

Mute Bride 73

Chapter 73

When the spoon came near her mouth, Rachel subconsciously dodged back a little. I'll do it myself.

Justin frowned, but he handed the bowl over to her. As for her, she avoided his gaze while lowering her head and slowly eating.

"Your foot injury is slightly infected, so you shouldn't work for the next two days."

As she was taken aback, she thought that if he hadn't pointed it out, she wouldn't have noticed that her burned foot, which was healing fast, had been freshly bandaged again. She had returned home so late last night, so she naturally knew who bandaged it.

They've arranged for me to handle the matter of expanding the library, though, so I need to meet the people in charge from the Burton Group.

"It can wait until your injury is healed."

But the Burton Group...

"I will handle it. You don't need to worry about this matter."

A stunned Rachel nodded.

Justin's recent attitude toward her seemed to have really changed, regardless of whether it reminded her of Henry's death at that time or arriving on time last night. It made her feel incredulous.

Later, Justin waited until Rachel finished her food before he left.

"Stay at home to recuperate and don't go anywhere."

As the low voice echoed in Rachel's ears, she looked at the empty bowl left by the bed. For a moment, she felt moved and she couldn't help but grab her wrist.

Last night, she had actually woken up once in the middle of the night and found herself clutching

Justin's shirt. He had been leaning against the bed to sleep on the floor. At that moment, she was still feverishly delirious and thought she was dreaming, but as soon as she released her hand, the man by her bedside opened his eyes.

His large hand had reached out to touch her forehead as he asked, "Not feeling well?"

Rachel remembered the last time she was under the weather; someone had also kept an eye on her throughout the night when she was much younger. Her grandmother was by her bedside then and the peace Rachel felt last night was similar to what she experienced in the past.

Tina was standing at the balcony on the second floor of the villa in her pajamas in the late afternoon when her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Miss Tina, you must help me."

"What's wrong?" Tina carefully spoke while she still had a can of beer in her hand.

The phone call was from Director Roland of the engineering department.

"President Burton wants to fire me because of yesterday's incident."

"Fire you? Because of what had happened yesterday?"

“That was not a small incident, Miss Tina. You’ve caused me a lot of trouble this time.” On the other end of the phone, Director Roland cried out, “Why didn’t you tell me earlier that Miss Hudson is Mr. Burton’s wife?”

Tina sneered, “If I had told you earlier, would you have dared to do that?”

No one would dare to be involved if they knew Rachel’s identity, which was not what Tina had intended.

As he was stuck, Director Roland had no choice but to rely on Tina now. “Miss Tina, I did everything according to your instructions. Won’t you speak up for me? My work-”

“Have you gone through with the interview yet?”

“Not yet, but the news coming from the HR department is that President Burton has immediately instructed them to look for my replacement. So, it should be true.”

She lazily leaned on the railing and took a sip of her beer. “Don’t worry, my brother won’t really fire you, not for now at least.”

“Then, why did he tell the HR-”

“It was just to threaten me to stop.” Tina gave a disdainful laugh. “He never thought that apart from deterring me, he’ll also cause Grandpa to look down on him by doing this. Relax, I will handle this matter.”

After hanging up the phone, Tina downed all of her beer in one go before she pinched the can so hard that it was deformed.

She had known Justin for many years, but she had never seen him care this much about anyone since he was a child. As he was born into such a family, it was no wonder he did not dare to care about anyone. She’s just a mute. What can she do?

Rachel had spent the entire day at home. When she heard the engine sound coming from downstairs at night, she initially thought that it was Justin who had returned. After a moment, it was Julian who knocked on his door while carrying his medical briefcase.

“The wound was not wet, right?”

No.

“That’s good. You still need to change the bandages and medication again. If there’s no problem after a while, we can remove the bandages and wait for the wound to heal on its own. However, you still need to rest more.”

Thank you.

As Rachel’s injured leg rested on the square bench, Julian methodically bandaged her wound. The light inside the house was bright and it emitted a soft glow as it reflected off the top of his head. “What happened yesterday? Was it him again?”

No, it has nothing to do with him.

“Don’t defend him; I know him. He doesn’t care about anything but his business and he doesn’t care about anyone except himself. He’s been like this since he was a kid.”

She wanted to explain on Justin’s behalf, but upon looking at Julian’s determined look, she didn’t know how to begin.

As those two were chatting, Mrs Duncan’s voice drifted from downstairs.

“Young Master Justin, welcome back. Have you eaten?”

“Not yet.”

“Oh, Madam hasn’t eaten yet either. I’ll get the kitchen staff to add another dish.”

“Where is Rachel?”

“Mrs. Burton is upstairs.”

Mrs. Duncan’s voice was much higher than usual, as if she was deliberately trying to alert someone. It was hard not to hear the oddity in it.

At that, Rachel’s heart stuttered. Julian, you should go.

“Don’t worry, he called me in advance to dress your wound. He told me to come back from work earlier. Besides, we aren’t doing anything wrong, so why should we be afraid?”

After Julian bandaged Rachel’s foot, he unhurriedly packed his medicine case. Soon, the sound of footsteps came from outside. When she turned to look at the door, Justin had already opened the door and he entered. “Are you changing the bandages?”

“Yeah, I’ve just finished with it. I’ve already told my sister-in-law what she should avoid. Rachel, I’m leaving.” Julian picked up his medicine case. His repetitive usage of ‘sister-in-law’ insinuated his deliberate intention to remind everyone about his identity.

Without a change in expression, Justin answered, “Let’s have dinner together later.”

“Okay.”

The moment that Julian left, Justin closed the door and saw that she was holding a book in her hand, so he casually asked, “What book are you reading?”

Rachel turned the cover over to let him see-it was a novel in German.

“You know German?”

I took a course in college, but I’m not very proficient in the language.

Justin had remembered visiting the Hudson Residence once earlier and noticing a whole shelf of books in Rachel’s tiny bedroom. There was a wide range of books in various languages, some of which he

couldn’t even understand.

“Are there any more sides to you that I don’t know?” As his low voice sounded in her ears, she subconsciously gripped the corner of the page.

Justin threw a box toward her before he sat on his own at the side, his long and slender fingers pulling at his tie. “This is for you.”

Rachel saw the box containing a phone next to her and she froze. For me?

“Isn’t your phone broken? Don’t switch off your phone in the future and once you have turned it on, remember to set the emergency contact to Frankie.”

Why?

“I occasionally won’t be able to take calls, but Frankie will be around 24 hours a day.”

A frowning Rachel looked at Justin in surprise as it seemed that he had misunderstood something.

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Regardless of what Justin thought, he had indeed taken care of her a lot in the past two days.

Thank you.

At night, Rachel couldn't concentrate on her book with the sound of water splashing in the bathroom.

After a certain period of time, the sound of water ceased abruptly. She immediately came to her senses, then closed the book and set it aside before quickly pulling up the quilt and lying down. She turned her back so that it was facing the direction of the bathroom, and she made sure to only occupy a small part of her side of the bed.

