

N Destiny 711

Chapter 711

Anastasia passed the instructions to the nurse behind her, and the nurse went outside. Not long later, Elliot came in. He half knelt by the bed and leaned in toward Harriet. "I'm here, Grandma."

Harriet grabbed his hand and said, "Elliot, you have to take good care of Anastasia in the future. Never let her down." "I know. I love her more than I love myself. I'll use my life to protect her," Elliot swore. Anastasia pursed her lips, her eyes filling with tears as his voice pierced through her heart and deeply moved her.

"I have no regrets. You're the most capable and powerful person in our family, so you have to take care of Nigel and the others," Harriet continued.

"I will, Grandma. You should rest." Elliot reached out and gently caressed her gray hair.

However, Harriet didn't want to rest at all. She didn't have much time left in the first place, so she wanted to use her last moments to the best that she could and look at the people she was worried about the most.

"I wanted to see Jared, but with my current state, I don't think I should. I don't want to scare him." "Grandma, you won't scare Jared. I'll bring him over to see you!" Anastasia said in a choked voice.

Nevertheless, Harriet didn't want to scare the young child and shook her head resolutely. "I really don't want to scare him. Just tell him that I'm going to see his great-grandpa."

Elliot respected her wishes, knowing that it wasn't that she didn't love her grandson, but she loved him too much. Anastasia nodded in understanding as well. Just then, Harriet's breathing quickened, and Elliot hastily got up and called the doctor.

As Harriet needed to rest, everyone went to the lounge. Just as Anastasia sat down, someone kindly handed her a piece of tissue. When she looked up and saw that it was Sophia, she gave her a grateful look.

Not long later, Nigel arrived in a hurry, his eyes full of sadness as he sat next to Elliot. The two cousins looked at each other, neither of them saying a word. Then, Anastasia asked Sophia to go back first as they would stay in the hospital to accompany Harriet in her final moments. When it was time to pick up Jared in the afternoon, Elliot sent his bodyguards and asked Nigel to take him home while they stayed in the hospital.

At the same time, the other members of the Presgrave Family had also heard the news, and they felt like they could finally let out a huge sigh of relief. Finally, Harriet, who had the most influence, was leaving, and they thought the newly promoted Anastasia was much easier to deal with. All of them were waiting for Harriet to take her last breath, and at the same time, several elders were also sent to the hospital to pay her a visit. However, all of them were turned away by Elliot. As Harriet didn't have much time left, he hoped that the last people to stay by her side would not be the ones who were full of schemes, but only the ones who loved her.

That night was exceptionally long, and in the quiet hospital hallway, even the nurses kept their footsteps to the lightest. After Harriet slept, her condition continued to worsen, as if it was time for her candle to go out.

When it was almost dawn, she woke up, and Brenda held her hand while calling out softly, "Mom!"

It took a huge amount of energy for Harriet to speak, and she said in a hoarse voice, "The sun is up. It's time for me to go."

"Mom, don't go." Brenda couldn't help but burst into tears.

Elliot and Anastasia rushed in from outside as well. As they listened to the sound of Brenda weeping, Anastasia's red eyes filled with tears. Harriet seemed to be thinner and weaker.

"You're all here..." Harriet looked at the people around her, her eyes teary and reluctant, but she still closed her eyes without regret.

In the end, the hand that was holding her daughter's hand suddenly dropped limply.

In an instant, the whole room was full of cries from Brenda, Anastasia, and Jodie. Though the men suppressed their emotions, they felt equally sad on the inside. The hospital director stood by the bed in silence with the executives of the hospital, sending the noble Harriet off on her final journey.

In the morning, when Nigel sent Jared to school, he couldn't control himself in the end and teared up, his eyes red-rimmed. He said to the little fellow, "Jared, you must always remember what your great-grandma looks like, okay?"

Chapter 712

"What happened to Great-Grandma?" Jared asked with wide eyes.

"It's nothing. She just went somewhere very far away." After Nigel finished speaking, he kissed Jared on the forehead and said, "Off to the classroom you go."

Jared gave him a hug before he entered the classroom.

Subsequently, Nigel got up and let out a breath, then wiped away the tears from the corner of his eyes before he headed to the hospital.

In a villa, Lorelai's father, Liam Presgrave, breathed a sigh of relief. "She's finally gone. I've been waiting for this day for too long."

"Dad, even if Old Madam Presgrave is gone, Anastasia is not easy to deal with." Lorelai had personally experienced how powerful Anastasia was.

