

Honey, You're a Billionaire?

Chapter 621 Who Can't Cook?

[1,273 words]

The atmosphere at the dining table was extremely strange.

Elijah and Clover, smiling warmly, served Rose some food. "Rose, have some of this. You love it..."

The food was placed on the plate in front of Rose. Then, Jonathan promptly said, "Wifey, I made this."

Jonathan looked at Rose, his face clearly saying, "Wifey, praise me."

"Ugh! This tastes awful!"

Clover clearly had a disdain for Jonathan, and it was written all over his face without any attempt to hide it. He picked at her food, took a bite, and felt like spitting it out. But he had come with the intention of having lunch with Rose and ended up going there without having eaten lunch.

He didn't get to eat lunch, and his frustration left him feeling full.

Although he was still a bit miffed, as soon as the food entered his mouth, he realized he was actually a little hungry.

]He hadn't expected Jonathan's cooking skills to be, well... quite good?

He had to "reluctantly" swallow it down when his original intention was to spit it out to belittle Jonathan, but now it was just...

Clover frowned and reiterated, "It's awful! Really awful!"

Yet the food being awful did not affect his ability to eat quickly at all.

Jonathan quietly placed Clover's favorite dishes in front of him without saying anything.

Clover wasn't interested in being pleased or won over.

Food was one thing, but when it came to compromising on anything related to Rose, that was absolutely out of the question!

After eating, Clover began to put his plan into action.

"Rose, you take a break. I need to discuss something with Jonathan." Clover smiled somewhat genuinely.

Rose looked at his smile and felt a bit uneasy. She also looked at Jonathan with a hint of concern.

"Go on. We'll come back to see you tomorrow," Clover waved to Rose, seeming almost like a big grey wolf.

Jonathan was from the Finch family, and considering Regalia was under his territory, even if Clover intended to do something to him, it wouldn't be too extreme, right?

What Clover was planning to do to Jonathan was not that excessive.

As soon as Rose went upstairs, the smile on Clover's face disappeared. "Let's go!"

It was just one word, but it carried a strong sense of authority.

Jonathan raised an eyebrow and smiled, not minding at all as he followed along.

Three of them got into the same car from an underground garage. The car had a low-profile appearance and drove for quite some time before entering another underground parking lot.

When Jonathan got out of the vehicle, he realized where he was.

Jonathan frowned as Clover said in a cold voice, "I've just received news that your health condition has changed. At this moment, the Finch family should be on their way to the hospital."

Jonathan was at a loss for words. His "change in physical condition" was undoubtedly the work of Clover.

Clover looked back at him with open honesty, with an expression that seemed to be confessing. "Your family has come to see you. You can't let them down with

their concern. Mr. Finch, handle it well and don't give anything away."

Jonathan had no retort except to sarcastically express his gratitude.

Clover also felt his "sincerity" and responded gracefully, "No need to thank me."

Jonathan clenched his teeth.

Leonard called, sounding urgent as he said, "Sir, Mrs. Finch Senior, Mr. Jack, and Mr. Cyrus are here, and so is Madam..."

The madam he referred to was Lizzie.

Jonathan's eyes narrowed slightly when he heard that.

Leonard urged, "Sir, what should we do? You're in..."

"I'm in the parking lot. Arrange for someone to cover me." Jonathan glared

intensely at Clover. This man was playing with fire!

Clover shrugged and expressed great trust in Jonathan, saying, "You can do it. I'm rooting for you!"

He was rooting for him? He had got to be joking!

The people Leonard mentioned arrived quickly, and Jonathan swiftly made his way upstairs undercover.

Clover got back into the car. Elijah didn't seem too pleased. "What you did was too risky. If you make a mistake, everything could fall apart."

"Uncle Elijah, don't worry. If Jonathan can't handle even this, he wouldn't be deserving of being acknowledged as Mr. Finch by the people of Regalia."

Clover expressed his approval of Jonathan in their conversation.

He was always bothering Rose every day. It was so annoying and really infuriating!

But now...

"At least for these two days, he'll have to stay in the hospital and won't be able to leave." Clover was very pleased. He thought himself really clever for knowing how to manipulate things like this.

Elijah's expression gradually relaxed. "That's true if we're going to put on a show, we should do it properly. I he's supposed to be severely injured in a car accident and in the hospital, he should look the part. However, for the next few days, there will be no one to cook for Rose..."

Elijah frowned, looking worried again.

"What's the big deal? It's not like Jonathan is the only one who can cook." Clover said casually.

Elijah stared at him and asked, "You know how?"

Clover had no response to that. Of course, he didn't know how, but...

"Of course, I can learn! Cooking isn't something people are born knowing how to do. It's something you learn. Don't worry, Uncle Elijah. If Jonathan can do it, so can I!"

Clover felt enthusiastic. He took out his phone and quickly dialed Emily's number. "Arrange for a few chefs to come to my new place."

He and Elijah being at Regalia was a secret.

Currently, they couldn't be seen by others, so their living arrangement was also kept secret.

Emily glanced at the dark sky outside and hesitated a bit. "Right now? Is it because the current housekeeper's cooking isn't good?"

Is that why he needed to find a new chef? Was he hungry now?

"No!"

Clover preferred to keep things low-key. "Just make sure to find a chef immediately who can cook Aquastead cuisine."

Aquastead cuisine?

Then this issue had to be related to Rose.

It seemed that Clover wanted the chef to prepare some Aquastead cuisine to be delivered to Rose.

"Don't worry. I'll find the best chef."

After hanging up the phone, Clover drove back home feeling excited. Learning to cook seemed so simple. He was confident that he would impress Rose with his skills the next day.

At that moment, he had no idea that while his ideals were grand and full, the reality was stark and unyielding, inevitably leading to a harsh confrontation with the real world.

In the hospital, Eleanor noticed that she had been there for quite some time, but Jonathan was nowhere to be seen in the hospital room.

At that moment, everyone had a very serious expression on their faces.

"Mrs. Finch Senior, please don't worry. Mr. Finch..." Leonard looked anxious as he tried to stop Eleanor and her group, but he was unsuccessful.

But Jonathan wasn't in his position yet...

They could not possibly be allowed to go directly into the hospital room.

In a moment of urgency, Leonard blurted out, "Jonathan's condition has changed. He's been taken into the operating room..."

The operating room...

Jonathan heard these words through the connected communication device.

Jonathan frowned and instructed the person next to him, "Enter the operating room!"

Meanwhile, upon hearing the news, Eleanor felt herself stagger a bit. "What's happening in the operating room? Is there any risk to his life..."

Eleanor sincerely cared about Jonathan.

Especially after Jonathan took over Finch Group with his strong and decisive methods and having witnessed his capabilities, she was

even more certain that Jonathan was the best person to lead Finch Group.

She didn't want anything bad to happen to him.

Eleanor looked worried, and she wasn't the only one feeling concerned-there was another person who shared her worries.

Leonard saw the worry in Lizzie's eyes, but he couldn't quite discern whether it

was genuine or not.

If it was faked, then it sure felt too real.

But if it was real...

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Chapter 622 Hold On

[1,295 words]

Really? How could that possibly be true?

Lizzie and Jonathan had a seemingly calm relationship on the surface, but underneath, there was a deep-seated conflict. One was a stepmother, and the other was the son left behind by the first wife.

This time, Jonathan's disguise was solely to deceive Lizzie.

Lizzie had repeatedly plotted against Rose, so how could she genuinely be concerned about Jonathan?

Amidst Leonard's thoughts, there was a commotion coming from the direction of the operating room.

"Jonathan..." Eleanor called out. She quickly hurried over with the help of her walking cane.

The others quickly followed and finally saw Jonathan being wheeled out from the operating room.

He kept his eyes tightly shut, with the wounds from the car accident still visible on his face. His hands, feet, and chest were covered, but they could clearly see the lack of life on his face.

After the car accident, there didn't seem to be any improvement at all.

"Jonathan, Jonathan, it's Grandma. You have to hold on..." Eleanor sounded like she was on the verge of pleading.

Cyrus also called out to him softly.

The doctor said that Jonathan needed to be admitted to the ICU for observation. It took a lot of effort for them to make way for him.

Jonathan thought that once they couldn't see him, they would leave. Unexpectedly, they were still waiting outside the ICU.

Jonathan looked gloomy. If they wanted to stay here and keep watch, how was he going to give them the slip?

Recalling Clover's smug smile just now, Jonathan muttered a curse under his breath.

He didn't expect that this time, he would be caught up for several days without being able to escape.

"Mom, Jonathan is in this state, and Finch Group can't be left without someone in charge. I think it would be better to let Liam temporarily take over Jonathan's responsibilities..." This time, Yosef tagged along, planning things in his mind all the while.

Seeing Jonathan's lifeless demeanor just now brought delight to Yosef.

He was eager for Jonathan to suffer a setback, then Finch Group would...

Before he could finish speaking, Eleanor shot a glance over at him.

"I know what you're thinking," Eleanor said. She wore a solemn and unsettling expression, as if she could see right through Yosef's thoughts.

Eleanor was quite upset, possibly because she was worried about Jonathan. She didn't hold back and firmly stated, "Forget about one Liam. Even ten or a hundred Liams are no match for a single Jonathan.

"If he can just focus on his work at Finch Group and do it diligently, the Finch family is willing to support him. But if he doesn't...

"If he wants to entertain any other ideas, he should dismiss them early on, or else he won't be able to be part of the Finch family."

Even though she was talking about Liam, Eleanor's gaze was actually directed at Yosef.

"Mom..."

Yosef felt dissatisfied.

Yet he was still silenced by Eleanor's gaze and showed a hint of impatience. Yosef knew that this topic should not be discussed any further.

Yosef felt extremely frustrated, so he made an excuse to leave.

Shortly after, Lizzie left as well.

She had mixed emotions.

She despised how much Jonathan cared about Rose.

She never expected that Jonathan would return to Regalia, force the police to re-examine the scene, and act so recklessly as if he no longer cared about his own life.

Was Rose really that important?

In Lizzie's heart, a mix of emotions brewed—anger, jealousy, and resentment. Rose was dead!

Jonathan's actions further confirmed that Rose was dead.

With Rose gone, she no longer had anyone to vent her anger on. She could only console herself by thinking, what good is it for Jonathan to be so concerned about her?

Wasn't she already dead? What more was there to gain by doing this?

Given time, Jonathan would eventually forget about her.

Lizzie had just stepped out of the hospital when Cyrus caught up with her.

Ever since that day at Finch Manor, the two haven't seen each other since Lizzie left.

The reason they appeared together today was that Lizzie was returning to Finch Manor to collect some of her belongings, and Cyrus, upon hearing the news, made a point to go there as well.

"Lizz, I can forgive you, and we don't need to go through with the divorce," Cyrus said after thinking for a long time.

In his work, he was always decisive and efficient, but when it came to matters of the heart, he was the complete opposite.

Whether it was Nancy back then or Lizzie now, the situation remained the same. After that day, he thought for a long time.

Lizzie betrayed him, but in the end, there were reasons for it. All these years, he's kept a place in his heart for Nancy, cherishing old relationships, and ultimately, he ended up hurting Lizzie's feelings.

In the night breeze, Lizzie laughed softly.

Lizzie suddenly turned around and looked at Cyrus with a smile that felt different from usual. It wasn't her usual gentle and graceful expression, and it was something Cyrus had never seen before.

"Lizz..."

"Cyrus..."

She didn't call him affectionately anymore. "How could you do this? Did you forgive me because you love me? Or is it because you've grown used to me being with you for so long? Or maybe it's just your indecisive nature in relationships that keeps you wavering?"

"When you were with me, you were thinking of Nancy. Now that you know I've betrayed you, do you feel reluctant to leave me?" Lizzie didn't want to put up a front in front of Cyrus.

After the death of Rose and Jonathan's severe injury in a car accident, a bold idea emerged in her mind.

Cyrus took a step forward, seemingly trying to hold onto something, and said, 'Lizzie, it shouldn't be like this. How are you going to live after we get divorced?'"

The Lizzie in front of him seemed unfamiliar. He felt she was so unfamiliar that it was as if the person had turned into someone else.

How could he have known that the caring wife he had seen for all these years was just an act? The true nature of Lizzie was what he was witnessing now.

"Live? You don't need to worry about my life. I've already had my lawyer send you the divorce agreement. If you're concerned about my future, you might as well give me more money. I'd be very grateful for that."

Even if he didn't give her more money, what she had secretly saved over the years was already enough.

Lizzie said that and then turned around and left.

Her future life...

She started thinking about the bold ideas that had been swirling in her mind these past few days. She actually started looking forward to her future life.

Cyrus stood there in a daze, and as the wind blew, he felt unusually cold.

After Lizzie got into the car, she received a call from Kelly.

Kelly, on the other end of the phone, excitedly told her that Miles was going to give all his shares to her.

Lizzie didn't suspect anything amiss about that decision.

She had witnessed the relationships among Miles, Harriette, and Jonathan when they were younger.

Harriette's relationship with Jonathan, while Miles' relationship with Harriette...

Miles, affected by the loss of Rose, decided to transfer all his shares to "Harriette". This wasn't something she anticipated, but it wasn't entirely surprising

either.

Wow! She wondered if Miles knew that his "Harriette" was actually an imposter. If

he found out, he was probably going to be really angry!

Miles would never know.

made a bit of a scene

"Luckily, Chloe ma

in person. Now she's pushing to gather shareholders and call a

shareholder meeting. She seemnet

even more anxious than I am. She's arranged with Miles to schedule the meeting for three days from now.

"Madam, in three days, I will become the largest shareholder of Young Group!"

In three days?

Lizzie frowned for a moment, then quickly relaxed as a smile appeared on her

face.

She spoke with a wistful tone, and her words left Kelly momentarily stunned.

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Chapter 623 Competing with Jonathan

[1,177 words]

"In three days, I wish you success, and wish myself success as well!" Lizzie declared.

Kelly was dumbfounded. She understood Lizzie wishing her success, but wishing herself success?

Kelly didn't really understand, but she still nodded in agreement, saying, "Here's to our success."

Lizzie must have felt that she had definitely and flawlessly succeeded.

Lizzie understood that there were things Kelly didn't know, so she didn't offer any explanations and had no intention of helping Kelly understand. It was her own matter, her own plan, her own future!

That night, Jonathan didn't come back.

Rose was originally waiting for Jonathan when she received a call from Clover. He informed her that Jonathan had something important come up and couldn't make it, so she shouldn't wait for him.

Before hanging up, he said mysteriously, "Rose, tomorrow, Uncle Elijah and I will

come to see you, and when we do, I have a surprise for you."

Surprise? What surprise?

Rose smiled, feeling a hint of anticipation.

Clover barely slept a wink for this "surprise". Initially full of enthusiasm, he gradually began to question everything he knew.

Rose had an unusual dream.

She dreamt that she bumped into Jonathan on the street. Excited, she ran toward him and hugged him, but he pushed her away and called her a "pervert".

A pervert?

Haha! She was someone who really appreciated good looks, huh?

Initially, she was attracted to Jonathan's looks. But between him and her, who was the bigger pervert?

Rose was so upset that she laughed so hard and woke herself up.

When she woke up, it was already daylight.

Jonathan still hadn't returned, and Rose continued working on her design draft. It was another suit, but this had a style that was quite different from her previous one.

An hour later, Elijah and Clover arrived.

Clover had visible tension on his face, something Rose had never seen before.

She was surprised and asked, "Clover, what's wrong? You're barely wearing anything, so why are you sweating so much? Is the air conditioning broken? But it doesn't seem like it..."

Sweat was evident on his handsome face, making it incredibly noticeable.

"I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I can do this!" Clover murmured to himself as if trying hard to get into the right mindset. As for that last sentence, he was actually encouraging himself.

Rose was getting more and more confused as she looked at him.

After giving himself a pep talk, Clover hurriedly turned and went into the kitchen.

Rose wanted to follow and see what was happening, but to her surprise, he closed the kitchen door.

"Clover?" Rose was puzzled when she saw the faint smile on Elijah's face. "Dad, what... what's wrong with him?"

Elijah raised an eyebrow, recalling Clover's hard work last night, and said with a smile, "He's fine. Let him be."

"Okay..."

"Was everything really okay? Why did Rose feel as though something was off?"

Elijah made some tea and had Rose accompany him. The pair engaged in conversation in a peaceful and harmonious atmosphere, with a sense of warmth filling the air.

On the other hand, the situation in the kitchen was a bit hard to describe.

