurses who left the warehouse earlier were no longer there.

Harriette was surprised. At that moment, she ran and bumped into a man.

"The warehouse is stocked with explosives. Madam mentioned that she is worried Carl might not have the resolve, and she feels assured only when entrusting it to you..." The man already had a deep voice, and he lowered it deliberately when speaking.

Harriette was momentarily startled. As she looked up, she saw a man wearing a mask, dressed like a doctor from the hospital.

After saying that, the man hurriedly walked past her and left.

"Did you call the police?"

"They've been alerted, and the nearest police officers are on their way..."

"Where's our security guards? Make sure to take everything we need. That patient

is out of control. If something like this happens in our hospital, it could have a negative impact."

Harriette heard the surrounding noise and snapped back to her senses. She looked at the busy people around her.

No wonder she hadn't seen the doctors and nurses who were in the warehouse earlier when she came out. It turns out they were all busy bringing in reinforcements to handle the situation.

Police... Security guards... She wouldn't let anyone interfere with what was to happen today.

In her mind, Harriette kept hearing the deep voice of the man from earlier. She looked down and suddenly realized she was holding a remote control. She didn't know when it got there.

"The warehouse is stocked with explosives. Madam said she's worried Carl might not have the resolve, and she only feels assured entrusting it to you..."

Harriette immediately understood what he meant.

The madam he referred to was Lizzie.

Lizzie was worried that Carl would not succeed in his plans, so she had already set up explosives to kill everyone in the warehouse.

That way, both Rose and Carl wouldn't be able to escape.

The noise around her was getting louder, and before Harriette had much time to think, she had already made a decision in her heart.

Lizze trusted her, so she certainly couldn't let her down. Rose had to die today!

Harriette tightened her grip on the remote control, took a deep breath, avoided the people, and turned back toward the warehouse.

Once she was within range of the explosives, she pressed the remote control's button without hesitation.

With a loud bang, a deafening sound arose, accompanied by flames that erupted as the entire warehouse exploded.

The doctors and hospital staff who rushed over were all stunned.

Several explosions occurred in succession, and even Harriette felt a chill run down her spine. The strength of the explosives had leveled the entire warehouse, and the people inside were likely reduced to nothing.

Lizzie was truly ruthless! She was hard toward not only Rose, but even more so toward Carl, who devoted himself entirely to her.

Harriette couldn't help but wonder if, once she no longer had any use for her, would she also turn against her and eliminate her?

Harriette felt a bit scared. She quickly thought about her potential usefulness. Just a few days ago, she heard that Cyrus was going to divorce Lizzie.

If they got divorced, Lizzie would no longer be part of the Finch family.

But with the immense wealth and power she was about to obtain from the Young family, perhaps she would still be useful to Lizzie.

With that thought in mind, Harriette breathed a sigh of relief.

During the chaos following the explosion, someone noticed her kneeling on the ground and approached her with concern asking, "Miss, are you okay? Let me help you out."

It was a nurse.

Harriette turned her head to glance at the nurse, suddenly remembering what she had just done.

Luckily, after she pressed the remote control, she threw it away.

However, her performance had to continue.

"Rose... Rose's still inside! Please, you have to save her... I'm begging you to save her!"

Harriette, with her emotions running high, grabbed the nurse's hand. Her hoarse voice was tinged with sobs, making her worry palpable to anyone around.

"The firefighters have arrived. Hopefully, they can rescue the people inside," the nurse said, looking worried.

Soon, Harriette heard the sound of the fire truck.

She looked at the warehouse again and was certain that even if the fire department came, they wouldn't be able to rescue anyone.

With the nurse's assistance, Harriette got up.

The nurse escorted her away from the scene, and throughout the entire time, the worry and anxiety did not leave Harriette's expression.

The fire in the warehouse was extinguished after two hours.

After the firefighters searched around, they looked serious.

"Inside... There wasn't a single person found as a whole..."

The implication was that the people inside would have been blown to pieces from the force of the explosion just now.

Harriette wanted to celebrate, but someone else being there meant she had to pretend to be sad.

She cooperated with the police to give her statement and was then taken back to Young Estate. Her tears never stopped all the while.

She kept crying and mumbling to herself, "It's all my fault, it's all my fault."

Her sense of guilt was truly touching.

Anastasia watched as Harriette came in and then watched her go back to her room.

Seeing Harriette so distraught, Anastasia couldn't help but feel a sense of irony.

Wasn't this what she wanted? It was all her fault...

After Rose and Harriette left the house, Anastasia kept a close eye on external news, paying particular attention to any hints of activity.

She then finally heard that a psychiatric facility had an explosion and that someone had died in there.

She carefully investigated and discovered what had happened there an hour before Harriette returned.

Rose was taken hostage by a

psychiatric patient, and both Rose and the patient died in a warehouse

explosion. The police initially determined that the explosion was caused by the patient.

Harriette was lucky and didn't get hurt.

But was it really just luck? Anastasia didn't think so.

"Ms. Anastasia, what should we do now? Something has happened to Ms. Rose, and Mr. Young is on vacation abroad..." Patrick seemed as if he was in a daze.

Rose... He recently discovered that she was indeed Oliver's biological granddaughter. It had only been a short while since then.

He decided that he would serve Rose for the rest of his life. However, it hadn't been long, and while he was still full of vigor, Rose...

"Call Miles. He should know about something like this," Anastasia said, suddenly frowning.

She speculated that someone would likely inform Miles about this news before any of them did.

Anastasia glanced upstairs.

At that moment, things were happening just as she had expected.

After Harriette walked into the room and closed the door, she decided to call

Miles. She had to deliver the news to him personally!

She quickly composed herself, ensuring everything would be perfect she spent a long time in front of the mirror, and once she felt she was at her best, she dialed Mites' number.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 613 Take Credit from Her

[1,242 words]

As soon as the call connected, Harriette started crying uncontrollably.

On the other end of the line, the man remained silent. The expected concern didn't come immediately, causing Harriette to pause. Fortunately, Miles' voice soon came through. "Harriette, please don't cry. Did something happen? Are you hurt? Please don't cry..."

Every word she said carried an intense sense of care, reflecting on Miles's concern that she was familiar with.

Harriette finally felt relieved, though she was still crying. Hearing Miles on the other end of the phone sounding even more anxious helped calm her down a little.

Between her sobs, she started blaming herself, saying, "Miles, it's all my fault. I shouldn't have gone to meet that person, and I shouldn't have made Rose come with me. I, I..."

It was followed by another bout of sobbing from Harriette.

"What's happened to Rose?" Miles asked.

Harriette heard the person on the other end of the phone suddenly stop breathing for a moment.

Even though Rose died in the warehouse explosion, she still cried deliberately out of jealousy and didn't immediately respond to Miles' question.

Miles was clearly more anxious and asked urgently, "What's going on with Rose?" She could almost picture Mile's expression at that moment.

"Boohoo, Miles, Rose is dead! She's dead, Miles. It's all my fault. Blame me. I caused this harm to her."

The more anxious Miles became, the more guilty Harriette felt.

She was blaming herself, which only made sure Miles was unable to bring himself to criticize her.

After learning about Rose's death, Miles would probably rush back immediately. He was bound to investigate the circumstances of what happened himself.

Anyway, she felt innocent about her actions today too!

There was a long silence on the other end of the phone. It remained silent for so long that Harriette almost thought Miles had hung up the call.

"Miles?" Harriette called out with a flicker of curiosity in her gaze.

