

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

- Chapter 343 Detect Danger

Chapter 343 Detect Danger

[1,126 words]

After he disappeared, Kelly wiped her mouth thoroughly, feeling disgusted.

But his smell seemed to linger on her body. The more she wiped, the more irritated she got. So, she simply put on her clothes and hurried out. She couldn't wait to take a bath.

When she was walking back to the orphanage, she met Gabriel. He stood at the bottom of the stairs, and his gaze made her feel inexplicably nervous.

She almost subconsciously glanced at the tiny house when she saw him. Turning around, she felt relieved to see that the house's door wasn't facing them.

Even if he had seen her approaching, he would likely think she had just come out of the alley.

"Gabriel, hello. I was just on a walk. What are you doing out?"

The implication was that she was already taking a walk when she saw him. He raised his eyebrows on smelling a strange odor in the breeze. It was a man's scent. He glanced at her thoughtfully. "Not much. Can you bring me around since you're exploring the place?"

He was quite sincere in his request. This was the opportunity she had been waiting for. But she didn't dare to accept it just yet.

She still felt dirty and disgusting all over. She was afraid that he would discover something. Moreover, it was getting dark, and she had other things to do.

She rubbed her neck and said, "I'm a little tired. I want to rest."

She wasn't in a good mood.

"A little tired?" he murmured meaningfully.

He was curious about who was with her just now in the orphanage. But his curiosity lasted only for a moment. He had already lost patience with her.

"Then go to rest."

He then went looking for Rose. He went to her room and knocked on the door, but she wasn't inside. He tried walking around the orphanage but still didn't find her.

Miles was still dealing with official business, and Anastasia was nowhere to be seen. He guessed that she had been for a walk nearby.

When he went downstairs and passed Kelly again, he noticed the smell of women's perfume mixed with a man's sweat on her. He suddenly stopped.

"Kelly."

She wanted to avoid him and prevent him from noticing her abnormal behavior. But as soon as they passed each other, he stopped her. She had no choice but to turn around and smile innocently.

"What's the matter?"

He stared at her and said, "I didn't do a good job today. It was originally a promise between you and Grandpa, and you were the protagonist. But he only has Aunt Rietta and Rose in his eyes. I don't want your birthday wish to be unfulfilled. I just happened to remember what my mother said about today. She told me today was the day Aunt Rietta returned to the Youngs. So ..."

He was explaining today's events. Of course, she would be concerned about this. But knowing it was already the case, she did not blame him. Furthermore, what she wanted was more than just to be the protagonist.

"It doesn't matter. Grandpa's happiness is more important than anything else. I'm fine. Everything will be fine when he recovers."

Once Oliver disappeared, everything would be fine! He was a little surprised by her generosity.

"It's good that you think so."

He didn't linger any longer. She headed upstairs while he went downstairs. He then focused on Rosie, wondering if she was at the beach.

Yet, Rose wasn't at the beach. Instead, she had walked up the mountain following a trail. It was getting dark. She didn't turn back but quickened her pace and moved forward.

The old woman had walked in this direction.

She was worried that something would happen to that old woman because it was getting late. Even if she wanted to return, she had to find the old woman first and take her along. Unconsciously, she walked through a forest and arrived at an open space. Then, she saw a dilapidated church-like house with a faint light looming. She wondered where that old woman went. She walked toward a dilapidated church. It was overgrown with weeds. It was likely that it had been a long time since anyone had been there.

At some point, when she bent down to pick up a stick to steady her pace, she vaguely heard a man's voice from inside the church. She stopped for a moment. There were people inside. She thought she should leave, just to be safe.

But what if the old woman was in danger? She was worried about her safety. Just as she was about to move forward, a hand reached out from behind and grabbed her wrist.

She trembled and almost screamed. But when she saw the person who gestured for her to keep quiet, Rose immediately covered her mouth.

"It's you." It was none other than the old woman!

She beckoned to Rose and whispered, "Follow me."

Rose simply nodded and followed the old woman out of the dilapidated church. They walked around the back of the church from the other side and squatted against the wall. Inside the church, the conversation of several people could be heard.

"It's getting dark soon. Once it gets late, Theo will go to drug them."

"Today's work is well worth it! But she is from the Youngs. Will there be any trouble later?"

"What trouble could there be? We'll do it secretly."

"I heard that she is a beauty. Theo, you've seen her. Is she beautiful?"

It took a while before Theo Neel spoke.

"Yes, she is. She is more beautiful than the stars."

She recognized Theo's voice immediately. He was the man who received them at the orphanage today! And they mentioned the Youngs and drugging.

She realized something was amiss and immediately wanted to return to tell Miles. She couldn't stay here any longer.

She ran from the dilapidated church anxiously and hurriedly, with the old woman trailing behind her. After confirming those people wouldn't discover her, she reached into her pocket for her phone to call Miles.

But as she did so, she realized she had lost her phone. She could only turn back and try to look for it. However, her movements slowed as she didn't want to leave the old woman alone. Rose became increasingly unfamiliar with the environment as it gradually got darker, and they were lost in the forest.

"Granny, do you know the way?"

She pinned her hopes on the old woman. She lived here all year round and should have been familiar with the environment. Although it was dark, they could leave there as long as the old woman knew the way.

The old woman smiled and said, "I know it, Rietta." Although she said she knew it, she was uncertain when she began navigating.

"This way. No, it's this way... Rietta, let me think about it. It should be this way... No, it's wrong. I can't remember. But I remember our secret hideout..."

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Chapter 344 Why Is He Here

[1,074 words]

But Rose wasn't interested in Henrietta's secret hideout. The old woman was too old. She couldn't place any hope on her.

Suddenly, she realized that the old woman might have led her to the dilapidated church on purpose. The old woman might have noticed their strange behavior. So, she probably took Rose to eavesdrop on their conversation to alert her of the danger.

"Thank you."

Rose didn't know what those people would do, but they plotted against the Youngs. This matter wouldn't be so easily resolved. The old woman smiled brightly at her like a child who had just gotten praised. She felt warm, supported the old woman, and walked along the road ahead. But the old woman suddenly stopped and looked at her.

"Rietta, I can't walk anymore."

She was silent momentarily before saying, "I'll carry you." She squatted and let the old woman lie on her back.

The old woman was thin and not very heavy. But even so, it was still much more difficult for Rose to walk than before. Nevertheless, she persisted.

As she passed by an unassuming spot, the old woman exclaimed, "We're here!"

She was surprised and looked at where the old woman had shouted. There were still trees surrounding them, and she couldn't see the orphanage.

She felt disappointed, but the old woman got off her back excitedly and pulled her toward a huge stone.

"We're here!" The old woman looked at her with joy. "Rietta, I'll always remember our place!"

Henrietta and the old woman's place? Only then did she remember the "secret hideout" the old woman had mentioned earlier.

She looked at the massive stone. Meanwhile, the old woman dug at the ground around it and pulled out a plastic bag containing several photos. The old woman handed her the photos. "Rietta, look."

The forest was dark at night. Although she knew they were photos, she couldn't see the people in them.

"This is you. These are your new parents," the old woman murmured.

New parents? She seemed to have found something. Henrietta's new parents? Did that mean she could find Henrietta's whereabouts through her new parents?

Kelly said Henrietta was dead. But for some reason, Rose's first thought was to find Henrietta. She put the photos in her pocket.

"Granny, let's go back first." She would take action after going back.

She lifted the old woman onto her back once again. Not long after, she saw a flashlight shining.

She was worried about meeting those people in the dilapidated church. So, she stopped momentarily, wanting to wait for the other party to go away first. But the flashlight got closer. Suddenly, someone pointed the flashlight right into her face. She could barely see him because of the dazzling light. He was a strange man with a full beard and a peaked cap.

But she seemed to recognize his clothes. Suddenly, she remembered.

"It's you!"

He was the driver! He stared at her and smiled weirdly.

"Rosie, it's so hard to find you!"

She immediately recognized his voice. He was Nixon! Countless things flashed through her mind. At that moment, he sprayed her with something.

"You ..."

She soon went limp. Through her blurred vision, she saw him remove his peaked cap and tear off the contouring material he had deliberately applied to his face. It was Nixon. But he didn't look like himself with a full beard.

As her consciousness faded, his voice was the last thing she heard. "I'll make you suffer. But you have to wait. We have to wait for someone..."

Who did he want to wait for? Before she lost consciousness, several faces flashed in her mind. She felt uneasy. What was he going to do?

...

In the orphanage, Rose's room was closed. Miles knocked on the door, but there was no response for a long time. Kelly, who was in the next room, opened the door.

"Are you looking for Rose? I just saw her and Gabriel." As she spoke, she glanced in the direction of the coast.

Of course, what she said was false. Her people had already drugged everyone's tea. But for some reason, he hadn't fallen asleep yet. She wanted to make him leave. Seeing his expression change slightly, she added deliberately, "But I might have been mistaken."

She knew the more uncertain she sounded, the more convinced he would be. He ignored her and quickly went downstairs. She smiled triumphantly.

Half an hour ago, she heard Rose enter the room. He knocked on the door just now, but she didn't respond. She had probably drunk the drugged tea and fallen asleep.

Kelly wanted to teach her a lesson. She couldn't resist the urge to vent her anger at being robbed of the limelight.

But thinking of Maya's arrangement, she suppressed her anger. She was waiting for her people to come and take Rose away.

Not long after, she heard footsteps outside. The footsteps stopped next door, and the door opened. She knew they were coming.

She came out of the room after they left. Vaguely, she saw several men walking toward the mountains carrying a sack. She was full of excitement as she thought of what Rose would suffer.

She specifically told Maya to order those people to record everything. If she made those scenes public, or if Jonathan saw the video... She felt excited imagining it.

At this time, she vaguely saw a figure in the darkness. It was him! He had also started to take action. Oliver's room had been dead quiet for a long time.

Even Patrick, who used to stay up late after Oliver fell asleep, had returned to the room and did not come out again. So, it was very convenient for him to do his part here. Sure enough, the man eventually pushed a wheelchair out and quickly disappeared.

"Farewell, Mr. Young Senior!"

She knew Oliver would die tonight. While Rose ...

Kelly sneered while glancing at the dark forest before returning to her room. She planned to find a witness for herself on this eventful night. Gabriel was undoubtedly the best candidate. She changed into pajamas. When she went out again, he happened to be outside.

The night was getting darker. Miles searched around the beach but couldn't find Rose. He felt sick to his stomach, and his heartbeat quickened.

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Meanwhile, Jonathan was in the Gibsons mansion in Aquastead. When he opened the guest room door, he looked gloomy. He had just woken up with a hangover.

Zac, who had also just sobered up, came up to him.

"Are you alright? Are you feeling uncomfortable? I've asked someone to make some soup. Drink some. It'll make you feel better."

They had drunk too much last night..

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Chapter 345 Rose Is Missing

[1,068 words]

The Gibsons' driver took them back to the Gibson family's mansion.

"No need." Jonathan took his coat off, although he looked cold. He glanced at Zac and then brushed past him to walk straight to the door.

He was in a hurry as he had planned to find Rose yesterday, but Zac had delayed him. When he woke up, he could only think about her and couldn't wait to see her. "Hey, Jon! At least you ..." Zac chased after him but realized that only Rose could make Jonathan so anxious.

He thought that he had better not hinder the couple from meeting each other. So, he stopped and immediately ordered the driver to take Jonathan away.

Jonathan went directly to Young Estate. When he arrived, he charged his phone and called Rose, but she didn't pick it up.

It was dark in Young Estate. For some reason, his eagerness to see Rose had diminished. He felt a little anxious now. Frowning, he decided to go in. He rang the doorbell.

A servant who had been left behind to keep watch answered the door. The servant immediately recognized him. He had visited Rose several times before.

Before he could even open his mouth, the servant hurriedly said, "Ms. Rose went to an orphanage with Mr. Young Senior. Everyone else is there too." Orphanage? "Which orphanage?"

The servant couldn't answer him. As he failed to get a definite answer, he decided to call Finley. Even if he needed to investigate all the orphanages in Aquastead, he was determined to see her tonight. His urgency grew stronger. But before he could take action, Finley called him first.

"Sir, something bad has happened."

He frowned, thinking Finley was referring to the Finches. But then Finley continued, "Mrs. Finch is in danger."

His expression shifted, and he asked, "What happened to Rose?"

Finley didn't sugarcoat the details. A few minutes ago, he received an envelope. In addition to a note, there was a ring inside it.

As the red diamond on the ring was very conspicuous, he immediately recognized it. It was the priceless red diamond that Jonathan had used to make a ring for Rose.

This ring should have been on her hand, but someone sent it to him. On the note, there was only the word "Lane".

Images flashed through Jonathan's mind. "The Lane family, Nixon Lane!" He almost dropped his phone. Among those he knew, only Nixon carried the surname Lane. But wasn't Nixon in the psychiatric facility? At this point, he no longer cared to figure out if Nixon had escaped. Thinking that Rose might be in danger, he dared not to waste his time. He ordered Finley to gather his people. After hanging up, he immediately dialed Miles' number.

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Miles was at the beach when he got Jonathan's call. He didn't want to answer it. He was about to hang up, but he hesitated.

Jonathan rarely contacted him. They had no business dealings together. If it was a personal matter, it could only be about Rose. He frowned and accepted the call.

In the few seconds he had waited, Jonathan had gotten to the extremes of anxiousness. So, when the call connected, he almost shouted, "Where's Rose?"

Miles didn't like his attitude and wasn't willing to tell Jonathan about her whereabouts.

But before he could speak, Jonathan urgently asked, "Which orphanage are you at? Rose is in danger! Nixon escaped from the psychiatric facility!"

After realizing that he hadn't found her after such a long time, he began to recognize the seriousness of the situation.

The Lane family had gone bankrupt, and he had heard about Nixon's scandal. Only Jonathan could topple Aquastead's wealthiest family in such a short time. If Nixon disappeared, it was indeed possible that he had taken his revenge on Rose.

"We're at Sacred Heart Orphanage. It's just beside the Silver Sea."

After getting the information he needed, Jonathan hung up. He immediately informed Finley of it and borrowed a car from the Gibson family. He rushed over as quickly as possible.

Miles clutched his phone tightly. The night sky and the sea gradually blended together. It was so dark that he felt suffocated by the nothingness. But he didn't dare to think much at this time. He convinced himself that Nixon was unable to do much alone.

"Rosie ..." He rushed back inside the orphanage and went straight to Rose's room. He wanted to confirm if she was inside, but no one answered despite his furious knocking. Without hesitation, he kicked the door open.

"Rosie?" He turned on the lights but didn't see her anywhere. All he saw was a teacup on the ground. Damn it!

He quickly went out to wake the servants up to get them to search for Rose. However, to his surprise, almost all the servants, even Patrick, were in a deep sleep.

"Miles, what's wrong? What happened?" The noise he was making naturally alarmed Gabriel.

Kelly had planned to seduce him and had tried various excuses to get into his room. She even wore provocative clothes to tempt him, but she didn't expect him to remain indifferent to her.

She was depressed. When she heard some movement coming from outside, she realized Gabriel was about to explore. She decided to try and talk to Miles before Gabriel did.

Miles was in Oliver's room. He found out that Oliver was also gone. Gabriel also noticed it.

"Where is Grandpa?"

She secretly sneered upon hearing that. It had been a while since that man had taken Oliver away. If he had followed the plan, he should have caused an "accident" for Oliver by now. But in front of Miles, she had to pretend to know nothing.

"Ah! Where is Grandpa?" She hurriedly entered the room and looked around. She truly looked worried. She would have made a great actor.

"Go find them!"

For a moment, Miles felt like he could barely breathe. Fear coursed through his veins. He felt even more frightened and uneasy at this moment than when he heard about Harriette's death. But soon, he calmed down.

Something fishy was happening. The servants were all asleep, and Rose and Oliver had disappeared at the same time. It seemed like someone had planned this. Could Nixon do all of this alone? But Miles didn't have time to ponder. The priority was to find them! "Let's go!" He then strode out of the room.

Neither Patrick nor the servants could help, so they could only rely on themselves. They agreed to split up outside. Miles strode to the mountains behind the orphanage while Gabriel went the opposite way.

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Chapter 346 They've Kidnapped the Wrong Person

[1,108 words]

Kelly didn't want to go. Her original plan was to stay inside all night and wait for the news of Oliver's death and Rose's scandal the next day. But Miles and Gabriel were anomalies in her plan, so she had to adapt it.

She followed Gabriel. As night had fallen, he turned on the flashlight. But as soon as they were alone, she pretended to sprain her foot.

"Ah!" Her face cringed in pain. "My foot! Gabriel, I..." She seemed to be in great pain and looked like she was about to cry.

There was a hint of impatience in his eyes. When he saw Kelly's acting, he thought about poking fun at her and mocking her. But after some thought, he decided against it. "Then turn around. It's dangerous here." He sounded a little cold.

Hearing his words, she became more aggrieved. "No! How can I go back? Grandpa and Rose are missing. What if something happens to them? We have to find them quickly."

She pretended to be strong and stood up forcefully. But as she did so, she let out another cry of pain. She pretended to show concern for the safety of Oliver and Rose, but she didn't realize that Gabriel sensed something amiss in her words.

He glared at her for a moment before taking hold of her. He decided to play along with her "injury" for a while.

When Kelly saw him reaching out to her, she happily grabbed his hand and leaned into him. Sure enough, she fell into his arms.

"My foot hurts. Will I hinder you from finding them?" She didn't want him to find Rose and Oliver before her plan succeeded.

"It doesn't matter. I'll carry you." Gabriel suddenly had a change of attitude. At first, Kelly was confused, but then she saw him squat down and show her his broad back.

His gentle manner wiped off her doubts, so she got onto his back. She deliberately pressed herself against him. Even now, she was trying to seduce him.

"If something happens to Grandpa, the Youngs are done for." His tone was more solemn than ever.

She understood his worries. The Youngs' industrial dominance was second only to Regalia's Finches. Although Oliver had been doing nothing for many years and had left everything to his adopted daughter and granddaughter, the properties were still in his name.

Without a will, the Youngs would experience a fierce power struggle. Regardless of who won, it would be a heavy blow to the Youngs.

But what they didn't know was that he had a secret will. As soon as he died, his lawyer would reveal it. She wouldn't even have to mention it.

According to the will, the Youngs' empire would be all hers. Even Miles and Anastasia would have to obey her.

"Nothing will happen to Grandpa. Nothing will happen to him ..." Kelly pretended to be afraid that something would happen to Oliver. She spoke worriedly and allowed her tears to fall.

But Gabriel looked indifferent. He simply carried her and continued searching for them silently.

It was pitch black inside the dilapidated church. In the darkness, several men were arguing about something. Theo had called them here and said that the target was a beautiful woman. He also promised that they could do whatever they wanted to her.

He had met Rose and claimed that she was prettier than the stars. As she was a real beauty, they all were interested in her.

"Let me be the first! You're all married, and I'm single. So I'm the best candidate!" one of them said excitedly. None of them were good people since they were willing to kidnap others for ransom.

On hearing his words, another immediately shouted, "You're not! I can also be the first! I'm more suitable!"

"Me too!"

"I'm suitable too!"

After some bickering, one of them finally interrupted the rest and said, "We can just take turns." A moment of silence followed.

Anastasia woke up to darkness and those words, followed by silence and the sound of insects. Where was she?

A black cloth bag covered her head. She wanted to speak, but she realized that there was a layer of tape over her mouth, completely sealing her lips. She whimpered and struggled, only to find that her hands and feet were tied up. She felt terrified.

She remembered that she had gone to Rose's room earlier. She had planned to reveal that Mrs. Finch Senior was interested in matching her and Jonathan. She wanted Rose to retreat and to disappear into his world obediently. She wanted Rose to stop pestering him.

But she didn't find Rose in the room. As she wanted to tell Rose that she would snatch Jonathan away, she entered the room despite receiving no response after knocking. Then, she drank the water prepared for Rose and immediately felt dizzy.

She couldn't remember anything after that. But she knew that she wasn't in the room where she fainted. What happened? What was going on? What were those noises outside?

Anastasia had no time to figure it out. But the people outside seemed to have stopped their discussion after reaching a consensus. Then, she heard the sound of footsteps.

Someone was approaching her. She was paralyzed by fear. Although she didn't know what was going to happen, she knew it was going to be terrible.

Regardless of what they wanted, she was confident that she could buy her freedom from them somehow. But right now, all she could do was whimper. In a man's eyes, that was nothing more than resistance. Suddenly, a man came in and removed the black cloth bag that covered her head. She couldn't see his face clearly, but she could tell that the person in front of her was an evil man.

She kept whimpering and pleading with him. He grabbed her ankle. She felt sick when he touched her. The man couldn't wait to sleep with her, but his companion's voice suddenly came from outside. "Remember to take photos. Patron said we can only get the final payment with clear photos."

He chuckled, almost forgetting their purpose. The surroundings were so dark that he couldn't see her face.

So, he took out his phone and turned on the flashlight. When the light shone on Anastasia's face, there was a hint of disappointment in his eyes.

Theo said that Rose was more beautiful than the stars. Although Anastasia was good-looking, she wasn't prettier than the stars. But he didn't pay much attention to that. Although she wasn't super beautiful, she had a good temperament. It wasn't much of a loss.

Under the light, she turned pale with fright at the man's obvious intentions. But what frightened her the most was what she just heard. Patron? Had someone asked them to kidnap her? Who was it?

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Chapter 347 That's Mom

[1,126 words]

Before Anastasia even had time to think about who the patron could be, the man had already leaned against her. No matter how hard she struggled, whimpered, or begged for mercy, it was useless. As the night dragged on, her pleas for mercy died out. The men came in one after another, and she was so humiliated by the third one that she had lost all hope.

After the others had their fill with her, Theo went in. Under the light from his phone, he saw who was inside. Although her mouth was covered with tape, he could tell at a glance that she wasn't Rose! Rose, whom Oliver doted on, was so eye-catching that he would never forget her face, even though he had only caught a fleeting glimpse of her. But the woman in front of him ...

Theo was stunned for a moment and recognized Anastasia after a minute. She was also a lady of the Youngs. Since arriving at the orphanage, she had been alone and was staring at Rose disdainfully. She also recognized him, and her despair turned into agitation. She struggled violently. Suddenly, the rope tying her hands together broke.

She immediately tore off the tape on her mouth. Her first instinct wasn't to run away but rather to ask who had caused her such agony. She looked ferocious.

"Who is the patron you mentioned just now?" He was startled and wanted to call his companions in, but she immediately added, "Do you know who I am? Oliver Young is my grandfather. How much does that patron give you? I'll give you ten times the payment. I only want to know who he is."

Many people flashed through her mind. She had no enemies in Aquastead, and she had never offended anyone.

For a moment, she thought it was Rose. But despite everything that had happened, she knew Rose wouldn't use such tactics. Although she didn't like Rose, she appreciated her character. But if it wasn't Rose, who else would it be?

"It's Ms. Lawson," Theo said.

As he did so, Anastasia's offer echoed in his mind. The amount Ms. Lawson had offered was already incredulous, let alone ten times that amount! He had been tempted by the thought of more money.

But revealing who he was working for, he immediately added, "Ms. Young, I'm just doing it for the money. She asked us to do it. I didn't intend to do anything to you. I have no grudge against you. Besides ..." Besides, Ms. Lawson wanted them to kidnap Rose, not Anastasia. But he didn't dare tell her that they had kidnapped the wrong person.