Every now and then, there would be a "clang", sometimes a "bang", or even an "ouch" being heard.

Rose was speechless.

Did it really seem like nothing was wrong? What exactly was Clover doing with the kitchen door closed?

Rose suspected that he was about to blow up the kitchen.

"Dad..." Rose just couldn't stop worrying. She felt the need to check things out.

Causing a mess in the kitchen was one thing, but with all those noises, Rose was starting to suspect that Clover might end up hurting himself in there!

"Don't worry about it. It's fine. He's an adult. We don't need to be concerned."

Elijah was a great uncle, and he tried his best to help Clover.

Rose tried to get up several times, but she was stopped and reassured by Elijah.

She could only sit there, sipping tea and chatting, while continuing to hear strange noises coming from the kitchen.

After an unknown amount of time had passed, the kitchen door finally opened.

Clover walked through the dining

room, signaling the housekeeper

with a glance to serve what he had

prepared in the kitchen. As he

walked, he tidied up his clothes that

had become disheveled from the

activity in the kitchen.

Once Clover had meticulously adjusted his cuffs, feeling that everything was just right, he finally appeared before Rose.

With a face full of smiles, he called out, "Rose..."

Rose had her back to the direction he came from, and when she turned around,

she was surprised to see Clover.

Elijah lifted his gaze, and for a moment, his expression seemed to freeze slightly.

Clover didn't notice anything unusual

between the two of them. Thinking about the surprise he planned for Rose today, he cleared his throat and very formally extended his hand to Rose, bowing with an impeccable gentlemanly demeanor.

With a voice full of charm, he said, "Ms. Rose, the beautiful, may I have the pleasure of inviting you to dinner?"

Rose was stunned speechless.

He acted courteously and refined, like a noble from high society in medieval times, extending an invitation to dance to the lady he admired at a ball.

Clover was very handsome, with broad shoulders and narrow hips, and the shirt he wore right now really accentuated his well-shaped physique.

Everything was perfect, but...

Her gaze landed on the object on Clover's head. When his head was lowered, she could see it more clearly.

Was she supposed to take it away for him?

At that moment, he was very close to her.

Even without standing up, she could reach out and remove the item from his head.

Should she or should she not take it? Rose decided to just go ahead and take it!

So she reached out her hand...

At that moment, Clover, having not received a response to his invitation a while

ago, suddenly looked up, eager to know Rose's reaction.

Rose had reached out to grab something from his head, but her hand came up empty.

"Rose?" Clover questioned her action with suspicion.

As their eyes met, Rose suddenly felt as if she had been caught doing something wrong.

It was so awkward...

Rose quickly realized that she wasn't doing anything wrong. Instead, she was helping others.

She reached up and removed the green leaf from Clover's head.

"There's something... on your head, this!!" Rose exclaimed, raising the evidence in her hand to show she wasn't lying.

The green leaves still looked vibrant and full of life.

When Clover saw it, the smile on his handsome face faded. That lettuce on his head earlier had really affected his appearance!

"Hehe! Thank you, Rose." Clover tried to shake off the awkwardness and quickly changed the subject. "Rose, I have a surprise for you today."

Rose remembered that last night on the phone, Clover mentioned that they were going to have a surprise for her today.

Just now... was he planning a surprise?

Rose glanced behind her toward the dining room and felt intrigued.

Clover warmly led Rose into the dining room, where a plate of fried

eggs, which he had spent over an hour preparing in the kitchen, was already set on the table.

It was just order of fried eggs...

She shouldn't underestimate this plate of fried eggs. It was the dish he mastered best from everything he learned all last night.

"Clover, was that... something you made just now?" Rose guessed that it must have been Clover who made it.

Clover smirked with confidence. "That's right. I can cook too, and my skills are no worse than Jonathan's. Go ahead and try it."

Rose understood what was going on.

Apparently, he had gotten into a rivalry with Jonathan.

"Was this a cooking competition?"

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Chapter 624 Did She Miss Him?

[1,302 words]

The plate of fried eggs in front of Rose looked... reasonably okay.

"Hurry, sit down." Clover was eager and couldn't wait to receive praise from Rose.

He personally handed the fork to Rose and watched as she took a bite of the egg. "How is it? How is it?" he asked.

He felt that he had already used up ten percent of the skills he learned.

Who knew how many eggs he messed up during that hour in the kitchen? But this time, it was actually successful, and he could even earn Rose's praise... right?

But as soon as Rose took a bite, she heard a crunching sound.

The sound wasn't loud, but Clover was right next to Rose, so he heard it clearly.

Even Elijah, who was nearby, vaguely heard it.

The most unsettling thing that happened was when everything suddenly went quiet.

Rose felt a rush of panic and instinctively stopped moving her mouth. She thought that she had bitten down on a small stone, but how could there be a stone?

Rose thought about it—it had to be the eggshell.

Eating eggshells should be fine, right? They would get broken down by stomach acid anyway, and it was better than spitting it out and making Clover feel awkward!

Yes, she shouldn't embarrass him!

Rose wore a smile on her face that gradually looked more natural. She moved her mouth a bit, planning to keep chewing and intended to swallow, pretending that it tasted good.

But just as she was about to make a move, the two spoke in unison, "Spit it out!" How could they not understand what Rose was thinking?

She only acted like the eggshell didn't exist to avoid hurting Clover's feelings.

Rose froze for a moment, realizing she had been caught. After a brief hesitation, she spit out the eggshell. But really, there weren't going to be that many eggshells in a plate of fried eggs, right?

It was probably a coincidence that she tasted it with the very first bite.

After that, it definitely wouldn't happen again.

She took her second bite, this time chewing a little more than before. Rose earnestly savored the taste of the fried eggs and quickly thought of words of praise in her mind.

She didn't think she would hear that crunching sound again.

All actions came to a standstill once again.

Rose noticed out of the corner of her eye that Clover's smile had become rigid.

What should she do about this?

Clover was feeling really frustrated as he said, "Rose, stop eating."

He tried to figure out what had happened in the kitchen, but he just couldn't understand how the eggshell got mixed into the food.

Rose spit out the eggshells and reassured, "It's alright. It's still edible, and it tastes... quite good. These are the best fried eggs I've ever had."

She was clearly blatantly lying while looking into Clover's eyes.

Clover suddenly burst into laughter.

He smiled as he took away the plate of fried eggs in front of Rose, as if he had come to a realization.

"Never mind, whether the eggs are good or not doesn't matter. What's important is that you see me as your brother, and a brother will always care for his sister. If Jonathan ever bullies you... I'll be the first one to whoop his ass!"

Being the strongest brother for his sister was also a form of love and care for her. It wasn't just about being able to cook for her!

"That's right. There's no need to get worked up over him." Rose nodded her head vigorously.

After Clover removed the fried eggs, the housekeeper took over the kitchen and, within just half an hour, prepared a whole table full of dishes.

The three of them had lunch as though the fried egg incident had never occurred.

During the meal, Clover remarked, "Jonathan's cooking is really quite good..."

It seemed there was some form of acknowledgment coming from Clover.

Rose simply smiled without saying anything.

Before they left, Rose brought out the suit she made for Elijah. When he put it on, it fit him perfectly. It was as if it was made to match his entire demeanor.

Elijah was extremely pleased, and his smile never left his face.

This is the suit his daughter made specifically for him! His daughter made it!

He remembered Henrietta from back in the day. She always enjoyed painting, and besides making jewelry, she pretty much made all her own clothes.

Their daughter had inherited Henrietta's skillful hands!

Elijah looked at Rose, and suddenly, the person in his mind and the one in front of him seemed to overlap. He couldn't help himself and murmured, "Rietta..."

He had only just called out that name when he suddenly came back to his senses.

He looked embarrassed and said, "Sorry, Rose. I....."

"I miss Mom too." Rose realized at that moment that Elijah had mistook her for Henrietta.

He missed her, so how could she not miss her too?

"I wish she were still alive," Rose murmured. The sadness in her eyes caught Elijah's attention. His deep-set eyes showed a strange flicker.

Ever since he found out that Henrietta was actually Celeste, he continued to investigate everything about Celeste.

The information would regularly come from Aquastead, and the most recent update was about her car accident.

All the records and evidence indicated that Celeste died in the car accident, but at the same time the car went off the bridge, another woman also went missing.

The missing person could not be located either.

The person went missing without a trace, unknown if they were alive or dead.

Was it possible that...

Elijah pulled his thoughts back. His guess was bold, but he had already ordered his men to investigate in the direction of his suspicion, and now he just awaited the results.

While wearing the suit, Elijah caught Clover's full attention, who was filled with jealousy.

"No, no! I want it too. I want it too!" Clover pouted, acting like a three-year-old throwing a tantrum for candy.

Rose was amused by his appearance. "Of course, you'll have one too."

"Really?"

"How can I lie? But it's still in the design draft stage. Once I've finished it, I'll give it to you." Half of the drawing was already done at that point.

Clover's eyes lit up with excitement. He was eager to show off the suit Rose made for him right away. However, he was worried about her being too overworked, so he said, "No rush, no rush. Take your time

with the design and making it. I'm not in a hurry..."

Was he really not in a hurry? Then why did Rose feel that he was quite anxious?

Rose worked through the night to finish the pattern for the suit. The next day, Finley delivered the fabric she needed.

As Finley was about to leave, Rose finally asked, "How's Mr. Finch?"

Jonathan hadn't come back yesterday.

"Have you been missing him?" Finley noticed and chuckled, "Don't worry, Mrs. Finch. He's doing fine. He's just a bit tied up at the moment..."

After he finished speaking, he added, "Mr. Finch must really miss you too."

At that moment, if Finley weren't turned away, he would definitely see the flush rising on Rose's face.

It was as though he saw through her thoughts completely, leaving her blushing with embarrassment.

Did she miss him?

Rose felt her heart racing uncontrollably.

Finley had been gone for a while, but Rose's cheeks were still burning, and she couldn't stop thinking about Jonathan. His image lingered in her mind, refusing to disappear.

In the end, it seemed as though Rose had given up resisting as well.

She liked Jonathan. She liked his face, and she liked him as a person. Plus, he was her husband. It seems like there's nothing shameful about that!

As a married couple, longing for each other could be considered a form of love and affection.

Rose was cutting the fabric while thinking about Jonathan.

She decided that once she finished this suit, she would make an outfit for Jonathan.

She knew his size without needing to measure him.

Rose suddenly had certain images pop into her mind, and she felt herself blush even more and her heartbeat becoming increasingly erratic!

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Chapter 625 Sending Her Off

[1,333 words]

Jonathan hadn't returned to Rose's place for three days. That was because he was trapped.

For some unknown reason, Eleanor suddenly decided to take care of him personally.

Although "personally taking care" of him didn't mean doing everything herself, she spent most of her time in the hospital.

Jonathan felt like he was glued to the ICU bed.

Eleanor seemed to genuinely care for him. Even before visiting hours, she was dressed in sterile clothing, hiding by the bedside, watching all the machines connected to Jonathan.

"Jonathan, you really need to get better. Finch Group is waiting for you, and so am I..."

"Ah, if I had known you cared so much about Rose, I would have made sure you two stayed together when she came to Regalia. Then we wouldn't be in this situation now..."

"Being separated by life and death must be tough on you..."

"You love her so much, and she surely loves you too. She also hopes that you will live well and not do anything foolish because of her."

Eleanor's voice initially gave Jonathan a headache.

She said so much, but the one thing that stuck with him was when she said, "She must love you too."

Afterward, those words took root in his heart.

Of course, Rose loved him! There was no doubt about it. Even if her love weren't strong enough now, he would have a lifetime for her to grow to love him deeply.

"Jonathan, it's all my fault. If I had known you were married to Rose earlier, I would have encouraged your relationship. You'd probably have kids by now."

Rose had passed away, and everything she had planned for had come to nothing.

"Why didn't they have a child? If they had a child, the connection between the Finch family, the Xanth family, and the Young family would be unbreakable."

The more Eleanor thought about it, the more she regretted it.

Children... Jonathan couldn't stop thinking about that word.

As he thought about it, a smile unexpectedly appeared on his face, which was adorned with special effects makeup.

"Jonathan...." Eleanor suddenly looked up and saw Jonathan smiling. The words she was about to say got stuck in her throat.

Was she imagining things? Did Jonathan just... smile?

Eleanor wanted to confirm it, so she signaled to the doctor accompanying her, while Leonard stood behind her.

The doctor hurriedly said, "Mrs. Finch Senior, visiting hours are over, and Mr. Finch is still in an uncertain condition and needs plenty of rest..."

"But...." Eleanor looked closely and noticed that the smile was gone from Jonathan's face.

"Was it just her imagination?"

Perhaps the overwhelming sense of regret from a moment ago was too intense. She had started crying, and it must have been through her teary eyes that everything appeared blurry.

"Mrs. Finch Senior, please take care of yourself. We will look after Mr. Finch, and he will get better," the doctor reassured, already starting to break into a light sweat.

Eleanor didn't insist any longer and left the ICU.

Leonard and the doctor both let out a big sigh of relief once she had left.

Just now, they had also seen Jonathan's smile. He almost gave everything away!

"What? Why was he laughing?"

Leonard glanced sorrowfully at Jonathan.

At that point, Jonathan sat up and removed the devices attached to him.

"Grandma hasn't gone back yet?" he asked.

He couldn't stay still for even a moment.

"The hospital has prepared a room for her, and she has been staying there these past few days. Earlier, she went back again. I overheard her making a call to Finch Manor, asking them to send over a few more changes of clothes. It seems like she's planning to stay for a while," Leonard said.

Leonard was keeping an eye on Jonathan's expression.

Indeed, his face, which was already showing signs of impatience, visibly drooped even further.

"No, this won't do!" Jonathan thought of Rose. He desperately wanted to see her.

But Eleanor insisted on staying at the hospital. He was unable to leave and couldn't take any risks.

He thought about Clover and got extremely frustrated, clenching his jaw.

If it weren't for him, he would be enjoying the pleasant scent of Rose's perfume right now instead of smelling disinfectant all day long.

"Mr. Finch, we've received news from Mr. Young that the shareholders' meeting for Young Group is happening the day after tomorrow, and after that, everything should get

back on track." Leonard noticed that Jonathan was almost at his wits' end and hurriedly reported to him.

During this period, they all had to go along with some acting to keep others fooled.

It seemed like the end was almost in sight.

"The day after tomorrow?" Jonathan's expression instantly looked much better after hearing that.

Soon, a deep intensity appeared in his dark eyes. After a brief silence, he instructed Leonard, "Have Finley arrange for more people to ensure Rose's safety the day after tomorrow."

The day after tomorrow's shareholders' meeting was the day when everything would come to an end.

...

Over at Young Estate, Kelly put in her utmost effort and focused completely on the shareholders' meeting.

For the past few days, she had been going to bed particularly early every night, wanting to be in peak condition for that day.

The night before the shareholders' meeting, Kelly returned to her room as she usually did and laid out the designer gowns she had been buying over time.

After the shareholders' meeting, there would be a dinner party.

Because of Rose's death, the dinner party wouldn't be extravagant, but it was still a dinner party nonetheless.

Tomorrow, Miles would transfer his shares to her, making her the largest shareholder of Young Group. This meant that she, Kelly, would have endless wealth at her disposal.

And all of this should have belonged to Rose. This thought made her feel even more excited in her heart.

Kelly looked through the gowns, quickly choosing a white one and then a red one.

Keeping a low profile?

Kelly was living the good life now. How could she keep a low profile?

She naturally had her own methods for making sure she would wear the red gown.

Kelly woke up early the next day.

As soon as she stepped outside, Kelly saw Miles already waiting downstairs. Their eyes met, and she immediately and excitedly called out to him, "Miles, are you waiting for me? Did I oversleep?"

Kelly went to the office with Miles every day.

The two of them almost always arrived and left together.

"It's not too late. Go have breakfast quickly. Where's your gown? I'll get it for you," Miles said as he got ready to go upstairs.

She only needed the gown for the evening, so it was best to just bring it along.

How could Kelly dare let him touch the gown?

"No need, no need. I've got everything ready. In a bit, I'll have the helper put them in the car. Miles, join me for breakfast..."

She used a coquettish voice on Miles. Once, when he heard it, it would definitely tug on his heartstrings.

But now, there was nothing left but an overwhelming sense of coldness and disgust for it.

"Alright." Miles smiled.

He told himself to hold out just for today. After today, she would go back to her usual self and drop the act.

