

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

Chapter 541 You're Etta Too

[1,053 words]

"Miles was worried about you, and so was I!"

Was she genuinely worried about her? Rose couldn't seem to ignore the fleeting coldness she saw in her eyes.

Amid her thoughts, Elijah asked, "Etta? Your name is Etta?" He hadn't heard this name from someone else in a long time, looking visibly agitated.

Miles, Rose, and Harriette couldn't help but look at him curiously.

"You're Etta?" he asked again after receiving no response.

Harriette felt nervous immediately. She thought her disguise as Harriette had been exposed, but upon recalling the information provided by Lizzie, such a middle-aged man didn't exist in Harriette's world. As such, she became bold. "Yeah, I'm Etta. What's wrong, sir?" she asked with utmost politeness.

Elijah stared quizzically at her, almost like seeking someone's shadow in her. However, after some time, he calmed his emotions. "Sorry. It's just that my wife has the same nickname. I call her Etta too." Was that it? Harriette instantly felt a relief. "Oh, we have the same. How coincidental!"

"Yeah, what a coincidence!" Rose thought the same.

Yet, Miles couldn't help but connect it to something else. "Is that even... possible? Maybe it's just a coincidence," he pondered.

He was just about to examine Elijah again when the latter prepared to leave. After bidding his farewell, Elijah took another meaningful look at Harriette before leaving. That action rendered everyone confused. "He's kinda strange. Rosie, who is he?" Harriette asked after Elijah took off.

Rose only mentioned they met on their way and traveled together, nothing else. At that moment, Harriette understood why Rose had reached the summit unscathed. It was

because of that man! Despite her burning fury, she knew she couldn't display it. Meanwhile, Anastasia, Chloe, and Gabriel had similarly arrived. When the family members saw each other, there was an undercurrent of tension. Rose wasn't involved in the inheritance dispute, so she naturally didn't feel their wrath.

She entered the sanctuary and started meditating. With no desires or requests, she felt extremely at peace. At some point, Miles came and sat beside her.

"Young Group will soon be unified." His tone was firm. It sounded like he was reporting to the late Oliver but also informing Rose of his progress simultaneously. "Rosie, I'm going to make an announcement tomorrow."

She was taken aback by his solemn demeanor. "Is it important?"

He replied, "Yeah. Very."

"What is it?" Rose was curious.

Miles simply said, "I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

Since that was the case, Rose didn't probe further. However, Clover also said he would introduce her to someone on that same day.

"Will I have to be in two places at once? Probably not. Meeting someone and making an announcement doesn't take long, does it? It should be fine," Rose contemplated.

Due to the discordant relationship caused by the business disputes with Miles, Chloe descended the mountain first.

Amid the Young family inheritance dispute, Chloe gained no advantage and even lost control of all the assets she originally had, which were now under Miles.

Although Anastasia had received help from Jonathan and gained a great portion, it was stripped away by Miles almost immediately. As of then, he was the one who held full control of Young Group.

Both Chloe and Anastasia shared the same feelings of resentment. Yet, ever since Harriette's return, Anastasia had lost the motivation to continue the fight. She was over it!

Her usual aggression and bitterness were reined in today at Aurora Crest, but someone decided to provoke her.

"Ms. Young?"

The hoarse, scratchy voice sounded behind Anastasia, frightening her. When she turned around, she saw Harriette as expected. However, her smile was no longer the bright and charming one she showed others. Instead, it was cold with a hint of mockery. Along with the arrogance and contempt on her face, it brought back Anastasia's memories of the old Harriette.

"It's you. You are Harriette!" Anastasia scoffed.

Since the day of the auction event, Anastasia had hoped it was a fake Harriette that had returned. Yet, when she saw the same expression that Harriette had years ago now, she was certain it was her! Harriette thought Anastasia had suspected her. She raised her brows and laughed. "Of course, it's me. What's wrong? Did I ruin your heiress dream? Do you hate me?"

Did Anastasia hate her? Of course, she hated her-she resented Harriette the most!

From her experience, Harriette was the most schemeful woman she had ever met. On the surface, she was the most loving, endearing girl that everyone adored. In reality, she was malicious, cold, and cruel. Naturally, she had a talent for putting on a facade as she had never given away any clues.

Anastasia took a deep breath. "Are you here to mock me?"

"Yes. Not only am I here to mock you, but I'm also contemplating how I'll kick you out of the Young family." Harriette was honest.

Anastasia's face dimmed. "Aren't you afraid everyone will see the real you? Especially Miles?"

"Afraid? Oh no! Are you planning to tattle on me?" Harriette jeered. Then, she smiled smugly. "He went to the sanctuary. There's no one else here. Do you think he'll believe what you say about me?"

Negative! Anastasia knew Miles' love

for Harriette all too well. Perhaps even if he found out about her true colors, he would still love and care for her. That was a result of their long-standing friendship.

Not to mention, Harriette's damaged voice was a constant reminder to him of how much hardship she went through and how much she deserved his empathy.

Anastasia knew better than to fight Harriette. "I won't tattle on you. Harriette, let's... talk it out." She looked at Harriette.

Her humility undoubtedly caught Harriette by surprise. However, she chuckled coldly. "Talk it out? Aren't you supposed to beg for forgiveness?"

Indeed, making peace and asking for forgiveness were vastly different concepts, but Anastasia didn't mind it.

"Forgive me, please. I was never your worthy opponent since the beginning of time," she said self-deprecatingly.

Her words rendered Harriette

stunned. According to Lizzie's

information; the real Harriette was a bright and charming girl, without even the slightest dirt. Yet, it seemed that Anastasia had witnessed the true, imperfect Harriette.

Still, was that half-hearted apology considered pleading for forgiveness?

"If you're begging for my forgiveness, shouldn't you at least act like it?" Harriette raised her chin.

When their eyes met, Anastasia instantly understood her meaning. She wanted her to get on her knees and beg... Clenching her fists, she decided to yield under Harriette's frosty gaze.

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Chapter 542 Forcing Her To Submit

[1,275 words]

A thud echoed as Anastasia fell to her knees.

"Ha ha ha!" Harriette was utterly pleased. She couldn't believe Anastasia had actually knelt before her.

She hadn't forgotten the humiliation of that day when the video was released in Regalia when her shame was displayed for all to see-mocked, ridiculed, and scorned.

At the time, she thought Rose was behind it. But later, she discovered it wasn't Rose. It was Anastasia. As such, she thought that merely asking Anastasia to kneel was far from enough. Harriette's gaze darkened. "Go on."

Anastasia froze for a moment. "Go on? Is kneeling not enough? What more does she want?" she thought.

Realizing what Harriette was implying, she slowly lifted her head and met the woman's cold gaze. Then, realization struck her kneeling wasn't sufficient. She wanted Anastasia to bow down and grovel.

"Why? Are you unwilling? It seems like your plea isn't sincere enough then." Harriette scoffed, observing the anger and struggle on Anastasia's face. She knew that, in the end, Anastasia would do as she wished.

Sure enough, after a moment of bitter hesitation, Anastasia lowered her head further until her forehead struck the floor with a heavy thud.

Harriette watched, her satisfaction growing with each passing second.

"Ha ha ha!" Her raspy laughter echoed in the room eerily.

She stepped forward, her toes nearly touching Anastasia's bowed head. "Anastasia, oh Anastasia, I bet you never imagined I'd bring you to your knees, did you?"

At that moment, she was no longer Harriette, but rather Kelly. Even back in Regalia, when she had deceived Oliver to become a member of the Young family, she had never imagined crushing Anastasia beneath her feet. But now, she had succeeded. With her triumph reverberating through her every step, Harriette turned around and made her exit.

Left alone, Anastasia remained sprawled on the ground, Harriette's words echoing relentlessly in her mind.

"I bet you never imagined I'd bring you to your knees, did you?"

Harriette had always been the one to keep her downtrodden, even during their childhood. The Harriette she knew would never utter such words.

Anastasia's mind swirled with confusion and disbelief as she pushed herself up to her knees, her eyes settling on the vacant space where Harriette had just stood.

A nagging doubt gnawed at her. "Harriette wouldn't speak like that. But since she did, what could it mean?" she pondered.

A flurry of thoughts raced through her mind, one in particular rising above the rest. It was a thought so shocking she could hardly believe it.

"Maybe... maybe "Harriette" isn't Harriette," Anastasia whispered, her voice trembling with the weight of the revelation.

"But if that isn't Harriette, then who is she? And what does she want?" she mused.

Anastasia bit her lip, determination replacing her earlier fear. She had humiliated herself, kneeling and prostrating before this woman, and now, she had to find out the truth. She needed to know who this imposter was.

Her first instinct was to go to Miles, but she quickly dismissed the idea. She knew all too well how deeply Miles cared for Harriette. He would never believe her.

With Miles out of the question, there was only one other person who might be willing to listen. A certain figure appeared in her mind, and she made her decision.

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On the road from Regalia to Aurora Crest, Jonathan found Ezra and then doubled back, wasting precious time. His usually composed expression was now tinged with urgency.

"Don't worry, Mr. Finch. Mr. Miles is with Mrs. Finch at Aurora Crest-nothing will go wrong." Sensing Jonathan's agitation, Leonard tried to reassure him.

However, his words did little to ease the gnawing unease in Jonathan's gut. The involuntary twitch in his right eyelid only served to intensify his mounting anxiety.

As their vehicle glided into Aurora

Crest's parking lot, Jonathan sprang into action, swiftly alighting from the car. Just as he was about to reach for his phone to call Rose, he spotted a group of people heading

er

toward them.

"Mr. Finch... It's Mrs. Finch and Mr. Miles!" Leonard pointed out as he recognized them from afar. "I'm sure Mr. Finch can finally relax now that he's seen Mrs. Finch," he mused. Without a moment's hesitation, Jonathan sprinted toward Rose, his beaming grin as radiant as the midday sun.

Leonard and Finley exchanged knowing glances, their eyebrows rising in silent acknowledgment.

"Have you noticed how Mr. Finch seems to transform into a different person around his wife?" Leonard remarked, still somewhat puzzled by the transformative power of love.

A playful glint danced in Finley's eyes as he responded, "Perhaps you'll understand once you find someone you love."

"Someone I love, huh?" The thought sparked a sense of curiosity and longing in Leonard.

Unbeknownst to them, as their banter filled the car, danger was stealthily encroaching beyond the parking lot, biding its time to unleash chaos.

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Rose's eyelid twitched incessantly. Ever since they started descending from the mountain, her right eyelid had been dancing restlessly, showing no signs of subsiding.

The uneasiness that loomed in her heart grew, and an ominous foreboding engulfed her, making her feel as if something dreadful was about to happen.

She recalled those peculiar individuals she had encountered on the mountain, and Elijah's words echoed in her mind. "Perhaps the appearance of that person who got knocked out earlier was not a mere coincidence." "Rosie, are you okay?" Miles noticed the change in her expression and asked with concern.

However, before Rose could respond, Harriette let out a sudden yelp. "Ah!"

Miles instinctively spun around to find Harriette sprawled on the ground, her face contorted in pain. Worry flooded his face as he rushed to her side.

"How can you be so careless? I told you I could carry you the whole way, but you insisted..." But upon witnessing her pain-stricken face, he couldn't bear to chastise her further.

Instead, he gently helped her up. Once she steadied herself, he crouched before her, insisting, "Let me carry you the rest of the way."

Harriette gazed at Miles, reminded

of how he had carried her from the beginning of their descent. When a passerby had given her a walking stick on the mountain trail, she had felt compelled to show her concern for Miles and was determined to use it instead of burdening him further.

As such, she decided to walk for a while, relying on the walking stick. She could have continued for a longer, but seeing how Miles'

attention diverted to Rose up next

letting her down, she couldn't allow that to happen. So, she stumbled strategically.

As expected, Miles immediately rushed to her side, leaving Rose behind.

A surge of satisfaction swelled within Harriette, though she maintained an innocent expression. "I just slipped. I didn't mean to... I just didn't want you to get too tired, Miles," she said, feigning meekness.

"Tired? I don't ever get tired when it comes to taking care of you, Etta," Miles reassured her with a gentle smile, glancing back at her. "Now, come on!"

Harriette paused, keeping up the facade, before finally relenting and allowing Miles to carry her once more. As she settled onto his back, a glint of triumph briefly sparkled in her eyes. "You're always so good to me, Miles."

"Of course. You're my sister. Who else would I take care of if not you? You and Rosie..." Miles trailed off, reminded of Rose's unusual expression earlier. Guilt washed over him.

He turned his gaze to where Rose had been standing, but to his surprise, she was no longer there. Frowning, he quickly scanned the area.

Although the base of Aurora Crest had become busier, with more people present than before, he soon spotted her amidst the crowd. "Rosie..." he called out, determined to uncover the reason behind her strange behavior.

However, just as he was about to approach her, the scene unfolding before him made his blood run cold.

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Chapter 543 Cares About Him

[1,651 words]

At that moment, Rose was standing near the edge of the road, close to the crosswalk. Just beyond it lay the parking lot. She waited for the traffic light to turn green, but she remained frozen in place even when it did. Her attention was fixed on a car speeding toward her, growing faster and seemingly out of control. It mounted the curb and headed straight for her.

Her instincts screamed at her to move and to get out of the way. But in that terrifying moment, her body refused to respond. She was paralyzed, rooted to the spot as the car hurtled toward her. "Am I going to die?" The chilling thought flashed through her mind.

"Rosie!" A frantic voice pierced through her terror.

It was Miles, shouting her name in a desperate attempt to alert her to the danger. But Rose was already acutely aware of the threat. Her body, however, remained unresponsive.

As the car closed in on her, she squeezed her eyes shut, bracing herself for the inevitable collision. Some irrational part of her hoped that closing her eyes might somehow make the pain less real.

A powerful force slammed into her, but instead of the hard impact of a car, she felt the warm presence of a person.

Rose found herself on the ground, but instead of the searing pain she had expected, she felt nothing. Instead, a deep, pained groan reached her ears.

Her eyes snapped open to a familiar face twisted in agony above her. Despite the pain etched on his features, his expression softened immediately as he began frantically checking her over, making sure she was unharmed. "Are you hurt? Did the car hit you?" he asked, his voice laced with worry even as his hands carefully examined her for injuries.

Stunned, Rose stared at Jonathan, her mind struggling to catch up with the situation.

"Are you hurt? Where does it hurt?" Jonathan's face grew increasingly anxious and concerned as Rose remained silent. "Come on. Tell me where it hurts?"

His tone had softened, almost as if he were coaxing her. Finally, Rose snapped back to her senses, and she managed to find her voice.

"I'm fine," she assured him.

However, her attention swiftly shifted to Jonathan's well-being, and she anxiously checked him for any signs of injury.

"What about you? Are you injured?" she asked.

"Let me see..." she insisted, her hands moving over his arms, shoulders, and chest in search of wounds. She had heard that pained groan earlier and was certain it had come from Jonathan.

Her worry was evident, and Jonathan, seeing the distress in her eyes, hesitated briefly before smiling. Rose blinked. She couldn't understand what he was smiling about.

"Tell me, are you hurt?" she asked again, more urgently this time, but Jonathan's grin only grew wider.

Rose frowned, confused by his reaction. Just as she was about to demand an explanation, Jonathan pulled her into a tight embrace.

Caught off guard, she froze, and Jonathan's voice reached her ears. "You're worried about me!"

Rose's thoughts came to a standstill as she tried to make sense of his words. Of course, she was worried about him.

"Does this mean you care about me, wifey?" Jonathan asked, his voice laced with excitement.

Rose's lips twitched in annoyance. He had just saved her life, so it was only natural that she would be concerned for his well-being. That didn't imply anything more.

"How did he manage to twist my concern into something else entirely?" she pondered.

"Wifey, you gave me quite a fright just now," Jonathan confessed as he held Rose in his arms. "When that car barreled toward you, my only thought was that I wished it had been me instead. If anything had happened to you... I can't even fathom what I would have done." He held her closer as if reaffirming to himself that she was truly safe in his arms. "Fortunately, fate must have been moved by my love for you and spared both of our lives. Thank goodness we're both okay."

Rose's soothing scent calmed his nerves, anchoring him back to the present after the distressing event. With Rose securely in his embrace, his heart gradually regained its steady rhythm.

