

Too Far 491

[Chapter 491-500](#)

Early morning the next day, Alex secretly made an appointment with Naomi and Erica. After they had all arrived in the private room of the appointed restaurant, he began to tell them in detail about the plan Hayley had told him last night. Erica was fairly startled as she listened to his words, but Naomi was surprisingly calm as she sat there.

“Alex, do you have the confidence to do this?”

“Of course, the two of you will have to lend a hand in this.” He didn’t want to be the only one who was responsible for it.

Erica, however, was still too timid to do something that would harm her father. She muttered in a small voice, “Mom... Dad—”

Naomi immediately cut her off as she threw a glance at her daughter. “You call him your Dad, but has he ever thought of you as his daughter?”

Alex chimed in too, “Erica, your mother is right. President Tillman only has eyes for Anastasia. The will shall take effect immediately if you don’t act now. It is still not too late to alter the will. You won’t be getting anything otherwise.”

Upon hearing that, Erica was instantly filled with resentment for Francis. She clenched her jaw before she finally said, “Okay. I agree with your plan.”

Naomi and Alex continued chatting into the afternoon before he finally left. They decided to first have Francis killed, then secretly change his will. They would be bribing lawyers along the way and have the company divided into three equal parts, Naomi and Erica would each hold one part of it, whereas Anastasia would have the other one. This would make the mother and daughter own more than 60% of the company’s equity, which meant that they would have absolute right of execution over the company.

Naomi and Erica continued to stay at the restaurant after Alex left. Erica’s hands were shaking ever-so-slightly, as she felt uneasy about the plan.

Naomi suddenly took her daughter’s hand and stared at her calmly. “Erica, are you afraid?”

“Mom, does Dad really...have to die?” There was fear written all over Erica’s face at that point.

Naomi felt that it was time to tell her something, or else her daughter would not be able to carry on with the plan calmly.

“Erica, Mom has something to tell you. You won’t be scared anymore after this,” Naomi reassured her.

“What is it?”

“It is about your birth. Francis is not your biological father. You are the child born to me and another man.” Naomi felt no need to continue hiding her secret.

Erica's head immediately went blank as she heard the shocking news. "What?! Mom, how can I not be Dad's daughter? Didn't Dad have a DNA test when you brought me to the house? Did he not doubt me at all?"

Chapter 492

"Of course Francis did. I drew blood from you in front of him to do the DNA test, but I exchanged a container of Anastasia's blood with yours. That is why Francis has had no doubts for so many years."

Erica clutched her chest after hearing her mother's confession. This secret was too shocking even to her.

"Who is my biological father then?" she couldn't help but ask.

"You don't have to care about who he is. He's just a piece of trash who is still rolling in poverty!" Naomi spat contemptuously. "We must do this if we want to live a good life for the rest of our lives."

As Naomi had expected, Anastasia started feeling a lot better after that. It turned out that the man she had called "Dad" for over 20 years was not her biological father.

"You can't just call him Dad for so many years for nothing. We must get the share we deserve." Naomi's eyes were filled with determination to win.

Erica was also afraid of losing status and wealth during the remainder of her life. She was just like her mother at this very moment—she wanted a share of Francis' property. Francis might very well chase her out of the Tillmans' if he were to find out her identity one day.

Instead of letting something like that happen, Erica would rather Alex join hands with her mother and make Francis leave the world unknowingly.

Francis was currently playing card games with a few of his good friends during the festive season. He had no idea that his wife and daughter had come together with his most trusted man in a plot to harm him.

It was finally New Year's Eve after the people spent weeks anticipating it.

Elliot and Anastasia had already arrived at the Presgrave Residence around 10 AM.

Elliot was naturally not keen on telling the truth behind Jared's injury when Harriet noticed Jared's injured leg. He even made up a reason, which didn't go unnoticed by the older woman's hawk-like eyes. However, she didn't press on to know the truth. All that was important to her was that her grandson was safe.

Immediately afterward, she got good news from Jared that Elliot and Anastasia were getting engaged.

The news made Harriet so worked up that her eyes were wet with tears. This truly was something that made her happy. It was also something she had been looking forward to for so many years!

Anastasia was walking toward the study room from outside when she heard Harriet's voice coming from the opened door of the room.

"Wonderful! This is great, Elliot. You have to treat both Anastasia and Jared well after she becomes your wife."

Upon hearing that, Anastasia came to a halt before she heard Harriet's voice rang out again. "Thank God my wish for the Tillmans and the Presgraves to become a family has been fulfilled. I will make sure to give my gratitude to Officer Amelia if I were to die someday."

Anastasia's chest seemed to clench at that. She could tell that Harriet was truly grateful to her mother for saving one of the Presgraves.

