

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

Chapter 641 Two Choices

[637 words]

Kelly managed to snatch Rose's fiancé, Nixon, but couldn't win over Jonathan. She almost took on Rose's identity, but Oliver saw through her.

This time, she even changed her appearance and identity. She went through so much effort and was just about to succeed, only to realize that she had been played by Rose!

Kelly glared at Rose with intense resentment in her eyes.

Rose became even angrier because of what she said.

She stared at Kelly and questioned her word-by-word, "So you tricked my grandpa, hurt him, and even killed him!"

Rose couldn't help but feel a deep pain in her heart when she recalled the day Oliver collapsed in her arms.

"Killed your grandfather?" Kelly asked dismissively.

The day when Oliver collapsed, she was indeed shocked and felt guilty. However, the guilt didn't last long, as she quickly shifted all the responsibility onto others.

"I want to kill you, not him. If he wanted to protect you, that's his choice. How is it my concern? Rose, ultimately, it's all because of you. Your grandfather's demise was also because of you..."

Kelly was in a frenzy. Since she couldn't take everything that belonged to Rose, she decided to pull her into a living hell, making her feel guilty and remorseful. She wanted to torture her mind for the rest of her life.

But before she could finish speaking, she was suddenly kicked and sent flying.

"Ah!" Kelly exclaimed in pain.

That kick had no mercy whatsoever. Who did it?

Kelly gritted her teeth and glared at the person who kicked her. But when she saw Miles's grim expression, it felt like something had sharply pierced her heart.

Almost instantly, Kelly, feeling uneasy, averted her gaze. She opened her mouth to call out to him, but no sound came out.

When she was still known as Kelly, Miles was already quite distant toward her. Now, knowing that she had taken over Harriette's identity and was attempting to replace Rose, he must despise her even more.

Kelly bit her lip.

She suddenly missed the way Miles doted on her when she was Harriette.

After finding out she was Kelly, he started to scheme against her and treated her with no real affection, only manipulation.

Miles' affection was never meant for her.

Kelly laughed maniacally.

The spot where Miles kicked her just now was really hurting a lot.

Miles said with disgust and disdain while pointing at Kelly. "Grandpa's intentions were to protect Rose, but ultimately, it was your actions that led to all of this. Grandpa's love for Rose isn't wrong, but your actions certainly were."

How could Miles not be aware of whatever Kelly was thinking about? She wanted to emotionally hurt Rose deeply.

Oliver's passing had left Rose feeling very guilty, and he absolutely wouldn't allow Kelly to bring up this guilt again.

Rose looked at Miles. She also understood his intentions.

Rose looked grateful, while Kelly...

"Kelly, you can rest easy. My

grandpa willing to protect me with

his life, so I will live well and happily.

As for you, it's time for you to

sincerely repent and atone for your sins!" Rose exclaimed.

If Kelly didn't want to repent or atone, then Rose didn't mind forcing her.

"Are you going to the police station yourself, or do you want me to find somewhere else for you to go?" Rose asked, giving her a choice.

She could either go to the police station to take responsibility for the injuries and killings she was involved in, or Rose could "settle her" elsewhere.

"Let's turn ourselves in, Kelly."

Before Kelly had a chance to speak, Chelsea made the choice for her.

Her voice was filled with urgency, almost as if it was tinged with fear. Rose was someone very dear to Jonathan, and now she was trying to "settle" Kelly. If Jonathan go involved...

That wasn't something a person could handle.

Perhaps out of extreme fear, Chelsea answered on Kelly's behalf to Rose. "She'll turn herself in. Rose... No, Ms. Sutton. Kelly will turn herself in!"

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Chapter 642 Never Considered Her

[1,318 words]

Before Chelsea could finish speaking, Kelly was already glaring at her intensely. The look in her eyes seemed to ask why she had to choose between the two options she was offered.

She deliberately chose not to pick any of them.

Chelsea's panic intensified. "Do you want to feel like you're better off dead?"

"A life worse than death..." Kelly looked into Rose's eyes, and suddenly, something inside her finally gave way.

The things she did were enough for Rose to hate her deeply. If Rose decided to get back at her, she might end up wishing for death rather than face the consequences.

But... She still couldn't accept that she lost to Rose.

"Get out!" Rose said coldly. She didn't want to see Kelly anymore.

She personally shattered Kelly's fantasies and initially wanted to make her suffer physically as well. However, as she looked at Kelly, her disdain made her feel it was beneath her to take action herself.

Kelly would only get her hands dirty!

Chelsea didn't hesitate for a second and quickly helped Kelly up from the ground. After practically dragging Kelly away, they hurriedly made their way out as if they were escaping.

But Kelly's gaze remained fixed behind her.

She looked at Rose, who was wearing a striking red dress that made her stand out.

Elijah and Clover removed their masks and stood behind Rose as if they were her strongest support.

Miles walked over to Rose with a fond and affectionate look in his eyes.

In her line of sight, their figures became more distant until they completely disappeared.

After leaving the villa, there was a winding mountain road. The area was deserted, with two figures hurrying and stumbling down the hill.

A gust of wind blew by, causing both people to shiver. The further down they went, the darker it got.

Kelly clearly remembered that when she was going up the mountain just now, the streetlights along the road were still on. But now, the streetlights had gone out.

The road was pitch-black, giving off an eerie feeling.

"Kelly, hurry up."

Chelsea held Kelly's hand while she rubbed her other arm, trying to ward off the persistent chill running through her body.

Kelly, however, shook off her hand.

"Kelly..."

"Don't call me."

If it weren't for Chelsea's appearance, she could have continued to persevere and hold on to her identity as Harriette.

But Chelsea showed up, and no matter how much she tried to fight it, she would soon be proven wrong.

"Kelly, I didn't know I would mess things up for you. But why are you getting involved with Rose again and causing trouble..."

Getting involved with Rose meant getting involved with Jonathan.

Even at this point, Kelly was still unwilling to accept her situation. "She just got luckier than I did."

But why was it that Rose's luck was always better than hers? She seemed to have all the good things happen to her.

Kelly couldn't make sense of it, and her feelings of jealousy only grew stronger.

"Did you know? Rose... she's not only Mr. Young Senior's biological granddaughter, but her biological father..."

"Have you heard of Lerain Group? That's just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the Xanth family. Domestically, there's the Finch Group, and internationally it's the Xanth family. Rose is actually the daughter of the Xanth family their only daughter!

"I knew she wasn't Jamie's daughter, but I was surprised to find out that her biological father is such an important figure.

"Mom, even you-no, even Jamie-wouldn't believe that Celeste was actually involved with a big shot from the Xanth family, right?"

"Mom, I can't match up to Rose, and you can't compare to Celeste. Don't you think we're in the same boat?"

Kelly sounded somewhat possessed as she laughed.

On the silent mountain road, only her laughter could be heard, making it sound particularly creepy.

Chelsea thought back to Celeste.

When she knew Jamie, she was aware that he had a beautiful and capable new wife. Yet even so, Jamie was still fascinated by her.

Since then, she had been compared to Celeste.

No matter how capable or beautiful a woman was, what did it matter if she didn't have her husband's love? That was truly the saddest situation. Jamie not only didn't love Celeste, but he was even scheming to take her company's assets.

There was a time when Jamie got drunk, and she heard him say, "Celeste, it would be great if you were dead!"

Wow! Celeste's husband even wished for her to be dead! That was truly the saddest of the sad.

So, Chelsea caused the car accident.

Celeste had indeed passed away, and Jamie was left in control of the company.

She became Mrs. Shaffer, and for a long time, she carried herself as if she were a winner.

But now, knowing that Celeste was the daughter of the prestigious Young family in Regalia and realizing that Rose's biological father was someone quite significant, things felt different.