Upon hearing Jonathan's reassurance that he was also unscathed, Rose relaxed into his arms, allowing him to hold her without resistance. His heartfelt words echoed in her mind, causing a surge of emotions. Meanwhile, not far away, others were processing the same shocking event, albeit with very different emotions. Seated on the ground, Harriette winced in pain from her injured leg.

Earlier, she had deliberately hurt herself on the mountain to dispel her own suspicions and gain Miles' trust, and now, the agony was even more intense.

She couldn't believe that Miles had literally dropped her to the ground, discarding her like a meaningless object as he raced to Rose's side.

The memory of his abandonment and desperate sprint toward Rose replayed on a torturous loop in her mind, each recollection amplifying the throbbing ache in her leg.

To make matters worse, the car had ultimately failed to hit Rose. Jonathan had intervened, rescuing her just in time.

Harriette clenched her fists, her nails biting into her palms as she bitterly observed the frenzied activity unfolding nearby. Jonathan's assistants had swiftly apprehended the driver and were now forcefully extracting him from the car. "Useless," Harriette seethed under her breath, her frustration and anger reaching a fever pitch. She knew this had to be part of the arrangement Lizzie had mentioned earlier that day.

"But ultimately, the plan failed..." she mused.

As the weight of failure pressed down on her, Harriette's gaze shifted back to Miles. "Is today's plan doomed to fail? And if so, what will become of tomorrow?" she wondered.

After what had just transpired, Harriette was now certain that despite Miles' affection and care for "Harriette", his feelings for Rose had clearly surpassed those for Harriette.

She couldn't believe this was happening. After all, she had poured her heart and soul into transforming herself into an entirely different person. She couldn't allow herself to lose to Rose once more.

Taking a deep breath, Harriette

looked at Miles and called out, "Miles..." This time, she didn't even need to pretend. The pain in her voice was all too real, making Ker seem even more pitiable than before.

Miles, who had been focused on Rose and Jonathan, suddenly realized something when he heard her voice. He quickly turned around and saw Harriette struggling to get up from the ground. "Etta..." He rushed to her side, guilt flooding his expression. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—"

"It's okay, Miles," Harriette reassured him. "You saw that Rosie was in danger, and you had to save her. I understand, and I'm not angry. It's just that..." She winced, glancing at her injured leg. "It seems the pain has worsened."

Miles' frown deepened, his guilt nearly overwhelming. "This is all my fault..."

"Miles, don't blame yourself," Harriette insisted, knowing that the more she soothed him, the more his guilt would intensify.

She needed to capitalize on his remorse if she had any hope of diverting his attention from Rose to her.

As expected, Miles appeared even more guilt-ridden. He looked at Harriette as if making a promise. "Etta, I swear it won't happen again."

Harriette could only hope that this wouldn't happen again. Without giving anything away, she subtly glanced in Rose and Jonathan's direction.

By this time, Rose and Jonathan had gotten up and crossed the street, hand in hand. Their silhouette seemed to taunt Harriette, fueling the bitterness in her heart.

Suddenly, she noticed someone approaching them. The unmistakable glint of a knife in their hand was blinding, and she instantly knew what was about to unfold. A flicker of anticipation danced in her heart. Despite her eagerness, Harriette averted her gaze. "Miles, it seems like you really need to carry me to the car this time," she said with a composed smile.

With his back to Rose and Jonathan, Miles was oblivious to the events transpiring behind him. "Of course," he replied, preparing to turn around. However, before he could move, a commotion erupted from behind them.

"Ah! Someone's been stabbed!"

"There's so much blood!"

Rose found herself at the center of the chaos, her surroundings becoming a muted drone as she focused on the scene before her.

"J-Jonathan..." Her voice trembled uncontrollably as she spoke, trying to grasp the reality of what had just happened.

The knife meant for her had struck Jonathan instead, the sickening sound of metal piercing flesh reverberating in her ears.

"Run, wifey..." Jonathan pushed her away, his voice filled with concern.

The force of his shove sent her stumbling, and when she looked back, she saw him gripping the wrist of the knife-wielding man. The assailant was none other than Jack.

"Jack... do you have a death wish?" Jonathan's voice was icy, his gaze as sharp as ever despite the blood steadily flowing from the wound in

his back. His presence alone was enough to strike fear into Jack.

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"I..." Jack hadn't intended to harm Jonathan. His target had been Rose, but he never expected Jonathan to take the blow meant for her.

"What should I do now?" For a moment, panic filled Jack's mind.

He knew he would be in for a fate worse than death if he fell in Jonathan's hands. Even if he managed to evade the law, he wouldn't be able to escape Jonathan's wrath.

Desperation fueled his resolve to strike again, but Leonard and Finley arrived on the scene before he could make a move.

"Mr. Finch!"

"Mr. Finch!"

The two men worked in tandem, one supporting Jonathan while the other quickly subdued Jack.

"Mr. Finch, your wound..." Leonard's face was etched with worry.

Before he could finish, Jonathan gripped his arm. "Where's Rose? It's dangerous here. Get her out of here."

First, there had been a car accident, and now, there was an assassination attempt. It was clear that someone was determined to end Rose's life. "Understood." Leonard glanced at Rose.

Rose snapped out of her shock and immediately stepped forward to help Leonard support Jonathan as they hastily made their way to the car.

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Chapter 544 Injured

[824 words]

Just then, a figure burst through the crowd. But instead of charging toward Rose and Jonathan, she rushed toward Jack. "Jack..." Bella's voice trembled, her expression frozen in shock as she recognized Jack's face among the sea of faces.

Just moments ago, she had been gloating over Jonathan's injury, but seeing Jack had thrown her into utter disbelief.

She had been the one to orchestrate the car accident earlier, along with everything else that had transpired. She had been ready to remain in the shadows to avoid suspicion. However, the sight of Jack had shattered her resolve.

Bella lunged forward, trying to shove Finley aside to free Jack from his grasp. However, her strength was no match for Finley's, and he sent her tumbling to the ground as if she were nothing.

"Jack, why... why are you..." Bella's mind was filled with questions. "He's supposed to be locked up in jail, so how is he here?" she thought as she stared at Jack, searching for answers.

However, before Jack could utter a word, he was knocked unconscious by Finley.

Ignoring Bella completely, Finley focused on the task at hand. Jonathan and Rose, who were now in their car, exchanged a look as they observed Bella. It was apparent she had been involved in that day's chaos, and they knew she couldn't escape the consequences. Leonard swiftly drove off, leaving Finley to drag the unconscious Jack toward Miles.

"Mr. Miles, may I borrow a car?" he asked.

Everything had happened so quickly that Miles remained rooted to the spot even after witnessing Jonathan's injury and Rose's departure. Only Finley's voice jolted him back to reality.

"Of course... Yes, of course," Miles stammered, his voice thick with conflicting emotions. As if on autopilot, he even let go of Harriette's hand without realizing it.

"Miles..." Harriette called out softly, but her voice barely registered as Miles hurried away without looking back. He continued forward to join Finley by his vehicle.

"Jonathan, he..." Miles opened the car door and handed the keys to Finley, trying to articulate his thoughts. However, any words he meant to say were left unspoken as his gaze darkened, and he fell silent.

Once Finley drove off with Jack, Miles didn't immediately rush to Harriette's side. Instead, his eyes locked onto Bella, his expression hardening as he pulled out his phone and made a quick call.

Not long after, a group arrived to take Bella away, and the police, who had arrived earlier, took the reckless driver into custody.

Only after handling everything did Miles seem to remember Harriette's presence. He hurried over to her.

Harriette's face had been twisted in anger, but as soon as she saw Miles looking at her, she suppressed her fury and bitterness.

She composed herself and asked with concern, "Miles, earlier... Are Rosie and Jonathan alright?"

Miles' brows furrowed deeply. "They should be fine... Etta, I'll have someone take you home."

"Have someone else take me? Is he not coming with me?" The question bubbled up in Harriette's mind, but before she could voice it, Miles had already signaled for the driver.

With a firm, yet gentle, touch, he guided Harriette toward the waiting car before instructing the driver repeatedly to ensure she was safely returned to the estate.

"Miles..." Harriette tried to call out to him again as she watched him rush off, but her words were lost in the distance. Miles didn't seem to hear her, and moments later, she saw him get into a different car before speeding away.

Rage simmered within her heart.

The driver reminded her gently, "Ms. Harriette, please get in the car first. We'll depart once Ms. Anastasia gets in."

"Anastasia?" Harriette questioned, glancing at the driver.

The driver flinched under her gaze. "I'm Ms. Anastasia's driver..."

"Anastasia's driver, huh?" Harriette thought as a cold smile tugged at her lips. "No need to wait for her. We're leaving now."

"But..." The driver hesitated, his eyes instinctively searching for Anastasia.

Harriette's gaze followed his, her haughty disdain unconcealed. When Anastasia drew near, she asked, "Are you planning to ride with me?"

Anastasia instantly understood what Harriette implied-she didn't want to share the car.

Lowering her eyes, Anastasia wisely replied, "I'd like to stay a bit longer. You can send Ms. Harriette back first."

Upon hearing Anastasia's words, the driver could only open the car door for Harriette.

Harriette cast a triumphant glance at Anastasia, feeling a slight sense of satisfaction from this small victory. However, once she had settled into the car, the weight of her dissatisfaction lingered.

As Harriette's car disappeared into the distance, Anastasia remained in place, lost in thought about Harriette's unusual behavior. However, she wasn't the only one mulling

over Harriette's actions. Unseen by all, another figure watched from the shadows, deep in thought.

This person was none other than

Elijah, who had descended the mountain but hadn't yet departed from Aurora Crest. He had

witnessed the car accident and the attempted assassination earlier.

It was evident that everything had been aimed at Rose. "What has this young lady done to provoke such deadly enmity? And that woman, Etta..." he mused.

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Chapter 545 Silenced

[1,238 words]

"Etta..." Elijah murmured the name, his voice barely audible. He had almost developed a sense of fondness for her simply because their names were similar.

However, as he watched her descend the mountain, his eyes never left her, and that was when he saw through her facade.

Harriette's envy of Rose was palpable. She played her role so convincingly in front of her so-called brother, masking her deep, calculating intentions with remarkable ease. Elijah did not doubt that this woman harbored ill will toward Rose. The car accident and assassination attempt just moments ago further fueled his growing concern for Rose's safety.

Furrowing his brow, his thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of his phone. Glancing at the caller ID, he answered the call absentmindedly.

"Uncle Elijah, I went looking for you but heard you went to Aurora Crest. What brings you there, especially since you've just arrived in Regalia?" Clover's voice filtered through the line, brimming with curiosity.

For a brief moment, he considered the possibility that the Young family was also headed to Aurora Crest that day, but he didn't dwell on it.

"Uncle Elijah, you should return soon-no, I'll come get you. We need to go over the details for tomorrow's recognition ceremony."

It was clear that Clover took this matter very seriously. Elijah's interest was piqued.

"I must admit, I'm actually curious to see what kind of woman has made you value her so much, Clover. Have you thought this through? If you're only acknowledging a sister, it won't necessarily bind her to the Xanth family. "But if I were to step in and represent the family, the inheritance of our family's assets might no longer rest solely with you."

"So what? As long as she wants it, she can have the entire Xanth family," Clover replied without hesitation.

Elijah was taken aback by the response. "The entire Xanth family, huh?" he mused.

Surely, Clover had to understand the weight of his words. Knowing Clover, these weren't simply empty promises. If that "sister" truly desired it, he would, without a doubt, give it all to her.

"I'm looking forward to meeting this woman tomorrow then," Elijah said with increasing interest.

However, another person also captured his attention. The image of Rose's eyes, so strikingly similar to Celeste's, emerged in his mind.

"But today, I need you to do something for me first," he requested.

Elijah recalled the injured man from earlier. "I want you to find a woman who should be in the hospital by now and arrange for someone to protect her discreetly."

Although Rose had remained unharmed that day, he sensed that Harriette wouldn't let things rest so easily.

Clover was baffled. "Uncle Elijah has just arrived in Regalia today. How could he already be searching for a woman and arranging her protection?" he thought.

But before he could inquire further, Rose's call came through.

"I need to take this call, Uncle Elijah," Clover said abruptly before ending the conversation with Elijah.

When he answered the call, his voice was filled with anticipation. "Rosie..."

"Clo, Jonathan's been hurt... I..." Rose's voice was shaky, full of worry.

With Jonathan being taken to the operating room and herself waiting outside, the memories of Jonathan's blood-soaked body overwhelmed her. Unsure of what to do, she instinctively dialed Clover's number. Clover was surprised to hear that. He knew that Jonathan was usually well-guarded, especially with someone like Finley by his side. For him to get hurt, something must have gone terribly wrong.

Sensing the urgency, Clover immediately tried to calm Rose down, asking her which hospital she was at and speeding toward her location.

He kept the call connected throughout the drive, piecing together the details of what had happened. He soon found out that someone had tried to take Rose's life.

Clover's grip on the steering wheel tightened, his knuckles turning white as his veins bulged with tension.

Upon arriving at the hospital, he comforted Rose and immediately questioned Leonard, "Who did this?"

His presence was no less intimidating than Jonathan's, and Leonard didn't hold back. "It was Jack... and Bella."

Clover recognized both names.

However, Jack had been incarcerated at the police station, and he couldn't understand how the man had managed to escape and attempt an attack on Rose at Aurora Crest. The whole situation seemed off to him.

"Jack was subdued by Finley. As for Bella..." Leonard paused, having just received an update. "Miles had Bella taken back to Regalia, but there was a car accident on the way. The car was destroyed, and she died."

The news immediately struck him as suspicious. It felt too convenient, almost as if someone was silencing Bella. If true, their situation would become far more complicated than it seemed.

"She's dead?" Clover's expression darkened as he, too, recognized the oddity of the situation. "Miles..."

Despite his strained relationship with Miles, he didn't believe that Miles had orchestrated the accident. It was more plausible that Miles had ordered Bella to be taken away for an investigation into the day's events. "What about Jack?" Clover asked. Bella might be gone, but Jack was still alive.

"He's at the Azure Clan," Leonard replied.

The Azure Clan was a secretive

faction that the Finch family used to cultivate loyal followers. Its Discipline Hall was infamous for its vast array of torturous devices. If Finley had taken Jack there, it was clear that he aimed to extract information through any means necessary.

Meanwhile, within the Azure Clan, Finley had already thrown Jack into the Discipline Hall. Jack was still unconscious, so Finley stood guard, waiting for him to wake. Unbeknownst to him, a shadowy figure lurked within Azure Clan, concealed in the shadows cast by the walls.

"Lizz, making a move in the Azure Clan is too risky. If we're discovered..." The man on the phone sounded hesitant.

Lizzie's expression was dark and grim on the other end of the line. She hadn't expected that, despite her dual-layered plan, Rose would emerge unscathed. As for Jonathan... A peculiar glint flashed in her eyes, but it was quickly replaced by discontent. "Bella... is she really dead?"

"Yes, she's dead."

"Good. Her death minimizes our risks. As for Jack..." Lizzie's gaze sharpened. "Since we can't eliminate him, we'll pin everything on the dead."

That dead person would be Bella. Even if Jack's escape raised suspicions and Jonathan began investigating it, all the clues would lead back to Bella, putting an end to the trail.

"You're right, Lizz. You're always the intelligent one." The man sighed in relief. With no risks to take, his exposure would be minimal. Being part of the Azure Clan, he knew the consequences of crossing those in power.

After hanging up the phone, the man stepped into the sunlight, completely unaware that his conversation had been overheard by Finley, who had just stepped out for some fresh air.

"Lizz..." Finley murmured the name he had caught. Only one person could have "Lizz" as their nickname among the people he knew.

As the realization struck him, his expression shifted.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Jonathan's surgery concluded swiftly. Although the blade missed his heart by half an inch, the significant blood loss had left him severely weakened.

In the ward, Rose sat beside him, her concern unabating. She had never seen him so vulnerable before. His once strikingly handsome face was now pale as a sheet, devoid

of any color as if it could shatter with the slightest touch. He was a far cry from the usual commanding, cold figure she knew.

His hand was cold to the touch, and Rose held it gently, hoping that her warmth could provide him with some semblance of comfort.

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Chapter 546 He Will Like Her

[1,164 words]

Time ticked by, and the sky began to lighten with the approaching dawn. Rose remained by Jonathan's side, holding his hand.

Her mind wandered through a myriad of memories where he had fearlessly shielded her from harm, stood up for her, and protected her.

