



Sir Ares, Goodnight!

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Language: English

Even after two lifetimes, Rose still could not melt the ice-cold heart of Jay Ares. Heartbroken, she decides to live under the guise of an idiot, tricking him and running away with their two children. This infuriates Sir Ares to no end, and everyone around them is certain that this will prove to be Rose's ultimate demise. However, upon the next day, the great Sir Ares is seen getting down on one knee in the middle of the street, coaxing the little brat, "Please be good and come home with me!" "I will, but only if you agree to my terms!" "Speak your mind!" "You are not allowed to bully me, lie to me, and especially not show your displeased face at me. You must always regard me as the most beautiful person, and you must smile whenever I cross your mind..." "Fine!" Onlookers are floored at sight of this! Is this the myth of how there is a



Read

Chapter 181

Angeline had an untainted aura. Her eyes and brows carried the bliss of a girl who was cherished since childhood. There was also the arrogant, confident, and extraordinary aura that emanated from her very being as a scholar-tyrant.

Whether it was the special combination of strength and gentleness that was etched deep in her core or her exceptional and pure otherworldly aura, she was simply too outstanding.

Rose, on the other hand, wore attire with vibrant colors that were pieced together. She looked devastated with tears streaming down her face. She clearly had beautiful features and an alluring body, but every advantage portrayed on her just seemed like a reckless waste of God's creation.

She had succeeded in concealing her

superior qualities and highlighting the unrefined side of herself as a country bumpkin.

Seven years ago, Angeline and Rose were total opposites.

A great astonishment manifested on Jay's handsome face. Why, after seven years, did Rose reflect so many vivid shadows that belonged to Angeline?

Just as he slipped into a reverie, the honking sound of a car rang out.

When Jay zoned back in from his distraction, he saw Angeline's car tipping over, smashing into the railing and rolling down the cliff. Rose, however, was nowhere to be seen.

"Rewind, Grayson!" Jay stared at the huge screen with great concentration.

Grayson dragged the clip back to the section where Angeline's car broke down and punched the play button.

At this moment, Angeline's red car began shaking violently. The tire underneath the driver's seat started emitting smoke. Sitting in the driver's seat, Angeline tried to roll down her window to get out, but it would not budge. Angeline kept hitting the window in panic. Helplessness and despair crept up her originally calm face.

She pulled out her mobile phone. There was no way of telling who she was calling, nor was it clear if the call went through, but Jay knew from the way her mouth moved that she was calling out 'Jay'.

After experiencing a brief period of panic and helplessness, the car suddenly rolled over and crashed into the railing next to it. At that very moment, Rose just so happened to be walking toward the front flank of the red car.

When Angeline's car rolled down the cliff, Rose was already nowhere to be seen.

The clip continued to play, but Jay's brain had already stopped working.

His eyes, which were densely covered with frost all year round, suddenly melted as crystal-clear tears flowed out of them.

Today, he watched the scenes that he had not been brave enough to watch in the last few years and realized how desperate and helpless Angeline felt in the moments leading up to her death. She had been screaming his name continuously at that time, hoping so badly to hear his voice again in the final moments of her life. That day, he was having a very important meeting in the meeting room, hence his mobile phone was switched off.

When he switched on his phone again after the meeting and received 13 missed calls from her, he felt inexplicably anxious and frightened.

He recalled the famous painting 'The Last

Supper', where Jesus was brutally murdered after having a meal with his 12 disciples. The number 13 was an ominous number for both him and Angeline.

He remembered how his hand started to tremble when he held the phone as he returned Angeline's call anxiously.

Unfortunately, the operator on the other end said, "The number you have dialed is not in service."

At that very moment, everything went dark and he nearly knelt to the ground.

In no time at all, the devastating news about Angeline's accident was confirmed. He, however, had failed to shed a single tear. He sat in the bar and drank himself into a stupor. He was later sent to the intensive care unit for alcohol intolerance. When he was discharged from the hospital three days later, Angeline's funeral procession was already over.

Every time he was reminded of Angeline,

the agony would wash over him. He was not usually a man who liked to express his emotions. There were many women turning circles around him, but not once did he spare them a glance.

Chapter 182

Heavens knew how much time and energy he had spent on Angeline. Since she was ten, he had already started making attempts to train her into a like-minded partner. He helped her develop her hobbies and tried his best to spend time with her. She was the only girl who could share a close physical relationship with him.