Chapter 493

"Grandma, I promise to treat them well for the rest of my life," Elliot reassured Harriet. At that, the latter said in an earnest tone, "You must not force Anastasia if she is unwilling to give birth again in the future. You can always train Jared to be your successor."

"It is all up to her to decide. She can have another child if she wants, but I won't pressure her into anything if she doesn't. To me, Jared is my son."

"Okay. I like him very much as well. He is exactly the same as you were when you were young. This is all God's will." Harriet sighed at that.

Anastasia was hit by a myriad of emotions when she heard the conversation. Even she wasn't sure if she wanted to have a child with Elliot.

In fact, she should give birth to a Presgrave if she loved him.

At that point, Anastasia decided to stop trying to make sense of the mess in her head and heart for now. It only confused her more without solving anything.

Instead of going in and interrupting the chat between the grandparent and her grandson, Anastasia went to the garden, where her son had been having fun by himself. Harriet even spent money to build him an outdoor playground that was equipped with an air conditioner. The young boy continued to play in that cozy space.

This was a very thoughtful gesture on Harriet's part. Anastasia deeply felt that she and her son were being pampered by the Presgrave Family.

The tide at a faraway beach was starting to come in when evening came and as night fell, the lights of the city seemed to illuminate the whole place as though it was still morning.

The Presgraves had a feast for their dinner. As Elliot sat beside Jared, he made sure to spoon more food onto the young boy's plate.

Harriet was secretly happy when she saw what was going on. Anastasia, too, quietly saved this scene of Elliot showing his love into her memory.

"Young Master Tillman, I will add some rice to your plate," one of the servants standing aside respectfully said to Jared.

She even seemed like she was treating him like a precious young master of the Presgraves.

Anastasia's heart skipped a beat at that, but the little boy proceeded to announce out loud politely, "I can do it myself, Madam."

His one sentence was enough to show how well he had been educated at home to be so polite. He was a child that everyone, the servants included, would easily fall in love with.

After they were done with the meal, Anastasia brought Jared to the second floor for a video call with Francis. The man was waving a present in his hand as he said to the boy, "Jared, your grandpa prepared a present for you."

"Thank you Grandpa!"

The man then turned to his daughter. "Anastasia, are you bringing Jared home for lunch tomorrow?"

"Yes," she briefly replied with a nod. It was normal to pay visits to relatives after Christmas.

She hung up the call after their conversation ended. As she turned around, she was greeted by the sight of Elliot walking toward her. He gave off a homely vibe in his gray sweater and a pair of dark-colored slacks.

He, too, had four presents in his hands. Looking at Jared, he walked over and gave him two of them. "These are for you."

Chapter 494

"Thank you, Mr. Presgrave." The child was ecstatic as he took the presents from Elliot. He then waved at the adults. "Mommy, I will be going back to my room now!"

Anastasia couldn't help but lift her gaze at the man. "Oh—you didn't have to give him two. Just one is more than enough."

"Those were from Grandma and I respectively," Elliot replied in a low voice. He swiftly reached out to pass Anastasia the other two. "And these are also from Grandma and I to you."

"For me?" She blankly blinked at him. She wasn't even a child who needed a present!

Elliot quickly came up with an excuse to give the presents to her then. "This is our family's tradition. We always give out presents to guests who come to visit during Christmas."

And so, Anastasia had no other choice but to take them. The man, however, continued to encourage her to open up her presents. "Open them and have a look."

She shook it around a few times. The contents were so light it didn't seem like there would be much in it. She was starting to get curious when she noticed the mirth in his gaze. She finally tore the present wrapping open, only for a piece of black credit card to slide right out.

"This one is from me," Elliot told her with a smile on his face as he rested his chin on his arm.

Anastasia was slightly startled holding the card in one hand. "You are giving me a card?"

"It is a card that does not have a limit. You can use it as you like." His sharp eyebrows raised slightly, his eyes full of love for her.

These were probably the words any woman loved hearing the most. Anastasia, too, couldn't hide the smile on her face as she moved on to the next present. "Is this one from Grandma?" she asked.

“Open it and see.”

Elliot was curious as to what Harriet prepared as well. The elderly woman hadn't told her a thing, after all.

Anastasia opened the present, and when she poured the contents of the present, a strange card that looked like an access card fell out.

“What is this?” she asked.

Elliot glanced at it before he replied with a smile, “The access card to Cloud Residence No. 1's top floor loft unit.”

She was startled again after hearing his words. If her memory served her correctly, she had somehow come across the insane price of a unit at Cloud Residence No. 1. She also saw how the price of the big loft had been raised to about 100 million.

And the access card to such a place was in her hand right this moment.

