

Chapter 10 Play Chess

"I might not be swimming in 1.5 billion, but I've got the Hewitt family's secrets in my back pocket. I'm curious how much the paparazzi would pay for a peek. Give me some time to round them up, and we'll talk market value."

Jayson hadn't seen that coming from Emelia, and anxiety took hold of him. "You would really wanna think twice about going down that road!"

Emelia just laughed, her gorgeous eyes throwing out a cold, sarcastic spark. "If you're all shameless enough to play hardball, then there's nothing I won't try. Let's see who can dig up more dirt!"

Jayson genuinely had no gauge of the lengths to which Emelia was prepared to venture.

What if she actually spills the beans? It could wreck Keira's whole career.

"The company will manage the fallout for you, but you better slay in those upcoming variety shows, got it?"

Emelia stated, "Fine, I'll play your little game. But once this gig is done, I want the company to cut ties with me, no strings attached!"

Jayson caught on to her game.

"Sure thing, no sweat. I'll have Judie shoot over the papers for your grand scrutiny. And just so you know, if anything goes south, all the juicy gossip we've been sitting on will hit the headlines, making sure the old patriarch of the Gilbert family gets a front-row seat!"

Subsequently, he ended the call.

Emelia seethed with anger, contemplating how she could exact revenge on Jayson.

This contemptible individual planned to resort to devious tactics to

provoke a man in his seventies.

Truly heartless and reprehensible!

Shortly after, Judie dispatched the documents. Upon opening them, Emelia couldn't believe what she saw.

What on earth was this? A dating show?

She was already married. How could she possibly participate?

"You rascal! You ruined my setup!"

"Dad, it was totally accidental. I promise! Please don't start rolling on the floor like that!"

The commotion inside the chess room snapped Emelia back to reality, prompting her to hasten inside.

Norah emerged with a spatula in hand. "What's going on?"

Elizabeth sighed, "Your husband just ruined my husband's chess game, and there's no winner in sight!"

Edwin had already kicked Antony out. When Antony saw Emelia, he gave an awkward smile and said, "Daughter-in-law, no need to worry. We're not into domestic brawls... Ouch, Dad, my face!"

Watching this lively scene, Emelia, who had been dealing with solitude for quite a while, suddenly felt a surge of warmth.

It brought back memories of the years on the mountain base, living with her mentors and five rowdy seniors in a similarly lively environment.

"Hey Edwin, what if I lend a hand in fixing it back to how it was? You guys can start fresh."

Her words captured the attention of everyone present.

Edwin, somewhat believing, ushered her into the chess room.

Within a minute, Emelia skillfully returned the chessboard to its original state, impressing Edwin.

He asked, "Hey there, do you know your way around a chessboard?"

Emelia nodded. "Yeah, I've got some skills."

Before she left the mountain, her mentor gave her a good talking-to about not slacking off on her training. Every day, she had to dive into pharmaceutical prep and clinical surgery drills, and she had to practice chess action with her third senior, Dillon Day.

"Alright, let's play a game!" Edwin proposed.

Emelia, not entirely disconnected from her memories, threw in, "Any prizes for the winner?"

The whole room hit a brief pause.

But Edwin slapped his thigh and burst into laughter. "Sure thing! If you win, Kiwi's your servant for a day!"

Emelia dared not respond.

At this moment, Kian emerged from the study to fetch a cup of coffee. He naturally overheard the conversation.

Ten minutes rolled by, and Emelia grinned, saying, "Hey Edwin, you just got beat!"

Edwin couldn't quite wrap his head around it.

Emelia got up and declared, "I'm off to find... Kiwi, to make good on our deal!"

It presented the perfect opportunity to inform Kian about her participation in the dating show.


Elizabeth chuckled and gestured towards the study.

The Gilberts in the chess room appeared eager to witness the unfolding events.

Emelia's mood lifted slightly. With brisk strides, she ascended the stairs.

As she prepared to knock on the door, it swung open from the inside. A

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 +120 Points at most

large hand seized her wrist and forcefully drew her inside.

She exclaimed in surprise, finding herself abruptly pressed against the wall before she could react.

"Emelia, seems like your personal life is quite the spectacle!"

Kian's voice, low and intimidating, accompanied the hand that ascended from her wrist towards her neck.



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