"Miles, I'm a bit nervous. Do you think those elders won't like me?" Kelly was referring to the elders who came to the office last time when Rose was inheriting the estate.

Last time, it seemed like they were firmly supporting Rose.

This time, if she didn't get support, she was definitely going to deal with those old farts later.

"How can that be? They all used to really like Harriette!" Miles said with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

Even if they didn't like her, he'd still make them "like" her!

If she wasn't put on a pedestal, how else would her true colors be revealed?

"Miles, I think it's best if you don't give me your shares. I'm worried I won't be able to handle it," Kelly said, looking troubled.

However, deep down, she was certain that Miles' decision would not change. He said he would give her the shares, so those shares belonged to her now!

When the time came, the others were going to be absolutely shocked!

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Chapter 626 Represents Her

[1,276 words]

Both Kelly and Miles each had their own thoughts and intentions.

At Young Group headquarters, Chloe was the first to arrive, and she intentionally brought the Yones family's legal advisor with her.

In the large conference room, not long ago, these people had gathered together to witness Oliver's granddaughter, Rose, officially inherit Young Group.

It had only been a little over a month, yet...

"It's truly a pity about Rose. Honestly, Mr. Young Senior, why couldn't you have looked after her from above? What a shame, really such a shame..."

Some of those from the older generation, even though they had only met Rose twice, inexplicably liked her a lot.

She had bright, clear eyes, showing a sense of purity. In this way, she was quite similar to Henrietta.

Not like the granddaughters adopted by Oliver...

Among the ones adopted by Oliver, his grandson Miles stood out. There was no doubt about it. He was intelligent and eager to learn, kind-hearted and righteous, and showed absolute sincerity toward Oliver.

But those few girls... A few of the elderly people couldn't help but shake their heads.

Firstly, Chloe.

Chloe was excessively opportunistic. When she was initially adopted by Oliver, she enjoyed all the privileges and affection of being treated as the lady of the Young family.

If only Chloe had just settled into her role quietly as an adopted daughter after Henrietta was found and brought back, the Young family would not have treated her unfairly.

But she wanted to have everything for herself.

She subtly manipulated the situation to create tension between the father and daughter, causing Henrietta to leave.

Later, when Oliver learned the truth, he was filled with regret and self-blame, and at the same time, he was extremely disappointed in Chloe.

After she later married into the Yones family, Oliver didn't say much. He quietly continued searching for his biological daughter, who had left because of him, and kept adopting grandchildren to find solace in his heart.

Next, Anastasia.

Anastasia had average abilities and was unremarkable. During her youth, with Harriette around, no one ever noticed her presence. However, her eyes caught Oliver's attention.

If nothing had happened to Harriette back then, Anastasia would likely have spent her whole life living in her shadow.

After the incident with Harriette that year, a misunderstanding led to her becoming known as "the Young family's eldest daughter", but the older generation knew the truth.

On the surface, Anastasia seemed glamorous, but deep down, she struggled with insecurity.

As expected, after Harriette came back, there was no sense of presence for her at all in the Young family.

And finally, there was Harriette.

As a child, she had a bright and cheerful personality, like a little ball of sunshine. Among the people Oliver adopted, Oliver was most fond of Harriette.

However, Harriette's brilliance always gave off an unusual feeling. It was true then, and it was still true now.

However, the "unusual feeling" had subtle differences. However, as for what those differences were, they were somewhat difficult to put into words.

Overall, it's strange in a way it was likable, yet at the same time, not entirely likable.

"Rose... it's so pitiful..." Chloe tried to squeeze out a few tears to show her sorrow, but no matter how hard she tried, nothing happened. In the end, she gave up.

She furrowed her brows, trying her best to appear as sad as possible. "She's gone, but such a kind girl would definitely want the living to go on living well. Young Group was Grandpa's life's work."

"Whether it's Grandpa or Rose, they would both want us to work together to manage it well from wherever they are now."

"Yeah, it's a shame..." Countless others sighed.

Everyone knew that those who were alive had to keep moving forward.

Today, Chloe held a shareholders' meeting under the guise of Miles' name.

Everyone present knew what was going on—there was going to be another shift in shares and power within Young Group.

Plus, in this situation, it was clear that Chloe would benefit.

As for the others...

People were speculating that a majority of the shares in Young Group would ultimately end up back in Miles' hands. Whether due to his methods or the respect and recognition he commanded from everyone, he was undeniably deserving.

There might be something for Anastasia and Harriette, who had returned, but probably not much.

Amid an atmosphere where everyone was speculating, Miles entered the conference room.

Harriette followed behind him, dressed entirely in black—a black shirt, black jacket, black pants, and black shoes. It almost seemed like she wasn't there to attend a shareholders' meeting but rather a funeral.

When she appeared, compared to Chloe's flamboyant and extravagant outfit, the rest of those in the room could instantly judge who had the moral high ground.

Of course, it was Harriette who was more considerate.

Rose had just passed away in a tragic explosion. Besides Miles, there was probably only Harriette who was mourning her.

Her full black outfit was a mark of respect for Rose.

Kelly clearly noticed that the elders were looking at her with much softer expressions. She knew this was due to the positive impression her outfit conveyed.

That was exactly what she wanted.

They had to develop a good impression of her. That way, when they found out that she was going to obtain the majority of the shares in Young Group, they would probably support her.

It wasn't just that. She had other intentions by wearing that outfit to the shareholders' meeting.

Funeral... Wasn't Rose's funeral essentially her rebirth ceremony?

"Everyone's here. Miles, let's get started," Chloe said eagerly.

She had an excited expression that she could hardly contain. Gradually, she stopped trying to hide it and looked at Miles with anticipation.

At that moment, nearly everyone was focused on Miles.

Miles didn't beat around the bush.

He nodded to some of the elders, then spoke with a clear and strong voice to the conference room.

"Everyone, the reason I've asked you to come today is because there's going to be another change in the shares of Young Group. Regarding the shares that Rose inherited from Young Group, I'm here representing her to redistribute them..."

He was representing her...

The statement felt strange, but as Miles continued with his announcement, no one paid attention to the meaning behind Miles' "representing Rose".

Miles announced word by word, "The ownership structure for Rose's 89% of Young Group's shares is as follows—Chloe, Harriette, and Anastasia will each hold 10% of the shares. I hold the remaining 59%. Does anyone have any objections?"

Ten percent? Miles actually gave Chloe and the others ten percent?

Ten percent may not seem a lot, but it was definitely not an insignificant number either.

It was important to note that even when Oliver was alive, Chloe and Anastasia each held less than ten percent of shares. At that time, most of the shares related to Young Group were primarily under Oliver's name.

"I have no objections. Anastasia? Do you have any objections?" Chloe asked.

With this ten percent, Chloe could plan for more in the future.

Anastasia, who was called upon, seemed a bit distracted. "No, no objections," she replied.

Anastasia felt out of it today.

To be precise, ever since the day Miles decided to split the shares, she had been feeling a bit unsettled. She had a sense that things weren't as straightforward as they appeared.

Harriette was a fake. She was actually Kelly, and she had informed Jonathan about this.

But would Jonathan really not react at all?

Nowadays, it was widely known that Jonathan took his life for Rose. Did she share this secret with anyone else besides Jonathan?

Anastasia spent a few days thinking about it, but she couldn't figure it out.

But she was truly afraid that no one would uncover Harriette's secret. Kelly, with her appearance and having Miles to protect her, was someone she couldn't handle, even if she tried.

"So Anastasia has no objections. How about you, Harriette?"

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Chapter 627 Not Much Time

[1,222 words]

Everyone turned to look at "Harriette".

Kelly glanced at Miles, remained silent for a moment, and then said, "I have... an objection."

Chloe was shocked. She glared at "Harriette", her eyes seemingly on fire.

Anastasia also looked surprised. Why did Harriette have objections? Was she unhappy with the ten percent stake being too small?

Anastasia could tell from Kelly's slightly furrowed brow and her kind yet indifferent expression, unwillingness to compete, and reluctance to hurt others that deep down, Kelly was still the same person she always knew.

She probably didn't have any good intentions.

When Miles' gaze fell on "Harriette", it softened slightly. "Harriette, what are your thoughts?"

"Yes, Harriette. If you have any objections, go ahead and share with everyone." Chloe subtly flexed her fingers.

She was curious to see if Harriette had any objections.

"Rose just passed, and we started discussing the shares. I think it's still too harsh. Aunt Chloe and Anastasia can accept it, but as for my part, I think I would rather not take it," Harriette said magnanimously.

Chloe was clenching her fists as she listened to the first part of the sentence.

But as for the second half of the sentence... That was fine. It just meant she didn't want her portion of the shares anymore.

But how could she not notice Harriette's little scheme? The way she put others down to make herself look better was a really clumsy tactic. She didn't want it?

Harriette seemed so certain that the others would persuade her to accept it.

As expected...

Miles gazed softly and said, "Harriette, I understand that you care a lot about Rose. You should accept what's given to you. You are a part of the Young family, and you deserve your share."

"But..."

Kelly looked troubled, wanting to say something, but Miles interrupted her, "Take it."

"Yes, take it. We all know that you have such integrity and admirable qualities. With such a wonderful character, we definitely can't let you be at a loss. Just accept it with peace of mind."

Chloe resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

She wasn't afraid of offending Harriette, but she didn't want to offend Miles, who doted on his sister a lot.

"Yes, Ms. Harriette is part of the Young family, and if you refuse, Mr. Young Senior wouldn't be happy even in spirit."

"Yes, Ms. Harriette, this is rightfully yours. You don't need to feel any guilt about it."

Kelly felt a deep sense of relief and satisfaction. With so many people encouraging her to accept the shares, she felt really good.

She even thought her acting skills were much better than those of the renowned international actress Yara Maize, and she was starting to really enjoy the feeling of acting.

So, she continued to act as if she was in a difficult situation, meeting Miles' gaze. "Listen to us!" Miles said affectionately.

Kelly sighed as if finally giving in. "Alright. Okay then."

It was currently at ten percent. But she hadn't forgotten Miles' promise. When Miles was detailing the distribution of the shares just now, Kelly quickly did some mental calculations.

Of the 89% Rose had, she allocated 30% of it elsewhere, leaving 59% for Miles.

He wanted to transfer everything of his to her. Then, she would own a full 69% of the shares in Young Group.

Although it's less than Rose's previous 89%, she still held absolute control over the conversation.

When the time came...

Anastasia was easy to deal with, but Chloe... She knew how to make them give back, even just a little, of what they got from her today!

"As for the 59% that I hold..."

While Kelly was deep in thought, the sudden sound of Miles's voice interrupted her thoughts.

What he going to say made her stop all her thoughts immediately. She held her breath, focusing intently, almost able to hear her own anxious heartbeat.

How could she not be excited? Miles was about to announce that he would be giving her his 59% share ownership as a gift.

She couldn't show even the slightest bit of excitement. She was thinking about how she should react in a little while to face everyone's surprised expressions.

Then, she heard Miles say, "I've decided to give it to Harriette."

With just that brief sentence, everyone present was stunned.

It was as if they didn't really grasp what it meant. Almost everyone's reaction was a bit delayed. After a moment, they all glanced uncertainly at the people around them.

The look in their eyes seemed to ask, "Did we just hear that wrong? We probably heard it wrong!"

Miles planned to transfer 59% of his shares to... Harriette? This was the shares they were talking about, not something worthless!

Chloe was eager to quickly organize this shareholders' meeting, not wanting to delay for fear of uncertainties, all just for that ten percent.

Yet Miles was giving away 59% of his shares to someone else? And to Harriette, at that!

After a series of shocked reactions, everyone simultaneously turned their gaze toward the person Miles favored-Harriette!

Those looks from others, initially filled with surprise and gradually deeper envy, and finally, admiration and special attention, made Kelly enjoy every moment of it.

She, Kelly, wasn't the same Kelly she once was. She was Harriette from the Young family.

In the future, she would become an existence that everyone looked up to and admired in the bustling Regalia.

"Miles, have you made up your mind?"

In the pin-drop silence, one of the elders spoke up, his tone particularly serious. Miles smiled warmly and said, "Uncle Charles, I've made up my mind. All of this rightfully belongs to her."

Of course, the "she" Miles referred to was Rose.

Everything that belonged to Rose, and eventually, everything would return to her.

He looked at "Harriette", or perhaps she should be called Kelly. At this moment, was she dreaming about everything that would come after achieving all of this? She could keep dreaming. She didn't have much time left to indulge in her fantasies, so she better cherish it!

While Kelly indulged in her fantasies, she didn't forget to put on an act and said, "Miles, how about..."

"Let's not say anything more.

Everyone has worked hard at today's shareholders' meeting. There's a small dinner party this evening, so let's all gather together." Miles said before striding out of the conference room.

Kelly wanted to go after him, but the others in the conference room stopped her.

"Ms. Harriette, congratulations! Although you've been away from the Young family, fate has been kind, and now you're back."

"Ms. Harriette, please ride with me to the dinner party later."

"Ms. Harriette..."

Hearing "Ms. Harriette" called out repeatedly made Kelly extremely happy. Was this what it felt like to be the center of attention? This was how it should be, with everyone adoring her. This was what she deserved.

Meanwhile Rose...

Kelly watched as Miles disappeared through the conference room door. She struggled to call out "Miles" a few times but eventually felt too overwhelmed and gave up on trying to follow him.

She really wanted to experience being admired by everyone!

But she didn't know that the moment Miles walked out of the conference room, his smile vanished instantly, replaced by a somber expression.

He moved as swiftly as the wind, and he walked around a corner.

Around the corner, a girl was holding a stack of documents tightly and with both hands close to her chest.

As he passed by her, he instructed in a voice only she could hear, "Proceed as planned."

The girl's expression remained unchanged, and she responded quietly but confidently, "Don't worry, Mr. Young."

Afterward, she quietly said to herself, "Don't worry, Ms. Shaffer!"

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Chapter 628 Step by Step

[1,211 words]

Rose wasn't sure how long she had been staying in that secret villa. She knew that something was happening outside. Since the day Jonathan left, he never returned, but Elijah and Clover came by every day.

They all seemed to have developed a great understanding with each other. Rose didn't ask about their plan, and they didn't bring it up either.

On this day, Rose finished Clover's suit. After trying it on, Clover asked Finley to bring a few gowns for Rose to choose from.

Rose then immediately realized she could leave. Had the plan succeeded?

Rose thought about Kelly, and a glint of coldness appeared in her eyes. She understood that they had prepared these clothes for her to wear when meeting Kelly.

Which one should she wear?

Rose looked around, and quickly, her eyes landed on a red floor-length gown. It reminded her of a similar K&K limited edition dress she once wore to a dinner party at Aquastead with the Lane family.

Rose smirked and said, "This is the one."

When Rose came out wearing her gown and appeared before Elijah and Clover, it left the two momentarily stunned.

Rose looked beautiful. They had always known this fact. Even though they saw her every day and were accustomed to it, at this moment, her red dress made her stand out and left them feeling amazed.

Rose felt a bit embarrassed from being stared at.

"Is it okay if I wear this?" she asked. Did she choose the wrong outfit?

Clover immediately snapped back to reality and said, "Yes, of course."

Rose looked great in anything she wore. Whenever she wore a gown, it added a special touch to the gown itself. Clover adjusted his already perfectly neat suit and gown, feeling extremely satisfied. "It matches perfectly with mine!"

Clover felt extremely proud.

Rose found it amusing, but Finley couldn't help but quietly criticize Clover in his mind.

He was just a cousin-what kind of match was he talking about? Of course, it had to be Jonathan who matched with Rose!

These past few days, he frequently heard Leonard mention how much Jonathan missed his wife. Today, the pitiful Jonathan finally got to meet Rose, and Finley was truly happy for him.

"Let's go."

Elijah glanced at the time and gently interrupted Clover's moment of glee.

They got into a car and drove out from the underground garage, maintaining a low profile the entire way. Rose took in the fresh air outside and noticed her slightly upturned smile reflected in the car window.

Kelly... They would be meeting again today!

Would she be happy to meet an old acquaintance again?

A cold and chilly look spread across Rose's eyes.

At that moment, even though Kelly was surrounded and celebrated by many people like a star, she inexplicably felt a chill, as if a cold wind was blowing on her back. She even shivered.

"Ms. Harriette, are you cold?" someone asked.

It seemed that having a different value led to a different status and position.

Just from her subtle reaction, someone else immediately noticed and quickly showed their concern.

Was she cold?

Kelly experienced a moment of confusion in her mind. Before she could respond, a wave of concern from the others surrounding her overwhelmed her.

