

## Chapter 1541

Rose was just worried that her daughter would regret it in the future if she did not seize the opportunity this time.

As if she thought of something, she said, "Violet, I have to go home these few days, but I don't feel comfortable leaving you here alone. Why don't you go stay with the Cliffords these few days?"

Violet was stunned.

After a short while, she asked, "You're not abandoning me, are you?"

Rose was stumped.

"What are you talking about? I'm going back because I have something else to do. Your cousin is still in Octavia as well. You can go look for him if you're bored over there."

Luckily, she knew her daughter well.

Violet bit her lips and glanced at Jackie.

"But don't you think it's inappropriate for me to stay with the Cliffords? Besides, it's not that I can't stay home alone."

Rose asked, "The maid won't be around over the weekend. Can you cook for yourself?"

Violet was rendered speechless.

Rose turned her target toward Jackie and said, "Jackie, I'll leave Violet in your care these few days."

Smiling, Jackie replied, "Don't worry. I take good care of her."

The next day, Rose returned home. The maid had to stay at home to take care of her own children, so Violet had no other choice but to stay with the Cliffords.

In fact, this was not the first time Violet stayed in the Clifford mansion. She had been staying with them after she married Jackie. It was just that she and Jackie had not been sleeping in the same room.

Now that they had taken divorce and she had become Thomas' god -granddaughter, she felt a little bit embarrassed to stay with the Cliffords. On the contrary, Thomas welcomed her stay. He treated her as well as he did before.

Besides, Daisy and the others hadn't returned to ' Bassburgh yet, so Violet would be less embarrassed if they were with her.

The maid helped her to carry her baggage to the room she used to stay in.

When Violet followed the maid into the room, she realized that this room was still the same as when she left.

What's more, all of the personal belongings she had left behind were still in the room.

"Please have a good rest, Ms. Lovegood."

The maid then retreated from the room. The only thing that had changed was that the maid called her "Ms. Lovegood"

instead of "Mrs. Clifford". Violet walked up to the dresser.

All the cosmetics she had left behind were still there.

Initially, she assumed Jackie would ask the maid to throw all her belongings after she left the Clifford residence.

Suddenly, Jackie appeared from the door and said, "All of your stuff is still here."

Violet was stunned. She turned around to look at him and said, "Yeah...I thought...I thought you'd throw them all away."

Something flitted across his eyes as he replied, "This is your house too."

She was dumbfounded, and then he added, "After all, you're my grandfather's god-granddaughter."

Violet chuckled.

"Yeah, you're right. I hope we can get along well these few days, my dear brother."

"Yeah," replied Jackie.

"When you want to cry next time, you can cry in my arms."

The smile on Violet's face froze.

'Hold on a second! Did I hear that right? Cry in his arms?' "I'm just joking." Jackie turned around.

Then, without turning his head, he said, "I hope you won't cry anymore."

In the afternoon, Thomas invited Violet for a chess session.

While they were playing chess, Thomas suddenly told her the things that had happened in the past, and there was one thing that surprised Violet.

"You were forced to get married too?"

Thomas put down a chess piece, and his face turned solemn.

"Yeah. You know the relationship between Nolan and me, right? His mother is my daughter who lived in exile. She's the baby that the woman I loved and I had, but I failed them both.

"She waited for me abroad for a year and gave birth to the baby alone, and I never got to see the baby's face.

"I thought that as soon as I was done with my family matters, I'd be able to go abroad and bring her back.

But when I got the news about her, it was the terrible news of her death.

“I didn’t expect the time we parted would be the last time we would see each other, and I didn’t expect her to have my child. Her death broke my heart, and the marriage arranged by my family was too much for me to handle. But I had to compromise in the end.”

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“Not only did I fail Nolan’s grandmother, but I also failed Jackie’s grandmother. I couldn’t give her the love she wanted. In the end, she died because of depression, and it caused Jackie’s father to hate me to the core. That’s why I shower all my love on Jackie, as that’s the only thing I can do to make up for it.”

Violet did not say anything in return. She was so shocked that she did not know what to say.

Thomas lifted his head to look at her.

“Violet, the only reason I agreed to let you both get a divorce with Jackie is that I don’t want you two to follow in my footsteps, and I don’t want you two to hate each other for the rest of your life.”

“I also hope that you can put aside all the preconceptions from the past and get to know each other again as new friends. Both of you still have a long way to go. There are some people and things that can’t be forgotten as it’s ingrained deep in your heart. However, life has to go on.”

Violet grabbed the chess piece in her hand and pressed her lips tightly.