She could feel an undeniable shift within her heart. Something she had once held so firmly was beginning to change.

"Jonathan..." she whispered, gazing at his pale face. She seemed to have made a decision.

When Clover and Emily entered the room, they heard Rose muttering something indistinctly but couldn't make out exactly what she was saying.

"Rosie, you need to rest," Clover urged, his voice filled with concern. Rose had stayed up all night, and her exhaustion was evident.

He exchanged a glance with Emily, who immediately stepped forward. "Rosie, I made some breakfast. Let's go eat something," she said, pulling Rose along before she could refuse.

As they left the room, Clover turned his gaze to Jonathan, his eyes showing a rare hint of admiration.

"You truly care for Rosie, huh?" he muttered. Jonathan's willingness to take a hit for Rose was something Clover hadn't expected.

His words were meant to be private, but to his surprise, Jonathan suddenly opened his eyes.

"You!" Clover exclaimed, a mixture of confusion and surprise washing over his face. "How long has he been awake? Was he pretending to sleep?" he thought.

The bewilderment in Clover's eyes was impossible to miss, even without words, and Jonathan caught on quickly. He rolled his eyes.

"I wasn't pretending to be asleep. I just..." He trailed off as the memory of Rose's words echoed in his mind.

His gaze softened as he confirmed to himself that she had indeed said what he thought she had. A satisfied smile tugged at his lips.

"I just woke up a moment ago," Jonathan continued, his tone lighter.

It was Rose's voice that had pulled him back to consciousness. He had wanted to wake up immediately, but what she said next had left him in a daze until Clover's voice fully brought him around.

"Is that so?" Clover was skeptical, especially with the odd smile lingering on Jonathan's face. The sight of it irked him.

However, he had more pressing matters on his mind. Now that Jonathan was awake, there were important things to discuss.

"The car accident today and Jack's assassination attempt were both aimed at Rosie," Clover said with certainty.

Jonathan's smile vanished instantly at the mention of the incident, replaced by a stern expression. "I know."

"I don't believe that Bella had the brains to orchestrate all of this," Clover continued, his tone skeptical.

His research into Bella painted a picture of a woman who, while cunning, seemed incapable of orchestrating such a scheme.

Moreover, from what Leonard had told him, Bella's reaction upon seeing Jack at the scene didn't seem like someone who was in on the plan.

Just as Clover finished speaking, Leonard entered the room. He paused briefly upon seeing Jonathan awake and Clover present but nonetheless proceeded without hesitation.

"Mr. Finch, Finley has some results. He just called..."

Jonathan took the phone and put it on speaker. Finley's voice came through. "Mr. Finch, how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine. What's the update?" Jonathan asked, referring to Jack.

"Mr. Finch, when Jack regained consciousness, he confessed that someone provided him the opportunity during his transfer to the hospital.

"We traced this lead back to Bella, who seems to have facilitated the escape. However..." Finley hesitated, recalling Bella's shock when she saw Jack at Aurora Crest. Her reaction wasn't one of someone expecting to see him. Combined with what he had overheard earlier at Azure Clan...

"Mr. Finch, someone else may be involved in this, but that person is..."

Finley paused, aware of the implications of what he was about to say. After all, the only person around them who could have the nickname "Lizz" was Lizzie. But after a moment of deliberation, he

hey

decided to reveal what he had

overheard.

"Lizzie..."

At the mention of this name, a cold glint flashed in Jonathan's eyes. He never imagined that Lizzie would set her sights on Rose.

A cold fury washed over him as he fell momentarily silent, seemingly coming to a decision. "Finley, I need you to handle something for me."

He then relayed the task to Finley, unperturbed by Clover's presence in the room.

After ending the call, Jonathan met Clover's gaze. "Mr. Xanth, have your family's elders arrived yet?"

Clover was a bit taken aback by the question but answered honestly. "Yes. They have."

"Is it your uncle?" Jonathan probed further.

"It is," Clover confirmed.

Upon hearing Clover's confirmation, which aligned with his own assumptions, Jonathan's lips curved into a knowing smirk, his gaze adopting a depth that intrigued Clover. "What are you getting at? How did you know it would be my uncle?" Clover pressed, his instincts telling him there was more behind Jonathan's question.

However, instead of providing a

direct answer, Jonathan shifted the

topic slightly. "The recognition ceremony for Lerain Group is a significant event, isn't it? Shouldn't there be media coverage? And shouldn't the elite of Regalia be invited to witness it?"

"Of course!" Clover responded with enthusiasm. He had always intended for the event to be grand so that everyone would know that Rose was his sister. "Good." Jonathan nodded approvingly, his smile widening with a hint of mischief as he looked at Clover. "Your uncle is going to be very fond of your new sister."

"Naturally," Clover replied, his tone brimming with pride and confidence. He was certain that Elijah would be as charmed by Rose as everyone else who met her. He had no idea of the deeper meaning behind Jonathan's words and didn't bother to question them further. After Clover left, Jonathan made a phone call to Miles. As the first rays of dawn filtered through the windows of the Young Estate, the soft glow illuminated a figure seated on the couch.

Harriette had spent a sleepless night, haunted by the images of Rose and Jonathan driving off together and Miles hastily leaving her behind. The unspoken message was crystal clear. Whether it was Jonathan or Miles, and regardless of her identity as Harriette or Kelly, everyone's focus remained solely on Rose, overshadowing even Harriette's presence. "Damn it!" Harriette clenched her teeth in frustration.

A sudden commotion upstairs caught her attention. She quickly turned around to see Miles emerging from his room, engrossed in a phone conversation.

She initially attempted to eavesdrop, but Miles appeared only to be listening to the person on the other end of the call.

He didn't utter a single word until he was about to leave the living room, prompting Harriette to call out to him.

"Miles..."

Her raspy voice caused Miles to pause. He couldn't hide his bewilderment as he turned to face the figure shrouded in darkness.

"Etta, why are you here? Why aren't you sleeping in your room?"

His tone was filled with concern, which gave Harriette a slight sense of comfort.

"I was just thinking about Grandpa... and about what happened yesterday at Aurora Crest. Miles, don't you think that the car accident and the attack were aimed at Rosie? Has she made enemies with someone?" Harriette asked.

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Chapter 547 Who Will He Choose

[1,162 words]

Harriette wore a concerned expression while speaking about Rose, and Miles felt deeply satisfied upon seeing this. Wanting to assuage her worry, he quickly reassured her.

"No matter who Rosie may have crossed, the Young family will not let anyone harm her."

Harriette's smile faltered for just a moment before swiftly regaining its usual warmth, the fleeting lapse barely perceptible.

She looked up at Miles and asked, "Miles, if I were the one in trouble, would you protect me from harm as well?"

"Of course," Miles replied without hesitation. "You and Rosie are the most important people to me. I would do everything in my power to keep both of you safe."

The phone in his hand was still connected, and the voice on the other end called out impatiently, "Mr. Young..."

Miles frowned and offered a reassuring glance at Harriette before turning away and exiting the hall. Even after Miles vanished from view, Harriette stayed rooted in her spot, peering through the expansive windows with an unreadable expression. She was certain that Miles' departure had something to do with yesterday's events at Aurora Crest.

"Protect us both at all costs, huh? But who would you protect if it came down to choosing between Rose and me?" Harriette whispered to herself with a cold smile, already knowing the answer.

Her barely audible murmur drifted upstairs, fading into the shadows where Anastasia was watching Harriette intently. The strange feeling in her heart grew stronger.

"Who exactly is this Harriette?" she mused.

Ever since noticing something off about her at Aurora Crest, Anastasia had been quietly observing Harriette's every move, becoming more convinced that this person wearing Harriette's face was someone she once knew. Nonetheless, she had no idea who it could be. As she racked her brain, trying to piece it together, Harriette moved downstairs, snapping her back to the present. Anastasia quickly retreated to her room, quietly closing the door behind her.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Jonathan ended his call with Miles. His expression darkened as he processed what he had overheard between Miles and Harriette on the still-connected call. A trace of amusement tinged his perceptive gaze.

"Mr. Finch, I fear Mr. Young may not take the news about the involvement of the Xanth family elder in the ceremony for recognizing Mrs. Finch as Mr. Xanth's sister well," Leonard remarked, standing nearby.

His instincts told him that Jonathan wouldn't reveal such information without a reason—unless a hidden agenda was at play.

Reflecting on the situation, it appeared that Jonathan had intentionally goaded Clover into inviting his family elder, possibly even hoping or predicting that Clover's uncle would attend.

Leonard knew Clover's uncle as a legendary figure in the overseas community who had led the Xanth family and Lerain Group to their pinnacle before Clover took over.

However, despite his influence, the man remained highly discreet and was more often spoken of in rumors than seen in person.

"Isn't that the whole point?" Jonathan quipped, raising an eyebrow with a hint of a smile.

Leonard snapped out of his thoughts, catching Jonathan's expression.

"Mr. Finch, are you intentionally trying to ruffle Mr. Young's feathers? But that doesn't seem like something you'd do," he mumbled to himself, perplexed.

However, Jonathan didn't bother to respond to Leonard's musings. He wasn't so immature as to just provoke Miles for the sake of it. He intended to spur Miles into action, to push him toward a certain outcome. As for the purpose and the results...

Something inscrutable flickered in Jonathan's gaze as he directed Leonard, "The Finch family and Lerain Group are partners, so the Finch family should attend such a

significant event for the Xanth family. "I've heard the Xanth family elder is fond of calligraphy. Let Grandma know about this so she can choose an appropriate gift."

Jonathan pinched the bridge of his nose, appearing somewhat weary, and Leonard immediately grasped Jonathan's meaning.

Though the Xanth family of Lerain Group primarily operated overseas, their reputation preceded them throughout Regalia.

As a result, news of the Xanth family elder's arrival in Regalia for a recognition ceremony of an "adopted daughter" spread rapidly, captivating the entire city.

Everyone was aware that Clover was the only heir to the current generation of the Xanth family and Lerain Group.

With the elder's involvement, this "adopted daughter" was sure to become a significant part of the inheritance, raising questions about the identity of the fortunate individual.

It wasn't long before someone who

had attended the Young family's charity auction revealed the details. The woman recognized as Clover's sister was named Rose—the same woman who held Oliver's portrait at his funeral, standing in a position that seemed even more important than Miles'.

The news spread like wildfire, dominating conversations both online and in person.

In the study of the Finch Manor, Eleanor sat at her desk, examining the invitation from Lerain Group. Pleased with the invitation, she had already decided to attend the event in person, eager for the opportunity to meet the legendary figure from the Xanth family.

"Anna, what do you think would make a suitable gift? What would Elijah like?" Eleanor wondered aloud, troubled by the thought.

Elijah's private nature made his interests challenging to discern, perhaps only known to those close to him. And those close to Elijah could only be...

"Mrs. Finch Senior, Mr. Jonathan's

subordinate, Leonard, mentioned that not long ago, Mr. Xanth was looking for an antique calligraphy painting and even considered having someone replicate it," Anna shared, recalling Leonard's nonchalant revelation.

Eleanor eagerly asked, "What kind of antique calligraphy is it?"

Anna thought for a moment before answering, "It's the 'Lindisfarne Gospels' I think... Yes, that's it! Apparently, Mr. Xanth has been searching for the original for quite some time but hasn't been able to find it.

"He even approached several contemporary calligraphy masters for reproductions, but it seems that none of them met his expectations."

Eleanor was sharp. She suspected that if Clover was going to such lengths, it had to be for someone important. Perhaps Clover was searching the painting on behalf of Elijah.

The information Anna mentioned came from Leonard, likely under Jonathan's direction. If Jonathan was involved, there had to be a reason.

Realization struck her as the original "Lindisfarne Gospels" came to her mind.

"Has Lizzie returned to the manor today?" Eleanor inquired with a furrowed brow.

Anna replied, "No..."

"Then call her and ask her to return. Let her know I need to discuss something with her," Eleanor instructed.

Anna nodded and left to carry out the order.

Lizzie was in the study of her private residence with Cyrus when she received Anna's call. The failure of yesterday's events had left her simmering with anger and frustration through the night. Early in the morning, news of the Lerain Group's Xanth family elder attending Clover's recognition ceremony for his sister dominated the internet. Naturally, she had seen it.

Because of that, she had locked herself in the study since the break of dawn, attempting to calm herself through calligraphy.

However, the floor was littered with crumpled sheets of paper, evidence of her unyielding distress. When Cyrus opened the door and saw the mess, he looked surprised. "Lizz, what's going on here?"

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Chapter 548 Letting Go

[1,342 words]

Cyrus' voice made Lizzie pause. She couldn't let him discover her actions. Composing herself immediately, she furrowed her brows, maintaining her usual gentle and delicate demeanor. She sighed. "I don't know what's come over me today. I've been so restless. And just look at the mess I've made in the study. I'll clean it up right away."

She put down her pen and was about to start tidying up when Cyrus stopped her.

"Don't worry about it. You must be exhausted. Perhaps you didn't sleep well last night," he said with concern, guiding her to sit down.

"Just rest for a while and let the helpers handle this. The manor called earlier, saying they needed to talk to you, but don't worry about it. Whatever it is, I'll take care of it."

Cyrus helped Lizzie settle onto the couch, determined not to let anything else trouble her. However, upon hearing that the manor needed her for something, Lizzie immediately stood up. "Does Mom need me? You said the manor called, right? I'll call back right now and check," Lizzie said, her devotion to matters of the manor unwavering despite her unease. Before Cyrus could stop her, she moved to make the call. Seeing how she was still so attentive to the manor's matters despite not feeling well made Cyrus feel deeply moved.

It wasn't until she picked up the phone that he quickly said, "The manor called the downstairs phone, and Anna's still on the line."

Lizzie paused mid-dial. "Alright. I'll take the call downstairs then."

Giving Cyrus a soft smile, she left the room and headed downstairs. Even while conversing with Anna, she remained poised and courteous.

Upon hearing from Anna that Eleanor wished for her return to the Finch Manor, Lizzie agreed without hesitation and said she would leave immediately.

After changing her clothes and freshening up her makeup, she set off. Half an hour later, she arrived at the Finch Manor.

In the study, Eleanor didn't waste time getting to the point. "This is the invitation to tonight's event at Lerain Group. The Xanth family specifically requested my presence, and I'd like to prepare a gift."

"A gift?" Lizzie thought. She had been in the Finch family long enough to understand the underlying message in Eleanor's words.

"I'll take care of the gift, Mom," she offered.

Eleanor glanced at her. "Actually, you're the only one who can manage this. I recall that the original 'Lindisfarne Gospels' calligraphy Cyrus obtained years ago was gifted to you, correct?"

Lizzie's expression froze momentarily. "The 'Lindisfarne Gospels'?" she echoed.

"What's the matter? Did I remember incorrectly? Wasn't it given to you?" Eleanor's voice cut through her thoughts, bringing Lizzie back to the present.

She dared not hesitate this time and quickly responded, "No, Mom, you remembered correctly. It was given to me, but—"

"If I ask you to give it up, you wouldn't refuse, would you?" Eleanor interrupted, her tone leaving no room for refusal.

Lizzie felt a pang of reluctance. That piece of calligraphy held deep sentimental value for her. After all, it was something Cyrus had won for her at a high price just to make her smile. It meant the world to her. But now, faced with Eleanor's request, she could only swallow her reluctance.

"How could I refuse? I'll go back to retrieve it immediately and deliver it to you as soon as possible," she said with a forced smile.

Just as she was about to leave, Eleanor stopped her. She said, "You don't have to bring it back here since you'll be accompanying me to the event tonight. With your background in fine arts and calligraphy, you might impress them.

"Clover is looking for someone to create a copy of the 'Lindisfarne Gospels'. This could be your chance to showcase your talent and gain their favor."

Lizzie had studied fine arts, and before she married into the Finch family, she had met a renowned, now-deceased calligraphy master through Cyrus. "Mom seems intent on using me as a tool to curry favor with the Lerain Group," she thought.

Eleanor had always placed great importance on maintaining a strong relationship with the Lerain Group, so her intentions made sense. If Lizzie could handle this well, she might even earn Eleanor's approval. But then, she thought of Rose.

"Mom probably didn't realize that strengthening ties with the Lerain Group could be as simple as focusing on Rose alone. After all, Rose's connection to Clover and the recognition of the Xanth family elder would elevate her status

no

significantly," she mused

Lizzie knew that Eleanor would eventually learn the truth after attending tonight's event. Once Eleanor realized Rose's connection to the Xanth family, even her high standards for a suitable match might be satisfied.

