

## Chapter 12 | Can Shelter You

"Oh, so you're the big shot who can kick me out of the whole entertainment scene," Emelia shot back with a smirk. "Well, be my guest. And as for your brilliant idea about going back and apologizing, I've got just two words for you," she declared, her red lips curving into a blunt "Fuck off!"

"Fine! Just you wait. I'll..."

Before Jayson could finish his sentence, Emelia cut the call short.

On the other side, Jayson was fuming, stomping his feet in frustration.

"Damn it! I'll make you beg on your knees for mercy!" he exclaimed, unable to hold back his rage, and he ended up hurling his phone against the wall.

Jayson's sudden meltdown caught Keira off guard, making her face twitch for a split second. But just as quickly, she snapped back to her usual fake smile.

"Jayson, chill out. Emelia's just throwing around hot air," Keira comforted him, leaning in and casually hugging his arm while giving it a little sway.

Witnessing Keira's charm offensive, Jayson's anger cooled down.

He reached out, patting Keira's head. "You're a sweetheart. No worries. I'll make sure we get even with her."

The mere idea of Emelia's face sent a shiver down Jayson's spine.

He couldn't wrap his head around how there could be someone so crass in this world!

Following the conclusion of the call, Emelia remained composed.

She could vividly picture the infuriated expression on Jayson's face, and this mental image brought a smile to Emelia's face that she couldn't



Seeing the lady in front of him acting a bit strange, Kian couldn't resist saying, "If you're homeless, I've got room for you."

Emelia, yanked from her thoughts, glanced at Kian, her eyes full of curiosity.

Room for her? Wasn't she already crashing at his place?

"I mean, the Gilbert Group's got fingers in the entertainment pie too," Kian clarified.

Catching on, Emelia rubbed her chin, giving it some serious thought.

"I'll think about it." The wrinkles on Emelia's forehead smoothed out, and a big smile lit up her face.

Unintentionally, Kian found himself in a better mood just by witnessing the playful girl in front of him.

"Alright, where's the crash pad for tonight? Am I hitting the same guest room from last time?" Emelia revisited the topic that got cut off earlier.

Kian gave a nod and turned away, and Emelia followed him.

Meanwhile, the lights in the CEO's office of the Hewitt Group were still illuminated.

Witnessing the shares of his own company potentially slipping into the hands of rivals was a grave concern. Allen found himself compelled to work overtime, currently furrowing his brow while scrutinizing the documents provided by his secretary.

The secretary's words continued to reverberate in his mind.

Covertly, someone was accumulating the dispersed shares of the Hewitt Group, while another faction was delving into the company's shareholders, endeavoring to purchase their shares!

If it were merely regular business competition, he wouldn't be apprehensive. However, through private investigations, he unearthed that the individual orchestrating these efforts to reach out to Hewitt Group

shareholders was none other than Kian.

Kian had Emelia's twenty-five percent stake firmly within his grasp!

Should the shareholders defect, the Hewitt Group would undergo a change in ownership, rendering Allen, as its CEO, jobless.

Comprehending this reality, Allen promptly grabbed his phone and dialed the number on the business card.

The phone rang for an extended duration, and it wasn't until almost a minute had elapsed that Kian responded to the call.

"Kian, what's the deal with this?" The moment the call connected, Allen jumped straight into the questioning.

"I don't follow, Mr. Hewitt?" Kian's easygoing tone floated from the other side of the phone, aggravating Allen even more with its laid-back vibe.

"Why are you going all out to snag Hewitt Group stocks?" Allen stumbled for a moment but quickly got back to the core of his call.

"Come on, this is standard stuff in business, isn't it?" Kian chuckled casually, like he was teasing Allen for being a bit green in the business world.

Allen's persistent inquiries were countered by Kian's retorts, leaving him momentarily unsure how to proceed with the conversation.

Kian was correct. Acquisitions were commonplace in business competition, and he lacked the authority to call and interrogate Kian.

In truth, his impulsive phone call was an imprudent action.

"Say sorry to Emelia." Right when Allen was about to hang up, Kian dropped this bomb.

"What the fuck?" Allen couldn't wrap his head around what he just heard. "You want me to apologize to that bitch?"

"Apologize to Emelia." Kian's calm tone carried a hefty weight, kind of making it intimidating. "Or else, the Hewitt Group might have to undergo a fancy-ass name makeover."