

# Honey, You're a Billionaire?

## Chapter 521 Getting Involved

[ 964 words ]

"Say, what do you think about adding a daughter to the family? Do you think the elders would be happy?" Although it was a question, Clover seemed to already have an answer when asking it.

Emily was at a loss for words. The two had always had a tacit understanding in their cooperation, and she could always grasp his intention from just a sentence. But... what did he mean this time? She was clueless. Just as she pondered, Clover nodded with satisfaction. "That's it."

Emily was perplexed. "Mr. Xanth..."

However, he had no means of responding to her, making her even more baffled by the sudden situation. Suddenly, she saw him rising from his seat.

A series of crisp and loud claps sounded in the venue, with the one applauding being...

Pulling the crowd's attention from the henpecked husband that was Jonathan, Clover, who held the Number 95 paddle earlier, became their new focus.

"Have you done what you came here for, Mr. Finch?" Clover urged Jonathan with a hint of impatience, as though saying, "If you have, get off the stage now!"

Jonathan frowned. Indeed, he had completed his mission. Glancing at the long-vanished ring inside the container, he smiled contentedly and descended the stage.

At that moment, Clover gave Emily some instructions before heading toward the stage. When the two men crossed paths, Jonathan glanced at him but eventually suppressed the words he wanted to say.

By the time Jonathan returned to his seat, Clover had taken the stage. He glanced at Anastasia, still on the platform, and frowned.

"Ms. Young?" He was loud, but she was visibly in a daze. As such, he called out to her again.

"Ms. Young?" He raised his tone and even snapped his finger before her this time.

The sudden noise shook Anastasia. Then, he playfully asked, "What's left you so deep in thought, Ms. Young?"

What else could she be thinking? What kind of silly question was that? Whatever had just transpired was way out of her expectations. She was reluctant to accept reality, explaining her daze. It wasn't until Clover's appearance that she regained her senses. In response, she quickly smiled. "N-Nothing. Maybe..."

Her mind was in chaos. She was so stunned that she didn't notice Jonathan had returned to his seat. She wanted to make up another excuse but couldn't think of anything. As such, she awkwardly tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Is there any other matter, Ms. Young?" Clover's intention to get her off stage was evident from his frown.

Despite her anger, Anastasia knew she couldn't afford to further humiliate herself. Amid the strange gazes being shot at her, she bitterly forced a smile when descending the stage.

The more she suppressed her true emotions, the more reluctant she felt. Never in her wildest dreams would she expect the outcome where Jonathan declared to everyone he had no feelings for her.

How horrible was that? All of this was caused by Rose! Without her, there wouldn't be such an outcome!

Anastasia secretly clenched her fists and seamlessly glanced toward Rose. Seeing the smile on her face, Anastasia was taken aback. What was that? Was she being smug and victorious?

At that moment, her resentment toward Rose grew. Yet, unbeknownst to her, Rose's smile had nothing to do with her.

Clover was onstage gazing at Rose. With him, she felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity. Ever since they knew each other, he and Emily had been nothing but kind to her. It was the type of kindness that was pure and genuine. As such, Rose greatly appreciated their friendship.

Locking eyes with Clover, Rose could feel the smile in his eyes. Naturally, she reciprocated it.

Subsequently, he saw Emily gesturing at him. It was then he knew the job was done. He unhesitantly asked, "Since Ms. Young had presented Mr. Finch with his auction item earlier, may I enjoy that privilege too?"

The crowd was stunned, especially Anastasia. Did Clover want her to hand him his purchase too? Since he had bought Oliver's suit with 30 million dollars, he should naturally take advantage of this "privilege". "Clo-" Anastasia couldn't see through him. She had just spoken when Clover interrupted her.

"But I don't need Ms. Young to hand it to me. I just need the organizer to send the item I bought onto the stage. My assistant has just signed the contract and footed the bill. That suit is now mine!"

His tone was serious. Of course, the item belonged to him after he signed the contract.

"It is yours." Anastasia stared at Clover, still deciphering his intention.

Although she couldn't understand him, she knew he wasn't to be underestimated. After all, he was part of the Xanth family and Lerain Group holding great power and wealth. He also happened to be the only heir of the company.

"Send it on stage then," Clover ordered.

Despite her unwillingness, Anastasia couldn't afford to disobey him. That would give people plenty to talk about. After some hesitation, she signaled one of the staff.

Soon enough, the staff delivered the suit onstage. Sitting in the audience, Rose couldn't help but perk up and wonder what Clover was up to.

Not only her, but Miles, Jonathan, and Harriette also frowned in confusion. Only Emily saw through his intentions.

"Oh, Mr. Xanth. Always attention-seeking and leaving no room for others to enjoy the spotlight," she thought. Then, she glanced at Rose.

When the suit was brought upon the stage, Rose straightened her back. Her gaze was tinted with reverence, as though the owner of the suit was wearing it and standing before her.

Amid the shocked crowd, Clover's

crisp and boastful voice sounded.

"This suit used to belong to Mr. è Young Senior. I'm aware it shouldn't carry any sentiment to me, but t` holds great significance to a person I care about.

"That is why I purchased it as a gift for the person I'm about to acknowledge as my family."

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## Chapter 522 Miles' Objection

[ 958 words ]

Clover's voice echoed in the venue. His words carried too much information at once, sending the crowd into a daze. Who was the person he cared about? Spending 30 million on a gift was definitely a choice, and a lavish one. While everyone focused on his extravagance, those who knew who Clover was talking about were confused. Acknowledgment as his family?

"Don't tell me..." Emily was the first to guess it. Although she knew Clover like the back of her hand, she was still immensely shocked by the revelation. Other than one possibility, she couldn't think any others. Soon enough, Clover's next words confirmed her assumptions.

"I may not have known her for long, but it feels like we've known each other forever. It's as if she were my long-lost sibling. Today, I'd like to take the opportunity and ask everyone to witness this moment for me." He smiled and looked into the audience. "Rose, will you be my sister?"

Immediately, everyone followed his line of sight and saw the lady who had bid on Oliver's suit earlier-Number 112!

So, the lavish gentleman with Number 95 wanted to recognize Number 112 woman as his sister? With a 30 million dollar gift, it was more than enough to show his sincerity!

Rose was too stunned to notice the surrounding gazes. All she could think about was his words, "Rose, would you be my sister?" His sister...

Without waiting for her answer, Miles became the first to object. "What on earth are you talking about? Mr. Xanth, you can't just go around taking anyone in as your sister. You're acting foolish, and I suggest you stop the act!"

The usually elegant and gentle Miles looked grim at that moment, as though radiating hostility toward someone who tried to steal his undivided belongings.

He had always thought Clover harbored romantic feelings toward Rose. Thus, this came as a surprise to him. How could he sit still and do nothing?

His hostility was so intense that anyone around could feel it. Some were even scared to breathe aloud upon sensing his coldness.

His reaction prompted some thoughts in Harriette. Wasn't she supposed to be his most beloved sister? But why was he...

It was clear that Miles was filled with anger and jealousy at that point. He looked at Rose and descended into his thoughts. But despite facing Miles' objection, Clover couldn't be more unbothered.

"I'm not just taking in anyone. I'm serious. If Rosie agrees, I'll inform the Xanth elders to take a trip here to Aquastead. Then, she'll be one of us. What do you think, Rosie?" His gaze was full of love.

Still in a daze from his previous statement, Rose remained stupefied when cued. "Clover, I... This is too big of a matter. I..." Her thoughts were in a mess.

The Xanth family's influence abroad was comparable to the Finch family's influence domestically. She didn't befriend Clover for those external factors, and the fact that he wanted her as his sister was undoubtedly a steal of a deal. Things would be simpler if it were just them. However, considering the family members behind Clover, it was uncertain what kind of impact she would bring to the family if she joined them.

"Mr. Xanth, that's Rosie's way of rejecting you." Anastasia suddenly piped up, afraid Rose would agree if she didn't reject him in her stead.

Her words quickly angered Clover, who glared at her and questioned, "Who are you to chime in?"

His harsh tone shuddered

Anastasia's heart, but she persisted through. "Rosie is part of the Young family. There's no precedent for an adopted member to arbitrarily recognize someone from another family as their own.

"Or... Will you cut ties with the Youngs and claim kinship with Mr. Xanth instead, Rosie?"

She had set Rose up. If she couldn't stop Clover from acknowledging Rose as his sister, she might as well get her out of the Young family. However, her "suggestion" was

quickly dismissed.

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"No way!" It was Miles. He even held Rose's hand, looking emotional. "Rose will forever be part of the Youngs! Nobody can ever change that!"

His intense reaction stunned everyone, including Rose. Wasn't he... overreacting? Meanwhile, Harriette sat in the corner, and her hands formed into fists at some point.

Clover frowned and was surprised at how "possessive" Miles was with Rose. Regardless, he wouldn't be affected by Anastasia or Miles' opinions if he had set his mind on something.

"I don't care about the Young family's rules. All I care about is Rosie's opinion." Clover remained headstrong and asked for the third time, "Rosie, would you be my sister?"

This time, his gaze was sincere and full of hope. Rose even had an illusion that if she didn't say yes, he would...

"Rosie, if you reject him, he's probably going to be heartbroken." A woman spoke up beside her. It was Emily. "He may look carefree and indifferent about everything, but..." She sighed.

For some reason, Rose was affected

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by her simple sigh. Emily continued, "I've never seen him treat anyone like this. He once told me you felt extremely familiar to him the first time he saw you. It's like you guys were family."

Like family... Wasn't that how Rose felt toward him?

"From my understanding, Rosie, he's probably going to hide from you for the rest of his life if you reject him. Or perhaps... leave the country."

Rose was rendered speechless, knowing Emily had exaggerated. However, she knew she couldn't maintain her friendship with Clover if she rejected him now.

Miles was getting anxious and even glared at Emily. "Rosie, don't listen to her. Clover-

"I think, you should do it." A voice interrupted Miles.

Rose looked at Jonathan and frowned. Why was he getting involved now?

"Jonathan!" Miles' voice carried a warning tone.

Yet, Jonathan merely raised his brows. "I'm very touched by the way Mr. Xanth treats Rosie. Besides, Oliver's suit..."

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## Chapter 523 Having Her Back

[ 949 words ]

"I can pay for that..." Miles hurriedly interrupted Jonathan. However, he realized Clover had purchased it and wouldn't give it to him even if he offered a higher price.

Clover was so calculated to foot the bill and sign the contract beforehand. That way, Miles couldn't do anything about it!

At that point, Miles regretted his action earlier. Had he not been distracted by Harriette, he could've prevented Clover from purchasing the suit! He looked at Clover onstage and saw his annoying smile. Although Clover was shocked to receive Jonathan's support, he quickly seized the chance and added, "It's okay, Rosie. Even if you refuse to be my sister, I'll still gift this suit to you!"

His genuine expression, paired with Emily's characterization of him, made the usually arrogant man look rather pitiful at that moment. It would be hard to hurt someone with a face like that. He stared at Rose, awaiting her decision.

"Clover!" Miles tightened his fists. He didn't expect the CEO of Lerain Group to resort to such dirty tricks! The worst part was... Rose fell for it.

He gripped tighter on her forearm. "Rosie..."

"Rosie, if you reject him, he'll feel extremely humiliated." Emily gave no chance to Miles.

It was three people against Miles. The outcome was all too predictable. As expected, Rose couldn't bear to hurt Clover.

"Miles, you'll always be my brother, but Clover... He's a friend I appreciate very much," she said with difficulty. Miles was great to her, but so was Clover!

Rose could vividly feel Miles' disappointment when she said those words. She knew she had angered him. However, it remained a mystery to her as to why he was so opposed to the idea.

"That's right, Rosie. Come on. I'll lead you up there." Emily tugged Rose's hand. That was the crucial and final push Emily needed to grant her boss' wish.

With Emily's force, Rose slipped away from Miles' grasp. Feeling the emptiness in his palm, he instinctively tightened his grip but missed her. After sensing a gaze on him, he turned in that direction.

When he saw Harriette nodding at him with a smile, he froze and immediately felt guilty. Clover did everything he could to purchase Oliver's suit for Rose, but what did he do?

His mind was occupied by Harriette and her return, completely ignoring the bidding war between her and Rose, and how the latter was in trouble. It was all thanks to Clover's help that Rose got the suit, so how could she reject him after all that he had done? Miles chuckled dryly and withdrew his hand. He sat pathetically and recalled his promise to Harriette earlier. For a moment, he hesitated.

When he looked up and saw Rose beside Clover, he strangely found the two physically alike. Not only him, but Emily felt the same way. However, she didn't overthink it. Jonathan, who had returned to his seat, looked mysterious.

"Sir, why do I feel like... Mrs. Finch and Mr. Xanth look... kinda alike?" Leonard couldn't help but whisper to Jonathan.

Without waiting for the latter's response, he continued, "Mrs. Finch is stunning, while Mr. Xanth is handsome. I can't deny that all hot people have similarities."

Was that the only reason though? Jonathan stared at the two onstage. When recalling the conversation with Zac on the phone last night, he smiled and said nothing.

Meanwhile, everyone's focus was directed at Rose and Clover. He caressed her head and asked, "Would you like to be my sister?"

Rose naturally agreed. She smiled and nodded. For some reason, she had always harbored an inexplicable sense of familiarity with him.

After agreeing, it felt like something had opened up inside her. It was a strange feeling. Yet, it was comparable to the one she experienced when she first met Oliver. "Clover..." Rose piped up.

Clover scrunched his originally smiling face. "Still with that formality?"

She understood him. "No, Clo!"

"That's right!" He laughed heartily.

Applause soon echoed in the venue, and the crowd finally knew Clover's identity, He announced, "From now on, the Xanth family and Lerain Group will have your back!" His voice echoed loudly. en FindNovel

Lerain Group... The Xanth family... It was only then the crowd realized the situation.

"You mean the Lerain Group?"

"There's only one Lerain Group by the Xanths..."

Although the Xanth family was primarily involved in international ventures, they still had considerable fame domestically.

To their surprise, the Number 95 gentleman was a member of the Xanths! No wonder he could purchase a suit with 30 million dollars!

In the meantime, the crowd looked at Rose with strange looks.

One might consider her lucky when

Oliver adopted her into the Young family. But when Clover spent so much money and effort, while playing the pity card simultaneously, just to win Rose's heart, it couldn't have just been luck.

On top of that, she was the one who held Oliver's memorial photo at his funeral.

"This is my first gift for my sister. Whatever you want in the future, I'll buy them all for you!" Clover handed the suit to Rose.

If the idea of acknowledging Rose as his sister had sprouted out of excitement and on a whim, now, seeing his sister before him made him feel inexplicably fulfilled.

At that moment, he would love nothing more than to bring all the good things in the world to her. Rose was naturally touched by his kindness and affection.