As she was still too young, he would constantly suppress his feelings so that she could live a pure and innocent life just like other ordinary girls.

If he had known that she would leave him so soon, then he would not have done his utmost to suppress himself and would have done it the first day she entered adulthood itself.

Grayson looked at the crimson-eyed Mr. Ares. He had worked with Mr. Ares for the

last few years and knew that Angeline was a taboo subject. He was here to investigate Rose today, but the investigation ended up involving Angeline as well. What a fascinating thing fate was.

"Mr. Ares, Rose was on the scene during Ms. Severe's car accident. Don't you think the coincidence is too uncanny? For some strange reasons, Rose even replaced Ms. Severe and married you in the end. Don't you think this coincidence is even more outrageous?"

Jay calmed himself down. Grayson's words had him pondering.

Angeline and Rose's fates intertwined because of that car accident.

Angeline was clearly the one who died while Rose lived, but Jay just could not stop having an illusion that Angeline seemed to have possessed Rose.

Why was the vulgar country bumpkin

aura that Rose had many years back completely nonexistent in the Rose today? On the contrary, why, like Angeline, was she so confident to the point of being flamboyant and even looked somewhat adorable?

"Grayson, I want to see Rose's videos from seven years ago," Jay said in a worn-out manner.

Grayson put on a sorry look. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ares. I only have videos of Rose seven years after that. As for the information seven years ago, I only have them in the form of files."

Jay extended his hand and Grayson immediately searched for Rose's file to hand to him.

Jay scanned through Rose's file very quickly and tossed it aside in low spirits, saying, "It's exactly the same as the rumors. An idiot who failed every subject. Apart from the school where she received her compulsory education for nine years,

the schools where she attended high school and university are ranked at the bottom. She does live up to her name as an underachiever."

Grayson's expression was that of an intrigued one.

How did Mr. Ares fall in love with such an inferior person like Rose and even have so many children with her?

Jay raised his eyes to stare at Grayson. He immediately put away the curious expression on his face, straightened his body, and called out in a sonorous and solemn manner, "Mr. Ares!"

Jay said, "Seven years ago, Rose was ignorant and incompetent. Seven years later, Rose has become an expert hacker who's able to hack into Grand Asia's network. Her transformation is simply unimaginably queer. Grayson, I want every information about Rose from her birth up until now, preferably in video form."

Grayson was so petrified and stood unmoving like a rock.

When did Rose hack into Grand Asia's network? Why did he not know about it?

Holy sh*t, if Mr. Ares was aware that Rose was such a formidable person, why did he not take her in as one of his own but was always throwing his weight around confronting her instead? Was he not worried that Rose would work for Grand Asia's rival company?

"What are you standing there for?" Jay said when he noticed Grayson daydreaming.

Grayson touched his nose, put away his thoughts, and turned around to leave.

Jay picked up the pictures on the table. The ones on top were all roses, but the last one was a sketch of his portrait.

Chapter 183

Whenever Angeline drew his portrait, it would look extremely lifelike.

In other people's eyes, Jay might be eminent and unapproachable—A horrific and devilish president. In Angeline's eyes, however, he was always just a big boy.

In her drawings, he was always wearing a youthful white t-shirt, a platinum necklace with a four-leaf clover lucky charm, and Nike shoes. His hair would flow in the breeze while his eyes were lucid—A big boy with a sunny disposition.

Jay held Angeline's last drawing and it dawned on him how precious this drawing was.

He regretted being weak back then, for not having the courage to face Angeline's death. How great would it be if he had seen these mementoes earlier and

realized just how much Angeline relied on him.

One would think that certain scars would scab and heal slowly if left untouched. What Jay did not expect, however, was that certain scars that were deliberately sealed in one's heart would only grow richer with time like fine old wine.

Take Angeline's death for example.

After sealing it in his heart for seven whole years, the very moment Jay saw the scene of her death, a burst of intense grief started flooding in.

Like a puppet, he sat dazedly on his black leather swivel chair. He was the king of the business world. He was all-powerful and fearless. Everyone thought that he would always be the crownless king who knew nothing about pain.

The one and only little girl who would feel sorry for him, who would cheer him up at the sight of a mere frown, and who

would cry whenever she was worried about him when his stomach started acting up, was gone.

He hated himself for not protecting her.