When Violet came out of the study room, she lifted her head and was stunned when she saw the figure in the corridor.

Jackie was leaning against the window. He was looking outside, and she did not know how long he had been standing there.

Crossing her arms in front of her chest, she walked up to him and asked, “You’re not eavesdropping on our conversation, are you?” He retracted his gaze and said, “Is there anything I need to eavesdrop on?”

Violet turned her face sideways.

“Who knows?”

She was pretty certain he was not someone who would go around to eavesdrop on other people’s conversation, but who knew?”

“Violet,” he called out to her.

Just when Violet felt strange, he took a step forward to get closer to her and said, “You’re not that annoying after all.”

Violet was stunned slightly and looked at him in disbelief.

“What did you say?”

Jackie fixed his gaze on her face and continued.

“If we didn’t get married, maybe I’d want to know more about you.”

He had not wanted to know more about her because he had been forced to marry a stranger. For the marriage between two rich families, they just needed to show to the public that they were a pair of loving husband and wife.

If she acted properly to her status, it wouldn't affect him either for her to be his wife.

However, she refused to act properly to her status and tried everything she could to cause scandals that would make people misunderstand.

Honestly, he did not think of her as a disgrace because he did not care about her. He did not care about her, did not love her, or had any expectations of her, so he let her do everything she wanted. He even hoped Violet could cause more trouble and destroy their marriage.

This was what he wanted as well.

Violet slowly came around to her senses and said, "What a surprise. I didn't expect you to say something like that at all, Mr. Clifford. You want to know more about me?"

Jackie looked at her intently but did not say anything.

All he could see was her self-denigration.

"Without this marriage, we wouldn't even know each other. There's no way you would go around and ask about a woman with a notorious reputation, right? You would only run as far as possible away from me."

Jackie took another step closer, and his tall figure loomed over her.

"Unfortunately, this assumption is no longer valid."

What happened happened, and no one could change it.

He parted his lips open and said, "I don't think it's too late for me to get to know you as well."

Violet was stunned again.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"Nope," he replied, his expression stern.

"I'm being very serious right now."

Realizing that he was not joking, Violet averted her gaze and looked somewhere else.

"You really are a strange guy."

"Yeah," he replied.

"Whatever you said."

Violet was tongue-tied. She did not know what made Jackie change his mind.

He clearly loathed her, but now he said he wanted to know more about her.

Thinking about his actions and attitude after the change, she might have suspected that he was not Jackie if he did not have the same face and identity.

Violet pressed her lips and said haughtily, "There's nothing much you need to know about me."

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Jackie smiled faintly and said, "We still have a lot of time."

Violet was stunned for a while.

After all, she seldom saw Jackie smile. It was not that he couldn't smile. It was just that he seldom smiled in front of her.

Violet chased all her strange thoughts away. She just treated it as if he wanted to know more about her as her "brother".

"Well, suit yourself. It's not that I can change your mind."

She lifted her chin to meet his gaze.

"After all, I won't tell you a single thing about myself."

She harrumphed coldly and went toward her room.

Jackie looked at her leaving figure and let out a chuckle.

Daisie popped her head out of the corner.

Colton and Waylon were standing behind her.

They were both amused and helpless at her behavior of eavesdropping on other people's conversations. Right now, even Jackie noticed her. He walked toward Daisie and blocked her vision.

"Seems like you're having a lot of fun." Daisie scratched her chin in embarrassment and grinned at him.

"Uncle, I didn't mean to eavesdrop on you. I just feel curious."

Jackie rolled his eyes and asked, "You guys are so young. What are you curious about?"

She smacked her lips and was too embarrassed to say it out loud.

Colton stuck his hands into his pockets and said straightforwardly, "We're curious if you can get your ex-wife back or not."

Jackie was slightly stunned.

He squinted and asked, "What do you guys think?"

Colton shrugged.

"We think it's hard."

As soon as he had finished speaking, Daisie pinched his arm and whispered into his ear, "Colton, can't you say something nice? You need to give him some hope, don't you think?"

Before Colton could say anything, Waylon chimed in calmly.

“This is all about timing. Aunt Violet is different from Mom, and having someone to act as a go-between between you two might not work. It’s the same thing as the boiled frog syndrome. If you push her too hard, there is a chance that she might run away. So, considering Aunt Violet’s personality, I think starting from zero is better.”

‘Start from zero, huh?’ Jackie looked slightly surprised at Waylon.

Waylon looked exactly like Colton. However, he was more mature than Colton. He seldom smiled, but he was always able to get to the point.