"Ms. Harriette, make sure to wear more layers..."

"I'm going to get a coat for Ms. Harriette..."

Despite that, everyone was a bit surprised internally. How could she be cold in this weather? They warmly complimented the lady, insisting that they actually felt

warm.

While thinking of that, someone suddenly asked, "Should we start getting ready for the dinner party?"

With that comment, everyone immediately snapped back to reality.

"Yes, it's about time for the dinner party. Let's not delay Ms. Harriette's preparations."

"Everyone, let's wait for the dinner party and then have a proper toast to congratulate Ms. Harriette."

Under the crowd's overwhelming enthusiasm, Kelly only needed to smile gently.

Earlier, she was excited and thrilled; now, amidst her excitement and thrill, there was also a touch of disdain.

Weren't these people praising and flattering her the same ones who previously received generous gifts from Jonathan and treated Rose like royalty?

But now, they were trying to flatter her?

Kelly held her head high as she walked out of the conference room, unaware that several people inside were left with disappointed expressions.

The group of people mentioned were the ones who initially supported Kelly.

Miles really enjoyed spoiling Harriette. He treated her even better than he did Rose.

It hadn't been easy for them to decipher the subtle hint in Miles' call last night. He

had said his greatest wish was to see his sister happy.

Just now... they did okay, right? They definitely did!

Each of them felt satisfied with their own performance a moment ago, but there were things they expressed were different from what they truly felt.

When they compared Harriette and Rose, Rose was clearly better than her! Although Harriette usually smiled when she saw them, and Rose had too, the impression their smiles gave was different.

Rose's smile made people feel warmth and that she was approachable. Harriette's smile felt warm, but there was something peculiar about that warmth. It seemed like it wasn't sincere, and at times, it even made one's skin tingle.

When they thought about Rose, those few people couldn't help but sigh.

Young Group's design director's office had a private lounge. Today,

Kelly was the main focus of the

dinner party, so she needed to stand

out in both her gown and her makeup.

She was in the private lounge, changed into a gown, and made sure to leave some time to find Miles. "Hey, Miles, how do I look in this outfit?" she asked.

The gown was white. It was a simple design, understated and reserved, reflecting her grief and respect for the passing of Rose.

Miles smiled warmly, saying, "It's nice."

"Let me quickly put on some

makeup. Just wait for a moment It

won't take long." Kelly hurried to

grab her bag, but when she opened it, she couldn't find her makeup pouch.

"Oh no, what should I do? I could have sworn I brought some basic lipstick and foundation."

Kelly looked dejected.

Feeling disappointed, she tossed her bag aside and looked at Miles. "Miles, do you think not wearing makeup shows a lack of respect for this dinner party?"

"Why aren't you wearing makeup? If it's just because you didn't bring my cosmetics, I'll arrange for a makeup artist right away." Miles took out his phone. However, Kelly stopped him. "Don't. It's alright."

Kelly wasn't against having a makeup artist. She just didn't want to use the one arranged by Miles. "Let me find one myself," she said.

The makeup artist was prepared ahead of time. She spent a lot of money on the makeup artist, not just on makeup but also to assist her in acting.

Kelly wanted every detail to be perfect for tonight's dinner party, reflecting her current status and wealth.

"Alright." Miles quietly watched her performance.

Kelly quickly made a phone call.

After some worried discussion about the makeup artist not making

it on time, they decided to meet at the location where the dinner party was being held, scheduling it for half an hour later.

The venue for the dinner party was a mountaintop villa owned by the Young family. The villa was located in the suburbs of Regalia, situated on a little-known

hillside.

Half an hour later, when Kelly and Miles arrived at the venue, the mountains at dusk carried an inexplicable chill.

Kelly didn't like it here. "Miles, why did you choose to have the dinner party here?"

she asked.

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Chapter 629 Chosen by Her

[1,180 words]

Regalia was quite opulent, with many upscale locations. Among all the prime spot villas owned by the Young family, why did they choose to stay here?

"Don't you like it here?" Miles frowned. "When you were a kid, you said this was your favorite place!"

When she was a child...

Kelly was suddenly alarmed and asked, "Why wouldn't I like it? I do like it very much. I just didn't expect you to arrange the dinner party here."

Kelly was very cautious. There was nothing about this place in the information Lizzie had about Harriette.

However, Kelly didn't have any doubts.

Before Harriette disappeared, there were so many things going on that Lizzie couldn't possibly know everything about her.

Besides, this could be something only Harriette and Miles knew, so she had to adapt to the situation on the fly.

Sure enough, Miles' voice came from beside her, reflecting on past memories. "That year, when you first arrived at the Young family, it was your birthday. We came here together, and you said this was your favorite place."

"Yes, this is my favorite place," Kelly quickly agreed. She dared not say more, afraid that saying too much might lead to mistakes.

Fortunately, Miles didn't pursue the topic any further.

Kelly took a silent, deep breath to compose herself. After meeting with the

makeup artist, they immediately started on her makeup.

Miles was sitting nearby, listening to Kelly explain to the makeup artist what she wanted. Half an hour later, Kelly seemed dissatisfied with the makeup.

"I told you, I don't want bold makeup. Keep it subtle. Look at this, just look..." Kelly was clearly upset.

Miles looked over.

Kelly looked into the mirror and caught sight of Miles. She pretended to look upset. "Miles, you see, Rose just left us. I don't want to be too showy..."

Miles frowned, seemingly displeased with the makeup as well.

Kelly's heart suddenly started racing. Was he also thinking that this makeup was too bold? He had to be thinking about Rose...

At this moment, the makeup artist she hired helped out by saying, "Ms. Harriette, since you are wearing a white gown, it would look odd if the makeup is too plain. This makeup complements the style of the gown..."

Miles said in a serious tone, "He's right. Let's go with that."

He lowered his eyes with a hint of guilt, as if he had made a compromise on something.

Kelly secretly felt proud of herself. He chose to disappoint Rose in favor of allowing her to shine. How wonderful!

"But, Rose..."

Kelly pretended to be reluctant, and as expected, Miles reassured her, saying, "It's alright. Everyone is watching you today. Don't stress about it."

Kelly seemed to have wrestled with her thoughts for quite a while before she reluctantly agreed.

She mumbled with feigned guilt, "Rose, I'm sorry."

Miles's eyes narrowed slightly to hear her mumbling, "Rose, I'm sorry".

Her insincere apology should be saved for a genuine moment of remorse in front of Rose.

Kelly didn't notice the brief cold glint in Miles' eyes. She had successfully put on makeup to her satisfaction, and next, she would change out of the gown she was wearing.

She thought about the red gown she admired, and her heart filled with excited anticipation. How could she legitimately make the change?

Kelly smiled with satisfaction and looked at Miles affectionately while linking her arm with his. "Miles, is it time already? I'm ready."

"Alright, let's go."

Miles took her out of the room.

At that moment, the guests were all in the villa's garden. Although the villa was situated in the mountains, it appeared to be well-maintained and had been carefully arranged and decorated.

With the lights illuminating the night, the atmosphere was unexpectedly enjoyable.

The guests in the garden had started drinking alcohol.

Kelly glanced around at the crowd gathered to celebrate her, noting that everyone was wearing masks, which made her pause for a moment.

At that moment, someone handed over two masks.

Kelly looked at Miles with surprise. "Miles, this..."

"When I had others prepare this dinner party, I specified that it needed to be innovative. This might be their idea of innovation," Miles said as he picked up a mask.

He left the man's mask alone and handed the woman's mask to her, saying, "This is quite interesting, why not... try it on?"

The man's mask had a style reminiscent of a black knight.

The lady's mask was a white fox mask, and underneath the mask, white pearl tassels swung gently, giving off a lively charm.

The white mask complemented her white dress perfectly. However, it didn't quite match the red gown she planned to wear later.

At that moment, she didn't have a reason to change her mask. Kelly decided to wait a bit longer, and when she changed her gown later, she could change the mask then.

"Alright." Kelly nodded cheerfully and put on the mask. She then walked into the crowd with Miles.

In the crowd, most people were talking about how Miles gave 59% of his shares to his sister, praising his affection for her.

Miles truly cared for her deeply. Just like that, 59% of the shares were being given away...

"Miles, you treat me really well." Kelly felt a bit moved to hear the conversations around her.

Miles smiled without saying a word. Treated her well?

"I hope you will always feel that I treat you well," Miles hinted subtly.

Kelly didn't catch on to his implied meaning and simply replied, "Of course, Miles will always be good to me."

She firmly believed in Miles's feelings for Harriette. And, she was Harriette!

Kelly casually grabbed a glass of alcohol and leisurely looked for an opportunity to "accidentally" spill and stain her gown. During this, her gaze inadvertently landed on someone.

To be precise, her gaze landed on a mask. The mask was black and shaped like a cat's face.

At just a glance, she was drawn to that mask. She thought it would go perfectly with her red gown!

The woman wearing the mask was also dressed in a red gown, perfectly complementing the mask and creating a seamless look.

Kelly narrowed her eyes slightly. She wanted to grab that mask.

However, before that, she needed to change into the red gown. She had also found the unlucky person she planned to swindle.

Kelly decided to go with her. She didn't know who it was, but they had good taste and a nice figure.

Still, despite her looks and figure, after tonight, she was going to lose her job at Young Group.

Kelly subtly smiled and casually walked in that direction.

The closer she got to that woman, the stronger the malice in her heart grew. She was completely focused

on her scheme, not noticing Miles

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beside her, whose gaze was becoming increasingly cold and intense.

Suddenly, there was a shout. "Ah!"

The hoarse cry suddenly drew the attention of everyone around.

Everyone was wearing masks, and those who were familiar with each other might be able to recognize who by their voices. As for

who

was

the one who just shouted, they were all too familiar with it.

Harriette faced a life full of challenges and hardships. She was injured in her early years, damaging her vocal cords, so her voice had always sounded different from others.

And that voice belonged to none other than Harriette, who was different from the others!

What was going on? What was happening? What happened with Harriette?

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Chapter 630 Be Careful

[1,409 words]

Everyone present turned to look at the commotion.

Harriette's gown was a complete mess. And the reason for this disarray was...

She originally had a glass of alcohol in her hand, but now the glass was completely empty. With just one look, everyone could tell that she had spilled her drink and it had stained her gown.

And the person who caused her to spill the alcohol...

Earlier, Kelly's encounter was clearly far more intense than she had anticipated.

She initially intended to just let a little alcohol spill, enough to stain the gown. However, she didn't expect that with just a slight touch, the woman in the red dress suddenly turned around.

The force that was applied caused her drink to spill out of the cup entirely.

How embarrassing! Without even looking, she knew she looked a complete mess at the moment!

Kelly let out a startled scream and got ready to shout at the other party.

But when everyone around turned their gaze toward her, she didn't dare to scold the woman anymore. Not only did she refrain from scolding her, but she also worked hard to maintain her composure.

Even before the woman in the red dress apologized, Kelly reassured her, "It's okay, it's not your fault. I was just being careless..."

Even though she said it wasn't the other person's fault, the other person should still apologize and admit their mistake, right?

The woman in the red dress, with half her eyes hidden by a mask, blinked and replied, "You should be more careful in the future."

Kelly was dumbfounded. This woman had actually told her to be careful!

Her voice was intentionally muffled, which made it all the more irritating. It was just a tactic to deceive men, but it wasn't going to fool her.

Kelly changed her mind. She not only wanted to kick this woman out of the villa, but she also wanted to thoroughly embarrass her tonight, like ripping off her mask and gown.

Kelly had a wicked smile in her heart, but her surface expression was warm and polite. "Yes, I should be more careful in the future, but what should we do now? Miles..."

Kelly looked at Miles.

The most pressing task right now was to successfully change into the gown she had prepared.

Miles finally shifted his gaze away from the woman in the red dress, and Kelly saw an unapologetic coldness in his eyes.

It turned out Miles was also upset that the woman bumped into her and dirtied her gown. Kelly didn't suspect anything amiss with his behavior.

The coldness in Miles' gaze gradually faded. "Good thing there's a backup."

It seemed like Kelly remembered the backup gown after being reminded of it. "Oh right, how did I forget? I have a backup one, and it's black, which fits well too. So, should I go change now, brother?"

Kelly decided not to bring Miles along this time.

She initially only chose two gowns, but when she was leaving in the morning, Miles suggested she bring more gowns, so she told her assistant to casually grab

one more.

When she arrived at the company, and the assistant was helping her prepare for the dinner party that night, she noticed that the assistant had randomly grabbed a black gown.

She merely glanced over it casually, showing no concern.

She just needed to make sure that the red gown was there, and that was enough for her.

In front of Miles, she could pretend that the red one was just something the assistant grabbed at random. As long as there was also an issue with the black gown, she would be "forced" to wear the red gown.

She described her plan as flawless. All she had to do was follow it.

"Go ahead," Miles said softly.

As Kelly entered the villa unnoticed, his smile slightly faded. His gaze shifted to the woman in the red gown wearing a black cat mask. In just an instant of eye contact, they exchanged greetings with each other.

Miles' smile reappeared at the corners of his mouth, and this time, it carried a bit more genuine warmth.

The atmosphere in the villa's garden returned to its previous state of harmony.

Chloe originally didn't want to attend this dinner party. She was already quite satisfied with receiving ten percent of Young Group's shares today. However, Miles went ahead and gave his 59% of the shares to Harriette!

She hadn't felt well since that moment.

Harriette, that little brat, had been away from the Young family for so many years and hadn't contributed anything to Young Group. How could she deserve so much? Was just because of Miles' affection for her?

Chloe felt like flipping the table and throwing some glasses.

The drink that was spilled all over Harriette just now wasn't thrown by her. Although, she really wanted to throw a drink at her, drenching her completely and splashing it right in her face.

However, she couldn't do it.

At today's shareholder meeting, even though the shares were split, it was still just a verbal agreement. To officially register them under their names, a process was required.

If she attacked Harriette, it would only anger Miles. When the time came, she would be the one who ended up losing out.

Chloe felt upset and could only turn to venting her anger through alcohol.

"Mom, stop drinking. If you keep going, you'll get drunk." Gabriel was here tonight with Chloe.

As her son, he knew Chloe very well. He heard over the phone that she was unhappy about Miles' decision to give shares to Harriette, so he felt he had to accompany her tonight.

He had to keep an eye on her to prevent any trouble.

To be honest, he wanted her to cause a scene, not for any other reason, but just because of... Rose.

It wasn't long after Rose's passing when Miles began redistributing shares. What happened to the affection he once had for Rose?

Gabriel felt that Rose deserved better.

"Drunk? How can I get drunk? Don't worry. I know my limits." Chloe tilted her head back and took another drink.

Gabriel was worried about how much alcohol she was consuming.

However, he didn't try to stop her anymore. Suddenly, he felt it was better to let things happen naturally. If she got drunk and wanted to make a scene, then he would let her do it-it would also help him vent his own frustrations.

After making this decision, Gabriel stopped focusing on Chloe. He bypassed the crowd and entered the villa. He wanted to go to the rooftop to get some peace and quiet.

As he reached the staircase on the second floor, he heard a sudden smacking sound.

Based on his experience, that unmistakable sound was indeed of a palm slapping a cheek. Sure enough, a woman's hoarse voice followed "What are you doing? I told you to take good care of it, and look what you've done. How am I supposed to wear this now?"

The voice seemed to deliberately lower its volume significantly toward the end, almost as if afraid of disturbing others.

Gabriel raised an eyebrow, paused for a moment to think, and then calmly found a spot to settle down, ready to "listen" to the performance.

Meanwhile, in the room, Kelly was about to explode with anger.

At that moment, her expression was dark with anger as she glared intensely at the assistant, who stood in front of her, covering her face with a look of grievance.

She was feeling wronged? She actually felt aggrieved?

The assistant was holding a red gown, but now it was splattered with white paint. That white paint was supposed to be on the black gown instead!

Kelly got even angrier and kicked the assistant.

"Ah!" The assistant was kicked to the ground. Ignoring the pain, she hurriedly apologized, "Ms. Harriette, I did what you instructed and got paint on the black gown, but..."

The assistant looked bewildered. She had no idea what was going on either!

Kelly clenched her fists, feeling a sudden sharp pain piercing her head. "Olivia, you..."

Her assistant's name was Olivia Lenner, and she initially didn't want to use her.

That was because she was quickly promoted from a front desk position to the role of jewelry design director for Young Group by Rose.

It was also precisely of that reason that Kelly found it exciting and rewarding to hire her.