"Lizzie? What are you thinking about? Are you unwilling to go?" Eleanor's voice snapped Lizzie out of her thoughts, and Lizzie realized she had let some of her emotions show.

Hearing Eleanor's question, she quickly responded, "Mom, I was just thinking that if we're going to make a copy, I should bring along the necessary materials-ink, brushes, and paper."

"You're quite thoughtful," Eleanor said, waving her hand. "Go ahead and gather what you need then. There's no need to come back to the Finch Manor. I'll have the driver pick you up before the event." Lizzie left the study and maintained her slight smile until she left the manor.

When she arrived at her residence, Cyrus came to greet her, having received a call from Eleanor ten minutes earlier regarding the calligraphy piece.

Understanding how much Lizzie cherished the artwork, he took her hand gently. "Lizz, Mom mentioned she'll find you another calligraphy piece to make up for this one."

Lizzie paused for a moment before

responding graciously, "Cyrus, I'm a part of the Finch family, and if this calligraphy can be of use to the

family I'm more than willing to part with it. I don't need any

compensation. It's just that...

She hesitated briefly before continuing, "It was a gift from you, and I only value it for that reason. But as long as you're by my side, that means more to me than any gift ever could." With just a few words, Lizzie succeeded in reassuring Cyrus while also subtly strengthening their emotional bond. Her words left him feeling content and at ease.

As their conversation continued, a lingering memory of a figure from the past resurfaced in Cyrus' mind, seemingly sparking a decision within him.

"Lizz, how about we take some time to go out for a walk? I'd love to take some pictures for you."

Having set aside his camera for years due to someone from his past, Cyrus seemed ready to embrace a new beginning as he considered picking it up once again. Lizzie was taken aback, but her surprise quickly turned to a mix of understanding and excitement when she met his gaze. Nodding in agreement, she said, "Alright." However, only she knew that she wasn't as thrilled as she appeared about Cyrus' decision to let go of his past.

Upon returning to her study and closing the door, the smile on Lizzie's face vanished entirely. After all, Cyrus' genuine feelings meant little to her. What she truly cared about was something else. A figure flashed through her mind, and she unconsciously bit her lip until it bled. Yet, she remained oblivious to the pain.

...

Meanwhile, the internet was abuzz with news of the Lerain Group's banquet that evening. Harriette had heard about the event at the Young Estate and could no longer contain her restlessness. Despite calling Miles multiple times, her attempts went unanswered. In the end, she decided to visit his office in person just before the banquet.

Upon her arrival, the staff in the secretary's office were surprised to see Harriette with her injured leg still bandaged.

Although the eldest daughter of the Young family had not been back for long, her inseparable relationship with Miles was well-known throughout the company.

Given her injury, everyone had assumed she would be resting rather than making an appearance at the office. It was evident that her visit was not work-related but had everything to do with Miles. As anticipated, Harriette only exchanged brief pleasantries with the staff before making a beeline to Miles' office.

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Chapter 549 Will Not Leave

[1,272 words]

The office was deserted, and Harriette couldn't help but feel a pang of disappointment. Just as she was about to leave, her gaze landed on an invitation lying on the desk. The words "Lerain Group" were embossed in gold, standing out boldly on the card.

It was the invitation to that night's banquet.

"With this invitation in hand, I'd be able to attend the event..." she thought.

Harriette hesitated for a moment before finally picking up the invitation.

...

After being dragged out of Jonathan's ward by Emily that morning, Rose returned to the room only to find that Jonathan was no longer there.

If Leonard hadn't arrived in time to inform her that Jonathan had woken up and left to handle some matters, she might have fainted from the shock.

"I can take you to him if you want to see him, Mrs. Finch," Leonard offered. Without any outsiders present, his use of "Mrs. Finch" came naturally. Rose would have rejected the title in the past, but now she accepted it without hesitation.

Thanking Leonard, she followed him out of the hospital. As Leonard drove, he spoke of Jonathan, recounting how he had risen to become the head of the Finch family, his words filled with admiration and respect. Rose listened intently, learning about the sides of Jonathan she had never known.

"Mrs. Finch, Mr. Finch treats you differently. No. What I mean is that in your presence, he becomes someone different-someone real, with warmth and vulnerability," he said.

Leonard's voice echoed in the car, and as Rose thought of Jonathan, a soft smile played on her lips.

Leonard noticed the smile through the rearview mirror, and a glimmer of joy lit up his eyes. Rose's expression spoke volumes. It was evident that she held deep feelings for Jonathan.

As they drew nearer to their destination, he found the courage to speak, though his voice was barely above a whisper.

"Mrs. Finch, you're more important to him than his own life. He can't lose you, so please... don't leave him."

Rose didn't reply immediately, and Leonard assumed she hadn't heard him.

When the car came to a halt, he swiftly got out to open the door for her. As she passed him, she finally spoke, her voice quiet yet firm.

"I know. I won't."

Leonard froze for a moment, processing her words. "She said she knows... and that she wouldn't leave..." he thought.

Comprehension slowly dawned on him, and he longed to rush to Jonathan's side and relay every word Rose had uttered.

However, when Leonard recalled Jonathan's plan for the evening, he quickly composed himself. He jogged to catch up with Rose and said, "Mrs. Finch, Mr. Finch has prepared a gown for you."

Rose raised an eyebrow. "A gown? For a meeting? Is that really necessary?" she mused.

At that moment, all she could think about was seeing Jonathan, confronting him about his recklessness and how he could disregard his own well-being after being injured.

She had no idea about the banquet Lerain Group had planned for her that night, nor did she remember Clover mentioning that she would meet someone important that day.

"What is he up to?" Rose gave Leonard a suspicious glance.

Leonard quickly masked his expression, replying, "Maybe... Mr. Finch has a surprise planned for you."

"A surprise?" Rose pondered, her forehead creasing with a slight frown.

Though skeptical, she didn't refuse the gown. She was curious to see what Jonathan was up to.

Following Leonard's lead, Rose stepped into the elevator. When the doors opened, she found herself in a grand room filled with stunning evening gowns and exquisite jewelry. Before she could fully absorb the scene, a team of stylists and makeup artists approached her. "Ms. Shaffer, we are delighted to be at your service!" They greeted her warmly before guiding her to select a gown and her accessories.

Rose entrusted herself to their expertise, and after an hour of primping and polishing, she gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

Clad in a sleek black gown with her hair swept up in a high ponytail, she exuded a striking elegance that set her apart from her everyday appearance.

For a moment, she felt as though she were looking at a stranger in the mirror. Yet, there was something undeniably familiar about the woman gazing back at her.

However, Rose had no time to dwell on it as Leonard appeared behind her. "Mrs. Finch, it's time to go."

"Is it time to see Jonathan?" she thought before nodding and allowing Leonard to lead her back into the elevator without hesitation. As they ascended, he shot her a meaningful look.

He began, Mrs. Finch, many people

will be present tonight, and you will

be the center of attention. But Mr. Finch wanted me to tell you that no matter what happens, he's with you. And... congratulations!"

"Congratulations?" Rose echoed, feeling baffled.

However, before she could ask for an explanation, the elevator doors opened, revealing a brilliant spotlight that bathed her in its warm glow.

"Rosie!" Clover's enthusiastic voice reached her first.

As Rose's eyes adjusted to the bright light, Clover had already approached her, extending his hand in a gentlemanly manner.

Though puzzled, Rose instinctively placed her hand in his. She followed Clover's lead, taking in the dimly lit area filled with an abundance of expectant faces. "Clo, what is all this?" she asked, feeling slightly overwhelmed. She couldn't understand what was going on.

Clover maintained his dotting smile. "Didn't I tell you I'd introduce you to someone today?"

"But why would an introduction require such an elaborate setup?" Rose thought as she chuckled nervously. "I think there's more than one person to meet here..." Understanding her unease, Clover reassured her. "Don't mind these people; they're just here for the show. The one you're about to meet is more important."

Rose had to admit that her curiosity was piqued when she heard that.

"Who exactly are you introducing me to?" she asked, observing the extravagant setup that hinted at the significance of this meeting. Clearly, this individual had to be of great importance.

As Rose scanned the crowd discreetly, she noticed that warm smiles accompanied every gaze directed at her, and some were even tinged with a hint of envy.

She soon realized that those envious looks were likely because of Clover standing beside her. It seemed that he had publicly announced her as his sister.

Amused by the thought, Rose couldn't help but tease, "With such a successful brother in the business world, I suppose I'll have to get used to these envious stares."

"Indeed." Clover chuckled softly in response. "My sister should always be someone others look up to with envy."

Their hushed conversation was inaudible to the crowd, but Clover's affectionate gaze toward Rose was unmistakable.

It was evident to any onlooker that their bond was one of deep familial affection between a brother and his sister instead of a romantic one.

Witnessing this display, any lingering doubts among the crowd began to dissipate. In fact, murmurs began to rise.

"Even though she's his adopted sister, it seems that Mr. Xanth really treasures her, doesn't he?" someone commented.

"Indeed, Ms. Shaffer is extremely

fortunate to have Lerain Group's support. Even as an adopted sister

her status is likely on par with that of the eldest daughter of the Young family," another voice chimed in.

"The eldest daughter of the Young family? Do you mean the one who just returned? How could she possibly compare to Ms. Shaffer?" came the skeptical reply.

"Exactly! Don't forget, it was Ms.

Shaffer who carried the portrait at Mr. Young Senior's funeral. As for that eldest daughter, she's probably missed out on any inheritance after being gone for so long. What good can she do at this point?"

Unbeknownst to the gossiping crowd, the Young family's eldest daughter, whom they were discussing, was standing right behind them, her face contorted in anger.

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Chapter 550 Already Acquainted

[1,228 words]

Harriette's heart burned with rage. The words of those around her were harsh but painfully true. Not only that, but the public only knew Rose as Oliver's adopted granddaughter and was unaware of her true identity. If they discovered that Rose was of Young family blood, they would surely raise her on an even higher pedestal. One could only imagine what would happen to Harriette by then.

She locked her gaze on Rose, who stood confidently in the spotlight, and her hand involuntarily clenched into a fist.

Rose's radiant charm remained the same as before, and her brilliance would likely only grow stronger in the future.

As for Harriette, she couldn't help but wonder if she would forever be overshadowed by Rose even with a new face. She hadn't forgotten the reason she decided to change her face in the first place.

From Kelly to Harriette, she had made this transformation with a clear goal in mind. This time, she was determined to get what she wanted. Lowering her gaze, she started contemplating her next steps. Meanwhile, within the crowd, another person was equally displeased.

Standing beside Eleanor, Lizzie's smile remained fixed in place but had long since lost its warmth. Eleanor's murmurs of surprise reached her ears.

"Rose? So it was her all along... When Clover came to the manor to pick her up, I knew there was something special between them, but I didn't realize..."

"I should have figured it out sooner, but I guess I'm getting old, and my mind isn't as sharp as it used to be... ha ha..."

Despite Eleanor's soft, self-deprecating mutterings, her delight was evident. It was as though she had stumbled upon a hidden gem and discovered it just in time.

Certain that Rose had no intention of leaving, Eleanor refocused her attention on Elijah. After all, this once-legendary figure of the Xanth family had long retired from the business world.

He was in Regalia for Clover's acknowledgment of Rose as his sister, and there was no telling when he would return to the Xanth family.

She scanned the crowd, relying on her years of experience in recognizing people. Soon, she spotted a man dressed in casual attire, deliberately keeping a low profile. Even so, his distinguished presence set him apart from the crowd. Standing beside him was someone she had not expected-Jonathan.

Eleanor's surprise was palpable. However, her initial shock gave way to a nod of satisfaction. Her grandson had a knack for meeting her expectations, and there he was, already standing by Elijah's side just as she had spotted him. Unbeknownst to Eleanor, Jonathan had not only positioned himself next to Elijah but had also handed him something ten minutes earlier.

Jonathan glanced at the badge now gripped tightly in Elijah's hand. After a moment of contemplation, he chuckled softly.

"Mr. Xanth, you might want to return that to me."

Elijah's gaze remained fixed on Rose, his hands clenching the badge even tighter. Ignoring Jonathan's comment, he asked, "Where did you get this?"

Jonathan's mind drifted back to that night in Aquastead. He said, "A fascinating woman used it to buy my time for one night, but I prefer to call it a token of love."

Elijah frowned and turned to give Jonathan a long, probing look. After a moment, his voice trembled ever so slightly as he uttered, "It's her?"

Elijah's gaze shifted back to Rose, and Jonathan followed his gaze.

"Yes, it's her."

Those two simple words seemed to unleash the tightly wound emotions Elijah had been desperately suppressing.

Rose wasn't a stranger to him. After all, he had met her at Aurora Crest just yesterday where her eyes had struck him as uncannily similar to someone from his past.

Now, seeing Rose in that black dress with her hair in a high ponytail, for a fleeting moment, it was as if he were looking at her-Henrietta.

Although these factors alone weren't enough to ascertain her identity, the badge in his hand left no doubt that she was who he thought she was.

Observing Elijah's expression, Jonathan knew he had recognized her.

As for the coin... Jonathan lowered his gaze as he continued, "At first, I thought it was just an ancient coin, but one day, I stumbled upon something hidden within it."

"It was her!" Elijah interjected with certainty. "She must have altered it intentionally. I remember how much she disliked the badge's design, yet she couldn't bring herself to discard it.

"I know it held great significance to

her. It seemed like she was always

running away from something related to this badge. Turning it into an ancient coin is exactly the kind of thing she would do."

As memories of the woman he had loved all his life flooded his mind, a gentle light filled Elijah's eyes.

"I've spent years searching for her. The only information I managed to uncover was that she was pregnant back then. But after that...

"It was as if she vanished from the face of the earth. No matter how hard I searched, I couldn't find a trace," he admitted.

These were words Elijah had never

shared with anyone-not even

Clover. Yet, here he was, pouring his heart out to the man who had given him the badge. He could sense that Jonathan shared a deep connection with Rose.

Jonathan thought of Celeste. "Well, perhaps she changed her name and her appearance..."

"You mean..." Elijah had never considered this possibility. He stared fixedly at Jonathan, "What else do you know?"

Jonathan knew more than he let on, but as long as Elijah had a lead, he would find the rest on his own.

Facing Elijah's intense stare, Jonathan said calmly, "Mr. Xanth, all I can tell you is that Rose's mother's name is Celeste. As for the rest..."

"Celeste..." Elijah repeated the name in his mind before replying, "I understand." He would find out the rest himself.

"Thank you," he said, glancing at Jonathan before his gaze shifted to the bandaged area beneath Jonathan's jacket. Though partially hidden, the faint outline of the injury was still noticeable.

It was clear that he had recognized Jonathan as the man who had saved Rose twice at Aurora Crest, even sustaining injuries in the process.

This expression of gratitude stemmed not only from the information Jonathan had provided but also from his selfless protection of Rose.

As Rose and Clover approached, hand in hand, Elijah's heart began to race.

"Mr. Xanth, the badge..." Jonathan's voice sounded beside him. "I'm sorry, but that's a token of her affection for me, and I don't want to give it to you."

Elijah was taken aback for a moment. "You do realize that I'm her..." He trailed off, knowing that asking for the badge back would only reveal just how much Jonathan cared for Rose.

They exchanged a brief smile of understanding before Elijah handed the badge back to Jonathan, who soon vanished into the crowd.

By then, Clover and Rose had arrived in front of Elijah.

"Uncle Elijah, this is the person I wanted you to meet. Her name is Rose Shaffer, and she's not just someone consider a sister-she is my sister from now on," Clover said excitedly as he pushed Rose forward for Elijah to get a better look at her.

He was certain that his uncle would grow fond of Rose once he got to know her.

"Rosie, the person I want you to meet is him. He is—"

"I've met him before!" Rose exclaimed, cutting off Clover's enthusiastic introduction.

The moment she laid eyes on him, she had been momentarily stunned. Turning to Clover, she exclaimed happily, "Clo, I know him!"

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Chapter 551 Biological Daughter

[1,189 words]

As Rose spoke up, Elijah also confirmed, "Yes, we've met before."

"You've met before?" Clover was puzzled. Elijah had just arrived in Regalia yesterday, so he couldn't understand how they could have known each other.