"Mhmm." Finally, there was a response.

For a moment, Harriette didn't know how to react. Fortunately, right after, she heard the familiar concern in Miles's voice. "Don't be scared. It's not your fault. You didn't harm Rose."

The voice on the other end of the phone sounded calm, and before hanging up,

he told Harriette, "Wait for me to come back, wait for me! Wait..."

She hung up the call without waiting for Miles to finish speaking.

Harriette looked at her phone. The tears she had forced out earlier for a convincing performance were still on her face. Now that she no longer needed to act, her smile had turned cold and indifferent.

She raised her hand and wiped away the few teardrops.

Harriette laughed triumphantly. It seemed Miles truly cared for Harriette.

Upon hearing about Rose's death, he was still considerate of her feelings, telling her not to blame herself or be afraid. His trust in her was truly unconditional.

It was really quite nice.

From here on, she would get more involved in the business affairs of Young Group, and gradually encroaching on their assets would definitely be easier.

Harriette was filled with anticipation.

At this moment, she was already celebrating in her heart.

She called Lizzie. With a demeanor that looked like she was seeking praise and with a hint of boasting, she said, "Madam, I did it. She's dead! Rose is dead!"

Lizzie was currently at the location where Jonathan was on a business trip.

She was dressed in a black trench coat and a black hat. She was completely enveloped in black and almost blended into the night.

A psychiatric facility experienced a warehouse explosion. A patient had taken a woman hostage and died in the explosion.

She had known about this news early on.

After all, she was there to make sure that Jonathan was indeed not present in Regalia.

Two hours ago, she saw with her own eyes how Jonathan dropped everything at work and rushed to get into his car...

Ha! Did he receive the news about Rose's death?

It seemed that Rose had truly passed away!

"You're doing great." Lizzie was in a wonderful mood and generously praised Harriette without holding back.

"It's all thanks to madam's arrangements." Knowing that Lizzie had leverage over her, Harriette acted like an obedient kitten in front of her.

They continued to exchange some pleasantries and then ended the call.

At night, Lizzie dialed another number.

The person on the other end of the call respectfully reported, "Elijah and Clover both hurriedly left the gathering."

"Okay. That's great."

Lizzie felt very pleased, and her smile grew even wider.

Miles went abroad, Jonathan was on a business trip, and both Elijah and Clover were unable to make it. It seemed like nothing unexpected would happen to her plans.

Lizzie stubbed out her half-smoked cigarette and got into the car behind her.

Given the circumstances, she could return to Regalia without worry to see Jonathan in distress.

Jonathan...

When Lizzie thought of him, a flicker of complex emotions appeared in her eyes before quickly vanishing.

Meanwhile, in a hidden building located in Regalia.

Ezra sat moodily in the only black chair in the room. The intense light from above cast shadows across his face as he slightly bowed his head hiding his expression, darkness

There were two people in the room, including him.

The other person was tied to a rack, with their hands hanging high above. Their eyes were tightly shut, and they showed signs of possibly waking up soon.

Finally, the person opened their eyes, filled with terror.

Terror-this was the only emotion he felt in his heart before losing consciousness.

Images of his memories before he lost consciousness flickered through Carl's mind.

He had held the syringe in his hand and was about to inject it into one of Rose's major arteries. Just as the needle was about to touch her skin, he felt a few sharp pains in several spots on his back.

It felt as if something had pierced into his body.

Just as he was about to take action again, he realized he couldn't move at all.

He watched helplessly as several people freed Rose from his grasp before also dragging him away. He guessed that he had fallen into a trap.

It was Jonathan! It had to be him!

He pictured Jonathan's figure and was still caught in fear at the thought of him when a massive explosion erupted before his eyes.

The loud noise made his ear buzz.

The impact sent him flying far away. The successive explosions were so powerful that it was easy to imagine that if he had remained in the warehouse he would have been blown to pieces with nothing left of him. *šwnovel*

"You're awake?"

In the room, a voice rang out, pulling Carl back from his state of fear.

Carl turned toward the source of the voice and, upon seeing the person under the light, his breath suddenly hitched.

"Mr... Mr. Finch..."

Fear swept through Carl's entire body.

The person sitting under the lamp radiated an intimidating and sharp aura. Who else could it be but Jonathan?

But...

"You're really scared of my brother, huh?" Ezra looked up and gave a cold laugh.

Carl felt a bit dazed. He blinked and finally looked at the person clearly.

It wasn't Jonathan. It was Ezra!

But even if it was Ezra, Carl's fear did not diminish in the slightest. In fact, it only continued to grow. "Mr... Mr. Turner..." Carl stuttered.

Ezra stood up, and the sense of intimidation he brought with him intensified even more than when he was sitting.

Since that day at Finch Manor, Carl realized that being in the hands of Ezra might turn out to be even worse than being in the hands of Jonathan.

He recalled everything and realized that what he had speculated before being knocked unconscious by the impact of the explosion was wrong.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 614 Want to Know the Reason

[1,177 words]

It wasn't a trap set by Jonathan, but rather by Ezra.

After Ezra had thrown Carl into the psychiatric facility, he never showed up again. Now that he was here, he didn't dare to think about what Ezra might do to him.

Ezra spoke up. "Carl, you're weird.

"Back at the hospital warehouse, you showed so much courage and had already decided you were willing to risk your life for the woman you love. You weren't afraid of dying then, so what's causing your fear now?

"It seems like your determination to face death isn't very resolute!"

Ezra's tone sounded sarcastic as he said that.

Carl immediately responded, "It's not that I'm not resolute..."

As he uttered the words, Carl realized he might have fallen into a trap. Feeling a bit guilty, he quickly changed his statement. "What beloved woman? Willingness to risk my life for her? You really like to make up stories, Mr. Turner."

Make up stories, he said? Ezra's eyes gleamed with a sharp intensity.

Carl didn't admit to taking the fall for Lizzie, but did it really matter if he did or not? What mattered was that he knew for sure Lizzie was the mastermind behind

everything.

Carl's existence was merely that of a pawn.

Ezra looked at Carl and said mockingly, "Carl, according to your plan, you were supposed to kill Rose in the warehouse and then take your own life, right?"

Ezra continued speaking without waiting for Carl to answer. "But have you ever thought about why there was an explosion?"

Carl frowned. He understandably had his suspicions, but he quickly figured it out. "So, it was you? It was the handiwork of Mr. Turner?"

"Right, but you only got half of it correct." Ezra chuckled. "I did have a hand in it, but in this explosion, my role was just knowing and taking advantage of it. The actual mastermind behind the explosion wasn't me!"

It wasn't Ezra who planned the explosions?

Carl clearly didn't believe him, as he said, "If it's not Mr. Turner, then it should be Mr. Finch, right? Or perhaps, it's Clover and Elijah from the Xanth family..."

Carl stopped speaking at that moment. It wasn't for any particular reason, but because he suddenly realized something.

How could it be them? These were people who cared about Rose, so why would they want to blow her up? The ones who wanted Rose dead, besides Harriette... There was also... her!

Ezra noticed Carl's stunned expression without missing a thing.

"Figured it out? You should know who the real mastermind behind this explosion is by now, right?" Ezra spoke deliberately, trying to break down Carl's resolve.

But it was clear that Carl didn't want to believe it and was still in denial. "No, it can't be. It can't be her."

She knew that he would kill Rose under the guise of insanity and then commit suicide, making everything disappear with his death and leaving her entirely uninvolved. But...