“I-I can't accept it!” Anastasia wouldn't reject the black card from her future husband, but Harriet's present was too expensive for her to accept.

“Why not? Everything the Presgraves have will belong to you in the future.” Elliot then added, “I remember telling you before about a top private kindergarten in the area. The security measures are top-notch, and their education system is also the best internationally. Grandma cares about both your safety and Jared's education.”

Chapter 495

Upon hearing that, Anastasia could feel a gush of warmth in her chest. The loft might be expensive, but what was more valuable and heartwarming to her was Harriet's kindness and sincerity toward Anastasia and her son.

Hence, Anastasia had no choice but to accept it as well. She then took the black card again and took a look, and her red lips curled into a smile. “I am finally a rich lady,” she cheered.

The man instantly corrected her, “You mean you are my lady.”

Upon hearing that, Anastasia bashfully chewed on her red lip. “Not yet!”

The man had come to sit beside her at some point. He wrapped his long arms around her as he muttered, “It will be soon.” After saying that, he pressed his thin lips to her forehead. “I can't wait to announce this.”

She started to count the days then. It appeared there were only 15 days left before she was officially his fiancée.

It all still felt like a dream to her.

Anastasia had only returned to the country with Jared then to live a quiet life where she would steadily earn money to raise the child. She had only planned to keep her focus on her career and her child. However, she somehow managed to gain a husband within a year of coming back here.

Come to think of it, she and Elliot had only been together for only about a year.

Back at the Tillman Residence, Erica started treating Francis like he was a stranger after she found out the truth of her birth.

Chapter 496

She would try her best to not call him 'Dad'. Her eyes when she looked at him were those of an outsider's.

Francis was sitting on the sofa when he noticed Erica all dressed up and ready to leave. Out of concern, he asked, "Erica, where are you going so late at night."

"I... I am heading out."

"It's too late. It is not safe for a girl like you to go out by yourself. Why don't you just stay at home and take a rest?"

"I have an appointment with a friend," she muttered with her head low before she left.

"This daughter of ours is getting more and more stubborn!" Francis sighed as he shook his head. When Naomi heard that, she smoothly hugged him around his neck from behind and said, "Don't bother with her, my dear. She is an adult now. You can't make her decisions for her."

He turned and threw a glance at his wife briefly before she sat down with him. "Francis," she started. "Anastasia is getting engaged soon. What do you think we should give her as a present?"

Francis had given a proper thought about what dowry he could give before. After thinking about it for a moment, he told Naomi, "I am not sure what she doesn't have. Let me ask her. We will give her anything she doesn't already have!"

Naomi's face turned sour then. She was starting to magnify all the good ways Francis was treating Anastasia. It even seemed to her as though Francis couldn't wait to give out all the money he had if he could.

"Would you give her the company as a dowry if she wanted it?"

He momentarily froze at her words. "Anastasia is the one who will take over my company anyway!"

"How about Erica, then? Are you going to give her the company too if that is what she wants?" Naomi tried probing.

"But Erica doesn't have a spouse yet!"

She was getting madder by the second. She eventually stood up and as she was walking away, she turned to look at Francis for a short second, the murderous intent evident on her face.

It suddenly felt like Naomi was cold-hearted enough to do anything then. Francis was the one who forced her to the point of no return. She and her daughter would really not have any share of the company if she didn't do something about it.

Chapter 497

She went upstairs and took a bottle of pills from the corner of a cabinet. She then poured the content into a bottle of antihypertensive pills that Francis now had to take one pill daily.

The newly added pills would not immediately cause death. What it would do was trigger Francis' ailment by increasing his blood pressure and causing him to have heart problems. It could easily lead to a heart-attack-induced accident.

This would be a murder without a weapon. Francis only had himself to blame for this.

After she had poured the pills into the container, she sent Alex a message, 'I have switched out the pills. We will let him take it consistently for a few days, and you can find a chance to take him somewhere far before we execute our plan.'

Alex's reply came soon after. 'Got it. Thank you, Naomi.'

Francis took a pill before he slept that night, and Naomi coldly watched him do it.

Erica was staying over at Alex's place for the night. Her mother had reminded her to not tell Alex regarding her birth, which was why she had to keep it to herself despite how there were no secrets between her and Alex.

"Erica, my plan with your mom is about to begin. You can't start panicking when the time comes," he reminded her. She was the one among the three of them that he was most worried would freak out.

Alex didn't know that Erica had already treated Francis like a stranger that had no ties to her at some point.

She replied in a cold voice, "Don't worry. You and Mom can go ahead as planned. I won't get in the way. I don't care if my dad lives or dies."

Hearing that, Alex began to muse about how Naomi had managed to raise her daughter to be as cruel as she was.