That day, Jay did not get off work on time. In the afternoon, Rose went to the kindergarten to pick the children up, but the kindergarten teachers were acting slightly cold toward her. Jenson said to the teacher in a cool tone, "This is my mommy."

The words he said seemed to have struck like thunder, catching all the teachers in the class by surprise. They immediately acted courteously toward Rose.

The teacher who initially gave Rose the cold shoulder quickly and hastily ended the conversation with another parent before turning to Rose in an overzealous manner, saying, "Ms. Loyle, Jenson is a very well-behaved child who has superb learning skills and exceptional memory. Robbie has a lively and cheerful

personality and is loved by all his classmates..."

At this time, the homeroom teacher came over and darted the young teacher a sharp glance, saying, "Go on. I'd like to have a word with Ms. Loyle."

When the bootlicking teacher was gone, Robbie and Jenson immediately stood against the wall obediently.

Rose glanced at her children, very much aware that her naughty children had caused trouble again.

Baby Robbie would often cause minor troubles and occasionally, major troubles. Though thanks to his charming personality, the teachers in the past would simply turn a blind eye to his misdemeanor and ignore it.

Nevertheless, Baby Robbie had now turned into a bad influence on the amenable Jenson. That was what gave Rose a headache.

If Jay learned about this, would he blame

her for not teaching the children well?

The homeroom teacher said gently, "Ms. Loyle, are Robbie and Jenson really your sons?"

Rose nodded silently.

The homeroom teacher said, "Since you're their guardian, I'm obliged to be honest with you about their performance in the kindergarten. They're both very smart. Jenson has an exceptional memory and a superb ability to grasp ideas and concepts. Robbie has great imagination and communication skills. Jenson, however, is slightly reserved, whereas Robbie is extremely active. One won't stop talking in class, whereas the other is unwilling to answer the teacher's questions. I hope you can guide your children well so that they can learn from each other."

Rose glanced at the two babies who were standing upright like pine trees. They must have done something terribly

wrong to look that guilty.

"Teacher, can you explain the children's performance in class in detail?" Rose glared at her naughty children ferociously, but her voice was surprisingly gentle.

The homeroom teacher laughed. "Jenson refused to answer the teacher's question in class. When the teacher communicated with him, Jenson replied saying that anyone who answers her question is mentally retarded, and because of what he said, all the children were afraid to answer the teacher's question after that."

After a pause, she added. "Robbie beat up five male classmates next door. Their eyes are all swollen and there are bruises on their faces."

Chapter 184

Rose put her hand on her heart. Every child was a parent's treasure. Any parent would feel heartbroken to see their child getting beaten up. She had told Robbie that little b*stard many times before, asking him not to bully the weak just because he was strong. He actually stepped out of line this time?

When the homeroom teacher was done talking, she did not criticize Rose but merely said to Rose in an extremely stern manner, "Ms. Loyle, I hope you can face your children's problems squarely and work with us to improve their shortcomings."

"I will," Rose replied.

The homeroom teacher left with a smile. Rose looked at the two children whose tiny heads were dropped so low that they were about to be buried into the ground.

There was also the extremely worried-looking Baby Zetty.

"Raise your heads!" Rose stretched out her hands, lifting one chin in each hand.

She then squeezed out a magnanimous smile at Jenson and Baby Robbie. "Let's go home first."

Jenson looked at his tender-looking mommy suspiciously. Did Baby Robbie not say that Mommy was very ruthless when she lost her temper?

Rose held Baby Zetty's hand and turned around to leave.

Both wimpy kids, Baby Robbie and Jenson, followed her compliantly.

On the way, Jenson glanced at Baby Robbie several times and muttered in a low voice, "Didn't you say that Mommy will beat us up if we do something wrong? Why doesn't Mommy look angry at all?"

Baby Robbie placed his tiny hand next to his mouth and whispered softly, "Before execution, the executioner will always give the prisoner awaiting execution a soothing smile."

His words sent shivers down Jenson's spine. His expression turned gloomy at once.

Baby Robbie tugged at Jenson's hand. "How does Daddy punish you when you do something wrong?"

"Stand in the corner," Jenson replied.

Baby Robbie breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good. As long as we won't get beaten up twice, then we should have half of our butts left to sit on the chair."

Jenson clutched his tiny butt, his expression turning even more gloomy.

When Rose brought the children home, she sent the innocent Baby Zetty inside to finish her homework first.

