

Chapter 5 I Want Fifty Million Dollars

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Keira smiled smugly.

Was Emelia finally going to be disowned by the Hewitt family?

If that happened, Keira believed she could effortlessly crush Emelia like a bug!

Emelia was also delighted.

With her grandfather's passing, she felt no emotional ties to the Hewitt family.

"Alright, Mrs. Hewitt. I'm game."

Emelia grinned, holding up two papers she'd prepped the night before.

"I got two documents here. The first one is a declaration to cut all ties, an official detachment from the Hewitt family. And the second? A stock transfer deal. Fork over fifty million, and I'll slap my signature on it!"

"Dream on!" Bruce exploded. "You think we're just gonna hand you fifty million? Do you even know what that kind of money means? It's enough to bury you if we stacked it up!"

Keira chimed in, "Emelia, you've been out in the countryside for all these years, and maybe business stuff ain't your thing. Despite the fancy family title, we're not swimming in cash. Most of our money is tied up in the company.

Mom and Dad are freaking out to get those shares back; some shareholders are trying to pull a takeover. Grandpa loved you a ton, and you wouldn't want to see the company slip away, right?

Maybe your beef with the Hewitts is really just about me. I've squirreled away seven million since I started working, and I'm ready to hand it over. Let's not let the family fall apart, huh?"

While she spoke, tears streamed down her face.

Allen and Callen immediately gathered around her, their hearts brimming with sympathy.

Andy and Jayson were notably angry, pointing at Emelia and hurling curses.

"Look at Keira, always playing nice and thinking about the family, even though we're not blood. And then there's you! How can you even share the same last name as us?"

"Let's get one thing straight here. Keira's our recognized little princess. But as for a rough, tacky country bumpkin like you? Nah, we're not buying it!"

"Fifty million? Seriously, why not just go find a client to jump on!"

"Mom and Dad, save your breath with this garbage. Let's call up a lawyer. Someone as conniving as her, swindling Grandpa's shares? Who knows what other nasty tricks she's got up her sleeve!"

Emelia felt a chill in her heart.

Indeed, this family was full of scheming individuals.

They were even contemplating false accusations against her.

"Well, I figured, why not go all in? If you wanted to turn this into a spectacle, I was game. I wanted the whole city to see the Hewitt family's masterpiece and how they treated their own flesh and blood. Let's see if they really deserve those 'parent' and 'sibling' titles!"

The expressions of the Hewitts changed.

Out of nowhere, Briana piped up, "Fine, fifty million, just sign already!"

Emelia shot a glance at her mom. Nine months in, and not once did this lady have her back.

Bitterness and sadness swirled in Emelia's heart, but her eyes turned even sharper.

"Show me the money first!" Emelia handed over her card.

Briana made a call, and soon Emelia received a notification of receiving money. She smirked, looking down on Keira with contempt. "Keira, you see, the Hewitts got cash to burn. Seems like they don't exactly see you as the family MVP!"

Keira began to fume, her chest heaving from rage.

Quickly, the Hewitt family scrambled to her side to do damage control.

Emelia's face was pure disdain. She hastily signed the papers and tossed them over. "Now, scram!"

The Hewitts were too preoccupied to bother with Emelia any longer. They hastily took the documents to process the transfer of ownership.

Once they left, Emelia packed her belongings and swiftly departed from the hotel. In the morning, she promptly utilized thirty million to acquire a luxury car and a villa.

Examining the property deeds and car documents in her hands, her mood significantly improved.

The remaining money held great potential for various uses.

During these past few days, she hadn't been idle. She had invested a portion of her money.

Right as she was about to contact Edward to inquire about the recent investment market, a black Porsche Cayenne parked directly in front of her, blocking the Maserati she occupied.

Raising her hand to adjust the sunglasses on her face, coincidentally, her gaze met the dark eyes behind the slowly lowered rear window of the Cayenne.

Her nominal husband, whom she hadn't seen for several days, almost slipped her mind. She almost forgot that she was married.

Emelia paused for a sec, stunned into silence, and then a sly grin spread across her face.

"Well, well, well, what a surprise, honey!"