"You really trust her so much. It's quite sad, especially since she clearly doesn't trust you!"

The sound of Ezra's voice filled the room.

When Carl heard those words, his expression gradually took on a hint of madness, and he kept muttering, "No, no..."

The firmness in the tone, however, was gradually diminishing.

How could it not?

No matter how much he tried to numb himself from the truth, when he really thought about it, many things became increasingly clear.

Ezra remained silent.

Carl, after muttering to himself countless times, gradually fell silent, and his eyes were filled with defeat and desolation.

Ezra knew it was almost time to give Carl the reveal.

"Aren't you curious why she targeted Rose that way and wanted her dead?" Ezra asked.

Ezra's question once again made Carl momentarily freeze.

Without thinking, he blurted out, "Because of the Finch family! Cyrus doesn't treat her well!"

Cyrus was treating Lizzie poorly? That had got to be the funniest joke Ezra had ever heard.

Ezra smiled sarcastically, saying, "If Cyrus treated her poorly, shouldn't she be targeting Cyrus? Rose, my sister-in-law, was just an outsider with a different surname before all this. Her last name isn't Finch, it's Shaffer and her only connection to the Finch family is my brother, Jonathan!"

Carl's expression froze momentarily.

A sudden suspicion popped into his mind, but he didn't dare to dwell on it any further.

Jonathan... Did Lizzie scheme against Rose and even plan to kill her because of Jonathan?

How could this be possible?

Lizzie and Jonathan didn't have any personal connection. No, that wasn't right— their only connection was through Cyrus.

Carl's eyes flickered slightly as he said, "Perhaps she resents Cyrus, which extended to a dislike for Mr. Finch and subsequently affected Ms. Rose as well..."

"Ha!" As soon as the words were spoken, Ezra responded with a cold, mocking laugh.

The laughter felt like a heavy blow to Carl's chest, completely shattering the "excuse" he had just uttered.

Ezra looked at him and, without any sympathy, exposed his insecurity by asking, "Do you even believe what you're saying?"

Did he? Did he actually believe what he said?

Carl kept trying to convince himself, but suddenly, Ezra added, "I have an idea—

let's find out exactly why she is so determined to see my sister-in-law dead, shall we?"

Ezra looked at him.

His eyes, which looked remarkably similar to Jonathan's, seemed to possess a certain captivating charm.

Carl wasn't sure if he was entranced by those eyes or tempted by the "answer" being offered, but before he knew it, he blurted out, "Okay."

Ezra raised an eyebrow and smiled. He knew that their grand performance was about to begin.

Ezra left the room with a hint of urgency in his eyes. He walked quickly, removing the clothes he had been wearing and changing into a jacket of a softer color.

"Is she awake?" Ezra asked, looking serious.

The bodyguard following behind him was a trusted confidant of Finley's.

The bodyguard hurriedly followed

behind Ezra, saying, "Ms. Rose hasn't woken up yet, but don't worry, Mr. Turner. The doctor has confirmed that she's fine. The force of the explosion was just quite strong, which caused her to lose consciousness."

Ezra looked on with a mixture of tenderness and even a hint of self-blame.

The explosion was specially managed to ensure it didn't actually harm anyone. But to convince outsiders of its power, they had to make it appear impactful.

They didn't expect that Rose would fall unconscious.

"I understand. Take care of everything outside. My brother should be back soon.

When the time is right, let him meet my sister-in-law."

After Ezra finished speaking, the bodyguard pushed open the door and stopped outside.

There was a room that was set up to be especially cozy and inviting.

After Ezra walked in, the cold expression on his face instantly softened.

Rose was lying in bed, and sitting in front of her was a tall and handsome man.

His eyes were fixed intently on Rose in the bed.

The person was none other than Miles, who recently said goodbye to the Finch family members at the airport.

Going abroad for vacation was a

façade that Miles arranged specifically to trick Harriette. In fact, after saying goodbye that day, Miles boarded the plane and then got offe

again.

He watched as Harriette warmly stood next to Rose and got into the same car with her.

When Harriette had called him earlier, he was also in this room.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 615 Always Be Family

[1,261 words]

Miles looked at Rose while listening to Harriette's lie that "Rose was dead".

There was only one feeling in his heart-a lingering fear.

If Jonathan hadn't discovered early on that Harriette was an impostor, Miles would probably still be deceived, mistaking her for the real Harriette.

He didn't care about his own feelings being deceived. What really mattered to him was that the fake Harriette would use him to harm Rose!

"What do you plan to do about Harriette?"

When Ezra walked in, he was seemingly aware that Miles was already inside.

While Rose was still asleep, he asked that question.

Ezra didn't realize that "Harriette" wasn't the real Harriette he knew. He only knew that Miles had deep feelings for Harriette and was worried that Miles couldn't bear to do anything to her.

If Miles truly couldn't bear it, then a lot of things would have to be done by Ezra and Jonathan.

Unexpectedly, Miles said without hesitation, "Wherever she came from, that's where she's going back to."

He spoke coldly and resolutely, leaving Ezra astonished.

Ezra glanced at him, nodded, and said nothing more. Since that was the case, he decided to let Miles handle this situation with Harriette.

If the outcome wasn't what he hoped for, he would just take action again...

Ezra picked a random spot to sit down.

The room was silent.

Both of them looked at Rose, but neither said a word.

At that moment, Rose found herself in the dark, as if she were dreaming. Yet, it didn't quite feel like a dream.

Her mind was filled with countless images all intricately swirling around, and every bit of it was about Harriette...

When Harriette had returned, her enthusiasm, her reliance on Miles, and every smile on her face were all genuinely vivid, yet there was still that strange lingering feeling.

It was like...

It was as if that person wasn't Harriette, but someone else entirely.

Rose knew the idea was strange and seemed to have no basis, but once that thought occurred to her, it became increasingly clearer to her.

But who could it be? If it wasn't Harriette, then who was it?

In her mind, the image of Harriette shouting at her in the warehouse appeared.

"Because you're Rose, and despite your modest beginnings with at Aquastead, you somehow had the fortune of attracting Clover's favor, which led to reconnecting with your influential father and becoming the only daughter of the prestigious Xanth family.

"Not only that, Mr. Young Senior left the entire Young family's estate to you. What's even more infuriating is that Miles actually let you inherit it!

"And then there's Jonathan...

"He actually announced he was marrying you! Mrs. Finch... Why you? Why are you the one who gets to be Mrs. Finch!"

Her voice was hoarse, and her expression was ferocious.

It reminded Rose of someone...

Kelly!

It was Kelly! It definitely had to be her!

As soon as this speculation came up, every instance of "Harriette" instantly transformed into the face of Kelly in all her memories of Harriette.

Everything felt almost perfectly natural and made sense!

There was a rumor that Kelly had died, but Rose didn't believe it. She suspected that Kelly had transformed into someone else and was hiding around her. Though it sounded absurd, she believed it was the truth. She gradually became more firm with her theory.

Afterward, she gradually began to fear that Kelly wanted to kill her. After killing her, Kelly would still use Harriette's face and identity. What would she do to Miles?

She had countless speculations and amplified fears.

Rose even ended up crying out, "Brother!"

Rose opened her eyes, having woken up from her nightmare.

When Miles heard Rose calling out the word "brother", he could clearly tell that she was calling out to him, not Clover.

Miles' lips curved slightly upward as he said, "Rose."

Just moments ago, his expression had been stern and cold, but in an instant, it softened up into a gentle one.