How could it not be exciting, and how could it not be rewarding?

She promised to give her a raise, and Olivia, who would personally help her with tasks as minor as taking off her shoes, was delighted this time as she even promised her a promotion.

Whatever tasks she was assigned, she accomplished them exceptionally well and kept everything confidential, almost as if she had become one of her trusted people.

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[- Chapter 631 He recognized Her](#)

Chapter 631 He recognized Her

[1,278 words]

This time, Olivia had made a mistake.

The only mistake was for such an important matter, and Kelly's anger always needed an outlet. "The promotion opportunity you were promised before is gone!" she snarled.

Olivia was stunned. It was as if she had been dealt a heavy blow. She quickly dropped to their knees and moved forward a couple of steps, looking at Kelly with a pleading expression.

"Ms. Harriette, I can make amends and do other tasks. Just tell me what you need, and I promise to do my best. I only ask that you don't lose faith in me, and please don't cancel my promotion," Olivia pleaded desperately.

Kelly felt an illusionary sense of control, as if she could dictate everything about the person in front of her.

No. It wasn't an illusion.

She currently held 69% of the shares in Young Group, which made her the largest shareholder. Eventually, the entire Young Group would also belong to her, giving her the authority to make all decisions for Young Group's employees.

This great sense of satisfaction finally eased some of the anger Kelly felt.

"Oh, so eager for a promotion?" Kelly raised an eyebrow and smiled, looking at Olivia as if looking at an ant on the ground.

Olivia quickly nodded. "I want to succeed. Please give me a chance, Ms. Harriette."

"I've already given you a chance. Giving you another one isn't out of the question, but if you mess things up for me again this time, I'll make sure you can't stay in Regalia. No, in fact, you won't have a place in the entire jewelry industry."

She now had this capability!

Olivia finally felt hopeful. "Thank you, Ms. Harriette. This time, I'll definitely do my best to make sure you're satisfied."

After she finished speaking, she waited for Kelly's instructions.

Kelly seemed to think of something, and a sly smile appeared on her face. The woman in the red dress... Didn't Kelly want to rip off the mask from her face and the gown from her body?

She had to openly snatch the mask, but as for the red dress... She would just leave that to Olivia.

She originally thought that was enough, but then the woman said, "Be careful in the future". The more she thought about it, the more annoyed she became.

Ripping off the gown wasn't enough-she also wanted...

The malice on Kelly's face was becoming more intense. She beckoned Olivia with a finger, and Olivia immediately knelt down and leaned in to listen.

Kelly leaned in and whispered softly in Olivia's ear.

Each sentence became increasingly malicious, and Olivia's expression changed as she listened.

After she was done speaking, Kelly glanced at her. "What? Can't do it?"

Olivia snapped back to attention and said, "I can do it. I can do it."

"Ha! You're smart. I knew you could do it, and you'll do it well."

Kelly's lips curled into a slight smile, sending shivers down Olivia's spine.

The two of them understood each other without needing to say it out loud-if this matter couldn't be resolved, the consequences for Olivia would go beyond just missing out on a promotion.

Olivia knew that if she didn't go along with Kelly's "malice", things wouldn't end well.

Kelly knew that Olivia was both intelligent and practical, so she wasn't worried about her revealing any information.

And just now, the woman in the red dress... Kelly let out a soft laugh as if she had just decided the woman's fate.

She also still wanted to grab the mask off the woman's face herself.

"That mask with the black gown... that'll work too," Kelly said, as she glanced sadly at the red gown with white paint splatters on it.

There was no choice-only the black gown was left...

"Whatever. I'll just wear this one then. It's black, so it shows respect for the deceased Rose, and it's nice to receive some compliments from people," Kelly compromised with herself.

She changed into the black gown.

The black dress without any other embellishments looked really dull and uninteresting.

Kelly usually didn't like the color black, but today she was making an exception.

While in the room, Kelly redid her makeup. Since she wasn't satisfied with the gown, her makeup had to be flawless and striking.

...

At that moment, Gabriel, who was eavesdropping outside the room, had become visibly upset.

That Harriette...

It turned out things aren't as bright and sunny as they seemed on the outside. Just hearing her slap the assistant twice was enough to make anyone feel disgusted.

Based on what Gabriel just heard, changing the gown was part of her plan.

Earlier outside, she deliberately tried to dirty her gown. But even though she managed to do so, something unexpected happened when she tried to enact her plan.

Did she not get the one she wanted?

Gabriel had a hint of disdain in his

eyes. He had encountered countless

people especially women, and

suddenly he realized that this

Harriette seemed to resemble

someone he knew. 'FindNovel

She was another woman full of schemes and plans, putting on a good act and making it hard for people to like her.

However, that person... had already passed away. The news was that he passed away in a car accident.

Gabriel snapped back to attention when he heard someone inside about to come out. He quickly stepped aside, hiding himself completely in a dark corner.

"Do a good job." When Kelly left, she made sure to give Olivia a specific instruction.

Gabriel listened in, and his eyebrows furrowed again.

Earlier, he didn't hear what Harriette instructed the assistant to do, but he was certain it wasn't anything good. He was worried that someone might be in trouble again.

And that person... The image of the woman in the red dress inexplicably appeared in Gabriel's mind. Was she Harriette's target?

Gabriel was lost in his thoughts. He initially planned to go to the rooftop to find some peace and quiet, but he suddenly changed his mind.

When there was no one around, he emerged from the shadows and then went downstairs. He followed the assistant to whenever she was going.

In the darkness, there was no one around.

The assistant made a phone call, but she spoke so softly that he couldn't make out what she was saying. After a while, the assistant hung up and came back.

Gabriel quickly moved out of her way. He was frowning deeply.

He guessed that the assistant was probably off carrying out the task that Harriette had given her.

Gabriel still didn't know exactly what needed to be done. However, what did it have to do with him? At tonight's dinner party, he was just an observer.

Gabriel thought about it for a moment, but then he let out a bitter laugh. Regardless, he just couldn't stand by and do nothing.

After a moment of thought, Gabriel arrived at the villa's garden. He walked into the crowd and casually picked up a glass of alcohol. He subtly moved toward a certain figure.

"If something comes up, come home early," Gabriel whispered softly when there was no one beside the woman in the red dress.

The two of them were standing back to back.

Rose turned around in surprise. Just from seeing his side profile, she recognized it was Gabriel. Even with a mask on, she recognized him.

"Are you... talking to me?" Rose asked, somewhat unsure. She altered her voice

so the other person wouldn't recognize her.

Gabriel didn't look back. He tilted his head back, sipping the alcohol in his glass. His eyes focused on the figure

in black, making sure that Harriette wasn't paying attention to them, and he continued speaking.

"This dinner party isn't all that fun. It's getting dark, and it's not safe for a girl to be out alone. Better to head home early."

Rose felt his kind intentions. Was he worried that something might happen to her?

But... everyone outside believed she was dead, and she was certain that Gabriel was not among those who knew the truth about her faked death.

Did he recognize her?

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Chapter 632 Still Alive

[1,289 words]

Rose quickly dismissed this speculation. There was no way Gabriel recognized her.

At that moment, the person in front of Gabriel was a stranger. Perhaps he had overheard something earlier and was kindly reminding her to stay safe.

"Thank you, Mr. Yones," Rose expressed her sincere gratitude.

Gabriel paused in his motion of tilting his head back to drink, having not looked at her before. Only now did he slowly turn his gaze to the person in front of him.

The mask covered most of her face, but the curve of her lips that was visible formed a warm smile, creating a feeling of friendliness and comfort.

But that smile... Gabriel experienced a moment of confusion.

He found it amusing how certain thoughts would suddenly pop into his head and then just as quickly disappear. Why did he think the person in front of him was Rose? Rose had already...

Suppressing a sigh, Gabriel smiled politely at the person in front of him and said, "You're welcome. Be careful and leave here safely."

After finishing speaking, Gabriel left.

Rose watched as he walked away.

Kelly's gaze turned in time to catch Gabriel walking away from the woman in the red dress, and that woman...

Gabriel had already walked away, yet she still couldn't let go of him?

Oh, did she have a crush on Gabriel? But Gabriel's character...

When she was at Aquastead, she thought Gabriel was a great catch. However, after coming to Regalia, she realized that Gabriel was just an unambitious and frivolous rich heir.

Even so, Gabriel probably wasn't interested in her. If she couldn't see it now, she certainly wouldn't see it later.

In Kelly's line of sight, an attendant approached the figure in the red dress and said something to her. Then, she was seen walking toward the villa.

Kelly had a fleeting glint of malice in her eyes. She knew that Olivia must have made her move.

Olivia was going to... rip off her gown! And after that...

Kelly's thoughts were filled with a mix of maliciousness and excitement.

Rose walked into the villa after being informed by the attendant that someone was waiting for her in the restroom to discuss an important matter.

She knew that everything for tonight had already been arranged by Jonathan and Miles. Therefore, she didn't need to be afraid. She just needed to keep moving forward.

Upon entering the villa, she headed straight for the bathroom.

The guests at the dinner party tonight were all in the garden outside the villa. Meanwhile, Rose went into the villa and didn't come across anyone.

Finally, she saw the bathroom on the first floor. As she walked straight in, the door closed behind her. Just as her feet crossed the threshold, Rose turned around and saw the person behind her. She was momentarily taken aback.

"Shh..." The person held onto Rose's hand, worried she might make a noise and scared of startling her, spoke quickly, "Ms. Shaffer, it's me. Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you."

Rose was surprised that the person had actually recognized her. Was she part of the plan to fake Rose's death from the beginning?

Rose had many questions in her mind. She looked at the person in front of her and said, "It's you."

Of course she recognized her. She was the receptionist who was given a hard time by Chloe that day at Young Group.

She remembered that on the day of the explosion, when she was chasing the fake Harriette out of the company, it was right then in the elevator that this girl handed an umbrella to her.

The girl was well-intentioned toward Rose.

"You are..." Rose rarely interacted with her on a daily basis and didn't know her name.

"Olivia. My name is Olivia Lenner." Olivia looked at Rose with what seemed like stars twinkling in her eyes.

Rose had finally asked for her name. How fantastic!

"Olivia," Rose noted. "You know..."

Rose didn't need to explain, and it seemed like an explanation wasn't necessary, as Olivia had understood. "I know. Don't worry, Ms. Shaffer. Mr. Young won't let anything happen to you."

She wouldn't either!

However, according to Miles, in order to surprise Harriette, certain things needed to be shown to her in a way that she could see.

Rose wasn't dumb. Seeing Olivia looking a bit troubled, Rose asked, "Anything I can do to help?"

"Rest assured, Ms. Shaffer. I won't actually harm you. It's just that Ms. Harriette wants to embarrass you. She wants to snatch your mask and even strip you of your gown, and perhaps even more..."

Olivia thought about what Harriette had instructed her to do, and she couldn't help but feel a strong sense of righteous indignation.

"Ms. Harriette... she's so malicious. Even though she didn't know you were Ms. Shaffer, she still harbored such malice toward a stranger."

Rose gave a slight smile. That was exactly Kelly's style!

Kelly was known for holding grudges. When she was still a stepdaughter in the Shaffer family she would act indifferent on the surface but would find ways to retaliate behind the scenes if anyone offended her.

Just like when she had seduced Nixon.

Nowadays, with Harriette's appearance and the Young family's status, she could do whatever she wanted.

The evil in her heart only grew stronger.

The simple phrase "Be more careful" was more than enough for her to seek revenge fiercely. Did she want to rip off her gown?

Rose lowered her eyes and asked, "How do you need me to cooperate?"

Olivia quickly shook her head and said, "I can't rip Ms. Shaffer's gown, but I do need to borrow it for a moment..."

It wasn't like Miles would actually allow Rose to be insulted, but even Olivia wouldn't do that.

Just one video was needed to convince Harriette that the woman in the red dress had her gown ripped off. She could take the place of the person in the video.

Rose instantly understood what she meant. But Olivia was also a girl...

She hadn't voiced her concerns yet when she heard a noise outside the door.

Rose and Olivia exchanged a glance and immediately went on high alert. Olivia instinctively positioned herself protectively in front of Rose as she opened the bathroom door.

There was a tall silhouette outside the door.

The mask that Rose saw startled her.

It was Gabriel! Did he... overhear?

At that moment, Gabriel had an intense look in his eyes, gazing past Olivia and directly at the person standing behind her.

He had heard it!

He had seen the woman in the red dress enter the villa amidst the crowd.

He had clearly reminded her to go home early and stay safe, but she didn't listen.

He didn't really want to meddle in others' fates anymore.

But he didn't know why he couldn't shake the moment when he saw the slight smile at the corner of the woman's mouth beneath her mask from his mind.

Then, almost as if he was driven by some supernatural force, he followed along.

He thought to himself that the person who ran into him today was quite lucky.

If Harriette really intended to do something to her, he would save her and send her down the mountain. However, unexpectedly, when he was outside the bathroom, he overheard... "Ms. Shaffer".

Did that assistant call the woman "Ms. Shaffer"?

At that moment, only these two words were running through his mind, causing him to accidentally make a noise. He then looked at the woman in the red dress wearing a black cat mask.

The slightly visible eyes... the gently upturned lips...

"Ro...se."

When Gabriel said the name, his voice quivered, and even his heartbeat quickened.

He felt joyful and even relieved.

He didn't have time to think about what the news about Rose's "death" was all about or what it meant. All he knew for sure was that he had hoped Rose was alive and well.

How wonderful! She was alive!

"Mr. Yones..." Olivia's gaze remained cautious.

Rose's secret has been discovered, and she couldn't allow it to spread and jeopardize tonight's plans.

Gabriel suddenly snapped back to reality after hearing Olivia call out to him.

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Chapter 633 No Visible Show

[1,217 words]

Before Olivia could say anything, Gabriel interjected, "I didn't see anything, and I don't know anything."

After he finished speaking, he turned his gaze away from Rose. As he turned to leave, he paused briefly and softly added, "Welcome back."

Gabriel had a slight smile, and even his steps seemed lighter and more cheerful.

As his figure disappeared from view, Olivia regained her composure and turned to look at Rose. "Ms. Shaffer..."

Olivia seemed hesitant to speak, evidently unsure about Gabriel's attitude.

However, Rose was very certain.

"Don't worry. He won't tell anyone." Rose thought about the "welcome back" she heard, recognizing the happiness hidden within it.

He had hoped she was alive, so why would he betray her?

Gabriel... She hadn't had much interaction with him and never truly got to know "Mr. Yones", but now she felt like she had gained another friend.

Yes, a friend—because they were friends, that was why they truly wished for the best for each other.

Olivia felt relieved. She quickly returned to the topic from before Gabriel appeared, "Ms. Shaffer, if I could trouble you, your gown..."

Olivia planned to wear Rose's gown to take her place.

At that moment, Rose had already made a decision, saying, "No need to swap. I can handle it."

"This won't do. Ms. Shaffer, you can't-"

"You can't either!" Rose interrupted Olivia, saying, "You're a nice girl. Don't worry. It's just filming a video. She wants it, so we're just putting on a little act..."

Rose knew Kelly well-she was deeply calculating and also proud and arrogant.

She wanted Olivia to send a video of her ripping off her gown, mainly to enjoy someone else's discomfort and to demonstrate her current power to easily control other people's fate.

Since she wanted a bit of excitement, she would give it to her. However, it wasn't necessary to give her something real.

Rose quietly shared her plan with Olivia, who seemed very hesitant. "Will she get mad...?" Olivia asked.

"She will!"

"Then..."

"She will believe it too."

Rose knew that Kelly would be angry, but she would just bottle up that anger inside, intending to give her a bigger lesson later on.

As long as Kelly didn't suspect anything, everything would be fine. She was certain that Rose was dead and that Olivia didn't dare to disobey her, so she wouldn't have any doubts.

As expected, the two followed Rose's plan by recording the "ripping video" and sending it to Kelly, whose reaction was exactly as Rose had anticipated.

Kelly moved among the guests, waiting for news from Olivia ever since the woman in the red dress entered the villa.

Finally, her phone buzzed with a text message.

She glanced at Miles, who was speaking with the elders on the board of Young Group, and then quietly took out her phone.

The video started with the person in the black cat face mask. The look in her eyes was visibly filled with terror.

"Please, no..." With that plea, the screen suddenly shook, followed by a loud thud, as if the phone had fallen to the ground.

Kelly's smiling expression suddenly froze. What was going on?