After the door opened, there was a slight rustling sound of the covers being lifted behind her.

"Are you asleep?"

Rachel shut her eyes even tighter. In the next second, a huge hand passed through the gap between her neck and the pillow, then she was pulled into his arms. His body temperature was abnormally high after the shower, much like a steamer that was exuding heat.

Rachel opened her eyes in a panic before she heard his voice from above her head. "Go to sleep."

The sound of even breathing swept past the wisps of hair next to her ears, and the man's chin was pressed against the top of her head. Rachel felt like a small bun being pressed into the steamer. The heat was making her panic, but somehow, she felt at ease, and she slowly began to relax.

After Rachel spent a few days at home resting, her foot injury was almost healed. This afternoon, she was alone in the garden tending to the flowers and plants when Mrs. Duncan hurriedly opened the door and came out. "Mrs. Burton, quickly change your clothes. Old Mr. Burton wants to see you."

The scissors in Rachel's hand trembled slightly, and she abruptly cut off a rose stem, whereupon a large, vivid rose fell onto the grass. Did he say why he's looking for me?

"How would I know that? Anyway, he's asking for you. Quickly go back and change your clothes. It will take quite a while to get to the summer villa from here," Mrs. Duncan urged. Rachel could only set down her things and go back to change her clothes.

“I’ll call you a cab.”

That’s fine. I’ll drive there.

After Rachel drove off, Mrs. Duncan’s expression changed immediately. “Damn. When Young Master

Justin is home, she pretends that it hurts everywhere, yet now she can drive on her own.”

On the road leading to the outskirts of the city, Rachel looked at the three recommended paths on the navigation system. Her finger hovered for a while as she hesitated, then she deliberately chose the third route.

Janice mentioned that there was the least traffic surveillance on that road, especially since there was no time to repair it after the heavy rain some time ago, so there were many blind spots.

The sky was gradually getting dark. Justin was attending a liquor party at the famous Gathering Night Club in Riverdale.

He took over the Burton Group at such a young age, so if he simply relied on his brain and placed himself on a high horse as the rumors claimed, it would simply be impossible to carry out certain businesses.

Frankie answered a call outside the private room and came back to whisper in Justin’s ear. “Mr. Burton, Old Mr. Burton called on Mrs. Burton again.”

Justin frowned, then calmly clinked glasses with Spencer, who was next to him. After taking a sip of the wine, he used the excuse of needing to go to the bathroom to leave the room with Frankie.

“When did this happen?”

“It should be in the afternoon. Someone from the summer villa called and said that Mrs. Burton had already arrived.”

Justin's eyes darkened a little, and he was seemingly deep in thought.

"Mr. Burton, I don't think there's much to worry about. Old Mr. Burton doesn't have any grudge against Mrs. Burton. Maybe he just called her over to lecture her a little. It should be fine."

"Where's Tina?"

Frankie was startled. "Do you think this may be related to Tina again?"

"I don't just think so I'm sure of it." With that, Justin strode out of the clubhouse without any hesitation.

"Mr. Burton, what about Mr. Campbell,"

"You keep an eye on him."

Meanwhile, a butler was bringing Rachel into the meeting room where she went last time. When she walked in, Arthur was drinking tea. There was a middle-aged woman in the room who was standing aside in a straight suit, probably to serve drinks.

"Old Mr. Burton, Miss Hudson is here." The butler stood at the door and waited until he got a neutral response before signaling for Rachel to go in.

"Have a seat." Although Arthur was getting older, when he spoke, he was still full of life.

Rachel nodded and cautiously sat down.

"Just answer whatever I ask you." Arthur glanced at her; his bleary eyes contained a hint of coldness, and he made no attempt to hide his dissatisfaction toward Rachel.

Rachel visibly hesitated. At this moment, the middle-aged woman standing next to the old man spoke. "Miss Hudson, don't worry. I'll translate for you." It turned out that she was a sign language interpreter.

Go on and ask, then.

“You married into the Burton Family because of your father’s coercion, right?”

Yes.

“Jefferey must have also used this to force you to do a lot of other things,” Arthur said while taking a sip of tea. “I heard that you were hospitalized some time ago.”

Rachel’s heart skipped a beat. Yes.

Rachel discreetly clasped her hands together. I was not in good health, so I was hospitalized to recuperate for a while. There was no special reason.

“Is that so?” Arthur asked in a rhetorical tone that indicated he was obviously not convinced. “Do you think that because you and Justin are living together far away from me, I’d be too dim-witted from old age to know anything?”

I didn’t mean that. It was really because my health wasn’t good.

Rachel wanted to explain more, but Arthur seemed to have run out of patience. He tapped his crutches against the ground, then said coldly, “Go to the ancestral hall and pay your respects.”

Startled, Rachel looked toward the hall in disbelief.

Because the family banquet was held in the summer villa every year, the Burton Family’s ancestral hall was built there as well. The style of the courtyard house was somewhat incompatible with the European-style buildings in the distance. However, the fact that the Burton Residence survived the fire that year already proved the family’s wisdom and luck.

“Mrs. Burton, we’re here.”

As she looked at the gate of the ancestral hall in front of her, Rachel clenched her fists, then stepped in. With a creak, the door behind her was closed, and she was the only one left in the ancestral hall, which was lit only by the swaying candlelight. The moment she looked up, she saw the plaques of the Burtons' ancestors. She shivered involuntarily as she felt a gust of cold wind.

After walking one round, Rachel hesitated as she stared at the yellow futon placed before the plaques, then she finally went to kneel down and pay her respects. To every ancestor of the Burton Family, I have no intention of offending and disturbing. I'm sorry. She didn't believe in Gods and spirits, but Nancy had taught her to be respectful since she was a child.

The sky outside was completely dark now.

"Miss, Old Mr. Burton asked Rachel to pay her respects at the ancestral hall."

Upon hearing this, Tina immediately turned around from the balcony. She looked far into the northwest direction, where the ancestral hall was situated, while sneering, "That place is so eerie. It must be enough to frighten that mute."

"But I saw that she didn't talk much with Old Mr. Burton after she arrived. I don't know what made the old man unhappy, but he straightaway punished her and sent her to the ancestral hall."

"What other reason can there be? She's not even a pleasant sight, and her very presence is an eyesore. It would be fine if that mute knew her place, but she's actually affecting the company's personnel transfer, so how could Grandpa possibly keep her?" After saying that, Tina glanced toward the southeast direction. "Let's just wait. I'm guessing my cousin is probably arriving soon."

"Young Master is coming? He can't possibly care so much for her, right?"

"You all think that Justin is haughty, indifferent, unscrupulous, and doesn't treat people like human beings, right?"

Her subordinate looked sullen and dared not say anything.

Tina let out a cold laugh. "In fact, he's the most indecisive member of the entire Burton Family!"

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The sky was already dark when the MPV drove into the summer villa.

"Young Master Justin, why are you here at this hour?"