"What are you afraid of? She's an inexperienced young woman. She doesn't pose a threat to us." Liam chided with a look of disapproval before he continued happily, "In the future, we'll definitely be able to get our share in Presgrave Corporation. Maybe we can even get the chance to inherit the company with your help."

"Dad, how is it possible? How could we own the company?" "If you get pregnant with Elliot's child, it's possible."

I..." Lorelai's eyes turned disappointed. "He only has Anastasia in his heart now."

"Who said that there is only one way to get pregnant? | heard that Elliot has saved something in Presgrave Hospital from back then as a back up plan by Old Madam Presgrave."

A blush flushed across Lorelai's face. "Dad, do you mean | have to..."

"As long as you get pregnant with his seed in your stomach, he will have no choice but to acknowledge the child after it's born." Liam had already planned everything, but Harriet had to be dead for his plan to be implemented.

Lorelai's breathing quickened slightly. Did she really have to treat Elliot in such a despicable way? However, when she thought of the way Anastasia had threatened her earlier, she still felt furious. In her opinion, if her father hadn't stopped her, she would have returned home to chase after Elliot a long time ago. Then, he might've even fallen for her first as she had investigated that after Anastasia became pregnant with his child five years ago, there were no interactions between the two. It was Harriet who forced Elliot to marry her. At first, Elliot had rejected Anastasia. Therefore, she had always thought that she had just lost the opportunity, not that she was inferior to Anastasia.

"However, we're not the only ones who are eyeing Presgrave Corporation. Nolan is the same. He wants to gain more assets for his children and grandchildren. Hmph! In that case, let's have a showdown!"

Lorelai curled her lips into a smile. "They wouldn't be able to do something like what you'd just told me." "Of course. They're still related by blood, while we're not related to the Presgrave Family at all." "Dad, | won't let you down," Lorelai promised.

She had also discovered now that without a strong backing to support her, she would only live an ordinary life, and it was only if she had someone like Elliot backing her could she shine.

In the hospital, Elliot was busy handling the affairs of Harriet personally, while Brenda assisted him. Anastasia was sent to the lounge to rest, and Sophia had prepared some light snacks while waiting for her. "President Tillman, you haven't eaten yet, right? Why don't you have something to eat first?"

Sophia looked at Anastasia with a pained expression. Because of her grief, she looked like a different person from yesterday. Her eyes were red, her hair was slightly messy, and her skin was pale.

"I don't feel like eating. Take it away." Anastasia shook her head.

Sophia persuaded softly, "President Tillman, everyone is sad because of Old Madam Presgrave's passing, but you still have to cheer up and take care of others. We can't have you going down right now. You still have your children to take care of, and you have to help President Presgrave arrange the funeral. You need to eat."

Anastasia's emotions were very fragile at the moment, and she needed someone to get her out of her slump. Sophia's words undoubtedly gave her strength. She glanced at her gratefully and said, "Thank you, Sophia, you're right."

She couldn't let anything else happen to her and give everyone more trouble.

Chapter 713

After Anastasia finished the bowl of porridge, Elliot came in to accompany her. Not long later, she fell asleep under his consolation, and Sophia entered again to cover her with a blanket and stay by her side.

"Are you her new assistant?" Elliot didn't recognize Sophia. After all, there were too many people at the wedding. Sophia hurriedly got up and replied, "Yes, President Presgrave, my name is Sophia Goodwin."

"In that case, please take care of my wife and don't let anyone disturb her," Elliot instructed.

"Yes, sir," Sophia answered softly.

After Elliot left, Sophia patiently stayed by Anastasia's side while she slept. Meanwhile, her phone that had been put on silent mode rang, but she didn't notice that the contact name was Arthur's. Soon after, it rang again. In the blink of an eye, more than a dozen missed calls were displayed on the screen.

Sophia looked at Anastasia's haggard expression, feeling pained at the sight. Just then, a few nurses started talking at the door. She hurriedly got up and went out, whispering to them, "Mrs. Presgrave is resting. Please keep your voice down."

The nurses immediately jolted in surprise and hurriedly shut their mouths and left.

In Arthur's villa, an irritable figure was walking back and forth in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows. What was this? The bird that he set free had flown away from him? Why couldn't he contact Sophia? What was she trying to do? Did she think that he had set her free after what he said last time?

Unwilling to give up, he picked up his phone and continued to make another call, but he still received no answer. "Sh*t!" He instantly burst into fury and grabbed the car keys from the table, planning to head out.

However, as soon as he opened the door, he saw Martha walking over while chatting with a maid. He hurriedly concealed his irritation and stepped forward with a smile. "Grandma."