Her anger had just begun to rise when she heard a cry of pain from the video. "Ah! Don't pull my clothes! Don't touch me! Don't..."

Olivia was angrily complaining, "You had the nerve to slap my phone away! Who told you to wear red? Do you think you can pull off a color like that? Take it off. No, let me help you take it off!"

The scene was filled with cursing, pleading, the sound of fabric tearing, and occasionally the sounds of slapping. It all ended with the helpless sobbing of a

woman...

The sound of that crying alone was truly moving.

Kelly's anger gradually subsided, feeling soothed by those shouts. It was unfortunate that she couldn't see what had happened. However, just by listening to the audio, she could tell that Olivia was genuinely dedicated to her work.

This was just an appetizer. Anyway, when that woman who had her clothes ripped

off was thrown out by Olivia later, it would give her the chance to humiliate her personally.

After quite some time, the phone was picked up.

Olivia's hesitant voice came through with an explanation, "Ms. Harriette, I just dropped the phone. I followed your instructions and ripped her clothes, but she took the opportunity while I wasn't paying attention and ran away..."

Olivia was worried that Harriette might think she hadn't done her job well.

Thankfully, Kelly replied calmly, "Alright. You did well."

...

Back in the restroom, Olivia breathed a sigh of relief. She glanced at Rose, surprised that their impromptu performance, accompanied only by a bit of sound, had actually fooled Harriette.

At that moment, Rose still looked impeccably dressed.

She leaned against the wall with her arms crossed. She was very confident about Kelly's response.

Meanwhile Olivia... She was so

nervous just now that she was sweating profusely, but thankfully she completed it successfully. That moment, she let out a big Sigh of relief. When their eyes met, they both unexpectedly burst into

laughter.

"I better head out. She must still be waiting to see me make a fool of myself. I can't let her down, can I?" Rose quipped with a playful raise of her eyebrow.

As she was heading out, Olivia called out to her with some concern, "Ms. Shaffer..."

Rose turned around, noticing the concern in her eyes. She reassuringly patted her on the shoulder and said, "Don't worry. She can't hurt me. In fact, I'll be her nightmare!"

To Kelly, wasn't Rose nothing more than her nightmare?

Rose wanted to make this nightmare even more terrifying, especially considering it was Kelly who caused Oliver's death.

Rose came out of the bathroom, and as she passed a room, she went in and casually grabbed a bedsheet, wrapping it around herself haphazardly.

It created the perfect amount of messiness and only accentuated her embarrassing, disheveled look.

After checking her reflection in the glass and confirming that she looked sufficiently "disheveled" from every angle, Rose stumbled out in a panicked and unsteady manner.

Outside the villa, Kelly felt her heart leap with nervousness when she heard that the woman had escaped. She absolutely couldn't let her get away!

A trace of malice briefly flickered in her eyes before disappearing. Kelly quickly walked over to Miles, who was still talking to others, and said, "Miles, I'd like to give a gift to one of the people here. Is that okay?"

Miles immediately stopped his conversation with others, looked at her with a gentle gaze, and asked, "Who do you want to give it to?"

"I don't know either. How about we randomly choose a lucky person? Whoever gets my mask can use it to find me and exchange it for a gift. How does that sound?"

Kelly pointed to the fox mask on her face and looked at Miles with excitement. Given Miles' affection for her, she was confident he would support her.

As expected, Miles gave a doting smile, as if no matter what she asked for, he would agree without hesitation. "Alright, you can do whatever you want as long as you're happy. Anything goes."

"You treat me so well," Kelly said with a mixture of satisfaction and excitement.

Since Miles had given his support, she couldn't wait any longer. She eagerly removed the fox mask she was wearing and said in a clear voice, "Thank you all for attending tonight's dinner party..."

As soon as she started speaking, her unique husky voice captured the attention of everyone present. The star of tonight's part, Harriette, was speaking.

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Chapter 634 Are You Ready?

[1,290 words]

With everyone watching in admiration and anticipation, Kelly raised her voice slightly as she spoke.

"In appreciation of everyone attending, I want to introduce a game with a reward. We'll use this mask as a symbol for a game similar to musical chairs. Whoever is holding the

mask when the music stops will be the lucky star of the evening. In my name, I'll gift them a property worth millions."

A property worth millions of dollars!

Harriette made such an extravagant gesture just for playing a game.

At that moment, everyone present was in a frenzy.

"Okay! I want to be tonight's lucky star."

"I'm not sure who it will be, but I really liked the fox mask on Ms. Harriette's face. That mask is definitely mine."

"It's mine! It's mine!"

Even before the game started, everyone was already scrambling and competing with each other. There was no choice, as the prize was simply too tempting— everyone wanted it.

Kelly observed the lively scene before her, and the smile on her lips grew wider. A property worth millions of dollars? Of course, it didn't exist.

The person who received the mask might not even want to live tomorrow, so how could they possibly come to claim a property worth millions?

At that time, out of her "goodwill", she would provide her with a grave.

That way, she could earn some goodwill again. The more she thought about it, the more she thought it was worth it.

Kelly was calculating the time she needed. She needed to stop that woman before she escaped, so she had to act quickly. "Let's get started then. We don't have drums, so... I'll just use applause instead."

Kelly playfully winked. Her appearance resembled that of an innocent and carefree child.

Anastasia knew she was going to stir up some trouble again.

Anastasia watched the entire incident where the woman in the red dress "soiled" Kelly's gown. That woman had clearly staged an accident on purpose.

She wanted to go over to the woman in the red dress, but fortunately, the woman wasn't as petty as she had expected and didn't even bother apologizing.

Was Kelly doing all that just to change her gown? But...

Anastasia glanced at the black gown Harriette was wearing at the moment. The feeling was hard to describe it might have been better if she hadn't changed at all. Her skin was fair, but the overall look didn't quite suit her vibe.

Wearing this black gown kind of made her look like... a black witch. She was even up for a round of "pass the mask". What was her objective this time?

Anastasia couldn't figure it out, but it was clear she didn't have any good intentions.

It was extremely quiet around the entire villa.

Kelly slightly raised her hand, and even before she started clapping, the people present held their breath, afraid of missing anything or being distracted from this priceless moment.

As the initial applause began, it sounded crisp and pleasant.

The fox mask was quickly passed from one person to the next, and right after that...

The claps were gentle and slow at times, then occasionally rapid and intense. It felt like everyone's emotions were swaying with the rhythm of the clapping. Each person was fully engaged in the "game".

Kelly clapped her hands, feeling delighted as she watched the crowd's enthusiasm. It was incredible how easily she could now influence so many people's emotions.

What good was Rose's previous luck?

Being noticed by Oliver and getting adopted as his granddaughter, casually marrying someone and even bumping into Jonathan, and also having such a father...

But what did that really matter? In the end, it was Kelly who emerged as the ultimate winner. Rose, oh, Rose. Could she see this? Oh, if she did see it, wouldn't she be insanely jealous?

Kelly was feeling extremely pleased with herself. Even in her moment of pride, she kept an eye on the villa entrance, waiting until she saw someone stumble out in a hurried manner.

Kelly briefly paused her claps.

Afterward, it became more intense.

No one noticed the slight pause in the applause earlier, and as the clapping became more intense, everyone's excitement grew even higher.

The crowd watched Kelly, but Kelly's eyes were fixed on the figure fleeing in a disheveled state.

She watched as the mask headed toward that figure. She got ready to time it perfectly and came to a sudden stop.

The entire place fell silent. Everyone knew that tonight's game had come to an end.

Who was the lucky one?

For a moment, everyone's eyes searched around before turning in a particular direction.

The fox mask was seen falling to the ground, and the person who dropped "it" on the ground...

Those present couldn't help but frown.

The person was wearing a black cat mask and had wrapped themselves in a bedsheet.

Everyone was stunned. How did she end up wrapped in a bedsheet? Everyone present came dressed to impress, didn't they?

"How do we count this? The mask is on the ground..." someone suddenly asked, their voice carrying a mix of disappointment and a hint of anticipation.

The disappointment set in as the game ended, and the lucky winner turned out not to be any of them. They hoped that by having the mask on the ground, there might be a new round.

"That's right! How do we deal with this situation?" There were more than a few people with the same anticipation.

Everyone looked toward Harriette, as she was clearly the one who had the power to make all the decisions. Were they going to start the game all over again?

Of course, Kelly wasn't going to restart the game!

She had already caught the target. If she started over, the target would escape. Then what would be the point of that?

So, under everyone's gaze, she slowly walked toward the "lucky star". With each step, Kelly felt an intense excitement surge within her.

She was about to snatch the "lucky star's" mask, making her completely embarrassed in front of everyone. Just the thought of it made her feel really happy and relieved.

"Be more careful in the future." Ha! Who did she think she was? She dared to give her advice!

Finally, Kelly approached her.

She crouched down to pick up the

mask that had fallen on the ground and looked at the person in front of her with a smile. "When the applause stopped just now, I saw the foxe mask in this lady's hand. She was obviously startled, which is why she dropped the mask on the ground."

Kelly, with a gentle smile, placed the mask she picked up into the other person's hand and reassured them softly, "Don't be afraid. You've received this mask, so I have a gift to give you!"

A gift... Everyone else was thinking about that multi-million prize, feeling both envious and resigned.

They didn't realize that the true meaning behind Harriette's words, whom they praised, wasn't about the property, but rather... a lesson!

Rose kept her eyes lowered.

Gradually, her eyes met with Kelly's gaze.

Rose was all too familiar with Kelly's deceptive smile. On the surface, it appeared full of kindness and innocence, but in reality, it was the beginning of a betrayal.

"Are you ready?" Kelly's smile grew even bigger.

Rose remained silent. Was she ready? It seemed like she didn't really need to be ready for anything, right?

The other person didn't respond.

Kelly didn't think much of it,

assuming that this "lucky individual was still in shock from the recent incident of being stripped of her clothes. It was fine. She didn't need

to respond to Kelly.

She just needed to endure it. Hopefully, Kelly could handle her when the time came!

Kelly glanced at the bedsheet wrapped around her with a hint of a cold smile in her eyes, then looked at the black cat mask, suddenly acting as if she was faced with a dilemma.

"Miss, you got my fox mask, and now I don't have a mask. Would you be willing to give me yours?" she asked.

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Chapter 635 Fall Face First

[1,298 words]

Kelly looked at the person in front of her. She knew that once she said this, everyone would agree with her, no matter who it was.

Even if the other person didn't agree, people around her would still put pressure on her.

As expected, when the "lucky star" wearing the black cat mask didn't respond immediately, everyone started teasing her.

"Of course they're willing. Ms. Harriette is giving her a property worth millions as a gift. It's not just about exchanging one mask with her; even if it were more, they'd still be willing."

"Isn't that right? If you can't even agree to this, then your perspective is really too narrow-minded."

"What's up with this lucky person? What's with their outfit? Are they wearing a bedsheet?"

Someone had noticed the bedsheet she was wrapped in.

However, the crowd was more concerned about why she hadn't yet told Harriette that she was willing to give her the mask.

After quite a while, the lucky person finally spoke slowly. "Are you sure?"

Everyone was speechless. Huh? What was there to be sure of?

Kelly smiled faintly, completely sure of her plan. She wasn't just determined to snatch her mask; she also intended to "accidentally" pull away the bedsheet wrapped around her when she removed the mask.

If she going to embarrass her, she had to make sure her face was seen.

"Are you unwilling? Then..."

The more she didn't want to, the more Kelly would use public opinion to pressure her. After all, Kelly was very skilled at stirring up other people's emotions.

But before she had a chance to act, the "lucky star" spoke again. "Are you ready?"

It was yet another puzzling question, just like the one Kelly asked her earlier. Kelly paused for a moment.

She glanced at the person in front of her and couldn't help but inwardly scoff. Was she ready?

Ha, was this "lucky star" just talking nonsense now after getting stripped of her clothes and losing her senses?

Kelly raised an eyebrow, intrigued, and said, "Ready."

She purposely acted indifferent as she responded.

As the conversation ended, their eyes unexpectedly met, and at that moment, Kelly felt a sudden chill run down her spine. Why did she feel that way?

The woman felt too familiar that just a glance made her feel like she was seeing someone she knew. But that person...

No, it must have been an illusion. It definitely was an illusion just now. That person was already dead, so why would it seem like she saw her?

Kelly's eyes sparkled.

The "lucky star" standing in front of her had already started to move.

Rose slowly raised her hand, seemingly intending to take off her mask. However, she realized that if she did so, she wouldn't have a free hand to hold onto the sheet that was wrapped around her body.

There was nothing else she could do, so she had to seek help from the person closest to her. She looked at Kelly and asked, "Could you please help me take it off, Ms. Harriette?"

Kelly snapped back to reality and looked at the person in front of her with a steady gaze. She was suddenly amused. Rose was already dead. She had witnessed her being blown up in the warehouse. She even saw the wreckage with her own eyes.

Rose's necklace was also mixed in with the wreckage, so she was absolutely certain of it. She was certain that Rose had already died, but just now, it seemed like she saw her again. How was that possible?

The person in front of her was nothing more than an insignificant pawn that she could manipulate at will. This insignificant person even had the audacity to ask her to pick up the mask for her!

She was naturally willing to help. She couldn't wait to personally tear off her mask.

"Sure, of course," Kelly replied with a sweet smile, hiding her true intentions behind it.

Rose tilted her head slightly, making it easier for Kelly to help her. During this moment, the mask separated the two faces, both of which had amused smiles as if enjoying a show.

The other people nearby were also watching the two of them. They were curious about who this "lucky person" could be to have such incredible luck!

In the quiet air, the wind blew through the mountains.

The wind caught Rose's hair and lifted it around her ears, just in time for Kelly to take advantage of the moment as if she had been "accidentally" snagged by the stray strands.

"Oh, I'm so sorry..." Kelly quickly apologized. Her apology made her appear more panicked.

In her panic, she took a step forward and "accidentally" stepped on the bedsheet that was trailing on the ground.

From an outsider's perspective, she was seen "earnestly" helping the "lucky one" retrieve their mask, and she was just extremely enthusiastic about it.

No one noticed the subtle, wicked smile at the corner of Kelly's mouth. Finally, the mask came off.

As soon as she took it off, the mask would come off this "ant-like" person's face.

But before that, she had to tear away the bedsheet covering her.

She had stepped onto the bedsheet with both feet just now, so everything had been prepared in advance.

At that moment, the bedsheet on her would fall off with just a gentle push, and she quickly found an opportunity.

Kelly leaned back when taking off the mask.

She was wearing high heels and somehow suddenly lost her balance. She wobbled for a moment before eventually tipping forward.

"Ah!" Kelly exclaimed in a panic. She had no intention of faking a fall. She knew that Miles would ensure she was never in any danger.

Miles stood near her side, and she could feel his gaze on her. If anything happened, he would be there to protect her.

She had the confidence. So, she wasn't scared at all.

She let out a scream as a signal to Miles.

Kelly's face showed a hint of a smile beneath her expression of panic. She watched the person in front of her lean with her, knowing that only one of them would actually fall and experience the embarrassment.

This was like comparing a beautiful swan to an ugly duckling. Kelly was the swan, while the other person was the ugly duckling. Ugly ducklings should stay at the rock bottom.

But... Suddenly, the person in front of her took a few steps back, and Kelly was slightly taken aback. It all happened so quickly in just a matter of seconds.

She didn't have time to see what happened. She only felt the increasing pull of gravity on her body. Why hadn't Miles come to rescue her yet?

"Miles!" Kelly exclaimed.

This time, she truly screamed.

But even after calling out, she still hadn't gotten any help from Miles.

"Ah!"

Another cry rang out, the sound almost agonizing, perhaps due to the pain.

|

In full view of everyone, Harriette fell face-first to the ground, her whole body sprawling on the floor. Luckily, there was a sheet underneath, preventing her from falling directly onto the dirt...

No... When everyone took a closer look, they realized they were mistaken. The sheet barely cushioned her body, but her face... ended up hitting the ground directly.

Didn't this count as hitting rock bottom?

Her appearance was really quite... disheveled.

The air was so silent that one could hear a pin drop.

Kelly was completely taken by surprise by the fall. It hurt... it really hurt. Her knees, arms, chest, nose, and face hurt as well. It even felt like her teeth got hit, and there was a metallic taste in her mouth.

How did this happen?

Why did she actually fall? How could she be in such a disheveled state? What about Miles? Why did Miles not manage to grab onto her? Countless questions filled her mind, accompanied by anger and humiliation.

Feeling wronged, she started crying, "Miles... Miles... it hurts so much."