If it were not that he knew his age, he would’ve suspected that the boy was an adult.

Colton nodded and said, “I agree with what my brother said.”

Daisie looked at him scornfully and said, “Please, Colton. Who the hell knows what you want to say?”

Her eldest brother did not beat around the bush and went straight to the point, but her second brother liked to mystify everything. He refused to finish his sentence and liked to leave other people hanging.

‘That’s because you’re stupid.’

“What? How...”

Jackie suddenly let out a chuckle. He lowered his head to look at them and said, “You guys are young, but it seems like you know a lot of things.”

Nolan’s kids were really extraordinary.

In the next few days— maybe Jackie took in Waylon’s advice—he kept a fine distance between him and Violet.

They were very close to each other, but not that close. He gradually improved his relationship with Violet and occasionally played hard to get with her.

The trial result for Aaron was announced. He had to serve two years and a four-month reprieve.

Jackie sent Rose and Violet to visit Aaron.

Since only one person could go in and the visiting time was limited, Rose gave the chance to Violet.

Violet sat in front of the window and picked up the phone.

On the other side of the window, Aaron smiled.

“Is your mother doing all right?”

“Yeah...She told me to tell you that you don’t have to worry about her.”

Aaron lowered his head and said, “You don’t need to worry about me either.”

Violet clenched her fists on her lap tightly and said, “Dad, we’ll be waiting for you to come home.”

Aaron was stunned.

His eyes slowly turned red around the rim as he said, "Okay."

When the visit time was over, Violet came out of the gate.

Jackie and Rose were talking about something in front of the car.

Rose turned her head around and asked, "How is your dad, Violet?"

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Violet lowered her head and replied, "Yeah. He told me that we don't have to worry about him."

Honestly, Aaron was the only one who knew his own situation. He needed to serve two years in prison, and it meant he lost two years of his freedom.

Although it was not a long time, it was definitely not short either.

Rose did not say anything anymore.

Jackie sent both of them back to the Lovegood mansion. He stood in the courtyard as he watched both of them enter the house.

After a short while, he turned around and went back to his car.

Just when he opened the door, Violet came out and said, "Wait."

He turned his body sideways, and his gaze fell on her face.

"Yeah?"

She hemmed and hawed for a while and said without lifting her head.

"I want to thank you."

She waited for a long while, yet she did not receive any response from him.

Violet smacked her lips and said, "Forget about it if you don't want it."

Jackie suddenly chuckled.

"Who said I don't want it?" Violet was stunned. She met his gaze and realized there was a smile in his eyes when she looked closely. She hastily averted her gaze and said, "Who knows? What if you really don't want it? Wouldn't it make me look like a clown?"

He fell silent for a while before asking, "So, you're just going to give me a verbal thank you?"

"Are you saying that I should buy you a meal?" Jackie nodded.

"Well, I won't say no to that." Violet was stumped.

"You really aren't going easy on me." He chuckled.

"Why should I? After all, isn't it normal for a sister to buy her brother a meal?"

Violet crossed her arms in front of her chest, turned her head sideways, and said, "Alright, alright. It's not that I can't afford to buy you a meal."

After that, she added, "So when will you be free?"

He took a step forward to close the distance between them and said, "I'm always free."

It was quiet in the restaurant.

Everything in the restaurant was gray in color, and the wall lights were dark blue.

When they looked down at the night view of Octavia, all of the lights looked like glittering pearls in the night. Violet sat at the window seat and ordered their food.

There was a fluffy white coat draped over her shoulders. She wore a champagne-colored turtleneck shirt with a bow tied around the collar. She combed her hair into a ponytail, leaving her face exposed to the air. She closed the menu and handed it to the waiter.

"That'll be all. I'll call you again if I want to add on other things after my friend arrives."

The waiter asked, "Do you need wine?"

She was stunned for a moment as something crossed her head.

"A bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon."

"Okay. Please wait for a moment."

After the waiter went away, she placed her hand on her forehead and poked the scented candle on the table with her finger.

"He's the one who wants me to buy him a meal, but he's so slow. He won't stand me up, will he?" she mumbled.

Suddenly, a figure loomed over her, blocking the light around her vision. She lifted her head and was slightly stunned. She continued to gaze at the figure as it slowly became clear in her eyes.

Jackie sat opposite her. He was wearing a well-pressed dark suit. He did not wear a tie, and there was a folded pocket scarf on his chest, which was a champagne color that matched her shirt.

Both of them looked at each other for a long while, and then Violet couldn't help but chuckle.