...

Chapter 498

A handsome young man stood by the French windows of the luxurious hotel suite. He had on a white high-collared sweater, but despite how warm it looked, it did nothing to suppress the chill emitting from his body.

"Why haven't you found her?" Arthur's angry eyes glared at his subordinates.

"Young Master, we did find her after we took a look at the CCTV recording, but it is difficult for us to know what she really looks like because of how well the heavy makeup she had on covered her features. That is why we still haven't found out who she is."

He narrowed his eyes upon hearing that. He remembered how much of a nightmare the woman was when she hopped into his car with layers of makeup and that cheap perfume on.

She even insulted him with her poor tastes.

He would really have lost his family heirloom if he still couldn't find her. The heirloom was something that his mother had personally given to him so that he could hand it to his wife, and have it passed down to their children and grandchildren.

But now, it had been stolen by this darn female thief.

"Young Master, we will be keeping an eye on all the second-hand jewelry stores as we look and wait for the woman. We will be notified immediately if she were to visit any of those stores."

Arthur, of course, didn't want to just wait. He also didn't want his belongings to be touched by the woman. As someone who had mysophobia, he was disgusted by the thought of having someone else lay hands on something that belonged to him.

He hated how there was a lingering scent of the other person even if his item was to be returned to him someday.

He could always throw it away and buy a new one if it was something of little importance. This, however, was a family heirloom that had been passed down for more than two centuries. There was only one of it in the world. It was meant to continue being passed down for generations to come.

The bodyguards had a question for Arthur that they didn't dare ask out loud. Why would you bring a family heirloom out and about whenever you leave home, Young Master?

Don't you know how hard it is to find something like this once it is lost?!

But then again, the bodyguards were only brave enough to grumble to themselves.

Arthur gritted his teeth. Beneath his curly long eyelashes was a face that looked as though it had been sculpted by the hands of God himself. Now, however, it was showing an unreadable expression.

He finally let out a sigh. "Fine! I will give you a little more time. Find it before the end of the festive season."

"Understood!" The bodyguards had no choice but to comply.

It was still up in the air whether or not they could find it.

They couldn't help but sigh at how brave the woman was to steal something that belonged to Arthur, out of all the other people she could steal from. The man who looked like he would never hurt a fly was, in fact, the incarnation of the Devil himself. They could only imagine the kind of terrible fate that awaited the woman if they were to find her.

At the same time, a woman on a beach abroad sneezed multiple times. She wondered whether someone was thinking about her or talking behind her back.

The sun shone on her body and one could vaguely see a glowing, colorful round diamond under her white shirt.

To keep such a precious thing safe, she could only wear it from time to time and would eventually search for an opportunity to return it to its owner.

However, she avoided returning to her home country as she was running away from her marriage. Therefore, she would keep it on her for now.

At 12.00PM the next day, Anastasia took her son back to the Tillman Residence for lunch. Naomi pretended to be polite and warmly welcomed Anastasia. Before Francis' death, I must not act suspiciously around him.

"Jared, this is my Christmas present for you." Francis handed a huge present filled with cash to Jared.

Anastasia took it instead. "Dad, he is still young, so a few of them for him is enough."

"No way! He is my only grandson, so I must spoil him." In fact, he felt that he should give Jared a fancier present.

Naomi sneered inwardly as she watched the interactions from the side. Better spoil them while you can, Francis. You will drop dead soon.

"Ouch!" Francis involuntarily clenched his chest. "I've only had a pint of beer earlier. Why does my chest hurt so much?"

"Stop drinking, Dad." Anastasia quickly stood up. "Should we take you to a hospital?"

Naomi hurried over to help him up. "He should be alright; he had his medicine earlier. Just take a rest on the couch."

"Bring me my medicine. I think my blood pressure has risen as I have been drinking some alcohol these past few days," he said to his wife.

She went upstairs for his medicine as she babbled, "I told you to never touch any alcoholic drinks again, but you never listen to me!"

Anastasia sat beside Francis as she saw him suffering while clutching his chest and gasping for breath. "Dad, please get a medical check-up now."

However, Francis was reluctant to visit a hospital since it was the festive season. Hence, he waved his hand. "It's fine. The medicine should be enough for me, and I will drink less alcohol."

At this time, Naomi came down with a pill and handed him a glass of water. "Take it. Have a nap after that."

After he took the pill, he sighed. "I'm getting old."

"Dad, please rest well. We'll take our leave." Anastasia didn't want to bother him.

"Alright. I'll visit you next time." He was getting dizzy and wanted to rest.

After watching Naomi take him upstairs, Anastasia didn't leave until the woman returned. Naomi was startled when she saw that Anastasia was still downstairs and felt guilty because she had given Francis the poison instead of his medication.