"I've finished my homework, Mommy. Can I stay downstairs and play with the toys for a while?" Baby Zetty held Rose's hand and acted like a spoiled kid.

She wanted to stay to offer her support to her two elder brothers. Jenson had told her in advance that if Mommy lost control and nearly beat them to death, then as their sleeper agent, Baby Zetty would be responsible to call Daddy for help.

Rose was pretty gentle with Baby Zetty because she did nothing wrong. "Be good, Zetty. Go upstairs and close the door. Don't come out of your room no matter what happens out here."

Jenson raised his eyebrows and moved closer to Baby Robbie.

Baby Zetty had no choice but to go upstairs.

Rose motioned to Baby Robbie by

hooking her finger at him. "You, come here."

As soon as Baby Robbie walked over, Rose grabbed Baby Robbie's butt with her pliers-like hand, roaring hysterically, "Mommy signed you up for Taekwondo classes to strengthen your body, not to use your strength to bully others. You fought one against five, huh? You're really something, aren't you? You beat them up so hard that their eyes are swollen and their faces bruised. Have you ever thought about their parents' feelings, that they will be heartbroken too?"

"I was wrong, Mommy. I was wrong. I won't fight anymore." Baby Robbie clutched his butt, scurrying all over the place.

Chapter 185

"A distinction should be made between males and females, Mommy. Please stop spanking my little butt. Other people will laugh at me if this gets out." Baby Robbie scurried to the opposite end of the long dining table. He ran in circles to avoid Mommy whilst trying to convince her at the same time.

After running a few laps, Rose was too tired to go on. She put her hands on her hips, huffing and puffing. "You brat. You've grown up now, haven't you? You've learned that a distinction should be made between males and females now, huh? Sure, I'll save your dignity and won't grab your butt... I don't believe that I can't fix you even if I can't lay a finger on you. I must find a rod to teach you a lesson..."

Rose began searching for sticks and the like in the house. Being a clever devil, Baby Robbie burst out crying trying to

gain Mommy's sympathy.

When Jenson saw Baby Robbie bawling his eyes out in an extremely devastating manner, his little heart began pounding hard. At this moment, Baby Zetty opened the door secretly and squatted at the staircase on the second-floor corridor to observe the situation downstairs.

Jenson made a help gesture to his partner and Baby Zetty immediately ran into her room to give Jay a call.

Jay was already in an immensely depressed mood. When his phone started ringing, he did not even bother to look at the number and swiped to unlock it...

"Uncle, please hurry up and come home..."

"Baby Zetty's anxious voice rang out at once.

Jay switched off his phone listlessly and clambered to his feet shakily. His world was now a wasteland, how could he possibly have time for Baby Zetty's

affairs?

Baby Zetty stared blankly at the mobile phone that had been hung up on as tears started streaming down her eyes.

"I'm not the one who needs you, Daddy. Your sons are..." Baby Zetty said with immense heartache.

Her little heart had taken a hard hit. Daddy had a prejudice against her. When her brothers called him, he would always listen to their opinions with great patience.

Daddy, however, had hung up on her. Baby Zetty was so furious that she threw the phone at the wall.

Downstairs, Rose's exhaustion had finally put a stop to the cloud of smoke that was hovering over the battlefield.

Rose sat on the ground in exhaustion and glared furiously at Baby Robbie while gasping for breath. "You're really..."

Capable now, aren't you? Mommy can't even... Outrun you anymore. I can't even hit you anymore, huh? Are you not going to respect Mommy anymore and start doing anything you want and run rampant in the future?"

Seeing that Mommy's anger had dissipated greatly, Baby Robbie mustered up the courage and walked toward Mommy. He kneeled next to her and admitted his mistake with great sincerity. "I'm sorry, Mommy. I won't hit other people anymore."

Jenson lowered his head and walked over as well, imitating Baby Robbie's actions. He got down on his knees in front of Mommy obediently.

"Tell Mommy, Robbie, why did you hit other people?" Rose asked.

She knew her son all too well. Baby Robbie might be mischievous, but he was a very kind and caring baby. If he hit someone, then the other party was most

probably the one at fault first.

Even so, for safety reasons, Rose prohibited Baby Robbie from resorting to force. As he grew older and his Taekwondo skills were further honed, he would inevitably lose control. What would happen if this resulted in an irreversible situation?

Baby Robbie had violated the prohibition and that was the reason why Rose was mad.

"Mommy, that kid forced Baby Zetty to be their girlfriend." Baby Robbie explained in tears.