When Rose saw Miles, she couldn't hide her surprise.

"Miles? What are you doing here? Weren't you...?" Wasn't he on vacation abroad? What was he...

Rose suddenly remembered that

earlier in the warehouse, someone had protected her and helped her escape. Although one of them was completely covered up and their face wasn't visible, the person gave her a feeling that was very similar to Miles.

It was just that the situation was tense at the time, so she hadn't paid attention to it.

"You're in danger. How can I relax and go on vacation?" Miles said gently and affectionately, "As long as you're okay, that's all that matters."

Rose was certain that one of the people who helped her escape the warehouse was Miles.

He was there at the time, so did he know that Harriette wanted her dead?

"Miles... Harriette, she..." Rose hesitated, struggling to find the right words.

She wanted to tell him that she suspected Harriette was a fake and that she might actually be Kelly.

But Miles had deep feelings for

Harriette. After waiting for her return

with great anticipation, telling him that it was Harriette, but possibly Kelly instead, would be incredibly harsh, wouldn't it?

"Rose, during this time, stay here and rest well. I'll be here with you."

As soon as Miles finished speaking, Ezra stood beside him with a big smile and said, "I'll be with you too."

Rose suddenly realized that Ezra was also there.

She pondered for a moment and suddenly realized that the warehouse explosion today might actually have been anticipated and under their control.

Perhaps even the whereabouts of Jonathan, Elijah, and Clover were pre-planned.

It seemed that Miles was aware there was an issue with Harriette.

After much consideration, Rose finally spoke up. "Miles, did you find out?"

Rose had asked that question vaguely. But Miles' reaction made her certain that he knew Harriette was fake.

"Yeah. It's Kelly!" Miles exclaimed.

Jonathan initially did not clearly suspect that Harriette was Kelly, but over time, through his investigation and deductions, he was now certain that she was indeed

Kelly!

Rose's eyes brightened. It turned out he knew all along.

But soon, a trace of melancholy appeared in her eyes.

"Miles, maybe Harriette is still somewhere out there and just hasn't come back yet. Perhaps one day, the real Harriette will return," Rose comforted.

Miles had thought about this

countless times, and now, with a

sense of calm, he looked at Rose

and said, "She's not here, but I still

have you. No matter what, you won't be able to get rid of me."

Rose finally smiled and nodded firmly, saying, "You'll always be my brother and always be family. You can't get rid of me either!"

The two of them exchanged a smile.

Ezra was feeling a bit dissatisfied. He was just given the cold shoulder!

They were family, but what about him? He couldn't let himself be overlooked.

"Rose, me! And me too, I'm your family as well, right?" Ezra asked with a big smile, winking playfully at Rose.

Ezra, the top celebrity in the entertainment industry, was known for his aloof demeanor in public.

His unexpected "cuteness" left Rose momentarily stunned.

She thought about the time when Ezra refused to leave the villa, despite Jonathan's repeated attempts to make him go. This persistence made Rose feel increasingly sympathetic toward him.

When it came down to it, he was still just a child yearning for a family's affection and love.

Seeing that Rose hadn't responded, Ezra couldn't hold back any longer and asked again, "Right? Am I right?"

Rose finally nodded, and with an affectionate smile, she said, "Yes, yes, of course. Ezzy is family. I really have to thank you this time. Otherwise, I would have been done for."

With Rose's intelligence, she naturally wondered why it was the housekeeper who answered when she previously called Ezra.

The housekeeper said he had received a phone call and then quickly left.

It seemed they noticed Kelly was making a move, so they had arrived early to set things up.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 616 Meeting Rose Again

[1,394 words]

"Hehe! No need to thank me. Wasn't that what I was supposed to do?" Ezra remarked. He was feeling a bit shy because of Rose's gratitude.

Rose could tell there was a plan to deal with Kelly.

Rose didn't ask too many questions about the plan. They only asked her to stay here temporarily, and she figured out that she shouldn't make any public appearances for the time being.

To ensure Kelly revealed her true intentions, she needed to be tricked into thinking she was truly in a dire situation.

If it were just Harriette, she wouldn't be that angry, but since it was Kelly, that was a different story.

She still hadn't confronted her about Oliver's death, so this time, she would settle the score altogether.

Rose quietly awaited the day of the big reveal.

On the night that the news of Rose's death spread, Jonathan rushed back to Regalia. It was said that Jonathan caused a major commotion at the police station, refusing to accept the explanation that she had been "blown to pieces with no remains left".

Even if there were no remains left, there should still be some clues or traces.

The police, unable to withstand the pressure from Jonathan, hastily assembled a forensic team to meticulously investigate the explosion at the warehouse. Although the police did not publicly disclose their findings, Jonathan looked dejected as he left the police station.

It looked like his entire soul had been completely drained.

It was said that on that night, after leaving the police station, Jonathan drove alone at high speed on a winding mountain road. The next day, a photo of a car accident went viral online.

That photo showed a luxury car crashed into a cliffside and was completely smashed.

The car accident appeared to be quite severe. There was a person lying on the ground near the vehicle. Although the person's face was hard to make out, given the severity of the scene, it was clear they were seriously injured.

Wasn't that Jonathan?

The license plate belonged to the Finch family, and the car was also theirs. It was also seen that Jonathan got into that very car on that day.

It was Jonathan!

...

Back at Young Estate, Kelly glanced at the news online, feeling a mix of emotions.

Jonathan was so upset about the news of Rose's death that he felt like he didn't want to go on living.

Rose was truly lucky!

But so what? She was gone now, and even if Jonathan loved her deeply, she could no longer experience that happiness.

Since that was Jonathan's response, then what about Elijah's and Clover's?

Kelly couldn't find much information online about Elijah and Clover, so she called Lizzie again. She was very pleased with the outcome of the call.

Lizzie said that Elijah had an old illness flare-up while at the police station.

Clover personally took Elijah to the hospital and stayed by his side. He was busy attending to his needs and was unable to attend to anything else.

Lizzie also said that Rose was truly dead!

Kelly wanted to say that Rose definitely died, for she was the one who pressed the detonation button herself! When the explosion occurred, she was near the warehouse.

She witnessed the warehouse that Rose was in explode. With such a powerful blast, there was no way Rose could have survived.

Kelly was extremely happy and preparing for her celebration in her mind.

She stayed in her room until the next morning, worried that she couldn't hide her excitement and might give herself away in front of the helpers at Young Estate.

She couldn't act too excited right now!

However, in the afternoon, Miles was supposed to arrive at Regalia, and she had to be there.

"Miles is arriving at the airport this afternoon, Ms. Anastasia. Should the driver pick him up, or would you like to do it yourself?"

After returning last night, Harriette has kept the door to her room locked. She had someone send food to her, but no one responded when the door was knocked.

Patrick was at a loss and felt the only option was to consult Anastasia. "I'll go pick him up."

"I'll go!"

As Anastasia began to speak, a raspy voice came from upstairs.

The tone sounded as if it carried supreme authority.

Anastasia and Patrick looked over, and all they saw was a dejected expression on Harriette's face as if all the vitality had drained from her.

That expression looked so heartbreaking. How could it possibly be the same person with such a domineering tone earlier? They must have heard wrong!

Patrick had thought about this, but Anastasia sneered inwardly and had a different thought.

The fake Harriette was still keeping up her "act" at the moment, but it wouldn't be long before her true nature was revealed.

Patrick was worried about Harriette's health and said, "Ms. Harriette, please don't go..."