"Where's Grandpa?"

"Old Mr. Burton is already resting. How about I get someone to arrange for you to stay here tonight? Then if there's anything, you can talk to him tomorrow night."

Outside Arthur's room door, Justin was stopped by the butler. The door was tightly shut, as if the old man didn't intend to see him at all.

"Young Master Justin, Old Mr. Burton is really resting

Justin clenched his fists. "Where's Rae?"

The servants on the side dared not speak.

"Are you all mute?" Justin looked around, but no one dared to answer his question, so his face turned gloomy in an instant. "I'm asking all of you a question!"

The atmosphere in the living room was deathly still, and everyone was staying silent out of fear.

"Oh, a rare visitor."

A sarcastic voice sounded from the stairs, and Tina stood there with her hand on the handrail. "I thought I was hearing things, but you're really back, Justin."

Justin frowned, but he appeared calm.

"Justin, it's unlike you to come here and make a fuss so late at night. Did something happen to the company?"

"Where's Rae?"

"Rae? Oh, you mean my mute cousin-in-law. I seem to have heard that Grandpa called her over today, so you should ask him."

The impatience in Justin's eyes intensified. He didn't want to continue talking nonsense with her. "Leon, is Grandpa really asleep?"

The butler replied helplessly, "Young Master Justin, If Old Mr. Burton says that he's going to sleep, that means he doesn't want to see anyone anymore. If you believe me, then just listen to me and don't ask

any more questions. Tomorrow morning, Mrs. Burton will definitely return in perfect condition."

"Where is she now?"

"Young Master Justin-" He was about to say something but was interrupted by the sound of the door opening behind him.

The servant who opened the door stood by the door, then a cold voice sounded from inside. "Ask him to come in."

Something flickered across Justin's eyes, then he immediately entered the room.

The butler wanted to give Justin a word of advice, but he didn't manage to pull him in time, so he could only stare at the closed door and sigh.

He had watched Justin grow up, but he had never seen him act as irrational as he was now. He was focused on searching for one person; no wonder Arthur was so angry.

Right now, the only person in the Burton Family who was delighted was Tina.

Even in August, the mountains were exceptionally cold at night. This temperature wasn't comparable to the city's

Rachel was only wearing a dress, so she was shivering as she kneeled in the ancestral hall.

The light inside was dim, and she didn't bring her phone in, so she didn't even know what time it was.

The creaking sound of the door opening came from behind, causing Rachel to shudder in fright as she looked vigilantly at the door.

Under the moonlight, a pair of high heels clacked against the floor as the woman stepped through the door with the moonlight shining behind her. Then, she walked toward Rachel.

It wasn't until the visitor got closer that Rachel saw her figure, and her pupils constricted.

"It's only been a few days, but we meet again, Rachel

Tina stood a short distance away from Rachel. As usual, she appeared domineering. "Don't you think that we always meet at the weirdest places? You must've owed me a lot of money in your past life, huh?"

Rachel didn't have a phone, nor did she have a paper and pen, so she couldn't respond to Tina's remarks and could only listen as she spoke,

Tina walked one round in her 4-inch high heels, then she crossed her arms, as if she was watching a show, looking extremely smug. "Did you know that Justin arrived half an hour ago?"

Rachel froze.

Justin is here?

"Unfortunately, he didn't seem to want to care about you at all. Grandpa called upon him to talk about something. After he got out, he went to the guest room to rest. He didn't even ask about you."

How's that possible?

"Are you surprised? You don't believe me? Tina let out a bitter laugh. "Let me tell you why: It's because there's no need to be falsely affectionate and pretentious with a dead person."

What did you say?

Rachel's expression changed to one of disbelief.

"It won't be long before you become one of these plaques. You'll be placed in this ancestral hall, and it'll be declared to the public that you have passed away due to a certain illness, leaving Jefferey a large amount of money as compensation. Do you think he'll pursue it then?"

Rachel staggered as she stood up from the futon.

This is impossible. I didn't do anything wrong, so why would the Burtons want to kill me?

"You don't believe me?" Tina played the recording. "Listen for yourself."

After a loud noise, Arthur's voice came from the recorder. "Justin, I'm very disappointed with your recent behavior. The Burton Family is like a tough bone-not easy to chew-but this does not mean that Jefferey won't try to fool you."

"Grandpa, Jefferey isn't that capable yet. You've overestimated him."

*Don't think that I don't know anything. He's capable enough to replace the bride. The way you handled it has already disappointed me. You should've let Rachel leave. She's worthless."

We're only keeping her to get the formula."

"Didn't we already get the formula?"

"We're still matching the ingredients, so there's no final product yet."

"Then, let me ask you-what are you going to do after we get the final product?"

After a silence that lasted for several seconds, a gust of cold wind blew in the ancestral hall, causing the back of Rachel's neck to turn cold.

After some time, Justin's voice rang in the recording. "I'll take care of it."

Arthur didn't make any comments, but the conversation changed abruptly. "Did you order for the company's personnel transfer?"

"I haven't given the order, but I had that idea."

"For that woman?"

“It’s for the normal operation of the company,” Justin answered in a calm tone. “Since Zayn dared to do anything he desired because of one sentence from Tina, that meant that he didn’t have any regard for the company’s rules. Keeping him will cause something major to happen.”

“What if I say that something major will happen if that mute stays by your side?”

When this sentence emerged from the recorder, it echoed in the huge ancestral hall.

“Then, it’s all up to you, Grandpa.”

When the simple and concise sentence was spoken, not a trace of reluctance could be heard. It was as if she was an item to be bought and sold at will; only her body substantiated her existence.

Arthur said, “She will become a plaque in the Burtons’ ancestral hall. Are you willing to let that happen?”

“Marrying her was originally for the exchange of benefits.”

Rachel was taken aback, unable to believe what she had just heard,

After the recording finished playing, Tina gave her a condescending look, but there was slight sympathy in her eyes. “Did you hear that? Grandpa doesn’t plan to keep you around anymore. Keeping you at the Burton Residence is the biggest mistake Justin has made in his life. If you’re still counting on Justin to save you, then I advise you not to continue with your wishful thinking, because he’s not coming. Previously, I thought he cared about you, but now, it seems like he doesn’t.”

Rachel sank down onto the futon.

Am I really going to die here?

Every one of Tina’s mocking remarks made its way into her ears, gnawing at her nerves like dense insects.

Justin was so indifferent in the recording that it felt like he was a completely different person from the one who had been taking care of her for the past few days.

Which one is the real him?

Tina continued, "Didn't I say that if you snitch on me, I'd kill you? I'm a little upset now that you're not gonna die at my hands."

Rachel suddenly came to her senses. Shooting Tina a glance, she was struck with a sudden thought as she retrieved a chalk from the incense case and started writing on the ground.

"What are you doing?"

Tina frowned and stared for a long while.

'Do you really think the person who snitched on you was me?'

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After writing the last word, the chalk Rachel was using broke and rolled around on the ground.