Rose gulped...

She once thought that falling in love with Jay at the age of ten was a sign of precocious puberty, yet little did she know that even the children in kindergarten today were so bold and uninhibited.

"You hit them because of that?" Rose

widened her dazzling eyes.

Baby Robbie muttered, "We argued because of that and I hit them because I was too angry."

"Tell Mommy, how did the argument start?"

Baby Robbie hesitated to speak. "I said, how could I possibly allow pigs to eat and ruin my high-quality cabbage? And that was when those kids started scolding me for calling them pigs. They charged at me, trying to beat me up..."

Rose, "..."

Were all children today so precocious?

Chapter 186

"Who taught you the saying about cabbage getting eaten and ruined by pigs?"

"Aunt Josephine."

Rose, "...". It seemed like she and Josephine needed to have a talk.

Her gaze shifted to the uneasy-looking Jenson. "What about you, Jens? Why did you say such rude words like mentally retarded to the teacher?"

Jenson bit his lip and remained silent.

Rose treated her sons differently. Ever since Baby Robbie started practicing Taekwondo, he had gone through countless arduous training and now had skin as solid as a bear's. She would hit him a few times and it would only feel like she was tickling him.

On the other hand, Jens grew up in the

Ares family with his needs attended to very carefully. Coupled with his mild autism, Rose was exceptionally gentle toward him.

"Jens, Mommy won't beat you or scold you. Mommy just wants to know why you said those ill-mannered words. Mommy can only help you to correct your mistakes and make you an even more outstanding and likable child if you tell Mommy the truth."

Under Rose's patient and gentle guidance, Jenson finally spoke, "The teacher said among the three little pigs, the eldest one is lazy, the second one has petty shrewdness, and only the third is hardworking and pragmatic. She asked me which pig I would like to be. I said that only mentally retarded people would answer this question because I don't want to be a pig."

Rose was dumbfounded.

Though the question did sound a bit odd,

the teacher certainly did ask it out of malice. She was simply trying to test the children's perception of character, and it just so happened that her son was a prodigy who was shrewd enough in his manner of thinking.

"Sigh." Rose sighed. "Jens, go and recite the story of the three little pigs again, then come over and tell Mommy which little pig you prefer and why."

Jenson stood up.

Baby Robbie looked at Jenson who remained intact and cried out in disbelief, "That's not fair, Mommy. Why do you spank my butt when I do something wrong but forgive Jenson when he does something wrong?"

Rose hesitated and said wittily, "That's because you beat up other students, whereas Jens criticized the teacher. One was done using hands while the other using mouth, hence Mommy will serve both of you with the same sauce. You hit

someone, so I'm beating you. Jens criticized the teacher, so I'll make sure to make his mouth move."

Baby Robbie whimpered. "Had I known that earlier then I wouldn't have hit them in the first place." He then snarled in his heart. 'I should've used my mouth instead and give those brats an earful until they can't stand it anymore.'

Jay had yet to return home even after dinner.

After tucking Jenson and Baby Robbie in, Rose returned to her room.

As she stood silently by the window screen looking at the darkening night sky, she started feeling inexplicably anxious.

Why was Jay not home yet?

She wondered how he was doing today after his digestive issues relapsed last night.

Sigh!

What right did she have to show him any concern?

He did not even need her concern.

“Sigh!” Baby Zetty’s sigh was heard from underneath the blanket.

Rose turned her head back in surprise and saw Baby Zetty sitting up on the bed. She was looking at Mommy pitifully.

When Rose walked over, Baby Zetty put her arms around Mommy's neck and asked sadly, "Mommy, I've worked very hard to please Daddy. Why does he still not like me?"

Rose was stumped for words.

“He didn’t even answer my call,” Baby Zetty said sadly.

Chapter 187

As Rose listened to Baby Zetty's heartbreaking accusation against Jay, she started feeling uncertain and uneasy.

Since the day Baby Zetty moved into Horizon Colors, Jay had been treating her like an outsider. The cold and detached Jay had been treating Baby Zetty very indifferently, and this made Baby Zetty feel as though she was living off him like a parasite.

Baby Zetty had become more and more taciturn lately and was also smiling lesser and lesser, which was not a good sign. Rose feared that Baby Zetty would start isolating herself and become uncommunicative like Jens if she continued to live in an environment where she constantly suppressed herself.