His curiosity deepened, but Elijah had no interest in explaining. His gaze was fixed on Rose, his eyes burning with intensity as if trying to take in every detail of her once more. Even Rose couldn't help but notice the unusual look in his eyes. "Rosie... This is good. I should have recognized you earlier. But luckily, it's not too late..." Elijah said, his voice tinged with emotion.

This side of Elijah was something Clover had never seen before. In his mind, Elijah had always been calm and reserved, never one to show his emotions so openly.

Upon seeing Elijah reaching for Rose's hand, Clover instinctively stepped between them, blocking his uncle.

"Uncle Elijah, Rosie is my sister!" he declared protectively. He couldn't help but think that Elijah was being a little too emotional.

Elijah frowned, displeased, but Clover paid him no mind. Pulling Rose closer, he addressed the crowd.

"Although Rose and I recently became siblings, that ceremony was too simple.

"Today, with the presence of a Xanth family elder and all of you as witnesses, I formally declare Rose as the eldest daughter of the Xanth family. I hope you'll all support her from now on." Clover's humble smile accompanied his announcement.

With those words, Rose's position as the heir of the Lerain Group was solidified. The room was filled with astonishment as people looked at Rose with newfound awe.

"Of course, she'll have our full support!"

"We'll rely on you in the future, Ms. Shaffer!"

"Ms. Shaffer, I attended the charity auction hosted by the Young family. This is our second meeting, and it's an honor to be here today."

"Ms. Shaffer..."

"Ms. Shaffer..."

Before long, the room buzzed with eagerness as countless guests vied for the chance to engage with Rose. However, someone suddenly sneered, their voice cutting through the chatter.

"This Ms. Shaffer sure has her ways. Not only was she adopted as Mr. Young Senior's granddaughter, but she was also recognized as a sister by the head of Lerain Group. Where did she learn these tricks, I wonder?"

The speaker was none other than Yara, who had somehow managed to infiltrate the event.

She was already irked when Rose stole the spotlight at the Young family's charity auction, so when she learned that Lerain Group would host a banquet in Rose's honor, she was pushed over the edge, leading her to wreak havoc on her own room. She had hoped to disrupt the banquet, but even sneaking in to the event proved difficult. Now, all she could do was mock Rose to vent her frustration.

A few noticed her low voice, and Yara felt several piercing gazes on her. One in particular sent a chill down her spine, freezing her in place. She followed the gaze and met a pair of eyes that made her breath catch. "That man... If I remember correctly, Clover called him uncle earlier..." she thought.

Having spent years in the overseas entertainment industry, Yara was no stranger to the legendary figure who had helped the Xanth family transform its business from a shadowy past to a legitimate empire. Elijah Xanth was known for his quiet and understated presence, and many seemed to have forgotten his once-fearsome power.

Under his scrutiny, Yara instinctively took a step back as an overwhelming urge to flee washed over her. Luckily for her, Elijah's attention only lingered for a moment before he turned away as if nothing had happened. His expression remained calm and composed, but then he spoke. "You've all got it wrong."

His deep and commanding voice immediately drew everyone's attention. They turned to him, confused about what they had gotten wrong.

Elijah turned his gaze to Clover and added, "You're also mistaken."

Clover was taken aback and wondered if his uncle did not approve of Rose.

Regardless, he had already embraced Rose as his sister. Even if his family disapproved, he wouldn't waver.

Determined to shield her from anyone who dared underestimate her, he began, "Uncle Elijah, Rosie is—"

However, before he could finish, Elijah had turned to look at Rose.

"Rosie..." Elijah murmured her name, his gaze softening. "Yesterday in Aurora Crest, I think I mentioned that if I ever had a daughter, her name would be Rose, didn't I?"

Rose remembered it clearly. He had even spoken about his wife.

"As it turns out, she has indeed named you Rose." Elijah seemed lost in thought as if recalling someone he had loved dearly. However, his words only deepened the confusion among everyone present. Even Rose and Clover struggled to understand what he was implying.

"Uncle Elijah, who are you talking about?" Clover inquired anxiously. His uncle's peculiar remarks to Rose made it evident that something was amiss.

Elijah paid no heed to Clover's

question. His gaze remained fixed

on Rose, unwavering. Then,

addressing the crowd, he said,

"Everyone, this is Rose. Although her last name is Shaffer, she is my biological daughter."

The words "biological daughter" echoed in the air, leaving everyone in stunned silence. They had assumed Rose was Clover's adopted sister, so it made no sense that she was now revealed as the daughter of Efijah Xanth, one of the most influential figures in the Xanth family.

Confusion spread through the crowd. Even Rose herself stood bewildered.

"Mr. Xanth, I'm not..." Rose began, but Elijah gently interrupted her.

"You are."

Rose was indeed his daughter, and he declared it with unwavering conviction. Even though there wasn't any definitive proof yet, he was confident that Rose was the daughter he shared with Henrietta. Elijah's gaze remained fixed on Rose, its intensity causing her to hesitate. She had seen this look in Jamie's eyes before, but it had always been directed toward Kelly, not her.

Despite her long-standing suspicion

that Jamie might not be her biological father, Rose couldn't help but wonder if the man before her could indeed be her actual father. Her mind swirled with too many questions, none of which she could make sense of.

Whispers began to spread among the crowd as they overcame their initial shock.

"Mr. Xanth seems so sure about it... He must be right."

"If you look closely, there's really some resemblance between Ms. Shaffer and Mr. Xanth, especially in their features..."

"You're right... the more I look, the more similar they seem..."

Clover snapped out of his shock and recalled the mission Elijah had previously entrusted him with. During his visit to Aquastead, he had discreetly searched for someone, but his efforts had yielded no results.

He never would have expected that Rose, his sworn sister, could be the cousin his uncle had asked him to find all along.

Still in disbelief, Clover looked at Elijah with a grave expression and asked, "Uncle Elijah, are you sure that Rosie is..."

"She is indeed your cousin and my one and only daughter!" Elijah affirmed again with unwavering conviction.

His words sent ripples of shock through the crowd, but no one was more shaken than Harriette. She could hardly believe what was happening.

"Rose... how could she possibly be the daughter of the Xanth family? This is impossible. It simply can't be true!" she exclaimed inwardly. Suppressing her frustration, Harriette abruptly stepped forward and grabbed Rose's arm.

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Chapter 552 Proof

[1,220 words]

"Rosie, don't be afraid!" Harriette gently pulled Rose behind her, turning to face Elijah with a wary expression.

"Sir, you can't just make baseless claims without evidence. Rosie is a member of the Young family, and your sudden proclamation of her being your daughter clearly indicates ulterior motives."

"Rosie, let's go!" she urged, pulling Rose along. Her only thought was to get Rose out of there. She knew that if Rose left, it would send a clear message that she was denying any connection to the Xanth family.

Harriette tried to hurry away, but Clover wasn't about to let Rose leave so easily. Just as they took a few steps forward, he quickly moved to block their path.

Before he could say anything, Elijah's voice rang out once more. "Who said I have no evidence?"

"Evidence?" Harriette mused as she tightened her grip on Rose's hand. She knew there was nothing she could do if evidence that Rose was Elijah's daughter really existed.

"I don't need to prove to anyone that she's my daughter. However, if this young lady insists on evidence, Rosie and I can take a paternity test to settle the matter," Elijah said, his tone softening as he turned to Rose. "Rosie, I may need you to provide " "That won't be necessary!" Elijah was interrupted by a booming voice before he could finish.

It was Jonathan. Holding a file in hand, he walked forward slowly under the scrutiny of the crowd.

When he reached Elijah, he handed over the document before offering an apologetic glance at Clover.

"Mr. Clover, my apologies. I took the liberty of procuring something of yours when you weren't paying attention."

Clover was confused. "When did Jonathan take something from me?" he pondered.

Nonetheless, he didn't have time to dwell on that. All he wanted to know was what that document in Jonathan's hand contained.

Before he could voice his question, Jonathan revealed the answer. "This contains the results of a DNA test between Mr. Clover and Ms. Rose."

Clover's eyes widened in realization, and the room fell silent. Everyone's gaze was fixed on the document, and they were eager to know the test results.

However, instead of disclosing the information himself, Jonathan entrusted the document to Elijah.

When Elijah took hold of the document, his hands were trembling. Even though he was sure that Rose was his daughter, he couldn't help but feel nervous as he carefully opened it.

The moment he saw the result, his emotions surged, and he became overwhelmed with excitement. "Ha... Ha ha!"

His hearty laughter echoed through the air, and just from the sound of it, everyone could guess what the result was.

"Clover! Rosie is your cousin! She's my daughter and a true member of the Xanth family!" Elijah exclaimed, his voice shaking with joy.

A rush of warmth spread through Clover as realization hit him. "She's my cousin... that explains it..."

Memories of his past interactions with Rose flooded his mind, bringing a wave of happiness. Without hesitation, he pushed aside the person standing between him and Rose and grabbed her shoulders.

He said, "Rosie, no wonder I instantly liked you when I first saw you. I wanted to give you the best of everything, and now I know why. It's because you're my cousin!"

"You're not just my adopted sister. You're my cousin-my blood relative! Rosie, you've always been a part of the Xanth family!"

Never had Clover felt such happiness. His excitement pulled Rose from her daze, anchoring her back to reality.

The words "cousin" and "father" echoed in her mind, clashing with one another. "Clo... you're really my brother?" she murmured, the term 'brother' taking on a new, profound meaning. Clover nodded eagerly. "Yes! I'm your real brother!"

Remembering his rivalry with Miles, Clover felt a newfound confidence. He was Rose's biological cousin, while Miles...

"Hah! Rosie is the daughter of the Xanth family, and she no longer needs the title of 'adopted granddaughter' from the Young family," he thought.

Then, he declared with pride, "Rosie, you are a daughter of the Xanth family, and everything in the Xanth family belongs to you!"

"That's right. Rosie, I finally found

you," Elijah said, his gaze never leaving Rose as he tried to suppress the overwhelming emotions surging within him. He was afraid his

eagerness might overwhelm her, but some of his feelings still slipped through despite his best efforts.

Rose's heart fluttered in response to the undeniable emotion in his voice. The doubts that had previously clouded her mind dissipated the moment she saw Jonathan.

She finally understood the meaning behind the message Leonard had relayed to her before their arrival. "Mr. Finch wanted me to tell you that no matter what happens, he's with you. And... congratulations

It was evident that Jonathan had been aware of her connection to Clover all along, even taking the time to prepare the DNA report well in advance of this pivotal moment.

Rose scanned the room, looking for Jonathan. When she found him, he was looking at her with a warm, encouraging smile.

She wondered if he was encouraging her to acknowledge her biological father. "Well, I should, shouldn't I?" she mused.

For years, she had harbored resentment toward Jamie for his cold and distant demeanor and had always yearned for the fatherly love she never received.

Now, the reason behind his behavior became painfully obvious-Jamie had never been her real father, rendering her hopes and desires futile.

However, this man standing before her, with his eyes brimming with love and tenderness, was a stark contrast to the man she had known as her father.

The way Elijah looked at her reminded her of how Jamie gazed at Kelly. Only Elijah's eyes held even more affection and warmth.

Rose's heart stirred. As if drawn by some invisible force, she called out, "Dad..."

The word hung in the air, and Elijah's mind went blank for a brief moment. As his clarity slowly returned, a single word reverberated within the depths of his consciousness Dad.

swr

A tidal wave of joy consumed him. As a man who had endured countless grueling challenges, he now found his eyes welling up with tears.

"Oh, my dear daughter," he said as he stepped forward and enveloped Rose in a tender embrace.

Everyone watched as the touching scene unfolded.

"Congratulations, Mr. Xanth, on finding your beloved daughter."

"Congratulations, Mr. Xanth, on reuniting with your daughter."

"Congratulations..."

Well-wishes reverberated around them, each one a testament to the happiness shared by all who witnessed this father-daughter reunion. However, some within the crowd found their hearts consumed not by joy but by jealousy and resentment.

Harriette never imagined that Jonathan would present a paternity test result, solidifying Rose's connection to the Xanth family. As for herself...

Watching Rose, her expression twisted as she realized Rose was ascending to heights she could never reach. Even now, she couldn't bear to watch-she had to act. Desperate, her eyes darted around until they landed upon someone. Almost instinctively, she rushed toward Miles.

"Miles, are you seeing this?" Harriette grabbed Miles' hand.

She could see the shadow of unease in Miles' eyes as if the scene before him had left him equally helpless.

Since she couldn't stop Rose from claiming her birthright as the daughter of the Xanth family, she would sow seeds of discord between Miles and Rose, making him despise her. Even as these poisonous thoughts took root within her mind, Harriette's face took on a guise of despair.

She pressed, "Miles, Rosie is a part of the Young family. How could she... Miles, what should we do now?"

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Chapter 553 They Are All Her Family

[1,232 words]

Harriette acted as if she couldn't bear the thought of Rose being taken away by someone else. If Miles stepped in and successfully stopped Rose, Rose would lose her connection to the Xanth family. Even if he failed, Miles' fury would probably be ignited, making it a win- Harriette reveled in her shrewd plan.

win situation.

As expected, Miles' expression grew darker by the second. Seeing him step forward, she tightened her grip on his wrist. "Miles, what are you going to do?"

Miles lowered his gaze and patted her hand gently. Gradually, Harriette loosened her grip. Once he turned around and continued walking toward Rose, the feigned concern in her eyes disappeared, replaced by eager anticipation. She was waiting for Miles to intervene, but even more so for Rose's response.

At the moment, Elijah, Rose, and Clover were surrounded by a dense crowd offering congratulations. Even Eleanor seemed inclined to join in.

Just moments ago, Eleanor's focus had been solely on Elijah, but now her gaze was fixed on Rose, her eyes ignited with newfound intensity.

"That Rose..." she muttered under her breath, surprised by her own misjudgment. "I never expected her to be Elijah's daughter. It seems I underestimated her, but thankfully, Jonathan didn't."

With Rose's newfound connection to the Xanth family, the Finch family's plan to expand into the overseas market now seemed like an opportunity handed to them on a silver platter.

As she watched the throng of people surrounding the three members of the Xanth family, Eleanor knew she was in no rush. Her priorities and intentions were clear, and Lizzie, who was standing beside her, understood them perfectly. Eleanor valued status and benefits above all else. Previously, she hadn't even considered Rose a potential granddaughter-in-law for the Finch family, but now things were different.

Even the prestigious Finch family of Regalia wouldn't dare to look down on the Xanth family, especially with the powerful Lerain Group behind them.

Lizzie glanced over at Jonathan, who was watching the scene with a soft, almost tender look in his eyes. Following his gaze, she wasn't surprised to find that it was fixed on Rose. "Rose... She really is something special," Lizzie murmured.

This statement would have sounded like a compliment to Rose if anyone else had heard it. But deep down, Lizzie left one crucial thought unsaid. "So special enough that I want her out of the way..." Just then, a voice resounded loud and clear amidst the congratulatory crowd. "Rosie..."

The moment that voice rang out, it drew the attention of everyone present.

Miles' identity was widely recognized among the attendees. And now, everyone knew that the newly reunited Ms. Xanth was none other than the Young family's adopted granddaughter.

The crowd couldn't help but wonder what Miles was going to do in a situation like this. With Miles' grave expression, an uneasy tension settled among the onlookers. They feared his intentions weren't good. Sensing the impending trouble, Clover immediately stepped in front of Rose, adopting a protective stance. "Miles, I hope you're here to congratulate Rosie on finding her real father."

His unwavering gaze served as an undeniable warning. He had always believed that accepting Rose as his sister put him on equal footing with Miles, with both being her brothers. However, things had changed now. Rose was his blood cousin and a genuine member of the Xanth family. Their bond was stronger and more intimate than the one she shared with Miles. Clover's growing sense of superiority wasn't lost on Miles, who suddenly gave a faint smile.

"Of course, I'm here to congratulate Rosie," he responded smoothly. "But that's not all..."

He paused and turned to Rose, his gaze softening instantly. "Rosie, congratulations on finding your biological father and reconnecting with your family."

The word "family" made Rose pause. She quickly stepped out from behind Clover and stood before Miles. "Miles, in my heart, you're also my family." Miles had been her family long before this revelation.

A content smile spread across Miles' face, and he shot Clover a smug look of triumph. However, he didn't dwell on his momentary victory.