She suddenly had a strange feeling-it seemed as though she had never reached Celeste's level.

Someone who was beautiful,

talented, came from a good family

background, and had connections

with the Xanth family... Why would Celeste possibly be interested in or have feelings for Jamie?

She had an even stronger feeling after this thought.

Jamie never caught Celeste's attention, and naturally, neither had Chelsea.

At that moment, Chelsea couldn't quite describe what she was feeling inside, and

she muttered softly, "But she's still dead!"

"She's dead! But Rose was actually dead too!" Kelly said with a cold laugh.

Suddenly, a car came up from downhill. It was moving so quickly that it almost collided with the both of them.

"Kelly, be careful!" Chelsea grabbed Kelly and pulled her away from the car for safety, but they both fell to the ground.

"Can't you see where you're going?" Kelly's knee was scraped and bleeding. She was in so much pain she wanted to yell.

The car had already turned the corner and disappeared from sight. Chelsea suddenly recalled the fleeting glimpse she caught of the person in the driver's seat as the car passed by, and it made her eyelid twitch involuntarily. Why did she feel like that car was deliberately trying to hit them?

As she was deep in thought, a sudden sound of footsteps startled her from her reverie.

They turned toward the direction of the sound.

In the dim light, a few figures were approaching them. They gradually came closer, allowing Chelsea and Kelly to see them more clearly.

There were several men standing there. They could hear the men talking.

"They should be arriving soon, right?"

"What did that person just say? The other person is a young woman..."

"There's people up ahead..."

At the sound of the shout, the several men quickened their pace.

As they got closer, Kelly and Chelsea felt increasingly uneasy.

The men arrived in front of them, and several of them gave glances that seemed to be sizing them up.

"Wasn't it supposed to be a young woman? Why is there an older one?" someone asked, frowning in confusion.

Even though the lighting was dim,

Chelsea and Kelly could both clearly see the men. Their thuggish demeanor made them stand out, and particularly in the current environment, it inexplicably instilled fear.
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"Who are you?" Kelly swallowed hard and gathered her composure, trying to intimidate the people and make them back off.

But those people completely ignored her, and their gaze became increasingly lecherous.

"The young woman should be her. They said that the woman looked very distressed- doesn't she look distressed too?"

"Hurry up and finish it quickly. Let's get the money sooner. The other party is offering a million dollars."

The men couldn't believe their luck - they had women and wealth. It seemed like a great fortune fell right into their laps.

Meanwhile, at that moment, Kelly felt as though she was struck hard with something.

A disheveled woman, priced at a million dollars...

Wasn't these descriptions meant for the woman in the red dress?

She had instructed Olivia to make arrangements, but just in case the woman in the red dress escaped, she also contacted another group herself.

She wanted to completely ruin that woman!

Earlier, Rose disrupted everything, making her forget she even had plans like this.

Kelly felt relieved knowing that the men were arranged by her.

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Chapter 643 She's Back

[1,233 words]

"I'm the one who called you here. You can leave now," Kelly said. She spoke in a way reminiscent of "Harriette's" style.

The men exchanged glances and suddenly laughed. "What is she talking about?"

"Did she tell us to leave?"

"Miss, we'll listen to you. We're leaving, but we want you to come with us!"

As they were talking, two of the men burst into laughter and grabbed Kelly by the arms, one on each side, easily lifting her up.

Chelsea suddenly came to her senses and exclaimed, "Kelly! What are you doing? Let her go!"

She tried to intervene, but someone kicked her away.

Kelly was panicking. She struggled fiercely and commanded once more, "Didn't you hear me? I'm the one who called you. Let me go!"

The men didn't believe her and just thought she was being cunning.

One of them sneered and said, "Don't bother trying to deceive us. Do you think we are that easy to fool? If we fall for your trick, how are we supposed to get by?"

"Let's go."

Two people held Kelly by the arms, while another two grabbed her by the ankles. "Ah!" Kelly let out a scream as the four people carried her away like livestock.

Kelly was in a panic now. "Put me down! I'm really the one who called you here. Someone among you should recognize my voice. That's right! Listen to my voice!"

Her voice was hoarse and was unique.

She had called one of them just now, so they should be able to recognize her voice.

Kelly was full of anticipation, but then she saw the others glance at one person among them. That person just smiled nonchalantly and said, "Of course I recognize it. The voice on the phone was so pleasant, and you... Tsk!"

The person looked disdainful and said, "Your voice is indeed a bit unpleasant, but at worst, we'll just have to put up with it a little."

A sly laugh echoed through the night.

Kelly felt like she had been plunged into an icy ocean upon hearing that.

She couldn't stop replaying what the men had just said in her mind. The voice on the phone was really pleasant to listen to...

She didn't call these people here!

If it wasn't her who invited them, then who was it? Was it Rose?

Kelly didn't have time to think too much. At that moment, there was only one thought in her mind-she couldn't let them take her away. She already knew what would happen if they did.

She struggled with all her might, yet she couldn't move it at all.

She was being carried farther and farther away when she thought of Chelsea.

Kelly turned her head as far as she could. She was just barely able to see Chelsea running in her direction. It was as if she had seen a savior. "Mom! Mom! Save me! Save me!"

"Kelly! Let her go! Whatever you want, take me instead. I'm willing to do anything..."

Chelsea pleaded, but all she got in return was disdain from those people.

"You? Ha! Forget about it."

Chelsea watched helplessly as the group of men threw Kelly into a black MPV, which then sped away.

Chelsea collapsed to the ground, her face full of despair. "Kelly..."

What should she do now? How could she save Kelly?

Chelsea struggled to get up when suddenly, a piercing sound of a car speeding came from behind. She turned around, and the intense lights caused her to fall back to the ground.

She was terrified, thinking the car was about to hit her. When faced with the intense headlights, she even closed her eyes.

But the anticipated collision and pain didn't occur. It seemed the car had stopped.

Still shaken up, Chelsea heard the sound of high heels click-clacking nearby. It grew closer until a woman's voice came from above her, asking, "Do you need any help?"

Did she need help?

Chelsea immediately thought of Kelly, who had been taken away. She definitely needed help!

"I need it. I need..." Chelsea opened her eyes urgently, but when she saw the person in front of her, she froze, completely forgetting what she was about to say.

The person in front of her smiled and asked again, "What do you need my help with?"

As the woman spoke, she reached out a hand toward Chelsea, trying to help her up.

But Chelsea was too afraid to touch that hand.

Almost immediately, she hurriedly lowered her head, saying, "No. I'm fine now. It's fine."

Chelsea's gaze flickered as she stood up. Her mind was blank.

After falling several times just now, she felt pain in many places, but she pushed through and continued walking, getting faster and faster. She even forgot that Kelly was waiting to be saved.

She gave up the chance to call for help, not because of anything else, but because of that person...

It was so similar! It really was too similar!

Celeste! She looked so much like Celeste!

She looked just like Celeste with no

noticeable difference. However, the Celeste she remembered was beautiful, artistic, elegant, and

poised. In contrast, the person she just saw had an indescribable fierceness about her.

How could that be? Celeste was dead. She died a long time ago in that car accident. Chelsea even witnessed her cremation.

Chelsea suddenly seemed to recall something.

That year, when Celeste was pulled out of the water, her injuries were extremely severe, especially on her face. It made her almost unrecognizable.

Jamie identified Celeste's body at the police station by the jewelry she was wearing.

After that, she was cremated.

Could it be that the person back then wasn't actually Celeste?

The thought lingered in Chelsea's mind, leaving her feeling completely confused.

The sound of a car came from

behind her once more, quickly

catching up to her. The car stopped,

and the woman inside asked her again, "Do you really not need any help?"