"You're going out?" "No, I'm heading downstairs to get a cup of coffee," Arthur replied as he helped her down the stairs.

"You should spend some time with Emily if you're free. It's boring for her to be alone, and you youngsters have more in common."

"I will."

"Don't go out today and have a chat with me. Later, come with me to get my clothes made. I heard that there's a good boutique here that specializes in making clothing for older women."

"Grandma, I'll ask them to come here and tailor your clothes for you."

"No need for that. It's a vintage boutique that tailors embroidered clothes, so you can't cause such a huge fuss." Martha only wanted to live an ordinary life.

“Sure, I’ll go with you.” How could he not?

In the afternoon, when Sophia finally thought of taking a look at her phone, she found that her phone had run out of power as she had carelessly forgotten to charge it last night. Hence, she could only take her phone to the nurse’s station to charge it, while she came back to the lounge and flipped through a book to pass time. However, she remained clueless to the fact that there were a few more missed calls on her phone, all of which were from an extremely angry man.

After Anastasia woke up, Sophia accompanied her to the funeral home. Harriet had instructed during her lifetime that she wanted

to be cremated, so the next step was the cremation process.

Elliot did not let her follow him in, so Anastasia stood outside in the garden and waited with Sophia’s company. As the wind blew, Anastasia’s tears flowed uncontrollably again. She felt bad for Elliot who was inside, and the fact that he had to face all this. At the same time, she couldn’t accept the fact that Harriet was forever gone.

Sophia stretched out her hand to hold hers and handed her a piece of tissue, not knowing how to comfort her.

Half an hour later, Brenda was helped out by her assistant, her face full of tears. Even if she was a strong woman, she still couldn’t accept her mother’s passing.

Anastasia took a deep breath and walked over, calling out, “Aunt Brenda.”

“Anastasia, you have to stay with Elliot tonight.” Brenda sighed. Now, he was the only one who was still inside to see Harriet off for one last time.

Anastasia nodded. “I will.”

After a while, Elliot emerged in the lobby, a black jar covered with a layer of black cloth in his arms. He was dressed in a black suit, his face full of mourning. His eyes were red as his entire person was shrouded in grief.

Chapter 714

When Anastasia walked over, Elliot forced a smile. "Come with me to send this over to be stored. I'll come and pick it up in three days."

Anastasia nodded lightly, and she turned to say to Sophia behind her, "Sophia, you can go back in my aunt's car first."

After Brenda called Sophia away, Anastasia accompanied Elliot and temporarily stored the urn. When the funeral was ready, they would send Harriet to her final resting place.

Meanwhile, Sophia remembered that her phone was still charging in the hospital halfway through the car ride, so she got out of Brenda's car and took a taxi directly to the hospital to pick it up. However, when she arrived, she found that a nurse had put away her phone, but the nurse had clocked off and the phone was kept in her locker, so she could only pick it up on the next day.

She sighed and called a taxi home. When she reached home, it was already half past six in the evening. She was deep in thought while walking in the direction of her house when she felt someone block her way all of a sudden.

"Wait a minute, please, Miss Sophia." She jolted in surprise and lifted her head to see a middle-aged man with a stern expression. "Who are you?" "Old Madam Weiss wants to see you," the man immediately replied.

Sophia immediately understood that the person he mentioned was Arthur's grandmother. She couldn't help but nervously ask, "Is Young Master Weiss there?"

"Old Madam Weiss is waiting for you. Please get in the car." The man did not answer her question, but opened the car door next to him in a threatening tone.

She took a deep breath, and could only follow him obediently. She had a hunch as to why Martha wanted to see her.

The car was driven toward a quiet coffee shop. In a private room, she saw a luxurious old lady basked under the light. The lady was kind and regal, making one afraid to act presumptuously in front of her.

“Hello, Old Madam Weiss, I’m Sophia.” She stood before the lady with her heart in her throat.

Martha raised her head and looked up and down at the girl in front of her. The girl was in her early twenties, and her body was as clean as a piece of paper. Her face was pure and pleasant to look at, and she had a bright yet quiet aura. Sure enough, her grandson had a good eye. This girl was indeed a little different. Under Martha’s gaze, Sophia could only hold her breath, not daring to look around, and at the same time, she was extremely nervous.

“Relax, child, I’m not a bad person. I’m Arthur’s grandmother.” Martha flashed a tender smile. Sophia raised her head, as if the atmosphere had immediately become a little friendlier with Martha’s smile.

“Have a seat. Let’s chat for a bit.” Martha gracefully held her teacup and said, “I heard that you’re close with my grandson. Please forgive me for meeting you in this way.”