"Anastasia, would you like to have some fruit?" she asked enthusiastically.

Anastasia stood up and answered, "No, thanks. I'm busy." After that, she sincerely looked at Naomi. "Mom, Dad is getting weaker. Please take care of him."

"Of course, I will. He is my husband, the person I will spend the rest of my life with, so I will definitely take good care of him," Naomi retorted. Despite the guilt, she pronounced her loyalty to Francis.

Anastasia nodded. "Okay. I'll take my leave."

After watching Anastasia leave, Naomi was finally relieved. The pill is so effective. His blood pressure rose dramatically after only one tablet and a pint of beer. Now, all that is left is to let Alex find an excuse to take him on a long journey and cause a car incident. I will finally achieve my goal!

Meanwhile, Anastasia was driving back to Elliot's villa while thinking about her father's health. She still couldn't get it out of her mind. I should bring Dad to Elliot's private hospital for a medical examination so he can immediately start the treatment.

Elliot's villa was decorated for Christmas and the garden had a romantic atmosphere. The sports car that Elliot gave her was still parked in the garage as she hadn't had a chance to drive it since she was busy.

Anastasia didn't have the habit of visiting relatives during Christmas. Instead, she enjoyed quality time with her son.

She read a book, occasionally played Lego with Jared, and enjoyed a cup of joe for the afternoon.

Elliot was not in the villa and was busy as his status attracted many invitations for events and dinners.

However, she was still worried about his leg injury. At that point, she suspected he was a robot as he refused to use a crutch and walked around like it was nothing.

The wedding planner was decorating the venue. Although it was just an engagement party, Elliot was determined to do it right and paid a large sum.

In the evening, a slightly tipsy Elliot returned. Benedict also came along with him to examine his injury.

"Now, you just have to minimize attending gatherings and not drink any alcohol. Or else, you can kiss your legs goodbye," Benedict reminded him while reapplying the medicine.

Anastasia sat beside them and sided with Benedict. "Did you hear that? Treat your injury seriously."

Elliot smiled as he was told off by them. "Yeah, I heard you. I will rest until my legs are healed."

After Benedict left, Anastasia ordered Elliot to never ever leave the sofa. She would get him anything he requested.

As a result, Elliot took advantage of it. He requested a lot of hugs, kisses, and more to satisfy his desire.

When Anastasia turned around to get him a book, he took the chance to pull her into his arms and kept her there.

She tried to struggle but it was to no avail, so she could only let him enjoy the hug. He was only mad at his useless legs, as he could do more things to her if the legs were intact.

They didn't leave the villa until New Year. The wedding planner visited them a few times a day to confirm the details for the engagement party. Elliot let Anastasia choose the party's theme, color palette, and flower arrangement, so she took the job seriously.

They had already sent the party invitation cards to the Presgraves. All that was left was to wait for the day itself to let the Young Master of the Presgrave Family officially announce the engagement.

In the Tillman Residence, Francis kept feeling discomfort in his chest lately. His company resumed work after New Year, and much work was pending. He was a responsible president, so he endured the pain in his chest and never stopped reading the documents, making phone calls, and having meetings.

At the end of one day, he was getting pale. As Alex worked closely with him that day, the younger man noticed Francis was not in good condition.

"Are you alright, President Tillman? Should we take a break?"

"I'm fine." Francis acted tough as he cared for the company like his own life.

"Alright. By the way, I called President Lehmann, and he refused to come over to discuss the cooperation. Therefore, I think we should take the initiative and go to Haystone to meet up with him."

"Check the schedule. We'll depart as soon as possible." Francis nodded.

"Understood. We can set off tonight. We should take down the project from President Lehmann as soon as possible, so we won't have to worry about it for long," Alex suggested.

Francis, too, treated the project seriously.

Then, Alex said again, "I heard several rivals were trying to fight for President Lehmann's project. We must not let other people take that project away. Or else, we will be at a loss as we invested a lot of manpower and resources on this project."

Hearing that, Francis felt anxious as the project was necessary for the company's profit. Hence, he made a swift decision. "Okay, we'll set off tonight. Now, I should go home to pack some clothes."

"I'll help you," Alex hurriedly said.

Francis did not refuse and he let Alex drive him home to pack his luggage. In the end, it was decided that they were going to stay in Haystone for a few days.

At the Tillman Residence, seeing the two men come in together, Naomi asked in surprise, "Francis, are you going on a business trip soon?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tillman. I will accompany Francis to Haystone, and it will take a few days," Alex answered her.

"Jeez, you can't catch a break; we just had our New Year. Francis, don't forget to bring your medicine bottle with you."