"No, no..." Chelsea was too afraid to look at her, so she just kept shaking her

head and quickened her pace.

The car beside her easily caught up and maintained the same speed as she did.

"If you need any help, just let me know. After all, we're old friends."

The woman's voice sounded gentle, and when accompanied by the night breeze,

it was very pleasant to listen to.

But Chelsea stopped breathing for a moment. It took her quite a while to catch her breath. An old friend...

It was Celeste! It had to be Celeste!

Chelsea was covered in sweat, and her footsteps were quickening, but the car kept following her.

The person in the car acted like she was catching up with an old friend she hadn't seen in years and was having an unexpected reunion.

"It seems like you don't want to see me. As for Jamie, does he know that it was you who tampered with the car?" the woman asked.

The woman gripped the steering wheel, and a sarcastic appeared on her beautiful face. "How ridiculous! You're using the same tactics on him again."

Chelsea felt her scalp tingle. She even knew about this?

"I wasn't around, and you bullied her..." The woman appeared to have thought of someone. Her gaze softened, but her voice was almost icy with reproach. Chelsea immediately understood that the "Her" being referred to was Rose.

Chelsea swallowed nervously.

She felt an instinctive fear toward the person at that moment.

She bullied Rose, and Kelly bullied Rose as well. These were the facts. Celeste was now back—would she seek revenge for her daughter? What was she going to do?

The overwhelming mental pressure that was building up within Chelsea suddenly snapped like a taut string breaking.

Chelsea, who had been running, suddenly came to a stop. At the same moment, the car beside her also came to a halt.

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Chapter 644 Going Back Home

[1,272 words]

Chelsea was on the verge of a breakdown. She looked up and at the person sitting in the car. This time, she was absolutely certain it was Celeste!

Chelsea's first question was, "Why?"

On the day of the accident, she confirmed that the person in the car was Celeste. She personally saw her getting into the car...

Celeste understood what she was asking. "Because I happened to be able to escape."

She was smart and perceptive and had already noticed Jamie's intent to kill. Jamie was greedy—he wanted her company and her money. To get all of that, he needed her dead.

Dying in an accident was the best outcome.

She always kept a watchful eye on Jamie, constantly observing his every move. But she didn't expect that Jamie's lover would be the first to lose patience.

So, she decided to turn the tables and use the situation to her advantage.

"Escape?" Chelsea didn't understand what she was saying. Or perhaps she never really understood the woman who once made her insanely jealous.

"Do you want to know how?" Celeste turned to look at her. Her gaze was filled with a deep meaning.

Chelsea felt a shiver run through her. "No. I don't want to."

The consequences of knowing what happened were more than she could bear.

"I don't want to know. I, I..." Chelsea still couldn't bring herself to look at Celeste. Just from that one glance earlier, she realized that Celeste was different from before.

The presence she exuded made it hard for others to look at her directly.

She felt as small as an ant in front of Celeste, let alone thinking about competing with her for anything.

She didn't even have the right to be jealous.

Suddenly, Chelsea dropped to her knees.

With a loud thud, her knee hit the rough surface of the road. Chelsea ignored her pain and called out, "Ce..."

She thought carefully about how to address her, and in the end, she decided to say her name. "Celeste, I was wrong. I shouldn't have competed with you back then. I shouldn't have secretly gotten involved with Jamie, and I definitely shouldn't have tried to hurt you or Rose..."

"I shouldn't have made Kelly compete with her. I shouldn't have allowed Kelly to hurt her. I shouldn't have "

"Enough!" Celeste seemed uninterested in listening to her apology.

"I'm not here today to listen to you talk about things you shouldn't have done. Every action has its consequences, and even if I had accidentally killed you a moment ago, it would have just been an accident. But I don't want you dead right now. After all, you still need to save your daughter, don't you?"

Save Kelly... But was Chelsea currently able to save Kelly in any way?

When she thought back to Kelly being taken away, Chelsea's heart felt like it was being torn apart by a knife.

She looked at Celeste.

Celeste smiled at her and said, "By the way, it wasn't me who had your daughter taken away."

After finishing what she had to say, she drove off confidently.

At that moment, Chelsea finally understood her purpose.

Celeste was trying to make herself suffer mentally. If she was unable to rescue Kelly, she would torment herself. Whatever pain Kelly had to go through, she would feel the same.

"Haha! I'm sorry. Kelly, I'm sorry... Who is it? Who would do this to you?"

In the dim night, Chelsea was the only one left on the road.

She thought about everything that had just happened. Kelly said she was the one who called those people, but then those men said that it wasn't Kelly who called them.

Who was it then? Was it Rose? Yes, it had to be Rose!

But it was because it was Rose that Chelsea felt even more scared and helpless. She chuckled like a madwoman.

Chelsea was not only afraid of Jonathan, who was Rose's support, but now there was another person who terrified her-Celeste!

She laughed maniacally again.

She couldn't save Kelly!

Gradually, Chelsea's laughter became increasingly maniacal as she grappled with her fear of Celeste and her helplessness regarding Kelly.

Up on the mountain villa, Clover was quite upset after Kelly and Chelsea left. He expressed frustration, asking, "Are we just going to let them get away with it like that?"

"Rose is not letting her go." Elijah glanced at Clover. How could he not know what Rose was thinking?

He looked at Rose with a tender and affectionate gaze.

"Mr. Young Senior wouldn't want Rose to get involved in something violent. Making Kelly disappear is easy, but Rose wants Mr. Young Senior's spirit to be at peace." Elijah explained.

Clover rubbed at his nose.

Kelly lucked out!

At that moment, Olivia, who had been inside the villa, came out. She looked at Rose with an excited expression and said, "Ms. Shaffer, welcome back."

Her smile was a genuine one.

Rose thought about how well she and Olivia had worked together in the restroom earlier and felt even more grateful to her. "Thank you," she said.

Olivia was pleasantly surprised. How could she possibly deserve thanks from Rose?

"I should be the one thanking you. Ms. Shaffer is a genuinely good person." Olivia could never forget the sense of dignity that Rose bestowed

upon her that day at Young Group.

At that moment, she decided that no matter what she did, she would make sure to repay her in a meaningful way.

This time, it seemed like she did really well.

Suddenly, Olivia seemed to remember something. "Ms. Harriette-no, Kelly- asked me to find someone for her. I didn't manage to find them, but I saw that she'd made a call.

"I picked up her phone just now and dialed the first number on the list, only to find out she'd already contacted someone else. But don't worry, I told them not to

come."

Olivia felt a chill as she thought about Kelly's malice.

Fortunately, everything was under Miles' and Rose's control.

"Okay. You're coming down the mountain with us tonight." Rose was pleased with how Olivia handled things.

She noticed that Olivia's face still had a slight blush to it.

She didn't ask, but she knew it had something to do with Kelly and felt a twinge of heartache. "You must have been embarrassed."

Olivia's heart was racing. Rose was concerned about her!

Rose seemed to be glowing before her. Olivia hurriedly said, "No, I wasn't embarrassed. I'm quite shameless! It's alright."

As they were leaving, they saw Anastasia standing nearby.

When Rose shifted her gaze in her direction, Anastasia had a hint of unease flash in her eyes.

But soon, she quickly smiled at Rose.

After the fake Harriette returned and her identity as "Ms. Harriette" was uncovered, it seemed like Anastasia had gained more clarity about the situation.

Rose was okay, and she was very happy about that.

"Let's go together," Rose replied with a smile.

Anastasia was a bit surprised, but quickly, she approached Rose with natural ease.

She got into the car with Rose.

As the car passed the section of road where the streetlights hadn't gone out,

Anastasia glanced out the window.