"Ms. Lawson?" She tried to recall if she knew anyone whose surname was Lawson, but she had no idea.

He felt relieved that she hadn't realized that they had kidnapped the wrong person. At this time, he could only help her find more information about the patron to relieve his guilt.

"I heard someone call her Maya."

Maya Lawson! The name suddenly sprang to her mind. Although she didn't take Maya seriously, she had interacted with her before. She was Kelly and Rose's cousin, but she hated Rose and was closer to Kelly.

"It's Kelly!"

She gritted her teeth. Without even needing to confirm it, she could tell that the person behind Maya, and the so-called patron, was Kelly.

"Take off your clothes!" she ordered him coldly. She was an absolute mess, and the previous men had torn off her clothes. She couldn't care about anything else at that moment.

Theo was stunned for a moment but immediately took off his clothes. She covered herself and glared at him sharply. Even a villain like him couldn't help but shudder.

"I promise to pay you, but you must help me."

He gulped and asked, "How can I help?"

She looked outside. Several men were laughing obscenely and excitedly chatting about what they had just done. She kept quiet, but a murderous intent was brewing in her.

How dare those scum touch her? She was going to make them pay! She took his phone. On the screen was exactly what had happened, and she felt humiliated all over again by it. She quickly deleted the recording.

When she handed over the phone to him, she ordered, "Do to that patron what your men just did to me!" She wouldn't let Maya and Kelly go so easily.

She genuinely thought that Kelly was targeting her and didn't know that she had been mistaken for Rose.

Meanwhile, in the forest, Kelly was still on Gabriel's back. She thought that everything that she had planned for had happened to Rose. But what she didn't realize was that she had made a powerful new enemy for herself.

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Rose woke up faintly. Although it was fuzzy at first, she soon remembered the face she saw before she was knocked unconscious.

"Nixon Lane!" almost instinctively, she yelled out loud. But she didn't see him when she opened her eyes.

She looked around quickly. She realized that she was in a ship's cabin. It was dilapidated, and the sea breeze outside was strong, causing the ship's hull to shake violently.

She wanted to stand up, but her hands and feet were tied together. After several tries, something fell out of her pocket. It was a photo.

She remembered it was what the old woman had taken out from Henrietta's secret hideout on the mountain earlier. She tried racking her brain to figure out how to escape. But when she saw a familiar face in the photo, she froze.

"M-Mom."

One of the girls in the photo looked very young, but she recognized her. It Celeste! Why was her mother in this photo? Apart from her mother, there were several more girls and a middle-aged woman in it. The middle-aged woman had a mole in the corner of her eye. This clue suddenly reminded her of something, and she immediately looked at the old woman who was tied up next to her. Nixon had also brought the old woman here. She was lying on the ground unconscious.

Rose tried to crawl over to get closer to the old woman. She relaxed a little when she noticed that the old woman was still breathing.

"Granny? Granny?" she called out to the old woman softly, trying to wake her up. She wanted to ask the old woman about the question on her mind.

But despite trying a few times, the old woman didn't respond. If she hadn't found out that the old woman was breathing, she would have thought the old woman was dead. She wanted to call the old woman again.

But at this moment, she heard footsteps outside, accompanied by the wind and waves. The sounds echoed in the ship's vast cabin. After a moment, a man appeared in her sight. Without the cover of his peaked cap, she could see him clearly.

"Nixon! What are you going to do?"

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Chapter 348 This Is the Strongest Evidence

[1,127 words]

Rose instantly raised her guard. The moment she asked the question, she could see the disdain in Nixon's eyes. Hatred radiated from his expression, and his lips morphed into a chilling smile. He replied, "I'm getting my revenge."

Revenge? She frowned. While they held grudges against each other, it had started with him. Despite this, she didn't think she could reason with him. "How are you going to get your revenge? Kill me? Don't forget, if you kill me, you can't escape the legal consequences."

Was she afraid of death? Of course, she was. But she also wagered that someone like him feared death more.

Surprisingly, he smiled after hearing her words. "Kill you? How would I dare?" He still had not forgotten what he had to endure from Jonathan previously.

His gaze deepened as he recalled those events. "Rose, you are something. When did you seduce Uncle Jonathan? Let me guess..." He pretended to ponder. However, his memory flashed in his mind's eye like a movie.

He tried his best to think of how she got close to Jonathan, and all the answers seemed to point to that night. "That day at the Lane family's birthday banquet... You went to his room, didn't you?"

That night, Jonathan had said there was a stray cat when he was standing by the window. That stray cat must've been Rose!

"No, that's not it."

There was something else he didn't understand. On that night, she showed him a marriage certificate. He had someone investigate who she was married to, but all he got was a result saying "Unspecified" in the spouse column.

Someone capable of concealing their real identity wouldn't be some ordinary person. She must have already gotten involved with Jonathan before that.

He was curious. "How did you get close to Uncle Jonathan? You didn't know he was Mr. Finch at the beginning, did you?" He was only guessing. But after catching a glimpse of sadness in her eyes, he knew the answer.

"Ha! He did keep it from you! I knew it. The Finches aren't ordinary people. Uncle Jonathan wasn't easily attainable either. Why would he care about you? You're just a toy to him when he's bored in Aquastead. There's no way he was interested in you."

He wouldn't let her know about Jonathan's concern for her. He wanted to mentally destroy her. Admittedly, his words felt like a knife had stabbed Rose's heart. But she only felt like that for a moment. She met his gaze, and her lips curled into a faint smile. "That's right. I'm just playing along. Nixon, we're adults. You don't think I would be devastated over this, would you?"

Impossible. Mr. Finch could not be just a handsome man to her. Her relaxed tone made him frown. This wasn't the reaction he expected. He wanted to see the hurt in her eyes from his words. He stared at her. Her soft chuckle made it seem like the sorrow that flashed in her eyes a moment ago was just his imagination. Suddenly, he laughed. "I didn't expect you to be so heartless. So, you don't care about him at all, right?"

Care about Jonathan? There was no escape from the truth. She did care about him, and perhaps more than she should. But how could she show it in front of him?

The small smirk that had started forming in the corner of her mouth became more pronounced. "As you said, we are two different people from two different worlds. If he treats me like a plaything, why should I care about what he does?"

"I know. Why don't we play a game, Rose?" His cunning smile made her uneasy.

Her expression immediately turned serious. "What are you planning?"

He remained silent. He was calculating the time. If Jonathan had received the ring on time, he would probably be on his way here by now. Unfortunately, the way here was via the bridge that had been blown up by him.

Even if Jonathan knew she was in danger, he would be delayed despite his urgency. With a cold smile, he said, "By the way, I was afraid you'd be too lonely. So I brought someone to accompany you." Silently, he walked to the other side of the ship cabin and casually opened a door. Immediately, the silhouette of someone in a wheelchair appeared.

She recognized him immediately. "Grandfather!"

Oliver seemed to hear her voice and turned his wheelchair around in a daze. When he saw her, he showed no awareness of his surroundings. He pushed the wheelchair toward her. "Rietta!"

However, Nixon noticed Rose's concern in her eyes. He deliberately kicked the wheelchair, causing it to lose balance and speed forward.

"Grandfather!" Panic filled her expression as she struggled to free herself. Fortunately, the wheelchair was facing her direction.

She couldn't care less about herself. Watching the wheelchair coming toward her, all she could think about was stabilizing it to prevent Oliver from falling. The wheelchair collided with her. She grunted. Her entire body hurt, but he was the only thing she cared about at that moment.

"Grandfather?"

Fortunately, her body stopped the wheelchair, preventing it from moving forward. She called out to him, but he was in a daze. He seemed to be frightened from the shock.

"Heh, Rose, you care about Mr. Young Senior. So unlike Kelly ..."

Thinking about what Kelly made him do, Nixon's cold smile became even more pronounced.

She hadn't expected to hear Kelly's name from him. He seemed to have more to say. Without waiting for her to ask, he took out a remote control. Then he pointed it toward the screen on the wall and turned it

on.

He said ambiguously, "This is my gift to you. No need to thank me too much!" After saying that, he left the ship cabin.

Her gaze fell on the screen. The screen had come to life. The image might not have been very clear, but it was just enough for her to see what was happening.

On the screen, she and Oliver were standing on a bridge. Just like in her dreams, she left the bridge not long after. But he remained on the bridge and looked toward her. The screen seemed to freeze, with no movement showing for a long time.

Then, another person appeared in the frame. That person quietly walked behind him, facing the wheelchair, and kicked it hard. That person was none other than Kelly!

"Kelly!"

It was her who caused Grandfather to fall, and it almost cost him his life! Even though he had survived, he had lost his memory as a result.

Rose remembered her suspicions about Kelly back then, but she was frustrated by the lack of evidence. This was all the evidence she needed. Kelly wished for her grandfather to die. But why?

Rose thought long and hard. What went unnoticed was the slight change in Oliver's gaze as he stared at the screen.

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Chapter 349 It's Her

[1,149 words]

The screen was frozen, and the cabin was filled with eerie silence. The footage simply played over and over again on a loop. Oliver was visibly agitated as he pointed at the screen. His distress at Kelly kicking his wheelchair was audible from the video.

Rose suddenly snapped out of her shock. "Grandpa... Grandpa, it's okay. It's all in the past."

Rose wanted to hold Oliver's hand and provide him with a sense of security, but her hands were tied. She tried to break free several times but couldn't do so.

Fortunately, Oliver calmed down after hearing her words. Oliver looked at Rose. It was clear that he was shaken by the video.

"Grandpa, it's okay. Everything's in the past. Kelly

probably didn't mean any harm."

Although Rose knew that Kelly was up to no good and suspected that Kelly was planning something even bigger, Kelly was still Oliver's biological granddaughter. Oliver definitely wouldn't expect his granddaughter to do something so ruthless.

So, she decided to paint Kelly in a better light, even though she didn't want to. It was all for Oliver's sake. He stared at Rose silently.

Suddenly, he realized that his wheelchair was pressing against Rose and started to panic. "Rose... are you ... alright? Why didn't you dodge it? You dummy ..." Oliver used all his strength to move the wheelchair away.

"I'm fine."

If she had moved away, the wheelchair would've flipped over and Oliver would've fallen. How could she let that happen? Rose forced a smile. Even the slightest movement made the spot where she was hit ache. But she couldn't afford to care about herself.

She continued reassuring Oliver. "Grandpa, don't worry."

Rose struggled to free herself from the ropes that bound her hands and feet. She scanned her surroundings and saw a pair of scissors in the corner of the cabin. She inched forward.

When her hand touched the scissors, Rose breathed a sigh of relief. The most important thing right now was to free herself.

After much struggle, Rose managed to cut the ropes binding her. Upon doing so, she immediately stood up and walked over to Oliver's side. Oliver simply stared at her in a daze. There seemed to be a lot going through his mind. However, Rose wasn't able to read his thoughts. "Grandpa?" His expression seemed puzzled to Rose, but she didn't feel any animosity from him. Rose tried calling out to him again. After a moment, Oliver finally snapped out of his daze and grabbed her hand. He gave her a nod and his eyes seemed to tear up. Thinking he was still frightened, Rose quickly picked up the remote control that had been discarded by Nixon nearby and turned off the video. Once she felt the fear in his eyes diminish, Rose tentatively said, "Grandpa, wait for me here. I'll go outside and have a look."

Outside, the seawater was splashing against the cabin. As they were currently inside the cabin, they were unaware of the situation outside.

However, Oliver kept holding her hand. Rose patted his hand to comfort him, and it gradually loosened. As Rose walked out of the cabin, Oliver's gaze followed her.

His voice wavered as he softly called out, "Rose ..." However, his voice was drowned out by the sounds of the sea.

Rose walked out of the cabin into the pitch-black night, where the strong wind stung her face. Surrounded by nothing but darkness, a feeling of dread enveloped her. As her eyes adjusted to the surroundings, Rose saw the vast expanse of the sea in front of her.

"What's wrong? Scared?" A voice came from behind her.

Rose immediately turned around. Seeing Nixon's sinister face in the dark shadows, her heart trembled. But was she really afraid?

"What is there to be afraid of? Is there any use in being afraid here?" Rose's voice was all but drowned out by the cold wind.

Nixon disliked her fearless attitude. But because of the plan he had devised, Nixon was in no hurry. He wanted to watch Rose descend into despair slowly.

Yet, at this moment, Rose suddenly spoke, "How about we play a game?"

Rose hadn't forgotten Nixon's mention of a "game" earlier. She didn't know what he intended to do, but she knew that she was the one he was after.

The old woman was just an extra person he had taken along. As for Oliver, he was probably here to be used as leverage against her.

As if he had read her thoughts, Nixon spoke up before she could continue. Chuckling lightly, he said, "Let me guess. You probably want me to release the two people in the cabin, right?"

"Yes. What you want is revenge on me. One of them is a stranger to me, and the other is just an old, wheelchair-bound man. So what if he's Mr. Young Senior from Regalia? I'm just his adopted granddaughter, and you know that.

...

"Kelly is his true granddaughter. She will inherit all the assets of the Young family. Even if I try my best, I won't get anything from him. So you keeping them here poses no threat to me." Rose spoke in a tone so indifferent that it made her seem cold-hearted.

But Nixon didn't believe a word she said. He just kept staring at Rose. He found it extremely ironic.

He had to admit that Rose was a kind-hearted person. He knew he'd been blinded once and fooled by Kelly, believing the innocent facade she put on. Rose, however ...

Now, looking at Rose, he realized he had been wrong from the beginning. In terms of looks and character, Rose and Kelly were as different as night and day. Yet, he was foolish enough to have mistaken the devil for an angel.

Despite the eerie atmosphere, Nixon suddenly burst into laughter. The sound made Rose frown. Then, she caught the sarcasm in his tone as he said, "Did you think I brought Oliver here because of you?" Rose didn't know what to say. Was it not?

But before she could inquire, Nixon started laughing again. "It's not because of you. Someone asked me to take Oliver away. In this situation, if something happens to Oliver, who do you think will inherit the Young family's assets?"

Rose didn't have the time to be shocked. Instead, her mind raced as she pondered Nixon's question.

Suddenly, Rose stepped forward and asked, "What do you mean 'if something happens'?"

If something happened to Oliver, who would the Young family assets end up with? Countless faces started flashing across Rosa's mind. Miles ... Anastasia ... Gabriel's mother ... And ... Kelly

In the end, it was Kelly's innocent and harmless face that lingered in her mind. Gradually, her pure and kind face transformed into that of a monster.

"It's Kelly!" Rose suddenly felt the strength leaving her body and took a step back. Only Kelly and Nixon would conspire together, so ...

"The person who orchestrated the accident, and the one who brought Grandpa here, is Kelly, isn't it? What does Kelly want? What are you all up to?"

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Chapter 350 Making A Deal With Him

[1,153 words]

Rose clenched her fists subconsciously. She suddenly realized that things were not as simple as she had thought. She stared intently at Nixon, but he only had a strange smile that was barely visible in the dim

lighting.

"It's not what 'we' plan to do, it's what Kelly wants to do!"

From the moment Nixon decided to take revenge, Kelly had already been erased from his heart. He held onto her weaknesses, forcing her to submit beneath him. Watching her terrified demeanor, he felt nothing but disdain and satisfaction.

Kelly had asked him to kill Oliver. But he was no longer swayed by her acts. He had no intention of keeping any of her secrets.

Rose swallowed silently. "What is Kelly planning to do?" As she kept trying to guess, it slowly became clear to her.

Without hesitation, Nixon said, "I guess... she is plotting to take Oliver's life. She'll try until she succeeds. It's probably for the money!"

The Young family was swimming in wealth.

"But even if she didn't do these things, she would've still gained a lot from the family with her status. Why ..."

Why would she be so intent on taking Grandpa's life? This question had been lingering in her mind ever since she suspected that Kelly was up to no good. Now she seemed closer to the answer. Perhaps Kelly wanted to inherit everything that belonged to the Young family. Or, perhaps... she was afraid! Afraid that, in the end, she would get nothing. As for the reasons behind it ...

Rose's gaze deepened as the sound of waves crashing filled the air. After a while, Rose snapped back to reality and turned to Nixon.

"Kelly doesn't love you. Is it worth doing all this for her? How about we discuss a business deal instead? You release Oliver, and I ..." Rose paused.

She knew Nixon harbored some hatred toward her. What she was about to say would only put her in an even more embarrassing situation. But, for Oliver's sake, Rose continued, "I'll do whatever you say!"

Do whatever he says? Nixon sized up Rose. Her hair was slightly tousled by the sea breeze, but it didn't make her seem disheveled in any way. In fact, she looked beautiful. With her determined gaze, she was simply stunning.

Nixon's heart skipped a beat. "We were once engaged and dated for so long. But the closest we ever got to intimacy was holding hands. Unfortunately ..." Nixon had never considered anything beyond that with Rose.

However, at this moment, he realized he hadn't dared to entertain such thoughts back then because Rose belonged to Jonathan. Even though he despised Jonathan, subconsciously, he didn't dare to covet his

woman.

Realizing this, a thirst for revenge surged within him. Nixon observed Rose as he advanced toward her slowly, his gaze unabashed. "You'll do whatever I say? Sure. But remember, those were your own words. Don't go breaking promises you've made."

He had once considered blowing up this ship in front of Jonathan, leaving him helpless. But now, what if he gave Jonathan a surprise before that ...

Thinking of the humiliation he endured that day being ridiculed in public, Nixon's eyes turned increasingly manic. Ashe reached out for Rose, he grabbed her wrist tightly.

How could Rose not understand his intentions? Disgust filled her. But at that moment, she had to suppress her disgust and hold up her end of the bargain.

"Release them first!" Rose glanced around at the water surrounding them. "Send them back."

"Send them back? That's not an option!"

At this moment, even though Jonathan was delayed by the blown-up bridge, Miles was still at the orphanage. He could not put himself into that trap. The sea was the safest place for him now.

Rose gritted her teeth and was about to break free from Nixon's grip. However, Nixon preemptively said, "No need to hurry. It's about time now."

Nixon was hinting at something. He smiled at Rose, knowing that everything was under his control. "I will let them go as you wish. Besides, I don't want to be interrupted by them! Haha..."

If it weren't for not wanting to provoke Nixon, Rose would have slapped the smile off his face. Rose suppressed all her disgust and followed Nixon toward the stern of the ship.

As she did, she noticed a small speedboat tied to the back of the ship. Rose's eyes lit up, and ideas of rescuing herself flashed through her mind.

But Nixon saw through her thoughts with a glance. "Do you think you can take them away alone? I know you're trained for this. Knowing you, I might not necessarily win if it's just the two of us. But don't forget, you have two pathetic people weighing you down!"

Nixon bluntly stated the reality of her situation for her. He then handed Rose a bottle of water. "Drink it."

Rose knew that the "water" wasn't actually water. But what choice did she have?

"Drink! Otherwise..." Nixon smiled and revealed a knife that he had hidden somewhere. In the cold moonlight, an icy gleam danced off the knife. Even a shallow stab could prove fatal in the vast emptiness of this deserted sea.

Rose didn't dare to try and snatch the knife away. She could only take the water and gulp it down. She glared at Nixon and asked, "Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, of course." Nixon chuckled, setting down the speedboat.

The water Rose had just consumed took effect in just a short time. Fatigue overcame her body. But fortunately, apart from feeling powerless, she could do nothing else.

As if afraid that Nixon might change his mind, Rose quickly dragged her body toward the cabin. Upon entering the cabin, the old lady who had been unconscious this whole time woke up.

Seeing Rose, she instinctively called out, "Rietta ..."

"Granny, can you get up?" Rose tried to help the old woman up.

The old woman tried and, upon getting up, noticed a photograph on the floor. Muttering to herself, she said, "How did this fall? We should keep it safe. This is our treasure." Saying this, she picked up the photo and tucked it into her shirt.

Oliver was shocked when he heard her call Rose "Rietta". Oliver glanced at her suspiciously but was unable to probe further. Rose was already behind him, pushing the wheelchair with both of them toward the cabin exit.

Oliver thought that they were no longer in danger. But when they reached the stern and came face to face with Nixon, he realized something was amiss.

He grabbed Rose's hand abruptly. "What are you doing?" The urgency and concern in his eyes stung Rose's heart for a moment.

However, without a hint of emotion, Rose reassured him with a smile, "Grandpa, I'll help you off the boat." The speedboat was already ready to go. Oliver tightened his grip on Rose's hand. "You're coming with me, right?"

"Yes, that's right." Rose nodded. Even though she had assured him, Oliver still held onto her hand tightly.

Nixon watched this scene and chuckled mockingly. "An outsider would think that you two were blood relatives!"

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Chapter 351 He Came Prepared

[1,226 words]

The scene was indeed amusing. An adopted granddaughter did whatever it took to save her grandfather from danger, while his biological granddaughter didn't hesitate to harm him repeatedly for her own sake. Though Nixon's remark was light-hearted, Oliver's eyes burned with fury. Before he could pull Rose onto the speedboat, Nixon, who stood on the opposite side, grabbed Rose's other wrist.

With just a light tug from Nixon, Oliver lost his grip on Rose, and Nixon ruthlessly pushed Oliver aside.

Seeing Oliver fall onto the speedboat, a trace of worry appeared in Rose's eyes. Only after confirming that he was alright could she relax. She watched as Nixon started the speedboat and turned on its satnav. Soon, the speedboat disappeared into the darkness of the night. Rose and Nixon were the only ones left on the ship.

With no one else around, Nixon looked at Rose maliciously. Seeing her sitting defenselessly on the ground, his eyes darkened. "What do you think Uncle Jonathan is doing right now?"

...

Jonathan Jonathan's figure flashed in Rose's mind, but it quickly disappeared. No matter what he was doing, it couldn't save her. But little did she know, at this moment, Jonathan was filled with panic as he stared at the broken road.

"Mr. Finch, the bridge ..."

The orphanage was located in a remote area that was seldom visited. Hence, the destruction of the bridge went unnoticed.

From Finley's experience, he knew that the bridge was destroyed by explosives. Thinking about the letter, Finley couldn't help but worry.

He turned to Jonathan. Before he could say anything, Jonathan had already made a decision. "Get the helicopter. Now!"

Finley didn't dare to delay another moment and immediately complied. Jonathan had never been in such a panic before.

He wished he could appear in front of Rose immediately. With Rose in Nixon's hands, he couldn't bear to think about what Nixon might do to her. Taking a deep breath, Jonathan urgently dialed Miles' number. Miles had canvassed the entire mountain but couldn't find Rose. When Jonathan's call came through, Miles answered impatiently.

"Rose ..."

They spoke simultaneously, but the concern in each other's voices instantly conveyed that neither had found Rose.

"The bridge here has been blown up, and I'm stuck on the road... Nixon came prepared," Jonathan said, his eyes sharp and grim. Both understood that Nixon was one step ahead of them.

Miles' frown deepened. "I've searched this area too, but there's no sign of Rose." Since Nixon didn't head up the mountain, that meant...

Miles looked toward the dark sea, and a sudden realization struck him. "The sea... She's at sea!" With no time to waste, Miles hung up and quickly ran toward the beach.

Gabriel emerged from the mountain with Kelly and saw Miles' figure rushing past him. Gabriel wanted to catch up, but Kelly grabbed his arm.

"Gabriel, I can't walk anymore." Kelly was extremely frail.