"Naomi, go and pack some clothes and bring the medicine for me," Francis ordered his wife.

And so, Naomi went upstairs immediately. After a while, she packed a suitcase of clothes and passed it to Alex after returning. "Mr. Hunter, please take good care of my husband. He is not feeling well."

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Tillman. I will definitely take good care of President Tillman.” Alex nodded.

Francis’ cell phone rang at that point. He glanced at it and went to his study room to accept the call.

Naomi immediately took out a medicine bottle and stuffed it into Alex’s hand as soon as Francis left. “Before doing the deed, swap back his bottle so no one will find out the truth.”

Alex nodded and put the bottle in his briefcase.

After a while, Francis came out, and Alex accompanied him to leave the house. However, the former suddenly felt dizzy as he supported himself with the door.

“Hubby, what’s the matter?” Naomi hurried over to support him.

“I’m okay. Have you packed the medicine?”

“Yes, it’s in the briefcase. Remember to take one tablet every day,” Naomi urged.

Francis took the same medicine for months and it was effective. So, he trusted the medicine and never thought it was swapped with other pills. As long as I have the drugs, I will be able to handle the business trip even if I am not feeling well.

When Francis sat in the car, he tried to rest his eyes. Alex asked, “President Tillman, is it just the two of us?”

“Yes, we will go there to gather some intel.” Francis nodded.

Alex had a gleam in his eyes as the plan was going well. He looked at the resting Francis, and the murderous intent flashed in his eyes.

Before they could get onto the highway, Francis’ cell phone rang. Alex felt anxious and nervously eavesdropped on his phone call.

“Hi, Anastasia,” Francis answered the call from his eldest daughter.

“Dad, are you free tonight? I would like to invite you over to dinner at the Presgrave Residence tonight.”

“Of course I would love to go!” Francis replied excitedly and tried to get Alex’s attention. “Alex, hey Alex! Stop and return to my house. I won’t go to Haystone today.”

Alex turned gloomy as he stepped on the brakes. Why does Anastasia have to call Francis now?

“But the project is important—”

“Whatever it is, it is not as important as my future in-law’s invitation to dinner! Enough talking, go back now!” Francis smiled happily. “We’ll go to Haystone next time.”

So, Alex could only drive back to the city. I have to do it here if I can’t kill him elsewhere.

Meanwhile, Naomi was taken aback when she saw Francis return home. “Francis, why are you here?”

“Miss Tillman invited President Tillman to the family dinner at the Presgrave Residence tonight, so he canceled the business trip,” Alex replied to her.

Naomi looked at Alex and knew that the plan was not working.

Francis had already changed into a suit in his room and went downstairs. He told her, "The engagement party is around the corner, so buy me a proper suit for the party."

Although Naomi was reluctant to spend money, she still smiled and said, "Alright, I'll look for it in a shopping mall soon."

"President Presgrave, shall I take you there?" Alex asked.

"There's no need. I'll let Joe take me there; he knows the way. So, you can rest now."

Hence, Alex could only leave. Then, Naomi said, "Alex, I am going to the shopping mall. Please take me there."

"Okay, Mrs. Tillman."

Francis decided to take a nap to feel refreshed for dinner. Before he did that, he felt his chest was getting more painful. He remembered his doctor said that if the sickness was worsening, he could take one more tablet daily, so he took another pill. However, he was clueless that the medication would only make his condition worse.

...

Chapter 499

In Alex's car, Naomi growled, "Anastasia is so annoying! Why today of all days?"

"Naomi, we are running out of time; if he takes the tablet on time, he will have a heart attack soon. There's no time to take him out of this city to kill him in the car."

"I know. If he is having an attack, I will make sure that he will never be able to wake up. Or else, our plan will fail," Naomi said calmly.

"Anastasia is about to get engaged. After the engagement, Elliot has the right to intervene in President Tillman's company affairs as his future son-in-law. He can send anyone to the company and improve it. If that happens, I may be kicked out of the management." Alex was putting pressure on Naomi.

Upon hearing that, she got anxious. "This means that we have to make a move before the engagement party."

"Yes. As soon as President Tillman dies, the lawyer will announce his will, and then you and Erica can keep the share you deserve. After that, you can still be a company shareholder even if Elliot intervenes."

Viciousness flashed across Naomi's eyes. At that point, she decided to kill Francis as soon as possible for her and her daughter's future.

At the dinner at Presgrave Residence, all the close relatives of Harriet had arrived. There were three tables for dinner, and it was lively.

Francis also arrived at the dinner. Everyone respected him as he was friendly, not to mention that he was Elliot's future father-in-law.

“Dad, stop drinking.” Anastasia came over from another table as she was worried about her father.