"It's really dark outside!" she said.

Anastasia seemed to have sighed, but Rose didn't pay any attention to it.

Rose, at that moment, was thinking about something else. She was thinking about someone else.

Jonathan hadn't shown up tonight. This didn't seem like something he would typically do.

Was he busy with other things?

Rose found herself missing him quite a bit. That longing grew inside her, gradually expanding until, in the end, her entire heart was nearly consumed by it.

She wanted to see him. She really wanted to see him quickly!

"Miles, I want to go to..." Rose told Miles the address of the new house that

Jonathan had prepared.

Miles raised an eyebrow but didn't say anything.

After half an hour, the car arrived at Rose's destination.

As soon as Rose got out of the car after saying goodbye to Miles, she eagerly pulled out her phone, found Jonathan's number, and called him.

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Chapter 645 The Unexpected Lizzie

[1,279 words]

Rose rarely called Jonathan, but whenever she did, he would pick up almost immediately. It seemed like Jonathan was always very enthusiastic toward her.

But tonight, the phone rang for a long time with no one answering.

When she made the second call, and the same thing happened again, Rose felt a twinge of unease. After making several more calls, there was still no answer.

Rose's sense of unease was growing stronger. She was just about to call Leonard and Finley when Ezra called her.

"Hello, Ezra? Where's Jonathan?" As soon as the call connected, Rose immediately asked that question. Her voice was tinged with nervousness and a slight tremble.

On the other end of the phone, Ezra had informed Rose that Jonathan was "busy" and couldn't make it tonight. However, when Rose asked him about it, Ezra suddenly felt inexplicably guilty.

It was precisely due to this moment of guilt and hesitation that Rose was able to sense something was off, even over the phone.

Before Ezra could speak, Rose asked another question, "What's happened with Jonathan?"

She held tightly onto her phone, but what she heard was Ezra's deliberately casual laughter. "Rose, what could happen to my brother? Something came up at the company unexpectedly, so he probably won't be able to come home tonight to see you."

But Rose didn't believe him. "He's not picking up his phone," she said.

Ezra felt at a loss for words. When he thought about what had happened just now, Ezra tugged at the corner of his mouth and quickly came up with an excuse. "He just boarded the plane, so-

Rose made up her mind before Ezra finished speaking, interrupting him, "Ezra, you're lying to me."

Ezra felt a bit at a loss on the other end of the phone.

"Ezra, as your 'sister-in-law', it means we're family. No matter what happens with Jonathan, you can't keep it from me. Whatever he goes through, I should know about it. I worry about him. I..."

At that moment, Rose realized that her feelings for Jonathan were much more than just missing him. Her whole heart had probably long been captured by him.

"If you don't tell me, I'll go find him myself. Is he at Finch Manor? Or at one of Finch Group's hospitals?"

Rose was unsure of Jonathan's whereabouts the past few days.

But she had a vague idea that Jonathan might have "checked into a hospital" in some way to throw some people off and make them believe he wasn't a threat, and they would feel at ease.

On the other end of the phone, Ezra finally couldn't keep it a secret any longer. "Rose, something has happened to Jonathan."

"Something happened to Jonathan..." Rose couldn't stop thinking about that sentence.

She didn't even have time to ask Ezra what exactly had happened to Jonathan before she rushed toward the door in a panic. She was in such a hurry that she didn't even realize her shoe had come off while running.

As she stepped out the door, she saw Elijah, Clover, and Miles, who had somehow returned without her noticing. She felt her heart sink even further into despair.

"Rose, you found out." Clover ran over and helped Rose.

They had just received the news as well.

As soon as they heard the news, the three of them immediately turned back. They initially wanted to keep Rose calm and prevent her from worrying. But judging by her appearance, it seemed like she found out.

Rose held Clover's wrist tightly, suddenly feeling weak. She said, "Take me to find him."

What happened to Jonathan? Rose didn't dare to ask that question.

In the car, Rose remained silent. Miles was driving while Clover was sitting in the backseat with Rose. Rose kept holding onto his wrist, not letting go for even a moment.

The three of them tried to comfort Rose multiple times, but in the end, she still said nothing.

Elijah and Clover, as Rose's father and brother, had many strict expectations for Jonathan. However, they had to admit that Jonathan genuinely cared for Rose.

The most important thing was that Rose loved Jonathan.

Jonathan's significance might have been far greater than they realized.

Rose looked out the car window. She realized that she had taken this road earlier, which led to the villa where the dinner party was being held today.

Did Jonathan go to the villa?

Soon, she got her answer.

The car drove past the villa nestled in the mountains, continued forward and upward, and after a long drive, finally came to a stop.

It was completely dark all around, with a faint light visible in the distance.

Rose got out of the car and headed straight to the brightly lit area. There she saw Ezra, Leonard, and even Eleanor and Cyrus.

Everyone had a serious expression on their face, and she didn't see Jonathan anywhere...

Rose felt like her heart was being clenched tightly by a large hand. She finally asked, "What about Jonathan?"

Where was Jonathan?

The several people present looked at Rose with concern on their faces.

"Where's Jonathan?" Rose asked again. She looked directly at Ezra, specifically indicating that she wanted him to answer.

"Rose..." Ezra knew he couldn't hide it, but to actually say what had just happened was simply too cruel.

Ezra looked to the other side.

Rose followed his gaze and saw that

there was a cliff ahead. Beyond the cliff, it was pitch black, and nothing was visible. It seemed as though Rose understood what had happened.

Her body suddenly weakened, and she collapsed to the ground.

"Rose, don't worry. Finley has already taken people down to search." Ezra stepped forward, wanting to help Rose up, but Clover and Miles beat him to it.

"Clover, tell the person you brought to also go search," Elijah ordered.

Clover quickly made a phone call and gave some instructions.

The late-night wind grew colder, bringing about a chill.

Ezra recounted everything that happened.

Jonathan had been restless at the hospital for some time. According to the plan, he was set to leave the hospital without any concerns tonight, but an unexpected event occurred.

The unexpected incident was Lizzie.

No one knew how Lizzie managed to do it, but somehow she ended up taking Jonathan away.

By the time Leonard realized it, he immediately went after them. He followed them all the way.

When Eleanor arrived, Leonard's people had already surrounded Lizzie's car at the edge of the cliff.

Jonathan had fainted.

When Cyrus arrived, Lizzie seemed almost frantic. The words she said felt like heavy blows, and even as Cyrus recalled them now, each word seemed to pierce his heart,

Lizzie seemed to have lost her mind.

In her mad frenzy, she started the car and slammed the accelerator. The car drove off the cliff.

As Rose listened, she felt as if her blood had frozen over.

She gauged the journey up the mountain and assessed the height of the cliff. If the car drove off the edge, then Jonathan...

Rose felt a sudden sharp pain pierce through her. She held Clover's hand tightly and said, "Clover, help me find him."

Her voice was choked with emotion as she turned to Miles and pleaded, "Miles, please help me..."

She did the same with Elijah. "Dad..."

"We'll look. We'll find them. Everything will be okay," Elijah said with determination

in his voice.

He assessed the height of the cliff, feeling that the chances of a positive outcome were slim.

The others watched Rose with concern. Her face was pale, and she had tears welling up in her eyes, yet she continued to hold them back, refusing to let them fall.

It was as if she feared that letting her tears fall would bring about bad luck.

She kept murmuring to herself, "It's okay. Nothing will happen. Nothing will happen..."

The others asked Rose to leave and wait for updates several times, but Rose remained unfazed.

"I'm going to wait right here for him to come back," Rose said with determination. Finally, just before dawn, there was news. "They've been found! They're found!"