“Not at all. I hope you forgive me for any shortcomings that I have,” Sophia hurriedly replied.

“Are you familiar with my family?” Martha asked.

Sophia shook her head. “Young Master Weiss has never told me about your family.”

However, she knew that they were not just anyone.

“You look like a good girl at first glance. With your terms, you can marry a husband with a good family background in the future. You can support him with all your heart and give birth to his children. That in itself is a blissful life to lead.”

Sophia was a little dazed. She didn't understand what Martha meant.

Martha could tell that she didn't understand what she meant either. She sighed slightly and said, "In this world, we have to follow certain rules. If you don't have the ability to take off on your own, you have to control your desires and try not to touch people or things that you can't handle. Otherwise, it is very likely that you will break into pieces and hurt yourself."

At last, Sophia understood her words. There was a pang in her heart as she pursed her lips and said, "Don't worry, Old Madam Weiss, I'm self-aware. I won't disrupt your grandson's life."

However, Martha was slightly surprised. She didn't expect Sophia to understand what she meant so quickly. "In that case, do you know what you should do?"

Sophia pursed her red lips and nodded. "I know. I'll leave him."

Chapter 715

"On second thought, let me make things clear. I have a candidate for Arthur's wife, and you are just a temporary passerby who appeared by his side. You have your life to live, and he has his life to spend. I want you to leave his side completely. Can you do it?"

Sophia narrowed her beautiful eyes slightly and murmured to the old lady opposite her, "Can't we part as friends?"

"My grandson has already become interested in you. I know his personality best. If he decides on something, he will only get rid of it once he's tired or disgusted with it. You don't have to hold back, and you can hurt him however you want, but I just want to cut off his interest in you. Do you understand what I mean?" Martha asked calmly.

Sophia's mind floundered. She had to leave him in a way that hurt him? Did it have to be like this? The first time she met Arthur flashed quickly in her mind. The more she thought about it, the more she couldn't bring herself to do it.

“I hope that you really are self-aware and know when to stop.” Martha didn’t give her room to hesitate.

Although Sophia didn’t figure out her feelings, she could only listen to Martha. She nodded. “Okay, I will. I’ll cut off everything with Young Master Weiss.”

“If you can make my grandson completely lose interest in you within three days, I’ll give you a gift as compensation,” Martha offered.

Sophia hurriedly waved her hand and refused, “No, no, I don’t need any compensation, Old Madam Weiss. Please rest assured, I’ll do as you say and not cause you any trouble.”

Saying that, she stood up and bowed to Martha before picking up her bag and running out quickly. After leaving the coffee shop, she did not ask anyone to send her back and walked in the direction of the main street. Even the noisy flow of people around her couldn’t disrupt her thoughts at the moment. She didn’t know that she was going to have to use this method to cut off ties with Arthur.

After walking for a while, Sophia raised her head and saw that her house was nearby. When she entered her house, she heard her father’s angry voice coming from the living room. “Get out. You’re not welcome here.”

“Drake, I’m sorry. I came here to apologize to you. I really didn’t mean to betray you.”

“You didn’t mean to? The day before, you knew that I was paying my debts, yet you reported me for taking bribes. I thought of you as my friend, but you set me up!”

“I’m sorry, Drake! If I had another choice, I would never be so ruthless and unrighteous. You were the one who gave me everything I have now!”

“What’s this? Are you gonna tell me someone threatened you with a knife and forced you to do this?” Drake’s voice got even louder.

“Yes, that’s exactly what happened. It was a young man. That night, his bodyguard kidnapped me into a car and used a knife to force me to set you up.”

“What? Who?” Drake demanded loudly.

“He’s the current owner of your company. | only heard someone refer to him as Young Master Weiss. He’s a terrifying man, almost like a demon.”

Sophia stood at the entrance of the living room, listening to their conversation in disbelief. It was true that her father’s company was acquired by Arthur, but did he also do such a despicable thing behind the scenes and make someone frame her father?

“I’m sorry, Drake, | really am. He chased me out of the company now, and | regret it so badly. | shouldn’t have betrayed you.” Sophia walked into the living room and looked at the regretful man next to her father’s chair, asking calmly, “Mr. Grayson, did someone really put a knife to your neck and make you betray my father?”

“Yeah! He nearly sliced my neck. If | didn’t do this, | would’ve died a long time ago,” Aaron Grayson said huffily.

“What else did he say?”

“He said that as long as | help him complete the acquisition plan, he’ll reward me well. He clearly wants to send your father to his grave.”