"It has come to this point. What other tricks are you trying to play with me?" Tina's expression was nasty. "Of course you'll refuse to admit that you were the snitch. When would a murderer ever admit that they killed someone?"

Not bothering to argue with her, Rachel kneeled on the ground and wrote one word.

Amber

"Are you saying that Amber revealed the secret?" For a moment, Tina was stunned. Then, she seemed to think of something which caused her to scoff. "If you want to blame it on someone, you should at least blame it on the right person. Before Henry's incident, Amber knew nothing about the matter between us. Do you think I'm stupid?"

Rachel looked silently at Tina, her calm gaze making the latter a little panicked.

Tina was indeed a little dumb, but she wasn't an idiot.

That day, Amber had asked her to go to the wine cellar. There were waiters around, but she insisted that Rachel go to the already suspicious place. As for how Tina and Henry ended up at the wine cellar, no one knew, but Rachel was sure that it must have had something to do with Amber.

"That's impossible." All of a sudden, there was an extremely unpleasant look on Tina's face.

She suddenly remembered that before Jefferey's birthday banquet, Amber had invited her multiple times to make sure she would turn up, and she waited until she was around before telling the waiter the specific place to get the wine and to not go to the underground wine cellar.

Suddenly, the creaking sound of the door closing rang out. Tina came and left in a hurry as her figure instantly disappeared from the doorway.

Looking at the doors of the ancestral hall, which was once again closed, Rachel breathed a sigh of relief. She felt discomfort in her palms, so she opened up her hand, only to see that the chalk had broken into countless pieces, and her palm was full of powder.

The next day, Rachel was awoken by the sound of the door opening.

"Mrs. Burton, wake up."

Rachel's body was freezing as she opened her eyes in a daze, and she could barely prop herself up from the hard ground.

The butler, Leon, was waiting at the door. "Mrs. Burton, Old Mr. Burton said that you can come out now."

Rachel nodded, and her knees were numb when she stood up. If it weren't for the help of the servants on both her sides, she would have tumbled onto the ground.

When she noticed how skilled the servants were at supporting her, she wondered if the Burtons often sent people to the ancestral hall to kneel as punishment.

The servants helped Rachel into the guest room, which was actually a suite. There was a living room outside, clean clothes on the bed in the bedroom, and hot water running in the bathroom.

Rachel was stunned. Wasn't I supposed to go see Old Mr. Burton?

"Old Mr. Burton said to let you shower and freshen up, then have breakfast before going to the living room to talk."

Where's Justin?

"Young Master Justin should be with Old Mr. Burton now."

He didn't leave last night?

"No."

Upon hearing this, Rachel fell deep in thought. I can handle myself. You guys can leave now

"All right, Mrs. Burton."

In the bathroom, the steam was dense as Rachel soaked herself in the bathtub. When she thought of the recording Tina had just let her listen to, she felt dejected.

At the end of the day, Justin had changed the way he treated her just to get the prescription

After holding her breath for a while, Rachel suddenly broke through the surface of the water and inhaled deeply.

After having breakfast, Rachel went to see Arthur, who was eating breakfast with Justin and Tina beside him. When Rachel entered, Justin simply shot her a faint glance but said nothing

Arthur asked, "Have you eaten? If you haven't take a sea! Let's eat together"

I've already eaten.

"Sit down, then. Have you figured everything out in the ancestral hall last night?"

Rachel was struck with the question before she even sat down completely, so she was caught off guard

Arthur glanced at her. "Have you figured out why I sent you to the ancestral hall?"

Rachel shook her head.

"Do you really not know, or are you just pretending not to?"

Rachel glanced subconsciously at Justin

The man was as calm as ever. As he ate his porridge, his expression never changed. It was as if Arthur's conversation with her had nothing to do with him.

"Grandpa, why are you trying so hard to talk to her?" Tina rolled her eyes, then placed some food in Arthur's bowl. "You should've just let her kneel for a little longer so that she wouldn't interfere with your meal."

Arthur replied, "That's true. You're just a pawn the Hudsons sent as a replacement to marry. There's no point in talking to you since there's no cure for stupidity. But, if you don't understand current affairs, you're really hopeless."

I don't understand what you mean.

"Forget it if you don't understand. Starting from today, you'll stay in the summer villa"

When Rachel heard this, she was startled

Widening her eyes, Tina sprung up from her chair. "What do you mean, she's staying here? What right does she have to stay here?"

Arthur shot Tina a disgruntled glance. "She's the Young Madam of the Burton Family

Obviously, this wasn't the outcome Tina expected.

Meanwhile, Rachel was even more surprised than Tina. From the recording Tina let her listen to last night,

they clearly wanted her dead, so why would he ask her to stay here?

All of a sudden, she had a bad premonition.

"Grandpa, because of this mute, Justin,"

"That's enough." Arthur forcefully set down his cutlery while shooting Tina a warning glance. "Tina, your attitude has been getting worse recently. Sit down. You have no manners at all."

Tina dared not disobey the old man's wishes no matter how headstrong and reckless she was.

“Justin, what do you think about this?”

Justin set down his cutleries as well, then a few words escaped his thin lips. “I’ll listen to you, Grandpa.”

Rachel simply gave him a blank look.

After breakfast, she returned to the room with Justin.

Rachel felt anxious the whole way there, because she reckoned that Arthur wasn’t letting her stay here for any good reason.

In the suite, she was going to ask a servant to send tea over, but Justin pulled her down to sit.

“Are your knees bruised because of last night?”

Rachel nodded cautiously.

After kneeling all night, her knees were bruised. If it weren’t for the help of the servants this morning, she wouldn’t have managed to walk.

“You kneeled in the ancestral hall all night just because Grandpa asked you to? Are you stupid?”

“Young Master Justin, here’s the salve.”

Justin gave a slight nod before waving dismissively at the servant.

After he heard the door close, he squatted down to apply the salve on her knees.

Startled, Rachel looked rather abashed. I can do it myself.

“Don’t move!”

With his huge hand, he rubbed the salve all over her knees. The salve most likely promoted blood circulation and dispersed stasis; it stung when he first applied it, but soon, there was a cooling sensation, and the smell of musk in the room dissipated.

At this moment, Justin’s behavior was completely different from when he was in the dining room just now.

“It should be fine now.”

Thank you

Wiping his hands, Justin sat down.

Rachel carefully asked, Can I not live here?

Justin frowned slightly. “Grandpa only lives here for two months every year, and he’ll be leaving Riverdale in a month. By then, you won’t have to stay here anymore.”

I need to work. It’s very inconvenient for me to go back and forth from here.

“We’ve already helped you apply for a leave of absence.”

Rachel’s expression changed, and she wanted to say something, but she eventually set down her hand and wordlessly lowered her head.

There was a high chance Arthur was asking her to stay here because he planned to find the right time to finish her off. She was about to lose her life, so why was she even talking about work?

Justin suddenly held her hand. "Are you upset?"