If he couldn't grab her earlier, then he would probably be here now to comfort her properly, right?

She needed someone to help her ease the awkwardness she was feeling right now.

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Chapter 636 Long Time No See

[1,358 words]

But after Kelly's cry of pain, she didn't get any response, even after waiting for a moment. Where was Miles?

She clearly saw him just a moment ago. He was right behind her, not far off to the side.

Kelly, despite the pain, propped herself up slightly and turned her head to look for Miles. She looked at the spot where Miles had just been standing and saw him still there.

"Miles..." Kelly looked at him pitifully, hoping for his sympathy. However, Miles remained expressionless.

He had watched her fall to the ground. How could his face show no emotion? "Miles..." Kelly couldn't believe it.

She called out to him again, but there was a cold smirk on his face. That cold smirk...

Since she returned to the Young family, she had never seen such an expression on Miles's face. She was the cherished Harriette. How could Miles show her such an expression?

"Miles, I'm in so much pain..." Kelly was filled with doubt. She had called out to him so many times that it was impossible he didn't hear, yet he seemed to ignore her completely as if he couldn't see or hear her.

Instead of becoming warmer, his gaze grew colder, and gradually, it even contained a hint of anger.

What was going on?

Kelly noticed something unusual was happening. She never thought about the worst-case scenario. Was there something she did wrong that upset Miles? Kelly tried to recall.

At that moment, a voice was heard saying, "He's not your brother. Calling out him like that makes things difficult for everyone."

The sound was melodious, reminiscent of a gentle breeze.

That voice... why did it sound somewhat familiar to her? It was like...

Kelly suddenly felt her heart clench.

As she followed the sound and shifted her gaze, she realized that everyone within her line of sight looked surprised, each face filled with disbelief.

And now, what they were looking at...

Kelly finally discovered what was causing everyone's shocked expressions. That face... that red gown...

Rose? No, how could it be Rose?

Rose was dead. She saw Rose get blown up with her own eyes. So how could she be seeing Rose here now?

It had to be an illusion! It had to be!

Kelly thought that she must have fallen so hard earlier that it blurred her vision, causing her to mistakenly see someone else as Rose. That had to be the case!

Rose liked the color red. So, it was because of that red gown that she mistook someone else wearing a red dress for Rose.

Kelly wanted to rub her eyes to get a clearer look, and suddenly, triggered by the sight of that red dress, she was struck with anger.

Didn't she have Olivia rip off her gown? Olivia had sent a video in which she heard...

Kelly realized something was amiss when she suddenly noticed a pair of high heels in front of her. The woman in the red dress had already approached her and was standing over her, looking down.

Rose observed Kelly's reaction.

She knew that even now, she still couldn't believe that the person standing in front of her was Rose. The more it happened, the more determined she was to make her see clearly that she was indeed Rose!

Rose caught sight of the black cat face mask that Kelly had just taken off. When it was thrown off, the mask fell to the ground and was now lying there. Rose crouched down and casually picked it up.

The scene was strikingly similar to the one just before. A moment ago, Kelly picked up a fallen fox mask for her, and now she was picking up a fallen cat mask for Kelly. The two had switched roles.

Rose held the mask and waved it in front of Kelly. "Isn't this what you wanted? I'm giving it to you. Why aren't you holding it properly?"

Her tone seemed to carry hints of complaints and sarcasm.

Hearing that voice again made Kelly's blood run cold.

Kelly found herself close enough to see the pores on each other's faces. At that moment, she was startled and forgot about everything else.

"Ah!"

Kelly, in a panic, scrambled to her feet and tried to escape, but she was tripped up by the bedsheet because of her high heels.

She hadn't even had time to find her balance before she fell back and landed on her bottom. When the pain hit, Kelly couldn't afford to focus on it.

She watched as the woman who had been crouching just moments ago slowly stood up, and Kelly's face filled with terror.

Rose! It was Rose's ghost!

"Go away! Just go!" Kelly closed her eyes as if not seeing her would make the fear go away. But when she closed her eyes, she could still hear it.

She heard footsteps approaching,

and then Rose's voice slowly

emerged beside her. "I'm here for the dinner party. This is such a fun dinner party. Wouldn't it be a shame to leave? I'm not leaving."

She leaned in closer to Kelly and asked, "Aren't you going to greet me?"

Greet her? Why would she greet a ghost?

Kelly felt like she was the one who caused Rose's death, and even if Rose were to come back as a ghost to confront her, Kelly wouldn't be afraid. She might even flaunt her victory to her. But she was still afraid.

"Am I not welcome here?" Rose asked suddenly, with a hint of tension in her voice.

Kelly felt a chill run through her heart and quickly said, "You... you're dead. You're a ghost. I don't care what you want to do. You are already dead..."

She passed away, and nothing could change that. She was just trying to scare herself, that was all.

"Rose's ghost" suddenly laughed. "I'm a ghost? Open your eyes and take a good look at me. How could I be a ghost?"

Open her eyes? Kelly refused to open her eyes.

Gradually, she seemed to calm down. "Rose, I know you died under terrible circumstances, and I know you really miss us. We miss you a lot too."

Rose raised an eyebrow and asked, "Really? You actually miss me? You missed me but don't look at me? I find that a bit hard to believe."

This woman was definitely a skilled actress. However, today Rose was determined to put an end to her acting career.

Kelly was about to come up with an excuse when Rose's voice interrupted, "Everyone is looking at me. Why don't you take a look too, or are you feeling guilty?"

Guilty?

"Why should I feel guilty?" Even if she had personally killed Rose, she didn't feel guilty. Despite thinking that, Kelly opened her eyes to prove she wasn't feeling guilty.

Standing in front of her was Rose, dressed in a striking red gown. Her smile was confident and bold, like a blazing fire, making her stand out intensely.

For a moment, Kelly was in a daze, feeling as if the person standing in front of her wasn't a ghost, but instead a real person.

"It's been a long time. Do you still want this mask?" Rose asked as she waved the cat mask in her hand again.

This time, Kelly instinctively shook her head.

She stared at Rose, and the realization that had just come to her lingered in her mind.

"Oh, you don't want it? That's a

shame. I really like this thing and thought you really wanted it too. That's why I agreed to give it to you, but now you're saying you don't want it anymore. So... should take it back?"

Rose spoke in a way where each word was carefully chosen, had a specific meaning, and carried a double entendre.

As Kelly listened to her, certain things became increasingly clear in her mind.

The clearer the thoughts in her mind became, the more intense her fear grew. She stared intently at the person in front of her, taking in those familiar eyes, the smile, the demeanor...

Kelly, sitting on the ground and as if wanting to confirm something, suddenly reached out and grabbed Rose's hand, which was holding the black cat mask.

She was met with a warm touch that had delicate and smooth skin.

In the next moment, Kelly shook off her hand.

"Ah!"

Her hoarse scream sounded even more terrified than before.

She was... a real person! She wasn't a ghost!

But this result was far more terrifying than the person standing in front of her being a ghost.

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Chapter 637 Are You Really Sad?

[1,252 words]

Kelly was genuinely panicked and truly scared. Even though she had let go of Rose's hand, she could still feel her warmth, and she turned pale.

"Are you alright?" Rose asked with a smile, her expression suggesting she was concerned for her.

At that moment, Kelly couldn't hear any other sounds. She could only see the smile on Rose's face and felt more certain than ever that it was indeed Rose-a living Rose!

Rose was alive... How could she be alive?

She watched the warehouse explosion with her own eyes. She was the one who set off the explosives. She still remembered the power of the blasts, one after another in a chain reaction, powerful enough to obliterate someone completely.

She even saw firsthand the remains of her body, which had been completely disfigured by the explosion. And there was also that necklace...

She was supposed to be dead, so how was she alive?

In Kelly's mind, countless memories flickered as she searched for clues.

At that moment, someone excitedly stepped forward, saying, "Ms. Rose..."

That person was the butler of the Young family, Patrick.

He looked at Rose, visibly excited as if he was unsure yet afraid of being certain, worrying that his hopes might be dashed. He reached out his hand toward Rose.

Rose met his gaze and reached out to shake hands with Patrick. That temperature...

"Ms. Rose..." At that moment, Patrick was so overwhelmed with emotion that his eyes filled with tears. Ignoring the looks from those around, he tightly grasped Rose's hand.

What he was looking forward to had finally been confirmed. "Ms. Rose, you're alive. Good! That's good!"

Patrick kept murmuring, and his previously dull eyes seemed to brighten once again.

He glanced at Rose with a sense of satisfaction and, as he lowered his gaze, whispered almost inaudibly, "Mr. Young, Ms. Rose is alive and well..."

In the end, he lifted his head, grabbed Rose's hand, and shouted excitedly with a smile, "Ms. Rose is alive! Ms. Rose is alive!"

His roar shattered the last bit of uncertainty lingering in the hearts of everyone present.

That was Rose. That was definitely Rose! Rose was alive!

"Ms. Shaffer, where have you been lately? We all thought..." Someone in the crowd voiced the question everyone was wondering.

They had all heard about that explosion.

Rose died in that explosion, and reportedly, her body was so disfigured that it couldn't be pieced together-it was extremely horrific.

It seemed now that there might be more to the explosion than met the eye.

Rose, noticing everyone's gaze, said, "I took some time off for myself recently. Why? Did something happen?"

She appeared completely clueless.

The crowd was momentarily taken aback.

"It turns out it was for a vacation. But that explosion..."

"Are you talking about the warehouse explosion at the psychiatric facility?" Rose asked, and without waiting for an answer, she went on to explain, "If it weren't for that explosion, I probably wouldn't be able to take a vacation.

"The explosion that day was so powerful that I was knocked unconscious by the shockwave. Fortunately, I managed to get out early, or I would have been blown to pieces.

"But when I woke up, I realized my necklace was missing. It must have fallen off in the warehouse."

Every word Rose says was true. She really did take a vacation, and she really did get knocked out. Plus, her necklace really was missing.

Everyone knew what happened that day and couldn't help but remark how fortunate Rose was to come out of it alive.

"It turns out it was a false alarm. We thought..."

"It's just good that you're alive. It's good. It's just that today, Young Group has carried out a share distribution..."

As they thought of this, they couldn't help but have an odd expression on their faces.

After the recent redistribution of shares, Harriette became the largest shareholder of Young Group. Wasn't tonight's dinner party being held in her honor?

Rose... probably wasn't aware of this matter, was she?

Even though she was wearing a mask just now, it seemed like everyone had seen the woman in the red gown before. If she was Rose, that meant she had already arrived at the dinner party early on.

At the dinner party, so many people were discussing today's share distribution. Even if she didn't know about it before, she would have found out afterward!

For a moment, the atmosphere felt eerie.

Everyone present fell silent. They glanced at Rose, then at Harriette, who was still on the ground with a pale face. Finally, their eyes turned to Miles, who had not spoken at all.

Miles appeared calm upon seeing Rose. It didn't seem like he just found out she was still alive, but rather it felt like he always knew.

When asked about the share distribution today, Miles smiled slightly and asked, "What share distribution?"

His few words left everyone present stunned, especially Kelly.

Her mind was racing with countless thoughts, and the mention of "share distribution" by Miles opened the floodgates for her.

"Hey, Miles, today at the company, during the distribution of the shares you were leading..."

Kelly looked at Miles, her hoarse voice laced with a hint of urgency.

Miles maintained a gentle smile and remarked, "How could I? The shares belong to Rose. I have no right to distribute them."

"Rose has already..."

Kelly wanted to say that Rose had already passed away. But Rose was clearly standing right here.

If Rose wasn't dead, then wouldn't the 69% shares she was supposed to receive become null and void?

How was that possible? What else could she do?

She tried to come up with a solution but quickly realized what was happening.

The most challenging issue at the moment might not be her inability to secure the 69% of Young Group's shares, but rather Miles' attitude toward her.

Miles had just watched her fall just now without any reaction. At that moment, his gaze was so cold it seemed as if he were looking at a stranger. What did it mean?

Kelly became increasingly scared and was desperate to ensure that there had been no changes in Miles's demeanor.

"Miles, can you help me up?" Kelly looked at Miles with a pleading expression.

Miles acted as if he hadn't heard anything.

Kelly felt a shocking jolt in her heart.

Rose kindly offered, "Why don't I help you up? You just helped me retrieve a mask, so now I'll help you up. It works out perfectly."

Rose smiled.

What she implied made Kelly's skin crawl. What did she mean? Was she planning to get back at her?

She looked at the hand Rose

extended

toward her, hesitating to let her help. That moment of resistance didn't go unnoticed by Rose, who chuckled lightly and asked, "What? Don't want my help? Afraid I might rip your gown off?"

Rip her gown off? Kelly felt that what Rose was implying seemed to involve more than just ripping a gown off.

Before Kelly could react, Rose grabbed her hand and pulled her up quickly.

She showed no mercy. Kelly almost stumbled again, nearly falling to the ground, but fortunately, she managed to steady herself.

However, the strength with which she

Rose was holding her hand made her frown.

Kelly glanced at Miles, and the uneasy feeling growing inside her intensified.

Given the current situation, although Kelly was initially unwilling, she quickly adjusted and changed her attitude.

"Rose, you're okay! Why didn't you come back sooner? We thought you were dead. You have no idea how sad Miles and I were!" Kelly exclaimed.

Kelly no longer seemed afraid like before. It was as if the fear toward Rose just moments ago never existed.

Rose looked at the face with a smile, but there was a hint of sarcasm in her eyes. "Are you really sad? Because from what I could see, you seemed quite happy

today!"

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Chapter 638 A Show

[1,292 words]

Everyone present agreed with this statement.

Harriette, being the main focus of this dinner party, attracted everyone's attention. She was genuinely happy tonight, even willing to offer a million-dollar property as a prize for the party game.

But now, since Rose wasn't dead, the 69% shares that Harriette expected to acquire had become unattainable. There was also uncertainty about whether the million-dollar property reward still applied.

No one dared to ask. No one also knew just how furious Kelly was at that moment.

She was regretting it. When did things start going downhill? It was when masks came off... No!

Kelly looked at Rose's gown, which seemed perfectly intact, and suddenly realized she had been tricked by Rose and Olivia!

Even Miles...

Kelly couldn't bear to think any further because the consequences of doing so were more than she could handle.

What should she do now?

Kelly had too many questions swirling in her mind, too many uncertainties, and an underlying sense of fear. She wanted to escape and quickly get away from the situation so she could clearly figure out where she stood.

However, it was clear that Rose would not let her get away.

"Rose, I'm happy. I'm happy because you're still alive," Kelly said with a smile on her face.

Rose shook the black cat mask in her hand again and asked, "Do you still want this?"

She was pointing at the masks, but she was referring to more than just masks. If she gave it to her, would she even dare take it?

Kelly understood what she was implying.

She desired not just the mask, but everything that Rose had. Yet, all she could say now was, "That's the mask that Rose likes. Of course, I don't want it."

Again, it was another round of saying one thing but implying another.

Rose smiled slightly and said, "That game just now, the prize was a property worth millions of dollars, right? Is that still valid?"

Rose voiced the question that was on everyone's mind.

"Of course, it counts. If Rose wants it, I will definitely follow through," Kelly said through gritted teeth.

If she was going to obtain 69% of the shares in Young Group along with properties worth millions and she was to cash it in, what else could be done then?

But now... Even though she became Harriette, the eldest daughter of the Young family, the amount of money she could actually control was pitifully small.

Although she received a salary from her job at Young Group and Miles gave her some pocket money, her total earnings only amounted to a few tens of thousands of dollars. It was far from reaching millions of dollars.

What was she going to use to cash in?

Rose smiled, remaining silent.

What did she even have that was hers to cash in?

Rose gently patted Kelly's hand and looked into her eyes with a meaningful expression, "What I want is more than just this!"

She still wanted to avenge Oliver!

Rose had a cold glint in her eyes. "Teasing" her earlier was just the appetizer, but now...

Rose glanced at today's guests and said, "Everyone, it's getting late. Let's wrap things up for tonight. We have some things to take care of, so we won't be seeing you off."

When Rose made eye contact with several elders of the board, she smiled and nodded.

"Alright. Rose, take your time with your work, and remember to visit me another day."

"That's right, Rose. You're alive, and that makes me very happy. I'm sure Mr. Young Senior would be extremely happy too."

"Let's go. Don't delay what Rose needs to do."

Several experienced board members, having seen a lot over the years, were convinced there had to be secrets behind Rose's sudden reappearance after rumors of her death.