As enthusiastic as Clover was, she hadn't forgotten about Miles. When she looked at the audience and saw

him, he broke eye contact with her. She was slightly taken aback

"He must be mad," she thought.

"Miles..." she mumbled. She was just about to descend the stage when she saw a figure arriving beside him. Rose easily recognized that person with those sunglasses. It was the woman who helped and bid against her earlier!

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## Chapter 524 Harriette Is Back

[ 1,210 words ]

"What's wrong, Miles?" Harriette's concerned voice rang out beside him.

Miles flinched slightly, feeling the comforting warmth of Harriette's hand in his. She continued speaking, her voice soft and reassuring. "Miles, her name is Rose, isn't it? I'm glad you've found a new sister during my absence. I'm grateful to her for being there when I couldn't." Harriette spoke with a smile, but Miles could sense the underlying sadness in her words, which tugged at his heart.

"Etta, Rosie... she's..." Miles subconsciously attempted to explain everything.

However, Harriette's smile brightened as she interrupted him gently. "Miles, you don't have to feel guilty. You can be my brother and someone else's brother too, just like Rose. She can be your sister and someone else's sister simultaneously. It's not a big deal." She continued, "As long as you still have a place for me in your heart, that's enough for me. So, I don't need to feel sad, and neither do you, Miles!"

Miles' frown deepened as he considered, "Indeed, Rose could be my sister and someone else's sister, but is it really that simple not to be saddened by it?"

He couldn't deny the irritation that surged within him when Rose acknowledged someone else as her brother. It felt wrong, so he could only imagine Harriette feeling the same way.

"Is she feeling the same way I was? Concealing her discomfort behind a forced smile, pretending to be okay for my sake?" he wondered.

As Miles grappled with his emotions, he couldn't help but be acutely aware of Harriette's forced smile and the rasp in her voice, which only intensified his guilt.

His mind wandered back to the promises he had made to her in the past, and he knew he had to uphold them.

Miles cleared his mind with a deep breath and allowed a gentle smile to resurface. "Etta," he began softly, "I promise I won't let you suffer anymore from now on."

He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze, the firmness of his grip an unspoken pledge.

Feeling the warmth of his hand and the strength in his grip, Harriette couldn't help but feel a spark of happiness kindle within her.

"He won't let me suffer, huh? I'm looking forward to it then," she mused.

A hint of playfulness appeared in her smile as she said in a seemingly coquettish tone, "Miles, you have never let me suffer any grievances before."

Miles had always been Harriette's shield, defending her from life's adversities. She was sure he would continue to do the same.

With renewed determination, Miles suddenly raised his voice. "It seems like today is a day for celebration, with everyone having their own joys to share. So why don't I join in the festivities as well?"

His words drew everyone's attention. Up until that moment, most of the crowd had been focused on Clover and Rose. But now, all eyes turned toward Miles, curious about what he had to say.

The sight of Miles standing there, hand intertwined with a woman's, instantly sparked speculation. They wondered if the eldest son of the Young family was finally in a relationship and was about to announce some exciting news.

The guests, filled with anticipation and brimming with excitement, suddenly felt that their attendance at this auction had become even more worthwhile.

Meanwhile, a certain someone's expression changed upon seeing the woman beside Miles.

Anastasia's face turned ashen, and her eyes widened in shock and horror as she thought, "How could this be possible?"

She shook her head, trying to steady her thoughts and see more clearly. Yet, as Miles' voice rang out once more, introducing the woman by his side, Anastasia's fear only escalated.

"Today, I'd like to introduce someone," Miles began, carefully avoiding Rose's gaze. "This is "

"Miles!" Anastasia's trembling voice interrupted him.

Miles frowned, casting a cold glance her way. However, he didn't acknowledge her interruption. Instead, he carried on.

"This is the eldest daughter of the Young family, Harriette Young!"

The room fell into a stunned silence.

"The eldest daughter of the Young family, Harriette Young?" The same thought echoed in everyone's mind.

"Isn't Anastasia supposed to be the eldest daughter? What's going on?" Whispers of confusion spread among the crowd.

Almost instinctively, all eyes turned

to Anastasia, who looked visibly shaken. Her face had gone deathly pale, and her entire body trembled uncontrollably. Any semblance of composure she had managed to maintain earlier had now crumbled.

She stared at Miles, her voice rising in desperation. "Miles, where did you find this woman? Have you forgotten that she's already dead-" "Anastasia."

The harsh, raspy voice that cut her off sent chills through the air. It belonged to the woman Miles had just introduced as Harriette. Her voice was hoarse and grating, unpleasant to the ear. Anastasia's heart raced as Harriette gradually released Miles's hand and approached her. Removing her sunglasses, Harriette's face held a gentle smile as she began speaking. "Anastasia, it's been a while. Back then, I thought I was surely going to die, but it seems the ancestors of the Young family were watching over me. Aren't you glad I'm back? Anastasia recoiled from the intensity of Harriette's gaze, but Harriette took hold of her hand, her warm touch sending a chill down Anastasia's spine.

"She's asking me if I'm glad that

she's back. Well, of course, I'm not!"

she thought as she met Harriette's

eyes. The woman standing before her was the spitting image of the Harriette she once knew. Panic welled up within Anastasia.

Anastasia couldn't help but wonder what she should do now that Harriette was back.

"I... I don't know you." She forced herself to look away.

"Miles, you know better than anyone the state of our family after Grandpa passed. I can't fathom why you'd bring in a woman with an unclear background!" she snapped, her voice sharp and accusatory.

Harriette's smile faltered, giving way to a bitter laugh. "So you don't want me back. Huh... I thought you might have missed me too, Anastasia. Miles, maybe I shouldn't have"

"You did nothing wrong." Miles cut her off firmly before she could finish. After all, The Young family did not belong to Anastasia. Her disapproval of Harriette's return would have no impact.

Upon seeing the hurt in Harriette's eyes, he immediately stepped forward, addressing the crowd with a clear, unwavering voice.

"What you all may not know is that Anastasia is not the eldest daughter of the Young family. The real heiress is her-Harriette!"

The revelation struck everyone like a sudden clap of thunder, leaving the crowd shocked and confused.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Young?" someone finally asked.

For all these years, they had believed Anastasia to be the true heiress. Yet, they were now facing the possibility that they had been mistaken.

"Miles, you'd better stop spouting nonsense!" Anastasia shouted, her voice filled with desperation.

However, Miles was determined. "Let me finish, and then you can decide if I'm lying," he replied firmly.

His mind was made up-Harriette deserved to reclaim her rightful place, and everything needed to return to how it should have been.

He continued, "Years ago, Grandpa adopted three

grandchildren-myself, Harriette, and later Anastasia. When Anastasia joined the family, she was physically weak and ill, so Grandpa chose not to make her identity public. The world only knew about me and Harriette.

"Grandpa was always a humble man. Even when I completed my studies and joined the Young Group, I was simply Miles and not Oliver's grandson. As for Harriette..."

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## Chapter 525 The Real Eldest Daughter

[ 1,198 words ]

Miles' voice was steady as he continued, "Grandpa adored Harriette, both publicly and privately. She had always been the true eldest daughter of the Young family. If you need proof, there's someone here who can confirm it." "Who?" someone in the crowd asked.

Miles' gaze landed on a figure in the corner of the room, drawing everyone's attention to the person he was looking at. A murmur of recognition swept through the crowd.

"Mr. Finch?" Indeed, the man standing before them was none other than Jonathan.

Then, realization dawned on them. "That's right! Ms. Young and Mr. Finch were childhood sweethearts. If anyone could vouch for Ms. Young's identity, it would be him." However, the crowd wondered if Jonathan would be willing to involve himself in this delicate matter.

At that moment, Jonathan appeared uninterested, his attention seemingly fixed on the ring he was absentmindedly toying with. His indifference was palpable, dimming Harriette's hopeful gaze.

Upon seeing this, Anastasia felt a glimmer of hope. Despite her earlier misstep with Jonathan, she silently prayed that he would remain a passive observer in the Young family's affairs.

Just as Miles was about to call out to Jonathan, Harriette's raspy voice cut through the tension first. "Jonathan, it's been a while."

Her smile was a blend of hope and apprehension as she addressed him. Harriette yearned to capture his attention, yet feared what he might see or see through.

Nonetheless, given their history as childhood sweethearts, she thought it was only appropriate for her to greet him.

Her voice hung in the air, and the room seemed to hold its breath as silence enveloped them. Jonathan didn't respond immediately, making the silence stretch out uncomfortably. Finally, Miles' patience wore thin. "Jonathan, Etta is back!"

This statement seemed to stir Jonathan from his reverie. His eyelids fluttered as he glanced at Miles before turning his gaze to Harriette.

"She's back? But didn't we cross paths recently?" he questioned, his tone slightly puzzled.

Seemingly afraid of being misunderstood, he hurriedly explained, "After the Finch and Maize family's wedding the other day, I bumped into someone. Wasn't that you? Why did you just run away without even saying hello?"

Harriette was caught off guard when Jonathan openly mentioned what had happened that day, but she quickly regained her composure, her smile brightening with a hint of joy.

"So, you recognized me back then, huh?" she asked softly. "I didn't greet you because it had been so long, and I wasn't sure how to face you... especially with my voice..." she confessed, her words trailing off as a flicker of sadness crossed her eyes.

Noticing her distress, Miles quickly interjected, "Jonathan, since you've recognized her as Harriette, would you mind confirming her identity for everyone here?"

Jonathan met Miles' gaze, and after a brief pause, he raised his eyebrow slightly. "Indeed, she is Harriette the eldest daughter of the Young family once known by that name."

His words hung heavy in the air, and the implication was clear-Anastasia was not the true eldest daughter of the Young family. No one present dared question his word.

A triumphant smile spread across Harriette's face, while Anastasia visibly faltered. She swayed slightly, dizziness overcoming her as she stammered, "No... that's not true... I... I..."

"Then how did she become the Young family's eldest daughter?" someone in the crowd muttered, still puzzled.

After all, for as long as they had known, Anastasia had always been presented as the eldest daughter of the Young family. Her face, her presence it had been ingrained in their minds. Some people even recalled the banquet where Oliver first introduced Anastasia to the public eye.

Miles' voice cut through the murmurs, explaining, "During that banquet, Grandpa didn't bring Anastasia, but she appeared at the event anyway."

"By chance, she saved someone's life, and when that person asked for her identity, she instinctively replied that she was the eldest daughter of the Young family."

His tone dripped with sarcasm. He had suspected back then that Anastasia had attended the banquet on purpose and taken on an identity that wasn't hers.

Miles' gaze hardened as he delivered his accusation. "She deliberately took over the identity that rightfully belonged to Harriette!"

"No! It wasn't like that!" Anastasia instinctively protested, but after Jonathan confirmed that Harriette was indeed the eldest daughter of the Young family, her confidence began to crumble.

The disdainful glances from the crowd bore down on her, making her feel even more vulnerable.

Nevertheless, she mustered what little strength she had left to speak up, even if her words felt empty.

"I didn't mean to take her identity on purpose. Harriette was gone... I just wanted to honor her memory..."

"Honor her?" Miles repeated, his voice laced with cold disbelief. "By taking her identity for yourself?"

"No... that's not what I meant..." Anastasia tried to explain, but the growing murmur of the crowd drowned out her voice.

"Who tries to honor someone by stealing their identity?" one person muttered.

"Exactly! If she truly wanted to remember Harriette, she should've let everyone know she existed in the first place," another remarked.

"She's really crossed the line here-taking advantage of someone's disappearance to claim their identity. How is that different from someone who's preying on the vulnerable?"

"I have to agree with Mr. Young. This was deliberate. After all, when the real eldest daughter was still around, everyone knew about her."

"We all heard that the eldest daughter was well-mannered and had a close bond with Mr. Finch."

"Now that the real one's back, what should we do with the imposter?"

The incriminating voices grew louder, each comment accompanied by piercing stares that disintegrated Anastasia's resolve.

"No, it's not like that..." she muttered, her voice trembling.

Unable to face the crushing judgment any longer, she pushed her way through the crowd and fled.

The remaining crowd turned their attention to Harriette, noticing her slightly furrowed brow and the unconcealed worry on her face.

"Miles, do you think Anastasia will be all right? never meant for things to unfold like this. If she loved being the Young family's eldest daughter so much, she could have continued... I..."

"You are the true eldest daughter! She is not!" Miles interrupted her firmly, his tone leaving no room for debate.

Harriette's expression remained troubled and tinged with guilt. "If I had known this would happen, I would not have returned... But I missed Grandpa and you far too much."

Miles took her hand gently. "Don't worry. From now on, you're back where you belong... at the Young family's side."

He wanted to say, "by my side", but as the words formed in his mind, he suddenly thought of Rose. His gaze shifted to her.

Rose had been silently observing everything, still struggling to process it all. Harriette... That name had been familiar to her for a long time.

She knew Harriette as the sister Miles cherished and even more so as Jonathan's childhood companion. She had seen photos of Harriette, bright and full of life.

However, she never anticipated the person in those pictures, believed to be gone, would be here before her now.

"Harriette has returned..." she thought.

"Rosie, let me introduce you to someone," Miles said, guiding Harriette toward Rose.

Miles couldn't shake the faint feeling of guilt that had begun to settle in his chest as they approached. He forced a smile as he spoke.

"Rosie, this is-"

"Miles, there's no need for introductions. We've already met," Harriette interrupted.

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## Chapter 526 Making Him Angry

[ 1,178 words ]

Miles was momentarily stunned as he tried to process Harriette's words. "You've met before? How did I not know about this?" he asked, clearly surprised.

"We met at the entrance. I didn't know you were Miles' sister then and earlier during the bidding..." Harriette turned to Rose with an apologetic expression. "I got carried away when I heard the suit belonged to Grandpa. "I'm so glad it ended up with you. Otherwise, I would have felt truly guilty. Would it be all right if I called you 'Rosie'?"

Harriette's gaze held warmth and sincerity, leaving Rose unable to refuse. "Of course."

She blinked away the lingering shock and returned Harriette's smile. "Actually, I should be the one thanking you for your help at the entrance earlier." Rose's gratitude was heartfelt, but the unfamiliarity between them still hung in the air. After all, they had only met twice.

However, Harriette closed that distance in an instant, stepping forward and taking Rose's hand. "No need to thank me! If anything, I should be thanking you." "Thank me?" Rose thought, confused.

Before she could process Harriette's words, she found herself wrapped in a warm embrace. Harriette's raspy voice whispered in her ear, "Thank you, Rosie.

"I felt an immediate connection the moment I saw you, but I never expected you to also be Miles' sister. Thank you for being there for him and Grandpa while I was gone."

Rose stood frozen for a moment. Despite Harriette's seemingly warm embrace and expressions of gratitude, she couldn't shake the feeling that something was off, making her uneasy.