Rachel froze; the heat on the back of her hand made her feel a little flustered.

"When the Burton Group's East Pearl Project ends, I'll come and get you as soon as I can."

Justin's voice was deep and powerful, inexplicably causing Rachel's heart to thump at an unusual rhythm.

After Justin slowly drove out of the summer villa, Tina stood on the balcony on the second floor of the villa, her expression solemn.

"What the hell is Grandpa thinking? Is his mind muddled? He actually wants to keep the mute girl here!"

"He's probably keeping her here to prevent her from affecting Young Master Justin's decisions regarding the company. It seems like your prediction is correct." The voice of her assistant, Simon Wilde, sounded from behind.

"But I didn't expect Grandpa to be so soft-hearted. Now that he's keeping her here, the other Burtons might think that she's gotten his approval and is officially part of the family!"

After saying that, Tina fiercely slapped the balcony railing, and the look in her eyes was ruthless. "This is great. Now that she's being kept here, I can't even take action against her."

"Miss Burton, didn't you send someone to investigate Amber? Maybe that matter really has nothing to do with Rachel."

"How's the investigation going?"

Simon pondered for a while. "Lately, Amber has been spending time with Young Master Peters. She has also actively signed up for hospital seminars and conferences, and..."

“And what?”

“And I think Jefferey met with Madam Parham in private. It seems like she has some interest in Young Master Peters.”

“Amber’s interested in Julian?” Tina was surprised. “Since when?”

After all, before this, she had heard Amber complaining that she should be the one marrying into the Burton Family, not her mute sister. She had always been unsatisfied because of this, so why was she suddenly changing targets?

“According to the information I got from the hospital, it has been quite a long time, and the Second Young Lady of the Hudson Family actually went to work as an assistant for Young Master Peters. This

happened before the Hudsons’ birthday banquet.”

Upon hearing this, Tina’s brows furrowed.

She didn’t believe that Amber would snitch on her. After all, the matter about her and Henry wasn’t affecting Amber at all. Besides, now that Amber was interested in Julian, it was even more likely that she wasn’t involved.

On the balcony, there was a gust of breeze, and Tina could see the parking lot in the distance from the corner of her eyes.

“Rachel drove here on her own last night, right?”

Simon was taken aback for a moment. “Yes.”

Looking at the white car, Tina had a malicious look in her eyes. She hated it most when other people played tricks on her

After Justin left, Rachel hurriedly sent a message to Hans.

Chapter 77 Add the Swing Too

Rachel froze; the heat on the back of her hand made her feel a little flustered.

“When the Burton Group’s East Pearl Project ends, I’ll come and get you as soon as I can.”

Justin’s voice was deep and powerful, inexplicably causing Rachel’s heart to thump at an unusual rhythm.

After Justin slowly drove out of the summer villa, Tina stood on the balcony on the second floor of the villa, her expression solemn.

“What the hell is Grandpa thinking? Is his mind muddled? He actually wants to keep the mute girl here!”

“He’s probably keeping her here to prevent her from affecting Young Master Justin’s decisions regarding the company. It seems like your prediction is correct.” The voice of her assistant, Simon Wilde, sounded from behind.

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After Justin left, Rachel hurriedly sent a message to Hans.

'The plan might have to be brought forward.'

Hans' reply came in an instant. 'What happened?'

'The Burton Family is keeping me in the villa on the outskirts.'

'What did he do to you? Are you okay?'

'I'm okay for now, but I think now's a good opportunity. When I came, I used the winding mountain road. Although it's different from the route we previously planned to use, perhaps it'll make more sense if I met with an accident on the way back to the city.'

It was difficult to convince Justin with their original plan of her 'committing suicide'. After all, with so many suicide methods, it would be rather bizarre for her to drive all the way out there, but she now had a more reasonable excuse.

Whatever the reason, if she drove down from the summer villa and something happened along the way, it would be considered an accident.

After a while, her phone vibrated, whereupon Hans' message popped up.

'No matter what you decide, I'll support you. Don't worry. Keep yourself safe. I'll discuss this with Janice.'

'Okay.'

After she sent out her final message, a knock sounded on the door.

Rachel immediately deleted the entire conversation and turned away from the window.

“Mrs. Burton.” The woman who came in was dressed in the villa’s maid uniform, and her face was like a robot’s—void of expression. “Butler Leon asked me to show you around.”

It’s fine. I don’t want to go out.

“Then I’ll call you when it’s lunchtime.”

After the door closed, Rachel breathed a sigh of relief and sat down on the edge of her bed with her phone in hand.

She subconsciously looked around the room she was in. Somehow, ever since she stepped into the villa, she kept getting the feeling that she was being watched. No matter what she did, she felt like they knew.

After the meeting in the afternoon, Justin returned to the office.

Frankie had brought three sets of renovation drawings over.

“The designer made these three sets of drawings in different styles according to your requirements. Which one do you think is more suitable?”

Justin studied them for a while. “What do you think?”

“What do I think?” Frankie hesitated. “The design on the left has a romantic theme that combines Greek culture with complex mythology, while the one in the middle vaguely looks like the style of a European court, luxurious and extravagant... But I don’t think those are the main points.”

Justin asked nonchalantly, “What’s the main point?”

“The middle one has the brightest and warmest colors, especially the design of this small garden—if you add a swing in it, it would likely paint a beautiful scene when Mrs. Burton reads or plays with the children there during sunset.”

As soon as he said this, the office fell silent.

“Did I say that she’s going to be staying in this house after it’s renovated?”

Frankie nearly bit his tongue.

His blabbing would get him in serious trouble sooner or later.

After a long while, the man tapped the table twice. “This one.”

Frankie carefully looked over and saw his slender and strong finger pointing to the drawing in the middle, whereupon he broke into a grin. “I’ll get the designer to start working on it.”

“Hold on.”

“Is there anything else you’d like me to do?”

“Add the swing too.”

Frankie was momentarily stunned, then he quickly recovered and replied, “Sure.”

The door of the office closed, and Justin sat back in his chair while casually flipping open the folder beside him. Inside was the information about Rachel which Frankie had compiled.

As Justin thought of the similar experience he went through when he was a child, his eyebrows twitched vigorously. It was as if the fire that happened two decades ago was occurring right in front of him, instantly causing him to clench his fists.

Jefferey was not fit to be a father; he wasn't even worthy of being a human.

After nightfall, Justin read a book as he leaned against the headboard.

It was 12.00AM, but he found it hard to sleep, as there seemed to be a familiar smell on the pillows and quilts. He had never found the house to be so empty before.

After unlocking his phone and taking a look, he noticed that there were no personal messages other than some unread emails.

Meanwhile, Sue was awakened by the sound of an engine running outside the window.

"Mrs. Duncan? Is Julian back?" She called out after coming out of the bedroom.

Putting on her coat, Mrs. Duncan came out of the nanny's room and hurriedly responded, "Madam, you've forgotten that Young Master Peters is working the night shift tonight. I think Young Master Justin was the one who went out."