They were curious, but they understood that Rose didn't want them to know, so they decided to respect her wishes.

Once those few people made a move, the others naturally didn't dare to stay any longer.

Chloe had drunk non-stop and was completely passed out by the time Rose arrived.

Gabriel initially wanted to stay, but he was concerned that if Chloe suddenly woke up, she would cause trouble and interfere with what Rose

needed to do. After one last look at Rose, he decided to leave with Chloe.

Soon, all the guests had left.

The entire villa in the mountains was now only occupied by those in the Young family, along with two other people.

Those two people were wearing

masks and had just blended into the crowd. Kelly had a vague impression

of them, but it wasn't very strong. However, at that moment, as she looked at them, a sudden realization dawned on her.

It was Elijah and Clover! Didn't they leave with Rose's ashes?

No, that wasn't right. Rose wasn't dead, so how could they have left with her ashes?

When faced with everything before her, Kelly found herself having to admit a fact, even if she was reluctant to believe it—this was one big show.

When did this show start?

Kelly tried to recall the explosion at the psychiatric facility's storage warehouse

that happened that day. Was it from then?

No, that also wasn't right. Maybe it was from even earlier before.

"You're wondering where exactly things went wrong, aren't you?" Rose stared at her as if trying to see right through her.

Kelly quickly snapped out of her thoughts and forced a smile. "What do you mean? I don't understand what you're saying, Rose. Hey, Miles, let's go home too. It looks like it's going to rain."

Kelly looked at Miles with a pitiful expression.

She hoped to see the same dotting expression on his face as before, but she failed to see any. There was no affection, only indifference and even disdain.

Kelly felt a sudden jolt in her heart. She felt as though something was escaping her, like a force that was beyond her control surging endlessly toward her.

"Miles..."

"Who are you calling to? Am I... your brother?" In Miles' cold eyes, besides disgust, there was a sudden surge of anger.

Kelly was startled.

"Miles, what are you talking about? I'm your sister. I'm Harriette. We were both adopted by Grandpa and grew up together. You're the closest person to me..."

Kelly still held onto a glimmer of hope. As long as she believed she was Harriette, then she was Harriette and not anyone else.

But Miles let out a cold laugh, cutting her off, "Do you still remember what happened when you came to this villa that year?"

Kelly paused slightly. What happened here? She didn't even know about the villa before, so how would she know what happened there that year?

Kelly remembered that when they arrived earlier, Miles mentioned that Harriette liked this place the most.

"That year, Miles and I came here and were very happy." Kelly gave a vague response, trying to gloss over the situation.

Miles gave a cold scoff, asking, "Why were you happy?"

Kelly was speechless. Then, was she... not supposed to be happy? Kelly felt overwhelmed and extremely nervous. How should she answer this?

The question hadn't been fully answered yet when another one was asked, "Do you remember when you were ten years old and lost the pearl necklace I gave you? You cried the whole night."

That question was easy to answer.

"I remember. Miles, I remember the pearl necklace you gave me. I loved it the most, but I lost it, and I was really upset," Kelly replied anxiously.

But Miles coldly laughed again.

Kelly was at a loss for words. Did she get it wrong again?

"Do you remember when you were 11 years old and you got into a fight at school, they asked for your parents to come? I stepped in to help out..."

"Of course, I remember. I definitely do. Afterward, you criticized me, but I also realized my mistake." Kelly nodded quickly.

But once again... "Ha!"

The cold laugh made Kelly even more anxious.

Miles continued his barrage of questions.

"Do you remember when you were 12 years old..."

"Do you also remember when you were 13 years old....."

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Chapter 639 They Found Out

[1,236 words]

Miles kept speaking. Time and time again, he posed a new question for every year.

Kelly naturally answered that she remembered. She only dared to say that she remembered, and as time went on, she was so cautious that she didn't dare to say even one extra word.

Every time she responded, Miles would just give a cold laugh.

By the end, Kelly felt like she was on the verge of losing her mind from the ordeal. She was completely drenched in sweat from the tension.

She was almost afraid to hear Miles say, "Do you remember..." one more time. Should she remember or not?

Finally, Miles stopped asking questions. He was staring intently at Kelly, and that gaze also put Kelly on edge.

"Miles, Miles..." Kelly called out helplessly.

Miles was filled with disgust and said, "I am not your brother. If I were, how could you not remember? I never gave Harriette a pearl necklace. When she was ten, what she lost was the pearl bracelet I gave her."

Kelly turned pale, her eyes flickering nervously, and she quickly explained, "Yes, it's a bracelet. A bracelet. I got it wrong."

Miles let out a small laugh and carried on, "The incident when she was 11 wasn't because Harriette was the one bullying others at school. It was because she was the

one getting bullied. Harriette had injuries all over her body. She didn't want me to find out, but I accidentally saw them..."

"Yes, that's right. It wasn't me hitting someone. I was the one who got hit."

This time, Miles didn't coldly laugh but looked at her angrily.

"When she was 12, Harriette..."

"When Harriette was 13..."

Miles didn't say anything, but there was something about his expression that became more intense with each issue he mentioned. Every topic differed from the previous ones. For all the earlier questions, Kelly consistently responded with, "I remember."

But as it turned out, she didn't remember!

There were so many things, yet she couldn't remember a single one. Was she really Harriette?

"Miles, ever since I fell into the water, there are some things I've forgotten. I didn't dare tell you because I was afraid you would worry..."

Although Kelly tried hard to keep her composure, she still felt incredibly guilty when she gave her reason.

Did she think Miles would believe it? How could he believe it?

"Are you afraid I'll worry, or are you afraid of letting me find out that you're not Harriette?" Miles shouted angrily.

Ever since he learned that the person who returned wasn't actually Harriette, he had been forcing himself to accept the fact that Harriette might be dead.

He was heartbroken and disappointed, but above all, he was furious. Someone else was using Harriette's identity and wearing Harriette's face. Even more infuriatingly, their target was Rose. They wanted to harm Rose!

How could this be?

Miles clenched his fists tightly.

When she saw him so angry for the first time, Kelly felt a sense of fear in her heart. He said she wasn't Harriette...

"I am Harriette. Miles, it's really me, Harriette. How could I not be Harriette? Look at me. You can recognize me, right?"

Kelly shook off Rose's grip and excitedly tried to reach for Miles' hand.

She wanted him to touch her face and genuinely feel the warmth of it. Her face was almost the same as Harriette's from the past. As long as the face was the same, she was Harriette!

But before she could reach for Miles' hand, he pulled away with a look of disdain. Miles looked at Rose with a hint of regret in his eyes. "I was blind. I almost..."

If Jonathan hadn't been prepared, and if he hadn't become suspicious of the fake Harriette, he likely still wouldn't know her true nature at this moment. If Kelly actually got a chance to hurt Rose...

During this period, Miles felt a deep sense of fear every time he thought about the possible consequences. His anger toward the fake Harriette grew even stronger. "You've put a lot of effort into this face."

Miles withdrew his gaze, and when he looked at Kelly, the coldness and anger returned to his eyes. He sharply shouted a name, "Kelly!"

Kelly...

When she heard that name coming from him again, something inside Kelly crumbled instantly.

He really figured it out. They actually figured it out!

But she didn't want to be Kelly!

"I'm not Kelly." Kelly's eyes shimmered with a hint of madness, slowly surfacing as she urgently looked at Miles as if pleading with him "Miles, it's me, Harriette. I'm not Kelly. I'm Harriette!" 'FindNovel

At the end of her speech, her tone was very firm. It seemed that as long as she believed she was Harriette, then she was "Harriette".

At that moment, she had only one thought in her mind-she absolutely could not admit that she was Kelly.

Suddenly, a voice was heard amidst their silence.

"Kelly..."

Almost instinctively, Kelly turned to look in the direction of the sound.

When Kelly saw the person standing not far away, she felt as if all the blood in her body had turned to ice.

She realized how she had just

reacted, quickly composed herself, and turned her gaze away. However, her trembling lips had already betrayed the turmoil within her.

"Kelly!" the person called out once more, stumbling forward and reaching Kelly, grabbing her arm excitedly. "Kelly, you...you..."

Kelly couldn't bring herself to look at the person in front of her.

She gave a slight smile and said, "You've got the wrong person. I'm not Kelly."

She wasn't Kelly?

The person in front of her was the mother who gave birth to her and raised her. Of course, Chelsea couldn't help but recognize her daughter.

"Good, Good. You're alive. That's good..." The moment Chelsea laid eyes on Kelly, she was certain it was her.

Even though her face had changed, the mother and daughter were connected at the heart, and she wouldn't mistake her for someone else.

Chelsea seemed relieved, saying, "I heard you were dead. Do you know how heartbroken I was?"

The last time they saw each other was at the Young residence in Aquastead.

Kelly's betrayal on that day was nothing compared to the heartbreak Chelsea felt upon hearing the news of her death.

"Fortunately, I got word that you weren't dead. That you were alive and doing well, living a good life....."

Chelsea looked at Kelly and said, "I asked him to bring me to see you. He really is a good person to have done it. Here I am, actually meeting you."

Chelsea was so emotional that tears started to stream from her eyes, saying, "Even though you..."

Even though her face had changed, it was fine as long as Kelly was alive. Her being alive was what mattered.

"Alright, it's great that you're alive, Kelly... That person is a good person. I must thank them properly," Chelsea muttered.

She was overwhelmed with joy at finding her daughter and didn't notice her surroundings. The person who had brought her there had simply told her that she could see her daughter there.

There was no mention of any other information.

Chelsea had no idea that at that moment, Kelly was so angry she was nearly beside herself.

Foolish! How absolutely foolish!

After hearing the situation, Kelly finally understood what was going on.

It seemed like this foolish woman had been tricked! She got tricked and still wanted to thank the person. Was this still the same shrewd mother of hers?

And the person who deceived her...

"Mrs. Shaffer, long time no see."

At that moment, a voice interrupted Chelsea's excitement.

Chelsea found the voice somewhat familiar. She looked in its direction and saw the person. In that instant, Chelsea's heart skipped a beat.

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Chapter 640 Shattering Her Fantasy

[1,191 words]

"Ro...Ro..." Chelsea's eyes widened, and there was a hint of tremor in her voice.

Was she really that afraid of her?

Rose was unsure whether she should be happy about that.

Still, as they had lived together for over a decade and were now meeting again after being apart, Rose greeted with a polite smile, "It's me, Rose. No, your eyes aren't deceiving you."

It was Rose!

Chelsea involuntarily swallowed hard. She looked down in a panic, not even daring to meet Rose's eyes.

Ever since the time when Jonathan pulled her out at Aquastead and "took care" of her for a while, it felt like she was haunted by nightmares every time she thought about that experience.

Jonathan took "special care" of her because of Rose.

Rose was the woman deeply loved by Jonathan. Although she was unhappy about Celeste's daughter receiving his affection, Jonathan's methods were too ruthless.

She didn't even dare to feel any more jealousy about the matter since then.

After returning to Regalia, she was extremely cautious and laid low like a turtle retreating into its shell. She was afraid of drawing any further attention from Jonathan. But Kelly...

"Kelly, this..."

It seemed that Chelsea still hadn't figured things out yet. That person told her that Kelly was doing well in Regalia and just living under a different identity.

All she knew was just that-nothing more. She didn't expect that Rose was also here. What was going on here?

Chelsea belatedly looked around her surroundings.

Everyone present was wearing a mask except for Rose and Kelly, so she couldn't recognize anyone else.

She turned her head and saw Miles.

"Mr. Young..."

Miles wasn't wearing a mask, so she recognized him.

At that moment, she was filled with a mix of surprise and fear. Regalia... Miles... Rose... Did that mean Jonathan was also here?

"Kelly, Kelly, why did you..." Why did she get involved with them again?

Chelsea's expression showed her reproach as she urgently pulled at Kelly, wanting to leave the place.

She wanted to escape. She was scared of falling once more into the fear of being controlled by Jonathan.

However, Kelly pushed her away abruptly.

Kelly was furious. She knew that her lie was about to be exposed.

She was originally going to insist adamantly and firmly claim that she was Harriette. After all, there was no direct evidence anywhere in the world that could prove she was or wasn't Harriette.

But when Chelsea showed up, everything fell apart.

Chelsea was her mother. It would only take one hair follicle to quickly determine the truth.

"Idiot!" Kelly muttered under her breath.

Chelsea was pushed so hard that she stumbled, and upon hearing that word angrily spat out, she immediately froze in place. "Kelly..."

"Don't call me!" Kelly snapped sharply.

At that point, insisting that she was Harriette would just make her seem foolish.

Kelly had been pretending to be Harriette for so long. She had longed to be herself early on. However, when she thought of all the pain and suffering she endured to become Harriette, only for it all to amount to nothing, it made her unwilling to let it go.

She was really unwilling to let her identity go!

Suddenly, while everyone was not paying attention, she made a dash toward Rose.

"Rosie..."

"Rose!"

"Rosie!"

Three voices exclaimed in surprise at the same time, and three figures rushed forward simultaneously. But the three people were too late.

Kelly was furious, with her hands clenched with sharp nails. Then, as if she wanted to destroy something, she reached for Rose's eyes.

Her fingernails brushed against Rose's hair, but as she moved forward, she felt resistance.

A force was exerted on her wrist. Rose had actually managed to grab hold of it.

Rose looked disdainfully and jeered, "Did you forget that I'm not someone to mess with?"

Rose wasn't easy to mess with. She had always been someone not to be trifled with.

But Kelly just had to cause trouble!

"You..." Kelly felt increasing resentment in her heart. She tried several times, using her nails in an attempt to grab Rose, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't match Rose's strength.

In the end, Rose didn't want to mess with her anymore and gave her a firm push.

Kelly stumbled. She took a few steps back and couldn't keep her balance, ultimately ending up flopping on the ground.

"Kelly..." Chelsea approached with concern.

Kelly directed her anger toward her, demanding, "Who's Kelly? Idiot!"

"Kelly, since things are like this already, why not just openly admit you are Kelly? What's the big deal?"

Chelsea might not have been a good person, but she genuinely cared about Kelly.

She didn't think much of Chelsea,

and she thought even less of Kelly's attitude toward Chelsea. However

she didn't really care how Kelly treated Chelsea. What mattered to her was that there were certain things that needed to be dealt with tonight.

She wanted to expose who Kelly really was.

Indeed, under the pressure, Kelly increasingly resembled her former self.

She glared venomously at Rose and cursed, "Rose, why haven't you died already?"

Elijah, Clover, and Miles all frowned.

As they were about to move forward, Rose's gaze turned sharp, and she remarked, "If I'm dead, how will I avenge Grandpa?"

Upon the mention of Oliver, a strange look flashed in Kelly's eyes.

"You killed him! In Regalia, I never forgot that I wanted to find you, but before I could go looking for you, you came to me instead!" Rose snapped

Rose found herself clenching her fists without realizing it. She looked at Kelly.

Since Harriette returned, she has always had a strange feeling about her, something she couldn't quite put her finger on. However, she never considered the possibility that Harriette might actually be Kelly.

Who would have thought that Kelly had changed her appearance and assumed a new identity to stay close to her?

Rose was very clear about what Kelly wanted. She knew Kelly very well.

She always saw Rose as her enemy. Anything she had, Kelly wanted to take. If she couldn't get it, she would destroy it. She changed her face to look like Harriette and came around just to take everything away from her. swnovel

"Are you thinking you were so close to succeeding?" Rose asked, observing the resentment and unwillingness in Kelly's eyes.

"Yes, just a little more, and you'd be gone then everything would be mine," Kelly shouted sharply, trying to stand up.

She could see Elijah, Clover, and Miles standing next to Rose like bodyguards.

She realized that she couldn't go after Rose anymore.

Kelly felt a wave of powerlessness wash over her. She chuckled absentmindedly and murmured to herself, "So close, just so close..."

However...

"So close?" Rose scoffed, shattering Kelly's fantasies without hesitation. "You never had a chance to get everything you were hoping for because you're Kelly. "Anything related

to the Young family has nothing to do with you. No matter how much effort you put in, you won't be able to obtain it."

It would have been impossible to obtain...

"No, you're wrong. Why can't I have what you have? If you got it, why can't I get it as well?"

This aspect was where Kelly felt dissatisfied, to the point it nearly became an obsession for her.

No, her inner demon had always been Rose! Always!

She was always the one who should have been the shining, brilliant star. Growing up, apart from Jamie and Chelsea, everyone else looked at Rose first!

She was determined to go all out to compete with Rose!

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