"Rosie, Grandpa would've been overjoyed to see you reunite with your family," he said, his voice softening.

At the mention of their grandfather, the light in Rose's eyes dimmed slightly. "Would he really be happy?"

Miles reassured her, "Of course he would. Not only would he be happy, but-"

"Miles!" Harriette's hoarse voice cut through the air as she suddenly rushed forward.

Initially, she had anticipated that Miles' involvement would spark a conflict between him, the Xanth family, and Rose. However, to her dismay, the situation was not unfolding as she had expected.

Not only that, but the moment Miles

referred to the late Oliver, Harriette felt an ominous premonition stirring within her. Fearing the possible consequences of his words, she hastily interrupted him.

used"

Her sudden outburst made Miles frown in displeasure. Harriette sensed the shift in his mood but wasn't sure how to recover.

In her panic, she quickly grabbed at

a flimsy excuse, masking her true intentions with false concern. "Miles, now that Rosie has found her

biological family, will she leave us and return to the Xanth family?"

QUMS

"No." The firm response came not from Rose but from Miles, and his tone was resolute as though the mere thought didn't concern him in the slightest.

The confident smile on his face only deepened Harriette's growing dread. She recalled the will she had seen in Miles' office drawer, and a sense of fear crept into her heart.

"Miles..." she muttered, abandoning her initial plan to sow discord between Miles and Rose.

All she desired now was to take Miles and leave before the situation could spiral further beyond her control.

However, before she could figure out a way to make Miles leave, his voice resonated through the crowd.

"Mr. Xanth, congratulations on reuniting with your daughter. Since we're all gathered here today, may I take this opportunity to announce something as well?"

Miles looked at Elijah with respectful deference like how one would an elder.

This was Elijah's second encounter with Miles. Yesterday, in Aurora Crest, Harriette had momentarily held Miles back when Rose was in danger. But even then, Elijah had noticed Miles' concern for Rose.

As such, he felt grateful to the Young family for their care of Rose. With this in mind, he said warmly, "By all means, Mr. Young. The floor is yours."

"Uncle Elijah..." Clover's displeasure was evident. He had barely opened his mouth when Elijah shot him a glance, silencing his protests.

Clover could only suppress his objections reluctantly and shift his focus back to Miles with a wary expression.

Miles paid no heed to Clover's reaction. With a clap of his hands, a middle-aged man soon emerged from the crowd.

The moment Harriette saw him, her face drained of color, and she unwittingly uttered, "Mr. Kane..."

She had met him once before back

in Aquastead, Recognition also sparked within Rose. She too had met Mr. Kane on that fateful day in Aquastead as he had read Oliver's will just moments before his tragic demise.

At the moment, Mr. Kane was holding a stack of documents as he approached Rose amidst the curious gazes of the crowd. Fixing his gaze on Rose, he introduced himself. "Miss, I am the attorney of the late Mr. Young Senior."

No one noticed the mysterious undertone behind his choice of words when addressing Rose. After his brief introduction, Mr. Kane turned his gaze toward Miles as if seeking permission. "Mr. Young, may I proceed with the announcement?"

"Please do, Mr. Kane." Miles gave a slight nod.

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Chapter 554 Heir Of The Young Family

[1,249 words]

With Miles' permission, Mr. Kane proceeded without hesitation. Under everyone's gaze, he once again addressed Rose.

"Miss, I was the personal attorney for the late Mr. Young Senior and oversaw all of his private affairs. Before his passing, Mr. Young Senior left behind a will..." As he spoke, Mr. Kane unfolded the documents in his hand. Rose looked puzzled. She was well aware of the will Oliver had left behind before his death. Mr. Kane had already read it out once at Aquastead, so she couldn't understand why he was bringing it up again now. "Could there be another will that I didn't know about?" she wondered.

While her mind raced with questions, Mr. Kane began to read from the document. "I, Oliver Young, bequeath all my assets to my biological granddaughter."

The words were identical to those he had read at Aquastead. Not a single word had been altered.

However, Kelly was confirmed not to be Oliver's biological granddaughter and was no longer in the picture. So, Rose couldn't understand why Mr. Kane was reading this will again.

She shot a confused look at Miles. "Miles..."

Her instincts told her that Miles knew the reason behind all this, but his warm smile and calm demeanor offered no clues.

Amidst the crowd, Anastasia's face was frozen in shock. It seemed that she had already guessed what would happen next. Yet, what concerned her more than her suspicions was someone else's reaction-Harriette's.

In reality, she hadn't been invited to the Lerain Group event. She had followed Harriette and discreetly infiltrated the gathering to uncover the truth about the person hiding under Harriette's face.

Her gaze remained fixed on Harriette. Despite the momentary shock of hearing the will again, she quickly regained her focus, unwilling to miss any subtle nuances in Harriette's reactions. Anastasia watched Harriette intently. Panic and denial flickered across Harriette's face as if she knew something.

But what truly caught Anastasia's attention was the brief flash of hatred and madness in the woman's expression. It was as if she were looking at a completely different person for a moment. "Kelly..." Anastasia whispered.

After the initial shock, her body wavered slightly. Her mind raced back to that day in Aurora Crest, when Harriette had exuded the same arrogance and malice as Kelly, forcing Anastasia to kneel in submission. The more she focused on Harriette, the more certain she became. "Harriette is Kelly..." she muttered as another thought flashed in her mind. "But how did Kelly become Harriette?"

Anastasia knew Kelly wasn't capable of pulling this off alone. Being familiar with Harriette's past and personality, she sensed someone must have been helping Kelly. "But who?" she mused.

Anastasia couldn't figure it out. Still, a sense of fear crept into her heart. Her eyes darted nervously, and without caring to keep her watch on Harriette any longer, she hurriedly slipped out of the crowd and rushed to the restroom, trying to steady her breath and calm her racing thoughts.

She tried to make sense of Kelly's transformation into Harriette and what the woman's intentions were.

Being an intelligent woman, Anastasia didn't take long to piece together the puzzle. It was clear that Kelly had set her sights on Rose, a realization that made Anastasia pause.

Previously, she wouldn't have given Rose's well-being a second thought, but Mr. Kane's revisiting of the will had ignited suspicions, compelling her to reconsider her position. Some truths, no matter how daunting, simply couldn't be avoided.

Since Harriette's return, Anastasia's role as the Young family's eldest daughter had become a farce. But at this moment, it seemed like she had found something tangible to grasp onto.

Once she had composed herself, Anastasia quickly pulled out her phone and typed a message. "Harriette is not Harriette. She's Kelly!"

She sent the message to Jonathan, confident in his ability to anticipate Kelly's next move. As for herself...

"Rose... He'll owe me a favor for this," Anastasia murmured. After everything she had been through, she had come to accept certain truths.

Jonathan loved Rose deeply. Rose's

identity now being the daughter of

the Xanth family and having connections to the Young family-placed her on a pedestal Anastasia could no longer reach. She could no longer compete with Rose and only hoped to maintain a semblance of dignity in the aftermath.

Meanwhile, the crowd was still reeling from Mr. Kane's shocking revelation. They had no idea that the late Oliver had left a will mentioning a biological granddaughter, let alone that such a granddaughter even existed.

The people gathered were no fools,

and it didn't take long for them to realize that if Miles had instructed Mr. Kane to make this

announcement in such a public net

setting

then it was clear that the

biological granddaughter in question

must be someone in attendance.

Whispers rippled through the crowd as they glanced around, searching for the heiress of Young Group.

At the same time, Jonathan's gaze remained fixed on Rose. When he received Anastasia's message, he barely reacted, glancing at it as if the content didn't surprise him before his focus quickly returned to Rose. Mr. Kane paused briefly before pulling out another document. "Miss, this is for you."

All eyes turned to Rose as she accepted the piece of paper, her expression etched with doubt and confusion. She stared at the page, her mind reeling as she struggled to process the words before her.

"How can this be?" she murmured, her gaze fixed on the text, reading it over and over again as if expecting it to change. However, the words remained the same, exactly as she had seen them moments ago. "My relationship with Grandpa..." Rose thought as she repeated the question, her voice barely a whisper. "How can this be?"

Just then, Miles' voice reached her ears, each word sharp and unmistakable. "Before Grandpa passed away, he entrusted me with two samples for analysis - yours and his. At that time, he already knew you were his biological granddaughter." The entire crowd stood in stunned silence, the weight of Miles' words echoing through the room as everyone absorbed the shocking revelation.

By then, Rose's eyes were brimming with tears. Memories of Aquasteed flooded her mind. She recalled Oliver shielding her from the fatal strike and wondered if he had known about the DNA test results back then.

Her thoughts drifted to the look in Oliver's eyes as he lay in her arms. So many things seemed to make sense now.

"Grandpa..." Rose choked out.

However, the revelation of the will had brought forth numerous questions. Before she could ask any of them, someone else spoke up.

"Miles, how could Rosie possibly be Grandpa's biological granddaughter?" Harriette's voice was laced with barely restrained anger.

She couldn't believe Miles had

actually revealed the truth and was struggling to accept it. The thought of the entire Young family

inheritance being handed over net

Rose was difficult to swallow, and she couldn't comprehend Mites' Willingness to let it all go without resistance.

Regret washed over Harriette. She would have acted sooner if she had known about Miles' devotion to Rose. But now, the opportunity had slipped through her fingers.

Her question resonated with the crowd, as many shared her skepticism.

"She's right. Wasn't it said that Mr. Young Senior's daughter had been missing for years? There were even rumors of her death. How could a DNA test conveniently surface now?" someone inquired, their disbelief evident.

As murmurs of doubt spread, Clover snapped out of his shock, his face darkening with displeasure.

"My cousin does not need the Young family's inheritance," he declared firmly.

To Clover, Rose's reputation and integrity far outweighed any wealth the Young family could offer. No matter the circumstances, he would not allow anyone to tarnish her name.

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

Chapter 555 Celeste Is Henrietta

[1,154 words]

Clover's assertive declaration effectively quelled the murmurs of doubt. After all, as the only daughter of the former head of the Xanth family, Rose did not need to resort to deceptive tactics for the Young family's wealth. Besides, her obliviousness to the DNA test further emphasized Miles' role in orchestrating the situation.

All eyes turned to Miles, but he looked toward Harriette instead. "Rosie is, without a doubt, Grandpa's biological granddaughter. I can attest to Rose's Young family lineage with absolute certainty. As for how Rosie came to be Grandpa's granddaughter..." He paused and shifted his gaze to Elijah. "The answer is simple. Rosie's mother is Grandpa's daughter. Mr. Xanth, wasn't Rosie's mother named Henrietta?"

Elijah nodded calmly. "Yes. Her name was Henrietta."

"But-" Just as Rose opened her mouth to speak, another voice joined hers.

"But her mother's name is Celeste..." Harriette blurted, her tone urgent and almost involuntary. Realizing her slip-up, she found herself the target of surprised and suspicious glances.

Rose and Miles both eyed her with shock as they wondered how she knew about Celeste.

"Etta..." Miles began, prepared to question her.

However, Harriette quickly cut him off, her voice nervous but steady. "I like Rosie, so I did some digging into her past. That's all..."

"Could it really be that simple?" the same thought flashed in Miles' and Rose's mind.

Miles' frown gradually relaxed, but Rose couldn't shake the strange feeling stirring inside her. Still, she didn't dwell on it for too long, for Harriette's words echoed her own confusion.

"My mom's name is indeed Celeste," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

In her memory, her mother had always been known as Celeste, so there was no way she could possibly be Henrietta.

Miles gazed at Rose as though he had anticipated her question. He explained, "Celeste is Henrietta. Grandpa was just as surprised when he found out.

"He mentioned that Aunt Henrietta swore never to take the Young surname again when he fell out with her years ago. But I guess she ultimately chose to reclaim the name 'Young' after she left Regalia."

He continued, "Aunt Henrietta always held Grandpa and the Young family close to her heart. When Grandpa realized that Celeste was his daughter Henrietta, he found peace, knowing she had forgiven him." "Henrietta... Celeste..." Rose repeated the names in her mind. She had never connected the two, and learning they were the same person felt surreal.

Her mother, Celeste, was Henrietta-the daughter Oliver had been searching for all those years.

Everything finally made sense.

Rose recalled that when she met Oliver on her mother's birthday, he told her it was also his daughter's birthday. It turned out they had both been thinking of the same person.

"So, Grandpa had known all along that I was his biological granddaughter?" she mused as images of Oliver filled her mind.

Miles gently ruffled her hair. "Rosie, Grandpa's will was always meant for you, not Kelly."

Rose's emotions were a jumbled mess. She had never sought the Young family's wealth and had no interest in inheriting it now. "Miles, I'm not suited for managing a company..." "Especially not one as vast as Young Group," she thought.

Miles smiled knowingly, recognizing her humility. After all, she had successfully managed Henrietta's Celeste Group. However, he didn't want to overwhelm her.

"Don't worry. I'll help you with anything you need. You can pursue your passions, but Young Group will always be yours. Fulfilling Grandpa's wish means passing it on to you." For so long, Young Group had been under Miles' meticulous management.

Only now did Rose realize that all those late nights and endless efforts to consolidate the Young family's businesses and tighten his control over Young Group were for this moment when he could hand everything over to her, in line with Oliver's wishes.

"Miles, I..." Rose found herself at a loss for words. She looked at Miles, seeing warmth and tenderness in his expression as he smiled encouragingly at her. "Rosie, don't let Mr. Young Senior's final wish or Miles' sincerity go to waste," Elijah's voice suddenly rang out.

While he didn't care about Young Group's wealth, he understood the deeper meaning behind Miles' actions. Even Clover couldn't help but look at Miles with newfound respect.

Miles currently had control over

Young Group. He had the power to keep the will, the DNA results, and Rose's true identity a secret. If he had chosen to, the entire Young Group could have remained in his hands.

Yet, it appeared such selfish thoughts never crossed his mind. Everything he had done was for Rose and to fulfill their grandfather's final wish.

In the world of business, where self-interest usually ruled, it was rare to find someone like Miles who acted out of gratitude and selflessness. Clover raised an eyebrow, realizing for the first time that competing with Miles was unnecessary. He finally spoke up.

"That's right, Rosie. As Mr. Young

Senior's only blood relative, you're fulfilling his legal and rightful wilt by inheriting Young Group. No one would dare speak against it.

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His tone held an unmistakable warning-anyone foolish enough to criticize or contest Rose's claim would have to face him first.

Under the weight of Clover's words, even Yara, who had been burning with jealousy, felt her confidence waver.

She could only grit her teeth in frustration as she watched Rose, who had just been named the eldest daughter of the Xanth family, become the rightful heiress to Young Group. With her newfound status in two of the most powerful families, Rose had completely stolen the spotlight.

As Yara simmered in her jealous rage, her gaze eventually landed on Eleanor, who was standing at the edge of the crowd.

Eleanor's expression was unmistakably one of excitement. It had been a long time since she had shown such enthusiasm.

Her whole body was trembling slightly as she murmured, "Good. This is very good..." It was clear that she was thoroughly pleased.

"Mom, would you like me to escort you over there?" Lizzie asked, gesturing toward where Rose, Jonathan, Miles, Clover, and even the much-admired Elijah stood. However, just as Eleanor was about to approach, she changed her mind.

"No need," she said, casting a meaningful glance at Rose before lowering her gaze thoughtfully.

"We're all family now, so there's no rush. By the way, leave the Lindisfarne Gospels behind. You don't have to showcase your calligraphy skills today," she added.

With Rose now in the picture, Lizzie no longer needed to orchestrate a meeting between her and Elijah. Eleanor had no reason to worry anymore.

As if struck by a sudden thought, she murmured to herself, "We can't afford to delay their wedding. Preparations need to begin soon."

With Rose's prestigious status, having Jonathan marry her would be a significant step up for the Finch family.

Meanwhile, Lizzie kept her expression calm when she heard Eleanor's words, but beneath her polished exterior, she was fuming.

Her forced smile masked the dark emotions churning inside her, and she replied smoothly, "Of course, Mom. I'll take my leave now."

As soon as Lizzie left, Harriette, who was still amidst the crowd, received a message from her.

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Chapter 556 Abandoned By Her

[1,251 words]

"It's a message from madam!" Harriette thought.