"Justin?" Sue immediately grew a little more alert. "He drove out by himself in the middle of the night? Where did he go?"

Mrs. Duncan shook her head. "The servants in the house have all gone to bed, and Young Master Justin didn't tell anyone. I came out because I just heard you calling me."

Sue frowned. After being struck with a sudden thought, her face suddenly sank. "He couldn't have gone to..."

Rachel couldn't sleep well the whole night.

The villa was too quiet. She had a nightmare, in the dream, everyone from the Burton family was chasing after her with knives in their hands. There was no way for her to escape, and when they finally chased her into a forest, the knives in their hands turned into torches.

She yelled for help, but her throat hurt so badly that no voice came out.

*Ahti"

She woke up in a cold sweat and opened her eyes immediately.

The curtains were not drawn properly-the moonlight that shone in cast a ghostly shadow on the wall lamp.

A click came from outside the door. When she heard it, she hugged the quilt tightly.

A tall figure was illuminated by the light outside, casting a long shadow on the carpet.

*It's me."

A familiar voice rang, and Rachel stared at the person at the door expressionlessly. She looked as if she hadn't woken up from the nightmare-her face was pale under the moonlight.

In the next second, the lights in the room were turned on, and the room became much brighter in an instant.

Seeing Rachel still trembling, Justin suddenly felt distressed and strode over. "Did you have a nightmare?"

Under the bright light, Rachel came back to her senses and nodded absent-mindedly.

"It's okay. It's all over."

Why are you here?

It was already past 2.00AM. Looking at the alarm clock by the bed, for a moment, Rachel even thought she was still in a dream.

"I just came back to get something."

Get something? In your pajamas?

Rachel's eyes fell on Justin's outfit.

If she recalled correctly, this was his pajamas set from the Burton Residence-blue-gray pajamas.

"Drink some water." Justin poured her a glass of water.

Thank you.

"What did you dream about? Was it so terrible?"

Rachel was still shaken from recalling the dream just now.

However, she shook her head. I can't remember clearly now.

After a tiring dream like that, Rachel felt even more exhausted-she couldn't help but let out a yawn.

Seeing that, Justin said, "Get some sleep."

Rachel was taken aback for a moment. Are you going to sleep here too?

“This is also my home. Where am I supposed to sleep if not here?”

Didn’t you only come back to get your things?

“Are you urging me to leave?”

That’s not what I meant.

Rachel shook her head hurriedly.

“Then go to sleep.” Justin took away the cup in her hand and put it on the bedside. Before Rachel could react to it, he hugged her and pressed her on the pillow.

Although his strength was a little hard on her, it inexplicably brought a sense of peace in her mind.

Rachel slowly closed her eyes and drifted into slumber.

Early the next morning, Arthur was feeding his fishes by the lake.

“Did Justin come by last night?”

“I can’t hide anything from you,” Leon confessed. “Indeed. He arrived at 2.00AM but left early this morning he also caught up with the morning meeting at the office. Everything is normal.”

“Do you think this is normal?” Arthur sprinkled all the fish food in his hand, immediately causing a school of carps to fight for it.

Leon replied, "I heard from the doctor that Young Master Justin can now go to sleep even without taking any medication. I think this may have something to do with Mrs. Burton. In fact, rather than letting the young master travel back and forth everyday, I think you might as well let Mrs. Burton return."

"The more he is like this, the more I can't let that little mute go."

"Why is that so?"

"Men are meant to do great things. And if they were to be disturbed by these puppy loves, they are destined to achieve nothing in the future. Besides, it's not as if there were no such precedent in our family!"

Leon was startled. "You are thinking of the Second Young Master again."

Arthur held on to the railing. His sunken cheeks were reflected in the lake water, showing a somewhat rare expression. "Isn't his father's lesson enough to teach Justin?"

"Sir, that was just an accident."

"It's not an accident, but purely an evil fate. So there should never be such womanly benevolence in Justin anymore." Then, Arthur straightened up and asked, "Is he still investigating the Hudsons recently?"

"Yes, he is. He also checked Jefferey's overseas bank accounts a few days ago and found that he has a tendency to transfer funds, so he's prepared for whatever that might happen."

"Well, it's good news that he hasn't gone too far. Continue to shadow him. If there is any trouble, report back to me immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Arthur left it at that.

For the several days that Rachel stayed in the villa, Justin would come late at night when everyone was asleep, and Rachel had gradually gotten used to his appearance.

This was a strange feeling-it was as if they were having an affair, but it made her feel at ease each time.

In this huge villa, Justin had become her only pillar of support.

"Madam, are you going out?"

I've been away for too long, so I'm planning to go back to see grandma.

Rachel carried her bag and asked carefully, Can I?

The servant said, "Of course, madam. Butler Leon didn't leave any words about keeping you home. Do you need me to arrange for a car?"

It's okay. It's more convenient for me to drive there myself.

"Alright, then. Please come back soon."

Then, Rachel heaved a sigh of relief as she drove away from the villa and watched the gate of the villa in the rearview mirror get farther and farther away.

Arthur didn't seem to have any great malice towards her. Except for asking her to kneel in the ancestral hall the first night, he never treated her badly after that. She could also do anything freely in the villa.

Back in the city, Rachel drove the car directly to the alley in the old city.

"Rachel! Over here!"

Across the street, Hans waved at her.

This was an old neighborhood-many places were already marked for demolition, and there were many turns into narrow alleys, so it was hard for one to find their way around.

“Did you have any trouble getting out?”

Rachel shook her head.

“This way.” Hans led her into a tailor’s shop, whereupon he greeted the old tailor in the shop intimately and then opened the curtain before he took Rachel to the backyard.

Janice already had a pot of tea ready under the old locust tree.

I’m sorry I was late.

“It’s okay. I’m on leave today anyway-I had nothing to do at home.” Janice cocked her chin. “This place is about to be demolished soon. It wasn’t easy to find your way here, huh?”

It was okay.

Hans said, “This is Janice’s grandpa’s tailor shop. It’s more secretive here.”

“Let’s talk business.” Janice dipped her finger in the water and drew some routes on the stone table. “I have studied the routes. When there is heavy rain, the traffic network in these places has no signal. This is also a section where accidents happen frequently-it’s not going to be hard to hide from everyone.”

Rachel nodded with a grateful expression on her face.

“The replacement corpse has also been found. The person has just passed away more than a month ago she is well preserved, and her figure is similar to yours. When the time comes, the car will be

burned, and the body will be completely unrecognizable. We only need to make some arrangements for that.”

You can find things like this too?

Rachel was surprised.

Hans glanced at Janice. “Do you think she has been in the investigation bureau all these years for nothing? She knows her way around both the lawful and unlawful worlds. There are still a lot of places in the black market that do the business of ghost marriage. I guess this could be said to be a gray area.”

Ghost marriage, huh?

Rachel had heard people say that before, and she suddenly felt a little bitter in her heart.

She didn’t expect that, one day, she would be involved in such a situation.

