

Chapter 9 The Gilbert Family

|

Emelia's mind buzzed as Norah and Elizabeth guided her back to the living room.

Upon entering the living room, she heard an ongoing argument.

"You, shush! I need silence for my genius brainstorming."

"Dad, your move is all wrong! Let me help; I'll totally wreck his setup in no time."

"Oh, please. Go ahead, make your moves. If you can't crack it, then take a trip outside and lift ten buckets of fertilizer!"

"Dad, my back's killing me. No way I'm doing that! Kiwi, how about you take on Dad in chess? If you lose, you're on bucket duty."

Kian, accustomed to such disputes, gracefully ascended the stairs. "I have a video conference!"

While ascending, he coincidentally spotted Emelia entering, causing his gaze to momentarily linger.

The midday sunlight traced a beautiful curve on the woman's petite and exquisite form, accentuating her allure.

Her smooth skin harmonized with her exquisite features, radiating beauty in every aspect.

Nevertheless...

He recalled instructing her to portray the role of a villainous supporting character, not a naive and compliant girl.

Why was she wearing such an innocent smile?

As if detecting his gaze, Emelia snapped back to reality and glanced up.

However, she happened to perceive Kian's undisguised disdain and his departure.

Emelia thought to herself, "What's that supposed to mean? Is he dissing me for not being a villainous woman in this setup?"

She quickly rolled up her sleeves, and before she could dive into whatever was happening, a friendly hand landed on her wrist.

"No need for your help. the servants have got it covered. Since it's your debut in our crazy household, I want to throw together a feast to welcome you properly. You can head to the chess room with Elizabeth and watch Kiwi's grandpa and dad battle it out on the chessboard," Norah said affectionately, gently rubbing Emelia's head.

That tenderness appeared to be ingrained in her very being.

Emelia, once again, found herself bewildered.

It wasn't that she had no desire to be malicious; she simply hadn't found the opportunity!

In the chess room, Kian's grandfather, Edwin, and father, Antony, engaged in a game of chess.

At that moment, Emelia's phone rang; it was her agent, Judie Moore.

Despite having severed all ties with her family, she had overlooked Judie.

Emelia was on the verge of declining when she noticed breaking news notifications on her phone.

Ten consecutive trending topics revolved around her, featuring images, videos, and even personal disclosures.

She briefly glanced at them, her eyes brimming with a chilling anger. Giving a slight nod to Elizabeth, she exited the living room and took the call.

Judie's voice, dripping with sarcasm, came in loud and clear. "Emelia, look at the mess you've made. All those sweet endorsement deals I lined up for you are now knocking on our door, asking for compensation due to a breach of contract. What's the game plan?"

"Pass the phone to Jayson," Emelia commanded.

Jayson took the call with a slight delay after Judie's dramatic announcement.

"Emelia, just so we're clear, I didn't spill the beans, and the company's not about to play superhero for you. I've crunched the numbers for you. The ads, that TV series you were the star of, and the upcoming variety shows you signed up for—we're talking at least half a billion. With the size of this mess, the company's likely cutting ties. Plus, based on the original deal, you're on the hook for a cool billion."

As she listened to his calculations on the other side of the phone, Emelia clenched her teeth.

She had naively adhered to Jayson's directive, signing with the entertainment company without bothering to peruse the contract.

Now, it appeared that the Hewitt family aimed to leverage this incident to milk her dry of all her money.

She dared to wager that if she capitulated, even Kian might find himself entangled.

These exploiters desired a game, and she was prepared to engage until the very conclusion.