Drake looked at Sophia and sighed. “Forget it! If the company is gone, so be it! You should leave too!”

Chapter 716

After another bout of apologies, Aaron left.

Sophia was extremely conflicted. Arthur had acquired her father’s company through despicable means, even sending him to the

police and giving him a debt of one billion. Did her family still have to be grateful to him just because he kindly repaid the debt for her father? He was the cause of the trouble and also the solution to it; her family was innocent in all this. Was all of this because

she accidentally picked up his family heirloom and lost it?

“Sophia, stay away from Mr. Weiss. You shouldn't get involved with a man like him, understand? It might cost you your life,” Drake warned his daughter somberly.

“I will, Dad,” she promised.

“From a glance, I can tell that he's a spoiled child from a rich family who's used to doing whatever he wants without caring about anything.” The more Drake thought about it, the angrier he felt, and he had no affection for Arthur at all.

Sophia went upstairs and sprawled out on her bed, her heart feeling inexplicably heavy. Meanwhile, in a cabinet, the screen of her silenced phone repeatedly lit up with unanswered calls from a certain someone.

After dialing one last time, Arthur couldn't control his temper and threw his phone on the couch beside him before it fell on the carpet with a pitiful thud. “Damn it, why isn't she answering?”

When Elliot returned to the Presgrave Residence at night, Anastasia sat with him on the couch in the living room. “If you're scared, let's go home,” he said to her.

She shook her head. “Grandma loves us so much. Even if she is on the other side, she'll definitely still love us.” He kissed her hair. “You're right.”

However, Elliot took her back to the villa a little later in the end. When Anastasia woke up after a good night's sleep, she found that the man next to her was gone, and she got up after putting on a jacket. In the living room, Elliot was drinking alone on the couch. There were several extinguished cigarette butts in the ashtray next to him. Anastasia felt sorry for him, but couldn't find the words to comfort him. After all, his love for his grandmother was stronger than mere family affection.

She went downstairs and held onto the tipsy man. "Let's go back to the room and sleep."

All of a sudden, Elliot hugged her. The man, who hadn't cried in front of anyone from start to end, buried his head in her hair as a stream of tears slipped from his red eyes. Anastasia patted him on the shoulder and hugged him tightly. That night, this man who was usually strong and powerful was at his most vulnerable.

Half an hour later, he nodded off while in her embrace after losing sleep for nearly two nights. When she combed through her hair, she noticed that it was slightly damp, and she felt even more pained as she looked at the man in her arms.

Early in the morning at the Goodwin Residence, Sophia had gone to work when a black SUV stopped at the entrance around ten o'clock. The man who stepped out of the car had a handsome yet cold face, and he was donned completely in black, making him look extremely unapproachable.

Emma was watering in the garden when she saw the person outside the entrance. She walked over and opened the small gate, and asked him unceremoniously, "Can I help you, Mr. Weiss?"

However, Arthur was polite as he asked, "Hello, Mrs. Goodwin. Is Sophia at home?"

"Sophia won't be seeing you in the future. You should leave!" Emma was nearly going to lose her temper. After learning the truth about her husband's bankruptcy the previous night, she was so angry that she could barely sleep.

"Why?" Arthur slightly furrowed his beautiful eyebrows. Did he make her angry?

"Close the gate, Emma. And what did he say?" Drake's voice sounded from behind.

Emma reached out and shut the small gate of the villa, saying to him through the bars, "Don't come looking for my daughter in the future. I'll make her stay away from you."

Arthur fell silent at her words.

As Drake's leg was not completely healed yet, he only stood by the door and didn't go over to them as he asked his wife to come back instead.

"Mrs. Goodwin, can you please tell me what happened to Sophia?"

Emma was just about to leave, but when she saw that Arthur was still asking questions, she turned around with a sneer. "I'm telling you, young man, you shouldn't be too cruel and despicable when you're doing things. One day, you'll be put in your place."

Chapter 717

"I don't quite understand what you're saying, Mrs. Goodwin," Arthur said. He was someone who had to get his answers.

"You should know well why my husband's company went bankrupt, and what methods you used to threaten the people around him to betray him and set him up! You made my husband owe the bank one billion, but even if you repaid the debt for us, we won't be grateful to you. Just leave! You're still young, so why are you so cruel?" After Emma finished speaking, she turned around and left.

Outside the door, Arthur's face stiffened as he remembered what he did to acquire the company. It was true that the theft of his family heirloom had pushed him into putting a knife on Drake's partner and threatening him to set up a trap for Drake to fall into, making him lose his company and even owe the bank one billion.