Janice sipped her tea and looked at the horizon like an old cadre. “Right now, all we are waiting for is a rainstorm.”

The sky in Riverdale was as blue as the ocean. These past few days had been sunny.

A commercial vehicle was parked opposite a department store in the old town.

“Mr. Burton, I have actually seen the locations of those holdouts before, and they only have little effect on the planning.”

In the back seat, Justin looked through the car window and saw a white car on the opposite side with a familiar license plate number.

Chapter 79

“Is that Mrs. Burton’s car?”

Following Justin’s gaze, Frankie blurted out.

Night fell.

Back at the villa, Rachel gave the car key to the servant to park and walked into the house by herself.

“Mrs. Burton, you’re home! The kitchen crew is preparing dinner.”

No need for that. I’ve eaten.

Rachel nodded politely and returned to the bedroom.

She turned on her phone and checked the weather forecast several times on several different applications. According to those apps, it seemed that there would be signs of rain next week, but weather forecasts were never ones to be the most reliable.

After a simple wash, Rachel wiped her hair as she came out of the bathroom. When she saw the canvas bag casually placed on the sofa, her eyes froze for a while. After thinking about it, she went over to take the medicine.

Justin would come every night, so I’d better eat it just in case.

Late at night, as Rachel’s sleep was light, she felt someone ‘invading’ under her quilt. She had no idea since when it started, but the scent of the man had become familiar to her; it even became a constant somehow.

“Are you asleep?”

A low voice came from behind.

Hearing that, Rachel didn't open her eyes. On the one hand, she was too sleepy, and on the other hand, her fear of Justin seemed to have dissipated into the night.

Justin looked at the woman on the pillow; his dark eyes were deep and unfathomable.

In fact, his face had been somber ever since he entered the room.

“The butler told me that you went out today.”

Rachel, who was on the pillow, moved her head lazily as a response.

“Where did you go?”

This questioning tone made Rachel's heart skip a beat from the nerves.

When his big hand slithered in along the edge of her nightdress, the cool touch awakened her instantly.

“Hmm-”

Rachel tried to turn around but was caught by her shoulders.

“Hmm!” she exclaimed, making a hoarse and low voice.

The moonlight outside the window shone on her face. Before she could come to her senses, her pupils shrunk suddenly-a broken and tormented voice escaped her throat, and the light in front of her eyes began to tremble intensely.

In their movements, the dark green silk quilt slipped off the bed, and the moonlight illuminated the men and women who had merged together.

This feeling of strangeness and familiarity shattered all of Rachel's rationale while the sensation of pain and joy were entangled; she wanted to yell, but she couldn't make any noise. After the intense movement, she was already soaking wet from the sweat.

Not knowing how long after, the man's dull grunt came from behind her ears. He grabbed Rachel's long hair, causing her severe pain. Rachel raised her neck abruptly and was forced to reach the climax in pain.

Soon, there was a sound of water in the bathroom.

After a while, the sound of water stopped,

Rachel closed her eyes immediately. If Justin were to turn on the light at this moment, he would definitely be able to see that her face was burning red.

Then, the sound of rustling cloth spread from inside the room.

With a click that signaled the closing of the door, the huge bedroom fell into a numbing silence.

It took a while before Rachel dared to open her eyes.

She got up while holding the quilt, only to see an empty room; Justin had already left.

He seemed a little strange today.

In mid-August, the temperature began to drop, while the time that Arthur took for his walks gradually lengthened.

“Young Master Justin hasn’t been here in two days. I’m not sure what is going on.”

Arthur was leaning on his crutches. While playing with two walnuts in his other hand, he said calmly, “Since when did he stop coming over?”

“Three days ago. After he came by that night, he left in a hurry and didn’t stay overnight.”

“It’s been three days, huh.”

“Yes.” Leon helped the old man walk to the bridge. “And the young master hasn’t gone home as well in these three days. He has only been sleeping in the company, it seems that he hasn’t been in a good mood.”

Hearing that, Arthur’s face darkened. He then took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, obviously unhappy.

“What’s the matter, sir? I thought you wanted the young master to have less contact with Miss Rachel. He hasn’t come by for so many days, which means he is concentrating on work. Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“Do you really think he didn’t come over because of work?” Arthur snorted coldly. “He is still too young and reckless-he’s always quick to lose his cool. Forget it. It’s time to tell her to come to the study.”

Leon was startled slightly before he answered, “Yes, sir.”

Rachel was soon summoned to the old man’s study-the first time since she had come to live in the villa.

A huge desk separated Arthur and Rachel.

“This is a check for 10 million, and a divorce agreement.”

A document was slowly pushed to Rachel.

Seeing that, she was startled. Do you want me to sign it?

“You and Justin are not suited, and I’m sure you don’t want to stay in the Burton Residence. Am I right?”

Razte stared at the agreement for a long time then suddenly raised her head. This is not the first time you

un lave Juster why do you think I would agree this time?

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread At that time, you had only arrived at the Burton Residence, and it was normal that you couldn’t see the situation clearly, but now that it has been so long, you should probably understand

Arthur looked at her with a calm expression in his eyes, but with weather-beaten indifference. Although you can¹¹ speak, you should be a sensible person”

Rachel clenched her fists subconsciously

After a long while, she signed the agreement with a few strokes.

After all, Arthur didn’t really give her an option. On the first day when she was told to kneel in front of the ancestral hall, he had told her that in the Burton family, his words were virtues, and no one could ever disobey his decision

The following day, at the Burton Group.

“Mr. Burton, Old Mr. Burton had someone send this over.”

Justin raised his head from behind the computer. As he opened the first page of the folder, his eyes narrowed slightly before he immediately threw the folder aside. "Leave this alone. I will explain to Grandpa later."

"Actually, that's not all. He also sent over a video."

With that, Frankie handed over his mobile phone.

Justin frowned. He tapped his fingertip on the screen, whereupon the video began to play.

Arthur's voice sounded first. "This is a check for 10 million, and the divorce agreement."

And the video showed everything after that.

Seeing the last image of Rachel's signature, Justin's face sank at once, and he quickly picked up the folder at the side to flip directly to the last page.

Rachel's clear and neat signature was reflected in his pitch-black eyes.

Frankie said cautiously, "Mr. Burton, Mrs. Burton probably didn't do this willingly, nor was she necessarily interested in the 10 million. It is Old Mr. Burton that we're talking about."

As if he didn't hear him, Justin grabbed his mobile phone and opened a special software. He looked at a radar-like red dot moving along the main roads in downtown Riverdale.

She didn't do it willingly?

If she were unwilling, why would she leave the villa and run out so impatiently?

“Mr. Burton, where are you going? You have to attend the dinner tonight!”

Justin didn’t answer but rushed out instead.

Rachel made an appointment with Janice and Hans to meet in their usual spot.

Janice said, “The day after tomorrow is the best time based on the latest news from the Meteorological Bureau. If nothing goes wrong, this will be the last heavy rain this summer.”