Although he should not drink, Francis still drank two pints of beer. After hearing his daughter say that, he poured tea into his cup. “Okay, I’ll listen to you.”

Meanwhile, Jared sat beside Harriet. Several elders who watched Elliot grow up knew that Jared looked precisely the same as Elliot when he was a child.

However, Jared was not Elliot’s offspring, so everyone avoided that topic.

No one had the right to comment on the future of the Presgrave Family. The family were united, as they knew they either rose together or fell apart.

After the dinner, Harriet was chatting with a few ladies. Francis also met a few elders with some common ground, so they started talking and discussing the history and present.

On the contrary, the youngsters were having fun. Anastasia and Elliot went for a walk after the meal to help with digestion.

A full moon hung in the sky. Although it was cold, the sky was clear.

Anastasia looked refreshed as she was another day closer to the day of engagement.

“Let’s rest here. We can sit down, and your legs can have a rest too.” She sat on a bench and Elliot followed suit. He unbuttoned the jacket and wrapped her in his arms. She rested on his chest feeling utterly peaceful, and enjoyed the garden view under the moonlight.

In the hall of the Presgrave Residence, Francis felt his chest hurt as he took a sip of tea. So, he decided to return home as it was getting late.

He couldn’t find Anastasia, so he left after informing the butler. He walked from the garden to the parking lot and found that his driver was waiting for him.

“President Tillman, are you feeling alright?”

“Yes. Let’s go home. I have a headache.” Francis held his forehead as his body was getting sluggish.

What’s going on?

Joe drove Francis back to the Tillman Residence. In the hall, Naomi and Erica were watching television together. When Francis came back, Naomi got up and came over. “Why are you back so early?”

“My heart is in pain. I need to rest now.”

“Have you been drinking again?” Naomi pretended to be caring.

The amount of alcohol Francis consumed today was negligible compared to how much he had in the past. However, he suddenly felt dizzy and his visions darkened while walking upstairs. Then, he collapsed onto the stairs.

“Francis!” Naomi shouted.

Erica ran over from the sofa. “Mom, what’s wrong with him? Should we call an ambulance?”

However, Naomi was very calm as cruelty flashed in her eyes. "No. Just let him be."

Erica looked at her mother and then at Francis on the ground. After thinking he was not her biological father, she steeled her heart against him.

"Mom, what should we do then?"

"Call Alex over."

Erica hurriedly called Alex's number and said in a hurry, "Alex, you'd better come to my house. My dad passed out."

"Okay, I'll come over now." Alex agreed immediately.

Naomi turned over Francis' body and saw that his face was pale. His heartbeat was irregular and his breathing was weak. She then ordered Erica, "Bring his medicine over and feed him two more pills."

Erica immediately went upstairs and returned with a bottle. Naomi took two pills out of the bottle and fed them into Francis' mouth. Then, she gave him water to dissolve the pills.

Francis would never have thought that his wife and daughter were currently plotting to kill him.

...

Chapter 500

Francis was in a daze and felt someone was forcing something in his mouth. His survival instinct pressured him to open his eyes, but he heard his daughter Erica speaking instead.

"Mom, what should we do? What's the next step?"

"What else? We will let Alex take him to his own bed and let him die."

Francis couldn't believe that this cold voice belonged to his wife.

"But, Mom, he hasn't updated his will!"

"Alex said he has a plan. We will wait for him and discuss it later."

"That's great. In that case, we will own 60% of the shares of the Tillman Group!"

Francis was trembling and couldn't open his eyes, but he could hear their conversation clearly. As a result, Naomi and Erica thought that he had fainted entirely.

Their behavior made him disheartened, and he was getting distraught and distressed. He could taste the medicine in his mouth as a bitter taste flooded in his throat.

He could taste the pills and it was then that he finally realized these weren't the usual pills he had.

A shuddering thought came to his mind. Did someone switch them out? Is my wife plotting against me with my most trusted subordinate and my daughter?

"Mom, why hasn't Alex come yet? I'm getting nervous. What if he wakes up?" Erica was getting anxious at this point.

Francis felt his heart beating violently as his consciousness faded again. He fell into darkness again in pain and grief.

Under the light, Naomi and Erica never noticed that he had regained consciousness. Francis was paralyzed on the ground. He never moved and didn't open his eyes, so they thought that he was definitely unconscious.

At the same time, Alex was rushing over to their house. Another car was in front of him and it belonged to Joe, Francis' private driver. The latter had brought the gift boxes he left in the trunk back to the Tillman Residence.

Joe knew Naomi's personality very well. If he delivered the gifts tomorrow, he would get scolded by her. Therefore, he did not neglect his duty as it was precious gifts from the Presgraves that were worth hundreds of thousands. So, he quickly returned to the residence as soon as he realized his mistake.