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Chapter 646 It's Not Him

[1,320 words]

The wind grew colder as dawn approached the mountain cliff.

The people Finley sent out to search delivered the news, and upon hearing the words "They were found", Rose immediately ran over.

After standing for a long time, her body became stiff, and she almost fell several times. But, fortunately, she managed to steady himself.

"Where is he? Where is Jonathan? Is he hurt? Is it serious?" Rose asked a flurry of questions all at once.

She still had countless questions she wanted to ask.

The person who delivered the news saw Rose and suddenly froze. "Mrs. Finch..."

Since Jonathan announced that he and Rose had already obtained a marriage certificate, it was made clear to everyone that whenever they encounter the former "Ms. Shaffer", regardless of the occasion, they should address her as "Mrs. Finch".

The person felt a bit troubled after hearing the recent developments. His reaction left Rose momentarily taken aback.

Being perceptive as she was, Rose sensed something unusual. Without pressing further, her eyes flickered slightly, and she said, "It's okay. I'm fine with anything. I'll go see him anyway."

Seeing him in person would give her peace of mind. She could definitely see him and be at peace!

Rose reassured herself that Jonathan would be okay. She was about to see him. But the person hesitantly replied, "Mrs. Finch, the one we found wasn't Mr. Finch. It was the madam... We still haven't received any news about Mr. Finch."

They hadn't found Jonathan, and there was still no news about him...

Rose staggered, and Miles quickly reached out to steady her.

Miles comforted, saying, "Rose... Don't worry. They're still searching and will find him soon. Jonathan is tough!"

"Yeah, maybe we'll find him soon. Let's wait a bit longer."

Clover nodded in agreement.

Clover and Miles looked at each other, united in their purpose like never before. Rose managed to force a smile. "Yeah, Let's just wait. He'll come back. He..."

He wouldn't abandon her! Rose was confident about that.

At the bottom of the mountain cliff, there was a reservoir.

The reservoir was quite large and stretched over a great distance. The team from Azure Clan, the bodyguards Clover brought over from the Xanth family, and Miles' people conducted a joint search for several days.

With each passing day, the expressions on people's faces grew increasingly serious.

They couldn't find Jonathan. They didn't know if he was alive or dead.

But at that moment, it seemed like no news was good news.

Back at their new house, Rose looked very pale. She had been waiting on the mountain, but the next day she fainted. When she woke up again, she was in a new room.

Emily took care of her daily needs.

There were several men out and about, all involved in the search.

Emily observed Rose curled up on the couch. In just a few days, Rose had noticeably lost weight and looked extremely haggard.

Emily felt a bit heartbroken by the sight.

"Rose, how about having something to eat? Or, if you're not hungry, we can just take a break and have a nap. Does that sound good?"

Rose hadn't slept in several days.

Sometimes she ate a little, but she would take a few bites before stopping. It was as if eating was just a task necessary for survival-something she had to do to stay alive long enough for Jonathan to return.

Rose gave Emily a thankful smile.

But to Emily, this smile looked even more heartbreaking than if Rose weren't smiling at all.

Even though she was so heartbroken, she still cared about others' feelings.

Rose couldn't eat more than a couple of bites. She knew she had to sleep, but whenever she closed her eyes, all she could think about was Jonathan. She thought about their first meeting at the bar and their subsequent agreement to get married.

Every memory was exceptionally clear in her mind.

The more she thought about it, the harder it was for her to fall asleep.

Where was Jonathan now? Was he dead or alive?

Clover suggested that as long as a body hadn't been found and there was no news, the person was likely still alive. He might just have been held up by some situation.

Miles said Jonathan cared about Rose so much that he couldn't help but come back just after announcing the happy news about getting a marriage certificate with her.

Elijah mentioned that he was quite satisfied with Jonathan, and once he returned, he would comfortably entrust her to him.

Rose believed that Jonathan would come back. It was possible that, for some reason, he truly got held up.

...

Meanwhile, in Finch Manor, the atmosphere felt very desolate and eerie.

Eleanor hadn't left the house for a few days and had been keeping a close watch on any updates from Finley.

However, it seemed like someone else couldn't hold back any longer.

Jonathan's whereabouts were unknown, and it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead, which caused Yosef, who had previously been suppressing his thoughts, to start contemplating them again.

"Mom, with Finch Group being such a large company, it's not ideal for it to be without steady leadership for so long.

"Mom, I'm just having Liam temporarily take over. When Jonathan returns, Finch Group will still be his. I'm only considering this for the sake of the Finch family and Finch Group.

"Mom, otherwise, I'll just temporarily take over-"

A sudden loud bang echoed in the study, followed by a cry of pain.

Eleanor sternly pointed her walking stick at Yosef, who was clutching his forehead.

"I've told you before. Don't even think about it. Liam is nowhere near as good as Jonathan. It was

Jonathan's idea to let him enter the Finch family in the first place. If you want that illegitimate child to take control of the entire Finch Group, it'll only happen over my dead body!

"Don't think I don't know exactly what you're capable of.

"I'm warning you. If you know what's good for you, focus on your job and keep things to yourself. Whether it's regarding Finch Group or anyone else, you must not reveal anything about Jonathan's disappearance."

Finch Group had been keeping this information under wraps.

The Young family and the Xanth family also worked together seamlessly to help keep things hidden.

If the news got out, there was no telling how much Finch Group's stock price would fall.

Fortunately, since Jonathan was "severely injured in a car accident and hospitalized", he hadn't been around for a while, and outsiders hadn't noticed anything unusual.

"What are you standing around for? Get lost! Don't come back and bother me again!" Eleanor didn't want to see him any longer.

These past few days, she had been feeling extremely agitated.

The cause of all of this was Lizzie!

Eleanor thought about Lizzie with a hint of disgust in her eyes. It seemed to her that Lizzie was like a fly that previously masqueraded as a butterfly, buzzing around her.

She never liked Lizzie before.

She always thought Lizzie married Cyrus for wealth and prosperity, but little did she know that she had such sordid intentions hidden within the Finch family.

"Damn it!" Eleanor was getting more and more upset the more she thought about it.

Eleanor felt uneasy and restless, as if a weight was pressing on her chest.

After hesitating for a moment, she suddenly got up and made a phone call to

Cyrus. "Where are you? Come with me to the hospital!"

On the other end of the phone, Cyrus paused for a moment. The hospital?

He was about to instinctively refuse after thinking about it, but before he could say anything, Eleanor had already hung up the phone.

Cyrus looked troubled. He knew exactly who was in the hospital.

During the days that Jonathan was missing, he was avoiding the events of that day and the things he heard. He tried not to think about them. He was in a daze as if this was the only way to feel a bit better.

But in the end, he still had to face it.

Cyrus took a deep breath as the guilt he had been suppressing continued to well up within him.

"I'm sorry."

He had finally said those words, but even he couldn't tell who they were meant for.

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Chapter 647 Who Said She Hates Him

[1,217 words]

Cyrus knew that he had let down too many people!

...

Eleanor and Cyrus met at the hospital.

Before Eleanor arrived, Cyrus hadn't gone in. Even at this moment, he still wasn't willing to face the situation.

Eleanor glanced at him, her gaze as sharp as knives.

She found Lizzie disgusting and also blamed Cyrus.

If Cyrus hadn't married the troublesome Lizzie from the start, she wouldn't have had the chance to sneak into the Finch family with such malicious intentions.

Now, it had also resulted in Jonathan going missing!

Eleanor admired strength and ability. When it came to her descendants, she valued capability above all. She always thought highly of Jonathan, but during his upbringing, she did not show him much affection or care.

Still, with the occasional gifts he received from her, he had cherished them deeply.