“I will meet you at the accident site then. Don’t be afraid.”

Chapter 80 A Feeling That He Will Remember Forever

“What’s the matter?” Hans asked from beside Rachel.

However, she ignored him while typing a line on her phone before sending it out. ‘I came out to the city to see grandma and to buy something along the way.’

‘I happen to be near your grandma’s house. I will pick you up. There is a banquet, and I want you to attend with me.’

Rachel’s expression froze. ‘I haven’t gone to grandma’s yet. I’m still buying things.’

Seeing Rachel’s expression getting more and more ghastly, Hans realized that something was wrong and asked, “What’s wrong? Is Justin looking for you?”

After the notification popped up on her phone again, Rachel only glanced at it, and immediately picked up her bag before rushing out.

I have something to deal with. I’ll take my leave first.

At once, the white car drove away from the alley and drove all the way to the central business district of the main city.

The screen of her mobile phone remained on the interface of her chat with Justin.

‘Well, since you are visiting the mall, buy yourself a dress while you’re at it. Then, come to Grand Mapel Hotel in an hour to accompany me to the dinner party. By the way, I like red.’

Rachel faintly felt that there was something wrong, and her instincts told her that Justin might know something.

Even then, she told herself not to be nervous, or else she would mess everything up.

As quickly as possible, she went to the dress shop and bought a red gown.

“Madam, would you like to try something else?”

No need. Just this one will do.

“Hi. The total would be 43,000.”

Rachel took out a black card from her bag and handed it over. Swipe this.

Across the street, in the black car, the secondary card deduction reminder sounded with a ding.

Justin’s face remained gloomy as always.

The sky gradually darkened.

Rachel arrived at Grand Mapel Hotel before the agreed time. She changed into her high heels before getting out of the car, and as she approached the magnificent hotel door in front of her, she took a deep breath and squeezed her handbag.

'I'm here. Where are you?' She sent a message over and waited for Justin's reply.

"1204"

Without any further elaboration, a series of room numbers appeared on the screen of her mobile phone. Rachel was taken aback for a moment and replied, 'Okay.'

After getting out of the elevator, she walked toward the room while feeling unsettled along the way.

Ding-dong.

As soon as the doorbell was pressed, the door opened up. A tall figure shrouded the lights, making her subconsciously half a step back, but upon seeing Justin's attire and suit, her hanging heart slowly settled.

Aren't we going to the dinner party? Is it in this hotel?

As soon as she entered the door, Rachel asked her question.

Behind him came a clicking sound, signaling the door being locked.

"Why don't you ask me why I decided to take you to the party all of a sudden?"

Rachel was taken aback for a moment. You said to never question whatever you said.

"Wow. I see that you have taken everything that I have said to heart, huh?"

Justin's big hand stroked her hair and touched her earlobe. Feeling that, Rachel trembled.

What is up with you?

"The dress looks good. Did you choose it yourself? How long did it take?"

Rachel's skin was very fair. Against the redness of her dress, her lips appeared even redder and her teeth even whiter. She looked like a rose—delicate and radiant.

Not long. There were not too many red dresses in the store.

"Have you managed to see your grandma?" Justin asked nonchalantly as his hand on her earlobe slid down onto the nape of her neck.

Not yet.

All of a sudden, Rachel gasped.

Justin squeezed her neck but didn't put any strength into it. "Was it 'not yet', or you never planned to go at all?"

At this point, Rachel's eyes remained clear and innocent; she only looked at him in panic.

As the grip on her neck got tighter and tighter, the air pressure around her ears got lower as well. "Since you have signed the divorce agreement, why are you in such a hurry to come and accompany me to the dinner party? Why didn't you go to see your grandma? Hmm?"

Rachel returned to her senses abruptly. Old Mr. Burton told me to sign it.

“Are you meaning to say that it was not your intention?”

Rachel shook her head.

“Okay.” Justin laughed and turned his face to look away at something. “Then tell me: Where did you go this afternoon? And who did you meet?”

Rachel was immediately taken aback upon realizing that he had found out.

I don’t know what you are talking about.

“Still lying to me?” Justin strangled her neck fiercely. “Who is that man? Who is that man that made you run out to see him multiple times?”

Rachel was choked out of breath for an instant, and there was a hoarse and unpleasant sound in her throat.

Justin had never once felt what he was feeling at this moment—it was a feeling of burning rage in his chest that could never be extinguished. The image of her chatting and laughing with that man in the old

district three days ago was imprinted on his brain, lingering in his mind.

Rachel had never smiled like that in front of him, not even once.

He was jealous—crazily jealous.

The feeling of being influenced by emotions was very bad, and he didn’t like it one bit, so he didn’t go to the villa for the past three days, thinking that he could get past his irrational state that way—until today, when he saw the signed divorce agreement.

All of the suppressed emotions exploded in an instant, like a wildfire raging across the wasteland, getting absolutely out of control.

“I’ll give you one last chance. Who is that man that you went to meet, and what is your relationship with him?”

Rachel shook her head desperately, her face turning blue.

Justin’s face became more and more serious. “Still refusing to tell the truth, huh. Then how dare you say that you did not sign the agreement voluntarily! I bet you would risk your life for this man, wouldn’t you? If that’s the case, I’ll grant you your wish!”

In the next second, Rachel was thrown onto the bed, whereupon she hit the back of her head against the edge of the bed. Tears overflowed from her eyes, but she ignored the pain and only shrank back in horror.

His big, cool hands grabbed her thin ankles and separated them fiercely.

“Ah!”

With a ripping sound, the red dress was torn in the air.

“Rachel Hudson, remember that you were sold to me by your father. Even if you are disabled, as long as I haven’t had enough fun with you, you can never leave the Burton family. Where did he touch you? Here? Or here?”

The friction on her skin made Rachel yell, and her hoarse voice echoed in the room.

After the madness, the bed was a mess.

Rachel was trembling on the bedside while clutching the bed sheet tightly with both hands, as if that was her last piece of dignity. Her eyes were red, and her focus was gone.

Justin sorted the cuffs of his suit, turned around to see her disheveled state, and reached his hand out toward her.

Rachel trembled fiercely and quickly retreated back to the corner of the bed while holding the quilt.

Justin frowned, suppressing the inaudible annoyance in his eyes, and said coldly, "So you feel humiliated? You'd better remember this feeling. If I catch you cheating again, it will be more than that."

With a bang, the door closed, and the door frame even trembled.

Rachel looked at the TV cabinet with almost lifeless eyes while her tears fell.

In the corridor of the hotel.

As soon as Justin came out, Frankie quickly followed. "Mr. Burton, the dinner has already begun, and we are all waiting for you."

"They are all here?"

"Mr. Howard of Vortex Networks, Mr. Quill of Omega Productions, and—"

As if he hadn't heard him, Justin listened with a sullen face and suddenly said, "Go and investigate the man that I saw in the old district that day."

"What?"

The man whom she refused to name even at the brink of death.