Rose did not know how to comfort Baby Zetty as she had no control over Jay's

attitude toward her. She could only rack her brains to think of a solution.

Jay returned very early in the morning but did not go upstairs. He sat on the couch and began smoking vigorously.

Rose stayed up all night. When she went downstairs to grab a drink, she saw Jay sitting on the couch and nearly fell to the ground in shock.

"Sir Ares!"

Rose looked at him with great astonishment, barely able to catch a clear glimpse of his handsome face from the glowing cigarette butt. Despite that, the look on his face was that of extreme depression and decadence.

There was also a strong smell of alcohol emanating from his body.

"You were drinking?" Rose asked with a quivering voice.

Jay's eagle eyes started burning

brilliantly on his decadent face. His sharp eyes fixed on Rose's face, penetrating her concerned-looking eyes.

"Why aren't you asleep?" he suddenly asked, his hoarse voice carrying a trace of interrogation.

Did she stay up all night waiting for him?

Rose pointed at the kitchen. "I'm a little thirsty, so I came down to get some water."
"

"There's a water dispenser upstairs!" He clearly knew that she was lying but, he still insisted on exposing her lie.

Rose said, "Oh, I forgot."

"Are you worried about me?" Jay asked, peering into her amber-colored pupils.

A trace of helplessness emanated from Rose's eyes. Would she be brave enough to admit it? If she tore off her cloak of disguise and exposed her true feelings in front of him, he might just end up

mocking and ridiculing her mercilessly like he did seven years ago.

No matter how much she tried to express her feelings for him, he would only respond by using ten times more effort to trample on her dignity.

He did not need her concern at all.

Rose pretended to shrug it off and said in an easygoing tone, "Sir Ares, we're a divorced couple, an ill-matched couple, get it? There's no love, only resentment. Do I have nothing better to do? Why should I worry about you? I'm already busy enough attending to the little devils, how could I possibly have time for someone who has nothing to do with me?"

She might be speaking in a breezy manner, but blood was already dripping from her heart. They had clearly started on a good note, so how did things get to this point today?

Jay stood up from the couch abruptly, his

tall and straight body staggering toward Rose. He clasped onto Rose's arms firmly with both hands, his eagle eyes locked on Rose's eyes like magnets.

"Don't act all heartless with me, Rose. I don't believe that you don't have any feelings for me at all. Why would you rack your brains just to marry me seven years ago then? Why did you use such shameless means to have children with me?"

His questions rendered Rose speechless, leaving her no choice but to make something up. "That's just because you come from a wealthy background, from Ares family..."

"Is that so? When we divorced back then, didn't you claim that you married me not for my money but because you love me?" Jay asked aggressively.

Overwhelmed by his interrogation, Rose said, "You said it yourself, how can there be love between two strangers who got

married in a single day?"

"Did you have a crush on me last time?"

A flash of panic emerged on Rose's face as she quickly looked away, afraid to meet his eyes.

Jay reached out and lifted her chin forcefully, forcing her to look straight into his eyes.

Chapter 188

"So I was right, you did have a crush on me."

Rose said, "Sir Ares, you were always on TV giving amorous glances to all the ladies. The number of women who have a crush on you is enough to form a complete circle around the earth. It's perfectly normal for me to have a crush on you back then because I couldn't resist your charm, alright!"

He had been interrogating her for a long time and the answers he received from her were all watertight. He let go of her shoulders in frustration and staggered back onto the couch.

"Sir Ares!"

"Just leave!"

Rose did not know what was wrong with him today as she was unable to make

head or tail of any of the things he said tonight. Afraid that he would make things difficult for her again, she poured herself a glass of water and escaped.

As soon as she ran up the stairs, she noticed that Jay had passed out on the couch.

"Are you okay, Sir Ares?" Still worried about him, Rose was left with no choice but to turn back.

After placing her hand on Jay's forehead, she realized that he was having a fever.

Rose switched on the lights to search for a thermometer. When she opened his mouth to take his temperature, she noticed red spots emerging on the inner lining of Jay's mouth.

Panicking, Rose quickly rolled up his sleeves. Sure enough, rashes were starting to spread on his arms.

Realizing that there was something

wrong, she pushed Jay. "Wake up, Sir Ares. You have a fever. There are rashes all over your body. Do you want to go to the hospital?"

Jay frowned but did not respond.

Rose took his arm, examined the rashes carefully, and pressed them, saying, "This looks like an allergic reaction."