Jackie frowned and asked, "What are you laughing at?"

Violet could barely hold her smile as she said, "We're just coming for dinner. You don't have to dress so decently."

"I need to keep up my appearance."

"I haven't seen you pay attention to your appearance before."

Jackie lifted his eyelids to look at her.

"Have we ever gone out to eat together before?" She was stunned.



He was right. It was true that they had never gone out to eat together before.

The waiters brought the dishes with the wine and opened the bottle to decant it.

After they went away, Jackie squinted and asked, "Are you going to drink wine?"

Violet slowly poured the wine into the glasses and said, "Of course. What's wrong with drinking some wine while having dinner?"

"Alright, then," he replied.

"I'm fine with anything as long as you are fine with it."

Violet lifted her glass and said, "Of course, I'm fine with it. I just want to know how well you can hold your liquor, my dear brother."

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Jackie narrowed his eyes. He lifted his glass and clinked with Violet.

"Are you trying to get me drunk before we even start eating anything?"

After taking a sip, she said, "You have a driver to send you home. Are you still afraid of getting drunk?"

He looked at her through the glass and continued.

"You're going to get me drunk, and then you'll dump me on the street so that I can make it to the headlines tomorrow."

Violet was rendered speechless. She didn't have that in mind, but the desire to get him drunk and make a fool of him was real.

Jackie ran the tip of his finger over the rim of the glass and lifted his eyelids.

"Seems like my guess is correct?"

Violet put the glass down and said, "I won't go that far."

He chuckled and said calmly, "Then let's see if you can get me drunk or not, my dear sister."

She felt challenged.

"Sure. We'll see."

The night was getting darker, and the neon light was shining despondently on the empty streets.

A small black car slowly drove through the intersection.

Violet was half drunk. She turned to look at Jackie, who was leaning against the back of the seat without moving and moved closer to him. She patted his cheek and said, "Mr. Clifford?"

When Jackie did not give her any response, she became happier as she said, "That's it? And you said you wouldn't get drunk? You're a descendant of the Cliffords, yet you can't drink as well as a woman."

The driver looked at them through the rear mirror but did not say anything.

When Violet realized the car was stopped outside the Clifford mansion instead of her house, she asked, "Are you not going to send me back first?"

The driver replied matter-of-factly, "I can't carry Mr.Clifford on my own."

Violet measured him up and down after what he said.

'He's quite muscular, but he can't carry Jackie on his own?' The driver felt uncomfortable at her gaze.

He looked toward the back seat and said, "It's getting late.Why don't you stay for a night here, Ms.Lovegood?"

Since she had a room at Cliffords' residence, Violet decided to let the driver go and said, "Alright, then."

Violet opened the door to the backseat, and the driver carried Jackie out of the car.

Suddenly, Jackie fell toward Violet, and she nearly lost her balance.

Fortunately, the driver reacted quickly and pulled Jackie back.

Violet clicked her tongue.She did not expect Jackie couldn't hold his liquor at all.

He could barely stand.

She worked with the driver and carried him into the house.

When they arrived at his room, the driver said, "I'll leave Mr.Clifford in your hands."

"Hey, wait—"

Before she could finish her sentence, the driver left.She nearly fell to the floor since half of Jackie's weight was on her.

After carrying him with difficulty into his bedroom, he suddenly reached out and held her in his arms.

Violet was stunned.

"What are you..."

She lost her balance, and both of them fell onto the bed.

Jackie buried his head into her neck, and she trembled.She tried to push him away but to no avail.

"Jackie, wake up!"

She tried to wake him up, but he remained unresponsive.He lay on top of her, and it seemed to her that he had fallen asleep.

Since Violet couldn't move at all, she stopped struggling.

The faint fragrance on his shirt smelled good.

After marrying Jackie, she noticed that he did not like to wear perfume like other rich people.

Instead, his body was emanating a faint scent that came either from the laundry detergent or from the body wash.

He was somewhat similar to Jacob in this aspect.

Jacob never used any perfume.

Violet suddenly snapped herself back to reality and tried to push Jackie away by placing her hands on his shoulders.

“You’re so heavy. Hurry up and get off me.”

It took her a lot of effort to push him away from her.

Just when she sat up, he pulled her into his arms again, startling her.

“Jackie, what...”

“You’re so noisy.”

Jackie frowned but did not open his eyes. His breathing was heavy, and his cheeks were tinged with red because of the alcohol.

Violet struggled for a bit and said, “Can you get off me?”

He tightened his arms and went closer to put his forehead on hers.