"No, I want to go. I'll go pick Miles up."

After saying that, she went downstairs.

Patrick didn't have a chance to persuade her further as she quickly left the living room. Soon the sound of a car could be heard from outside.

"Ms. Anastasia, Ms. Harriette, she..." Patrick looked worried.

He was worried that Harriette would be too consumed with guilt over Rose's passing, fearing that she might make a mistake while driving in a distracted state.

Rose had got into an accident. If Harriette got into an incident as well, how could Miles possibly handle it?

Patrick looked like he was about to cry.

Anastasia said reassuringly, "Don't worry. She'll be fine. I'll go with her and check on her."

Would something happen to Harriette?

The fake Harriettee was causing trouble again. There was no way she would let anything happen to herself.

She hurried to pick up Miles simply because she wanted to put on a show in front of him. She wanted to make Miles think she felt guilty so that he wouldn't suspect her and might even excuse her actions

Did she think Miles would fall for it?

Anastasia was also extremely curious.

Without hesitation, she left Young Estate, ignoring the hopeful look from Patrick, and drove to the airport.

At the airport, Kelly picked Miles up.

The moment she saw Miles, she couldn't contain herself any longer and rushed into his arms.

Miles had a brief look of disgust in his eyes. If it weren't for having to put on an act with her...

He quickly put aside his disgust. Before Kelly could start crying and blaming herself, Miles reassured her, "It's not your fault."

How wonderful this was! Harriette was really being spoiled!

Kelly genuinely felt that borrowing this identity was the right move. Her face served as a "get out of jail free card" in front of Miles.

He always found a way to excuse her actions, no matter what she did. However, she still needed to act the part of self-blame and cry in front of him. "Miles, I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I caused harm to Rose..." Kelly's voice was hoarse, and her crying sounded terrible, almost painfully harsh to listen to. Miles felt somewhat annoyed. He thought about Rose's condition and willed himself to think of this as that situation instead.

He urged, "It's not your fault. I want to quickly go see Rose."

He wanted to go see Rose...

Where else could she be seen?

Kelly sneered inwardly, thinking that Miles likely got on a plane and flew back home, as soon as he heard the news last night. Without any contact with the outside world during the journey, he probably wasn't aware of the details of the explosion yet.

Cóntent

His precious Rose was caught in an explosion, and there was nothing left of her.

"Okay. I should go visit her too."

Of course, she wanted to go take a look. She wanted to see what Rose looked like in the end.

After the explosion occurred, the police took control of everything. If anyone wanted to "meet Rose", they would have to go to the police station.

Kelly and Miles left the airport, got into a car, and headed straight to the police station. Thanks to some connections, they were taken to the forensic department. "You all... should be mentally prepared," the person advised.

Beneath Kelly's facade, which appeared full of self-blame, there was an expression of excitement.

What did Rose look like that made Jonathan risk his life, speeding down the highway and ending up in a car accident?

When she saw the "thing" covered by

a few pieces of cloth, her face

turned pale out of fear. Her legs went weak, and she almost couldn't

keep herself steady, nearly

collapsing on the ground.

How absolutely horrifying!

Suddenly, a necklace caught Harriette's eye, which solidified her certainty.

That dead body was definitely Rose!

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 617 Not Retaliating

[1,263 words]

Rose often wore that necklace.

Kelly had complimented the necklace, saying it looked beautiful and that she wanted to buy one as well. Rose told her that she had designed and made it herself, and there were only two in the whole world: one that she kept and the other that was given to a friend.

She knew that the friend was Yvonne.

She pretended to be jealous at that moment, but Rose didn't give in or make one for her too.

Kelly recalled that Rose was also wearing it that day.

All the information pointed to one conclusion—that body was undoubtedly Rose!

"Miles, Rose... Poor Rose..." Kelly was crying so hard she nearly fainted.

The level of sadness and grief she displayed was comparable to that of Miles.

In her heart, she secretly felt glee at Miles' reaction.

After he saw "Rose", it seemed as if the necklace confirmed her identity, and from that moment on, he seemed to have lost his soul.

Even her "self-blame" act received little response from him, as if he was deeply immersed in a state of sorrow and pain.

He identified himself as Rose's brother and retrieved Rose's "body" from the police.

It was described as a corpse, but in reality, it was just a few charred and broken pieces.

Miles personally held it and took it back to Young Estate.

Kelly had a chilling intuition but brushed it off.

Fortunately, the next day, Miles arranged for the remainder of the body to be cremated. Kelly witnessed the entire process. Elijah and Clover were also present during the cremation.

They complained that Miles acted on his own and shouldn't have proceeded with the cremation so quickly.

However, the flames were already burning in the furnace, and they couldn't change anything.

Clover, in a fit of anger, got into a fight with Miles.

It was called a fight, but it was actually Clover attacking without Miles fighting back.

"I've read the police report. It was your sister, Harriette, who took Rose there. Why is it that she's fine, but Rose died in the explosion?" Clover demanded.

Clover punched Miles in the face with no mercy.

"Why did your sister need to go there? Did she actually do something or not? You need to give me an explanation!" Clover exclaimed.

For almost half an hour, Clover's attacks continued relentlessly.

Miles, while containing his anger, muttered under his breath in response to Clover, "Harriette simply wanted to meet the person who once pushed her into the water and nearly killed her.

"She cares for Rose and has always thought of Rose as a sister. Harriette is kind-hearted and would never do anything bad to Rose.

"Rose... This was an accident. Even Harriette didn't expect it.

"Harriette feels really guilty too."

Every single word was made in "Harriette's" defense.

Clover was already furious, possibly because he had heard from the police that the warehouse explosion had nothing to do with Harriette.

After venting his frustration on Miles, he could only give up. However, he took the ashes with him.

"I'm taking her back!" Clover gave Miles no chance to refuse. He grabbed the urn and left with Elijah.

Miles wanted to chase after Clover, but in the end, he gave up on the idea.

Kelly observed him. Seeing his defeated demeanor, she knew that his sorrow was genuine.

"Miles, it's all my fault. Even though I didn't directly cause Rose's death, she ended up going to the psychiatric facility because of me. It's on me..."

"Miles, even if you handed me over to Mr. Xanth, it would be fair."

"When they were fighting just now, Kelly stood aside, looking frightened and unwilling to get closer. She only dared to come out and speak these words after being sure that Clover had already left.

As she had anticipated, the more she blamed herself, the more Miles would excuse her.

"Harriette, it wasn't your fault. It was an accident. Clover was upset, and it's fine to let him vent, but you... have to be okay."

Miles looked at her and managed to muster a bitter smile.

"I didn't manage to protect one sister, but I am determined to protect the other one!"

Miles spoke with a tone of determination as if he were making a solemn vow.

He once failed to protect Harriette, and now he was determined to keep Rose safe.

But what Kelly heard was—Rose was dead, so he had to protect Harriette instead! Even if she was a fake, in Miles' eyes, she was Harriette!

Kelly was extremely happy. Being Harriette was really great!

With a protective older brother like that, she would likely have his support if she ever wanted to take control of the entire Young Group in the future.

The ashes were taken away by Clover.

The Young family didn't hold a funeral. It was said that after Clover took the ashes that day, he and Elijah left Regalia.

During this period, the atmosphere around the Young family had been quite somber.

Kelly, undoubtedly, was the one who felt the deepest sorrow aside from Miles.

Maybe it was because she had managed to escape and wanted to do something for Rose but couldn't.