Rose called the ambulance and Jay was taken away in no time at all.

She was worried about Jay but had to watch over the children at the same time. Rose had no choice but to give Josephine a call.

Josephine hurried over when she heard the news about her brother's condition.

Rose was surprised to see Josephine when she turned up. "Why didn't you go to the hospital?"

Josephine said, "I'll take care of these little munchkins, Rose. You should go to

the hospital to take care of my brother."

Rose was stunned. Now that Josephine's brother was sick, it did not make sense that she would make such a cold-blooded choice even though she doted on her niece and nephews, right?

When she noticed Rose looking at her with a dumbfounded expression, Josephine chuckled in embarrassment and confessed. "Let me be honest with you, Rose. My brother is allergic to alcohol. He'll throw a fit and go berserk when he wakes up. He'll scold just about anyone and smash just about anything. I'm not brave enough to visit him."

Rose was rendered speechless.

Was Josephine throwing her under the bus, then?

"You're the only one who can tame my brother, Rose. Please do me a favor and take care of my brother for me. I'll take care of these three little devils for you,

okay?"

Rose asked in astonishment, "When did your brother start becoming so unreasonable?"

Josephine was blurted out, "After Angeline's death..." However, she soon swallowed the words back in.

Angeline was now Jay's past, There was no way Josephine could tell Rose that Jay was deeply in love with someone else. She was still hoping that Jay and Rose could reconcile and that their family would reunite.

"My brother doesn't drink, Rose. Business must have been difficult in recent years, that's why Jay has been socializing more and more. I realize that the more he drinks, the more terrible he is at drinking..." Josephine explained, concocting a cock and bull story.

She hoped that the kind-hearted Rose could take pity on Jay!

Chapter 189

Under Josephine's continuous coaxing, pestering, and trickery, Rose no longer insisted and rushed to the hospital.

Fortunately, the indicators of the blood test that the doctor did on Jay were encouraging, hence he was transferred to a general ward. When Rose entered the ward, she was greeted with a sullen look on Jay's face and an unpleasant aura emanating from him.

On the hospital bed next to him was a young female patient who had been staring at Jay like a love-struck fool.

As soon as Rose entered, Jay became furious as he questioned her. "Why did you book me a general ward?"

Seeing that he was a patient, coupled with Josephine's words from earlier about how his company was running into problems, which was what was forcing

him to socialize even though he was a bad drinker... Rose empathized with Jay from the bottom of her heart and consoled him in a good-natured way. "I wasn't the one who booked you a general ward. The doctor was the one who made the decision based on the severity of your illness."

"I want to be discharged from the hospital immediately," Jay ordered furiously.

Rose glanced at the dense rashes emerging on the back of his hand and consoled him kindly. "Just bear with it for a while, Sir Ares. As soon as the doctor says that you can be discharged, I'll complete the discharge procedure for you immediately."

Jay was in a towering rage and glared at Rose with a furious sneer. "Who are you to me? Who gave you the right to tell me what to do?"

Rose mumbled as though she was

wronged, "I didn't want to come here and experience your wrath either, but your sister would rather take care of the little devils at home than come to the hospital to take care of you. I thought she was being cold-blooded at first, but now it seems like she's right. You're just a terrible drinker who starts roasting everybody as soon as you sober up... You're so scary that even she's afraid to come and visit you!"

Jay looked livid. "Did Josephine really say that?"

Rose nodded.

Jay grabbed the nebulizer from the bedside table but released it irritably when he suddenly recalled Josephine's words saying that he was a terrible drinker. He yelled at Rose, "Go tell the doctor that I want to stay in a single room."

Rose was extremely speechless. "Sir Ares, this is a hospital, not a hotel where you

get to choose between VIP, single, or double rooms. This is a place to save lives, not a place to enjoy..."

Jay looked at Rose as she blabbered on. "Why did you send me to this hospital? Why not Grand Asia?"

Rose replied, "Saving a life is just like putting out a fire, why would you want to go far afield?"

"So you're aware that you're saving a life, huh, Rose? Do you know how important a doctor's expertise and a hospital's standards are?"

"Sir Ares, what you have is only a minor alcohol allergy. It would be a waste of resources for you to go to Grand Asia." In fact, when she called the ambulance, there was simply no time for her to calmly analyze which one was better and which one was not. She had been burning with anxiety when she called the ambulance...