She tried to find the hidden meaning in Harriette's words, but there was nothing to latch onto. She wondered if she was simply being too sensitive.

"Etta..." Rose uttered the name for the first time, intending to acknowledge her appreciation. However, someone else interrupted before she could continue.

"Ms. Young, since you've expressed your gratitude, don't you think it's time to let go of my sister?" Clover's voice was sharp and unmistakably unfriendly.

Harriette hesitated before quickly releasing Rose from the embrace. "I'm sorry. I just felt such a connection when I saw you, so I..."

"It's okay..." Rose tried to reassure her, but before she could finish her sentence, her wrist was seized by Clover's firm grip. She looked up and saw his dark, impatient expression. "We're leaving," Clover said curtly, pulling Rose away without further explanation.

Emily followed closely behind, and upon seeing Rose leave, Jonathan decided there was no reason for him to stay either. So, he turned and exited as well.

For a moment, everyone in the room stood in stunned silence, their gazes shifting between Miles and Harriette.

Harriette's face flushed with embarrassment. "Miles, Rosie... She left. Could it be that she's not happy about my return?"

Miles frowned. "Not happy? Rosie hadn't shown any signs of displeasure. It was Clover who had been the issue..." he mused.

"Rosie is kind. She wouldn't be unhappy about you returning," he reassured Harriette with a forced smile, trying to soothe her worries.

As for Clover... Miles silently resolved to ensure that the next time they met, Clover understood Harriette's true status as the eldest daughter of the Young family and treated her with the respect she deserved.

With the charity auction over, the evening's program transitioned to the planned banquet. However, with Anastasia's abrupt departure, someone couldn't help but ask, "Should we continue with the banquet now that Ms. Young... I mean, Ms. Anastasia has left?"

It was a reasonable concern. Although Anastasia had left, Miles was still present, and canceling the event could damage the Young family's reputation. Naturally, Miles wasn't about to let that happen.

"The banquet will continue as planned. The proceeds from today's auction have been fully accounted for and will be directed to the charity fund my grandfather established.

"The Young Group will publicly disclose the list of auctioned items and their buyers afterward. Thank you all for your generosity today."

The guests, having attended for the sake of charity, nodded their agreement.

"I will be joining you for the banquet," Miles announced.

Standing beside him, Harriette couldn't help but feel elated at the thought of Anastasia's humiliation. Now that she had reclaimed her position as the eldest daughter of the Young family, she was determined to curate her image.

With a smile, she suggested, "Miles, may I join you in hosting the guests?"

"Of course!" Miles responded warmly, taking her hand. "You're a part of this family, and as the eldest daughter, it's only fitting that you help host the event with me."

"Thank you, Miles." Harriette's smile was radiant. "From now on, I'll always stand by your side!"

The promise of constant companionship should have been heartening, but Miles felt a growing sense of unease instead. Visions of Clover leading Rose away flooded his mind, an image that remained strikingly vivid.

....

Rose followed Clover down the stairs, still puzzled by his anger. Even after leaving the building, she couldn't quite understand why he was so upset.

Clover's expression remained dark, and Rose could tell that besides anger, there was also a hint of worry. "What is he worrying about?" she wondered silently.

"Clo, what's wrong?" Rose finally asked, her tone softening as she called out his name. The familiar address seemed to ease some of the tension on Clover's face. He stopped in his tracks and frowned. "Are you really asking me what's wrong?"

Rose hesitated, uncertain if his anger pertained to her actions or, perhaps, to Miles. "You're not mad because of my brother, are you?" she began cautiously.

"Your brother? What about him?" Clover interjected sharply, his tone tinged with condescension. "I'm not angry because of Miles. I'm angry because of that so-called 'Harriette!'" "Harriette?" Rose mentally retraced the event, unable to recall Harriette provoking him in any way. Her confusion must have been evident as Clover's expression deepened into a scowl. With a gentle tap on Rose's forehead, he clarified, "Stop overthinking it. Harriette didn't provoke me directly, but her presence might spell trouble for you."

Rose's confusion only deepened upon hearing that.

"But Clover, Harriette just returned to

the Young family. Earlier at the entrance, when I couldn't get in without an invitation, she helped me. She seemed... friendly," she explained, recalling the incident. At the very least, she thought Harriette had been helpful.

"Friendly?" Clover scoffed, a hint of sarcasm in his voice. "You're usually sharp. Didn't you pick up on her subtle manipulations?"

Being well-acquainted with people of all sorts, he knew Harriette's character wasn't as innocent as it seemed.

Her return to the Young family signified potential chaos, and considering Rose's position as their adopted granddaughter, Clover grew increasingly uneasy the more he thought about it. "No. I can't allow this. You need to keep your distance from the Young family," he declared firmly.

"And that friend of yours,

Yvonne-her condition is much better now, right? After she's discharged from the hospital, both of you should move into my villa at Royal Garden. It's spacious, and you'll be safe there."

Before Rose could respond, he quickly added, "If you find that inconvenient, I'll buy the villa next door, too. You and Yvonne can stay there comfortably.

"But remember-no more returning to the Young family, and definitely stay away from that Harriette!"

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## Chapter 527 Planning To Divorce

[ 1,247 words ]

Clover continued his relentless monologue, barely pausing for breath. Rose was a bit overwhelmed, and even Emily, who had just caught up, couldn't help but chuckle. The two women exchanged amused glances, their smiles mirroring each other. Noticing their mirth, Clover frowned and delivered another light tap on Rose's forehead. "What's so funny? I'm giving you advice, and you're not even taking it seriously!"

"I'm listening!" Rose protested, rubbing the sore spot on her forehead.

However, Clover remained unconvinced. "I don't think you're actually paying attention."

Rose contemplated Clover's words, understanding his genuine concern for her well-being. Still, something nagged at her. "Harriette..." she muttered.

While she couldn't define her feelings toward the woman, there was no denying the sympathy Harriette's raspy voice evoked. "She must have endured a lot over the years." Clover, however, remained skeptical. "If she really suffered that much, she would have returned sooner. Why wait until now?"

He refused to believe that Harriette's sudden reappearance was solely due to Oliver's passing.

"In any case, just keep your distance from her," Clover reiterated firmly.

Knowing she couldn't win this argument, Rose quickly nodded. "Alright, alright. I'll keep my distance."

Finally sensing her sincerity, Clover finally relaxed. Just then, his car pulled up to the curb.

"Get in," he instructed.

"Okay, Clo!" Rose replied sweetly.

Linking her arm with Rose's, Emily couldn't resist teasing them. "Tsk, someone's turned into a real control freak now that he's a big brother. Looks like you've lost your freedom, Rosie!"

Clover frowned at the remark. He didn't see himself as a control freak. As Rose's brother, he felt responsible for every aspect of her life. Since this was his first time being an older brother, he was determined to be the best one in the world. Rose and Emily shared a knowing look before climbing into the car. As Rose settled into the car, her thoughts drifted back to the purpose of her visit-she had come to confront Anastasia about Kelly's whereabouts. However, after everything that had transpired, even if Anastasia hadn't fled, she doubted the woman would have willingly given her any information. It seemed she would have to find another opportunity. Just then, a figure outside the car window caught her eye, and her heart skipped a beat. It was Jonathan.

He was leaning against a wall with his arms crossed, looking as though he had been standing there for quite some time. Their eyes locked through the window, and they held each other's gaze until the car finally pulled away.

Leonard, who had been observing the scene beside Jonathan, couldn't hide his surprise. He had fully expected his boss to follow Rose and confront Clover, but Jonathan had merely watched as Rose interacted warmly with her newfound brother.

In the past, even if Clover had just claimed Rose as his sister, Leonard believed that Jonathan would have taken Rose away and ensured there was no opportunity for Clover to get close to her. So, Jonathan's behavior that day was unexpected, to say the

least. "Mr. Finch, are you just going to let her leave like that?" Leonard couldn't help but voice his concern.

Jonathan raised an eyebrow but didn't respond.

Leonard continued, "Mr. Xanth's actions today were unexpected. By recognizing Mrs. Finch as his sister, he's elevated her status even more, even though she doesn't need the Xanth family's support. "Earlier, Mr. Xanth mentioned that the elders from the Xanth family would be coming to Regalia to acknowledge Mrs. Finch's identity officially. I wonder wonder which of them will come..."

He trailed off, his words fading into the air as if he were simply thinking aloud. All the while, Jonathan's intense, dark eyes grew even more profound.

"The Xanth family... It would be best if he came," Jonathan murmured cryptically.

With a start, Leonard asked, "Who?"

However, Jonathan didn't answer. He just walked away, leaving Leonard standing there, stunned. It took him a moment to gather himself before he hurried to catch

M

up. Throughout the entire exchange, Leonard never figured out who Jonathan was referring to.

Clover's luxury car soon pulled up in front of the Young family hospital.

"I'm letting you stay here this time, but tomorrow, you're going back to the villa in Royal Garden. As for Yvonne... I'll make arrangements for her," Clover instructed before Rose got out of the car. Glancing at the rearview mirror, Rose could see Clover's displeased expression. She forced a smile and replied obediently.

"Got it." This was the compromise she made to get his approval to return to the hospital.

After she got out and the car disappeared from view, Rose finally released the breath she had been holding. Watching the direction the car had vanished in, she frowned.

Ever since acknowledging their familial ties, it seemed as though Clover had transformed into a different person.

Before, he had always been friendly and approachable, but Rose had experienced his overbearing side firsthand during the drive. To make matters worse, he had become exceedingly talkative.

"What's going on?" she mused. She couldn't decipher his behavior and concluded that Clover's emotions must have been running high due to recent events.

As Emily had mentioned, it was his first time having a sister, and he was likely just enjoying the novelty of looking after her. Once the excitement subsided, he would probably return to his usual self. "Yeah... That has to be it." Nodding to herself, Rose dismissed the thought and headed back into the hospital.

Yvonne was already resting inside the ward. Rose found solace in her steadily improving condition. She stepped out of the room, intending to store her grandfather's suit in her temporary quarters at the hospital.

"Rosie..." A sudden voice startled her, and as she turned around to see the person standing behind her, she couldn't help but freeze in place.

"Evan?" The person standing there was indeed Evan. It had been roughly ten days since he and Dawn had returned to Aquastead to complete their wedding ceremony.

Evan had previously said he would

return after the ceremony, but Rose figured it was normal for him to spend some extra time with Dawn, especially considering Dawn had just gone through a miscarriage and needed support.

However, the Evan who was standing in front of her now was nearly unrecognizable. His face was covered in stubble, and his usually immaculate hair was a tangled mess.

As someone who had always been meticulous about his appearance in the fashion world, Evan could only be described as a complete mess.

"Evan, what happened to you?" Rose asked as she immediately stepped forward. However, as soon as she approached him, Evan grasped her wrist tightly, causing her pain. Despite the discomfort, she didn't resist, knowing Evan would never intentionally harm her and understanding that something serious must be bothering him.

Evan looked into her eyes, his gaze

initially intense but gradually shifting to a mixture of self-mockery and despair. A flurry of emotions

flickered in his eyes before he finally looked away and released his grip on her wrist.

Observing the turmoil on his face, Rose pressed further, "Evan, what's going on? Does this have something to do with Dawn?" She could only think of Dawn as the reason for such a drastic change in him. Evan suddenly let out a bitter laugh. "Rosie, I'm planning to get a divorce."

Rose was taken aback by his words. "A divorce? But you two just got married. How could you..."

Evan's smile was filled with anguish. "Yeah, we just got married. But some things..." He trailed off, staring at Rose as if he wanted to say more but couldn't find the words.

Eventually, he lowered his gaze and softly muttered, "I'm sorry, Rosie."

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## Chapter 528 Returning To The Young Estate

[ 1,211 words ]

Rose couldn't understand why Evan was apologizing to her. She wanted to ask more questions, but Evan had already turned away, his guilty and self-reproachful aura lingering in his silhouette. "Evan..." she called out softly.

Her voice made Evan's guilt grow even stronger, but he didn't dare to face her, and he couldn't bring himself to reveal that Dawn had played a part in her accident that night. Thinking about what had happened on this trip back to Aquastead, his eyes darkened with sorrow.

Even after Evan's figure disappeared, Rose remained standing there, still trying to make sense of everything. "What in the world happened on his trip to Aquastead?" she pondered. It was evident that he wasn't ready to discuss it. She yearned to know more, but some matters required patience. Perhaps, in time, Evan would feel comfortable opening up to her. Rose sighed softly. After placing her grandfather's suit in her room, she received a call from Miles. When she answered, a woman's hoarse voice came through the line. "Rosie..." Rose paused for a moment before she recognized the voice. "Etta?"

"See that, Miles? Rosie recognized my voice right away. Rosie, Miles and I are waiting for you outside the hospital," Harriette chirped. However, the phrase "recognized my voice right away" made Miles, who was sitting in the driver's seat, feel a pang of heartache.

"You're waiting for me outside the hospital?" Rose was puzzled. "Is... something the matter?"

"Come out, and I'll explain everything," Harriette replied, promptly hanging up the phone before Rose could respond.

Rose stared at her phone, her brows furrowing slightly. Given the current situation, she realized she had no choice but to go out and meet them.

Upon leaving the hospital, Rose immediately spotted Miles' car from afar. Harriette quickly exited the passenger seat and greeted her as she walked toward it.

"Rose, come on. Get in the car," Harriette said, opening the rear door for her. A flicker of realization crossed her face, and she smiled apologetically.

"Rose, I'd like to sit next to Miles. You won't mind, right?"

Rose hesitated briefly before forcing a smile. "No, I don't."

"I knew you were easygoing! Miles kept singing your praises on our way here, Rosie. He thinks you're just wonderful," Harriette teased, casting a playful glance at Miles.

Then, as if remembering something, she suddenly urged, "Let's get going, Miles!"

"Let's get going?" Rose thought as she inquired, "Where are we headed?" She looked at Miles through the rearview mirror, expecting him to answer.

But before he could speak, Harriette chimed in. "Well, I thought you were staying at the Young Estate, Rosie. So, when Miles mentioned that you've been here at the hospital for some reason, I thought it would be great to see you tonight.

"I casually mentioned how much I missed you, and Miles suggested we pick you up so we could all go back to the Young Estate together. Rosie, I hope you don't mind that we didn't ask for your consent first. Miles speaks highly of your understanding nature, so I just..." Harriette gazed at her expectantly, her eyes pleading. "Please, Rosie, won't you come back with us to the Young Estate?"

Rose fell silent. For some reason, an odd feeling began to creep over her. She couldn't help but recall Clover's words. "Subtle manipulation..."

However, a moment later, she inwardly mocked herself with a wry smile. She didn't want to be someone who would judge others arbitrarily. Besides, it seemed that if she didn't agree to go back to the Young Estate, it would hurt Harriette's feelings. Since Harriette was Oliver's granddaughter, Rose didn't want to be unkind.