It was not because she provided him with enough or anything special, but because Jonathan was simply a very good person.

He was someone who appeared aloof or detached on the outside but was actually warm and passionate on the inside. He was someone who knew how to be appreciative and thankful.

"Mom, when they found Lizzie, she was covered in injuries and almost... died."

Cyrus couldn't quite describe the mix of emotions he was currently feeling.

When he finished speaking, Eleanor hit him with her walking stick. "What? Do you feel sorry for her getting hurt? Sorry that she almost died?"

"No, that's not what I meant..."

"What do you mean by that? Don't forget that Jonathan is still missing. Jonathan is your son!" Eleanor said sternly, her voice sounding sharp.

Eleanor had two sons-Yosef had plenty of ambition, but his skills were lacking.

Cyrus was quite competent at his job, but when it came to personal matters and relationships, things were a complete mess.

Eleanor had begun to increasingly appreciate Jonathan's value.

Eleanor remarked coldly, "That troublemaker Lizzie should have just died."

She stormed into the hallway of the hospital, only to see the person who was supposed to have died in the fall lying in a hospital bed. Her eyes were open, though Eleanor couldn't tell when the person had regained consciousness.

Eleanor paused for a moment before muttering, "You're such a disaster. Even this couldn't kill you."

Eleanor glanced at Lizzie's numerous bandages, her gaze as sharp as a knife. "Weren't you trying to end it all that night? What happened? Couldn't go through with it? Lizzie, sometimes staying alive is worse than death."

Eleanor came today just to vent her frustration and anger. That was why she didn't hold back when it came to berating Lizzie.

After hearing Eleanor's voice, Lizzie's previously vacant gaze at the ceiling shifted slightly.

Since waking up, the only people she had seen were doctors and nurses. She hadn't seen anyone else.

For the first time, someone came to visit her.

Lizzie hesitantly began to speak, her voice a bit sore from not having used it for a long time. After a moment of getting used to it, she finally managed to ask her question. "Where is Jonathan?"

"How dare you ask!" Eleanor shouted, trembling with anger. "You intended to kill him, and now look what happened-you survived, but he..."

Eleanor gritted her teeth. "Lizzie, don't think that just because you've survived, you can continue living on!"

At that moment, Lizzie was no longer paying attention to Eleanor's threats. Her mind echoed what Eleanor said.

She survived, but he... Had Jonathan died?

How could this be? She had planned everything carefully and made her decisions long ago. The reason she chose that particular cliff was because there is a reservoir below it.

She added some special protection to the car. She even calculated the car's speed in advance to ensure that when it went off, it would land in the water.

She had no intention of dying, and she certainly had no intention of letting Jonathan die.

She just wanted everyone to believe they were either dead or missing. She had even prepared new identities for them. There would always be a place in the world where Finch Group could not find them.

What she wanted had always been Jonathan! But now...

"Dead? How could he be dead?" Lizzie murmured softly. Oh, that was right. She remembered what happened.

After the car went off the road, she managed to pull Jonathan out of the vehicle while they were in the water. However, something seemed to

strike her afterward, and she
couldn't remember anything beyond that point.

That was an accident... It was an accident!

Suddenly, in the room, Eleanor exclaimed, "Rose?"

Cyrus and Lizzie followed Eleanor's gaze. They indeed saw Rose standing at the doorway.

At this point, Lizzie could no longer hide her jealousy.

She looked at Rose with a gaze as sharp as daggers, while Rose looked back at her with a blank expression and cold eyes.

"Rose, why are you here? Come with me. Let's get out of here." Eleanor said, not wanting to let Rose and Lizzie meet.

She had her reasons for doing so.

As she spoke, she stepped forward, took Rose by the hand, and headed straight for the exit.

However, Rose did not move.

"Grandma..." Rose began.

Eleanor paused in her tracks.

Rose used to always call her "Mrs. Finch Senior" and never called her

"Grandmother". But now she...

Eleanor, known for her cold and pragmatic nature, felt an inexplicable stir in her heart at that moment.

"Grandma, I have a question for her," Rose said with a smile.

Eleanor frowned and said, "Rose, she's just crazy. We shouldn't..."

"Grandma, let me ask it."

In the end, Eleanor couldn't resist Rose's insistence. She pulled Rose into the hospital room, but her eyes were full of warning as she looked at Lizzie.

She was cautioning her to watch her words.

Lizzie chuckled softly.

Jonathan had died, and Eleanor... Could Eleanor still be dreaming of a marriage between Jonathan and

Rose? It was Lizzie's first time

seeing Eleanor so protective of any in-law like this.

Lizzie remembered that when Rose was just starting out, Eleanor also disapproved of Rose because she came from a modest background in Aquastead.

And now, she was defending her.

"You didn't get it either!" Lizzie mumbled to herself almost smugly. She didn't give

Rose a chance to ask her question.

Rose furrowed her brows. Before she came, she had many speculations.

She kept wondering why Lizzie had

such a problem with Jonathan. She

had also asked Ezra about the reason, but Ezra's evasive answers only deepened her suspicions.

When she saw the jealous look in Lizzie's eyes just now, another suspicion formed in her mind.

"Why?" Rose stood by the edge of the hospital bed, staring intently at Lizzie without blinking. "Why do you hate Jonathan so much?"

She asked that question on purpose.

As expected, Lizzie let out a dismissive chuckle. Her smirk seemed to entirely dismiss the question she was asked.

"Hate? Who said I hate him? Didn't they tell you?" Lizzie sounded as if she had discovered something new.

She lay on the hospital bed, and every movement she made brought her severe pain. But her expression was one of joy and contentment.

As soon as she finished speaking, Eleanor sternly rebuked, "Lizzie, shut up! You're crazy! Rose, she's just a lunatic. We..."

Eleanor didn't want Rose and Lizzie to interact because she was afraid it would be shameful. But now, there was another reason why she didn't want them to meet.

She didn't want Rose to find out about all the messy stuff. She wanted to protect her.

Eleanor urged, "Rose, let's go..."

Once again, Eleanor grabbed Rose, trying to leave.

But Lizzie burst into laughter. "Who says I hate him? How could I possibly hate him? I clearly..."

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Chapter 648 The Main Culprit

[1,216 words]

"I clearly... I clearly love him so much," Lizzie burst into laughter as she said that.

Even though Rose had a slight suspicion earlier, she was still shocked when she heard it.

Lizzie loved Jonathan? But Lizzie was Jonathan's stepmother!

"Lizzie, shut up!"

This time, it wasn't Eleanor who told Lizzie to stop talking, but Cyrus.

Cyrus looked at Lizzie lying in the hospital bed. His eyes were filled with anger, disgust, and a mix of complex emotions. "You're insane! You lunatic!" he exclaimed.

He had already heard those words once before on the cliff that day.

Lately, he had been trying to avoid thinking about it. But at that moment, he finally understood that there were some truths he simply could not avoid.

He believed that Lizzie betrayed him by getting involved with Carl, and he thought it was because he was still hung up on Nancy. Her actions were either done as revenge against him or for her to seek emotional respite.

But the reality was that Lizzie's thoughts were always centered on Jonathan.

Cyrus sighed.

"A lunatic?" Lizzie laughed even more wildly. "I am a lunatic!"

Lizzie didn't care about Cyrus' or Eleanor's thoughts about her.

She knew they were extremely disgusted with her, believing she was unworthy of loving Jonathan and thinking her affection for him was disgraceful and contemptible.

Whether she loved someone or not wasn't something she could control.

She couldn't even be bothered to glance at Eleanor or Cyrus.

Lizzie gazed steadily at Rose as if wanting to share something with her. "I love him more than any of you. Ever since I first saw him all those years ago..."