Arthur was never one to regret his actions, but for this matter, he did regret a little. If Drake and Emma knew about this, did their daughter know as well? If she did, was it the reason why she hadn't answered his calls?

In the hospital, Sophia had just taken her phone from the nurse. As soon as she turned on the screen, twenty-eight missed calls appeared in her notifications.

She couldn't help but feel surprised and quickly clicked in to see who had called, only to find out that it was all from Arthur. Was this guy crazy? Why did he call her so many times? Just as she was thinking that, her cell phone rang again with another call from him.

Sophia's hand jolted, causing her to nearly drop her phone. Fortunately, she scooped it back into her arms and asked huffily, "Why do you keep calling me?!"

The man on the other end coughed slightly before asking, "Where are you?"

"I'm at work."

"You're working?"

"Yes, I'm working now. If you don't need anything in the future, don't come looking for me," Sophia said righteously. "I only gave you a short holiday. I didn't allow you to completely leave my side," Arthur grumbled unhappily.

"I don't think I've signed a contract to sell myself off to you! I didn't put my fingerprint on anything either. I have my own freedom, and you don't have the right to interfere," Sophia rebuked sharply, her back straightening as she spoke.

Her guilt of losing his heirloom disappeared because of what he had done to her father. If she lost it, then so be it. If he wanted her to pay for it, she had nothing of value to compensate him, only her own life.

"Let's meet!" Arthur suggested, not wanting to argue with her over the phone.

Unexpectedly, Sophia agreed readily. "Fine. I'll be waiting for you at the cafe next to Presgrave Corporation." She even decided on the venue.

"All right." Arthur was clearly taken aback.

Sophia took a taxi back to Presgrave Corporation and walked to a high-end cafe next to it. She kept cheering herself up and thought about many things. In particular, Martha's words clung to her mind like a magic spell, telling her to leave Arthur, and that even if she hurt him, she had to leave him.

She was just dazing away, immersed in her own thoughts, when she felt someone coming over. She raised her head and saw the man who had just come in from outside appearing in her sight, his handsome figure silhouetted by the light. She felt her heart beat faster uncontrollably, and all of the women around them had their gazes and hearts stolen away by the man as well.

Arthur saw the girl sitting in a corner at the back instantly. He strode over elegantly, and as he sat down on the couch, he crossed his long legs as if it was the most natural thing ever. When the waiter came over, he casually asked for a cup of iced Americano. Sophia glared at him, her eyes no longer as timid and obedient toward him as before.

“Let me ask you. Did you use any dirty methods to take my dad’s company away?” She immediately interrogated him.

Arthur nodded. “Yes, | did pull some strings, but that was because...”

“You don’t have to explain; | don’t want to listen.” Sophia pretended to be irritated. “What’s done has already been done.”

A flash of surprise passed through Arthur’s eyes. This girl is a little different today, he thought.

After his coffee was served, he picked up the cup and took a sip before saying in a low voice, “Then, how do you want me to pay your family back? Tell me, and I’ll do it.”

Chapter 718

Sophia’s beautiful eyes narrowed. This man was admitting his mistake? It was her first time hearing that from him!

“My family and | don’t need your compensation.” Saying that, Sophia tightened her grip around her cup and bit her lip before continuing, “Also, | have something to confess, because | lied to you.”

Arthur raised his eyebrows curiously. "What is it?" Sophia took a deep breath and fixed her eyes on the man opposite her. "I lost your family heirloom, and | can never get it back."

Arthur paused in surprise for a few seconds, while she lowered her head and waited for him to burst out in anger. She had prepared herself to bear his fury.

"How did you lose it?" Unexpectedly, he only asked her a question calmly. Sophia raised her head in shock. "Aren't you going to scold me?" Arthur smirked. "Do you want me to?"

"| thought you'd scold me. After all, it is your family heirloom, and it's priceless." Sophia blinked. "I didn't mean to lose it. When | saw my dad being arrested and thrown into jail, | lost it while hurrying back. Before that, I'd been wearing it the entire time."

Arthur's eyes suddenly narrowed. "You were wearing it?"

When Sophia heard this, she thought he was a germaphobe and hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry, | didn't wear it on purpose, but | knew it was very precious, so | didn't dare to leave it in the hotel in case | lost it. That's why | kept wearing it and hiding it under my collar. It was fine until | came back home."

"| didn't say you couldn't wear it," Arthur said in a low voice. When he had inherited the necklace, she was the only other person except for him who had worn it, and Martha had said that the second person to wear the family heirloom could only be his future wife. That was why he was so surprised when he found out that this woman had worn it.