Now that Jay was lecturing her, she

realized just how unwise her choice was. She really should have just called Grand Asia Hospital instead... After all, Grand Asia Hospital was a top-notch hospital offering international-level healthcare services and most importantly, that was his territory.

Though after seeing how sprightly Jay was, Rose figured that there was simply no need for him to go to Grand Asia.

Jay glared at Rose furiously. She refused to let him discharge and refused to allow him to transfer to a single ward. He had no strength to fight back as he was now a patient. Otherwise, he would have thrown her into the sea to feed the sharks.

"Oh, Mister, I'm taken with your ability to strike and endure, to be both cool and lovely, and so handsome yet adorable all at the same time!" The girl next to him covered her mouth and confessed to Jay.

The way Jay looked at Rose was much colder and ruthless now.

"I'll transfer you to a single ward right away." Rose slipped away at lightning speed this time.

To see other women constantly thinking of Jay was something that she least wanted to deal with.

Not long after that, a doctor came and transferred Jay to an ordinary single ward.

When Jay studied the four whitewashed walls surrounding him and the ward that looked as simple as a staff's cubicle, misery washed over him.

"Why didn't you pick a VIP ward?" He questioned Rose with a dark countenance.

Since he was going to be transferred, why did she not transfer him to a more presentable one? Jay really wanted to cut Rose's head open to see if she was having a short circuit.

Rose said with an aching heart, "I have

no money, Sir Ares!" She had spent all her savings on the single ward and hospitalization fees.

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"After all is said and done, you're nothing but a pauper." Jay sneered.

Rose did not want to start a fight with him, so she scurried to one side and started peeling apples for him. After slicing the apple into a few slices, she heated them up in boiling water before setting them in front of Jay.

Jay stared at the steaming apple, a trace of imperceptible bewilderment emanating from his eyes.

Angeline had the habit of heating up fruits in boiling water too.

After placing the fruit plate on the side table next to him, Rose turned around and walked away. She stood very still at a spot very far away from him.

She always made sure to keep a certain distance from him so that he would not

find her distasteful.

Looking at the Rose who was so heart-achingly obedient, Jay felt utterly confused and disconcerted.

She remembered every single hurtful word he said to her and even obeyed his orders so well.

If this happened in the past, he would certainly be pleased with her obedience. Today, however, for some unknown reason, a sour and acerbic feeling surged in his heart when he saw her keeping her distance away from him.

Jay slumped against the pillow. He was fighting with his inner struggles and dilemma.

He told himself that she was not Angeline, that he must not have even the subtlest emotional dependence toward her as that would be an utterly preposterous shift of affection.

Despite that, Angeline's unyielding

attitude, Angeline's talent, the worried look on Angeline's face when she stared at him, as well as Angeline's teary and despairing eyes... They all intersected perfectly with Rose's every frown and smile.

"Feed me!" Jay suddenly ordered with an extremely bad temper.

Rose was dumbfounded.

Her ears must be playing tricks on her, right?

He hated it when she approached him, did he not?

Perhaps he had become disoriented because he was too hungry?

Rose trudged over and picked up the apples. She poked a slice of warm apple and brought it to his mouth.

"Are you hungry?" Rose asked. "Why don't I go and buy you a meal?"

He did not say a word and was simply

gazing fixedly at her with a pair of bright and dazzling eyes.

She had very delicate facial features. Her eyes glistened like obsidian, and the charm on her brows painted a special and gentle feature but also implied pride and confidence. She was wearing black high-waisted trousers, a red lace shirt, and had tied a bowknot in her hair. Her makeup brightened up her features like a poppy flower, poisonous yet irresistible, but at the same time, carried the purity of lilies.

Her elegance was pure yet complicated at the same time.

There used to be a dull look in Rose's eyes and a depressing aura that enveloped her entire being seven years ago... Not forgetting that gaudy fashion of hers...

There was simply no way he could make any connection between Rose and that lowly and inferior country bumpkin from seven years ago.

He was more convinced that Angeline

was the one accompanying him by his side at this moment.

They were both resplendent, both outstandingly talented, and even the pride they had seemed so similar.

"Mm." He nodded suddenly. The hostility in his brows faded without a trace and was now replaced with a trace of tenderness.

Rose stared at the capricious Jay and figured that his illness had seized away his temper. She stared sympathetically at him, saying, "Hold on, I'll go and buy you a meal."