The day after the body's cremation, Miles went to Young Group.

He spent all day and night at the company, like a spinning top that never stopped, fully dedicating his mind and body to the affairs of Young Group.

Kelly naturally accompanied Miles.

She continued to show her guilt toward Rose and her sense of responsibility for Young Group. Meanwhile, Miles has gradually started to delegate many tasks to her.

The days went by one after another.

Kelly had something buried in her heart that she never dared to speak—Rose had passed away, so what should be done about the Young family's inheritance and Young Group?

This topic was one that Kelly couldn't bring up, but finally, someone else came forward with it.

When Chloe learned about Rose's death, she started contemplating the vast inheritance of the Young family.

It was Rose's inheritance, and according to logic, with Rose passing away and not leaving a will, the first in line to inherit would be her children and husband.

But, of course, Rose didn't have any children.

But although she didn't have children, she did have a husband!

Not long ago, the news that Jonathan and Rose had obtained a marriage license was spreading widely in Regalia.

Jonathan was Rose's husband, and as her legal primary heir, he should inherit everything from Rose.

However, that would mean the large family business of Young Group would end up in the hands of Finch Group.

How could they let that happen?

At that time, Chloe wanted to speak up, but she was repeatedly stopped by Gabriel.

However, there were times when Gabriel couldn't keep an eye on her, which finally gave Chloe an opportunity. She immediately headed straight for Young Group.

She approached Miles and made her position clear. She suggested that if Rose had not yet inherited the Young family's assets, everyone should redistribute the properties left by Oliver.

In the conference room, Chloe gathered everyone from the family and those from the Young family together.

The large conference room was sparsely populated, with only a few people present, yet the atmosphere was eerily tense and unsettling.

"Miles, I'm really saddened by what happened to Rose. It's unfortunate for her—just after inheriting the Young family's assets, this happened..."

Chloe pretended to sob, but despite her efforts, no tears would come, so she just gave up.

"Rose may have passed away, but those of us who are still here need to take good care of what she and Mr. Young Senior left behind!"

Those that were left behind were also the vast empire and wealth of Young Group, wasn't it?

Chloe had finished speaking, but no one responded.

Chloe was determined to get what she deserved today, and if she could grab even more, that would be a bonus.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 618 Ten Percent Isn't Enough

[1,209 words]

There was a long silence in the conference room.

Miles had a somber expression, clearly showing a strong sense of displeasure.

Anastasia sat in the furthest corner. Since Harriette's return, she was no longer the favored daughter of the family. It was as if she had become a completely

different person.

But no one paid attention to her. Today, she was just there to make up the numbers.

Kelly frowned, but inside, she was overjoyed.

Among everyone in the conference room, she was the most excited to see Chloe

arrive. She had put in effort to ensure Chloe could make it today.

She finally brought up the thing that mattered most to her through Chloe.

However, she couldn't show her happiness outwardly.

On the surface, she was filled with righteous indignation as she said, "Aunt Chloe, Rose hasn't been dead long, and you're already bringing this up? Isn't this behavior a bit too unseemly?"

"Rose inherited Young Group. Young Group belongs to Rose. How could you... How could you..." she accused anxiously, as if on the verge of tears.

Chloe's expression looked unpleasant, and she didn't care if she might upset Miles. She spoke bluntly, "But she's already dead!"

"She's dead! Rose is dead!" Chloe repeatedly emphasized.

Was a dead person really still entitled to everything from the Young family?

That inheritance was for the living!

Kelly was so angry her hands were trembling. "How... how... how can you say something like that? Even if Rose is dead, there's still Mr. Finch and Miles... Jonathan.... That was someone that even Kelly couldn't quite understand.

He was actually the legitimate primary heir of Rose's inheritance. This issue needed to be resolved!

Chloe chuckled softly. "Mr. Finch? Really? A distinguished member of the Finch family wants to take over the Young family's inheritance? If word got out, the Finch family would lose all credibility. Besides, has he ever shown up since Rose passed away?"

No, he hadn't!

The only news about Jonathan was his car accident that happened that day.

After the car accident, there was no other news from Jonathan.

Everyone was speculating that in that car accident, Jonathan was seriously injured. Kelly also felt that there couldn't be any other explanation for his absence.

Otherwise, despite how much Jonathan cared about Rose, he didn't attend her cremation ceremony.

"The Young family cannot fall into the hands of the Finch family," Chloe stated firmly and with a cold demeanor.

She fully understood that among the people present, Miles was the one in charge, while Harriette was just a little brat who couldn't really make any major decisions.

Chloe glanced briefly at "Harriette" and focused her efforts on overcoming the challenge of dealing with Miles.

"Miles, think about Mr. Young Senior. Young Group is the work of his lifetime. We're all close to him, and you're his favorite. You need to make sure to protect it for him!

"I admit that among all of us, when it comes to contributions to the Young family, showing respect to Mr. Young Senior, or receiving his affection, you did the best.

"My expectations aren't that high. When dividing up Young Group's shares, you can take the majority, but everyone else is still part of the Young family, so they should have some too."

After her previous attempts ended up with nothing but trouble, Chloe had gained some insight since then. She had to take whatever she could get.

If Rose didn't die, she wouldn't have gained anything. But fortunately...

"Okay."

Amid the silence, Mile suddenly spoke up.

Everyone present was taken aback.

"Miles..." Kelly was so shocked she even let out a gasp. "What did you say?"

Did he just say "okay"?

Kelly wanted to find out whether it was all in her head or if he really did say it. "Okay!" This time, he spoke a bit louder.

Everyone watched as Miles's lips parted, and the word "okay" came out of his mouth.

Chloe was surprised that he gave in so easily.

She had prepared a whole lot of things to say and had plenty of backup plans. She was fully ready to be in a prolonged conflict with Miles. But unexpectedly, he agreed!

"Good, good. As long as you understand." Chloe breathed a sigh of relief.

He agreed so quickly that, for a moment, she didn't know what to do next. Fortunately, she quickly composed herself.

"Miles, how would you like to allocate the shares for Young Group?"

Chloe's tone softened considerably as she looked at Miles with an expectant expression.

Miles lowered his gaze, appearing

like a soulless machine. "Besides the shares held by the elders, you, the

aunts, and both Harriette and

Anastasia each hold 5 percent of the

shares."

Five percent?

At that moment, Chloe couldn't figure out how much Miles had left for himself.

Regardless, five percent definitely wasn't acceptable.

Almost instinctively, she immediately insisted, "No way, it has to be at least ten percent!"

Otherwise, he might as well be giving leftovers to a beggar!

She thought she would have to argue with Miles for a long time again, but then

she heard Miles say, "Alright. Ten percent."

After saying this, Miles stood up and walked out of the conference room.

Chloe was taken aback. "Miles..."

Miles agreed so readily, and she could have asked for more, but...

Chloe looked up and saw Miles' lonely figure, which really tugged at her heartstrings.

"Ten percent? Hmph, ten percent it is!" Chloe reassured herself, thinking it was much better than having nothing at all from before.

Furthermore, once she obtained the initial ten percent, there was potential to gain even more beyond that.

She shouldn't get greedy at this moment and lose the ten percent she had already secured.

Chloe walked away feeling satisfied.

Anastasia walked out of the

conference room and glanced in the direction of Miles' office. Surprisingly, despite having received

ten percent of Young Gro received

shares, she didn't feel as happy as one might expect.

Miles truly cared deeply for Rose.