Although Gabriel had carried her the entire time, as soon as he set her down, she couldn't walk again. Gabriel had been enduring all of her nonsense in hopes of learning of Rose's whereabouts. Unexpectedly, Kelly remained tight-lipped, refusing to reveal any information. Gabriel glanced at her. He knew that if he pressed her, it would likely backfire. But he no longer wanted to deal with this woman. "You should head back and rest for now then." After saying that, Gabriel pushed Kelly's hand away.

"Gabriel ... Gabriel ... I'm scared! I'm scared of the dark!" Kelly looked wronged and tried to appear even more pitiful.

But no matter how much she called out, it seemed as if Gabriel couldn't hear her at all. He quickly disappeared.

"Damn it!" Kelly's face quickly turned cold. How could she not notice Gabriel's concern for Rose?

He claimed to be looking for Oliver, but throughout the journey, he kept mentioning Rose. But what did mentioning her accomplish? The people Maya sent had probably succeeded by now. Kelly sneered as she got up and brushed off the dirt off her clothes. She didn't bother chasing after Gabriel. "I wish you luck finding her yourselves!"

It would be best if they witnessed Rose's misery with their own eyes. By then, everything would collapse for Rose. Kelly became even more excited at the thought of it. However, a frown appeared on her face.

She and Gabriel had almost traversed the entire mountain just now, along with Miles. How come he hadn't found Rose in the mountains? Where could Maya's lackeys have taken her? A hint of doubt arose in her mind, but it quickly vanished.

The dew on the mountain had dampened her skirt, and her feet were covered in mud. Now, all she wanted to do was change into a fresh set of clothes and wait for Miles and Gabriel to bring Rose back. She returned to the upper floor of the orphanage alone. The butler who had consumed the spiked drink earlier was still unconscious.

Kelly went to her room, changed into her pajamas, and went to the bathroom to freshen up. After getting ready for bed, she felt at ease.

Before falling asleep, despite being very thirsty, she deliberately avoided drinking the tea on the table. Instead, she quenched her thirst with a bottle of water. As her drowsiness overcame her, Kelly fell into a deep sleep.

Not long after she had fallen asleep, a figure opened the door and walked into the room, with her being none the wiser. Staring at her sleeping figure, the person's eyes were filled with resentment and hatred as if wanting to vent their grievances by tearing her apart.

"Come in." As Anastasia's words echoed in the empty room, several people led by Theo entered.

Apart from Theo, the group feared Anastasia. Fortunately, Ms. Young promised them that as long as they followed her instructions, she wouldn't pursue the earlier incident and would even give them a large sum of money.

Although they were uneasy and on guard, they decided to take the gamble. Luckily, Ms. Young seemed more concerned about the person on the bed and didn't spare them any more than a glance. After saying "take her away," she disappeared from the room.

The night grew darker. Gabriel caught up with Miles on the beach. Seeing Miles anxiously staring at the sea, Gabriel asked, "She's ... out at sea?"

Miles didn't answer. He just took out his phone. The most urgent task now was to find a boat. When he was at the beach this afternoon, he saw a boat here. But now, it was nowhere to be seen. It wasn't hard to guess what had happened to it.

Just as he was dialing a number, a loud sound echoed above him. Looking up, the searchlight of a helicopter illuminated the coastline, brightening the entire area. The helicopter didn't stop. Instead, it headed toward the sea.

Even from a distance, Gabriel could still see the silhouette in the helicopter.

"Mr. Finch..." Gabriel instinctively muttered under his breath. Before he could fully comprehend what was happening, a yacht approached them out of nowhere.

Once the yacht stopped as close as it could to the shore, Miles swam toward it and got onboard. Realizing what was happening, Gabriel wasted no time and followed Miles, getting onboard as the yacht began pulling away.

Jonathan was piloting the helicopter himself. Even though he was anxious, he had to keep himself calm. But suddenly, his phone rang.

Jonathan immediately answered it. But when he did, all he heard was a woman's piercing scream, causing all his composure to instantly collapse.

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[1,015 words]

"Rose!" Jonathan's voice quivered uncontrollably.

Nixon deliberately increased the call volume, making sure that Jonathan could hear Rose's voice clearly.

Nixon detected Jonathan's unease at the mention of Rose. He cast a glance at her, devoid of any emotion.

At this moment, Rose slouched against the bulkhead, her gaze distant. The wound on her head, inflicted earlier when she resisted Nixon, continued to bleed.

Initially feeling feeble, Rose was now slipping into unconsciousness.

Despite the drowsiness overwhelming her, Rose managed to hear Jonathan's voice. In a hazy state, she mumbled, "Hubby..."

Rose hovered on the edge of passing out, with even Nixon's silhouette before her beginning to sway and her surroundings blurring.

But Rose knew that she couldn't afford to pass out. If she did, Nixon would have his way with her.

In her foggy state, Rose pinched her thigh, attempting to stay alert through the pain.

"Rose..."

Jonathan's heart clenched when all he could hear was silence from the cabin. He attempted to elicit a response from Rose, but all he encountered was an unsettling and eerie quiet. Jonathan's grip on his phone tightened gradually.

Jonathan was left with nothing but the sound of Nixon's breath on the other end of the line. The former warned through clenched teeth, "Nixon, do you comprehend the consequences if you hurt Rose? If I were in your shoes, I'd think twice about using her for revenge, or else..."

Even through the phone call, Nixon unmistakably sensed Jonathan's threat. At that moment, Jonathan seemed like an apex predator, evoking instinctive awe and fear from Nixon.

Nixon trembled at first, but soon, all the awe and fear in his heart were replaced by madness. Nixon said with a cunning smirk, "You do love her, don't you?"

Jonathan frowned.

Nixon continued, "What did she do to make you cherish her so much? You received the ring, didn't you?"

"That ring was priceless, yet you're willing to give it away. Haha! Even the Finch family claimed you were cold and heartless, incapable of understanding love. Have you truly fallen in love with Rose?"

As Nixon spoke, he cast a glance at Rose, assured that she remained dazed, incapable of hearing his words. Thus, he didn't hesitate to expose Jonathan's feelings for her.

The tenor of Jonathan's breath hinted at an imminent threat. He was angry and very much afraid.

It was precisely Nixon's goal to see Jonathan in such an angry and terrified state.

Nixon's eyes gleamed with increasing mad. "Falling in love is a delightful thing, Uncle Jonathan. When you fall in love, she becomes your vulnerability. Having the formidable Jonathan's vulnerability in my control feels absolutely satisfying! Haha..."

Laughter echoed in the cabin.

Rose struggled to hear what Nixon was saying. Despite her efforts, she could only maintain consciousness. His words were all a blur.

His laughter, however, sent a shiver down her spine.

Jonathan's expression darkened steadily. He had countless ways to make Nixon suffer for his words and actions. Yet, with Rose in Nixon's clutches, Jonathan refrained from acting recklessly. Nixon wasn't wrong. Jonathan had developed feelings for Rose, making her his weakness and a target.

Once confident in protecting Rose, Jonathan now realized he had overlooked many vulnerabilities. If someone like Nixon could endanger Rose, what about the other threats from the Finch family? Those individuals were the true dangers.

Jonathan's flawless face remained calm. The air seemed to retain only the echoes of Nixon's laughter.

Abruptly, the laughter ceased, replaced by Nixon's shocked exclamation, "Oh my... Rose! How did you... How could you hurt yourself like that?"

Jonathan's heart sank, and he quickly questioned, "What happened to her?"

Nixon offered no reply.

Gazing down, Nixon discovered that Rose had managed to find a piece of metal. Its sharp edge had pierced her thigh, blood seeping out. Strangely, she appeared impervious to the pain.

The crimson hue intensified the madness in Nixon's eyes. "Silly woman, I'll be heartbroken if you hurt yourself like this."

Although he claimed to be heartbroken, his excitement betrayed him.

The pain jolted Rose back to awareness. The moment she caught the utterance of "heartbroken", an overwhelming sense of disgust immediately surged within her.

"Rose..." Jonathan urgently called over the phone, but Nixon had somehow muted the speakerphone, rendering Rose unable to hear his voice.

Yet, she knew it was Jonathan on the other end.

Suddenly, Nixon walked over and crouched next to her.

The disgust in her eyes was evident, but Nixon paid no attention. Instead, he deliberately drew closer, even extending his hand to touch the wound on her leg.

Excitement gleamed in his eyes, yet his words remained seemingly tender. "Look at all this blood. What should we do? Does it hurt? Look at you, sweating from the pain. It must be very painful. But it's okay. I'll make you forget the pain..."

Nixon paused. His gaze darkened momentarily before a malevolent glint appeared.

"Rose, you've been with Uncle Jonathan for so long. It's time for me to have a taste of that 'stray cat!'"

Nixon's intentions were clear. He recalled the "stray cat" Jonathan had mentioned that night at the Lane residence.

Both Rose and Jonathan grasped his intentions.

Jonathan vehemently roared, "Nixon, I'm warning you, leave her alone!"

Madness had consumed Nixon. Why would he care about his warnings? The more he warned, the more it would fuel Nixon's madness.

Jonathan was aware of that. Fearing Nixon might harm Rose, he pleaded desperately, "Nixon, you've got it wrong."

Almost in an instant, Jonathan seemed like a different person. His voice became calm to the point of indifference. He even started laughing.

Nixon frowned. His attention instantly shifted from Rose to Jonathan. "Nixon, it's entertaining to see you going so mad over revenge."

Nixon's expression wavered slightly. "What do you mean?"

Their roles appeared to reverse. Jonathan now seemed to be in control. "What do I mean? Aquasteed is just too dull, so let's spice things up a bit."

Nixon narrowed his eyes. "What exactly do you mean?"

"Don't you understand? Do you think I wouldn't know that you escaped from the psychiatric hospital?"

Jonathan's lightly mocking tone suggested he held the reins. It appeared as if he were merely playing along to amplify the intrigue for Nixon, who seemed to be just another pawn in his game. Nixon's mind went blank for a moment before it began to race.

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Chapter 353 Bored of This Game

[1,062 words]

Nobody was aware that Nixon had escaped from the psychiatric hospital. However, even if his absence went unnoticed initially, it would inevitably come to light after some time.

Nixon's eyes flickered, and fear started to creep in. "You knew?"

Nixon was still testing him.

Jonathan lightly chuckled and calmly listed, "You've been to Finch Building, Aquastead Hotel, Harmony Hospital, and even... You've disguised yourself quite well. Even Rose didn't notice when she entered your car."

If Jonathan could list all these, that meant...

Nixon trembled.

Jonathan really knew. And not only that, he chose not to take action on Nixon when he was out.

What on earth was Jonathan up to?

Nixon's eyes flickered, unable to hide his fear any longer. "What do you want?"

"I told you, I just want to have some fun, and you are the source of that fun!" Jonathan sneered, seemingly indifferent.

Nixon became more confused. He pondered the meaning behind Jonathan's "fun" and muttered, "You wanted me to seek revenge? No, that's impossible. How could you watch me lurk around Rose with malicious intent? This can't be true!"

That shouldn't have been the case. Nixon also couldn't understand why Jonathan didn't take action after learning about his escape from the psychiatric hospital.

Suddenly, Nixon seemed to piece something together and sneered. "You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

A momentary silence lingered on the other end of the line. The silence immediately raised Nixon's guard. "Where are you?"

In response, Jonathan's indifferent laughter came through. "Where do you think I am? Are you nervous? Worried that I'll come to save Rose? Were you actually hoping for me to rescue her? Too bad..." Jonathan was not making an appearance?

Suddenly, another speculation surfaced in Nixon's mind. At that moment, he had already forgotten about Rose. He quickly rushed out of the cabin. He was surrounded by sea. Other than the sea breeze growing stronger, nothing had changed.

Nixon sighed in relief.

Back in the cabin, his attention refocused on Rose. Jonathan's voice continued, "What's wrong? Worried that I'll come to save her? How is that possible? Do you really think I love Rose?"

Did he not love her?

For a moment, Nixon was lost. He couldn't understand Jonathan's thoughts. Gazing at Rose, a glint flickered in his eyes. As he approached and crouched beside her again, Nixon activated the speakerphone.

"I thought Rose was important to you." Nixon's gaze held still for a moment. Even his voice, compared to the earlier excitement, now sounded calmer.

A pause ensued on the other end.

Rose, somewhat sobered by the pain, could clearly hear Jonathan's breathing. Jonathan was on the other end of the line, able to hear her speak. Rose instinctively wanted to ask Jonathan to find Oliver. However, as she opened her mouth, she only managed to utter "hub" before being cut off. "Rose means nothing to me," Jonathan uttered indifferently, each word deliberate.

Rose's mind went blank upon hearing his cold words. She comprehended the weight of those words, and her heart constricted, making it difficult to breathe.

The pain brought back some clarity, and she began to breathe heavily. The ache in her chest surpassed the pain in her thigh, making her more alert than before.

Nixon noticed Rose's reaction and couldn't hide his satisfaction. He deliberately remarked, "Uncle Jonathan, how could you be so heartless? Rose would be devastated if she heard this!"

Jonathan's knuckles had already turned white from gripping his phone. How could he not know that Rose could hear him?

Just now, she was even calling him "Hubby". And yet, he...

Jonathan suppressed the urge to comfort her. She was in Nixon's hands, and Nixon was insane. Nixon was solely aiming to use Rose to get revenge on him. At this moment, he could only try to convince Nixon that Rose held no significance to him.

"I'm bored of this game." These words, spoken with casual indifference, cut into Rose's heart like a knife.

Bored with this game?

Before Nixon could respond, Rose asked, "What are you saying?" Her voice quivered.

Jonathan tried to sound emotionally detached and responded, "You're smarter than that. Do you really need me to spell it out for you?"

"It's not as fun if I spell it out to you. We are just using each other, putting on a show. You're just a tool for me to vent my frustration, and I'm just a boring pastime to you. But don't worry. I'll compensate you with some money."

Unexpectedly, Jonathan abruptly ended the call. Silence engulfed the other end, yet his cold and cutting words lingered in the cabin.

Rose stared blankly at the floor. Suddenly, the room felt cold.

Putting on a show... Boring pastime...

While she had long known she meant nothing to Jonathan, hearing those words made her heart ache.

"I didn't expect you to be just another one of Uncle Jonathan's playthings. Didn't I tell you? How could the great Jonathan fall in love with you?"

Nixon relished the outcome. At this moment, his desire for revenge found satisfaction, having made Rose suffer. However, he still harbored concerns that he couldn't exploit Rose to exact revenge on Jonathan. "Too bad. I thought he would come to save you. I even planned to have him trade his life for yours, to make him kneel and beg me not to harm you. That scene would have been spectacular. Too bad! Oh, what a shame! What a pity! He doesn't love you and won't kneel or risk his life for you!"

Despite Nixon uttering those words, his eyes betrayed a despicable joy.

For someone else, his reveling might have intensified the emotional wound. Yet, Rose quickly regained control of her emotions.

"What a pity." A faint smile played on Rose's lips, tinged with disappointment.

Nixon frowned. "A pity? You also think it's a pity?"

Was it because she didn't manage to climb up the social ladder through Jonathan? That would indeed be a pity.

But that wasn't what Rose was talking about. "What a pity that he hung up so quickly. I hadn't even had the chance to ask him to help me save Oliver. At least he could have passed on a message for me to Miles..."

Rose spoke too much in one breath. Her breathing became somewhat unstable.

Nixon didn't expect Rose to still be concerned about Oliver. His expression instantly darkened.

Rose paused for a moment before adding, "What should we do? You can't use me to get revenge on Jonathan. You must be frustrated. I have a way to help you get back at him. Do you want to know how?"

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Chapter 354 A Gift for Her

[1,066 words]

Nixon narrowed his eyes, studying Rose as if attempting to read her motives. Just like Jonathan's inscrutable thoughts, Rose's intentions proved even more elusive.

"Go on." Nixon was interested. Unable to comprehend her, he hoped to extract some information from Rose to formulate educated guesses.

Furthermore, Rose had already consumed the water he provided. Now weakened, her body drained of blood, she appeared pale and defenseless. Even if she wanted to resist him, she lacked the strength. Nixon lowered his guard. So, when Rose spoke in a weak and low voice, Nixon leaned in closer to hear her.

"Do you know? Jonathan..."

Rose frowned, her breath increasingly unstable, seemingly unable to contain the pain and dizziness.

Nixon was clearly intrigued, sensing that Rose was about to reveal Jonathan's weakness. However, he couldn't make out what she said next.

"What did you say?" Nixon leaned in again toward Rose.

Unbeknownst to him, Rose had discreetly tightened her grip on the piece of metal.

After a brief pause, Rose opened her mouth. Instead of speaking, she swiftly utilized her remaining strength to raise the piece of metal and forcefully thrust it toward Nixon.

A piercing scream resonated throughout the cabin. Nixon lowered his gaze, discovering the metal piece embedded in his calf. Glaring at Rose with a fierce expression, he slowly raised his head. "You bitch!" Rose tricked him! His anger surged amidst the intense pain. Determined, Nixon decided to make Rose suffer a fate worse than death, even though that meant he couldn't use her to get revenge on Jonathan. He had underestimated Rose.

Rage consumed Nixon upon realizing that Rose had it all planned out.

Rose pulled out the metal piece lodged in Nixon's leg, eliciting another wretched scream from him. In the next moment, the metal piece in Rose's hand struck his other foot. Refusing to be at Nixon's mercy, Rose had to save herself, and crippling his ability to walk seemed the best strategy.

With Nixon in pain, Rose had an opportunity. Rose calmly pulled out the metal piece from his other thigh, causing Nixon to scream again. His eyes had turned completely red.

Fueled by anger, Nixon attempted to grab Rose. However, Rose evaded his attack instinctively and retreated backward. Though Rose avoided his grasp, she failed to reclaim the only weapon that could protect her.

Nixon struggled to move forward, his legs in excruciating pain. He could only watch helplessly as Rose distanced herself.

"Ha... Hahaha... Uncle Jonathan was right. You truly are a wild stray cat! Did you capture his interest with those sharp claws of yours? No wonder Uncle Jonathan was interested in you. But after he won you over, he lost interest."

Nixon seethed with fury.

He was a little satisfied when he saw Rose's eyes waver, seemingly shocked by his words. However, that shock proved short-lived.

Rose knew she had to escape. She was already weak, and stabbing Nixon drained even more of her strength. Nevertheless, she forced herself to stand and walked toward the ship's control room. She needed to get the boat back to the shore.

Nixon already saw through her plan. "Rose, do you think you can escape?"

Nixon laughed maniacally and continued, "I didn't intend for this boat to return when I took it out. I've already destroyed the instruments in the control room. You won't be able to go back!" They couldn't go back?

Rose paid heed to his words, refusing to believe that Nixon hadn't left himself an escape route.

Leaning against the cabin for support, she managed to exit the cabin and headed toward the ship's bow to reach the control room. Unbeknownst to her, the ruthlessness in Nixon's eyes intensified.

Rose entered the control room. She checked the instruments, and as Nixon had claimed, they indeed had been all destroyed. However, she refused to resign herself to fate. Despite her body failing her, she leaned against the wall, struggling not to lose consciousness.

The sea breeze intensified, and all that echoed in her ears were the whistling wind and the pounding waves.

After some time, someone called out to her. "Rose..."

It sent shivers down Rose's spine.

It was Nixon. His voice, like that of a malevolent spirit, instantly put Rose on edge. Rose noticed Nixon sitting on a lifeboat beneath the ship as she stepped out of the control room.

When Nixon saw Rose, a smug grin appeared on his face. "Farewell. I'm tired of this game. Oh, by the way, I've left you two gifts!"

Rose's intuition told her that Nixon's "gifts" were far from pleasant. She was right.

Nixon's voice continued, "Take a look behind you..."

Rose turned around. She noticed a red stopwatch in the corner of the control room, counting down.

It was a bomb!

The bomb was securely attached to the ship with a cable.

Rose's heart skipped a beat. Sensing her fear, Nixon laughed manically. The chilling laughter, carried by the sea breeze, echoed across the vast sea.

"This was originally prepared for Uncle Jonathan. I thought he would surely come to save you, so I prepared this gift for him. You said I can do whatever I want, and I wanted him to see you tumbling beneath me. But you went too far.

"Look, you've hurt me to this extent, so I changed my plan. The gift is yours! It's a pity, though. Uncle Jonathan won't be able to see you being blown to pieces."

Nixon laughed loudly as he rowed away in the lifeboat, gradually disappearing into the night.

"Tick... Tick... Tick..."

The rhythmic countdown echoed in the control room.

One after another, the ticking continued, gradually instilling a sense of despair.

Yet, Rose suddenly smiled coldly, choosing to remain indifferent.

A wave of fatigue overwhelmed her.

The strength she had forced herself to muster earlier suddenly left her body, making it even more difficult to stand. She let herself slide down against the cabin.

In the dark night, the rhythmic ticking of the countdown resumed.

Rose, at some point, closed her eyes.

It felt like a dream when she heard someone calling her name. "Rose!" She felt someone lifting her, and there was a deafening explosion with flames engulfing everything. Rose felt like she must've died from the explosion, and this dream was from her soul's perspective.

That was probably why the dream was viewed from above, looking down at the sea and the raging fire.

She vaguely sensed that her soul was being lifted and ascending continuously. Just before her consciousness sank into darkness, Rose let out a long sigh, silently grateful. She was accepted by the Heavens.

After all, it seemed like she was ascending to heaven.

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Chapter 355 How Dare You Provoke Him

[1,043 words]

The sky was ablaze in flames.

Nixon's boat hadn't paddled too far when, under the tremendous impact of the explosion, the boat almost flipped over.

Amidst the panic, he failed to notice something peculiar behind the flames. Barely stabilizing the boat, Nixon was momentarily stunned as he watched the explosion unfold. There was nothing left but madness and thirst for blood in his eyes.

In his original plan, Jonathan was the one who was supposed to die in the explosion.

But it was fine too if Rose had died.

"Oh, Rose, don't blame me. It's Uncle Jonathan's fault for not coming to save you." Nixon laughed wildly. It wasn't enough for him. Rose might be dead, but Jonathan and Kelly were still alive.

With their images haunting his thoughts, his appetite for revenge grew more fervent, especially in the wake of Rose's demise. At this point, he couldn't even feel the pain in his legs.

Gripping the boat, he contemplated his next move.

Suddenly, his phone started ringing.

Nixon thought it might be Kelly asking about Oliver. Initially hesitant to answer and prolong Kelly's anxiety, he eventually picked up after the ringtone persisted.

He was astonished to see the number displayed on the screen.

"Jonathan!"

Rose was already dead, so why was he calling? Even if he had changed his mind to save her, it was too late.

But Nixon was intrigued; not only could he lure Jonathan out by using Rose, but he could also personally inform him of Rose's death—a provocative move indeed. And so, Nixon answered the call, his lips curling slightly. In a triumphant posture, he exclaimed gleefully, "Uncle Jonathan, your stray cat... is dead!"

The fiery explosion remained visible.

Nixon's excitement surged. "Too bad you didn't see it just now. The ship exploded with a bang! I set up the bombs myself. Your little stray cat was on the ship. Perhaps her body has been blown to pieces and is now scattered in the sea, surrounded by fish. Too bad you didn't care. Otherwise, you would have witnessed this yourself..."