“You did it on purpose...”

She was stunned and didn’t catch the second half of his sentence.

“I did what on purpose?”

## **Chapter 1546**

Jackie’s lips were pressed against the side of her neck, and his breath was labored. “Trying to get me drunk.”

Violet did not know how to react to his statement. “It’s obvious that you’re the one who wanted to take all those shots head-on.”

‘I’ve overestimated his drinking capacity. He’s this lousy, yet he wanted to keep up his appearance.

“Violet,” he whispered her name in her ear. She felt itchy on her neck from his breathing, so she tried to dodge his face a little and replied in a daze, “Huh?”

His slightly deep voice was rubbing against the wall of her cochlea, especially in this extremely intimate atmosphere, which would escalate things very easily and quickly. It was not that Violet was still a virgin and had zero experience in that department, but she had only been with Jacob before this. She loved Jacob very much and was willing to give him everything. That night, the euphoria that she had experienced was because of his gentle interpretation. She could not forget not only because he died at the age when she loved him the most but also because of all the profound memories that he had brought her.

Whenever she thought of him, past memories would be played in her mind like a slideshow of intertwined recordings of old movies. The traces of his existence and every scene he was in were like an epitome of his life, which was very intense to her.

'Ever since Jacob died, I've never thought about other men because they're inferior to him. Even during the three years I was married to Jackie, I had never been this intimate with him. He hated me, and I've never even thought of it.

But now, I've breached through and achieved a new height in my relationship with him. This is an intimate encounter like never before. And he's drunk. A drunk man is more likely to go out of control and do absurd things.

"Especially when the other party is him, my ex-husband who used to avoid me as if I were a parasite or even worse, a demon. 'If things were to escalate between us, he might think I'm cooking up a scheme.' Violet calmed herself down and pushed him away from her body. "Jackie, why don't you get up first?"

He let go of his arms a little and hugged her in his arms. "Headache." Violet whispered, "You must at least let me go first." He murmured, "I'm cold." Violet did not move anymore because he was really cold and shivering. She stood in place and

let him cling to her. After a while, he stopped moving, and Violet could finally relax her stiff body. Moreover, she was so sleepy that she did not have the mental strength to stay up anymore. She fought against her drowsiness but gave in and fell asleep around the second half of the night. When she fell asleep, Jackie slowly opened his eyes and stared at the person in front of him. He was indeed drunk, but being this drunk was just a lie. He pretended to be asleep only because it was clear that she was guarding herself against him. He gently caressed her cheek with his fingers. 'She's indeed a chaste woman. If she didn't resist me just now and took the advantage to get it on with me, my interest in her might have decreased steeply. 'If she can allow herself to do so, she'll definitely be able to treat all other men that come at her as a temporary distraction from her loneliness.

But what I want are her genuine feelings. The next morning, Violet opened her eyes, woke up, saw the man lying beside her, and sat up suddenly. 'I was careless! I actually fell asleep like this last night! Violet got out of bed quietly, planning to slip away before he woke up. She picked up her bag, suddenly thought of something, and turned to look at Jackie, who was still asleep. She rolled her eyes, took out the lipstick from her bag, walked up to the edge of the bed, and applied the lipstick carefully to his face. On the other side of the wall, Nolan reached out and covered Daisy's ears. "You didn't hear anything. Now go downstairs for breakfast." Daisy snorted, turned back, and walked downstairs while turning to look back at the room's door repeatedly. She had obviously heard something. Nolan glanced into Jackie's room but did not stay for long and followed Daisy downstairs very soon.

In the room, Violet covered her mouth as beads of sweat rolled down her spine. She had slept in the same room with Jackie last night. How should she explain it if what they had done were to be exposed! Jackie calmed down, let go of her, got up, and walked toward the bathroom without saying a word.

## **Chapter 1547**

Soon, Violet heard the sound of rushing water coming from the bathroom, and a blurry figure appeared on the frosted glass. The process of him taking off his clothes and taking a shower was on the brink of being completely visible.

He's straight up ignoring my presence! Violet looked away in embarrassment, quickly sorted out her clothes, and walked up to the door with her handbag. Seeing that there was no one in the corridor through the crack of the door, she left the room. She came downstairs and ran into Nolan, Maisie, and Daisie, who were all having breakfast in the living room

Daisie came to a realization instantly. "It turns out to be Auntie Violet."

"It turns out that Auntie Violet and Uncle Jackie slept together last night, so it seems that there's no need for me to try to make a match out of them now.'

Maisie cleared her throat and looked at Violet. "Do you want to have breakfast together?"