During this period, he had noticeably lost weight, and his overall vitality and spirit had diminished. Yet, he continued to work tirelessly. If this pattern persisted, he might end up working himself to death.

And what about "Harriette"?

Anastasia turned around and saw "Harriette" in the conference room, looking quite concerned.

In those eyes, there was a clear expression of dissatisfaction.

She was dissatisfied? Was she dissatisfied with the ten percent?

Of course, with all the effort she put in, she probably wanted to take over everything related to Young Group. Ten percent? That wouldn't be enough for her.

Kelly clenched her teeth in frustration.

That wasn't enough at all! How could it possibly be enough?

But with Miles already having spoken out and Chloe agreeing, what else could she do?

For a moment, Kelly didn't know what to do.

After spending some time in the conference room, she purposely made a cup of coffee and knocked on the door of Miles' office.

"Ms. Harriette, Mr. Young felt a bit dizzy earlier. Could you please persuade him to take a rest?" Victor asked with a worried expression when he opened the door and saw Harriette.

Kelly nodded, entered the office, and closed the door behind her.

"Miles, I made a cup of coffee to help you feel more awake, but... We can't keep going like this. Your health is going to suffer. Come on, let's go home and rest!"

Kelly then threw away the cup of coffee. She stepped forward and grabbed Miles to leave.

Miles sat motionless in the chair. When Kelly turned around and caught a glimpse of his gaze, her heart suddenly skipped a beat.

"Miles... why are you looking at me like that?" Kelly asked.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 619 An Unforgivable Act

[1,282 words]

The look in Miles' eyes was chilling.

Miles always looked at her warmly, so how could this be any different?

Before long, the coldness in his eyes vanished, and when she looked into them again, there was warmth once more.

But just now... was it her imagination? No, it wasn't!

The coldness she felt had sent a distinct shiver through her heart; it was no illusion.

Kelly furrowed her brows. She was determined to figure it out.

As she was trying to piece things together, she heard Miles slowly say, "I only have one sister left. What should I do?"

His tone was filled with anguish.

Kelly snapped back to reality, determined to be supportive at a time when Miles was in pain. She reassured him, saying, "Miles, I will be by your side for the rest of my life!"

There was only one sister left... Of course, it was her!

"Is ten percent of the shares enough?" Miles immediately asked.

If calming Miles earlier was her task, then after hearing his question now, she became fully alert.

It wasn't enough! It definitely wasn't enough!

She wanted everything, including Young Group! However, she was concerned that it would take time if done gradually and couldn't immediately think of a way to bring the entire Young Group under her control quickly.

With a sigh in her heart, Kelly outwardly expressed, "That's enough, Miles. You know me. I'm not interested in these things at all. Even if it's just a little, I simply don't care.

"As long as I can be by your side and contribute to the family business left by Grandpa, I am already very satisfied."

It was clear that all she focused on was familial love and gratitude.

Even the smile in Miles's eyes deepened as he said, "I can't let my sister suffer. I've decided that when the day comes to divide the shares, I will give all of my portion to my sister!"

Kelly was stunned.

What did he say? Did he say he wanted to give all his shares to his sister? Her?

She hadn't carefully calculated the distribution of shares within Young Group, but Chloe, herself, and Anastasia each held ten percent. After accounting for the shares held by the elders, Miles was left with at least 50%.

Including the ten percent she was given...

A tremendous joy flooded her heart, almost overwhelming her like a tidal wave.

She wanted to whoop and cheer. But while she was in front of Miles, she had to conceal everything. It wasn't the right time to celebrate yet!

"Miles, how is this okay?" Kelly seemed to be taken aback, then suddenly reacted and quickly shook her head, refusing, "No, no, absolutely not!"

"Why not? I have only one sister, so I've made up my mind. I'm willing to do anything for her in this lifetime," Miles said gently.

Ever since "Rose died", this was probably the widest smile on his face since then.

Kelly felt his sincerity. She couldn't help but feel grateful. Having Miles as a brother was truly wonderful!

She realized she was gradually becoming addicted to the affection that Miles showered her. It was intoxicating, but thankfully, she could be Harriette for a lifetime!

A lifetime of enjoying the affection and care given by Miles. Life really was wonderful!

"Miles, what if one day I do something you can't forgive? Would you still treat me so well?" Kelly asked.

As if guided by some inexplicable force, Kelly unexpectedly asked that question. She regretted it as soon as she asked it.

She was worried that Miles might notice something, but at the same time, she was confident that her concerns were unnecessary.

Miles smiled slightly and said, "No matter what my sister has done, there's nothing I can never forgive."

Rose had a fundamentally kind nature. If she knew it was something he couldn't forgive her for, then she wouldn't do it.

Kelly believed that Miles trusted her completely and instantly felt more at ease. She became more determined that she would never let Miles find out about what she had done in the past.

And after that... She just needed to be herself, be a good sister to him, and simply enjoy everything!

"Miles, come rest with me." Kelly relaxed completely and spoke to Miles in a playful manner.

She hurriedly pulled Miles out, but with her back turned, she didn't notice the strong flickers of disgust in his eyes.

Miles wanted to let go of her hand, but he held back and told himself to consider the bigger picture.

Soon, once she revealed her true colors, they could finally catch her in the act!

At that moment, he couldn't help but feel envious of Jonathan. Because of his car accident, he was pushed out of the public eye.

Almost everyone believed that the person who was seriously injured in the car accident that day was Jonathan.

Almost everyone believed that Jonathan hadn't been around because he was receiving treatment in the hospital.

In reality, Jonathan was with Rose every day.

At that moment, at the location where Rose was secretly hidden.

Sunlight streamed through the clear floor-to-ceiling windows. Rose, who rarely had free time, was working on a design draft.

The design draft showed a man's suit. The suit exuded a sense of calmness and grandeur, as if it embodied the wearer's outward personality and charisma.

This was a suit Rose designed for Elijah.

He heard that Oliver had a suit personally designed and made by Rose, and this made him jealous. He hinted at it several times, and while

he neididn't outright say it, Rose still *

picked up on it.

As a daughter, she naturally wanted to fulfill her father's wishes.

Rose finished the design draft in one day. Finley brought over various fabrics, and Rose personally selected them. Within three days, she cut and made the fabric into a suit.

Rose did all of this without Elijah knowing.

Sure, on that day, Clover and Elijah managed to seize the "ashes," and the two of them boarded a plane, ready to head back to the Xanth family home.

They had a different tactic from Miles'.

Miles had used the excuse of taking a vacation and went to the airport. After boarding the plane, he secretly got off again.

This time, to prevent others from scrutinizing them too closely, the two of them went all out and acted the part fully. They got on the plane and actually left

Regalia.

However, after returning to the Xanth family home, a private jet took off from their private airfield. After more than ten hours, the two of them arrived at Regalia. Rose worked on the suit behind Elijah's back, but throughout the entire process, Jonathan was present beside her.

As she designed, cut the fabric, and did every step of the process, all the while, Jonathan was in the same room with her.

Whether he was drinking coffee or tea or just sitting quietly, his eyes were always on her, unable to look away even for a moment.

Whenever Rose looked up, she would always meet his gaze.

At first, Rose felt a bit uncomfortable. She glared back fiercely, yet this didn't intimidate Jonathan. Instead, it made him laugh with a smug expression.

Rose felt like he had to be going crazy.

Several times when she glared back

at him, he would respond with a playful grin and eagerly pull her into a tight embrace kissing her intensely until she was almost out of breath before letting her go.