On the other end, Jonathan remained silent-only heavy breathing could be heard, indicating Jonathan's anger.

This discovery pleased Nixon immensely. "Uncle Jonathan, it seems you aren't as indifferent to her as you claim. So, why didn't you come to save her earlier?"

Nixon questioned him, but it also carried a tone of mockery.

Even if Jonathan had some feelings for Rose before, it had all ended there.

The silence from the other end made Nixon feel like something was amiss. It was not as satisfying as he thought.

Suddenly, Jonathan let out a faint disdainful snort, and the call ended. Nixon's face slightly stiffened. Staring at the phone for a moment, he felt a surge of anger.

What kind of reaction was that from Jonathan?

Nixon gritted his teeth, still displeased. In the fiery glow, a silhouette of a ship emerged. The vessel was approaching him gradually.

Nixon paused for a moment. His eyes betrayed a subtle uneasiness as he regained his composure. Speculation took root in his mind, and a fervent wish for a stroke of luck lingered. But when Nixon realized who was standing at the ship's bow, fear gradually overcame him. It was Jonathan!

"How?"

He had abandoned Rose, so why was he here?

Nixon swallowed hard. He knew the only hope for luring Jonathan into his trap was through Rose. But now...

Amidst the inferno, the figure at the bow of the boat wore a somber expression. It appeared as though he were the harbinger of death, poised to seize a soul.

Even though there was some distance between them, Nixon could feel the terrifying gaze firmly fixed on him. With a sudden jolt, Nixon's immediate reaction was to escape.

However, being in a small boat, it couldn't outrun the larger ship, even at maximum speed.

Despite exerting all his effort, he couldn't match the approaching figure behind him.

The other vessel drew closer.

Even facing away, Nixon could sense the intense pressure, as if someone were about to crush him.

A scream escaped Nixon in sheer fear, its echo harmonizing with the rhythmic waves.

Rose was in a daze. She occasionally opened her eyes, but all she could see was emptiness. Despite that, she sensed that someone was next to her.

A hand gently caressed her temples, as if tidying her hair.

After the big explosion earlier, she pondered if she was now in pieces. She wondered if her soul, now in heaven, looked disheveled.

"Rietta..." A voice echoed in her ear.

It sounded like an old woman. But who was Rietta?

Rose thought hard. But soon, she heard someone else calling her "Rose".

That was right. Her name was Rose. That old voice must be addressing her.

Rose didn't know who was calling for her in heaven. She tried her best to see clearly, but her eyelids were too heavy. It felt like her body weighed more than a thousand tons, and before long, she slipped into consciousness.

Miles was frowning as he stood beside Rose.

After Jonathan airlifted Rose onto the ship and sent her inside, Miles sighed with relief. However, his frown persisted.

Gabriel shared the same concern. He saw Rose being carried onto the bed by Jonathan and how nervous Miles and Jonathan looked.

In that instance, he contemplated something, gazing at Rose with her eyes closed, appearing to be in a profound slumber.

Being a man himself, he naturally understood the concern in Jonathan and Miles' eyes toward Rose.

Even the lady from the Young family couldn't evoke such nervousness from these two men. He was convinced that there was more to Rose than just a pretty face to have won these two men over.

Rose...

Gabriel felt a growing interest in Rose within his own heart.

"Let me go! Release me!"

Gabriel's chain of thought was interrupted by a commotion outside the cabin.

Gabriel glanced at Miles, who was still by Rose's side, holding her hand and seemingly having no intention of leaving. After a moment of hesitation, driven by curiosity, he couldn't resist walking out of the cabin. He wanted to know how the legendary Jonathan would deal with the person who harmed Rose.

At the ship's bow, Jonathan stared at the lingering flames.

His gaze flickered with the flames, anger within him burning more fiercely than the fire itself. Clenching his fists to the point where he was oblivious to the stark whiteness of his knuckles, he sought to conceal the inner fear and mask the trembling of his body.

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Chapter 356 She's Still in Danger

[1,063 words]

The scene of the explosion flashed through Jonathan's mind as he took a deep breath.

"Mr. Finch, how should we deal with him?" Finley's angry voice resounded.

Had Jonathan not chosen to handle it personally, Finley would have overturned Nixon's boat just now, letting him sink into the water.

Jonathan closed his eyes briefly to conceal all his emotions. He presented a composed demeanor upon reopening them.

He turned around, landing his gaze on Nixon. His eyes were icy and piercing, making Nixon shiver, prompting an immediate plea for mercy.

"Uncle Jonathan, spare me, please! You said you don't love Rose, right? She's dead, and she wouldn't bother you anymore. Do you know that after the call ended, she even cursed you?"

"That's right! She called you heartless. In reality, she was just playing along with your act. She..."

Nixon tried to sow discord between the two, only to find Jonathan's face growing even more menacing.

Even Finley couldn't stand his ground and couldn't help but kick him.

"Shut up! How can Mr. Finch not love his wife? Mr. Finch adores his wife. He hoped she'd be with him every moment. All your nonsense about playing along is just ridiculous! Don't believe his nonsense. Ms. Shaffer is genuinely devoted to you."

Jonathan's eyes narrowed slightly. Even if Rose had been playing along, so what? She was still his woman. As for Nixon...

"How do you want to die?"

The chill in his comment reverberated through the sea breeze and the rhythmic waves, causing a shiver to run down Nixon's spine.

Memories of what Jonathan had done to him flashed in his mind, and Nixon's body went weak. He initially wanted Rose to control Jonathan, but now the situation had reversed, and his fate didn't look promising.

How did he want to die?

Almost instinctively, Nixon uttered hesitantly, "I don't want to die."

Jonathan's eyes darkened. Even Finley couldn't help but chuckle sarcastically.

Didn't want to die? He nearly killed Rose, and he still had the audacity to say that he didn't want to die?

"Mr. Finch, I suggest we throw him into the sea to feed the fish. I'll help you!" Finley declared loudly, seizing the back collar of Nixon's clothes. Being skilled, Finley effortlessly dragged Nixon to the ship's edge. He pushed Nixon's entire upper body beyond the railing.

"No! Don't push! Don't throw me! I don't want to die!"

Looking at the turbulent waves below the ship, Nixon trembled in fear. Yet, in this dire situation, his only chance at survival was to provide Jonathan with a compelling reason to spare him.

Nixon's mind raced, desperately searching for a reason.

Suddenly, Finley grabbed his leg and forcefully flung him outward.

Nixon's cry was swallowed by the sound of the waves.

Suspended above the water, Nixon felt the sea spray on his face, despair gripping him as he believed his doom was imminent.

But his survival instinct made him blurt out, "Someone else wants to harm Rose. Yes, I know someone else who wants to harm Rose."

Nixon didn't plunge into the water.

Finley held onto Nixon's ankles. Though eager to throw him into the sea, Finley refrained from disposing of him without Jonathan's approval. However, it was still acceptable to give Nixon a scare. Realizing he hadn't fallen into the water, Nixon regained his senses, convinced his earlier words had an impact. "Uncle Jonathan, believe me, someone else wants to harm Rose. Before I found Rose, I discovered..."

Struggling to make Jonathan believe him without divulging everything, Nixon feared losing his value and being thrown into the sea.

Fortunately, his words piqued Jonathan's interest. Jonathan signaled to Finley.

Finley pulled Nixon up, and as Nixon's hands made contact with the railing, he clung desperately, hauling himself onto the ship. Finley then observed that Nixon's torso, from chest to waist, was soaked. The smell was repulsive.

Finley cast a disgusted glance at him. However, Nixon appeared unaffected.

Nixon eagerly looked at Jonathan. "Uncle Jonathan, if you let me go, I'll tell you what I know."

Jonathan responded with a cold smile. "Do you believe you're in any position to negotiate with me right now?"

Nixon's heart sank. Clearly, he did not.

The person he was dealing with was none other than Jonathan. Even without Nixon's help, Jonathan would undoubtedly uncover any plot against Rose. Nixon, once again, had underestimated Jonathan, resulting in finding himself ensnared in his grasp.

Nixon let out a dejected laugh. It was unacceptable for him alone to fall into Jonathan's clutches. He desired someone else to share in his downfall, whoever that might be.

"I found Rose in the mountains behind the orphanage. A group of people was present, and I overheard their conversation. They mentioned a benefactor and Rose..."

He continued, "They also spoke of taking videos and photos, ruining her reputation..."

As Nixon spoke, Jonathan's expression darkened.

Gabriel's mind flashed back to Kelly standing at the cabin door.

Kelly had orchestrated the trip to the orphanage. While searching for Rose and Oliver, Kelly's dubious actions had already sparked suspicion.

If there truly was a benefactor, it could very well be Kelly.

Nixon also thought of Kelly. He looked at Jonathan and laughed. "Uncle Jonathan, if you want to avenge Rose, don't forget there's another person involved."

Before Jonathan could utter a word, Finley couldn't restrain himself and asked, "Who?"

"Her dearest sister, Kelly."

After the initial fear, a hint of madness crept into Nixon's voice.

"Kelly and Rose are worlds apart. I must admit, Uncle Jonathan, you have a good eye, something I can't compete with. Without Oliver, Rose wouldn't be easy to handle. Rose even drank water with added substances just to aid Oliver's escape. She may have weakened, but she still managed to hurt me—a wild stray cat, truly."

A wild stray cat...

Nixon's tone conveyed a sense of awe.

If time could turn back, he would have truly cherished Rose. Unfortunately, Rose was already dead.

Upon the mention of the "stray cat," a shadow darkened Jonathan's eyes.

But Nixon continued, "I kidnapped Oliver at Kelly's behest. She wanted Oliver dead and tasked me with staging an accident. I was curious, too. Kelly is Oliver's granddaughter, so why would she want him dead?"

"This wasn't the first time she tried to take Oliver's life. That day at the Young Estate, when Oliver fell from the walkway, I saw it. It was Kelly who pushed him!"

Jonathan frowned.

Had Nixon been lurking around Rose since then? Jonathan blamed himself for failing to notice that earlier.

Gabriel, too, was shaken. He could understand why someone like Kelly might harm Rose, but he couldn't fathom the motive behind her trying to kill Oliver.

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Chapter 357 He Wants Kelly

[1,106 words]

Amid his thoughts, Gabriel suddenly heard movements behind him.

He turned around, and shock overcame him upon seeing the person who entered the room. "Sir..."

It was Oliver.

Oliver sat in the wheelchair, his face calm and serene-his eyes, as deep as a pool, betrayed no emotions. Despite Gabriel calling out to him, he appeared as though he hadn't registered the sound.

But Gabriel was sure that Oliver had heard Nixon's words just now.

Oliver was unmoving for a moment, then turned without any change in his expression.

"Sir..." Gabriel wanted to catch up, but Nixon's voice continued behind him.

"Uncle Jonathan, Kelly is a relentless person when it comes to achieving her goals. You should seek revenge on her. Her malice toward Rose is much greater than mine. You should send her to where Rose is." Although Nixon made this plea, it didn't absolve him of being the cause of Rose's demise in that explosion.

Jonathan's gaze was deep. He stared silently at Nixon, and a sense of despair gradually emerged in Nixon's eyes.

It seemed his fate was undoubtedly sealed.

Though unwilling and unprepared to meet his end, Nixon could only hope to have a swift death-at the very least, to have his body intact and not reduced to fish food.

"Uncle... Uncle Jonathan..."

Nixon wished to beg for a more merciful death. But just as he uttered those words, Jonathan finally spoke. "You... don't need to die."

Nixon's body trembled, and his mind went blank for a moment.

He didn't need to die?

Did he hear him wrong?

He had caused Rose's death at sea. Yet, Jonathan had spared him?

Nixon found it hard to believe.

Jonathan's voice was calm. "You won't die, but I need to make use of you."

Nixon suddenly came to his senses, realizing Jonathan's intention. He promptly got on his knees and nodded eagerly. "Yes, I will definitely be of use. Uncle Jonathan, I will comply with whatever you ask of me."

A sense of joy enveloped Nixon as he reveled in the opportunity to live. His eyes sparkled with gratitude for the mercy Jonathan had shown him. Then, he heard Jonathan's voice carried by the sea breeze, "I want Kelly..."

This time, Nixon was stunned for a moment, as if he didn't understand what Jonathan wanted.

He wanted Kelly...

Was this "want" in the sense of a man desiring a woman? But why would Jonathan be interested in Kelly?

Nixon looked at Jonathan and inquired, "Uncle Jonathan, do you want Kelly's... life?"

"What else would he want?" Finley interjected coldly before Jonathan could respond.

If he didn't want her life, was he suggesting that he wanted her body? How cursed!

Nixon finally understood. Without hesitation, he said, "Uncle Jonathan, rest assured, I will definitely help you kill Kelly."

Nixon was overjoyed. It seemed that his words had indeed swayed Jonathan. If he could convince Jonathan to spare his life, dealing with Kelly would be a minor challenge.

As he contemplated how to handle Kelly, Jonathan spoke slowly, "Who said I asked you to kill her?" There was a hint of mockery in his tone.

"Uncle Jonathan, then what do you..." Nixon couldn't fathom Jonathan's intentions.

If it wasn't Kelly's life or body he sought, then what was it?

"I want you to put on an act," Jonathan replied.

After instructing Nixon, Jonathan had him blindfolded and confined on the deck of the ship. When Jonathan returned to the cabin, he noticed Gabriel.

Their eyes met, and Gabriel showed respect, albeit tinged with apprehension. As the newly empowered leader of the Finch family, Jonathan's commanding presence could intimidate not only Gabriel but also prominent figures in the business world.

Jonathan simply glanced at Gabriel. He knew him as the son of the adopted daughter from the Young family. He didn't worry about Gabriel overhearing his instructions to Nixon. Any meddling from Gabriel would be met with Jonathan's unforgiving measures.

Gabriel understood this well. Jonathan merely gave him an expressionless glance before turning away, as if Gabriel wasn't a match for him.

Yet, upon entering the cabin and seeing Rose, Jonathan softened instantly, shedding all hostility. At that moment, Gabriel dispelled any inappropriate thoughts he might have had about Rose. With Jonathan around, how could he stand a chance?

It was no wonder Rose had always kept her distance from him, unlike Kelly, who sought to please and gain his favor.

How could he compare to someone in a whole other league?

Inside the cabin, Jonathan held Rose's hand, his gaze fixed on her. The lingering fear in his heart could only be eased by holding Rose's hand-feeling her warmth and knowing she was alive. After some time, Jonathan called Miles out for a brief discussion.

Oliver stared at Rose with a photograph in his hand. Although his gaze remained calm, a storm seemed to brew within him.

...

Early the next day, Miles "suddenly" returned to the orphanage. Surprisingly, Kelly had vanished, and only Anastasia sat on the steps, gazing intensely from afar with a dreamy expression.

Miles paid no attention to Anastasia. Focused on the plan discussed with Jonathan, Miles proceeded to implement all the arrangements, even if Kelly wasn't present.

When Kelly woke up, she found herself in a dilapidated church, surrounded by emptiness.

Her head throbbed intensely. Not only was her head aching, but her whole body was in pain. She lowered her head and saw bruise marks all over her body. She was alarmed.

"What happened?" She had been resting in her room at the orphanage, so how did she end up here? She was well aware of what could leave such marks on her body, but she couldn't recall seducing the man so vigorously.

A headache struck again. Kelly couldn't remember anything. However, the day had already dawned. Without much concern for the situation, she thought about her plan from the previous night, eager to inspect the results.

What was the situation now? Had Miles and Gabriel found Oliver's body? And Rose...

Kelly chuckled coldly. She straightened her clothes and hastily walked out of the abandoned church. Just as she reached the foot of the mountain, she saw many people by the seaside in the distance.

Kelly rushed over as quickly as possible. When she could hear the voices and vague sobbing, she went closer. As she got closer, she heard someone cry out, "Sir," in between sobs.

It was the butler!

"Sir... How could this happen? It's all my fault. I slept too soundly last night... Sir..."

The butler sobbed breathlessly. After crying out "Sir" a few more times, he was unable to bear the emotional blow and passed out.

Upon Kelly's arrival, two servants attended to the unconscious butler while a circle of onlookers had gathered.

She tucked herself between the crowd and saw a white cloth covering something.

Was it Oliver?

She was thrilled. At that moment, she even forgot to conceal the excitement on her face.

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Chapter 358 I'll Play Along

[1,146 words]

At this moment, as everyone's attention was focused on the white cloth, Kelly knew that no one had noticed her. She quickly wiped the joy off her face. As Oliver's granddaughter, Kelly naturally had to act devastated.

"What... What happened?" Kelly asked in a trembling voice. She looked uneasy.

Everyone turned around upon hearing her voice. Kelly stared straight ahead and pretended to be in shock. Her steps were unsteady as she walked over, threatening to fall at any moment.

She really was an actress. While Miles couldn't conceal the glint in his eyes, Gabriel, who was not in the crowd, simply sneered. He saw through Kelly's act from the start. He even noticed the change in her expression.

Even though Gabriel had seen many sinister things, he was still shocked by Kelly's sorrowful act. He wanted to see what Kelly would do next. Kelly had no idea that the play she was putting on had turned into such a spectacle.

The crowd instinctively parted when they saw her. As they did so, Kelly saw the person lying on the ground covered by the white cloth. Although the cloth concealed his body, his hand was exposed. The watch on the hand was the one Oliver often wore. It was Oliver!

"Is it... Grandpa?" Kelly seemed to be in disbelief. She stumbled forward but stopped a few steps away from Oliver's body. Although she was aware of how Oliver died, she had to keep up the act. As if unable to bear the sight, Kelly trembled and collapsed onto the ground. She cried out in sorrow, "Grandpa! How could this happen?"

She repeated the question over and over as if prompting a response from the audience. In a panic, Kelly looked around and searched for Gabriel. She saw him standing some distance away from the crowd. "Gabriel! What happened? Didn't you go looking for him last night? How did this happen?" She started sobbing as she continued, "It was all my fault. I shouldn't have been afraid because of that one person..." Kelly's cries sounded like she genuinely blamed herself. If he didn't know the truth, even Gabriel might have believed her performance. But unfortunately, he did.

Gabriel hesitated for a moment before approaching her. He said, "We searched for a long time. It wasn't until dawn that we found Grandpa's body floating over there." Gabriel pointed to a huge rocky cliff on the mountain's face not far away.

Following the direction of his finger, Kelly realized something. It seemed like the man had brought Oliver there and tossed him into the sea. There were many protruding rocks under the cliff. It would certainly be unpleasant for someone to fall like that.

"Kelly, I know this is hard for you to accept, but you're his granddaughter. You should see him one last time..."

As Gabriel spoke, he began walking toward the "corpse" and reached out to lift the cloth covering it. He wanted to let Kelly see Oliver one last time to soothe her grieving heart.

But as soon as he touched the white cloth, Kelly hurriedly interrupted him. "No!"

Gabriel's hand froze and he looked at Kelly. Even though he already knew the answer, he asked, "You... don't want to see your grandfather?"

It wasn't that she didn't want to see him. She was afraid to see him. Oliver must've looked miserable, and Kelly was afraid she would have nightmares if she saw his body. Her mind refused, and her body followed suit.

However, she also realized that if she didn't look, the sorrow and sadness she displayed just moments ago would lose its impact. Her "no" earlier had already raised suspicion. How was she going to cover that?

Suddenly, Kelly thought of the butler. She silently sat on the ground, looking limp. She made it seem like she wanted to get up and get closer to Oliver.

However, despite trying her best, her attempts weren't successful. She could not stand. Miles signaled to a nearby servant.

The servant immediately approached Kelly to support her. With their support, Kelly had no choice but to stand. Supported by the servant, Kelly slowly walked toward the "corpse."

Gabriel grabbed ahold of the white cloth, attempting to lift it. But Kelly had made up her mind not to look.

As Gabriel's hand started to lift the cloth, Kelly's body went stiff. This time, she closed her eyes and fainted. All of this had been expected by Miles and Gabriel.

Gabriel sneered. He hadn't intended to uncover the white cloth. And Kelly, as expected, did not disappoint with her acting.

Gabriel lowered the cloth and "caringly" instructed the servant, "Take good care of Kelly. She's Grandpa's only remaining relative. There must be no mistakes."

The "unconscious" Kelly was quite satisfied with this statement. That's right. Now that she was Oliver's sole heir, it was only natural that everything in the Young family would belong to her. Although Kelly didn't control the Young family's business yet, she wasn't afraid. As long as Oliver's will was intact, no one could take it away from her. But Kelly still needed an ally.

As Kelly was carried away by the servant, she began to plan everything. Because of Gabriel's helpful words, she decided to choose Gabriel as her ally.

After she took control of the Young family, she would finally be a match for Jonathan. And by then... Kelly was overjoyed at the thought. At this moment, she no longer considered Rose a threat. Kelly noticed earlier that there was only one body. They probably hadn't found Rose yet. Or perhaps, after being violated by so many men, Rose was too ashamed to appear.

But even if Rose was hiding, Kelly wouldn't let her go that easily. The most important thing now for Kelly was to contact Maya.

Kelly was placed in the car. She continued to feign unconsciousness but listened closely to her surroundings. Oliver's body was lifted into the car. It seemed like they were in a hurry to return to Aquastead. Something clicked in Kelly's mind. That's right. Oliver's death was big news. There would be a lot of matters to attend to afterward. It was understandable that they were eager to return.

Kelly also wanted to return to Aquastead soon. Oliver's will was still in his room. Kelly needed to figure out a way to expose the will as soon as possible and not give anyone a chance to tamper with it. With that thought, Kelly became even more eager to return. A group of people brought Oliver's "corpse" into the car.

But after driving for only a short period, the car suddenly stopped.

"There's some construction ahead. We must cross by boat."

Kelly vaguely heard Miles say something in response, and the people got out of the car and onto a boat. At this moment, Kelly took the opportunity to "wake up."

It seemed like everyone's attention was focused on Oliver's "corpse," and they didn't notice her. Even so, Kelly continued to play the role of a "heartbroken" and "grief-stricken" granddaughter.

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Chapter 359 He Remembers

[1,131 words]

Kelly saw that the road ahead seemed to have been blown up. A strange feeling gripped her heart, but she didn't think much about it. The group soon arrived at Aquastead and at the Young Estate. When Kelly returned, she continued to pretend that

she was overwhelmed by her sadness. It was only while everyone in the mansion was busy that Kelly snuck away and shut herself in her room. Within the privacy of the four walls, she dropped her act. With no one else present, Kelly finally had an opportunity. She quickly took out her phone and called Maya.

When the call came through Maya had been in a noisy location outside. While she went to a slightly quieter spot to answer, the surrounding noise was still audible to Kelly. Kelly was irritated by the noise coming from the phone, so she frowned and asked in a displeased tone, "How is it?"

There was no need for clarification. Maya knew what she was talking about instantly. Thinking about the item she obtained two hours ago, she replied, "Don't worry, Kelly. I got the stuff. How do you plan to use it?"

Although Maya hadn't seen the contents of it, she could picture how sensational it would be. And as for Rose... Maya's eyes flickered with malice. She believed that Kelly would make good use of the video she had in hand.

"How should I use it..." Kelly muttered to herself. How should she use it?

"I have to think about it carefully," Kelly was excited.

"Take your time to think about it, Kelly."

Both of them were working together to ruin Rose's reputation. But Maya also had another matter to discuss with her.

