

Chapter 7 Take Her To See His Family

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Briana's expression instantly darkened. According to her knowledge, Emelia's grandpa had bestowed a significant twenty-five percent of the shares upon her!

A whopping twenty-five percent! If Kian possessed that, the Hewitts were doomed.

No, they needed to devise a plan to retrieve those shares!

"What did Kian say exactly?"

Corbin laid out the whole story, and then asked, "Sis, what about the car? Should we take it to a repair shop?"

Briana took a moment to think before suggesting, "Why not use your custom car place? Take it there and arrange for Emelia to pick it up in person!"

"And what about the Gilbert family?"

"Come on, what's there to worry about? Do you really think the Gilbert family would come at us over Emelia? Even if Kian wants her, his family won't give the green light! Just follow my lead!"

With that, she abruptly hung up.

Turning to Jayson, the third son, she said, "Tarnish Emelia's rep. Over money to some directors she's worked with before and get them to spill some scandal. I bet the Gilbert family won't fancy a woman with a stained rep. Once she's down and out, she'll come crawling back to me!"

The shares had already shifted to Kian, leaving only one option: compel Emelia to confess that Kian had pressured her into signing the transfer contract rather than doing so willingly.

Thus, the Hewitts needed to make the Gilbert family disown Emelia first!

But how could Keira be aware of her mother's scheme? Displeased with Emelia's involvement with Kian, she clung to her mother's arm, wearing an expression of resentment upon hearing the conversation with Corbin.

"Mom, Emelia already handed over the shares to someone else. Why bother getting her back?"

Briana gave Keira's hand an affectionate pat.

"Keira, you're just too sweet. I want her back as a bargaining chip. That's the only way we can get those shares back. And about Kian, come on, do you really think a small-town girl like Emelia is good enough for a catch like him? Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll make him beg on his knees to marry you!"

Keira's grievous expression swiftly transformed into shyness.

"Mom, if it helps the Hewitt family, I'm ready to do whatever it takes!"

The Porsche Cayenne glided effortlessly along the road.

Outside, the city buzzed with life, yet inside the car, it felt as cold and desolate as the underworld.

"Um... regarding what happened earlier... Thanks!" Emelia broke the silence in an awkward manner.

Kian leaned one hand against his forehead, lazily shutting his eyes. In response to her words, he emitted a noncommittal hmm, signifying no desire to prolong the conversation.

The awkwardness in the atmosphere intensified.

Emelia couldn't resist grumbling in her thoughts.

What was he implying?

Was it too challenging for him to utter a few additional words?

Perhaps sensing her frustration, Kian abruptly opened his eyes.

Their eyes unexpectedly locked, and Emelia quickly mustered a smile, saying, "I just got myself a new place, all decked out. I'm all set to move in. Could you maybe take me to..."

"My family wants to meet you!"

Those six words totally shattered the vibe Emelia was going for.

She went silent, those words catching her off guard.

"Meet... meet with me?"

Was this man out of his mind?

Bringing her to meet the Gilbert family?

A sudden thought crossed her mind.

Was the entire discussion of marriage merely a charade for the sake of his family?

Could those industry rumors be true? Did Kian, the heir to the Gilbert family, have some secret ailment, like performance problems or a thing for guys?

Was that... for real?

Her gaze instinctively shifted towards his private area.

"Don't need your eyes there."

His voice jolted the silence. Emelia quickly pulled herself together and shot back with a straight face, "Sorry about that!"

Kian's eyes held a trace of mockery. "Quit letting your mind wander. Focus on playing the wicked supporting actress. If you can't make my family despise you enough to stay away, you'll be making weekly trips to Gilbert Mansion. Your move."

He clarified and shut his eyes once more, casually grabbing a nearby blanket to drape over his lower body, effectively concealing his private region.

Emelia couldn't resist rolling her eyes.

She just took a quick peek out of professional curiosity, but now it looked like she was all in for some real interest in his junk.