All eyes were fixed on Rose. Even Miles couldn't tear his gaze away from her. Seizing the moment, Harriette discreetly slipped away, her departure unnoticed by the crowd-or so she believed. Unbeknownst to her, a watchful gaze followed her every move. With a subtle glance, Jonathan signaled Leonard, who immediately sprang into action.

On the rooftop, a gentle breeze tousled Lizzie's hair. Though typically attentive to her appearance, she had no interest in fixing it now.

She had sent a message to Kelly some time ago, yet Kelly was still nowhere to be found. Lizzie checked her watch, her impatience growing by the second. Finally, the sound of footsteps approaching from behind broke the silence. Without bothering to turn around, Lizzie spoke in a voice laced with irritation. "What's this? Do you think you can keep me waiting now that you're the Young family's prized daughter?"

Before she even received a response, she asked, "Kelly, did you know about Rose being the Young family's true bloodline descendent and kept it from me?" She had been observing Kelly's reactions earlier and had pieced together the truth.

Feeling guilty, Harriette stammered, "I-I'm sorry, madam. I didn't mean to—"

Before she could finish, Lizzie whirled around and instantly closed the distance between them before delivering a stinging slap across Harriette's face. The sharp sound echoed alongside the wind as Harriette's head snapped to the side, her cheek burning from the impact.

Despite the pain, she dared not utter a word of protest, only managing a stuttered, "Madam, I—"

"Spare me the excuses," Lizzie interjected coldly.

Panic welled up within Harriette. "Madam, I... what can I do?"

"She's asking me what can she do?" Lizzie thought as she narrowed her eyes.

With a tone dripping with calculated malice, she said, "You were so keen on taking what belongs to Rose, weren't you? Well, now you won't get the chance.

"But there's still something you can do you can make sure she doesn't live to see another day."

She reckoned that Rose wouldn't be able to marry Jonathan once she was dead.

Harriette bit her lip. Although she desired Rose's demise, she had assumed Lizzie wanted to minimize her involvement to avoid being exposed, as demonstrated during the Aurora Crest incident. This latest suggestion, however, indicated otherwise. Harriette froze at the implication. "You... want me to do it myself?" She looked at Lizzie, seeking confirmation.

Lizzie smiled faintly. "Given your hatred for her, wouldn't it be quite satisfying to do it yourself?"

The idea of taking Rose's life herself stirred a mix of emotions within Harriette. It would be satisfying, yes, but Rose was now the eldest daughter of the Xanth family, the rightful heiress to the Young family, and had Jonathan's backing as well. Taking Rose's life wouldn't be easy, and even if she succeeded, the combined wrath of the Xanth, Finch, and Young families would be unavoidable. It was clear that Lizzie was setting her up to be discarded.

A cold fear gripped Harriette's heart. There was no way she could let that happen.

Just as she realized what was unfolding, Lizzie brushed past her, about to leave. In desperation, Harriette called out, "Madam..."

Lizzie paused for a minute before saying, "What? You're not willing to do it?"

Her tone was icy, and, even from behind, Harriette could feel the chill radiating off the woman. It was a clear threat. If she refused, her fate would be sealed.

"Do you know why you were able to become the owner of this new face?" Lizzie's voice carried a cryptic edge that made Harriette freeze.

Lizzie continued, "Back then, when Harriette disappeared, Miles held onto hope that she was merely missing. But the truth is, she's dead. Gone."

Her firm tone left no room for doubt as if she were stating an irrefutable fact.

At that moment, Harriette, or rather, Kelly, realized the truth. The real Harriette was dead. Despite her body never being recovered, Lizzie's confident assertion pointed to one undeniable explanation-she had played a part in Harriette's demise.

Terror swept through Harriette as the realization hit her. Her heart raced, and the respect and admiration she once held for Lizzie was replaced by abject fear. She couldn't even bear to meet Lizzie's gaze.

Lizzie's voice cut through the heavy silence once more. "So, you're not willing to do it?"

The chilling insinuation that Harriette was not willing to take Rose's life with her own hands hung heavily between them.

"I-I'll do it," Harriette stammered, her voice trembling with fear, "I'll do it, madam."

A cold smile played on Lizzie's lips. "Good. I shall await your good news then."

Without sparing another glance at Harriette, she turned and gracefully disappeared from view.

Isolated on the rooftop, Harriette's strength seemed to drain from her body as she slumped to the ground.

She was keenly aware that if Lizzie could transform her from Kelly into Harriette, she could just as effortlessly make her vanish.

After all, Lizzie had already made the real Harriette disappear, and the same fate could befall her, the imposter.

There was no other choice for Harriette but to follow Lizzie's orders. However, taking Rose's life would be far from easy.

Harriette bit her lip, her mind racing with potential plans. Unbeknownst to her, her every move and expression was being broadcast on a large screen.

In a hidden room, tension filled the air as solemn expressions marked the faces of those within. After Harriette had left, Leonard had gone to set things in motion.

From the very beginning, Finley's team had installed a comprehensive surveillance system throughout the building, with hidden cameras in almost every corner.

No one could make a move without being seen. And now, they were witnessing exactly what they had hoped for on the rooftop.

While Leonard handled the arrangements, Jonathan had gathered several key individuals into the room. Now, seated on a sofa, Jonathan's sharp gaze swept across everyone present. Clover's face was dark with fury, while Elijah's gaze held a fierce intensity.

Cyrus appeared dazed, and Miles, after an extended moment of shock, cycled through a range of emotions before his eyes fixated on the screen. The warmth his gaze once held was now consumed by fiery anger.

Everything that had happened on the rooftop, even the faintest of breaths between the two women, had been heard with perfect clarity-especially their incriminating confessions.

"Etta..." Miles finally spoke, his voice strained as if he could no longer contain the weight pressing on his chest. He clutched at his heart, his body swaying.

Clover quickly grabbed his arm, steadying him just in time, but despite regaining physical balance, Miles' mind and soul were still reeling.

He couldn't believe that the woman he had thought to be Harriette wasn't her, while the real Harriette was already gone forever.

Lizzie's haunting words echoed relentlessly in his head. When Harriette had vanished years ago, the Young family had exhausted all resources in their search, but she was never found-dead or alive. Oliver had eventually accepted the possibility that Harriette was gone, and everyone else had accepted it as well, believing she was dead.

However, Miles had been the exception, clinging to the hope that she was still alive. Alas, his deep-seated wish had been futile.

"No. This has to be some misunderstanding. Lizz... How could she be like that?" Cyrus's voice shattered the suffocating silence in the room. Unlike the others, Cyrus had not come directly from the banquet. Jonathan had deliberately brought him here to ensure he witnessed the truth.

The woman he had thought was his kind and understanding second wife had never truly been as she appeared. Now, her true self was finally unveiled for all to see.

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

Chapter 557 Unable To Keep A Low Profile

[1,150 words]

A hint of fierceness flickered in Jonathan's dark gaze. With a mocking laugh, he retorted, "A misunderstanding? Mr. Cyrus, perhaps you've never truly known the person sleeping beside you. Whether it's a misunderstanding or not, you'll have the chance to see for yourself."

Cyrus froze, wariness filling his eyes as he stared at Jonathan. "What... are you planning to do?"

Jonathan knew that until Cyrus truly saw Lizzie's true colors, he would continue to defend her blindly.

However, Jonathan wasn't in a hurry. He glanced at the others in the room-Elijah, Clover, and Miles. Even if Jonathan didn't act, it was clear that the Xanth family, especially Miles, would not let this slide.

The silence from Jonathan only deepened Cyrus' growing unease. His thoughts raced, and he tried to convince himself that the woman they had just seen on the surveillance footage couldn't be Lizzie. It had to be a mistake. After all, the Lizzie he knew was pure and innocent.

When they first met, she was still a university student-full of youthful energy, kindness, and innocence. Over the years, her elegance and grace blossomed, and she became just as refined as any elite woman in Regalia. More importantly, she had always been by his side throughout their years together. Even though she knew there was someone from his past he could never forget, she had continued to shower him with warmth and affection. "How could she possibly be the woman Jonathan accused her of being? How could she be anything like the person in that surveillance footage? No. It was a misunderstanding. It had to be," Cyrus mused. Later that night, after the group dispersed, Cyrus returned to the villa he shared with Lizzie, his mind still clouded with doubt.

"Cyrus. You're back? Where have you been today? I thought you were at home, but when I went to the art studio, you weren't there." Lizzie's sweet, melodious voice pulled him out of his thoughts. She was still wearing the dress she had worn to the banquet. Her gentle smile warmed his heart like it always did.

Her kind and gentle demeanor fortified Cyrus's resolve as she walked toward him. He dismissed Jonathan's suspicions and firmly believed that the woman before him was the real Lizzie.

"Cyrus? What's wrong? Why do you look so pale?" Lizzie inquired softly, her gentle touch upon his cheek reaffirming his conviction.

"Lizz..." Cyrus suddenly grasped Lizzie's wrist.

Just as he was about to question her about the rooftop incident, Jonathan's warning flashed in his mind.

"Mr. Cyrus, you can leave, but if Lizzie finds out about today's events, the consequences will be more severe than you can bear."

"Mr. Cyrus..." Cyrus thought. He couldn't even remember when Jonathan had stopped calling him "Dad". Now, Jonathan only addressed him as "Mr. Cyrus", and even that was only used when there was no way around it.

He couldn't help but wonder how their relationship had deteriorated so badly.

"Cyrus? What's wrong?" Lizzie asked again, her voice pulling him out of his thoughts.

This time, Cyrus completely snapped back to reality. He didn't know exactly what consequences Jonathan had been referring to, but he understood that not only Jonathan but also Miles and the powerful figures in the Xanth family were aligned against him on this matter. A shiver of fear ran through him, but he refused to acknowledge his cowardice. Instead, he silently scoffed.

He couldn't accept that the Lizzie he knew had a hidden side. Convinced that Jonathan was mistaken, Cyrus believed he would watch his son realize the error of his judgment.

He reckoned that Jonathan had always misunderstood Lizzie, who had once been his tutor, which likely contributed to his inability to accept their marriage.

Cyrus' expression softened as he squeezed Lizzie's hand. "I'm fine. I felt cooped up at home, so I went for a walk."

He didn't mention that Jonathan's men had taken him away, nor did he bring up anything about the rooftop.

Before Lizzie could ask more, Cyrus changed the subject. "Why are you home so early? Didn't Mom take you to the Xanth family banquet?"

A flicker of sadness flashed across Lizzie's eyes, but she quickly masked it.

"I brought the painting, but once I left it there, my help wasn't needed, so I came home."

Recalling Eleanor's cold attitude, Lizzie suppressed her irritation. For years, she had prioritized securing her husband's sympathy and affection, knowing they were her most powerful tools for maintaining control. FindNovel

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"Indeed, his sympathy and affection are all I need..." she thought.

"Cyrus, there were so many people at the banquet, but only by your side do I feel truly happy," Lizzie said softly, resting her head against Cyrus' chest.

She could hear the steady beat of his heart, but she knew all too well that it wasn't her who occupied that space.

But even knowing this, Lizzie didn't mind. She had never wanted his heart. What she wanted was something entirely different.

Lowering her gaze, she wrapped her arms around his waist before looking up, her smile bright and radiant.

Cyrus found himself mesmerized by her beaming expression, reminiscent of its untainted purity from years ago. Instinctively, he held her shoulders, drawing her nearer. "Lizz, all these years with you have been wonderful. Today..." He paused as if holding back unspoken words.

Collecting himself, he swiftly

changed the subject. "Regarding the painting you gifted Mom, don't

worry. make it up to you. With net`

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your birthday fast approaching I'm determined to give you a celebration like no other."

"Thank you, Cyrus. Your presence is all I need for a perfect birthday," Lizzie replied, her voice soft.

However, Cyrus' heart harbored

different thoughts. Perhaps it was his guilt for hiding that day's events from her or his determination to makedonathan see that he had misunderstood Lizzie all along.

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Regardless, he decided to make this birthday a grand celebration like never before.

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The Xanth family's banquet continued in full swing. Rose found herself encircled by smiling faces offering their warm congratulations.

Even some of Yara's socialite friends, who had previously mocked Rose behind her back, were now being encouraged by other madams to offer their apologies.

One madam admitted, "Ms. Shaffer, my daughter's friendship with Ms. Maize was only superficial. She can be easily influenced, so please forgive her if she ever offended you.

Another madam nodded in agreement. "Yes. My daughter is the same. She's not the best judge of friends. Honestly, a friend like you would be much better for her!"

As Rose stood amid the crowd, her gaze drifted past them before landing on Yara in the distance.

Yara's hands were clenched into fists, her face twisted with fury, and her eyes brimming with venomous resentment as she watched the scene unfold.

Rose smiled softly. "Don't worry. I don't hold grudges."

Sighs of relief filled the air as the madams and socialites relaxed.

Rose found the entire situation absurd. She was well aware that her newfound status had brought about these drastic changes.

With connections to both the Xanth and Young families, it was clear that living a low-profile life would no longer be possible.

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Chapter 558 Who To Follow

[1,225 words]

Rose wasn't fond of being the center of attention, and she sighed inwardly. But then, she noticed several familiar figures approaching her from the edge of the crowd.

First, there was Elijah, her biological father, who possessed a calm and reserved demeanor that felt inexplicably familiar even during their first encounter.

Then there was Clover, who had once been her sworn brother but was now revealed to be her blood-related cousin, exuding a bold and protective aura.

Next to him stood Miles, her refined older brother, who could have easily kept the Young family's fortune hidden but chose to honor Oliver's will and pass everything to her. Lastly, there was Jonathan.

As the group made their way toward her, their presence brought Rose an unexpected sense of calm. Each had a commanding aura, and just one of them could silence a room.

Therefore, when the crowd of socialites and noble ladies noticed their approach, they instinctively parted, creating a path for them.

"Rosie, you seem a bit weary. Would you like me to take you home?" Elijah inquired with concern, observing Rose's discomfort at the social gathering.

In his eyes, his cherished daughter, the esteemed young lady of the Xanth family, didn't need to entertain anyone. Her happiness and well-being were paramount.

"That's right, Rosie. I've already arranged for a hot bath to be prepared at the villa. You can relax as soon as you're back," Clover chimed in with a doting smile.

For him, this banquet was more than just a gathering. It was an opportunity to announce to the world that he now had a sister—a true, biological sister.

He had even invited the media, knowing that this revelation would send shockwaves throughout the business world. Now that their objective was achieved, Rose did not need to exert herself any longer.

By "home", Clover naturally meant the villa at Royal Garden, where Rose had been staying for quite some time.

However, his words didn't resonate well with everyone. Even Elijah's brow creased slightly. Just as he was about to speak, someone else interjected.

"Rosie, you hardly touched your food earlier. I asked the chef at the Young Estate to prepare your favorite beef stew and a few other dishes you enjoy. By the time we arrive home, everything will be ready," Miles said, beaming warmly at Rose. "The only home that Rosie will be returning to would be the Young Estate since that's where she truly belonged!" he mused.

Clover, however, was unconvinced. He shot Miles a dismissive glance, stating, "The chef at the villa can also prepare Rosie's favorite dishes."

Unbeknownst to him, the chef at the Young Estate who made the beef stew had once accompanied Oliver to Aquastead. The dish held sentimental value as it was not only Rose's favorite but also Oliver's. Ignoring Clover's remark, Miles calmly stated, "Rosie, now that we've honored Grandpa's wishes, I believe it's time to visit him and share that everything has been settled. This will bring peace to his spirit." Clover was momentarily stunned by Miles' bold move to bring up Oliver.

Even he couldn't argue against the sentiment, and after a moment of contemplation, Elijah nodded in agreement. "Rosie, it's only right to let Mr. Young Senior know we've honored his wishes." Touched by his words, Rose glanced at Elijah gratefully. "You're right."

The four of them accompanied Rose downstairs where the Young family's car was already parked out front, waiting. When Rose saw it, she instantly recognized it as Oliver's vehicle.

The driver stood respectfully by the car, opening the door for Rose. Once she was comfortably seated and the car disappeared from view, the three men finally averted their attention. Almost simultaneously, the tenderness in their eyes vanished.

Their thoughts drifted back to the troubling security footage they had witnessed earlier. Each of them had kept their concerns hidden from Rose, none wanting to drag her into the looming danger. Regardless, no one would dare lay a hand on Rose as long as they were around.

As a car sped by in front of them, their gazes sharpened, narrowing as they focused on a figure inside. They watched silently as it disappeared into the distance.