"Kelly, what about the money..." Maya spoke softly, fearing that she would cause a misunderstanding. She quickly explained, "I already paid for the people we hired. After this, I won't have much money left."

"You know, I'm not like you, Kelly. You are the Young family's heiress. You're unparalleled in this world. The Young family's assets will belong to you in the future, so can you..." Maya didn't finish her question, but it was obvious that Maya wanted what had been promised to her.

Upon hearing Maya's words, Kelly's expression soured slightly. She was unhappy. However, hearing Maya say "The Young family's assets will belong to you in the future" pleased her. "Okay, I'll transfer it to you now."

"Really? Oh, Kelly, you're so kind, beautiful, kind-hearted. Rose could never compare to you," Maya praised, inflating Kelly's ego further.

However, she still had to make things clear to Maya. "Take good care of that item. Don't lose it. Otherwise..."

"I know, I know. No matter what happens, I won't lose it. I'll find a safe place to keep it. When you need it, I'll get it to you."

After ending the call, Kelly transferred a sum of money to Maya.

While Kelly was "grieving" downstairs, everyone else was busy with funeral arrangements upstairs. "Oliver's" corpse was placed in a hastily set up memorial hall.

The housekeeper and Gabriel managed everything in the house. Miles, however, was nowhere to be seen.

...

Meanwhile, in another villa in Aquastead, the real Oliver sat on the sofa while gripping his cane. He listened solemnly as Miles reported everything to him, including Kelly's acting and plan.

As Miles spoke, Oliver's expression remained unchanged. Eventually, Miles stopped, and Oliver continued to be glued to his seat.

Miles couldn't help but worry. He carefully said, "Grandpa, Kelly..." Miles hesitated, unsure of how to defend her.

While he thought Oliver was lost in his emotions, Oliver unexpectedly raised his eyes and asked, "Where is Rose?"

Miles was briefly stunned. Before he could process Oliver's question, Oliver, supporting himself with the cane, attempted to get up. Miles noticed this and immediately rushed forward to assist him. As he stood, Oliver said, "I'm going to see Rose."

This time, Miles realized that Oliver called her "Rose" and not "Rietta." Did he regain his memory of Rose? Or could it be that he now remembered everything?

Miles thought of something, and a wave of excitement surged within him. But he feared that it would startle Oliver, so he suppressed it and helped him to find Rose.

This villa was under Zac's name. To prevent leaking any information about Rose or Oliver, they deliberately avoided villas owned by the Finch or Young family.

Before the group arrived, Zac had prepared for their arrival. He specifically sent his most trusted private doctor to the villa to take care of Rose.

Zac was in the room as well, consumed by guilt. In his view, if he hadn't gotten drunk with Jonathan that day, Jonathan wouldn't have given someone a chance to harm Rose this way.

After learning what had happened, Zac trembled in fear. If Rose had truly died in the explosion on the ship, he wouldn't know how to face Jonathan.

Zac suggested, "Jonathan, sit down. We have a doctor to take care of her."

Rose had not woken up since they returned. Jonathan had been by her side the entire time, refusing to eat or drink.

Jonathan seemed to ignore Zac's words. He knew that Jonathan wouldn't leave until Rose woke up. He could only remain silent and continue to wait with Jonathan. When Oliver entered, he stared at Rose for a long time, as if he was lost in thought. After a while, he seemed to remember something and quietly left the room.

Outside, Oliver instructed Miles, "I want to meet the person who was rescued with me."

Miles was suspicious. The old woman? Why did Grandpa want to see her?

They had brought the old woman back with them and settled her in the villa. As Oliver naturally had his reasons for wanting to see her, Miles didn't press further and went to fetch her.

Ten minutes later, Miles brought the old woman into the study and disappeared, leaving only the pair in the room. The old woman looked at Oliver blankly until Oliver produced a photograph. It was the picture Rose had dropped on the ship.

The old woman recognized it at a glance. "Hey, why is that with you? That belongs to Rietta. Did you steal it? Tell me!"

The old woman looked fierce, but she was not intimidating in the slightest. Oliver was focused on the fact that the old woman had mentioned "Rietta".

"Who is Rietta?" Oliver asked.

The old woman approached and pointed to one of the women in the photo. "This woman. She is Rietta. Don't you recognize her? Give me the photo. I want to give it to Rietta."

The old woman tried to grab the photo, but Oliver moved it out of her reach. He then took out another photo and asked, "Is this the Rietta you mentioned?"

In the photo was unmistakably Rose. However, the old woman nodded without hesitation, "Yes, that's her! She's Rietta!"

They were two different people. But in her eyes, they were the same person.

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Chapter 360 They Are the Same Person

[1,189 words]

"Is she Rietta?" Oliver stared at the photo in confusion. Holding up the photos for comparison, he said, "They're two different people..."

The old woman didn't try to snatch the photos from him this time. Instead, she simply looked at them. She looked content as if she was looking at a beloved child. "Why would they be different people? It's the same person. Look at these eyes... it's the same person. They're both Rietta. Rietta hasn't changed at all."

Oliver was stunned and suddenly understood something. After a moment of silence, he thanked the old woman and left.

Oliver called Miles over to hand him an envelope and gave him some instructions. Miles, taken aback, didn't fully grasp what was happening until Oliver left.

After coming to his senses, Miles stared at the envelope in his hand. He replayed Oliver's instructions in his mind and started to ponder.

...

News of Oliver's death soon became public. Not long after news of it had broken, a crowd swarmed the estate to offer their condolences. But the estate remained closed to visitors.

An announcement was made denying Oliver's death. However, the colorless decor within indicated that there was a funeral.

The news spread like wildfire online, and the consensus was that Oliver had indeed passed away. However, for a big family like the Youngs, Oliver's death was overshadowed by the question of inheritance. As there had been no comment about it, it was likely that the potential heirs were involved in a power struggle.

Gabriel received a call from Chloe, who had already boarded a private plane bound for Aquastead. "Gabriel, why didn't you immediately inform me of such a major event?"

Chloe's tone was filled with reproach. She had found out about Oliver's death from the internet.

With Oliver in Aquastead, she, as his adopted daughter, naturally wanted to be there to help manage the situation. This would put her in the good books of the Young family. "Gabriel, don't do anything. I'll be there immediately!"

She had to get there as soon as possible. Despite the mad rush, Chloe somehow remembered to bring her most trusted lawyer.

Gabriel's expression turned uneasy. "Mom, it's better if you don't."

Chloe seemed to find this absurd. "Gabriel, are you alright? I usually don't mind if you don't take things seriously, but how could you not be serious in a situation like this?"

Gabriel didn't know how to reply. It wasn't that he wasn't serious. It was just that Oliver hadn't died! What was the point of her coming over?

Jonathan's icy expression came to mind, and Gabriel didn't dare to tell her anything else. "Do as you wish. But if you come over, don't cause any trouble." Gabriel hung up the phone after warning her.

Chloe, however, remained undeterred. What did he mean by causing trouble? She was going to seize this chance to take charge of the family fortune!

...

At the Young Estate, Kelly realized that she couldn't keep avoiding the situation by pretending to be unconscious. But fortunately, Oliver's "corpse" was already in the coffin, and Gabriel had stopped insisting on her seeing him.

In the memorial hall, Kelly knelt in front of the memorial tablet with her head down. It seemed as if she had not stopped crying since she found out about Oliver's death. Onlookers praised her for caring so deeply about her grandfather, unlike Rose...

"I wonder why Mr. Oliver loves Ms. Rose that much. He even treated her as Ms. 'Rietta.'"

"But look, even though Mr. Oliver has passed away, Ms. Rose hasn't bothered to show up. Ms. Kelly is much better. It's true you know, blood is thicker than water."

Although Kelly only heard snippets of these conversations, she felt ecstatic. Rose was nowhere to be seen.

Kelly became more convinced that Rose was hiding. But she couldn't hide forever. She still had a gift waiting for her.

As she was deep in thought, Kelly heard a commotion from outside. She stood up and walked over, spotting an elegant middle-aged woman leading a group of people into the mansion.

Gabriel was the first to greet her, and had called her "Mom". Kelly immediately realized the woman's identity-she was Oliver's adopted daughter!

When Chloe arrived at the mansion, instead of going to see Oliver she began delegating the funeral arrangements to the people she brought along.

Miles, however, was not about to let her get involved. After arguing with her for a while, Miles decided to put his foot down. "Aunty Chloe, if you insist on causing trouble, I won't hold back! Grandpa's affairs don't require your intervention!"

Chloe was not pleased to hear this. Neither of them was related to the Young family by blood, but both of them had been adopted by Oliver. However, over the years, Oliver favored Miles, who had a deeper connection with the Young family.

Chloe suppressed her displeasure and softened her tone. "I'm his daughter, even if I'm not blood. It's not too much to want to stay by Oliver's side during his funeral, right?"

She did have a point. Indeed, there was no reason for Miles to make her leave. Miles looked in the direction of the memorial hall before shifting his gaze back to Chloe. His tone carried a sense of warning. "Once you settle in, behave yourself."

Behave herself? Chloe clenched her fists but bit her tongue. They parted ways unhappily. Chloe went to the memorial hall to pay her respects before finding a room to settle in. When she stepped out again, she encountered Kelly.

Kelly, who was dressed in white, caught Chloe off guard. Upon seeing her unfamiliar face, Chloe instinctively thought she was Rose. She hadn't met Rose before. Oliver had confused her with Celeste, and Chloe assumed there would be some resemblance.

However, the woman in front of her looked nothing like Celeste.

"Hello, Aunt Chloe," Kelly greeted Chloe after a minute.

Although Kelly looked down on her, being an adoptee, her intuition told her that this "aunt" might be hostile to Miles. In the Young family, Miles was her biggest threat.

An enemy of one's enemy was a friend. So, she decided to be friendly to Chloe. Perhaps it would be advantageous for her, especially considering Chloe was Gabriel's mother. She had to get closer to them. However, Chloe was indifferent to Kelly. She disliked anything related to Celeste. Chloe scrutinized the woman in front of her for a while and couldn't help but comment, "You must be Rose. You seem... average compared to what they say. It seems like you have some tricks up your sleeve."

Rose... Kelly's smile faded instantly. Chloe thought she was Rose? The disdain in her eyes was directed at what she perceived in Kelly.

Kelly's heart sank at the comment, but she tried to control her displeasure. She spoke in a soft, sweet voice. "Aunt Chloe, I'm not Rose. I'm Kelly Shaffer."

As she spoke, she realized she had made a mistake and immediately corrected herself. "I mean, I'm Kelly Young."

Kelly... Kelly Young... Chloe was momentarily stunned. She finally understood who this person was. This was the true heiress of the Young family. She was Celeste's daughter.

Chloe looked at Kelly again, but this time her gaze was different. She was scanning every inch of Kelly as if searching for remnants of Celeste in her.

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Chapter 361 Reel Her In

[1,230 words]

After staring at Kelly for a long time, Chloe gave up. She could not see even the slightest trace of Celeste in her. Chloe's eyes were filled with suspicion. "Are you sure you are her daughter?" Kelly's face stiffened. She knew that the woman Chloe was referring to was Celeste. But she had not expected Chloe to be so direct. Kelly didn't look like Celeste because she wasn't her daughter. However, Kelly quickly suppressed her sudden guilt and replied, "I have never seen my mother, but my grandfather did a paternity test. I was equally surprised by the result."

This implied that she had the Young family's blood in her and was therefore the true heiress to the family's fortune.

Not wanting Chloe to be suspicious, Kelly quickly changed the subject. "If you recognize my mother, you have a good guess of what Rose looks like. Everybody says that Rose has eyes like my mother's." Kelly was not afraid to mention this.

Were there any of Oliver's adopted granddaughters who didn't have eyes that resembled Celeste's? Chloe frowned and thought deeply. Was it because of those eyes that Oliver mistook Rose for Celeste? Chloe suddenly felt irritable. She had asked Gabriel to come to Aquastead to meet Rose. But after he arrived, not only had he not heeded her words, but he had also failed to do the things she had asked him to. It seemed that she had to do everything by herself.

"Where's Rose?" Chloe recalled that the only person she had seen after coming to the villa today was Kelly.

"Rose... " Kelly's face changed, and her face started to sour. "I haven't seen Rose since Grandpa passed away. Grandpa loved her so much. Even if she was busy with something important, she should at least make time to see Grandpa. But alas, she—"

Kelly was about to label Rose an ungrateful person in front of Chloe when a voice rang out, interrupting her.

"Mom." Gabriel suddenly appeared.

Kelly looked over. When she saw Gabriel, her expression immediately changed. This did not go unnoticed by Chloe. Chloe glanced at the two of them thoughtfully.

Gabriel neither intended to say much nor did he have the time to care about how Kelly reacted to his sudden arrival. His alienation would not arouse suspicion under the pretext of Oliver's "death". He also just could not be bothered to deal with Kelly.

Gabriel was exhausted. Just as he was about to go back to his room, he was stopped by Chloe.

"Gabriel, come with me," Chloe said sharply and turned back to her room.

Gabriel was reluctant, but he did not dare to disobey her. When they entered the room, there was a moment of silence as they stood in front of each other.

Just as Gabriel began to grow impatient, Chloe finally spoke. "I approve of whatever that is going on between you and Kelly."

Gabriel was stunned. What did she mean? Gabriel was puzzled. "Mom, what exactly are you allowing?"

"Of course, I am allowing you to be together. You are not related by blood. It is good for both of you to be together." A trace of excitement flickered in Chloe's eyes as she spoke.

"I figured it out. I hate Celeste. If Celeste hadn't come back then, I would have been the only lady of the Young family. She ruined everything. However...

"I would rather use her than hate her. If her daughter marries you, I will have a way to defeat Miles. Then, we can drive that adopted child out of the Young family!"

Although the Young family was practically untouchable, its strength would be greatly reduced if there was an internal rift. Celeste wanted complete control over the Young family.

After grasping Chloe's intentions, Gabriel's face turned sour. He warned again, "I said you could come to Aquastead, but I also told you not to do anything. Otherwise..." "Gabriel, what are you talking about?" Chloe felt that Gabriel had changed a lot after coming to Aquastead. He had changed so much that even she, his mother, did not recognize him. "Anyway the matter between you and Kelly is settled. You must win her over for me." Chloe ordered.

Gabriel had too many secrets that he could not tell Chloe. So, he could only agree. Chloe was satisfied with this and he left the room.

In the memorial hall, Miles and the butler were Oliver's funeral arrangements. Gabriel caught only a snippet of the conversation.

"We'll have it tomorrow."

However, Kelly, who had been

eavesdropping from the shadows, caught wind of more. They had already finalized the plans for tomorrow's cremation. As Kelly listened, her heart couldn't help but

race. She pondered when she

should bring up Oliver's will.

After much thought, she felt that if it was someone else who mentioned the will, it would be more advantageous for her when it eventually became public.

But the question was, who would do it? Who should bring it up? After a brief moment of thought, Kelly settled on someone.

That night, Kelly knocked on Gabriel's door. Upon seeing Kelly, Gabriel had an instinctive urge to push her away. Yet, he was also curious about the schemes brewing in her mind.

As soon as Kelly stepped in, she threw herself into Gabriel's arms. Her motive was evident, and Gabriel couldn't help but feel a sense of repulsion.

Oliver had just passed away, and yet here she was, thinking about such things even though she was his granddaughter. Gabriel wanted to shove her aside.

But for the greater good, he held back and soothingly asked her, "Kelly, what brings you to me? Rest assured, since you're Grandpa's only blood relative, I'll assist you with whatever you need." She hadn't even begun her seductive tactics, and he was already yielding.

Kelly fully trusted him. She assumed it was either her charm or the fact that Gabriel was aware of who held the upper hand in this situation.

Cutting to the chase, Kelly said,

"Grandpa has passed away. I'm devastated and helpless. I'm not even sure if there's a place for me in the Young family's future." Tears streamed down her face as she spoke, but Gabriel remained silent.

Kelly continued, "Grandpa acknowledged me and helped me find my true family. I've always been grateful and never desired anything from the Young family.

"But I'm not oblivious to the Young family's woes, even if I'm not the brightest. After Grandpa's death, there'll be a fight for his inheritance. I just hope there will be a positive outcome—one that aligns with his wishes.

"But these things are beyond my control," Kelly added, her eyes filled with sorrow.

Gabriel vaguely understood her implication. Kelly was thinking about the Young family's estate. That wasn't surprising at all. But she had brought up Oliver's wishes...

"Don't worry, Grandpa prepared a will long ago. Everything is in the hands of the lawyer," Gabriel reassured her.

"A will?" Kelly suddenly looked surprised.

Gabriel observed her with amusement. Wasn't that what she wanted to discuss? Why was she pretending to be surprised?

"Yes, a will." Gabriel nodded. "You're right to be concerned. After Grandpa's passing, big brother, Chloe, my mom, and even Rose..." He paused briefly at the mention of Rose.

It was just a momentary pause, and

any peculiarity was quickly concealed. They are all eyeing on the family's inheritance. I don't want to see chaos ensuing. But we can call the lawyer. He's in the capital, and I can have him rush over tonight."

"Really?" Kelly couldn't hide her delight. Having the lawyer present would make everything even better.

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Chapter 362 Announce His Will

[1,164 words]

"Of course." Gabriel stared at Kelly.

He failed to tell her that the lawyer was already at Aquastead. As soon as Oliver returned to Aquastead, the lawyer hurriedly came over in secret. Judging by Kelly's actions tonight, it seemed that Oliver was well aware of everything.

Hearing Gabriel's affirmative answer, Kelly became even happier. She dared not be too obvious and sighed to look assured. "Following Grandpa's wishes is the only thing I can do for him." Kelly lowered her gaze, appearing truly indifferent. But Gabriel knew this woman's true nature. Unable to suppress his disgust, he made an excuse of being tired and asked Kelly to leave. Back in her room, Kelly eagerly started planning for everything that would follow.

The next morning, the entire estate came alive with activity. The cremation, set for today, was preceded by paying respects to Oliver's remains.

The old man lay perfectly still inside the crystal coffin. Since Oliver's death, this was Kelly's first time seeing him. Seeing him now in the coffin, it looked as if Oliver had merely fallen asleep. Kelly was momentarily stunned.

"Ms. Kelly, what's wrong?" A voice sounded from behind her. Fortunately, she was able to quickly wipe away her tears and pretend to be grieving.

"I... I miss Grandpa."

Amid the sorrowful atmosphere, her words made everyone's heart sink. The butler wiped his eyes, unable to hold back his tears. Kelly pretended to cry and stole another glance at Oliver in the crystal coffin.

It was supposed to be a gruesome sight, yet he seemed at peace. She immediately recalled how Oliver's corpse underwent a restoration process. It had been flawless.

"Dad!" Suddenly, a heart-wrenching cry echoed through the entire memorial hall. Everyone turned toward the source of the sound.

Chloe was kneeling in front of the crystal coffin. Gabriel's heart skipped a beat. He was afraid that she might cause trouble. He hurriedly approached, intending to take her away.

But before Gabriel could reach her, Chloe spoke abruptly. "Dad, before you are cremated, we should divide the Young family's assets." She had gotten straight to the point. After a moment of surprise, everyone's expressions changed.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Gabriel shouted. He didn't expect her to be so impulsive. This was something to think about privately, not to be brought up in public. Besides, Grandpa didn't... Someone was bound to bring up this matter in this situation.

"What do you mean?" Gabriel was furious. He pulled Chloe up, wanting to take her away to prevent her from doing anything more outrageous.

Chloe felt as sure as ever that her son had become even more disobedient after coming to Aquastead. However, she couldn't shake off Gabriel's strength.

Gabriel's agitation raised a slight suspicion in Kelly's heart. He had promised her last night and even used his connections to bring the lawyer to Aquastead. She had even seen the lawyer outside just now. Why was Gabriel opposing it now that Chloe brought it up?

But before Kelly could react, Miles' voice rang out. "Aunty Chloe is right. There should be a resolution of the Young family's assets." Miles spoke as if he was the one making the final decision.

"See? Miles agrees with me too. So why are you not letting go?" Chloe glared fiercely at Gabriel. She had a look in her eyes that warned him to settle the matter today.

However, Gabriel's brows remained furrowed. He looked at Miles, whose expression had turned serious. At that moment, Chloe couldn't wait to divide the Young family's assets.

"Miles, you're the sensible one. Miles has agreed to split the family's assets, what about the rest of you?" Chloe glanced at Anastasia and Kelly as she spoke.

Anastasia responded casually. "I'll go along with everyone's decision."

Kelly frowned, looking as if she was troubled. She couldn't help but sneer silently.

Split the family assets? Everything in the Young family belonged to her. How could she let them have a share?

However, she wasn't in a hurry. It would be more meaningful to have them indulge in their fantasies for a while before shattering them.

Chloe added, "I've brought the lawyer from Young Group and the financial team.

"After arranging the assets of the Young family including the jewelry, calligraphy, paintings collected by Oliver, as well as the real estate properties, I'll take half of them as his daughter. The other half will be divided among you grandchildren." Chloe appeared magnanimous as if allowing them to split the other half was a generous offer.

"Mom!" Gabriel's face turned red in anger, but he was met with a fierce glare from Chloe. Gabriel paid attention to the reactions of those present.

Miles' eyes showed a hint of suppressed anger. But it wasn't because of the decision to split half of the assets. It was Chloe's intentions that angered him.

Over the years, Grandpa's health had grown weaker and weaker. While he had never hoped for the day to come, he knew that certain things were inevitable and had to be faced. Yet, when that moment truly arrived, Miles felt heartache and irony.

Miles glanced at the crystal coffin in pain. However, to others, he looked to be consumed by grief over Oliver's death. The atmosphere in the memorial hall turned eerie.

Seeing that Miles remained silent, Chloe continued speaking. "Since none of you object, let's settle it this way. Mr. Tank..."

Mr. Tank was the lawyer Chloe brought along. After being summoned, Mr. Tank immediately stepped forward. He had an authoritative demeanor. But before he could speak, a voice suddenly rang out. "Oliver signed a will."

Everyone turned to face it. A middle-aged man stood outside the memorial hall. Everyone recognized him as none other than Oliver's trusted lawyer.

Kelly's eyes lit up at the sight of him. That day in Oliver's room, he was the one who witnessed Oliver drafting the will. Kelly's excitement surged in her veins.

However, Chloe's face soured. "What will? Oliver made it clear that he didn't write a will. As per tradition, the Young family's assets will be divided based on individual abilities."

Although she said so, Chloe was already feeling uneasy. The lawyer was the son of Oliver's longtime friend. If he really took out Oliver's will... No. Chloe couldn't let that happen.

She glared at the lawyer with

displeasure Mr. Kane, just because

our families. are old friends, you can't come and join in the fun by playing tricks at a time like this. My father is sat right here. If Mr. Kane has nothing important to add, you should leave after bidding farewell to my father."

Chloe immediately tried to get rid of him. However, Mr. Kane just gave her a faint glance and walked into the memorial hall. He didn't bid

farewell to Oliver as Chloe het

hoped, but instead stood in front of the crystal coffin, taking out a sealed document bag from his briefcase.

"Mr. Young Senior watched me grow up. My professional integrity doesn't allow me to play tricks. This will was personally drafted by Oliver not long ago and has been notarized. Mr. Miles, would you like me to read it out?" Mr. Kane asked as he looked at Miles.