"Rosie, let's just go back together," Miles said gently, noticing Rose's hesitation. Their eyes met in the rearview mirror.

"Okay," Rose agreed with a slight smile.

Harriette's face brightened, and her excitement was palpable. "Wonderful!"

However, her expression shifted to one of slight disappointment at the next moment. "I guess Rosie will only listen to Miles' words, huh? But that's okay. I'm sure that once we spend more time together, we'll become the closest of sisters!" Her words were filled with warmth and affection, revealing a genuine liking for Rose. This made Rose wonder if she had been too distant toward the woman.

"Is it due to Harriette's past as Jonathan's childhood friend? Or is it because of the photograph I had discovered in Jonathan's room at the Finch Manor?" she mused as she took a deep breath, making an effort to warm up to Harriette.

Throughout the drive, Harriette was

particularly chatty. However, as

soon as they entered the Young Estate, her mood seemed to shift and she became unusually quiet. She looked at the various buildings on the estate, pausing deliberately at each one.

"This was where Harriette had grown up..." they mused.

To Miles and Rose, it was clear that this place held many memories for Harriette. After being away for so many years, it was only natural that Harriette would feel deeply moved upon her return.

"Etta, you're finally home," Miles said gently, giving Harriette's hand a comforting squeeze. "From now on, you can live here in peace. Grandpa would surely be overjoyed to see this, even from the heavens." "Yes, I'm back." Harriette nodded, though deep down, she yearned to say, "I'm finally here!"

"Mr. Miles, Ms. Rose, welcome back." Patrick greeted them as he emerged from the house.

He was surprised to see Rose at the estate and even more astonished by the person standing beside Miles and Rose. He froze in his tracks.

He stared at the familiar face before

him, convinced that his eyes were playing tricks on him. He rubbed them, attempting to refocus his vision. When he looked again, the

face remained unchanged. Still,

Patrick struggled to believe what he

was seeing.

It wasn't until Harriette spoke that he finally accepted the reality. "Patrick... It's me, Harriette. I've come home."

"Ha-Harriette. Patrick swallowed

hard and, with growing excitement,

stepped forward. He carefully

examined the person in front of him

again, and only after a thorough look did he confirm that the person standing before him was, indeed, Harriette.

Tears welled up in his eyes. "M-Ms. Harriette, you're back... Why did you return only now? Sir, he's..."

"Grandpa..." Harriette's voice trembled with guilt. "I should have come back sooner, but I..."

It was apparent that she was struggling with something she couldn't easily express.

Upon noticing the change in her voice, Patrick asked with concern, "Ms. Harriette, your voice..."

"I... I injured my throat back then, so... Patrick, does it sound unpleasant?" Harriette forced a bitter smile.

To those around her, the smile only deepened their empathy for her.

"Etta..." Miles squeezed her hand reassuringly.

Understanding the delicate nature of the situation, Patrick chose not to push further. "Ms. Harriette, you must have endured much over the years. Even though sir is no longer with us, you still have Mr. Miles and all of us here." "Yes, I still have Miles and all of you. And now, I have Rose too. I'm truly blessed," Harriette replied, her smile radiating warmth and optimism.

It was as if neither the injury to her voice nor the hardships she faced over the years had left any negative marks on her. She remained cheerful and radiant.

Patrick couldn't help but feel relieved. "Ms. Harriette, your room has been kept just as it was. I've had it cleaned regularly, so you can stay there tonight. Coincidentally, Ms. Rose's room is right next to yours."

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## Chapter 529 Kelly Is Dead

[ 1,227 words ]

"That's wonderful! If I can't sleep at night, I can easily find Rosie for a chat," Harriette exclaimed, her face lighting up with joy.

Although it was getting late, Patrick still prepared a celebratory feast to honor Harriette's return. Harriette requested that they serve the meal in the garden.

As they dined and drank, she often gazed at certain spots, lost in thought, as if recalling something significant. The purple lilies of the valley in the garden were in full bloom.

"I never imagined these lilies would not only survive but also thrive like this," Harriette murmured while walking amidst the beautiful flowers. Her expression turned somber as her thoughts seemingly drifted back in time. Understanding her longing for Oliver, Miles said softly, "Grandpa tended to these flowers himself throughout the years. I'm sure he missed you greatly."

Perhaps it was the alcohol, but Harriette couldn't hold back her tears as she quietly wept for their grandfather. Miles tenderly consoled her.

Watching from the side, Rose felt like an outsider intruding on a family reunion. Yet, she missed Oliver just as much. She took a sip of her drink, her thoughts a jumble.

Anastasia returned just then, witnessing the touching scene unfold before her. Harriette leaned on Miles's shoulder while Rose sat back in her chair, creating an atmosphere that simultaneously felt warm and strangely disquieting. "Harriette's back! And why is Rose here too? Didn't she stop staying at the Young Estate for a while? Why is she back today?" she thought, her heart filling with resentment as she recalled the events of the charity auction earlier that day. Adding to her misery was the fact that after she had fled the event, Miles had allowed Harriette to take over as the eldest daughter of the Young family, presiding over the remainder of the evening's activities.

"The eldest daughter of the Young family..." Anastasia balled her fists in frustration as that thought filled her mind.

Years ago, she had gone to great lengths to snatch the title of the Young family's eldest daughter.

"But Harriette was supposed to be..." Anastasia's thoughts flickered as she recalled something, her eyes showing a brief glimmer.

Unexpectedly, Rose lifted her gaze, meeting Anastasia's just as she instinctively tried to look away. Their eyes locked.

Rose paused briefly upon noticing Anastasia. She hadn't forgotten her primary reason for attending the charity auction that day.

She had planned to seek out Anastasia afterward, but since they had run into each other, she was determined to get an answer that night. Upon noticing Rose's gaze, Anastasia quickly retreated into the house.

"Miles, Etta, I'm feeling a bit tipsy, so I'll retire for the night," Rose excused herself, feigning drunkenness, and followed Anastasia inside.

Just as Anastasia was about to close the door, Rose's foot caught it, keeping it open a crack.

Anastasia turned around, her expression shifting as she saw Rose. Instinctively, she tried to force the door shut, but Rose's foot firmly held it in place, rendering her efforts futile.

"You haven't fulfilled your end of our agreement today," Rose said, cutting straight to the chase.

Anastasia frowned, realizing there was no escaping the confrontation unless she gave Rose the answer she sought.

"Come in," she said coldly before releasing her grip on the door and allowing Rose to enter.

"You said you know where Kelly is. Where is she?" Rose's voice was laced with urgency, causing her to overlook the door left slightly ajar in her wake.

Anastasia tossed her bag aside and sank onto the couch. A cold expression washed over her face. "Kelly's whereabouts, huh?" she mused.

"Hasn't he told you?" Her tone was laced with mockery.

"He?" Rose questioned.

"Yes, him-Jonathan," Anastasia replied, lifting her gaze to meet Rose's. Seeing the surprise on Rose's face, she couldn't help but sneer.

"I thought he'd be more honest with you, but it seems that he hasn't mentioned Kelly's whereabouts. He must know how much you despise her, so why..."

She trailed off, pouting as if to emphasize her point-that Rose might not be as special as she believed in Jonathan's eyes.

Upon noticing Rose's furrowed brows, Anastasia's smirk widened with satisfaction.

She continued, "When Kelly fled the Young Estate in Aquastead, she fell right into Jonathan's grasp. I thought he would bring Kelly to you so you could deal with her as you pleased, but alas... it's unclear how he chose to handle her in the end."

Anastasia's words snapped Rose out of her thoughts. She glanced at Anastasia, recognizing the deliberate provocation but knowing a part of it held truth. If she wanted to discover Kelly's whereabouts, it would be more effective to question Jonathan directly.

Without another word, Rose turned on her heel and hastily left the room. As she emerged, she nearly collided with Harriette, who was passing by.

"Rosie?" Harriette's surprise was palpable, her eyes widening as if she hadn't anticipated seeing Rose exiting Anastasia's room.

"I... I have some matters to attend to. Sorry," Rose mumbled, her mind preoccupied with Kelly's whereabouts. She brushed past Harriette and returned to her room.

Their rooms were adjacent, but to reach them, they both had to pass by Anastasia's door. As Rose entered her room, Harriette's smile instantly vanished.

She gazed at the slightly ajar door of Anastasia's room, her expression filled with deep contemplation. After a brief pause, she withdrew her gaze and walked into her own room. Standing on the balcony, Rose let the cool breeze sweep through her hair, ruffling the strands gently. She dialed Jonathan's number, and he picked up immediately. "Wifey, did you miss me? I can come to see you right away..." Jonathan's voice was noticeably excited, a stark contrast to the cold and distant demeanor he showed others. Rose frowned. "I need to ask you something. Where is Kelly?"

There was a brief pause on the other end before Jonathan replied, "I had her detained, but she fell ill unexpectedly. On the way to the hospital, she got into a car accident..."

"A car accident?" Rose thought before she said, "Don't tell me she's dead." She refused to believe that Kelly could have died just like that.

However, Jonathan's response confirmed her fears. "The Azure Clan identified the body."

The revelation felt like a deafening explosion in Rose's mind, and it was followed by a persistent ringing in her ears.

"Identified the body? Is she truly dead? How is that possible?" Countless thoughts swirled in her mind. Unable to fully process the news, she swayed on her feet, her legs threatening to give way.

Rose harbored a strong dislike for

Kelly due to her numerous

transgressions. Now that Kelly was dead, she couldn't help but think about the unresolved matter

1-over.

In

concerning Kelly's actions toward

Oliver.

She had longed for Kelly to face legal consequences or even suffer under her own hand as retribution. However, with Kelly's demise, it felt as though the woman had gotten off too easily. "Wifey..." Jonathan called out tentatively from the phone.

However, Rose hung up, ignoring him. Jonathan's words kept echoing in her mind, filling her with a deep sense of dissatisfaction. She gritted her teeth.

"Kelly, how could you just die like that? We haven't settled our scores yet. How could you leave like this?"

She had planned to return to Aquastead to confront Kelly, but now, everything was moot. Rose's emotions churned within her.

Meanwhile, on the balcony of the adjacent room, Harriette leaned against the wall, absorbing every word Rose uttered with chilling clarity.

"Kelly..." She mouthed the name silently as an eerie and unsettling smile formed on her face.

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## Chapter 530 Changed Identity

[ 1,240 words ]

Harriette wondered if Rose had discovered Kelly's death. The truth was that Kelly was indeed gone, and in her place stood Harriette, the eldest daughter of the Young family.

Harriette gently touched her face and throat, feeling the changes she had undergone. To become Harriette, she had not only undergone plastic surgery arranged by Lizzie but also purposefully damaged her vocal cords. All she had done deserved to be compensated accordingly, and the compensation she sought was...

Gazing out at the balcony, she recalled her initial shock upon entering the Young Estate. She had to suppress her emotions, using a great deal of effort to immerse herself in the role of "Harriette".

The Young Estate in Aquastead was already grand, but she hadn't expected the Young Estate in Regalia to be even more so. After all, this was the legacy of one of Regalia's three major families. And now, she held the key as its eldest daughter. "Harriette... I am Harriette now, not Kelly..." she mused.

A sly smile played on Harriette's lips as she listened to the sound of Rose returning to her room from the balcony next door. She then whispered softly, "Rose, I'm coming for you."

She would now achieve what Kelly had never attained as Harriette and this time, with Miles and Lizzie by her side, she was no longer alone in her fight.

...

The following morning, Rose was greeted by Miles and Harriette's laughter as she descended the stairs. The blend of Harriette's hoarse voice and Miles' deep tone hung strangely in the air.

Observing the tenderness in Miles' eyes, she wondered if he felt pity for the supposed hardships Harriette had endured over the years.

"Rosie, you're awake," Harriette said, her bright smile warm and inviting. "Miles said this was your favorite breakfast. Come. It's ready for you."

"Thanks," Rose replied, taking a seat.

Throughout the meal, Harriette kept reminiscing with Miles about the past, repeatedly mentioning Jonathan's name. Every time she did, that photograph from the past would flash in Rose's mind, leaving her feeling inexplicably uneasy. "Rosie, I heard you're into design. I studied design too. Maybe we can share some ideas sometime!" Harriette had shifted her focus to Rose at some point, her tone light and friendly.

Rose snapped back to reality, smiling as she replied, "Sure."

"Miles, aren't we running late?" Harriette inquired, glancing at the time.

Miles indulged her with a smile. "It's our family's company. A bit of tardiness won't hurt."

"But it's my first day at Young Group. I don't want to be late," Harriette pouted, her peculiar voice oddly harmonious with her coquettish demeanor.

Rose was mildly surprised by the revelation of Harriette's new role at Young Group, but she concealed it effectively.

Remembering that Yvonne had a scheduled rehabilitation session that morning, she finished her breakfast quickly to prepare for it.

After bidding farewell to Miles and Harriette, Rose retreated to her room to change into fresh attire before heading out.

Outside the Young Estate, Jonathan stood by a luxury car, waiting for Rose.

"Jonathan..."

A raspy voice rang out, prompting Jonathan to look up. He spotted Miles and Harriette walking out of the estate together. Upon seeing him, Harriette released Miles' arm and ran toward Jonathan. For a fleeting instant, Jonathan saw an echo of the past-Harriette running to him just like that. The memory was brief, and he swiftly brushed it aside, his expression hardening as she drew near.

Perhaps sensing the coldness radiating from him, the woman who had initially wanted to throw herself into Jonathan's arms hesitated, stopping just short of doing so.

Harriette stopped in her tracks just as she was about to reach Jonathan and lifted her face into a bright smile, trying to replicate the expressions she had seen in the old photos. She gazed at him and said, "Hi, Jonathan. Long time no see."

Jonathan furrowed his brow. "Didn't we just see each other yesterday? Have you already forgotten, Ms. Young?"

Harriette faltered, a shadow of unease crossing her eyes. "Yes, we did, but there were so many people... it's not like today."

"And what about our encounter at the hotel?" Jonathan's tone remained detached and composed.

His attitude clearly rubbed Miles the wrong way as he approached from the side, displeasure evident in his expression.

"Jonathan, this is Harriette!" He glared at Jonathan as if reminding him of something significant.

Yet, Jonathan was unfazed. "I know she's Harriette, the eldest daughter of the Young family. We did cross paths at the hotel, didn't we?" "You..."

"Miles..."

Miles' face hardened with frustration. Just as he was about to speak further, Harriette interjected with her characteristic gentleness.

"Miles, I did bump into Jonathan. I recognized him immediately, but..." Her voice wavered, and a hint of sadness flickered in her eyes. "I wasn't ready to return to the Young family. I couldn't let him recognize me and I was even more terrified of him hearing my voice."