"You haven't seen him when he was young, have you? Even then, he was incredibly bright and striking, so much so that any girl who laid eyes on him couldn't look away.

"Back then, I was just an ordinary girl. I was only a few years older than him. There was nothing wrong with liking him.

"At that time, he was also someone people didn't easily approach, but I had a legitimate reason to get close to him..."

"Nancy was into painting, and he probably missed his mother. So when Mrs. Finch Senior asked him to choose what to study, he chose painting. I was selected by Mrs. Finch Senior to be the teacher giving him lessons at Finch Manor.

"Having the class once a week felt too infrequent, yet each time, I really cherished the time spent with him.

"I taught him how to paint... Haha! Actually, I didn't teach him much. He probably inherited talent from Nancy, as he's naturally gifted in painting.

"Rather than saying he was learning how to paint, it was more accurate to say he used this time to miss his mother with a sense of justification. And I stayed with him.

"I knew he loved his mother, so after Nancy was brought back to Finch Manor by Cyrus, I deliberately got close to Nancy, hoping to win both their favors, but...

"I was still discovered.

"He knew I liked him and was about to fire me. But why fire me just because I like him? I'm just fond of him, that's all. Thankfully, there was Cyrus..."

When Lizzie talked about Cyrus, she didn't look at him at all. However, Cyrus clenched his fist.

Lizzie continued, "Back then, Jonathan didn't have a say in things. Cyrus saw that I was well-behaved and kind, so he allowed me to continue attending classes. Even though Jonathan would ignore me every time, I was content just to see him. "But gradually, I became unsatisfied again. I didn't like people who got too close to him, and Harriette was one of them. Harriette was cheerful and outgoing, and she seemed a perfect match for Jonathan, but she..."

Lizzie suddenly scoffed. "Someone like her who's so two-faced isn't good enough for Jonathan! So..."

As Rose listened, she felt a sharp chill slowly creep into her heart.

That evening, Carl confessed to everything, including Harriette's disappearance. She always felt something was off about it.

With Lizzie explaining all of it, everything made sense-it wasn't Carl who planned it, but Lizzie.

Lizzie was responsible for Harriette's death. No, that wasn't right. Harriette's body was never found, and that was why Kelly was able to appear with Harriette's face. Everyone would have assumed she was Harriette.

So Harriette was still missing. Then, where was the real Harriette now?

This thought briefly passed through Rose's mind, only to be pulled back by Lizzie's hysterical laughter.

"There's also Nancy..."

When Lizzie mentioned her, her gaze turned cold.

"I tried so hard to please her, hoping to win her favor, but... she's really perceptive. She even figured out that I liked Jonathan, even though I never said anything to her. Ha! It's because Nancy truly loved her son. That's why she paid extra attention.

"I treated her so well, but she criticized me and told me that it's better for girls to act purely. Hah! Purity?

"Of course, Nancy was genuinely pure. She came from the Turner family, a family known for its scholarly background and wealth. She could afford to be pure, but as for me... given my background, what use is purity?

"She didn't do anything, yet she looked down on me. Hah! How could I let that slide?"

Lizzie guffawed.

These were secrets she once tried very hard to keep hidden. But at that moment, she really didn't want to hide it anymore.

What did it matter if everyone knew? Nancy was dead, and she had become Mrs. Finch!

"Lizzie, you... have such a wicked heart!" Cyrus suddenly felt a wave of weakness wash over him. He leaned against the wall just to barely keep himself steady.

He recalled that during that time, it was Lizzie's "care" toward Nancy that made him see her in a different light.

Little did he know it was all fake. Worse still, he even married the person responsible for Nancy's death.

"Hehe! Wicked? Me, wicked? Cyrus, I'm not the wicked one. It's you. You think you're wholeheartedly devoted to Nancy, but in reality, you're only concerned about yourself. Do you know how much she suffered during that time?

"Hahaha, it's you who wronged her. You've shown no concern for your son all these years, yet you still believe you're devotedly reminiscing about her. If she were watching from above, she would be so disappointed in you!

"Ridiculous! Absolutely ridiculous," Lizzie mocked with delight, feeling extremely satisfied as she observed the regret and pain on Cyrus's face.

"Cyrus, she hates you!"

She hated him... That sentence felt like a knife plunging deeply into Cyrus' heart.

She should rightfully hate him!

"Nan..."

Cyrus tried to say Nance's name, but the word got stuck in his throat, and he just couldn't get it out.

It felt as if something was preventing him from saying that name. Was it that Nancy didn't want him to call her that?

That was right. Why would he even have the right to call out that name anymore?

How could he still have the audacity to call that name?

Cyrus was feeling extremely upset and uncomfortable. He bent over, curling up his entire body, appearing to be in a lot of pain.

Rose looked at him. Her gaze reflected a deep and calm indifference. She couldn't sympathize with Cyrus.

For Nancy, Ezra, and Jonathan-if Lizzie was detestable, wasn't Cyrus just as detestable?

At this moment, the more Cyrus regretted it, the more her heart ached for Jonathan, and Ezra, and even more so for their late mother, Nancy. Meanwhile, Lizzie, who was considered the main culprit...

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Chapter 649 She's Pregnant

[1,252 words]

Rose looked at Lizzie lying in the hospital bed. Lizzie's eyes had a wild look, and even the slightest smile would pull at her wounds, causing her to grimace in pain.

Yet, Lizzie continued to laugh uncontrollably. She was feeling triumphant and mocking.

She took pride in how she single-handedly ruined so many people, and was now mocking them for being pitiful and pathetic after being played by her.

Rose felt her anger intensifying. She gazed at Lizzie and slowly spoke amidst Lizzie's laughter. "You don't love him!"

Lizzie was speechless, and her laughter came to an abrupt halt.

Lizzie's smile froze for a moment, but she quickly returned to a triumphant expression. "I love him more than any of you do!"

Rose scoffed. "Really? You say you love him, but you're willing to put him in danger and let him die? Is that what you call love?"

"It's just your distorted way of thinking. You're angry because he doesn't like you. Because he doesn't think you're good enough. All you've done is to vent that twisted resentment. This... is truly pitiful."

Rose's voice sounded cool and calm.

Lizzie looked at her, and at that moment, she actually thought that the way Rose was looking at her was just like how Jonathan used to look at her long ago.

What kind of look was that? It wasn't so much disdain as it was indifference, as if no matter what she did, she would never catch his attention.

Being ignored like that drove her crazy. It filled her with dissatisfaction and left her feeling unwilling to accept the situation.

"That's not true. You're making things up!" Lizzie shouted fiercely.

Rose chuckled softly. "You know better than anyone if I'm speaking nonsense."

Lizzie felt anxious now.

"No, no. I love him. I love him so much. What you're saying is nonsense. It's completely untrue," Lizzie muttered to herself.

It seemed as if by repeatedly emphasizing her points, she could somehow forget the things Rose had just said.

Yet, the more she did so, the more deeply those words were etched in her mind.

She could only keep repeating it over and over again.

Rose bluntly confronted her by saying, "The truth is, deep down, you always knew you didn't love him, but you just didn't want to admit it!"

"No! That's not true!"

"Yes, you're just a twisted person. You've done so many evil things, and you already know that if Jonathan finds out about them, he'll only hate you more and

be even more disgusted with you," Rose said, raising her voice.

Her oppressive momentum seemed to push down on Lizzie.

Lizzie felt increasingly unsettled. She kept muttering "no", and in her agitation, she even started tearing at the bandages covering her wounds.

She pulled out the infusion needle, and blood immediately started flowing from the back of her hand. The vivid red looked striking and was capable of making people frown. But no one present stepped forward.

If Lizzie deserved sympathy, then what about the missing Jonathan?