"No... There's no need for that. I'll eat at home."

Violet was so embarrassed to stay for breakfast and escaped from the mansion in a hurry.

Nolan served Maisie some dishes and said to Daisie, "We're leaving for Bassburgh today." Daisie was astounded. "So soon?" He chuckled. "What's wrong with that? Have you gotten addicted to being on holiday?" Daisie pouted and said nothing. In fact, life had been quite happy during her stay in Octavia as she got to play with her aunt. "If you don't want to go back, you can stay with your great-grandfather until school reopens." "Can I?" she asked.

Nolan responded lightly, "Your brothers will be staying here with you."

He did not want the children to disturb the romantic serenity that he could have with his wife.

When Violet came home, Rose was making desserts in the kitchen and asked her where she had gone last night. She told the truth that she had spent the night at the Cliffords.

Rose saw the marks on her neck and laughed. "Were you with Jackie?"

She denied it instantly. "No!" In fact, she felt a little guilty. After all, she had indeed spent the night with Jackie.

But that was just an accident! Rose lowered her gaze and gave off a smile. "Violet, Jackie is actually quite a fine man." She was startled. "Why are you telling me that?" So what if he's a fine man? What does it have to do with me?' "Then tell me the truth, do you hate Jackie?" Rose raised her head and exchanged gazes with her.

Violet pursed her lips for a while. "I can't say that I hate him."

'It's not that I hate Jackie. Although my attitude toward him after our marriage was mostly intentional, I was pissing him off deliberately, only hoping he would drive me away. 'It was also proven that Jackie's hatred and disgust for me did grow. He indeed hated me but didn't drive me away. No matter what I did to force him into doing so, he was unconcerned and simply ignored me in the end. 'I would say that he's a hypocritical man because he obviously hated me, but he still gave off the image of a good husband and

son-in-law in front of Elder Master Clifford or my parents. Rose smiled. "I'll take that as a no." Violet crossed her arms. "Mom, we've gotten a divorce, and I'm his god-sister now, so don't overthink it."

Rose smiled again. "You two aren't related by blood. Having been divorced doesn't mean that you can't remarry." Violet was stunned for a few seconds. "Mom, what nonsense are you talking about? I'm going upstairs."

She then turned around and left. Rose stared at the figure going upstairs and gave a soft sigh.

She still can't let go of Jacob after all that's happened.' Violet returned to her room, locked the door behind her, leaned against the door, and lowered her gaze. Her thoughts were extremely disturbed.

'Will I remarry Jackie? I've never thought about it. I've always thought that things are impossible between us. She then walked up to the dresser, opened the drawer, took out a photo, and gently stroked the cheek of the man in the photo with her fingers. After looking at it for a while, she stored the photo again and closed the drawer.

## **Chapter 1548**

A week later... Nolan and Maisie returned to Bassburgh first, while Waylon and Colton stayed back in Octavia to accompany their sister, spending the winter break together. Daisy brought a small cake to the gallery to look for Violet. She walked up to the door of the studio and saw Violet sitting in front of a drawing board, drawing a portrait with a pencil.

She tiptoed into the gallery, stood behind her, and looked at each of the outlines drawn onto the canvas, forming a simple draft of the person she was drawing. And as she continued, the person's outlines became clearer. Daisy laughed out loud. "Aunt Violet, are you drawing Uncle Jackie?" Violet's hand shook, and she looked back at Daisy and was surprised by her. "Who told you that I'm painting your Uncle Jackie?" Daisy blinked. "But it looks quite like him." "Nonsense, I'm not drawing him..." Violet's gaze shifted back onto the drawing canvas, but her hand that was holding the pencil froze.

As Daisy said, the outline of the person she had drawn resembled that of Jackie's.

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'Why is this happening? I clearly wasn't drawing Jackie. Daisy must've influenced me. That's why it looks like him.' She picked up the pencil, revised the outlines, and could not help but mutter, "This shouldn't look like him anymore, right?" Daisy sat at the side, supporting her head in her palms, and smiled. "Aunt Violet, do you miss Uncle Jackie that much?"

Violet choked on her own words, put down the pencil, and stopped drawing. "Why would I?" "How could I possibly be thinking about Jackie? I have nothing to do with him.

"Besides, he hasn't shown up for a week after that incident, so he's probably regretting it too Thank God we didn't get it on the other night. Otherwise, it would be even more awkward now.

Daisy supported her chin. "In my dad's words, is your duplicity playing a huge role when you're denying that?"