"Etta..." Miles felt a pang of grief in his heart. He couldn't conceal his sorrow whenever her damaged voice was mentioned.

However, Jonathan maintained a faint smile. "But haven't you let me hear it now?" he asked, indifferent.

"Jonathan..."

"Miles..."

Two voices sounded, and Jonathan saw Rose emerge from the doorway at that moment. His icy demeanor instantly melted, replaced by a nearly palpable warmth. He smoothly maneuvered past Miles and Harriette, swiftly making his way toward Rose. "Wifey..." Jonathan's voice was low, yet Rose immediately tensed upon hearing it. She glared at him.

"Don't call me that!"

Her gaze flicked past Jonathan, observing Harriette and Miles standing behind him. She instinctively tried to keep her marriage to Jonathan a secret.

Understanding her concerns,

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Jonathan consoled himself by acknowledging that while Rose might not want to publicly reveal their relationship, there was indeed unwelcome company around, and it would be best to avoid unnecessary complications. He decided to let it be.

"Are you heading back to the hospital? Let me give you a ride," he said, walking beside Rose with a charming smile.

The Young family had no shortage of cars, and Patrick had already instructed the driver to fetch one from the garage. Rose only needed to wait.

She glanced at Jonathan. "Is the industrious Mr. Finch suddenly free from his usual duties?"

"That's right! I'm so free that I'm bored out of my mind. So, Ms. Shaffer, would you grace me with the opportunity to be your driver today?" Jonathan inquired, his tone laced with charm as he leaned in closer.

With his ridiculously handsome face mere inches away, his flawless skin accentuated his already impeccable features. Rose felt her heart betray her with a sudden, unexpected flutter.

"No, I-"

Before she could finish her sentence, Jonathan's hand had already wrapped around hers. His grip was firm yet gentle, and his smile held a hint of possessiveness as he led her toward his car.

In one smooth motion, he opened

the car door and practically forced Rose into the passenger seat before closing the door swiftly behind her. The entire process happened so quickly that Rose found herself sitting in the car before she even had time to react.

"Wait a minute... I was planning to refuse him. Didn't he get that?" she thought.

"Excuse me. Could you please step aside?" Jonathan's smooth voice cut through her thoughts as he spoke to someone outside the car.

Rose looked through the window and watched as Miles and Harriette stepped aside, allowing Jonathan to slide into the driver's seat. His flawless face looked as perfect as ever from every angle. He turned to her. "Your seatbelt..." he said.

Before Rose could grasp his words, Jonathan's handsome face was suddenly closer, leaning toward her.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 531 More Than Sibling Affection

[ 1,199 words ]

With Miles and Harriette watching from outside, Rose couldn't believe Jonathan's audacity. Her face flushed red, her heart started pounding wildly in her chest, and she momentarily forgot any form of resistance until Jonathan suddenly stopped. "There. All done," he murmured.

Rose blinked in confusion before realizing he had fastened her seatbelt. An awkward silence descended upon them.

Her mind buzzed, and she didn't dare look at anyone, but she caught Jonathan's teasing smile out of the corner of her eye. It seemed to say, "What were you thinking? I was just fastening your seatbelt!"

Rose's face turned an even deeper shade of red. As the car pulled away, she rolled down the window, letting the breeze cool her heated face.

Outside the Young Estate, Miles frowned slightly. He had long accepted the reality of Jonathan and Rose's relationship and had come to terms with his place in their lives.

However, Harriette had always been fond of Jonathan, a fact he was keenly aware of. Over the years, Harriette had repeatedly declared her intention to marry Jonathan and become his wife.

Even during her absence, Miles had subconsciously regarded Jonathan as hers, rejecting the idea of him having feelings for any other woman.

Now that Harriette had returned, Jonathan was already with Rose. This would undoubtedly be a blow to Harriette.

"Etta..." Miles cautiously began.

However, as soon as he uttered her name, Harriette looked at him. "Miles, Jonathan and Rosie... Last night, when Jonathan mentioned a designer, he meant Rosie, didn't he?"

Miles hesitated, searching Harriette's expression as he tried to gauge her emotions. He noticed the slight frown on her face and assumed she was heartbroken.

Nonetheless, the reality was undeniable-Jonathan and Rose were in love. He knew he had to encourage Harriette to accept it.

"Yes, Etta," Miles began gently. "You've been gone for a long time. It's only natural that Jonathan has found someone he cares for. Rose is a wonderful woman, and they're good for each other..."

His stance was clear, and Harriette understood what was being conveyed. Even though she and Jonathan were once childhood sweethearts, and she had loved him deeply, Miles was now supportive of Rose. He wouldn't simply back Harriette because of her feelings for Jonathan.

Despite a flicker of displeasure stirring within her, she knew better than to let it show. Instead, she needed to demonstrate grace and empathy, and perhaps even offer her blessings.

Summoning a warm smile, Harriette said, "I understand, Miles. The past is in the past. Even though Jonathan once vowed to love only me, I realize that those promises were made in the heat of the moment and don't really count."

Miles was visibly surprised. "You truly believe that?"

"Of course," Harriette replied with a casual smile. "Besides, we're talking about Rosie.

"When I first laid eyes on her, I felt a connection. At first, I thought it was her eyes, but later, I realized it was something more. There's a special bond between us, and I intend to cherish it, Miles."

Her words left Miles both moved and relieved. He reached out to affectionately pat her head. "Etta, you're still as kind and thoughtful as when we were kids."

However, the moment he touched her hair, his hand stiffened. An image of Rose flickered through his mind, prompting him to draw back his hand swiftly. "Don't worry, Etta," Miles reassured her. "One day, you'll find a man just as exceptional to be your husband."

"An equally exceptional man? Who in all of Regalia could possibly match Jonathan?" Harriette mused.

Looking up at Miles, she playfully clung to his arm, her tone light and teasing. "As long as I can stay by your side, that's enough for me, Miles!"

Harriette knew that Miles would be her strongest ally this time, so she had to secure his support.

Her mind drifted to Lizzie's words. "Miles' feelings for Harriette may run deeper than mere sibling affection."

"Deeper than sibling affection, huh?"

she repeated in her mind. A subtle smile formed at the corners of her lips. She knew that if she played the role of "Harriette" well enough, she could keep Miles under her influence.

Resting her head against Miles' arm, she failed to notice the brief stiffening of his expression. Yet, it only lasted for a moment before Miles' face softened into a look of contentment. With Harriette back and Rose close by, Miles seemed to have everything he could possibly desire.

In the luxury car, Jonathan expected Rose to bring up Kelly once again, but to his surprise, she remained silent until they arrived at the hospital.

...

Just as Rose made to exit the

vehicle, he couldn't hold back any

longer. "Wifey, I never intended

things to unfold as they did with Kelly. I only intended to detain her until you resolved matters with your grandfather. I planned to hand over to you, but then the accident happened..."

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Neither of them could have foreseen the tragic event that had claimed Kelly's life.

Rose frowned. Her thoughts had been in turmoil the entire night. She didn't want to believe Kelly was

dead, but deep down, she knew

in

was just her unwillingness to accept

such a convenient ending for Kelly.

Yet, as she reflected further, she realized that in death, Kelly would inevitably face Oliver and atone for her transgressions in his presence. So, Rose didn't want to dwell on Kelly any longer. "Thank you," she said, turning to Jonathan. She knew how much he had done for her, even in ways she couldn't see.

Ever since arriving in Regalia and discovering his true identity, Rose had carefully maintained a certain distance from Jonathan—near enough to keep him intrigued, yet far enough to elude his grasp. However, as she expressed her gratitude at that moment, Jonathan caught a fleeting glimpse of the intimacy they had once shared.

"Wifey, you don't ever need to thank me," he murmured. "For you, I would lay down my life if—"

"Jonathan!" Rose cut him off, her voice rising sharply as she stared at him with a serious expression. "Don't say things like that. I don't want your life!"

For some reason, his declaration had caused her heart to seize with a sudden feeling of unease. Leaving that warning hanging in the air, Rose stepped out of the car.

Meanwhile, Jonathan remained seated, still reeling from the intensity of her reaction. Rose's sharp tone echoed in his mind, but a smile soon graced his face. "She cares for me!" he mused as he chuckled with satisfaction.

Seeing that Rose had already made her way to the hospital's entrance, Jonathan swiftly exited the vehicle and followed suit.

Upon reaching Yvonne's ward, Rose found it unoccupied. After inquiring with the medical staff, she learned that Yvonne was in the rehabilitation area.

"Evan must have taken her there," Rose deduced. She hurried over but was surprised to see two unexpected people there as well.

"Rosie..." Clover's face brightened with a charming smile upon spotting Rose, exuding an inviting warmth that instantly put her at ease.

"Clo, are you here... to see Yvonne?" Rose asked, a hint of curiosity in her voice. Considering that Clover and Yvonne had no significant connection, there was no reason why he would visit the hospital.

To her further astonishment, Emily was assisting Yvonne with her rehabilitation at that moment. The two were immersed in an engaging discussion about dance. The scene appeared harmonious. However, Clover's expression abruptly changed.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 532 Discovering the Will

[ 1,079 words ]

"Have you forgotten our promise from yesterday?" Clover was displeased.

Rose quickly recalled their promise last night and was surprised at his need for swift execution. "Clo..."

She remembered their promise and thought they could take their time. There wasn't a need to hurry, was there? However, he ignored her resistance.

"I've arranged for a team of professional caretakers for Ms. Spencer. She must be bored staying at the hospital for so long. It's better if she has a change of environment." Then, Clover shot Rose a warning gaze as if he would be mad if she further refused him. "That settles it!"

Rose was at a loss for words. She had yet to inform Miles about this! What would he think if they left just like that?

Clover noticed she was in a quandary. "I'll talk to Miles about it!"

Clover talking to Miles? When Rose remembered how unfriendly they were when running into each other at the hospital, she couldn't help but make a decision. Fine!

"I'll tell him." She sighed and turned to the hallway. After preparing herself, she dialed Miles' phone. "Miles..."

Once the call connected, she unhesitantly stated her purpose. "I'd like to discharge Yvonne from the hospital since she's been recovering. Clover, he..."

Before she could continue, she felt a chill behind her back. Turning her head, she met Clover's cold and upset face. Almost instinctively, she tugged her lips and restarted.

"Clo has arranged a place for Yvonne to recuperate. Don't get this wrong, Miles. It doesn't mean anything. It's just that..." She trailed off cautiously, her heart pounding after receiving no response from Miles. "Rosie?" A hoarse female voice sounded.

A stunned Rose took a second to react. "Etta?"

"Yes. It's me, Rosie." Harriette smiled, sounding warm and friendly despite her scratchy voice.

As if realizing she had answered Miles' call, she quickly explained, "Miles is in a meeting and left his phone in the office. Regarding what you said... Don't worry, Rosie. Miles is too mature and generous to be petty about things like this. "So, go ahead with your plans, and I'll relay your message to him. How does that sound?"

"Okay. Thanks, Etta." Rose met Clover's eyes and thought that was her only option.

Indeed, Miles was mature and generous. She believed she had overthought the situation. With that, Rose instantly switched to a good mood. After ending the call, she followed Clover's instructions and discussed Yvonne's discharge with Evan. Meanwhile, on the hospital bench, Clover and Jonathan sat silently beside each other. When they gazed at Rose from far away, they looked undeniably gentle.

"Do you sincerely believe that Rose is your sister after you recognized her as one, Mr. Xanth?" Jonathan's cold and discontented voice pierced through the silence.

Clover's expression dimmed for a moment before seeming unbothered. "She acknowledges me as her brother and calls me Clo!"

How were they not siblings? But... "She calls Miles her brother too, you know..." remarked Jonathan.

That was something Clover couldn't refute. Besides, he was extremely annoyed by how Rose still treated Miles as her brother.

Jonathan took in his sour

expression. "The late Mr. Young Senior held a banquet when introducing Rosie as his latest

adopted granddaughter back in net

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Aquastead. He declared to the public that her position was nowhere different than Miles' and

that she would be a Young, just like

the rest.

"But you and Rosie, however..." Jonathan became even more smug at the sight of Clover's darkening face. He paused briefly and added, "You acknowledged her at someone else's event. I gotta admit, that's perfunctory." Perfunctory? How dare Jonathan call his effort perfunctory!

Clover eagerly wanted to refute him but had no words for it. He was exasperated, not wanting Jonathan to belittle his effort in claiming kinship with Rose while also wanting to prove himself as better than Miles.

Slowly, he calmed his nerves. He turned to Jonathan and declared, "That's too early to assume, Mr. Finch. I can assure you that I'm more capable than the Youngs could ever be in acknowledging Rose as family."

"Is that so?" Jonathan raised his brows. A glint of shrewdness evident in his eyes indicated he had reached his goal. As such, he no longer said another word.

At the Young Group headquarters,

Miles had been buried in work. He

was so busy that he didn't have time to give Harriette, who had followed him to the company, a tour or introduce her to everyone. Thus, he left it to the secretariat to bring her around.

Harriette was visibly disappointed. However, she learned to conceal her emotions this time. Especially with Miles, she had to become the perfect "Harriette".

She strolled around the company, finally witnessing the vast scale of the Young Group's empire. At that revelation, she quickly disguised the fleeting greed in her gaze. Suddenly, Miles' phone rang. It wasn't a new number calling, and it came after Rose's call. Harriette supposed the hospital had called to notify Miles about Yvonne's discharge.

"Ms. Young, aren't you going to pick up the phone?" Allison Sadler, the secretary, reminded.

Harriette smiled faintly. "No. This is the personal phone Miles left behind. If I answer the call... I might create misunderstandings. I'll wait for Miles to come out of the meeting and let him return the call. "Also, I'm kinda tired. I'll rest in Miles' office. You can return to your work now." She held her forehead.

Allison naturally needed to accommodate Harriette but hesitated letting her into Miles' office. However, she dismissed her hesitation after recalling his instruction to treat Harriette with the utmost hospitality. Harriette unattendedly entered Miles' office, which was a huge upgrade from his office at Young's House of Jewels in Aquastead.

She examined the room and finally settled into the chair behind the desk. Her adrenaline surged as she imagined herself as the Young Group leader.

Opening the left drawer, she saw a

document indicating a will inside. Immediately, her heart skipped a beat. She carefully retrieved the document and flipped it open, realizing it was Oliver's will,

announced by the lawyer in

Aquastead.

Then, she found the most triggering line in the will. "In the matter of the estate of Oliver Young, it is decreed that all assets and responsibilities of the Young family be inherited by his granddaughter, his direct maternal descendant." The last thing Harriette expected was for Miles to keep this will! What did he do that for? She racked her brain for the answer.

"Where's Ms. Young?" Miles' voice sounded from outside the office.

Amid her panic, Harriette quickly slid the document into the drawer. She hadn't even gotten out of the chair when the door creaked open...