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Chapter 363 He's Here Too

[1,118 words]

Among the people present, apart from Oliver, it seemed that only Miles could make a decision.

Kelly was not happy about that. After all, she was the rightful heir of the Young family. Mr. Kane had also witnessed Oliver's will, so he should've known who the benefactor was.

Mr. Kane should've turned to her for everything. She should've been the one calling the shots. However, he chose to let Miles take charge instead.

But it didn't bother Kelly for long. Mr. Kane was just ignorant. Once the will was announced and she inherited the family business, she would make sure they learned their lesson. "You may start declaring the will, Mr. Kane," Miles said gracefully.

Mr. Kane opened the sealed envelope and began to read the will out loud under everyone's gaze. "I, Oliver Young, hereby give bequeath and devise all my interest and rights in my property to..."

As Mr. Kane began to read the contents of the will, everyone in the hall held their breath. At that point, everyone was tense. He left all his assets to... one person?

Chloe started feeling uneasy. If Oliver's assets were divided amongst his relatives, she would be able to get a share. But if he were to give it all to one person, Chloe didn't believe that she would be the one he'd give it to.

"Wait!" Chloe interrupted without thinking.

Mr. Kane paused, and everyone turned to look at Chloe. It seemed as if they were waiting for her to justify her interruption.

In her haste, Chloe came up with a reason. "Grandpa told me that the Young family's assets are meant for every descendant of the Young family."

"Ha!" As soon as she finished speaking, a scornful laugh was heard.

Everyone turned to Miles, who looked disdainful. He said coldly, "Where's your proof?" Chloe already mentioned that he only said it to her. What proof could there be? Even if she were to make up evidence, nobody would've let her get away with it.

For a moment, Chloe looked extremely displeased. On the other hand, Kelly was getting impatient. She was already making an effort to remain patient, but the anticipation of hearing her name, coupled with the immense wealth at stake, proved too much for her to bear.

"Can you stop it!" Kelly said as she bit her lip. At that moment, even her voice started to waver.

When Kelly's gaze fell onto Oliver, her eyes were filled with deep sorrow. Her face even turned pale, as if she were about to faint from the sadness. The people watching thought that she cared for Oliver deeply. "Grandpa is already dead. Don't you feel bad for disturbing his peace with these matters?" Kelly rebuked as a few tears fell from her cheek.

Those present were moved as they didn't know about her ulterior intent. However, the person in the crystal coffin suddenly moved his fingers. The movement was subtle and went unnoticed.

Miles gazed deeply at Kelly. Unexpectedly, he walked to Kelly's side and held her shoulders.

Kelly was slightly surprised. She raised her head to look at Miles' handsome face. She hadn't expected to see compassion from him. Kelly felt extremely pleased.

What Miles cared most about was Oliver. Kelly's genuine concern for Oliver naturally moved him.

At this moment, a thought crossed Kelly's mind. If Miles was willing to stand by her side, she wouldn't mind having his support once she gained full control of the entire Young family. In her view, Miles was far more important than Gabriel.

While Kelly was basking in her glory, feeling as if she had already obtained everything from the Young family and planning for the future, Miles' deep and powerful voice echoed beside her. "If there's anyone who doesn't wish to stay here, they

may leave immediately."

As he spoke, a group of men in colorful suits entered the room. Their domineering presence indicated that anyone causing trouble would be thrown out.

Chloe's confidence instantly plummeted. She suddenly felt that today's atmosphere was somewhat unusual.

After a glance at the newcomers, Chloe was startled. The insignia on their bodies made her heart skip a beat. It was the Azure Clan of the Finches! Why were members of the Finch family here?

It wasn't just her. Anastasia also recognized them. After a brief moment of astonishment, Anastasia suddenly realized that everything today seemed unusually peculiar, especially after Mr. Kane's arrival. Anastasia sat deep in thought for a while. She discreetly glanced at Miles and then shifted her gaze to the crystal coffin. She focused on Oliver's remains. From her memory, she hadn't seen Oliver's body. It had continuously been covered. Today was the only exception where Oliver's face was revealed. Several days had passed since Oliver's incident. Yet his face still looked vivid, as if he were peacefully asleep, except for his pale complexion. Asleep...

As Anastasia was lost in thought, a sudden thought popped into her mind, leaving her shocked. She even accidentally knocked over a flowerpot behind her, causing a loud bang that caught everyone's attention.

"I..." Even someone as experienced

as Anastasia couldn't help but be frightened by this conjecture. Her eyes kept blinking, and her mind raced. She was quick to hold her forehead, making it seem like she was dizzy from the grief.

"If you're not feeling well, then leave. Who are you trying to fool?" Chloe spoke with displeasure, venting her frustration on Anastasia. She had already been irritated by Kelly's tearful performance earlier. Oliver had passed away, but everyone was plotting something. Was there anyone who truly cared? Kelly was Oliver's biological granddaughter, which made it difficult to criticize her.

However, Anastasia was an adopted granddaughter and was already married. Chloe would've normally shown her some respect, but today she did not consider her important.

Chloe's hostility made Anastasia frown. At this moment, her mind was still focused on her guess from earlier. She was now even more convinced.

When she came back to her senses, she immediately replied to Chloe in a seemingly apologetic tone, "I'm sorry..."

Perhaps because the discovery was too shocking, but Anastasia's face suddenly turned slightly pale. To the onlookers, she seemed as if she could collapse at any moment. Before anyone could do anything, she collapsed.

"Oh my..." The funeral hall was instantly filled with commotion.

Chloe, Gabriel, and Kelly looked indifferent, while Miles furrowed his brows slightly. Only the butler exclaimed in surprise, immediately instructing the servants to carry Anastasia out of the funeral hall and back to her room.

It wasn't until she was out of everyone's sight that Anastasia opened her eyes. She quickly got up and walked to the window.

Through the curtain's gap, she saw a car outside the mansion. Even though the vehicle was discreetly parked, Anastasia recognized it immediately, even from a distance.

It was Jonathan's car! Could it be that he was here too?

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Chapter 364 Inherit All of Young Family's Assets

[1,046 words]

"What are they doing?"

Anastasia racked her brains but still couldn't understand the situation. However, she understood one thing. If Mr. Young Senior was not dead, everything today would be a trap. And who was this trap for? Chloe? Herself? Or... Kelly?

Anastasia felt fortunate that she discovered it early on. Now she wouldn't fall for the trap. As for Kelly... Resentment filled Anastasia's eyes. No matter who this trap was set for, it was a great opportunity for her. Anastasia immediately made a phone call. Once she hung up the phone, Anastasia's anticipation for what would happen next gradually grew.

...

At the same time in the funeral hall, Kelly was overwhelmed with anticipation. Anastasia's fainting greatly displeased Kelly.

As the butler arranged for people to carry Anastasia away, Kelly eagerly looked toward Mr. Kane. However, she was ultimately afraid of revealing her excitement and refrained from urging him on. Gabriel noticed and spoke on her behalf, "Mr. Kane, please continue."

As soon as he said that, Chloe gave him a furious glare. Chloe couldn't understand why Gabriel had been going against her all day. Unbeknownst to her, Gabriel's actions were actually to protect her. Grandpa's focus today was on Kelly, and Gabriel didn't want his mother's intentions to expose Mr. Young Senior. He had to make sure Mr. Young Senior's plan proceeded quickly.

Mr. Kane glanced at Miles before proceeding. After he saw Miles nod, Mr. Kane continued, "I, Oliver, bequeath all my properties to my biological granddaughter."

Biological granddaughter... Anastasia heard this statement from outside the hall. Other than Miles and Gabriel, everyone in the hall, including the butler, was momentarily stunned. All eyes shifted to Kelly. Kelly tried hard to suppress her excitement under everyone's gaze. Biological granddaughter... It was her, wasn't it?

Although she had long known the contents of this will, to everyone else, she seemed clueless about the will and was stunned.

Kelly's eyes flickered, and she murmured, "Ho... how is this possible? I just returned to Grandpa's side. And besides... the Young family's business has always been managed by my siblings. How could it be..." Kelly looked panicked as if she had never imagined the staggering wealth of the Young family falling into her hands before.

But every reaction of hers was ironic to Miles, Gabriel, and even Anastasia who had just reentered the hall.

Anastasia was already certain at this moment that the trap was set up for Kelly. A sneer almost escaped her lips as she suddenly said without hesitation, "That's right, Mr. Kane, is there something wrong with this will?"

"Even if Grandpa loves Kelly, he wouldn't completely disregard the contributions of my elder brother and us to the Young family. Grandpa has never been a biased person, so how could he make such a biased decision?"

Her question was calculated to expose Kelly's true colors. As expected, Kelly's expression subtly changed.

Anastasia continued, "Kelly also thinks that the distribution shouldn't be like this, isn't that right?"

Right? How was that right? Kelly clenched her fists and wished that she could tear Anastasia apart.

"Perhaps Grandpa decided this to make up for what he did to my mother by compensating me with everything he had." Kelly's voice was soft and gentle, portraying her as an innocent woman. Anastasia sneered and stared at Kelly. "Kelly, you're not a greedy person. Even if Grandpa wanted to make amends, you wouldn't accept this distribution of his property, right?"

Kelly swallowed loudly. At this moment, everyone's eyes were on her, seemingly awaiting her answer. Would she accept it?

After all her scheming, was it worth

it to throw it all out for the sake of appearing generous? Everything she did was to replace Rose and gain control of the Young family. But what was with Anastasia today? Why was she so against her?

Anastasia pressed on, "Kelly, if you don't want to accept it, you can object."

Chloe also welcomed the idea. "That's right, everyone is here anyway, Mr. Kane can help us solve the problem!"

Kelly's perfectly crafted expression finally revealed a hint of hostility. However, she quickly returned to her usual self and said innocently, "But this is Grandpa's will, how can I go against it?" Kelly looked at Gabriel as she spoke, hoping he'd help her. Gabriel didn't let her down. "We should follow Grandpa's wishes."

With someone backing her up, Kelly

suddenly felt more confident. From

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the moment the will was announced, everything in the Young family became hers. If not for maintaining appearances, she would have kicked these people out right now. Her priority now was to accept Mr.

Young Senior's will.

Kelly was still thinking about how to make it seem like she was reluctant to accept the will when Miles said, "Grandpa should by right leave the Young family's property to his biological granddaughter."

He uttered each word clearly. As soon as he spoke, it seemed like no one else had the right to speak on this matter. Kelly's eyes lit up and she felt a sense of relief.

The more Miles emphasized this, the more Kelly could maintain her innocent image.

"To fulfill Grandpa's wishes, I will

accept this will. Grandpa... you can

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rest assured. I'll take good care of the Young family's property for you. I'll take good care of Miles, Anastasia, and every member of the Young family."

From now on, the Young family was Kelly's! And Rose... Thinking about the video she had obtained, Kelly scanned the people around her before looking at the clock on the wall. It was 10:39 a.m. She and Maya had planned to send everyone a video on their phones at 10:40 am. There was only one minute left. The funeral hall fell into silence, filling the room with a sense of eeriness.

It seemed like everyone was pondering Kelly's words. Suddenly, a chime broke the silence. Upon hearing it, Kelly looked toward the butler.

On such a solemn occasion, anyone checking their messages would be branded as being disrespectful to Mr. Young Senior.

The butler had no intention of reading the notification. But immediately after, another notification ringtone sounded. This time it was from Miles' phone.

Before everyone could come back to their senses, a wave of ringtones echoed in the hall one after the other. Almost every person's phone rang.

Chloe was the first to take out her phone. As she opened the notification, a lascivious voice erupted from her phone, resonating throughout the entire funeral hall.

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Chapter 365 Rose Is Awake

[1,026 words]

Everyone was stunned for a moment. A woman's slightly distorted voice could be heard over the phone. Although the voice was unidentifiable, one could tell that what was happening on the other end was intense.

The woman screamed various explicit words, causing the expressions of the people present to shift.

Kelly was a little surprised. She blamed Maya for distorting the voice, but it was fine. Even if they couldn't tell it was Rose's voice, it would still have the same effect if the video showed Rose.

Kelly glanced at Miles. What Kelly wanted to see most was Miles' reaction after realizing that Rose was the one in the video. However, Miles just frowned and seemed displeased. He didn't even take out his phone.

Chloe seemed to be shocked by the scene as she kept staring blankly at the screen. The woman's voice echoed across the funeral hall.

Amid the eerie atmosphere, a second person took out their phone and opened the message they received. The same voice echoed around the room. The crowd was stunned momentarily, having finally caught on to the situation.

Another person opened the message. After hearing the same voice, their suspicions were confirmed. They all received the same message. And since they all received it simultaneously, it meant they must have all known the person in the video.

Unable to control their curiosity, everyone present wanted to know who the woman in the video was. People started taking out their phones one after another. Opening the messages, countless explicit sounds echoed through the entire funeral hall.

The video's content, however, was more obscene than the moans. The crowd couldn't help but glance at Kelly.

However, Kelly's attention was still on Miles. She didn't want to miss even the most subtle reaction from him. Only after a while did she notice people staring.

When she looked over, she seemed to notice something from the corner of her eye, and immediately turned away. What was going on? Kelly felt something was amiss, but she couldn't put her finger on it. She didn't dwell on the thought.

Miles still hadn't taken out his phone. Kelly was getting impatient. She asked meekly, "What... what's that? Miles..."

Miles was greatly displeased by the way she acted. He glanced at her emotionlessly. He knew that the video that was sent to everyone's phones was likely related to Kelly. So, Miles took out his phone and played it too.

Kelly's gaze was fixed on Miles. She hoped to see the shock and devastation on his face. Yet, Miles merely frowned in disgust. Kelly was silent. How could there only be disgust?

Miles liked Rose. Seeing Rose in such a scene should've evoked other expressions. However, there was only disgust on his face.

Kelly felt somewhat disappointed as she hadn't seen what she wanted. Unwilling to give up, Kelly deliberately asked while batting her eyelashes innocently, "Miles, what's wrong?"

She looked different from the bold woman in the video, yet the face was unmistakably Kelly's. Miles switched off his phone, ignoring her question.

Anastasia quietly observed Kelly's feigned innocence. On the other hand, Chloe looked at Kelly in a different light after the initial shock.

"I didn't expect this from you." Though she didn't mention who she was talking about, her gaze landed on Kelly.

Kelly frowned, finally sensing something was off. "What... What do you mean?"

"You're really different from how you were in the video."

Chloe had other intentions. If this video was leaked, the reputation of the Young family's true heiress would be tarnished. Forget the public, she wouldn't even be able to face her own family in the future. Chloe saw the video as a valuable bargaining chip and turned her attention to Miles.

Without hesitation, she said, "Mr. Young Senior devoted his lifetime to the Young family's legacy. Miles, you are a reasonable person and

someone Mr. Young Senior hig.net

valued. I believe you would agree to protect the reputation of Young family and Mr. Young Senior. If this gets leaked..."

Chloe chuckled lightly, paying no attention to Kelly. Her focus was on Miles. Kelly's frown deepened. The peculiar feeling she had sensed became more evident.

Rose was just an adopted granddaughter. If the video was leaked, Young family could release a statement, disassociating themselves from Rose and minimizing the impact of their reputation.

Moreover, as the current heir of the Young family, Chloe should have consulted Kelly. Why did she talk to Miles instead of her?

Seeing Miles remaining silent and recalling Chloe's earlier suggestive words, Kelly cautiously asked, "Did something happen to Rose?"

Rose? She believed the person in the video was Rose? Miles looked over, his gaze ice cold. Kelly was startled for a moment.

Then, a woman's voice came from the entrance. "Grandpa..." Everyone turned to look. At the doorway stood Rose, dressed in white. Her face was pale.

"Rose?" Miles approached with concern, followed by Gabriel.

However, Gabriel stopped in his tracks after realizing something. He kept his gaze on Rose, and he wasn't the only one. Everyone was watching Rose as if her arrival had overshadowed the recent video. Yet, Rose's eyes were fixed on the crystal coffin in the funeral hall. Was that Grandpa? Rose trembled.

When she woke up earlier, she heard

the news about her grandpa's accident. She hastily returned to the mansion, not even taking the time to put on shoes. Unaware, she had cut her feet on something along the way. Blood stained her bare feet.

"Rose..." Miles wanted to tend to her injuries. He reached for her wrist, but he missed.

Rose slowly approached the crystal coffin. After seeing the person inside, her body went weak. Despite her earlier efforts, she couldn't hold it anymore and nearly collapsed.

Miles and Gabriel rushed toward her. Before they could catch her, a pair of arms embraced Rose. They belonged to none other than Jonathan, who had hurried into the mansion.

"Rose!" Jonathan looked anxious.

When he left the villa, Rose was still

unconscious. Now that she was awake, it seemed she had learned about Mr. Young Senior's "accident". However, the situation was not as she thought.

There wasn't any time to explain. Jonathan wanted to take Rose away. As he carried her in his arms, her hand gripped his chest tightly. She said in a weak but resolute voice, "Put me down!"

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Chapter 366 How Could It Be Her

[1,182 words]

Jonathan looked down and met Rose's gaze. Rose's eyes were resolute, and her grip on Jonathan's chest tightened.

Jonathan was worried, but after a moment of hesitation, he gave in to Rose's request. He gently put her down, but kept his arm around her waist, adopting a protective posture.

The people around them were quite bewildered by his actions. The most surprised one was Chloe. Jonathan, the new head of the Finch family, was someone Chloe had encountered before.

The ruthless methods he employed to ascend to power within the Finch family were well-known throughout Regalia. It sent shivers down Chloe's spine when she first heard about it.

They claimed Jonathan was ruthless and cold. Yet, the man standing before them now appeared gentle and kind. However, when his gaze shifted elsewhere, it swiftly turned cold. Jonathan's demeanor toward this woman was surprisingly different.

Chloe couldn't help but examine the person beside Jonathan, recalling the name they had just mentioned. Rose... Rose...

Could she be the granddaughter Mr. Young Senior adopted some time ago? Chloe looked at her from head to toe. When she saw those eyes, her heart dropped and she took a step back. Those eyes...

She hadn't noticed it before. Although it had been a long time since Henrietta disappeared, it was clear the two granddaughters that Mr. Young Senior adopted had eyes resembling hers.

Those eyes must've reminded Mr. Young Senior of Henrietta. Chloe had guessed early on that this newly adopted granddaughter must also have had a pair of eyes similar to Henrietta's.

But now, upon closer inspection, those eyes were not just similar-they were practically identical. For a moment, as she looked into those eyes, it felt as if she saw Henrietta again.

As Chloe was reeling from her shock, Kelly could barely hide her jealousy after seeing Jonathan's protectiveness toward Rose.

With no news of Rose for several days, she thought Rose was too ashamed to show her face. Little did she expect Rose to appear today, precisely at this moment. "Rose, where have you been these past few days?" Kelly approached with concern.

Everyone present had watched that video. Her question, though vague, was enough to let people make the connection.

However, Rose couldn't hear anything. She walked straight to the coffin. When she saw the pale body of Mr. Young Senior lying inside, grief surged in her heart. "Grandpa..." she uttered as she held back sobs. Her teary voice made people's hearts tremble. It contained far more emotion than Kelly's fake tears earlier.

Her sorrow, and self-blame... Those who knew what happened that night at the sea would understand why she'd blame herself. But how could she blame herself? She was the one who disregarded her safety to save Mr. Young Senior.

"Rose..." Miles suddenly spoke. He wanted to tell her the truth.

At this moment, Jonathan noticed Mr. Young Senior tearing up inside the coffin. He quickly interrupted Miles, "Mr. Young Senior wouldn't want to see you sad."

He was also reminding Mr. Young Senior inside the coffin that the play must go on. Miles held back his words.

Lying in the coffin, Mr. Young Senior gradually calmed himself. Everything went unnoticed by the onlookers.

Kelly's excitement grew. She couldn't wait to bring up Rose's video. She quickly joined in the conversation, "That's right, Rose. Grandpa doesn't want you to be too sad. Did something happen while you were away?"

What happened? Rose's eyes shifted. Then, she glared fiercely at Kelly. Grandpa was abducted by Nixon because of Kelly's scheming.

Filled with resentment, Rose's gaze

startled Kelly, who instantly feigned

a fragile posture. "Rose, what's wrong with you? If something happened, don't bear it alone. We are family. We can help you." Kelly's words hung in the air, perceived as utterly ludicrous by onlookers.

"What problems do you think Rose has faced?" Miles asked coldly. He shot Gabriel a look after saying that.

Gabriel knew that from that point onwards, he didn't have to keep pretending with Kelly. Gabriel's gaze toward Kelly was now filled with disdain. He approached Kelly as she stared at him in confusion. Just as he was about to hand his phone to Kelly, he hesitated for a moment. Then, Gabriel snatched a phone from one of the servants' hands and threw it at Kelly, not bothering to give her a second glance. "See for yourself!"

Gabriel's attitude made Kelly frown. The video from before was still playing on the phone, and Kelly was momentarily stunned. She caught a look at the screen and instantly recognized the person in the video. In the video, the woman who was sensually moving her body was none other than herself. How... How could this be? How could it be her?

Kelly subconsciously switched off

the phone, and her face turned pale. However, the others in the room still had the video playing on their phones, and the slightly distorted sounds echoed across the room. Kelly's mind was now filled with the explicit scenes from the video.

What on earth was happening? She tried hard to recall, but couldn't remember anything about the events in the video.

"You're probably wondering why it's you," Miles seemed to read her mind.

Kelly raised her head and instantly locked eyes with Miles. "Did you do this?"

That's right! It must have been that Miles discovered the video, processed it, and replaced Rose with her!

But before she could voice this suspicion, Miles seemed to have anticipated her guess and replied coldly, "I did nothing. Today is the first time I've seen this video, and there's no trace of it being edited."

From what he said, it was implied that the person in the video was undeniably Kelly. Kelly was unwilling to believe it. She kept muttering, "That's impossible! The person in the video isn't me!"

How could it be her? She had no recollection of such events. Where had things gone wrong?

Kelly couldn't figure it out. Despite her confusion, she absolutely couldn't admit that the woman in the video was her. She denied it in a panic. "That's not me! I'm being framed!"

A low chuckle was heard right after

she finished speaking. Kelly turned to the source of the laughter and saw that Anastasia's eyes were filled with resentment. However, that resentment vanished in a flash and was replaced by mockery.

"Who would frame you?"

Who would frame her? The only explanation she could think of was that Maya's contacts had made a mistake during the process. They probably got caught, which messed things up.

Did that mean Maya was exposed? Was she also exposed? When Kelly thought of that possibility, she started to panic.

She looked at Rose, who seemed completely indifferent to everything happening around her. Rose was still staring blankly at Mr. Young Senior in the coffin as if she had lost her soul. Rose seemed unconcerned about the video.

Seeing this, Kelly clenched her fists. She could sense everyone's disdainful gaze on her. One of them was particularly piercing, and it was none other than Gabriel's.

She remembered Gabriel's indifference when he handed her the phone earlier. Kelly instinctively said, "This video must have been tampered with. Gabriel, you have to believe me..."

However, she was met with Gabriel's cold laughter and disgust. "Kelly, how long do you plan to keep pretending for?"

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Chapter 367 Showing Her True Colors

[1,186 words]

The innocent look on Kelly's face froze. At that moment, a hint of guilt flashed across her face as though she had been exposed. "Gabriel, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Kelly, do you take us as fools? I knew your character from the first time I laid eyes on you. You might look helpless and innocent, but deep down, you're scheming and calculative. You've enjoyed putting on a front and lying to people, so I played along with you. I pretended to believe in you."