Clover's expression darkened. "If Rosie goes to the Young Estate, do you think that imposter Harriette might try to do something?"

Jonathan's voice remained steady and confident as he spoke. "Miles won't give her the chance."

Clover raised an eyebrow. "You seem awfully certain."

"I am," Jonathan affirmed. "In fact, Miles probably despises the imposter even more than we do."

No one truly understood the depth of Miles' feelings toward Harriette. They weren't just siblings who had grown up together—there were deeper, more complicated emotions involved. When the fake Harriette returned, she manipulated Miles, taking advantage of his feelings for the real Harriette and even scheming against Rose. Miles had every

reason to despise her. No matter what underhanded tactics the fake Harriette might attempt, she was no match for Miles.

Clover did not press on the issue further. Instead, a sudden thought occurred to him, and he murmured, "Beef stew? Didn't Uncle Elijah love beef stew as well?"

"It's a shame I didn't bring the chef to Regalia, but it's not a problem. I'll call him right away to have him come here and prepare it for Rosie!"

His face brightened as he quickly reached for his phone to contact the chef.

As Clover busied himself with his phone, Jonathan glanced at Elijah. The once-legendary figure of the Xanth family stood nearby, head bowed slightly, seemingly lost in memories. "Beef stew... It was one of Henrietta's favorite dishes too," Elijah mused.

Over the years, he had unknowingly adopted her preferences as his own. Little did he know, Rose had done the same.

He thought about the information Jonathan had given him regarding Celeste... Just moments ago, he had already ordered a thorough investigation into Celeste.

It wasn't to verify Rosie's identity. Elijah merely wanted to know what Celeste had experienced all these years while he had been searching for her.

When Elijah raised his gaze to meet Jonathan's, a sense of gratitude flickered in his eyes. A small smile formed on his lips as he spoke with sincerity. "Thank you, Mr. Finch." "You're welcome, Mr. Xanth. And, please, just call me Jonathan," Jonathan responded, his sharpness softening as he faced Rose's father with nothing but respect.

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It was unmistakable to Elijah how deeply Jonathan cared for Rose, particularly when he had risked own life to save hers. This selfless act left a lasting impression on him and seemed to confirm that Jonathan had successfully passed his initial test.

"Do you wish to marry Rosie?" Elijah asked.

Although he was satisfied with

Jonathan, Elijah had high

expectations for his future

son-in-law. At the very least,

Jonathan had to face challenging trials and prove beyond any doubt that Rose would have a lifetime of happiness upon marrying him.

However, Jonathan's composed response caught Elijah entirely off guard. "We're already married."

Elijah's eyes widened in shock. "What? You're already married?"

"Yes. We registered our marriage in Aquastead about a year ago. But don't worry, Mr. Xanth. I intend to give Rosie the grand wedding she deserves," Jonathan explained. Elijah found himself at a loss for words. "They're already legally married?" he thought.

For the first time in his life, he understood what it felt like to laugh from sheer disbelief. Drawing a deep breath, he attempted to process the revelation, his face betraying no emotion.

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After a prolonged silence, he finally pursed his lips, nodding slowly. "Good... Very good..."

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Chapter 559 Intolerable

[1,164 words]

Elijah's words of approval carried none of the warmth one might expect. His face remained stony and devoid of joy.

As he patted Jonathan's arm, he added, "Then I'll be waiting for the grand wedding you're going to prepare!"

Even with their official registration, it all depended on Rose's satisfaction. If Jonathan couldn't provide her with lifelong happiness, Elijah would never consider their marriage valid. With that, he turned and walked away.

Jonathan remained rooted to the spot until Leonard approached, curiosity evident on his face. "Mr. Finch, what did Mr. Xanth say to you just now?"

He had observed the exchange from a distance. While Elijah had been smiling, there was an icy aura about him. It was colder than anything Leonard had ever seen from Jonathan. Jonathan glanced at him, his expression unreadable. "Do you really want to know?"

Leonard nodded eagerly, waiting to hear the details. However, instead of satisfying his curiosity, Jonathan said, "Then go ask him yourself!", before walking away.

Leonard was left standing there, frozen in place from his curiosity.

"Ask him myself? That was the legendary Elijah of Lerain Group! How would I ever get the chance to ask him anything? I'd only been lucky enough to see him today thanks to Mr. Finch-or rather, thanks to Mrs. Finch!" he thought. "Aren't you coming?" Jonathan called out from ahead, pulling Leonard out of his thoughts. The latter quickly caught up.

Finley had been waiting in the car for a while. When Jonathan got in, he asked, "Where to, Mr. Finch?"

"Home," Jonathan replied, the meaning clear to Finley.

"Got it, Mr. Finch," Finley said with a knowing smile.

The "home" referred to the new residence Jonathan and Rose would soon share. Although Rose wasn't with Jonathan now, Finley was certain it wouldn't be long before they returned together.

Shortly after their car pulled away, Jonathan's phone rang. The caller ID read "Grandma". Jonathan's brow furrowed, and he waited until just before the call was about to end before picking it up.

"Jonathan! What took you so long to answer? Where are you? I can't seem to find Elijah, nor can I see Clover or Rose. Where are you? Hurry up and take me to meet Elijah!" Eleanor's voice rang out impatiently.

She had been at the banquet, seeking an opportunity to meet Elijah. Mindful of her image, she hadn't been too forward, hoping Rose would notice and introduce them instead.

Unfortunately, Rose had been surrounded by socialites and noblewomen the entire evening. After all, as the star of that night's banquet, she was highly sought after. Unwilling to lower herself to initiate contact with Rose, Eleanor found herself unable to get close, and as the crowd grew, she struggled to catch even a glimpse of Rose.

She wasn't worried though. With Jonathan around, she knew there would still be an opportunity to meet Elijah.

Even if Elijah had already left, Jonathan could simply ask Rose to mention her to him. After all, Elijah had just reunited with his long-lost daughter. Surely, he would make time for them. Confident in her plan, Eleanor was caught off guard by Jonathan's indifferent response over the phone. "They've left."

Confused, she asked, "What do you mean they've left?"

"Everyone's gone home," Jonathan replied flatly.

"Elijah and Clover have both left? Even Rose is gone?" Now comprehending the situation, Eleanor remained unfazed. Even when Jonathan mentioned his own departure, she chose to ignore it. "It doesn't matter if you want to come back or not. Just tell Rose to come back with Mr. Xanth," she said, her tone firm and commanding.

Jonathan's brow furrowed. He knew his grandmother well. Practical and profit-driven, Eleanor was relentless in her pursuit of expanding their overseas empire.

Upon discovering Rose's identity as the Xanth family's daughter, she had been determined to exploit that connection.

He had expected this, but the growth of Finch Group was his responsibility, and he couldn't allow Eleanor to drag Rose into it.

"Jonathan..." Eleanor began, trying to push further, but before she could finish, Jonathan hung up.

The sudden dial tone left Eleanor momentarily speechless. She refused to believe Jonathan had hung up on her intentionally and quickly convinced herself it was merely a signal issue. Without hesitation, she redialed his number.

This time, Jonathan didn't answer her call. She tried multiple times, but the phone continued to ring without a response.

It didn't take long for Eleanor to understand the situation. Her years of experience made it impossible to dismiss this as a mere coincidence. As the realization set in, so did her anger. "Unbelievable!" Eleanor exclaimed in frustration, her hand trembling as she gripped her phone. She couldn't believe Jonathan was audacious enough to disregard her like this.

"Mrs. Finch Senior, I've heard that

Mr. Elijah, Mr. Clover, and Ms.

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Shaffer have all left, along with most of the other guests. Everyone's gone. Should we..." the assistant who had accompanied Eleanor to the banquet informed her.

Before her departure, Lizzie had entrusted Eleanor's assistant with the Lindisfarne Gospels calligraphy, a gift specifically prepared for Elijah. As Eleanor observed her assistant holding the gift, she couldn't help but feel irritated by the mere sight of it.

The words "everyone's gone" further fueled her frustration. "Since everyone's gone, then what are we still doing here? We're going back to the Finch Manor!" she snapped. Eleanor's irritation only intensified as she thought about the gift that had lost its purpose.

"And throw that damn thing away!" she ordered tersely.

The assistant was taken aback.

"Throw it away?" he thought. The calligraphy piece was an authentic original, valued at billions. Throwing it away seemed inconceivable.

Luckily, he didn't act on Eleanor's order. Upon entering the car, Eleanor appeared calmer. Gazing at the delicately packaged artwork, she paused thoughtfully before remarking, "Lizzie's birthday is approaching, isn't it?" Well-acquainted with the Finch family's birthdays, the assistant promptly confirmed, "Yes, Mrs. Finch Senior. Last year, during Mrs. Finch's birthday, Mr. Jonathan was absent from Regalia.

"With the Finch Group transitioning leadership, Mr. Cyrus wasn't in the mood for celebrations. I heard Mrs. Finch spent the evening alone, blowing out her birthday candles."

Unconcerned about Lizzie's previous solitary celebration, Eleanor focused on the opportunity at hand. Lizzie's upcoming birthday provided the perfect reason to invite Rose, ensuring Elijah's attendance as Rose's father. Eleanor's mind raced with possibilities, her spirits lifting as a plan began to form. "Keep that calligraphy piece safe," she instructed decisively. "I have a very special use for it soon."

After all, nothing fostered goodwill and strengthened relationships quite like giving someone exactly what they wanted.

"Yes, Mrs. Finch Senior," the assistant responded, cradling the boxed artwork as though it were an invaluable treasure.

Eleanor's voice continued to fill the car. "Have Cyrus come to the Finch Manor first thing tomorrow."

She was going to make full use of Lizzie's birthday banquet.

After a moment of contemplation, she added, "And tell Jonathan to bring Rose over tomorrow... No. Never mind. I'll visit Ms. Shaffer myself."

Considering Jonathan's attitude that day, Eleanor doubted he would follow her plans. She would personally handle the situation to ensure Rose's involvement. All she needed now was the right excuse.

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Chapter 560 Sudden Appearance

[1,234 words]

Eleanor's thoughts naturally drifted toward the unfinished embroidery restoration project in her study. The last time Rose visited the Finch Manor, Eleanor had been impressed by her knowledge of embroidery patterns. With the need to repair her damaged evening gown, Eleanor found a convenient reason to visit Rose without appearing too forced or unnatural.

Satisfied with her plan, a smile crept onto Eleanor's face.

Meanwhile, someone else also had Rose on their mind. Nestled comfortably against Cyrus' chest, Lizzie had regained her composure. As she thought about her upcoming birthday, she spoke up.

"Cyrus, I want to wear something special for my birthday this year. I want us to create more unforgettable memories together."

Cyrus, ever indulgent of Lizzie's wishes, responded without hesitation, "That won't be a problem. I will bring you the finest gowns from the most prestigious brands worldwide."

Lizzie managed a grateful smile but let out a disappointed sigh. "Other brands are fine, but I've always loved K&K's designs. There's one designer with a truly unique style. It's just a shame she hasn't released anything new in a long time." Detecting the sorrow in her voice, Cyrus couldn't bear to see his wife disheartened. If the designer hadn't created anything new, he would simply commission her to do so.

"What's the designer's name?" he asked.

"Ms. Flora," Lizzie replied.

While others' thoughts were fixated on Rose, the woman in question was about to return to the Young Estate with Miles.

However, she noticed they weren't taking the usual route as they drove. Their destination appeared to be entirely different.

A guess formed in Rose's mind, but she remained silent. As the car veered further off the familiar path, her suspicions grew stronger.

A sense of longing welled up within her the closer they got to their destination. It reached its peak when they finally arrived, and she found herself standing before Oliver's gravestone.

"Grandpa, I've come to visit you," she murmured.

The night was dark, and the image of Oliver on the gravestone was barely visible.

However, Rose and Miles didn't need to see it. Their grandfather's face was forever etched in their memories-the warmth of his kind smile and loving gaze remained vibrant even amid the enveloping gloom.

For Rose, those inexplicable moments of connection with Oliver now made sense-it had always been the pull of their shared bloodline. He wasn't just a kind old man. He was her biological grandfather.

A hint of sadness crossed her eyes. The regret of not having reunited while Oliver was still alive weighed heavily on her.

Sensing her sorrow, Miles gently placed a hand on her head, his voice soft as he reassured her, "Grandpa knew you were his real granddaughter before he passed. He was aware his time was short even if that incident hadn't happened. "He was content, Rosie. In his final days, he got to hear you call him Grandpa. Your presence brought him solace, and he was grateful for that."

Rose felt a wave of gratitude herself. She was thankful for the curious twists of fate that led her to Oliver-the unexpected meeting on her mother's birthday, the visit to the cake shop, and the coincidental trip to the park. These serendipitous moments gave her the chance to get to know him and call him Grandpa.

"Grandpa... have you met Mom over there?" she muttered to the gravestone. Oliver had dedicated his entire life to finding his daughter. If there truly was an afterlife, maybe they had finally reunited.

Rose lingered at the grave for a long time, speaking softly to Oliver's gravestone and sharing her thoughts and feelings. It wasn't until rain began to drizzle from the sky that Miles gently urged her to leave.

Unbeknownst to them, a figure dressed in black and carrying a matching umbrella approached the grave after they left. Shrouded by the darkness and standing perfectly still, one could hardly notice anyone was there at all.

The person stood in silence, staring

at the gravestone, lost in thought. Minutes and hours passed until finally, without a word, the figure turned and left as quietly as they had come as if they had never been there at all.

Meanwhile, back at the Young Estate, Rose and Miles returned home to find that Anastasia and Harriette had already arrived.

As Rose and Miles walked through

the door, Harriette's eyes flickered with our le curiosity, yes hacked with subtle curiosity. She had seen them leave in the car before her, and even accounting for any potential delays. They should have arrived home around the same time as she did.

Yet, Harriette spent two whole hours waiting at the estate before they returned.

"Where have they been during those two hours?" she wondered, a hint of irritation surfacing within her. However, she quickly concealed her emotions beneath a veil of excitement.

The moment Rose and Miles stepped inside, Harriette jumped up from the couch with exaggerated enthusiasm.

She nearly dashed to greet them but managed to compose herself when she reached them. Grabbing Rose's hand affectionately, she adopted a teasing tone tinged with gentle reproach as she said, "Rosie, you're finally back! I've been waiting for you for ages."

"You were waiting for me?" Rose asked, her surprise evident.

Harriette nodded vigorously. "Of course, who else would I be waiting for? You have no idea how much I wanted to talk at the banquet, but there was a sea of people around you. I couldn't even get close! And then... you simply vanished. I couldn't find you anywhere."

Rose thought back. Aside from the moment when Harriette had shielded her, she couldn't recall seeing her much at the event. But then again, with so many people around, perhaps she hadn't noticed. "You wanted to talk to me?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

"What could Harriette possibly want to discuss with me?" she wondered.

Harriette smiled brightly. "Yeah. I wanted to congratulate you! But not for finding your biological father.

"To be honest, when Mr. Xanth said you were his daughter, I wasn't happy at all. After all, you're part of the Young family. How could someone just take you away like that?"

"But thank goodness Miles intervened just in time. When he proved you were Grandpa's biological granddaughter, I was caught off guard, but my surprise quickly transformed into elation.

"You're Grandpa's acknowledged granddaughter and a member of the Young family, and nothing, not even Mr. Xanth, can change that.

"Once I realized he couldn't take you away from us, I stopped worrying and accepted the situation.

"Our Rosie has the support of two powerful families now. Isn't that the greatest outcome imaginable?"

Harriette's raspy voice filled the hall, focusing solely on family ties and blood relations while skillfully sidestepping the subjects of inheritance and the will.

She continued her passionate monologue before finally fixing her gaze on Miles, her smile wide and bright.

"Isn't that right, Miles?"

Just hours before, the sound of her raspy voice would have stirred nothing but empathy within Miles, his heart aching for the hardships she must have endured without his protection. Every time she smiled, he had been flooded with gratitude, thankful she had returned to him unharmed.

But now, the bitter truth tainted his perception-the woman standing before him was not Harriette. Everything was an elaborate fabrication.

Rage surged through him, and he yearned to tear away the deceptive mask she wore and reveal her true identity. But then, he recalled his agreement with Elijah, Clover, and Jonathan earlier that day. For the time being, he had to rein in his seething anger.

Miles' handsome face subtly darkened, but a smile bloomed nonetheless.

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