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 533 A Foreboding Thought

[ 1,026 words ]

"Miles..."

Harriette smiled. It was best to act casual in that scenario. She believed Miles wouldn't suspect anything, given his feelings for "Harriette". As expected, he didn't find her sitting at his desk strange. "Are you hungry? It's time for lunch. Let's go." Miles reciprocated her smile.

"Right on time! I'd like to try what you always eat!" She cheerfully ran toward him and unreservedly linked arms with him. Then, the two left the office.

The phone continued ringing unattended in the office. It wasn't until they returned from lunch that Harriette rushed into the office and saw the many missed calls on the phone.

"Miles... I'm sorry. I forgot about this..." Harriette seemed apologetic.

Miles reacted calmly and affectionately. "What's there to be sorry about? It's just a few missed calls. Don't worry about it."

He grabbed the phone, knowing that not many knew his private number. When he saw multiple missed calls from the same number, he knew it was probably important and promptly returned the call.

The originally calm Miles shifted his expression after hearing the hospital director's words. "Come again?"

"I thought you knew, Mr. Miles..." How would he know?

His first reaction was to find Rose after the call, but Harriette stopped him. "Miles, is this about Rosie?" He frowned, refusing to say anything.

"Oh, right. Rosie did call just now, but I forgot about it. Me and my memory! She said she feels uneasy having you look after her all the time. Now that she has a new brother-a family-she believes Mr. Xanth can take over the role to save you the hassle!" Harriette's words undoubtedly angered Miles. What did she mean by a new brother and family? Wasn't he a family to her too? Why was he considered nobody when Clover came into the picture? He had to confront her about this!

With that in mind, Miles turned around and was ready to leave. However, Harriette suddenly gasped in pain.

Halting in his steps, he turned around only to see her painful expression. "What's wrong, Etta?"

"I'm... fine. It's just a stomachache. It's an old issue I've had for a while. I bet it's the ice cream from earlier. I'm fine, Miles. It'll get better soon." Her look of agony rendered him concerned. "Weren't you going to see Rosie? Go on. I'll be fine by myself," she said thoughtfully. She forced a smile to comfort Miles, but her excruciating expression only made him more worried.

"How could I leave you here? I'll take you to the hospital." He quickly went up to her.

In reality, Harriette was faking her pain. "That's not necessary, Miles. Go check on Rosie, quick."

Stuck at a crossroads, Miles hesitated briefly and chose Harriette over Rose. "Let's go to the hospital!"

Despite her visible reluctance, Harriette couldn't resist his insistence. After all, she would be exposed for faking her pain once she arrived at the hospital.

Just as she pondered how to get out of this, the assistant, Victor Hughes, called to inform Miles of a seemingly pressing matter on their way to the hospital. "Mr. Miles, please drop by soon. Mrs. Yones..." He was talking about Chloe.

Amid Miles' dilemma, Harriette spoke. "Miles, it's the hospital right in front. I'll head in myself. You should go resolve your matters. You know how important the company is."

Indeed, company matters were imperative at that stage as they affected the overall well-being of the Young family empire.

During this period, Miles had been working hard to consolidate all decision-making power over every asset of the Young family into his own hands. That way, he could ensure everything was passed on to Rose, per Oliver's will.

Now that the crucial moment had arrived, he couldn't afford any mistakes. "Okay." Miles left after leaving Harriette outside the hospital.

As the luxury car slowly disappeared from view, Harriette revealed a look of menace. Since Oliver's passing, the Young family had been plunge into a whirlwind of inheritance disputes. As of then, Miles had consolidated the majority of the Youngs' assets.

When Harriette recalled the will she found in the drawer, she had a foreboding thought. Was Miles intending to execute Oliver's will and transfer all of the Young family assets to Rose? Had he found out about Rose's true identity?

Those assumptions gradually became more plausible by the minute. Her face darkened at that moment.

After all the sacrifices to transform into Harriette, how could she watch the Youngs' inheritance slip away from her under her nose?

"No! No way on earth!" She slowly calmed down from her panic and fished out her phone to dial a number. After two rings, the call connected. Lizzie's voice sounded over the receiver. "What's up?"

"Madam, I..." Harriette became extremely humble when faced with Lizzie, even sounding cautious when suggesting, "Can you... eliminate Rose?"

With no one around, Lizzie raised her brows and scoffed. "Oh? Are you that eager to kill her off? Looks like you still fall short of her even with a new identity."

As much as Harriette hated that notion, she couldn't refute Lizzie's words. She had hidden Rose's true identity from Lizzie and decided to keep it that way. "Please help me, madam!" "Help you? Don't you forget about Jonathan in the picture!"

Jonathan? Harriette shuddered in fear when recalling the time he apprehended her in Aquastead. She knew the grave danger she would face if he ever linked Rose's death to them.

Despite her disappointment, Harriette was reluctant to sit back and do nothing. If Miles actually executed Oliver's will and transferred all the assets to Rose, her identity would inevitably be publicized then. "However, there's still a way to do it. You can simply get someone to do your dirty work," Lizzie suddenly suggested.

The initially downcast Harriette immediately perked up. "You mean..." She was delighted by the idea, which could conveniently scrape her from the list of suspects and save her from Jonathan's vengeance. "But... who's doing the dirty work?" Lizzie was her only comrade in Regalia.

Lizzie wore a gentle smile, but her gaze was cold. "That's none of your concern. All you need to do... is cooperate."

Although Rose hadn't been in Regalia long, she had made plenty of enemies. Gazing at the person helping Eleanor in the garden, Lizzie suddenly revealed a sinister smile.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 534 Using a Proxy

[ 1,035 words ]

Bella... Lizzie knew well enough the reason Bella surrounded Eleanor lately. From afar, she watched Bella engaging in an emotional conversation with Eleanor before angrily storming off. It seemed that Eleanor didn't concede to Bella. Lizzie raised her brows. Soon enough, she heard Bella smashing objects down the floor and ascending the stairs in high heels. She had arrived at the second floor.

Lizzie smiled faintly, exited her room, and called for Bella before she entered her room. "Bella..."

Bella stopped and saw Lizzie standing on the other side of the hallway. Assuming she was enjoying her misery, Bella became furious and refused to deal with her. However, Lizzie walked up to her. "I have some wine in my room. Shall we have a drink, Bella?"

A drink? Although they were sisters-in-law who lived together for many years, they were never at a point in their relationship to share a drink privately. "I'll pass-" Without waiting for her to finish, Lizzie tugged at her. "It's a great wine. You have to try it, Bella." She pulled Bella into her room, ignoring her resistance.

It wasn't until the door closed that Bella regained her senses and flung Lizzie's hand away. "What do you want? Were you planning to mock me like I'm some joke? I'm telling you, Lizzie, that I'm in no way near a joke..." She exposed her pent-up emotions. Ever since Liam entered the Finch family tree, he received Yosef's rightful approval to enter the Finch Group businesses and the treatment of a Finch family member. But how could Liam, a bastard, deserve to be part of the family? What about Jack?

At that point, Lizzie embraced her. Bella froze and subsequently heard Lizzie's voice. "I understand your hardships, Bella. Just get everything out of your system. I'm here because I truly feel sorry for you."

It had been ages since someone told Bella they felt sorry for her, and it was surprising that it came from Lizzie.

She looked dazedly at Lizzie, who released her and poured the wine into a glass for her. Even then, she remained dubious. "You feel... sorry for me?"

Lizzie understood her meaning. She breathed in deeply and released a heavy sigh. "We both have our fair share of hardships marrying into the Finch family. At least, you have Jack while I..." She lowered her head and looked at her belly.

Bella took in her expression. Since marrying Cyrus, Lizzie had gotten pregnant once but had a miscarriage that led her to infertility ever since.

Some even said that Eleanor forbade her from carrying Cyrus' child. Rumors had it that she was involved in Lizzie's miscarriage, but no one dared to validate it.

Faced with a bitter-looking Lizzie, Bella immediately got the gist and huffed. "Eleanor... All she cares about is the family business. She doesn't care whether each of the descendants gets fair treatment. As long as they're a tool to Finch Group, she won't even hesitate to acknowledge a bastard!

"Besides, the Turner family heavily opposed your marriage with Cyrus back then. The Turners were influential, while you were... powerless and alone."

Bella sipped her wine. She felt a shared sense of sympathy and pain when Lizzie revealed her vulnerability. The latter smiled bitterly.

"It's all in the past. I've gotten used to life without a child. I love Cyrus, and he loves me the same."

At the mention of Cyrus, Bella thought of Yosef. Immediately, she couldn't suppress the frustration and resentment she had built up.

"Don't even get me started on Yosef. Not only did he desert Jack, but he even told everyone he'd cut ties with Jack. Jack is his son!

"Is that what a father does? Not even Eleanor has anything to say about that! All he ever cares about is himself, while she only has eyes on the company's interests. Where does that leave Jack..."

Bella suddenly burst into tears and downed her glass.

"Jack indeed deserves better, Bella. I heard the police discovered more dirt about him from a few years ago—"

"What dirt?" Bella harshly interrupted Lizzie. "That wasn't Jack's fault! He was just overly playful. The family of those dead women have long gotten their compensation! Who would've thought they'd show up again?"

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By then, Bella had let down her guard and downed one drink after another, gradually feeling tipsy.

Lizzie took that in. "If anything happens to Jack... Bella, you must do something. He can't just spend the rest of his life in prison..." "No, I will not let him end up in prison forever! He's my son. He cannot be a convict!" Bella said emotionally.

"You're right. Jack was framed. But I wonder who did it." Lizzie laid the groundwork.

Bella instantly thought of Jonathan. Jack could've been released, but Jonathan pressured the authorities otherwise.

Not only that, he was also involved in orchestrating Yara and Liam's marriage, and the latter's introduction into the family tree.

Bella deeply resented Jonathan. However, she knew she could do nothing about him. Rose, on the other hand...

"Rose!" She clenched her fists. Indeed, everything started because of Rose!

Although aware of Rose's involvement in Jack's incident, Lizzie feigned ignorance. "Ms. Shaffer? How can it be her?"

"Why can't it be her? She's a vixen with many schemes." Bella gritted her teeth.

Lizzie's expression shifted. "I didn't know you had such a grudge against her. I was just planning to invite Rose over. Since Jon has special feelings for her, I thought it'd be great to get close to my future daughter-in-law. But now, it seems..."

"You have a way to meet her?" Bella frantically seized Lizzie's hand.

Lizzie looked uncertain. "Maybe... Well, I'm not so sure... After all, with Jon's hostility toward me, Ms. Shaffer might not want to see me." "No. You have to get her to meet you." Bella seemed hasty.

Lizzie seemingly noticed her strangeness. "What are you... planning? Bella, you must think straight. Ms. Shaffer isn't just a random woman to Jon." "Oh, I'm not planning anything. Don't worry." Bella released Lizzie's hand and continued sipping her wine.

Despite saying that, Bella returned to

Finch Manor every day since then without pestering Eleanor like she used to. Instead, she was there to see Lizzie.

After ensuring they were alone, Bella asked, "Did you reach Rose?"

Although the responses were negative every time, she received a different answer that day.

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## - Chapter 535 Beware of Harriette

### Chapter 535 Beware of Harriette

[ 1,089 words ]

"Rose will be at Aurora Crest in two days."

When Bella received that news, she was immensely pleased. Naturally, she disregarded Lizzie's reminder to refrain from doing anything foolish. "Pfft. Foolish? Letting Rose off the hook is foolish, I'll tell you that," she thought.

At the thought of Aurora Crest, she secretly fantasized it to be Rose's place of death. After all, any accidents could happen on the mountain.

...

Two days passed before Miles finally returned Rose's call.

"Miles?" Her brisk voice on the phone took him by surprise. It seemed she had been rather comfortable over at Clover's.

Miles initially wanted to question Rose about Yvonne's discharge, but he choked up slightly when he heard her lighthearted voice. After a brief moment of silence, he said, "Let's visit Aurora Crest as a family in two days." "Aurora Crest?" She was surprised.

He explained, "Grandpa used to go there once every year. Back when Aunt Rietta was in Regalia, she would always go up there. It was Grandpa's way of reminiscing about her."

Though Rose was Henrietta's daughter, she remained oblivious to that fact even till then. Sooner or later, she would come to know her true identity.

Once she heard that Oliver visited there yearly, Rose unhesitantly replied, "Sure."

"Rosie..." Miles wanted to say something but paused and changed his mind eventually. "Have a good night's sleep."

"You too." After ending the call, she saw Clover approaching.

"Was it Miles?"

He saw the surprise in Rose's eyes and knew he had gotten it right. He presumed Miles would immediately look for her once he discovered Yvonne had been discharged. But to his surprise... Well, it seemed he had overestimated Rose's importance to Miles. Regardless, that wasn't an issue to Clover because he would take great care of his sister, Rose, with or without Miles. On top of that, he was also excited that Elijah had promised to visit Regalia.

"Rosie, I'll take you to meet someone in three days."

Elijah would arrive in Regalia in two days and hold a cocktail party the day after. Since Jonathan accused Clover of not giving Rose a grand enough welcome to his family, he decided to organize an event more impressive than the Young family's. Rose was surprised. "Who are we meeting?"

"That's a secret!" Clover's gaze displayed hints of admiration and respect at the thought of Elijah. He believed Elijah would adore Rose.

Upon seeing the mysterious look on his face, she didn't probe further. The timing was just right as she would be back from Aurora Crest by then.

At the Young Group headquarters, Miles drew open the drawer in his office and wanted to retrieve something when he saw that the will had been tampered with.

He believed Victor wouldn't go through the document in his drawer. Besides, he never had any uninvited guests to his office. So, who could've done that? Suddenly, he recalled Harriette sitting in his seat the other day. Was it her?

Miles revealed a faint smile, feeling relieved that it was just her. He knew Harriette well enough to know she wouldn't object to anything even if she saw Oliver's will.

After all, she had no interest in the Young Group businesses or any idea that Rose was Oliver's biological granddaughter.

"Miles, are you still buried in work? Let me keep you company!" Harriette pushed open the office door and peeked her head inside.

Dismissing his thoughts, Miles shut the drawer and stood up with a smile. "No need. It's late. Let's go home."

"Okay." She nodded happily, passed his jacket to him, and clung to his arm while walking out of the office.

The employees, who were working overtime, saw how intimate they were and were no longer surprised. For the last few days, they were introduced to the true Young family heiress and got to know her. Although her vocal cords were damaged, resulting in an unpleasant voice, her face remained undeniably stunning. Not to mention her bright and charming personality, which was far better than Anastasia's.

Besides, she was extremely close

with Miles. Although they were siblings in name, they shared no blood relation as they were both adopted by Oliver. At times, they even found them more like a couple than a pair of siblings.