Gabriel's voice pierced the air. Kelly found it jarring. A hint of anger appeared on her usually innocent-looking face.

She wondered if he had been lying to her all this time. If he had been, why did he call in Mr. Kane for her yesterday? Since there were people around, it wasn't appropriate for her to ask.

However, Gabriel could read her mind just from her expression. Gabriel cast a meaningful look in the direction of the crystal coffin. Even if Kelly was getting suspicious, he couldn't be the one to reveal the truth to her.

Kelly followed the direction of his gaze, but she remained confused by why he was looking at Oliver's coffin. Gabriel had been playing along with her for days, taking her as a fool. The sheer thought of it infuriated her.

Perhaps Gabriel's confrontation and the will reading performed by Mr. Kane had boosted Kelly's confidence, but for some reason, she didn't feel a need to explain herself.

"Scheming and calculative? Haha..." She scanned the people in the funeral hall without showing any hint of embarrassment or guilt despite Gabriel's exposé and the emergence of the video.

"I get it now. You're... You're all in this to hurt me. This is all part of your trick. You want to destroy me with that video and keep me from inheriting the Young family assets.

"That's very calculative of you all. Too bad Grandpa wanted me to take charge of the Young family! I shall protect everything on his behalf."

As long as she denied the allegations and took charge of the Young family, she could clear her name even if the video was leaked to the public.

She had had her eyes set on the Young family's astronomical wealth. Now that Oliver was dead, and the will had been read, the Young family's wealth was in her hands!

She wanted to keep up her front to retain the loyalty of those working at the Young's House of Jewels, but that no longer seemed necessary.

"Gabriel. Since you're one of the Yoneses, not the Youngs, you have no right to stay here!" Kelly declared arrogantly, as though she was the head of the house.

But to her surprise, Gabriel did not move an inch. He wore a smirk on his face.

Frowning, she instructed the butler, "Patrick, throw him out!"

"But..." Patrick looked troubled.

He knew he should be taking Kelly's orders as she was Oliver's rightful heiress. However, he instinctively glanced at Miles. Deep down, he believed that Miles had the most say in Oliver's absence. His behavior irked Kelly. She barked, "Why are you just standing there? Do you want to be fired? If you do, get out of the Young Estate with Gabriel Yones right now!"

Now that Kelly had nothing to fear, she slowly revealed her true colors. The slight frown on Oliver's forehead in the coffin escaped her attention. However, Rose immediately picked up on the subtle change. "Grandpa?" Rose blurted out. She had clearly noticed a frown on Oliver's forehead. But when she fixed her gaze on him again, she failed to notice anything. Was she delusional?

While Rose was stuck in a daze, staring at Oliver's coffin, her sudden calls for Oliver had attracted Kelly's attention.

Kelly hated Rose the most among everyone present. Since she did not need to put up a front anymore, she showed no care for her attitude.

Her attention shifted away from

Gabriel and Patrick, and she turned to Rose with a snicker. "Ms. Schaffer Grandpa might have taken you in as a granddaughter, but you made it clear you didn't want

anything to do with the Young family

at the hospital that day.

"Are you here today because you're foolishly hoping to receive some scraps?" Every single word from Kelly's mouth was laced with venom.

Miles immediately chided her, "Kelly Schaffer!". As he did so, Jonathan fixed his icy gaze on her. The two men jumped to Rose's defense at the same time.

In the past, Kelly might have behaved. However, she was now full of herself because she thought she was in control of the Young family. In fact, she thought that she could decide whether or not to kick Miles out of the family in the future.

As for Jonathan... Although the Young family was no match for the Finches, she believed that Jonathan would have to tread carefully around her given her current wealth. The more they defended Rose, the more annoyed Kelly felt.

On the other hand, Rose did not seem to pay much attention to Kelly, choosing instead to closely observe Oliver, who was still in the coffin.

Her indifference irritated Kelly. This made Kelly march over and grab Rose's wrist. Then, she tried to slap Rose across the face.

Frowning, Jonathan rushed forward and slapped Kelly's wrist away. Although Jonathan managed to deflect her attack, her nails nevertheless scratched Rose's face.

Rose seethed in pain, but bit her tongue and endured it. She refused to cause a scene at Oliver's funeral.

Jonathan was pained by the sight of the bloodied scratch on Rose's face. Before Kelly had the chance to gloat, Jonathan slapped her across the face.

"Jonathan Finch," Kelly choked out with a scowl on her face.

At that moment, several bodyguards appeared and pinned her down. She screamed, "Let go of me! Don't you know who I am? I'm Mr. Young Senior's granddaughter! Are you deaf or what? Did you not hear Mr. Kane's will reading just now?"

Hysterically, she continued, "Grandpa left the Young family assets to me. I'm the head of the household now. Look at yourself in the mirror before you face me off."

Kelly was yelling and kicking wildly, but the bodyguards did not flinch. She then yelled at the other maids condescendingly, "Why are you watching and doing nothing? Help me out here!"

The maids, just like Patrick had

done, instinctively turned to Miles. Had the video not been released, the maids would have readily

acknowledged Kelly as the heir apparent

of the Young family. Alas, the video had greatly discredited Kelly, and they now treated Miles as the pillar of the Youngs.

Infuriated, Kelly growled, "You blind suckers! I'm the heiress of the

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Young family. Miles Young, when you leave today... No! I will announce

this as the head of the family now! From today onward, Miles Young is

no longer part of this family!"

Kelly's voice seemed deafeningly loud in the otherwise silent funeral hall. She looked disheveled but carried herself with the air of a queen who could decide the fates of the people.

She expected the butler and maids to take her side after she disowned Miles, even if Miles did not beg for mercy. However, she was startled by the sudden voice of an old man. "You have no say here!"

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Chapter 368 Oliver Wasn't Dead

[1,147 words]

Although the voice was low, the anger in it was palpable. Kelly froze in shock, as did everyone else in the funeral hall. They all couldn't believe the voice they had just heard. Anastasia gulped and folded her trembling arms as if she were trying to shake off her nerves. Did she mishear?

That was Oliver's voice. But he was dead, and his body was in the crystal coffin. How could he speak? The idea of spirits made Anastasia shake in fear.

She swallowed hard. The voice had confirmed her suspicion that the funeral today was a set-up to trick Kelly.

The thought made Anastasia excited. When she noticed Jonathan and Gabriel's lack of response toward Oliver's voice, she instantly knew that they were in it as well.

Meanwhile, Kelly's mind went blank. Just like the others, she recognized Oliver's voice and turned her attention to the crystal coffin. From her position, she could only see Oliver from the waist down. Since the body did not move, Kelly calmed down and smirked. "Hmph, are you trying to pull my leg with ghosts and spirits? That won't change a thing. You're being naive."

She once again turned to the butler and the maids. She sneered at the shock and fear on their faces. "A dead man will not come back to life. It's impossible."

"How is that impossible?" Oliver's voice rang.

Kelly frowned, thinking that the imposter had indeed mastered Oliver's tone of voice. Before she could react, Oliver's "body" sat upright in the coffin. Although she could only see his back, her expression fell. "Grandpa..." Rose, who stood beside the coffin, was stunned when Oliver first spoke. But instead of fear, she was filled with excitement and joy. Because of that, she stood very still as she tried to tell if it was all her imagination.

When Oliver opened his eyes and sat up in the coffin, she agitatedly called out, "Grandpa! You're alive. That's great..."

Rose put aside her poor health and questions about why Oliver was in the coffin in the first place. She immediately attempted to help him out of the coffin.

Upon contact with his skin, she nearly cried in joy at the warmth radiating from his body. He was still alive!

"Rose, please don't cry," said Oliver with a doting look in his eyes.

He glanced at Rose with a deeply emotional gaze. He clutched her hand tighter as he thought of the purpose of today's set-up.

At the same time, Jonathan and Gabriel sprung into action. Once Oliver dropped the hint, the two men helped him out of the crystal coffin. Once he was out, Oliver turned around to look at Kelly, holding a walking stick in his hand.

There was only one thought in Kelly's mind. She thought, "This is impossible. Impossible!"

All these must have been a sleight of hand orchestrated by Jonathan and the others. Oliver was dead. He couldn't possibly be alive!

When she saw Oliver turning around to face her, she trembled and said, "That's impossible! You're not Mr. Young Senior!"

Mustering up surprising strength, she freed herself from the grasp of the bodyguards and rushed over to Oliver. She wanted to check out what Jonathan and the others had done to the "fake" Oliver to make him look so real.

When she was one step away from Oliver, Rose stood between her and Oliver and stared at Kelly.

Oliver gently said, "Rose, it's fine. Please step aside."

After some hesitation, Rose obliged. Despite that, she was in a state of heightened wariness. She quickly processed the events that had unfolded and pieced the puzzle together.

She worried that Kelly might do something crazy to Oliver after the latter had dropped his disguise and unveiled her true colors. Rose vowed not to place Oliver in harm's way ever again.

Without Rose standing between them, Kelly anxiously touched Oliver's face. Oliver did not shun her touch.

She trembled in shock when she felt the warmth radiating from his skin. Then, with some hope left in her, she caressed his face.

It was like she was inspecting him.

Kelly was inspecting if something had been done to the face of the old man in front of her. At this moment, she still refused to believe that he was Oliver.

However, after some touching, she did not find anything amiss. Growing worried, she cupped his face in her hands.

"Is that enough for you? Did you find any flaws?" Oliver smiled at her, but his eyes shimmered with coldness and an air of authority. He seemed acutely aware of all her ulterior motives.

She froze when she failed to find any physical flaws on Oliver's face. How could that be? She felt dissatisfied but flustered under his gaze.

She finally realized that Oliver might still be alive, so, the only reason he faked his death was... She dared not bring herself to speculate on Oliver's motive. She quickly concealed her panic and put her stellar acting skills to use. Within seconds, tears streamed down her face.

She remarked, "Grandpa, you're alive and fine! That's wonderful! I thought you were—"

She had wanted to play the role of the good granddaughter, but Oliver cut her off as he was revolted by her ingenuine behavior.

"Did you think I was dead?" He sounded sarcastic.

Her expression froze. Soon, she said, "I thought you were dead. But I'm so glad you're still alive."

"Are you really glad that I'm alive?"

"Of course!" She nodded as she met his disapproving gaze with a joyful expression.

Oliver merely chuckled. "But if I am alive, you won't be able to give out orders as the head of the family like you just did."

Kelly's heart sank. She had a guilty conscience because of what she had done earlier, but she soon recovered from it. Like flicking a switch, she immediately played the victim and cried.

"They tried to bully me, so I acted on

impulse. Grandpa, I don't care about the family's wealth. I just wanted to enjoy family time with your grandchildren. Mom would be delighted if she saw that from the

heavens."

At such a crucial moment, Kelly brought up Henrietta's name, knowing that Henrietta was Oliver's Achilles heel.

She wanted to use Henrietta's name to defend her terrible behavior earlier, thinking that Oliver might take her side because she was Henrietta's daughter.

However, Kelly had made the wrong move. Oliver's expression fell when he heard the name of his late daughter. The fact that Kelly brought up Henrietta's name infuriated him. Still, he kept his rage in check and glared expressionlessly at Kelly. Moments later, he spoke. "Kelly, since you don't care about the family wealth, you won't be inheriting it, then." Her mind went blank. What was that supposed to mean? "Are you planning to amend your will?" she prodded cautiously. She began plotting to prevent him from doing so. As long as the current will remain unchanged, the Young family's wealth would be hers in the end. Oliver sounded determined as he spoke. "Well, it's unnecessary to amend the will."

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Chapter 369 Ganged Up Against Her

[1,160 words]

Did Oliver just say there was no need to amend the will? Kelly was overjoyed and relieved to hear that. As expected, Oliver would tolerate her behavior when he was reminded of her status as Henrietta's

daughter.

Oliver might have been alive, but at the end of the day, everyone had clearly heard the will being read out just now. Oliver had left all the family assets to Kelly. Kelly thought that she'd be the sole heiress of the Young family sooner or later, even if it was not today.

She treated the people around her with disdain. However, thinking of the video just now, she cast a glance at Rose, who was standing beside Oliver.

At that moment, she had no time to process what happened with the video. Her priority was to force Oliver to deny that she was the woman in the video. No matter what, she wanted to frame Rose. With that in mind, she frowned and argued, "I do not care for materialistic wealth, but I'm sure Mom would feel upset if she knew that my name was dragged through the mud because of that vulgar video." Kelly tried to use the mention of Henrietta to win Oliver over and evoke his protectiveness of her. She thought that she could manipulate Oliver by wielding Henrietta's name.

To her disappointment, Oliver did not chastise those whom she accused of slandering her. The grim look in his eyes made her shiver. "Grandpa?"

Soon, he wiped off his grim expression and put on an ingenuine smile. He grappled with feelings of guilt for failing to discern Henrietta's real daughter after all this time.

He instinctively reached out for Rose's hand, to everyone's shock. Only Jonathan looked unperturbed. Rose felt the warmth from his palm. Seeing the exhaustion on his face, she wanted to advise him to rest. Oliver's interaction shocked Kelly. Her mind raced. "Shouldn't he be holding them accountable for the video incident? Why is he holding Rose's hand? His eyes are full of affection for her..."

Kelly had the urge to grab Oliver's hand. However, she maintained her composure and tried to attract Oliver's attention. "Grandpa, I dreamed of Mom last night="

Kelly tried to reuse her old tricks, but she was interrupted by Jonathan's snicker. She looked back at him and accidentally met his scornful expression.

Feeling sheepish, she reflexively avoided his gaze. She bit her lips and, in an attempt to protect her dignity, snapped, "What are you laughing at?" Her question rang hollow. Jonathan did not bother to answer. At that moment, Jonathan's phone rang. When he saw the incoming call from Finley, he knew that Finley had successfully carried out the task he entrusted to him.

He answered the call and grunted upon hearing Finley's updates. Then, he announced, "Take a seat, everyone! It must be tiring to stand."

The show was about to start. Having just regained consciousness, Rose was rather frail and should not have been standing for long.

Just now, no one listened to the commands of Kelly, who claimed to be the heiress. However, after hearing Jonathan's announcement, Patrick immediately made the arrangements.

In a few minutes, without needing any guest to move, several chairs were brought into the hall. Everyone then took a seat.

Meanwhile, Kelly looked upset because Oliver had invited Rose to take a seat beside him. Jonathan, Miles, and Gabriel each took a seat near Rose in unison.

Kelly wallowed in her dissatisfaction. By the time she had snapped out of it, all the seats had been taken. Everyone, including Anastasia's lawyer, was seated, except for Patrick, the maids, and Jonathan's bodyguards.

Being the only fool standing, she felt as if she was being publicly denounced for some crime.

"Grandpa!" She immediately felt as though Jonathan, Miles, and Gabriel had ganged up against her. She was about to protest when they all heard a male voice at the entrance.

"Mr. Finch..." Finley's voice could be heard before his arrival. Everyone looked in the direction of his voice. Soon, Finley showed up and shuffled toward Jonathan.

He reported, "Mr. Finch, she's here. Shall I bring her in?" Who was he talking about?

Jonathan nodded at Finley. Everyone cast quizzical glances at the entrance.

Kelly frowned, as she couldn't figure out what Jonathan was getting at. Before she could process her thoughts, her expression froze upon seeing the woman. "Mom..." Kelly called out to the woman.

Chelsea Sutton showed up looking disheveled and unkempt, a far cry from her past noble appearance.

However, Kelly immediately recognized Chelsea's face. She wondered why Chelsea was here. Kelly's mind went blank for a moment, after which she realized that Jonathan was plotting to take her down.

She inhaled sharply, collected herself, and approached Chelsea.

She exclaimed, "Mom, why are you in such a sorry state? I thought you went traveling. What happened to you? Tell me if anyone has hurtied you I'm sure Grandpa will take care of it for you."

After that, Kelly shot a look at Oliver. Worried that Oliver might not have any memory of Chelsea, Kelly introduced her, "Grandpa, she's my adoptive mom, Chelsea Sutton. I have her to thank for raising me." Kelly deliberately highlighted Chelsea's identity as an adoptive mom.

"Is she just an adoptive mom to you?" Jonathan questioned Kelly calmly.

When Finley found Chelsea, the first thing he did was to get a hair sample from the woman for a DNA test. Jonathan's bodyguard was holding a copy of the results at the moment.

"Of course, she's my adoptive mom! Mr. Finch, don't you think you're sticking your nose in our family's business? By the way, what have you all done to my mom?"

If not for the pressing situation, Kelly wouldn't have gone up against Jonathan, as she had planned to seduce him for a chance to climb the social ladder.

However, Kelly had failed to drive a wedge between Jonathan and Rose using the video, as Rose wasn't in it. Moreover, Jonathan was driving her to the edge. She was left with no choice but to get Oliver to hit back at Jonathan.

Biting her lips and playing the victim, Kelly eeked out a few crocodile tears. She began, "I know Rose has

never taken a liking to me. Even you don't have a good first impression of me. "Kelly was subtly accusing

Rose of badmouthing her in front of Jonathan.

Hearing that, Rose frowned. She knew Kelly's true nature better than anyone else. Earlier, she was too upset over Oliver's death to pay Kelly any attention.

Now that Oliver was safe and sound, Rose had gradually calmed down from the emotional rollercoaster ride. The thought of what Kelly had done to Oliver infuriated Rose.

"Rose, feel free to lash out at me if I have wronged you in any way, or just be upfront with me so I'll change my ways. But can you please stop Mr. Finch from laying a finger on my adoptive mom?"

Kelly appeared to be crying and pleading. But if one read between the lines, all she did was accuse Rose of bullying and harassing her. Rose snickered at Kelly's antics.

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Chapter 370 Can't Admit

[1,052 words]

Again with those antics? Saying that she bullied her? Since Kelly asked for it, then Rose would do as she pleased.

"Come..." Before Rose could finish her sentence, Jonathan had already signaled Finley. Rose did not need to raise a finger on such matters.

Finley quickly stepped forward and a loud slap landed on Kelly's face. Finley had shown her no mercy.

Kelly staggered and almost lost her balance. Her mind went blank, and her face was burning from the impact. Who... dared to hit her? After collecting herself, Kelly glared fiercely at Finley.

Finley was well-trained in the Azure Clan. His well-defined muscles were a testament to that. He had even adopted Jonathan's icy demeanor. A single glance from him was enough to suppress Kelly's protests. But how could Kelly accept that? She was the heiress to the Young family's wealth. Finley... was nothing but a dog by Jonathan's side.

Even if it were Jonathan who gave the order, Kelly wouldn't be able to face the people in the room after being publicly slapped.

Amidst the silence, the room held its breath. No one had expected Finley to strike Kelly so suddenly. After a few seconds, a light chuckle broke the silence. Kelly looked over

and realized it was Anastasia. Anastasia hadn't bothered hiding her amusement. One could see the satisfaction in her eyes. Satisfaction...

Kelly had never done anything to Anastasia, so why would she look so pleased? Kelly had no time to figure it out. The thing that pained her more was Oliver's indifference.

Oliver didn't even spare her a glance. Instead, he lovingly said to Rose, "Just sit tight, Rose." She just needed to sit and watch. There was no need for her to get involved. Kelly was stunned. Resentment burned in her heart. She wished she too could slap Rose's face. But upon hearing Oliver's words, she felt so wronged that she burst into tears. Tears streamed down her slightly swollen face. Because of her misery, she accused, "Rose, how could you..."

"I didn't hit you!" Rose interrupted.

"You..." Kelly's words were immediately shot down by Rose's interruption.

Rose glanced at Jonathan. She knew that he was the one who had slapped Kelly. Kelly's face was starting to swell, which made Rose pleased. Good!

After Rose woke up, she barely had any strength. She had already used all her strength to reach the mansion.

It certainly wouldn't be as powerful as Finley's if she had slapped Kelly. Since there was someone to assist her, she decided to listen to Oliver and sit still. But a slap wasn't enough to get revenge for her malicious intentions toward her grandfather.

However, before Rose could investigate Kelly's actions against Oliver, Kelly cried out, "Rose, don't think you can humiliate me like this through Jonathan! I still have Grandpa on my side!" Kelly hoped that Oliver would protect her.

But, unexpectedly, Oliver frowned. He seemed unhappy that she said, "through Jonathan". Through Jonathan? Since when did Rose need to go through anyone?

"Kelly..." Oliver didn't even want to utter her name.

But before he could continue, Jonathan intervened. "Finley, there's one more person I need you to bring here."

Jonathan was greatly pleased by Kelly's words. Of course, his woman would rely on him. Jonathan wished that Rose would be under his protection at every moment. She had to do nothing but watch. "Yes, Sir!" Finley replied. He signaled to one of the bodyguards, who immediately went downstairs.

Everyone present was curious, including Rose. She had heard Jonathan mention Chelsea before, but her whereabouts were unknown. She never expected him to have found her.

Another person? Who could it be? As the question arose in her mind, the bodyguard brought someone into the room.

The person's head was covered by a black cloth. Despite this, the figure caught Rose's eyes. Upon closer inspection, she recognized him almost instantly. It was the man who nearly killed her that night!

Nixon... She would even recognize his ashes! At that moment, Rose clenched her fists tightly.

Kelly was equally disturbed. The moment he entered the room, Kelly also recognized him. However, what she recognized was a man who had threatened her into sleeping with him with a video.

The moment she recognized him, she started to panic. How could he be here? If Jonathan had him under his control, did that mean all the things she had him do were exposed?

Kelly glanced at Oliver anxiously. Now she understood why Oliver was so cold toward her. Oliver must've found out that she had someone try to kill him.

In a split second, Kelly knew that she

could never admit that incident. As long as she firmly denied it and claimed that someone framed her, there might still be some wiggle room for her. Knowing that, Kelly calmed down.

"Do you know him?" Jonathan asked casually.

Kelly frowned, sizing up the man. "Where did you find this person? I don't know him."

Don't know? She played the part convincingly.

Jonathan had expected her denial. He remained composed and raised an eyebrow at Nixon. "She says she doesn't know you!"

Nixon urgently said, "We know each other all right. But not only do we know each other, we also have a very close relationship."

"Nonsense! What close relationship? Don't try to ruin my reputation. I've never seen you before!" Kelly hastily corrected him. Her words clearly implicated that she was framed.

While she was speaking, she glanced at Rose. Rose immediately understood her intentions. "You haven't even seen his face and you're already denying it. What are you afraid of, Kelly?" "Yeah, Kelly. What are you afraid of?" Anastasia sneered. The scene she was witnessing was becoming even more exciting.

"I..." Kelly concealed her guilt and

asserted firmly, "I'm not afraid of anything. It's just that Rose has never liked me. She even had

someone hit me just now. I have to suspect she's framing me!

Rose found it amusing. "What do I have to gain by framing you?"

"You're just jealous of me being Grandpa's biological granddaughter, and jealous that I'm the true heiress of the Young family!" Kelly wanted to make Rose's intentions clear.

But what she hadn't noticed was Oliver furrowing his brows. Self-blame and anger could be seen in his eyes.

When Kelly finished speaking, Oliver's cane struck the ground heavily. A resounding thud pierced the air, expressing his disagreement with Kelly's words.

Then, Oliver spoke in a firm and powerful voice. "She... has no reason to be jealous of you!"