"| know | shouldn't lie to you. When | said that | wanted to work for you for a year, it was just a half measure. | was afraid you'd send my dad to jail again, so | thought that | could stay by your side for a year, then..." At this point, Sophia's pretty face turned red uncontrollably.

Her original plan was pretty despicable in its own way for trying to make him fall in love with her and forgive her for losing his family heirloom. Now that she thought about it, it was unfair to him as well.

"Then what?" As he looked at her hesitant expression on her flushed face, he was extremely curious about what she had to say next.

Sophia had always been honest since she was a child, so she didn't think much. She took a deep breath and looked up at him, saying, "Promise not to laugh at me."

"Okay, I won't laugh." When Arthur looked at her serious expression as she said this, he already felt like laughing. How could she make an apology so interesting?

Sophia blew a few stray strands of hair on her forehead before slowly saying, "This is what I had planned. I was thinking that since you couldn't get your necklace back, then I'll... I'll stay by your side a little longer and see if you would fall in love with me... If you fell for me and I told you that I lost your family heirloom, you might forgive me, so... I was going to seduce you..."

Arthur was just about to take an elegant sip of his coffee when he nearly choked on his drink. He clutched his chest and coughed.

Sophia blinked before saying with a red face, "You can't laugh!"

Not only did Arthur feel like laughing, but he wanted to scold her too. This brat barely followed her plan! From the start to the end, when did she ever seduce him?

"Then?" he rearranged his expression and asked.

"Then, I found out that it's impossible to make you fall in love with me," Sophia concluded.

However, Arthur disagreed. Even if she didn't follow her plan, he had already started to like her a little. Otherwise, when he heard about the loss of his family heirloom, he would've definitely been furious and wanted to beat her up.

"Sophia, nothing is impossible in this world. As long as you try, many things can be possible." Arthur hinted at her with his words.

However, Sophia didn't understand Arthur's words and asked, "If you lost your family heirloom, will your grandmother scold you?" "Yes," he replied truthfully.

"In that case, I'll go and apologize to her with you. I was the one who lost it; it has nothing to do with you," Sophia hurriedly offered.

Arthur was truly speechless by her actions. Just a while ago, she was interrogating him about her father's issue, but she was now worried about him.

"Forget it, I'll deal with it myself," he refused, his brows slightly furrowed.

As she recalled Martha's words, her beautiful eyes brightened as she came up with another idea. "Since I lost your family heirloom and you bought my father's company, we're even now, and neither of us owes the other anything. Let's end things here! You can live your life, and I'll focus on my work. We don't have to meet again."

She wanted to cut off all ties with him.

After she finished speaking, she picked up her bag and made to leave, but as she walked past him, a large hand suddenly grabbed her wrist, and a cold voice sounded. "Sophia, before I get my family heirloom back, we can't call it quits."

Sophia looked at the huge hand that was holding hers tightly before lifting her gaze back to him. "What do you want?" "I can give your father's company back to him, but you have to look for my family heirloom with me." "What?"

"I don't care about your dad's company. I'll return it to him today, but you're not allowed to go anywhere until the heirloom is returned to me." Arthur stood up, his figure tall and oppressing.

"Only when we find it will I let you go," he said bossily with his seductive lips. Sophia violently retracted her hand. "What if we never find it? Do you want me to stay by your side forever?" Arthur's lips curled into a smile. "Then you have to try your best to help me find it."

"It's impossible to get it back. I don't know which corner of the world it's in, or if someone picked it up." Sophia was desperate as she concluded that she couldn't find it again.

"Then, I'll give you a second option. You can continue your plan to seduce me and make me fall for you, and I might forgive you," Arthur suggested helpfully.

Sophia was not a fool, though. She asked, "If you fall for me, will you let me leave?" Arthur rebuked, "By then, would you still want to leave?"

"Of course. I'm not going to fall for you," Sophia replied without even thinking.

All of a sudden, his expression darkened. "Sophia, am I unworthy of you?"

She pursed her lips and held back her laughter as she said, "No, I'm the one who's unworthy of you. You're a rich and noble young master of a wealthy family, and I'm just an ordinary girl. We're too different, and I'm unworthy of you. Are you happy now?"

Why did her words sound so harsh to him?

"In any case, Sophia, as long as my heirloom isn't in my hands, you can't leave me. Got it?" Arthur continued to pressure her. "Fine. I'm going to work now." Saying that, Sophia turned around and left quickly.

Arthur watched her leave, feeling powerless. He felt that he couldn't manipulate this woman anymore.