Rose wasn't a saint. She couldn't bring herself to feel any sympathy for someone who had harmed her husband.

"Haha! No... No..." Lizzie seemed to have lost her mind, frantically tearing off all the equipment connected to her body.

After a bit of a struggle, she fell off the hospital bed. The pain from the impact made her face turn even more pale.

Though her face was contorted with pain, she continued to laugh wildly. She had lost her mind!

Eleanor looked at Lizzie with disdain, took Rose by the hand, and said, "Let's go. This woman is crazy. Since she's crazy, she should be placed somewhere appropriate."

She aimed her last comment at Cyrus.

This time, Cyrus did not plead on behalf of Lizzie and chose not to protect her.

Rose furrowed her brows.

She naturally knew what the "suitable place" Eleanor was referring to when she mentioned it. Regardless of whether Lizzie was actually mad, getting sent there would result in her going insane anyway.

Rose took a deep breath and turned to leave.

Just then, Lizzie suddenly called out to her, "Rose!"

Rose paused slightly in her steps but did not look at her.

"Come over here. I have a secret about Jonathan. Do you want to hear it?" Lizzie asked, exhausted and sweaty from her recent struggle. She lay on the ground, looking up at Rose.

Rose frowned.

Seeing Rose hesitate, Lizzie added, "What? Are you scared? Or do you just not want to know?"

Rose was not afraid. She had already come here today, so there was nothing to be afraid of.

Stepping forward boldly, she looked down at Lizzie and said, "Go ahead and speak."

"Come closer. This thing I want to say is for you to hear only." Lizzie gestured to Rose with her finger.

Rose crouched down and leaned in with her ear close to Lizzie.

Suddenly, Lizzie's voice, as faint as a mosquito buzzing, sounded next to her ear Jonathan... even if he's not dead he can't be found anymore because I gave him..."

After Lizzie finished speaking, she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Rose's expression suddenly turned grim. "How could you... how could you do that!"

Rose glared angrily at Lizzie. With those words echoing in her mind, she felt her emotions surge, making her feel dizzy.

Then she heard Eleanor exclaim, "Rose! Rose!"

In the next instant, Rose fell to the ground, unable to hear anything anymore.

Rose had a dream.

Recently, she had very little sleep, let alone time to dream.

Rose couldn't help but think that if she had known earlier that she could meet Jonathan in her dreams, she might have decided to sleep long ago.

In her dream, Rose clearly saw Jonathan smiling gently at her. She watched him make breakfast for her and saw the loving gaze in his eyes.

"Rose..." His voice came through gently.

His voice seemed to disturb her dream, and in it, Jonathan appeared to have changed.

His expression was gloomy, and when she approached to call him, his eyes looked at her with such unfamiliarity as if he didn't know her at all.

He simply glanced at her briefly and then turned and walked away.

"Hubby..." Rose called out to him, but there was no response, and his voice drifted further and further away.

"Jonathan, please don't go..."

Rose suddenly woke up.

She opened her eyes and instinctively glanced around the room as if she were searching for him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

That was just a dream!

Rose felt a wave of sadness wash over her.

"Rose, did you dream about Jonathan?" Eleanor asked gently.

Rose's gaze flickered slightly.

Eleanor held her hand and said, "Poor thing. Jonathan will be found. He will come back. You must wait for him. You and the child, both of you must wait for him!"

She and the child...?

Rose looked at Eleanor. What did Eleanor mean by that?

Eleanor looked at Rose with a caring expression. "You're pregnant, and you didn't even know it? Thankfully, thankfully nothing happened, otherwise..."

When Eleanor first heard that Rose was pregnant, she thought she would feel relieved.

But if Jonathan was no longer around, the connection between Rose and the Finch family, as well as

the link between the Finch and Xanth families, would also be gone.

Whether the recently finalized partnership between the Finch and Xanth families would continue smoothly was uncertain.

However, now that Rose was pregnant, everything changed.

She thought that the presence of the child would make her happy, for it would mean securing the cooperation between the Finch- family and the Xanth family. But at that moment, her first reaction was unexpectedly one of tears of joy.

She wept for both Jonathan's happiness and also for his sorrow. Jonathan was going to be a dad!

But Eleanor was still feeling a bit uncertain. She nervously looked at Rose and asked, "Are you going to keep the baby?"

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Chapter 650 No Jonathan

[643 words]

Eleanor looked at Rose with keen eyes.

Rose was still in shock from the news she had just received. She was pregnant?

Rose glanced down at her belly, feeling a strange sensation arise within her.

Her hand touched her belly. There was even a slight tremble in her hand as the word "pregnant" echoed in her mind.

She was pregnant! It was hers and Jonathan's baby...

"Rose?" Eleanor called out again. She didn't receive an answer, which only increased her uncertainty.

Jonathan had been missing for so long without any trace. Perhaps he really was dead.

Rose was so young, yet she...

"Of course," Rose replied to Eleanor's question with great determination. "I will give birth to him."

She was determined to have Jonathan's child.

Eleanor was overwhelmed with joy and burst into tears of happiness. "Good, good! What a kind soul! Jonathan, he..."

"Jonathan will be found." Rose took a deep breath. She and the child would be waiting for Jonathan to return.

After they left the hospital, Rose felt hunger for the first time since learning about Jonathan's fall from the cliff.

"I'm hungry," she said.

In the car, Eleanor was supposed to take Rose back to her place. When she heard Rose say she was hungry, she immediately spoke up.

"Let's go to Finch Manor. I can have someone prepare some food for you. The chef there has great skills and can make dishes to suit everyone's tastes in the family. Just tell me what you like, and I'll have him make it for you.

"In the future, you should have him make more of the things you like to eat." Eleanor's expression was full of kindness.

The entire way, she held onto Rose's hand without letting go once. She was still filled with the joy of Rose's decision to have the baby.

Jonathan wasn't present, but she was determined to take good care of Rose and her child. "Rose, what would you like to eat?"

Rose imagined Jonathan wearing an apron and making breakfast for her. "I want to eat what Jonathan likes," she suddenly said.

Eleanor was momentarily taken aback. She eventually managed to

suppress her feelings of heart,

She

forced a smile and said,

"I'll have them prepare it right away."

Upon her return to Finch Manor once more, Rose experienced a feeling she had never felt before.

With every step she took, she wondered if Jonathan had ever walked on this spot and if his footprints were still there.

She moved forward step by step as if Jonathan was leading her. She followed his lead, tracing his footsteps one by one.

Rose thought she saw Jonathan turn his head, with sunlight shining on his face.

"Jonathan..." she called out.

Rose stepped forward quickly, reaching out to grab him, but as soon as her hand made contact, everything vanished like a shattered illusion.

He wasn't in front of her now. Jonathan wasn't there.

Rose stood there feeling lost.

Eleanor looked at her with concern. She reached out to hold Rose's hand, which was dangling in the air, and gently said, "Come on. Let's go get something to eat."

Rose faced Eleanor's calm gaze and followed her steps.

At the dining table were a few dishes that were simple and homemade.

Rose remembered that every time Jonathan cooked, he always made dishes she liked, and she never saw him prepare the ones he preferred.

Rose picked up some food with her utensils, placed it in her mouth, and savored the dishes he loved.

Rose only stopped when she was too full to eat anymore.

That night, Rose didn't return to the villa. Eleanor arranged for her to stay in Jonathan's room at Finch Manor.

"He stopped living in this room quite a while ago. I know he never really liked it here." Eleanor paused for a moment as she showed Rose into the room.

Eleanor, who was previously known for her rationality and focus on profit, had recently shown a bit more emotion.

Especially after learning today that Rose was pregnant, she felt her heart softening up.

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