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Chapter 371 Exposed

[1,110 words]

Why would Rose need to be jealous of Kelly? Kelly was stunned. She thought that Oliver was angry at her because she knew about her schemes to kill him. She tried to get on his good side. "Grandpa..." But in the next instant, Oliver interrupted her. His face was grim. "Ms. Shaffer, I am not your grandfather."

Kelly's expression froze. She said innocently, "Grandpa, why did you say that? What nonsense did you hear from someone who's trying to drive us apart?"

"What do you think I heard? That you wanted to hire someone to murder me?" Oliver sneered.

Even though Kelly had decided to deny everything and insist that Rose was framing her, for a moment, she still couldn't hide her guilt. But she had to continue the act.

"Grandpa, what are you... saying? Hire someone to murder you? How could I do something like that?"

Kelly looked genuinely perplexed, as if she truly didn't understand what Oliver was implying. Suddenly, as if greatly wounded by Oliver's words, she chuckled self-mockingly.

"Someone tried to accuse me of wanting to harm Grandpa? Grandpa, do you actually believe that? How could you? Who came up with such a trick?"

"Grandpa, no matter what others say, you have to use your own judgment. After all this time together, Grandpa, don't you know what kind of person I am? Grandpa, how could you doubt me..." Her innocent and vulnerable act managed to evoke pity from those around her.

Oliver watched her closely. Even though he saw through many people, he was still deceived by her appearance and thought that she was genuinely pure and kind. Little did he know that everything was a facade.

When he thought about how Rose had suffered because of this, Oliver felt even more guilty. Oliver clenched his fist, wishing to expose Kelly. "The witnesses are all here. What else do you have to say?"

Kelly clenched her teeth. This moment had finally arrived. At a critical moment like this, she absolutely could not admit to anything. "Witnesses? What witnesses? Do you mean him? I don't even know him!" Kelly said firmly, trying not to associate herself with him.

When she sent this man to kidnap Oliver, only the two of them were present. Even if he claimed she orchestrated everything, there was no solid evidence. When Kelly thought of that, she felt even more triumphant.

Kelly looked at Oliver sincerely. "Don't be deceived, Grandpa. Someone is trying to drive a wedge between us, deliberately setting up this play. If you believe it, you're falling into someone else's trap." Kelly glanced at Rose. She nearly uttered her name. As soon as she finished speaking, someone started clapping. The eerie sound of clapping echoed across the silent room.

Kelly looked toward the source and met Jonathan's gaze. Kelly couldn't help but shudder when she saw the disdain in his eyes. It was as if there was nothing she could hide from him. Kelly nervously clenched her fists. Before she could say anything,

Jonathan gave Finley a signal. And soon, a large television screen was brought into the room.

Kelly was puzzled, not having any idea what he was about to do. Everyone stared at the dark screen. Suddenly, the screen lit up.

The screen showed Oliver in a wheelchair talking to Rose on a bridge. It was very distant, so there wasn't any sound. But one could see that they were having a pleasant conversation. Others didn't know the significance of this video, and even Miles was unaware of its existence. However, when Kelly saw that scene, her head started buzzing and she started to tremble. Kelly knew exactly what this video was supposed to show. She never thought that man would hand the video over to Jonathan.

If she was accused of seducing someone to help her get rid of Oliver, she could still argue that she was framed. But this video had footage of her personally tipping over Oliver's wheelchair... At this point in the video, Rose went to get a call and left the bridge. And soon after... Kelly started panicking. She could not let the video continue playing.

Kelly noticed the power source of the television. Determined, she took big steps forward, aiming to unplug the television.

However, someone had already

anticipated her actions. Just as Kelly was about to touch the power cord Finley grabbed her wrist. His firm grip caused Kelly to let out a cry in pain, but Finley showed no mercy. He effortlessly threw Kelly aside.

Kelly stumbled. But she wasn't about to give up after breaking free from his grip. Kelly tried to rush toward the screen again. However, this time, the security guards restrained her.

She struggled as much as she could, but she couldn't break free. While she was struggling, someone had already appeared behind Oliver in the video. That person was none other than Kelly herself.

Despite the considerable distance, it

was clear that Kelly, who usually looked innocent and harmless, now wore a malicious expression, as if she was about to murder Oliver. She lifted her foot and kicked Oliver's wheelchair.

"Ah!" The butler and many other servants exclaimed in unison. It took them a while to recover from the shock. Miles, Anastasia, and even Chloe and Gabriel were all stunned.

Even Kelly stopped moving. Perhaps she'd realized it was over, and there was nothing she could do. The tension in the air was palpable.

Everyone stared at Oliver on the screen, who rolled down the steps of the bridge. It then cut to him lying unconscious on the ground with blood dripping from his head.

Rose clenched her fists tightly. Even though it wasn't her first time seeing the footage, she still couldn't suppress the pain in her heart.

"How could you, Kelly?" Rose finally asked. That's right. How could she be so cruel?

Anastasia, who had barely recovered from the shock of the video, stared at Kelly. "No wonder you were so anxious just now. It turns out... that you were the one who pushed Grandpa!" She had underestimated Kelly.

Although Anastasia had considered

various ideas to seize the wealth of the Young family for over more than 20 years, she had never thought of harming Oliver. Oliver may have been old, but he was still someone Anastasia respected greatly.

Kelly, on the other hand... Anastasia finally realized the reason why they had orchestrated Oliver's death.

How could she have done something like that? Even if she were the "true heiress" of the Young family, it would not shield her from her crimes.

Anastasia felt satisfied. She naturally couldn't pass the opportunity to get back at Kelly.

Anastasia noticed Kelly's shifting eyes. She was likely planning her defense. Anastasia stepped forward without hesitation. Filled with overwhelming hatred, she delivered a hard slap to Kelly's face without mercy.

"Ow!"

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Chapter 372 Jealous of Rose

[1,055 words]

As she let out a loud cry of pain, a red handprint appeared on Kelly's face. The force of the slap snapped her back to reality.

Kelly glared at Anastasia. She had no time to retaliate against Anastasia's slap. Besides, what was more important was Oliver.

Kelly glanced at Oliver, and her heart dropped when she met his furious gaze. But even at that point, she did not want to admit everything she had done.

Kelly struggled to break free from the bodyguard's grasp. She fell to the ground with a loud thud and knelt before Oliver, hurriedly explaining, "Grandpa, listen to me, it's not what you think."

"Then what is it?" From the video, it was clear that she had kicked the wheelchair with a lot of force. How else could she explain what everyone had just seen?

Oliver stared coldly at Kelly as if saying, "Let's see how you argue your way out of this."

Kelly bit her lip as she realized that she had lost all of Oliver's trust. But... she had put so much effort into planning all of this. There was no way she would give it all up now. But what was she to do? Kelly's mind raced as she tried to think of an excuse. Everyone's eyes were on her. Kelly calmed herself and suddenly, she spoke firmly, "It's Rose!"

Rose? Her "excuse" stunned everyone, but it was also quite expected. Rose, who was being framed, also thought it was funny. It was Kelly's go-to trick to throw the blame on Rose. This time, Rose wanted to see how Kelly would blame it on her.

However, Oliver wasn't going to tolerate anyone defaming Rose. He suddenly stood up and slammed his cane on the ground repeatedly. He roared, "How dare you accuse Rose!"

With a loud snap, the cane struck Kelly's back. Kelly gritted her teeth from the pain as she cursed the old man silently.

She regretted not killing him when she kicked him off the bridge last time, and she hated that her plan hadn't succeeded this time. But for now, she could only suppress her hatred and pretend to be innocent. "Grandpa, I was wrong. I'm not accusing Rose, I... I..." Kelly couldn't finish her sentence.

After a moment's hesitation, as if she had made up her mind, she said, "I was jealous of Rose, so I made a mistake..."

Then, Kelly put on a bitter smile and continued, "You and Rose hit it off immediately, and you took her in as your granddaughter. I am your biological daughter. We're related

by blood, so I thought that you'd like me more. But that day, you wore the clothing she made for you...

"I was blinded by jealousy, so I hurt you. But afterward, I regretted it deeply. I was afraid... afraid that something might happen to you, but all I could do was pray silently every night, crying with regret..." Kelly spoke earnestly, resembling an innocent girl who was led astray by jealousy and was now deeply remorseful.

But Rose didn't believe her for a moment. Back then, she suspected that Kelly had something to do with Oliver's accident. Now, she was even more convinced that Kelly had intended to remove his oxygen tube in the hospital.

How could Kelly regret kicking Oliver off the bridge? She clearly wished that Oliver had died there and then.

When Rose thought about Kelly's multiple attempts to kill Oliver, she exposed her lies without hesitation "So you regret that your plan failed and tried again?" Asking Nixon to kidnap them and orchestrating an accident...

"I didn't!" Kelly yelled at Rose. As long as she didn't admit her involvement in the kidnapping incident, they wouldn't have solid evidence against her.

As long as she repented, Oliver wouldn't harm her as she was his biological granddaughter, and because of Henrietta.

"Grandpa, I'm your biological granddaughter, not her!" Kelly sobbed as she reminded Oliver that she was Henrietta's daughter. If he felt guilty toward Henrietta, he should feel guilty toward her too.

She thought that her reminder would be enough to move Oliver, or at least make him pity her. But she didn't expect Oliver's gaze to turn cold.

Oliver glared fiercely at Kelly and said with a trembling voice, "You have no right to mention Rietta!" How could she mention Rietta? "Kelly, how long do you plan to deceive me?"

Kelly was stunned. She felt

somewhat guilty under Oliver's gaze. Her eyes flickered, as she continued feigning innocence. "Grandpa? I'm not deceiving you. I really didn't mean to. I really regret it!" she

hurriedly explained.

She thought Oliver was saying that she was pretending to regret it. "Believe me, Grandpa. I'm your biological daughter. How could I think about harming you? Harming you would bring me no benefit. Grandpa

"You're not!" Kelly tried to convince Oliver, but Oliver cut her off.

Kelly paused. Not? Not what? Meeting Oliver's gaze, Kelly seemed to have guessed what he meant. Her heart trembled, and she called out subconsciously, "Grandpa..."

"I'm not your grandpa. Your mother is not my daughter!" Oliver glanced coldly at Chelsea, who looked disheveled.

Chelsea was also involved in this deception. His gaze seemed to pierce through Chelsea's lies. Her trembling body froze from the shock, and she dared not meet his gaze.

At that moment, Kelly also froze. All the justifications she had in mind, as well as her attempts to use "Henrietta" as a shield to seek Oliver's forgiveness and compassion, all collapsed in that moment.

She was completely dumbfounded. Whenever she attempted to gather her thoughts, her mind was overrun with fear. He... had suspected it?

Kelly's eyes met Oliver's gaze. Panicking, she continued putting on a farce, "Grandpa, what... what do you mean?"

Even though she tried to remain calm, panic seeped through her shaky voice. But this time, Oliver did not reply to her.

Chloe, who was watching from the sidelines, pieced together the words that Oliver said earlier. Suddenly, she stood up when she came to a revelation.

"Kelly, you're not of the Young family

bloodline? Ha! How audacious of you to deceive Mr. Young Senior and all of us then! What are you planning? Do you want to steal all of the Young family's fortune by pretending to be the true heiress?

"Yes, that must be it. Mr. Young Senior's will states that he'll pass all his assets to you. No wonder you wanted to harm him. You wanted him to die so that you could inherit everything, right?"

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Chapter 373 Driven to Madness

[1,102 words]

Chloe spoke loudly. Her heart was leaping with joy. If this was indeed the case, the current situation would be highly advantageous for her.

If Kelly was not "Henrietta's daughter", the will declared earlier would be null and void, and the assets of the Young family could be redistributed.

Seeing Kelly visibly flustered by her question fueled Chloe's excitement further. But it wasn't enough to just question her. Chloe wanted to add to Oliver's anger.

"If you were truly Henrietta's daughter, I would have wholeheartedly supported you inheriting everything from the Young family. But I never expected you to be a fraud.

"Thankfully we found out before it was too late. Otherwise, you would've taken everything that rightfully belonged to Henrietta's real daughter!"

Chloe kept mentioning "Henrietta", seemingly forgetting how opposed she was when the will was announced. She deliberately mentioned Henrietta to fuel Oliver's anger.

As expected, a hint of guilt surfaced beneath his furious glare. All these years, Oliver had been living with guilt because of Henrietta. How could he not feel guilty for mistaking an impostor as Henrietta's daughter?

Chloe was satisfied when she saw Oliver's guilt surfacing. She felt so satisfied that she didn't think much when she saw Oliver's gaze land on Rose.

Overjoyed, Chloe immediately turned to Oliver and requested, "Dad, since Kelly is not of the Young family's bloodline, we must disqualify her inheritance and remove her from the family record!" Chloe's words hung in the air.

Anastasia immediately supported the notion. "Aunty is right. Not only that, she had tried to harm Grandpa multiple times. We can't let her off easily!" Can't let her off...

For a moment, everyone's gaze was fixed on Kelly. Their gazes were filled with disdain, condemning her for her deception and ruthlessness. It was as if they wished for her to suffer.

But Kelly wasn't afraid of suffering their condemnation. She was more afraid of losing. She wasn't ready to give up. She was unwilling to accept that her deception had been exposed. She wasn't willing to accept that her hard work amounted to nothing.

Her built-up resentment fueled her determination to push on. She ignored Chloe and Anastasia. Instead, she fixed her sincere gaze on Oliver. "Grandpa, but... I am Henrietta's daughter!"

As long as she was Henrietta's daughter, Oliver couldn't do anything to her. It was Kelly's last hope.

Jonathan laughed coldly. "If you're Henrietta's daughter, then who is she?" he asked, pointing at Chelsea.

Following his gaze, Kelly met Chelsea's eyes. And in that moment, both of them trembled involuntarily. Then, Kelly answered firmly, "She's my adoptive mother."

"Adoptive mother? Sure, an adoptive mother with blood ties. Alright!" Jonathan sneered and exchanged a glance with Finley.

Immediately, Finley retrieved a file from one of the bodyguards and threw it at Kelly's feet.

The document bore the emblem of a prestigious Aquastead authentication agency, with the words "mother-daughter relationship" prominently written in the results column. And the person being authenticated

was...

Kelly looked at the name on the paternity test report, and her mind started buzzing. All her hopes collapsed.

Kelly instinctively wanted to destroy the report. But just as her hand reached out for it, someone else snatched it away. Kelly looked up and saw Chloe beaming with excitement.

Chloe stared at the names on the report and said, "Chelsea... and Kelly... are related by blood! Ha! Kelly, Chelsea is your biological mother." Every word reminded Kelly that her plan had failed.

Even when the evidence was

presented, Kelly still denied it in front

of everyone. "No! There must be an error. This report has an error! That's right, this report is fake. It must've been fabricated..." Kelly desperately wanted to shake off any connection she had with Chelsea.

She repeated to herself over and over again that she was the true heiress of the Young family, not Chelsea's daughter.

She believed that she deserved to have the best of everything in the world. Only if she was the Young family's heiress, and if she inherited the Young family's assets, could she be on top of the world. Excitement filled her eyes. There was even a hint of madness visible. Everyone watched her with disdain, especially Oliver and Nixon, who used to think she was an innocent woman. They finally saw her true, and ugly, side.

"Chelsea, hurry up and tell them that I'm not your daughter. I was adopted from the orphanage. I am Henrietta's daughter! I have the Young family's blood!"

Kelly suddenly turned to Chelsea. When Kelly noticed the sadness in Chelsea's eyes, she urged her again, "Tell them, Chelsea!"

Chelsea suddenly snapped out of

her thoughts. She was indeed a part of Kelly's plan to impersonate the

Young family's heiress. She even met

orchestrated Jamie's accident to

clear Kelly's path. She would've done anything for Kelly.

But now, hearing Kelly call her "Chelsea" and denying their relationship stung her heart. Chelsea met Kelly's mad gaze. She was stunned for a moment.

Kelly hurriedly yelled at her, "Hurry up and say it! Are you mute?" Perhaps because of her agitation, Kelly grabbed Chelsea's arm fiercely.

Chelsea winced in pain, but her heart ached more. Eventually, she managed to say, "I..." but the words 'am only Kelly's adoptive mother' didn't escape her lips.

Before Chelsea could continue, a cold voice interrupted her. "We'll deal with the matters one by one."

Jonathan's cold glare landed on Chelsea. She felt a chill down her spine, forgetting what she was going to say next. She knew exactly what "matters" Jonathan was referring to.

"Kelly, let's give "

"Shut up!"

Kelly knew what she was about to say and forcefully cut her off. Her mother wanted her to give up the Young family and to give up her title as the Young family heiress. But she was so close to winning. She couldn't give up!

Kelly's expression became increasingly frenzied. "Don't be afraid of him. I am the Young family heiress. Even the Finch family wouldn't dare to harm you!" Kelly grabbed Chelsea's hand, fearlessly locking eyes with Jonathan.

The most pressing matter was still to establish her identity as the Young family heiress. "Hurry..." Kelly urged eagerly.

But under Jonathan's cold gaze, Chelsea dared not utter a word.

Amid the tension, Oliver's voice rang out once more. "There's no need for her to speak. Even if she did, it wouldn't count as evidence, Miles... pass it to her." Oliver instructed.

Everyone turned to look at Miles, curious about what Oliver was referring to. Miles brought out a file. Inside the file were thick stacks of papers.

Miles tossed it in the air casually causing the papers to scatter across the room. Almost everyone had one in front of them. Just a glance was enough to see clearly.

On the papers was the emblem of a prestigious Aquastead authentication agency, but the contents were different...

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Chapter 374 Shield Her From Danger

[1,108 words]

The report clearly stated Kelly and Oliver's names, and the results were...

"Probability of paternity is 0%!" Ha..." Chloe sneered and thought, "With these two paternity reports, let's see how Kelly defends herself this time."

Kelly stared at the report as the others mocked her. Her instincts told her to flee when she saw the names and keywords on the report. But even when she looked away, she saw another report. Kelly... and Oliver... Probability of paternity is 0%... There was no way Kelly could get out of this.

Every word was like a needle poking into her eyes. Even her head was ringing from the painful truth. But Kelly was still mumbling under her breath, "No... This isn't true..."

"This is fake. This is all fake. I'm Henrietta's daughter! I'm the Young family's blood descendant..."

Kelly yelled louder as she progressed. She still refused to admit the truth even with all the evidence present.

Kelly's eyes fluttered as her expression grew more frantic. Everyone in the hall could sense her resentment, but they all just looked at her with more disdain.

Anastasia was thrilled by the satisfaction. There was no way she would let Kelly off easily. Now that Kelly lost support from the Young family, it would be easier for Anastasia to carry out her plan. "Since she's not related to the Young family by blood, that means she's not the heir anymore," Anastasia said merrily.

Her words instantly agitated Kelly. Kelly glared at Anastasia and screamed, "I'm the Young family's blood descendant! I'm the heir to the family! This is fake. This is all fake! When Grandpa and I were reunited, we also did a paternity test. That report is real!"

Kelly grabbed the scattered reports on the ground and tore them apart. She wanted to prove that she was the true heir, but she couldn't hide the guilt from her eyes.

Kelly knew from the bottom of her heart that the results of the first paternity report were real because the sample belonged to Rose, but she would never let anyone know how she tampered with the report. Kelly bit her lips and threw away the torn pieces of paper. She stood up on the floor scattered with papers and said to Oliver, "Grandpa, you did a paternity test before. I'm your granddaughter. That's right. Here..."

Kelly seemed to remember something and tore her dress to reveal a tattoo on her back.

Angelica told her about the tattoo. It belonged to Henrietta. That tattoo was a stepping stone for her to get closer to Oliver and impersonate his granddaughter.

What she didn't expect was her words to expose her true intentions.

"Grandpa, did you forget about this?"

Kelly looked at Oliver. Her heart dropped when she saw the disdain in Oliver's eyes. "Grandpa, I'm—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Oliver interrupted her. "You're not!"

Oliver continued without waiting for Kelly's response, "You're not our family's blood descendant. You're not Rietta's daughter. You're Kelly. You're not related to our family at all! And you..."

Kelly had tried to take his life multiple times. Attempted murder was unforgivable. Oliver only needed to make a call for Kelly to land in jail.

But at that moment, Oliver looked at Rose, who was standing beside him, and he immediately changed his mind. The Heavens still returned Rose to his side. He should thank the Heavens for that. So, letting Kelly go would be the right thing to do.

"Leave. From now on, never show up in front of me!" Oliver said with a grim voice.

He'd let her go just like that? Everyone was shocked at Oliver's decision.

"Grandpa..." Anastasia was the first to object. "She tried to kill you! We can't let her get away!"

"That's right, father. We can't let her get away!" Chloe chimed in.

In the middle of the discussion, Kelly snapped back to her senses. Leave?

"I won't leave!" Kelly's eyes trembled. "I still need to inherit the Young family! I won't leave!"

If she left now, she'd be left with nothing. Her expression grew crazed, which brought disdain. What on earth had gone wrong?

Kelly replayed everything in her mind, and she suddenly thought of something. She turned around and glared at Rose.

"It's you..."

It's Rose! It had to be Rose!

She didn't know what exactly Rose did, but she was sure that Rose was the reason everything turned out this way.

All of Kelly's resentment was now focused on Rose. Kelly's anger erupted at once, and she charged at Rose.

At some point, Kelly had a fork in her

hand and aimed it at Rose's eyes. She wanted to destroy Rose so that she wouldn't be able to ruin her

plans in the future.

She wanted to know how Rose would seduce Jonathan after ruining her face! The more she thought about it, the more crazed Kelly grew.

When everyone realized her intentions, their expressions

changed. At the same time,

Jonathan, Miles, and even Finley and Gabriel rushed toward her, but they underestimated Kelly's speed.

Usually, Rose wouldn't be afraid of Kelly, but she had only recently regained consciousness and had exhausted too much energy rushing back to the villa. Earlier, she merely sitting and watching

was

everything unfold, and her body was sweating profusely.

She didn't want anyone to worry, so she had been trying to hold on.

When Rose saw Kelly rushing toward her in a frenzy, her mind told her to run away. But her body had lost her energy to dodge. So, Rose sat there in a daze.

Everything seemed to slow down. Kelly dashed toward her with a manic expression, looking as if she was going to kill her. The others looked worried and panicked. "Oof" was the only thing Rose heard, followed by a low pained groan. There was a figure standing in front of her, and that person was... "Grandpa..."

Rose heard Miles yell in shock, and her mind went blank.

She stared at the figure in front of her. "Grandpa..."

Rose felt the hand that was gripping her tighten. Rose looked down and saw Oliver's hand.

The next moment, he turned around with difficulty and said, "Don't be afraid, Rose..."

Don't be afraid... Rose...

Oliver's eyes were filled with love. He felt at ease after making sure that she was fine, but his gaze made Rose feel a sudden burst of emotions. Rose immediately came back to her senses when she saw Oliver fall and caught him. Her heart dropped when she saw the fork lodged in his chest. "Doctor... Hurry! Get a doctor..." Rose said frantically. Suddenly, she thought of something and looked at Jonathan for help. "Save him, please save him!" The Finches had the most qualified doctors and medical team in Aquastead. Jonathan would surely have a way.

Jonathan's gaze softened when he saw Rose's helpless pleading and he immediately called Harmony Hospital without wasting a second.

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