“Daisie, you brat! I treat you so kindly and what I get in return is you making fun of me?” “She actually said I’m being duplicitous to myself. This girl is surely doing this on purpose! Daisie handed her the small cake in her hand. “Take this. Uncle Jackie asked me to bring this to you.”

She was startled. “He asked you to bring this to me?”

Daisie nodded.

Violet took the small cake from her. It could be seen that the top layer of the cake was covered in chocolate matcha.

She opened the box and took a bite. Daisie asked with a grin, “Is it delicious?” Violet nodded. “It’s okay.” She smiled and squinted. “Actually, I’m the one who bought it.” Violet was rendered speechless. Daisie chuckled even more happily. “Aunt Violet, your expression from just now looked like you were looking forward to it.” Violet put the cake on the table and got up. “Okay, I’m not going to finish this anymore. Hmph!”

She walked to the door furiously, turned her head, and slammed into a robust embrace. The other party stretched out his hand and wrapped it around her waist subconsciously. She raised her head and was stunned by the first thing that caught her eyes. Jackie took a glance at the cake on the table. “Don’t you like desserts?” Before Violet could react, Daisie let off a mischievous chuckle. “You’re the one who bought it, so it’s impossible for Aunt Violet to dislike it.”

Jackie laughed. “Oh really?”

Daisie squeezed out of the door and said with a smile. “Uncle Jackie, since I’ve completed my mission, I’ll take my leave first.” She ran very quickly. Violet discovered something and pushed him away. “You two are so childish! Is it fun for you to pull a prank on me?”

“Since when are we pulling a prank on you?” Jackie folded his coat and fixed his gaze on her face. “Daisie told me that girls like desserts, so I asked her to bring a cake for you.” “Daisie, this quirky little girl, was indeed only mocking her, but without her mockery, how could I get to witness her panicked appearance?” Violet turned her face away. “She told me that she’s the one who bought it. That’s why I ate it.” “Oh really?” He smirked. But I heard it all.”

## **Chapter 1549**

Violet choked on her words and met his gaze. “What did you hear?” Jackie approached her, and the distance between them narrowed gradually. The shadow on the wall made it seem like they were sticking together. “I heard Daisie say that you’re drawing me.”

She denied it, “I didn’t.” He squinted slightly and did not utter a single word. Violet turned around. “I’m going back to work already.” She was about to leave, but Jackie grabbed her by her arm, and she was caught off guard and fell into his arms. Jackie pressed her against the wall, lowered his head, and his lips were only inches away from her temple. “I want to hear the truth.” Violet did not look straight at him. “What are you talking about?” His breath brushed across her cheek, and it became more and more

intense. "Do you have feelings for me?" Her breathing stopped for a moment. "W-What are the feelings that you're referring to?" Jackie lifted her face, and her whole face was sitting in his palm. "How did you feel about me the other night?" Violet gulped her saliva, and her eyelashes twitched. "Are you messing with me?" "I am not." He got half an inch closer to her, and his lips were only inches away. "Do I sound like I was kidding?" She did not know where to fix her gaze, and her hands that were propped against his chest were clenched into fists. 'Did I have any feelings for him the other night? To be honest, I did feel something. 'I didn't reject Jackie's caress. After all, I won't have any feelings for any other man apart from Jacob.

But her body's reaction from the other day exceeded her expectations. Maybe it was normal for her to feel so, but she felt ashamed as it felt like she had betrayed Jacob.

She had kept her body and mind pure and chaste for him for so long, and she did not want it to be broken by anyone.

Not to mention that she did not think anyone would have the ability to break it.

Violet pushed him away. Seeing that she could not shove him away, she could only look away." I didn't feel anything." He asked again, "Are you sure?"

she became a little impatient. "what the hell are you trying to do?"

Jackie clasped the side of her neck with his palm and then pressed his lips against hers without any warning

Violet was astounded, and the hands that were on his chest clenched tightly into fists. But she could not even push him away as she became powerless instantly.

All rejections and protests were in vain, and only emotional turbulence and warm physical entanglement remained. Jackie did not let her go until she bit his lip, and a hint of salty and metallic taste permeated his entire mouth. The tears in her eyes welled up and were on the brink of gushing out, which was very distressing to look at Jackie gently wiped the corner of her eyes with his fingertips and frowned. "Did my kiss make you feel so aggrieved?" Violet cried and beat him. "How can I not feel aggrieved? Do you still remember the relationship that we have now? Who gave you the right to kiss me? You b\*stard! You should go to a psychiatrist if you're mentally ill. Why would you get me involved in this!?" "Because you're the only person that I want to get involved with." She was flustered.