Erica was getting excited as she heard the engine noise from the courtyard of Tillman Residence. "Mom, Alex is here!"

Naomi and Erica never thought someone other than Alex would visit their house at this hour, so they believed that he had arrived.

However, they saw Joe walking over from the hall with a few gift boxes. He stepped into the house, but the gift boxes all fell to the ground as soon as he saw Francis lying on the floor.

"W-What happened to President Tillman?!" Joe hurriedly asked.

Naomi quickly acted, "Joe, he just fainted! We are waiting for an ambulance."

"Dad! Dad, please wake up. What happened? Please be okay." Erica kneeled and pretended to be upset.

Naomi and Erica glanced at each other. They never expected it was Joe who would arrive.

"Take him to my car! I'll take him to the hospital. Quick!" Joe stretched out his hand to help Francis up.

Naomi was panicking. At this moment, another engine noise came from the courtyard again, and Alex rushed in. When he saw Joe on the floor, he was stunned.

"What happened to him? Take him to the hospital now!"

"Alex, get him to your car. Joe, help him out!" Naomi's eyes turned red with urgency.

The two men immediately took Francis to Alex's car. Then, Naomi and Erica got into the car, and the former ordered Joe, "Joe, we will take Francis to the hospital. You stay and watch the house for me."

"Okay, Mrs. Tillman. Hurry up and take President Tillman to the hospital!" Joe said.

Alex's car rushed out of the yard immediately. Even Joe was taken aback, worried that the already pale Francis couldn't handle the speed.

In Alex's car, Erica scolded him. "You're late! Joe would have discovered our plan if it wasn't for my mom and my acting."

"Alex, where's the will?"

"Everything is ready. The will is in my bag. As long as President Tillman's signature and handprint are there, we can hire a lawyer to replace the previous will."

"Are you sure we can replace the will now?"

"Yes. I've contacted the lawyer Mr. Wright. He will do it in exchange for one million. If we give him the money, he will replace the will for us."

"I can give him the money," Naomi said. She had more than one million from Francis' hand over the years.

They discussed getting the money, but no one cared about Francis' life.

In the Tillman Residence, Joe was restless. He thought of Anastasia and saved her phone number on the cell phone, so he quickly dialed her number.

"Hello, Mr. Bachelor."

"Miss Tillman, are you in the hospital? How is President Tillman? Is he okay?" Joe asked anxiously.

"What's wrong with my dad?" Anastasia asked urgently.

"Didn't Mrs. Tillman inform you? He fainted in the house and is now in the hospital getting emergency treatment."

"Which hospital?"

Joe then urged, "Miss Tillman, please contact Mrs. Tillman now! He was in Alex's car with Mrs. Tillman and Young Mistress Erica, and they should be in the hospital now."

"Okay."

Anastasia was still in the Presgrave Residence as she was going to spend the night there. She stood before the floor-to-ceiling windows in the room and hurriedly dialed Naomi's number.

Naomi's cell phone rang as they were in Alex's car. When she saw the name, her heart skipped a beat. "It's from Anastasia."

"Mom, don't pick it up," Erica said.

Naomi didn't want to answer. Then, her phone stopped ringing. However, Erica's phone rang instead. The caller was Anastasia too.

"She is persistent. Does she know that dad fainted?"

"It must be Joe who informed her. D*mn you, Joe! Why are you so nosy?" Naomi scolded, then said to her daughter. "Answer it. Tell her we are on the way to the hospital, lest she thinks we are killing Francis."

At this moment, Erica's phone stopped ringing. Now it was Alex's phone that rang instead. Alex picked it up and looked at the screen. "It's her, and I'll pick it up."

"Hello, Miss Tillman," he said anxiously.

“Mr. Hunter, did my dad really faint? Which hospital is he in now? I’ll come over this instant.”

“Miss Tillman, we’re on the way. There is a traffic jam on the road, and we are now rushing to the nearest hospital, which is the General Hospital. Don’t worry, we’ll be there soon.”

“Okay, I’ll be there,” she replied anxiously.

“Okay, see you soon,” With that, Alex hung up and hit the steering wheel. “She is going to the hospital, and we have no choice but to take President Tillman to the hospital as soon as possible.”

Naomi turned her head and saw that Francis’ face was terrifyingly pale under the light. She placed her trembling finger under his nose and found that his breathing was getting weaker. It was evident that he was about to die.

“Alex, send him there now. I think he doesn’t have long left!” Naomi ordered Alex.

Alex was driving to the General Hospital and he said to Erica, “Take out the will from my briefcase and get his handprint now. I can sign it on his behalf as long as his handprint is there.”