"Miles, I haven't been to Aurora Crest in a long time. I remember Grandpa would always be there whenever went." A glint of nostalgia was evident in Harriette's eyes, but

beneath it was a dar but ne

glow.

Aurora Crest... A perfect place and opportunity to execute her plan. This morning, when Miles mentioned

how Oliver would habitually visit Aurora Crest yearly, she immediately concocted an idea. She knew Rose would not miss a day like this!

Harriette shot a glance at Miles. "Too bad we're missing a member this year." That would naturally be Oliver.

He consoled her. "Grandpa would be delighted to know you're back and see you at Aurora Crest. Also, we're not missing anyone. We'll have Rosie joining us this year."

"Rosie too?" Harriette looked surprised. Then, she pretended to be apologetic for forgetting something. "Oh, right. Rosie is also Grandpa's adopted granddaughter. Of course, she must come with us."

"Exactly. Rosie is Grandpa's granddaughter," Miles murmured.

At that, Harriette felt her heart drop. It wasn't until then that she was fully convinced Miles knew about Rose and Oliver's true relationship.

Almost instinctively, she clenched her fists, praying for the mission at Aurora Crest to be a success. In the blink of an eye, two days had flown by.

Since Rose and Yvonne moved to Royal Garden, Clover did as he promised and bought the villa beside it. Considering Yvonne's rehabilitation, he purchased all the necessary equipment and stationed it in the villa.

"You got yourself an awesome brother." After her rehabilitation, Yvonne enjoyed afternoon tea with Rose in the garden, feeling relaxed and at ease.

Rose glanced at her. Since her recovery, Yvonne had returned to her regular optimistic state. Rose could tell she was smitten by Clover whenever she mentioned him.

"And? Are you into him? You know he's sorta taken, right?" Rose took a bite of the ice cream.

"Of course, I do. No matter how much he and Ms. Gill conceal their emotions, I can tell they're in love from miles away! Sure, it's a pity, but they're compatible."

Clover and Emily would visit the villa every day, and watching them "cover up" their feelings for each other became Yvonne's new form of entertainment. "By the way, regarding Harriette... For some reason, I just don't like her. You better beware of her!"

Yvonne had a habit of pivoting her topics. Just a second ago, she was talking about Clover. The next second, she had focused on Harriette.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 536 A Happening Day

[ 1,005 words ]

Still, telling Rose to beware of Harriette was slightly dramatic.

She chuckled. "You've only heard me talk about her a few times, and you already dislike her? She's nice. Plus, I don't interact with her much."

"Is she?" Yvonne pursed her lips. "I have a hunch... But yeah. She feels off to me. Anyway, according to my instinct, she's more than she seems!"

Suddenly, Rose recalled Clover's words from the other day but dismissed them. "Clo said the same thing and told me she's not as nice as she seems. I think you guys worry so much about me that you're overthinking this." Yet, Yvonne held onto a point. "See? Even Mr. Xanth says so. Now, I think you should trust our instincts."

Rose stayed silent, but Yvonne glared "fiercely" at her. "You must!"

Pretending to be fazed, Rose nervously nodded and said, "Okay. I will."

It wasn't until Rose seemed to have taken in her words that Yvonne was satisfied. "That's better."

Rose might interact with Harriette during her trip to Aurora Crest the next day.

The following morning, Miles arrived outside Royal Garden to pick Rose up. Before she left, Yvonne reminded her again, "Remember my words from yesterday!"

"Yes, yes. I do. I remember every single word you said and dare not forget it!" Rose replied playfully.

Arriving outside Royal Garden, she saw Miles' car and noticed Harriette standing beside it, waving at her. "Rosie, over here..."

Without waiting for Rose to come over, Harriette enthusiastically approached her with a bright smile that almost rendered Rose in a daze. She resembled the breeze of the morning air. Why would Clover or anyone deem her as unkind? "Rosie, what's wrong? You look off." Harriette waved her hand in Rose's face.

She quickly snapped back to reality. "N-Nothing. It's just... I haven't seen you in days..."

"Oh? Did you miss me? If that happens again, remember to call me, and I'll be by your side at lightning speed." Harriette patted her chest.

Amused by her, Rose burst into a laugh. Miles watched the two inside the car and was pleased by the scene.

When they entered the car, Harriette seemingly hopped into the passenger seat out of habit, but Rose didn't mind such a detail. The three soon headed toward Aurora Crest.

In the meantime, a car similarly maneuvered toward Aurora Crest. Finley took the driver's seat, while Leonard sat beside him, passing a document to Jonathan behind him. "Sir, I've listed everything about Ms. Harriette Young on this. Please have a look."

Jonathan perused it. Her background and history filled a few pages, from the moment Oliver adopted her to when she returned to Regalia.

He scanned the document quickly and focused heavily on the period from when she disappeared and returned. On the surface, everything seemed ordinary.

"Sir, why are you investigating Ms. Young?" asked the curious Leonard.

Jonathan and Harriette were considered childhood sweethearts. Although Leonard and Finley were not posted around him then, they were aware of their past. Besides, Harriette looked the same in the pictures from then and now.

Jonathan stayed silent. Despite the information about "Harriette" seeming normal, he frowned deeply, knowing his suspicions remained intact.

"Continue investigating her. As soon as any unusual movement comes up, inform me." His gaze dimmed.

"Yes, sir." Leonard subsequently received a call. After answering it, his face shifted. "Sir, the hospital called... They said Mr. Turner has been discharged."

Discharged? Immediately, Jonathan was taken aback. Although Ezra's condition had improved greatly, he was still rather unstable.

When Jonathan found out about the Young family's trip to Aurora Crest two days ago, he freed up the day to head up the mountain and watch over Rose. Finley and Leonard were well aware of his worry for her, but... Glancing at the rearview mirror, they carefully took in Jonathan's expression. After a while, they heard his deep voice saying, "To the hospital!"

...

At a high-end cafe in Regalia, Lizzie seemed satisfied after a phone call. Jonathan took a U-turn, huh?

Given his feelings for Rose, she

knew he would follow her to Aurora

Crest. That was why Lizzie had resorted to using Ezra. She also wanted to confirm who Jonathan would choose between Rose and

Ezra, and she had her answer now.

"Oh, Rose. You're just a woman to him, after all." Lizzie chuckled coldly. Her dislike toward Rose seemed to have thinned out compared to the past.

Even if Jonathan had "given up" on Rose, she needed to proceed with today's plan regardless.

While sipping her coffee, Lizzie waited for another phone call. After some time, her phone finally rang. She quickly answered the call and heard a male's voice.

"Lizz, we did it. Jack has escaped."

Lizzie was extremely pleased with the outcome. "How did you do it?"

"I followed your instructions, of course. I made him pretend to have an acute medical episode and stage a car accident on the way to the hospital..." The car accident was naturally his idea.

He waited for Lizzie's praise but received her cold, reprimanding voice instead. "A car accident? How could you fake another car accident?" She purposely lowered her volume but couldn't suppress her dissatisfaction. "Why not, Lizz?" The man on the phone was confused.

She was frustrated by his lack of deliberation. "Did you forget about the car accident in Aquastead? With Jonathan's intelligence, he could easily connect the dots when he found out Jack had escaped through a car accident!" The person on the phone paused briefly. "W-Will he? Jonathan is smart, but he can't possibly presume Kelly is still alive or that she's become another person, can he? Trust me, he won't, Lizz. You're overthinking this." Lizzie gradually calmed down. Had she overthought this? She inhaled deeply, her gaze dimming. "Let's hope... he stays out of the loop."

Lizzie believed she had seamlessly

orchestrated Kelly's accident, going so far as to manipulate Harriette's track record during her disappearance. Even if Jonathan investigated her, he would only find "ordinary" information about

"Harriette". He would never connect Kelly to Harriette.

Thinking of that, she finally relieved her tense heart. She smiled sinisterly as she centered back on her plan that day.

"It's bound to be a happening day at Aurora Crest."

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## Chapter 537 He Must've Loved You

[ 1,072 words ]

Aurora Crest was a mountain located on the outskirts of Regalia, not far from the city. As such, Miles and the others soon arrived at the mountain's base.

Other Young family members, like Anastasia, Gabriel, and Chloe, arrived after them. When Anastasia saw Harriette, her face was grim.

Chloe simply glanced at Harriette once but couldn't contain her sarcasm when faced with Miles, with whom she was in a business dispute.

"You're so full of schemes, Miles. I heard you've stationed this newly returned Ms. Young at the company already. Are you that eager to use her as your new bargaining chip and claim more of the inheritance shares?"

Then, she chuckled coldly and shifted her gaze to Rose. "You missed one here. Why aren't you including her in Young Group yet?"

Chloe had been losing the upper hand in the business battle with Miles lately. Despite her unkind words, Miles took the high road.

"Back when Grandpa was still around, we never talked about work when we came up here as a family, only our love and memories about each other."

"Love and memories about each other?" Chloe scoffed. "I don't have any love for you guys. I'm telling you, Miles, even if our family's assets are divided equally, I'm still entitled to my share! Don't even think about taking that from me!" Miles ignored her antics and signaled to Rose and Harriette. "Let's go."

Aurora Crest consisted solely of trails and stairs that led up to the mountain. Hence, they could only hike up without the use of motorized vehicles. Not many people were there that day.

During their hike, Miles would retell interesting stories about Oliver at every corner. He wanted Rose to hear all of them.

Those stories allowed Rose to visualize Oliver with them on the trek. When she gazed at Miles, she suddenly realized the person who missed Oliver the most wasn't her, but rather him. The person who shared the fondest bond with Oliver was also him. "Miles..." Rose couldn't help but call out to him.

He turned around to meet her gaze and, almost instinctively, patted her head. "What's up?" He seemed extremely affectionate.

"Grandpa must've loved you very much, Miles." She smiled.

He was slightly taken aback. He understood her meaning and that she had seen through his longing for Oliver. That was why she said those words.

His love was greater than just a familial bond but rather an acknowledgment. Not only did Oliver acknowledge him, but so did Rose.

For a moment, Miles couldn't contain his brewing emotions. He looked at Rose with a note of determination. "I can never repay what Grandpa has done for me. All I can do now is try my best to grant his wishes.

"Rosie, tomorrow-"

"Miles..." A hoarse voice interrupted him.

Harriette was displeased the moment he caressed Rose's head. He had done it once to Harriette, but his movement was brief and awkward. Since then, he hadn't acted affectionately with her. Yet, with Rose, she saw how easily it could be done.

At that moment, Harriette realized that Miles was no longer her foolproof bargaining chip. And what did he mean by "tomorrow"? What was his plan?

"At least you have the chance to repay Grandpa. I can't say the same for me though." She acted disappointed.

He took in her expression and quickly comforted her. "Maybe Grandpa never wanted us to repay him. It's okay, Etta."

However, she simply sighed in response.

The group continued on their journey. At some point, Rose turned around and asked, "Where's Etta?" Not only was Harriette missing, but so were the rest.

She frowned. Then, Miles' phone suddenly rang, and he quickly answered when he saw the caller. "Etta? Where did you go?"

"Miles, I... I think I'm lost. I saw a beautiful butterfly earlier and wanted to catch it, but... I don't think I can find my way back. Miles-" Harriette screamed before the call was disconnected.

"What happened? Where is she?" Rose was worried.

Miles couldn't help but look slightly dazed. That was how Harriette went missing back then. She lost her way, and they never found her again.

Harriette's scream continued echoing in his head. Despite his usual composure, he had lost his bearings at that moment.

"She's lost. I gotta find her." A sense of apprehension bubbled up within Miles.

It took him back to the time when Harriette disappeared. He had searched for her in vain time after time. At that moment, that sense of foreboding returned from the past and shrouded him once again. He retreated with quickened steps, and amid his anxiety, Rose took it all in. It was only natural to look for Harriette since she was lost.

When they arrived at a branching path, Rose saw Miles taking one of the routes, and she unhesitatingly strayed to the other. Surely, the more manpower, the quicker they would find Harriette.

She walked along the trail and

couldn't find Harriette after a long time. As she was prepared to turn back and search for her on the main trail, she saw a person descending from a distance away. Between them stood a pavilion, and that

person rested at that spot.

Since that person had just descended the hill, Rose thought it wouldn't hurt to ask if he had seen Harriette. Without so much as a second thought, she headed toward the pavilion.

When she arrived, she noticed

another man sitting inside the pavilion. When Rose accidentally locked eyes with him, she could feel an inexplicable chill and uneasiness. Luckily, the man only glanced at her briefly and closed his eyes before resting against the pillar. She

As such, she shifted her gaze toward the middle-aged man and found him looking at her as well. Although the eye contact felt strange, it didn't radiate any disturbing feeling like the previous man did.

"Sir, I saw you descended from the hill earlier. May I ask if you've seen a young girl around my height?" Rose inquired politely.

However, that man continued staring at her as though he didn't hear her. Taken aback, she suddenly felt like she had made a mistake coming here. These two men were strange!

Rose took a silent breath. Since they were in the isolated wilderness, she believed she should refrain from being alone with strangers if they weren't being helpful. Thus, she turned around to leave. Unbeknownst to her, the man resting against the pillar opened his eyes when she turned around. "I think I saw her!"

When Rose turned toward the voice, she realized it wasn't the middle-aged man who spoke, but rather the creepy man.

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## Chapter 538 Rescuing Her

[ 1,037 words ]

Albeit momentarily startled, Rose suppressed her uneasiness and asked, "Could you tell me where you saw her?"

The man pointed toward the hill. "There. A pretty girl about your height seemed to have twisted her ankle. She just sat there silently," he spoke with certainty.

Rose quickly thanked him. "Thank you so much." The man didn't respond to her and simply closed his eyes to resume his rest.

She headed in the direction the man had pointed in and went up the stairs. On her way, she paid attention to the areas around the trees so she wouldn't miss Harriette. Moments after Rose left, the man resting in the pavilion opened his eyes once again and trailed after her. Meanwhile, the other man...

Since Rose entered the pavilion, Elijah Xanth had been dazed by her eyes and kept staring at her. A voice in his head repeatedly told him, "This girl... looks just like her!"

Naturally, he didn't hear a word Rose said and dazedly watched as she left the pavilion and ascended the hill. Filled with countless questions, he wanted to follow her but found that his limbs had gone weak. He couldn't stand up.

It wasn't until he noticed the murderous intent of that man leaving the pavilion that Elijah realized something. As if motivated with a force, he stood and trailed after them.

...

"Etta?" Rose had walked a distance, but her search for Harriette remained fruitless.

She continued calling Harriette's name as she searched for her. When she arrived at another branching path, a voice behind her halted her steps.

"Stop calling for her."

The man's voice sounded unkind. When she turned around, she realized it was the man who had given her directions earlier. Instantly, she knew Harriette wasn't around. But this man... "What do you want?" Rose shot him a hostile look.