After that, Rose had wised up.

He wanted to look at her? It wasn't as if she lost anything if he looked at her. He could look all he wanted then!

Over time, Rose got used to the way his gaze would follow her.

Rose carefully put away the newly made suit. She had a feeling that Jonathan was watching her again.

She seemed not to notice, yet when she vaguely sensed that gaze, it was almost as if it carried a hint of dissatisfaction.

Dissatisfaction? What was he dissatisfied with?

"Wifey..."

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 620 A Reward

[1,285 words]

Jonathan's voice clearly expressed dissatisfaction.

Rose felt a bit uneasy. She focused on keeping her composure, appearing as though she hadn't heard anything.

Nearby, Jonathan, sitting on the couch, furrowed his brows.

Something felt off, very off.

He had been watching Rose for a long time, and usually, she should have felt his gaze by now and looked back at him. Then there would be a moment of eye contact, which would set the stage for him to make his next move.

But...

Was she not aware of being watched?

Jonathan tried winking and making himself noticeable, but she still didn't respond.

Something felt off, really off!

So, he had no choice but to try a different approach. "Wifey...."

He called out to Rose, but she still didn't respond.

Jonathan furrowed his brow even more. Was it because he wasn't loud enough?

"Wifey..." he called out again.

There was still no response. Was his charm not strong enough?

"Wifey..." he called out again.

Every time Rose heard him call out "wifey," she felt her heart clench a bit. She knew that whenever he used that term, it usually meant trouble. But if she continued to pretend not to hear him, it would seem way too obvious.

Rose wanted to run away. So, she did.

She carefully managed her gaze to avoid looking at Jonathan while heading toward the door.

Just as she reached the doorway, she was startled by the man who suddenly appeared behind her.

"Wifey, where are you going?" Jonathan asked, even though he already knew the answer. He wrapped his arms around Rose's waist from behind, stopping her in her tracks.

Rose, trying to calm herself, replied, "No, I'm not going anywhere."

"But I just called you, and you didn't respond..." Jonathan expressed his dissatisfaction in a somewhat playful manner.

Rose quickly came up with a reason, asking, "Did you call for me? I didn't hear you. Maybe I was too focused on my thoughts just now."

"What are you thinking about?" Jonathan asked inquisitively.

Rose had no retort. She was thinking about how to escape from his clutches!

But how could she tell the truth?

Earlier, she glared at him with an intimidating look, and he pretended to be annoyed, saying he would punish her. The method of punishment was something quite adult in nature, and once started, it became quite irresistible.

She learned her lesson since then!

She couldn't give him any excuse to "punish" her, so she had to behave herself.

"I was thinking of cooking something at noon and making something you love." This was considered being nice, right?

During this time, when no one else was around, the two of them lived a simple life as a couple. Jonathan handled all the cooking for the two of them, and his culinary skills improved rapidly.

Today, she decided to cook as a way to show her appreciation for him.

He was definitely looking forward to it!

But...

"You're being so good. Then.... I think I should give my wifey a nice reward," Jonathan whispered, his breath reaching the back of Rose's ear.

With its strong sense of allure, it immediately made Rose freeze in place. Haha... This reward... She felt like this reward might not be very decent. "Actually... Um..."

She meant to say that it was all right for her not to receive any reward. Before she could finish speaking, her body lifted off the ground. In a moment of panic, she let out a surprised cry and quickly wrapped her arms around Jonathan's neck.

This course of "initiative" was what gave Jonathan the slightest bit of satisfaction.

Jonathan smiled, and Rose looked at his face. It was exactly her type, but having her favorite type several times a day was a bit much to handle!

"Dad and Clover are coming today." Rose's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

They were almost here, and Jonathan always had to consider the impact of even the smallest things, right?

Her smile seemed to become a bit forced soon after.

How could she forget that Jonathan stopped caring about those things a long time ago?

Every time they came, Jonathan would keep them waiting...

Rose's face turned bright red at the mere thought of the awkwardness she felt every time she went downstairs with Jonathan to face Elijah and Clover.

Yet the brilliant blush on her face captivated Jonathan, leaving him lost in thought. The desire in his eyes could no longer be concealed. Soon, the room was filled with the warmth of intimate whispers.

Downstairs, Elijah and Clover had gone through several rounds of tea together. Clover couldn't hold back any longer and glanced at Finley, who was standing nearby with an awkward expression, feeling really annoyed.

"Mr. Finch shouldn't be living here!" Clover, with nowhere else to vent his frustration, directed his discontent toward Finley.

How long had they all been waiting?

Every time they came, they ended up waiting.

Could Jonathan really not hold back a little?

Finley was being intensely stared at by two pairs of eyes, and he was feeling quite troubled inside.

Jonathan wasn't like this before. Who would have expected that in front of Rose, he would behave so indiscreetly?

But...

"Mr. and Mrs. Finch are legally married, so it's only natural for them to be affectionate with each other..."

Before the words could leave his lips, the two looks he received were so sharp like knives that Finley swallowed nervously and dared not continue.

He deliberately made his breathing very quiet, trying to minimize his presence so he wouldn't become a target for others to vent their anger.

Finally, after quite some time, Jonathan came downstairs, but Rose was nowhere to be seen.

Clover looked at him, noticing that

his face was glowing with

embarrassment. His expression became even more displeased. "Aren't you supposed to be the dignified Jonathan Finch? Isat your goal to just sit around doing nothing all day, stuck here like this..."

"Clover..."

Jonathan suddenly called out, causing Clover to nearly bite his tongue mid- sentence.

He looked at Jonathan with a face full of shock and fear. He... what did he call him?

Clover? Why would he call his name in that tone?

Clover wanted to spit out his disgust.

But before he could take any action, he saw that the shameless Jonathan was already greeting Elijah with the utmost respect, even bowing deeply.

His attitude was extremely humble.

He then said, "Please wait a moment. I'm going to make dinner."

He turned and headed toward the kitchen.

Clover couldn't help but exclaim, "Dinner? He knows it's dinner time? It's so late.

Has Rose even had lunch yet?"

Clearly, she hadn't!

Jonathan kept on bothering Rose... How annoying!

From start to finish of the commotion, Elijah didn't say anything.

Jonathan took the initiative to cook dinner, and he prepared a variety of dishes. He made sure to include something that Rose liked something Clover enjoyed, and a dish that Elijah preferred.

Rose was woken up by the tempting aroma of food. She felt hungry.

Her stomach let out a rumbling noise as she hurried downstairs in her pajamas.

When she reached the living room, she saw Clover and Elijah.

They met each other's gaze.

Rose was startled. How could she have forgotten that they come every day?

She remembered that they were supposed to come over, but what did Jonathan say during their intimate moments?

"Father-in-law and Clover don't usually arrive that early, and even if they do come, Finley will look after them. Whenever they visit, they only stay for a short while and can't stay too long

This location of this place was a secret.

Whenever they came here, they had to be careful to avoid being noticed by others.

Later, she felt so exhausted that, although she only intended to rest her eyes for a moment, she unexpectedly fell asleep. Meanwhile, outside, the sky was beginning to darken...

"Ah, Dad, Clover..." Rose felt extremely awkward.

She quickly ran upstairs to change into a new outfit, wishing she could hide forever. She even stalled on purpose, but unexpectedly, Clover came up and knocked on the door.

"Come out! It's time to eat!"

Rose could only step out, eat her dinner, and face everything with courage.

Share to your friends

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

