

## Chapter 135

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The Rolls Royce entered the grand mansion through its tall gates. As it did, numerous outside housekeepers and servants within

exclaimed with joy. They shared the joyous news to whoever they could.

"Ms. Alyssa is finally home!" came the excited cries.

As Jonah and Alyssa got out of the car, they were greeted by two lines of house stall led by the house buller. The staff members respectfully bowed and greeted, "Welcome home, Ms. Alyssa!"

"We've missed you, Ms. Alyssa!"

Alyssa put her hand on her forehead, slightly overwhelmed by the sonorous welcome.

"Alyssa, you're finally home!" someone exclaimed.

Alyssa turned to see who it was and spotted Mandy in the doorway. Beside her was a short-haired woman with a kerchief tied around her neck.

Alyssa recognized her as Winston's newest and youngest wife, Colene Waters,

She smiled and went up to the two women, hugging them both. "Mandy, Colene," she greeted kindly.

Jonah beamed upon seeing this. Being the most powerful family in Belbank naturally meant complicated relations among themselves. (1)

When the three women had married into the family to Winston, there had been a great uproar. Because of this, Alyssa followed in Avers footsteps and worked with Opera for several years.

It took quite a while. But the wives gradually won the family's trust through their sincerity and kindness. Even Alyssa opened up to them, no longer linding them at fault for being who they were.

The only person to find blame with was Winston, after all.

"You've lost so much weight, Alyssa!" Colene exclaimed.

Being a Southerner, Colene had always been straightforward with what she had to say.

She continued, "What is the meaning of this, Jonah? If you can't look after her right, you should have sent her home so we could care for her! She's as skinny as a matchstick now!"

Jonah laughed. "I'm so sorry about this. I don't really know what to say here."

"You know I have a strong metabolism, Colene," Alyssa giggled.

She used to clash with Colene all the time. Fortunately, things had changed for the better now.

"Jonah has been taking care of me, don't worry. He assigned his number one secretary, Sean, to work for me. And you know how well Sean can cook. I've really been eating well!" Alyssa assured them.

Colene scowled. "I don't buy it."

She then pinched Alyssa's cheeks. "You think Sean's cooking can beat Lyla's? She has been preparing dinner since she heard you were

coming home today.

"She hasn't left the kitchen once, not even for a sip of water. Even Winston said it's like she's cooking for the president—no, scratch that-

cooking for a queen!"

"She's too sweet, that one. We told her just a simple family dinner would suffice."

"We offered to help, but she said she didn't trust anyone else's cooking skills, so here we are," Mandy laughed, then sighed gently. "We always thought she was the gentlest among us, but it turns out she can be ferocious when needed!"

"I think it's you who Lyla doesn't trust in the kitchen, Colene," Alyssa leased, making the women laugh.

She continued, "I remember you burnt holes in four different pans, triggered three smoke alarms, and melted two stoves. I don't think anyone in their right mind would want you in their kitchen!"

1/2

Why you- Come here you! Lolene grabbed at her, tickling her sensitive spots. What did I say about teasing me, hun

"Stop it! Ahahaha!" Alyssa squealed, trying to dodge her tickling. The two littered like long-lost friends,

+15 BONUS

Speaking of Lyla, Alyssa Instantly recalled her time as Jasper Beckett's wife. She had spent three years walking on eggshells. She made herself as tiny as possible, lest someone from Jasper's side of the family made a mean jab at her.

Three years and it already felt like she had been pushed to her limit. How did Lyla handle twenty years of this?

Women should never stoop so low for any men. They should be Independent, strong, and free, like blossoming flowers in the spring—not cooped up in a house like some prisoner.

As the rest of the family came to greet Alyssa, she was surrounded like she was a celebrity, Chatter and laughter followed them as they went into the manor. 1

As night filled the landscape, the Maybach from earlier stopped outside the manor, hidden against the dark background.

Xavier opened the car door for Jasper, who quietly stepped out. He peered at the manor a distance away, observing its structure.

"I've long heard about Winston Taylor's love for Oriental architecture. The man bought countless hectares of land just so he could make his architectural dreams come true. It looks like the rumors were true," he murmured.

Xavier marveled at the old architecture. "It feels like we're in some fairytale, sir. The place is even more stunning than Seaview Manor."

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