Kevin Baker studied her body and scoffed. "What do you think I want when I run into a pretty lady in the wild?"

She frowned. No matter what, Aurora Crest was situated in Regalia, where modern laws existed. She didn't believe this man intended to assault her in the spur of the moment.

"Aren't you afraid of the police or the law?" Rose quickly examined Kevin and believed she could handle him.

Suddenly, another figure entered her vision. She saw from the corner of her eye that it was the middle-aged man from the pavilion.

Just as Rose presumed they were accomplices, Elijah made a shushing gesture at her. Instantly, she understood she needed to keep Kevin unaware of his presence.

Thankfully, the stone path was free from leaves, making it easy for Elijah to keep his steps quiet and presence unannounced.

"Afraid? Why would I be?" Kevin's tone suggested otherwise. He seemed to be a lawless lunatic, or perhaps... he was someone who knew he could escape even if he committed unlawful acts.

Rose watched as Elijah slowly inched toward them. Then, she feigned terror. "You want money, don't you? Here you go. You can take as much as you want. Just let me go!" "Money?" Kevin chortled coldly. "Sorry to break it to you, but what I want is " Then, he gasped, not being able to finish his words, and felt a searing pain in his head.

A hiking stick had struck the back of his head. His piercing cries echoed throughout the forest, startling countless birds into flight.

However, that strike wasn't enough to knock him out. Instead, he suppressed the pain and recognized Elijah from the pavilion. "You..." Kevin glared ferociously at Elijah, full of murder intent.

Before he could do anything, Rose picked up a rock from the ground and bashed him just like Elijah had.

Kevin staggered slightly. It seemed

like he hadn't expected her to strike back. He tried to turn around but was attacked halfway, causing him to wobble slightly and fall to the ground. en FindNovel

The air descended into an eerie quietness. Still shaken by the ordeal, Rose watched Kevin lay on the ground and wanted to check if he was still alive. However, Elijah was a step ahead of her. "Not dead." He skillfully checked Kevin's breathing and seemed quick on his feet despite being in his 50s.

Then, he turned Kevin over and checked the injury on his head. "He's knocked out, but the injury isn't fatal. About time we put him to sleep." Elijah rose and was prepared to leave when he saw Rose motionless. He turned to her and asked, "Aren't you coming?"

She snapped back to reality. "Yeah. Of course."

met

Rose followed him behind. After settling her emotions, she slowly examined the middle-aged man before her. He was tall, dressed sportswear, and carried a hiking stick. He walked with steady and solid steps.

"About earlier... Thanks a lot for your help." Rose expressed her gratitude when arriving at the pavilion.

When Elijah looked at her again, he

had suppressed the initial emotions from when he first saw her. "No problem. Why are you searching for someone here, missy?"

Rose thought of Harriette. "One of our fellow hikers got lost. My brother and I split up to search for her."

"Your brother?" Elijah knitted his brows. "What's your name?"

"My name is Rose Shaffer!" She had thoroughly let her guard down.

Although he seemed strange when Rose first approached him, his reaction felt harmless. Especially after the episode earlier, Rose felt that he was a good guy. "Rose..." Elijah's expression shifted, and he murmured strangely, "Rosie..."

Rose took in his unusual reaction. Amid her confusion, he looked at her with a warm smile. "If I had a daughter, she'd be named Rosie too."

That explained his reaction, but...

"What do you mean 'if'?" asked Rose.

Elijah averted his gaze and recalled the past. "My wife and I had a promise. If we had a baby girl, we'd call her Rose."

So that was why. Somehow, Rose could feel the love between him and his wife. "Where's your wife, then? Is she here with you?" she casually asked. However, upon seeing his stiff expression, Rose instantly realized she had asked the wrong question. After a fleeting moment, his face softened. Then, Elijah laughed, possibly detecting her embarrassment. "We have been separated for many years. I've long gotten used to it.

"It was my fault for not keeping her by my side back then. When I tried to look for her again, it was too late."

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## Chapter 539 His Wife

[ 1,087 words ]

Although Elijah's tone sounded light-hearted, it was filled with guilt and remorse.

Rose naturally noticed that and comforted him. "Perhaps one day, you'll find her!"

Her words caught him off guard. When he looked at her eyes, he was in a trance. "You're right. Perhaps I'll find her one day!"

But would there be such a day? Elijah took a deep breath.

"Miss, it's easy to get lost while searching for your friend on a mountain with so many branching paths. What if you encounter another man like that guy? It's dangerous out here. "If you trust me, why don't I keep you company during your search?"

Elijah dismissed his thoughts. For some reason, he didn't want to separate from this girl.

"Will that take up much of your time?" Rose naturally trusted him. The more she looked at him, the more she found him amicable.

He laughed. "Of course not. I'm free the whole day. Plus, I came here to find my wife. During her time in Regalia, we met here once. It'd be great if I could see her again."

His gaze was undeniably affectionate when he mentioned his wife. Rose's eyes once again caught him in a daze, but soon enough, he returned to normal.

The pair headed down the path, not going further up but backtracking instead. They planned to try their luck by taking a different branching path.

During their trek, the two chatted happily. When he mentioned his last name, Rose instantly thought of Clover but didn't overthink it.

Elijah told her about the stories of his wife, and through his words, she could imagine his wife was a stunning lady.

After trying a couple of different branching paths, they found no sign of Harriette. However, she noticed there were people at every branching path who made her feel uneasy. But when they saw her with Elijah, they seemed surprised. "The person we knocked out earlier might not have been here by chance." Elijah suddenly pivoted the topic away from his wife.

Rose met his gaze. "You thought so too?"

Her answer took him by surprise. She was quick-witted! He seemed glad. "Do you know anybody who might harm you?"

Harm her? A few figures flashed across Rose's mind. Although she hadn't been in Regalia long, she had already made quite a few enemies. And the suspect for this incident...

"I'm not sure." She shook her head.

He frowned. "Why not?"

"I have too many enemies. I don't know which one it is." Rose smiled self-deprecatingly.

Surprised by her answer, Elijah laughed out loud. "Oh, missy. You look like an endearing girl. What offensive stuff could you possibly have done?"

Endearing? Rose was surprised because no one had ever described her this way. However, she had heard plenty of it being used on Kelly. Knowing her charming personality was a facade, Rose didn't care to be called endearing. When Elijah said it, however, it somehow gave her a nice feeling.

"Etta... was it? I suggest you stop looking for her." His gaze dimmed.

"Why not?" She frowned.

"Don't you have a feeling that these people are somehow connected to her being lost?" He implied that Harriette was attempting to harm her.

"How can that be? Etta..." Rose recalled how Harriette defended her at the charity auction event and had been friendly to her since. How could it be her?

"You don't think so? I guess Etta did a great job disguising herself then. Or perhaps this is all a coincidence." He knew the possibility of the latter was low though.

It had been eerily strange at Aurora Crest that day, with every branching path posted with people. It had to be someone influential to be able to orchestrate that.

If Rose stepped foot on any of these paths alone, she would be defeated by a strong man. In the wilderness, anything could happen. By then, she would be brushed off as another "accident".

Elijah stopped and looked at Rose. "Are we still doing this?"

His voice pulled her back to her senses. After some hesitation, she made a decision.

"No, we're not. Perhaps my brother has already found her. We're here at Aurora Crest today because our grandpa came here and hiked to the summit every year while he was alive."

She gazed at the summit. "Grandpa came here because he missed his daughter, while we came here to reminisce about him."

An act of longing... It seemed they were here for the same purpose.

"Okay then. I'll hike the summit with you," Elijah unhesitantly offered.

Rose was shocked. "But... didn't you just descend from there? You..."

She knew he was sticking around for the sake of protecting her. Despite her gratitude, she refused to trouble him further.

She wanted to tell him they could return to the main path and separate since it would be more crowded there, and they wouldn't have to worry about the attackers.

Yet, before she could say that, Elijah chuckled. "I didn't come from there. It'd be a pity if I don't reach the summit while I'm here. Luckily, I met you and saved myself the regret. Let's go! To the summit!" With that, he led the way.

Watching him from the back, Rose was momentarily speechless. She wasn't sure if he was telling the truth, but one thing was clear-Elijah was a samaritan!

"Come on!" he urged. Snapping back to reality, she grunted and followed suit.

Although Aurora Crest wasn't considered a very high peak, it still took a few hours to reach the summit. During their journey, Rose called Miles and confirmed Harriette's safety, finally relaxing.

In contrast, Harriette seemed slightly grim. "Miles, was that Rosie?"

She sat on one of the rocks, looking normal.

Miles ended the call. "Yeah, Rosie said to meet at the summit."

"But... Isn't it dangerous for Rosie to

hike alone?" She displayed a look of worry and self-blame. "I shouldn't have strayed away all for that

butterfly. If I hadn't gotten lost and fallen off the trail, Rosie wouldn't have..."

Miles looked at Harriette's injuries located on her leg, which had a large scrape and was painful to look at.

"Don't be sorry. Rosie won't blame

you for it. She won't hesitate to look for a stranger, let alone family." He crouched and stroked her hand to comfort her before turning around. "Here. Get on my back. I'll take you up there."

He wanted to carry her on his back to the summit. "That's not a good idea..." She was rather hesitant. "That'll take a toll on you."

"What does that matter? I carried you on my back for like a gazillion times when we were kids," he joked.

After some hesitation, Harriette hopped on Miles' back. Suddenly, she understood how lucky Harriette had been. If only...

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## Chapter 540 She's Here

[ 1,010 words ]

If only she were the real Harriette. Otherwise, she didn't care for such brotherly love. She lay against Miles' back but kept thinking about Rose.

How could she still call Miles when she had strayed away for so long? Lizzie did guarantee Rose would encounter "accidents" no matter which path she took.

However, it wasn't Lizzie who planned the arrangement, but someone else. Did that person not do their job well?

Despite her initial panic, Harriette gradually calmed down and turned optimistic. Perhaps it was still early, and they hadn't attacked. Since every path was posted with attackers, she supposed the "accident" would occur as planned nevertheless. Perhaps, Rose wouldn't show up even after they waited a long time at the summit!

At the mountain's base, Bella looked grim while sitting in an ordinary-looking MPV.

She received one call after another, telling her that their attempts were a failure. All of them pointed to the same reason, which was the fact that Rose was accompanied by a middle-aged man. That meant the risks had increased, thus lowering their success rate. "Damn it!" Bella gritted her teeth in anger. She had put in a lot of effort and made thorough arrangements, stationing attackers on all paths. How could this happen?

She was relentless. No matter what, she would not give up on this golden opportunity today!

...

A sanctuary was located atop Aurora Crest. It was usually bustling, but it was quiet today.

When Miles and Harriette arrived at the top, the first thing he did was look for Rose. However, she was nowhere in sight. He hurriedly called her, but the call never connected.

"Don't worry, Miles. Maybe she's out of signal. I'm sure she'll be here soon." Harriette comforted him on the surface but was thrilled on the inside. Out of reach, huh... She deduced that the "accidents" had taken place.

"No. I gotta find her." Miles was worried and even felt sorry for Rose. He had abandoned her alone and went to seek Harriette. If anything happened to Rose... He dared not expand that thought.

He was ready to leave when Harriette called out. "But Miles, I..." She displayed a fleeting hint of fear in her eyes before forcing a smile. "Go ahead, Miles. I can't tag along with my injury, but I'll stay here at the sanctuary and pray for her safe return." "Okay."

He left in a hurry, and she no longer put up a facade. "What's the point of looking for her? By the time you find her, she's probably dead." Her smugness was unmissable, and she scoffed coldly at the sanctuary.

Her expression swiftly turned solemn, and she clasped her hands, praying, "Pray for blessings, that Rose Shaffer will rest in peace in the mountains, and that I will get everything I desire."

She wanted everything Rose had, the insurmountable assets and power of the Young family...

"Rosie?"

Harriette had just finished praying when she heard a gasp behind her. It sounded joyous and excited, the sound of relief. Naturally, she recognized the voice and felt chills down her spine. "Rosie, you scared me! Your phone was out of reach. I thought... I thought you got into trouble." Miles emotionally embraced Rose, slowly easing his fear-filled heart.

"I'm sorry, Rosie. I shouldn't have left you alone. You could've... could've..." When he thought of all the possible dangers, he went weak in his knees. "Thank goodness, you're fine..." He kept rambling on. Rose hadn't gotten a chance to speak since she saw Miles. She didn't expect him to worry so much about her.

"Miles, look. I'm fine. What can happen to me in broad daylight? I'm not a kid. Here, look..." She wanted to ease Miles' anxiety and playfully twirled before him. "See? I'm fine!"

It was then that he slowly calmed down. He looked at Rose with eyes full of contentment.

As if realizing something midway,

Rose turned to Elijah and tugged at Miles. "This is Mr. Xanth, who..." She wanted to say he saved her but

didn't

't want to worry Miles. As such, she quickly adapted. "Helped me and got me to the summit. It was all thanks to him that I'm here."

"Thank you, Mr. Xanth." Miles sized up the person before him.

With just a glance, he could tell Elijah was extraordinary. But... who was he? He sifted through all the influential figures in Regalia from his recollection and couldn't recognize him. Elijah naturally took in his scrutiny and thought the young man before him carried exemplary poise.

"Mr. Xanth, this is my brother, Miles Young," Rose introduced enthusiastically.

Elijah noticed something amiss. "He's a Young, while you're a Shaffer. Are you two... siblings?" AS soon as he asked that, he became more confused because, despite their closeness, they seemed

platonic.

He was about to apologize when Miles piped up, "Due to some reasons, Rosie hasn't changed her last name. But rest assured, she's a true Young!"

The Young family... Elijah had studied a little about Regalia. Could they be one of the Three Greatest Families in Regalia? He didn't probe further and simply nodded at Miles' explanation. "I see. My apologies."

"Miles..." Harriette's voice suddenly rang out.

When Miles turned around, he saw Harriette struggling with her injured leg and making her way toward him. He quickly rushed up and held her, tenderly lecturing her.

"Careful. What happens if you fall again?"

"Miles, I heard your voice calling out for Rosie, so I thought she must be here. That's why I..." she spoke meekly.

She quickly glanced toward Rose.

"You're finally here, Rosie. I'm sorry

that I caused Miles to leave you

behind. He was so worried about you. Now that you're here, Miles and I can finally relax."

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Her bright and charming smile seemed as innocent as it could get. That was her best attempt to feign sincerity.

For some reason, Rose noticed the coldness in Harriette's eyes despite wearing a sunny smile. However, it quickly disappeared.

Rose was surprised. Was that her hallucination?

"Rosie, you didn't encounter anything earlier, did you?" Harriette probed, hoping to get an answer to ease her brimming suspicion and reluctance.

Rose snapped back to her senses and was shocked. "No. Why did you ask that, Etta?"

Afraid to have revealed herself, Harriette swiftly explained...

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