Just then, a sultry woman next to him asked boldly, "Hey, handsome, did your girlfriend ditch you? It's all right, I can be your girlfriend!"

Arthur's eyes swept over her coldly before he left, while the woman was immediately rendered speechless, intimidated by his gaze.

When Sophia went to work, Arthur just so happened to spot her entering Presgrave Corporation. So, she's working at Presgrave Corporation?

When he got into the car, he suddenly received a call. All at once, his expression turned solemn, and he reached out and dialed Elliot's number.

"Hello? Artie?"

"Elliot, I'm sorry for your loss."

"Yeah."

"When is the funeral? I'll definitely be there." "Sure. I'll let you know."

Of course, Arthur knew about Elliot's close relationship with his grandmother. After all, he had grown up under his grandmother's care.

Chapter 720

All of a sudden, Arthur had the urge to seize the moment to do what he wanted and chase after the person he liked. If not, he was afraid that he would run out of time to get her in his hands. He turned his gaze toward Presgrave Corporation again as he fell into deep thought.

Three days later, the news of Harriet's death was published in the papers, causing an uproar in the upper society. At the same time, the media turned their attention to the newly appointed Mrs. Presgrave, Anastasia, who would soon become the most powerful woman in the Presgrave Family.

Harriet's funeral was also under preparation. Elliot handled everything and hardly slept, while Anastasia did not go to the company and prepared for the funeral with him. Harriet had instructed during her lifetime not to make her funeral a big deal. She just hoped that on the day she was buried in the ground, the members of the Presgrave Family and several of her friends would come to see her off.

That day, Jared finally came back from Nigel's house. The moment he arrived home, he instantly asked Anastasia, "Mommy, Uncle Nigel said Great-Grandma went somewhere very far away, and that I can't see her anymore."

Anastasia pulled him into her arms and said gently, "Then, you have to miss her, all right?" "I will. What about phone calls? Can I call her?"

Anastasia's eyes suddenly turned red, and she couldn't stop her tears from falling. She hugged her son and said, "Jared, Great-Grandma has left us. Let's keep her in our hearts, and in a few days, we'll go and visit her together, all right?"

Jared wiped the tears from his mother's eyes sensibly, as if he understood where Harriet had gone. He consoled, "Mommy, did Great-Grandma pass away? You don't have to hide it from me. I'm not scared."

As Anastasia looked at her son's resolute gaze, she hugged him in relief and nodded softly. "Yes, your great-grandma has gone to heaven. You can miss her."

"I'll miss her."

Just then, a figure appeared at the doorway as Elliot walked inside. He had heard everything, and he wanted his son to know about Harriet's death as well.

"Daddy." The young boy jumped into his father's arms, his large eyes turning red as if he understood what it meant to lose a loved one.

Elliot hugged him and gave him a kiss. "Good boy."

When Anastasia came over, Elliot stretched out a hand. Looking at her husband who had not slept for several days, she walked over to hug him, feeling pained. Just like that, the family of three embraced each other tightly in the large living room.

At the Goodwin Residence's entrance, three black SUVs came to a stop, and Arthur walked over with several senior executives of Goodwin Corporation behind him.

Drake looked at the young man in surprise before he asked in a cold voice, “Mr. Weiss, what is the meaning of this?”

“Mr. Goodwin, I apologize for everything I’ve done to you. I acquired your company out of malicious intent, but now, I’ll hand your shares back to you. Please take over your company again.” Arthur’s tone was different, as if he had turned into another person, and he even spoke respectfully to Drake.

Drake was instantly shocked to his core. What was this young man planning? First, he bought his company, but now he was giving it back. The process was extremely complicated, but he was returning it to him just because he said so?

“Mr. Weiss, please don’t humiliate me anymore. Just take the company if you want it! But I’m warning you, stop pestering my daughter,” Drake warned. “Sophia and I are friends.” Arthur started seriously, then turned his head and glanced at the few executives. “All of you, talk to Mr.

Goodwin!”

These men were all Drake’s previous subordinates, and they immediately came to persuade him to take over the company’s affairs.

“President Goodwin, the company can’t live without you! It’s a good thing that Young Master Weiss has returned the company’s shares to you!”

“That’s right! President Goodwin, you’re still so young. You should think of your wife and daughter’s future!” “The company is doing well. We’re just waiting for you to come back and lead us to more wealth and success!”

Of course, Drake wanted to get his company back—it was his life’s work, after all. He walked outside toward the yard, only to see Arthur standing next to the pond with a hand in his pocket, admiring the goldfish in it leisurely.