Jackie pressed her hand against his left chest. "Violet Lovegood, I want to court you." Violet was shocked. "What did you just say? You want to court me?" "Yes." He added calmly, "And I'm dead serious." She could feel every single heartbeat with her palm-it was so warm and prominent. But it also made her back off. Violet pulled her hand out and lowered her gaze. "You must not be sober..." Jackie trapped her in his arms, got closer to her, and wrapped her in his arms. "I'm very sober."

His breath brushed through her hair. "Violet, can we start all over again? We may not have started before this, but we can always restart from the very beginning." "Jackie." She took a deep breath. "You don't have to waste your time on me." He replied calmly, "I know."

He lifted her cheek with his palm. "I'm not asking to take over his corner in your heart. All you need to do is to try to accept me."



He did not plan to get into her heart in one go, but he would accomplish that step by step.

## Chapter 1550

'It's just a matter of time. I'm confident that I can change her mind.' Violet was startled. "Have you lost your mind?"

Jackie smiled. "You can take it as a yes."

Violet got out of his sight. "But what if I were to keep on rejecting you?" "Do you want to place a bet?"

"What do you want to bet on?"

Jackie approached her with a deep voice. "I bet that you'll fall in love with me." Violet laughed out loud abruptly and looked at him. "Are you that confident?" He narrowed his eyes. "Do you want to bet on it?" Violet pushed him away gently. "No, this is boring." He laughed out loud and wrapped her in his arms again. "Are you afraid?" She lowered her head and stared at her shoes. "It just doesn't make sense."

Jackie squeezed her palm. She wanted to withdraw her hand, but it was clutched even tighter. "You're afraid of falling in love with me."

Violet did not look up, but she could hear his breathing, so close that it was brushing against her forehead. It felt warm and itchy, and her voice sounded hoarse. "I'm not afraid..."

"Oh really?" He gave off a faint chuckle, and his lips brushed across the corner of her eye. "You're just afraid of falling for me, afraid that you won't be able to guard your heart against me."

She got anxious. "I just told you that I don't

Jackie sealed her mouth with another kiss, and this felt even more frantic than the last one.

Violet's closed lips got broken through as his kiss intensified. It felt like a burning affection that found its way into her heart and demolished all her defenses.

After a long while, he slowly pulled his lips off those of hers and rubbed her delicate lips with his fingertips. "I'm sure of that outcome."

Violet regained her senses and shoved him out of the room. "You! What you just did is none other than fishing in troubled waters!

He laughed and said nothing. Violet quickly returned to the studio and closed the door, isolating him.

Jackie was not angry. He was not in a hurry and had plenty of time.

Daisy leaned in front of the car and waited. Seeing Jackie walking out of the gallery, she stepped forward and asked, "Uncle Jackie, did Aunt Violet get angry?"

She had just made a fool out of her aunt. If she were to be angry at her, she would not be able to play with her again in the future. Jackie raised his hand and rubbed the top of her head. "Young heroine, what reward do you want?"

Daisy blinked. "Is it done?"

He replied, "We're almost there." Daisy grinned. "Then I'll ask for my reward when it's done." Jackie laughed out loud. "Okay." Two days later... Violet did not go to the gallery but accompanied Rose to the mall. Rose chose a dark purple coat, which was new for the spring season, "Violet, what do you think about this dress?" She wanted her daughter to give her an honest opinion, but all she got was a casual response. "It's fine." Her daughter was absent-minded, so Rose smiled and asked the saleswoman to pack the coat up. After checking out at the cashier and walking out of the boutique, Rose asked her, "Have you been keeping in touch with Jackie recently?" She was astonished and looked away unnaturally. "Why are you mentioning him?" Rose grinned. "Can't I mention him?" Violet pursed her lips and said nothing. She then raised her head and saw a familiar figure in the crowd. Jackie was walking out of a jewelry store, followed by a short-haired woman. The short-haired woman looked outstanding, gentle, and generous. The two of them looked like a match made in heaven.

Violet stood in place, stared through the passing crowd, and her gaze was fixed on them. The woman lifted her head to say something to him while he listened attentively and gave off a faint smile through the corners of his mouth. Violet pursed her lips tightly, not knowing why she felt a little uncomfortable deep down. The discomfort felt like a huge rock stuck at the bottom of her heart. "Liar, wanting to court me my \*ss! He's just told me that, and here he is, courting another woman!" Seeing that she did not catch up to her, Rose stopped and called her. "Violet?"