

Read Novel Spoiled By Mr. Russell By Luminous Night Chapter 1081

Chapter 1081

However, Heather just gave him a contemptuous look with a mocking smile hanging from her lips. Although she said nothing, it was a significant blow to Ralph. Disbelief washed over him.

At this moment, he was more astonished than he was afraid of her. He grabbed her shoulders, holding them tightly. "Don't go! Explain what you said earlier! What do you mean by it's fake?"

No one dared to do such a thing to Heather before this. She was taken aback for a moment before her expression turned dark, and she asked coldly. "What are you doing?"

"Explain it to me! What did you say was fake? You've never seen the authentic handbook, so how could you say that the one I have is fake? You must be purposely deceiving me so you can snatch the book away from me! You don't want to spend any money to get it, do you?"

"Pfft! Look at you calling me greedy when you're the genuinely greedy one! Heather Riggs, I had no idea you were so cunning when you appear to care about nothing in this world. A deal? You're just lying to me!"

"You've never thought about giving me any reward in return for the secret handbook. You just said all those things so I could get this handbook for you, right?"

This thought formed in Ralph's mind quickly, and he believed that his assumptions were correct. Otherwise, he could not understand why Heather would say that his secret handbook was fake when she had never seen it before.

Moreover, she had never gotten the book, so she would not know the contents. How could she be so sure that his handbook was fake? He was confident that she was just lying to him!

With that thought in mind, he became less agitated and calmed down gradually, loosening his grip on Heather's shoulders as well.

"Pfft. You're too naive! Do you think you can trick me with that?"

Heather shrugged, finding it hilarious that he could confidently say those words as if he were right. "Whatever floats your boat!"

Then she shook his hands off of her forcefully.

How could Ralph give up now? He stretched his hands forward, wanting to stop her again, but her cold voice sounded. "I'm warning you for the last time. Don't touch me!"

"Okay fine, but explain things to me first!" He pressed his back against the door instead to stop her from leaving.

He could not let her leave at this time when he had not gotten the explanation he wanted.

Seeing him being so stubborn made her take a step back. Suddenly, she laughed.

"You're right. I lied to you!"

Before he could smile in relief, she continued, "However, the secret handbook you have is truly the fake one. As for the real one, it's with me!"

She grasped onto nothing in the air, but her eyes showed how happy she was to have the secret handbook in her possession.

This revelation was another massive blow to Ralph.

"It's with you?" His voice raised in pitch suddenly, even slightly shrill to the ears. That was because her words were too ridiculous.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Heather had enough of playing around with him and wanted to leave.

She let out a breath and leaned on the wall, her arms crossed in front of her chest as she looked at him leisurely.

"Fine. I can tell you what this is all about. I've never wanted to cooperate with you, and I would never give you the shares of Riggs Group nor hand over my family's business to an outsider!

"I'll never give away what belongs to my family to someone else regardless of my intention in managing the business. If the company were to crumble under my management, that would be my family's problem. It has absolutely nothing to do with you."

"You!" Ralph was riled up.

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Ralph just managed to utter a word before Heather continued, "Still, you're not completely useless. Your strategy worked well.

It's difficult to even for me to get both of them out of the house at the same time, stop all the servants from entering the hall, and destroy the surveillance cameras. You helped me a lot, and for this, I can offer you a reward."

Then she elaborated on the secret handbook, "As for the secret handbook, the one you have is fake. The real one is with me. Hence, I don't need to give you anything in return for the handbook because you failed to meet our negotiated terms. This can't be considered a lie."

That was Heather's initial plan. She had never hoped for Ralph to help her get what she wanted. However, his identity as a Russell could help her immensely. On top of that, he had Margaret helping him.

That weakened the defense of the Russells toward the outsiders, and Heather did not have to deal with the couple, Alexander and Lily, head-on. With that, retrieving the secret handbook was a piece of cake for her, as no one was around.

Before Ralph rummaged through the cabinets, she had already checked them out and even familiarized herself with the house's layout during her "night visit." Hence, when Ralph went to the master bedroom, she headed for the study and stole the true secret handbook.

She thought about it for a long time and concluded that Alexander was too full of himself. He felt he could leave the secret handbook on the shelf without attracting any attention just because of the tight defense at his residence and the trap he set up in his bedroom as a distraction.

Plus, she was already skeptical when he mentioned something about the Bible the other time because what was a businessman like him doing with such a book? Sure enough, she managed to find the secret handbook among the row of Bibles on his shelf.

When she left, Ralph was still stuck in the trap in the master bedroom like a fool. She had gotten Ralph to draw all the attention away, so even if Alexander were to return home early, Ralph would be the person he focused on while she could retreat without a trace.

That was her plan, which could kill two birds with one stone, and it went even smoother than she had imagined. She finally had the secret handbook.

On the other hand, Ralph was so bewildered that he could say nothing for some time. After a while, he finally murmured, "No... You're lying to me! You must be lying to me!"

“Like I said, whatever floats your boat. If you believe you have the genuine one, keep it. Who knows? Some dumb’s might buy it from you at a high price. Or... you could put it back before Alexander realizes his book has gone missing. Otherwise, you’ll be in big trouble when he finds out. Tsk tsk

She shook her head, smiling in a gloating manner at his misfortune. Then she put one hand on his shoulder to push him away. However, Ralph reacted and pressed his hand on her wrist. “You’ve never seen the handbook’s contents, so how are you so certain that I have the fake one while you have the real one? Yours might be the fake one, and mine the real one for all you know!”

He’d gone to all that trouble to get through the infrared scanners, hid from weapons, and crack the passcode, only to have her tell him that the item he had gotten was a fake. He would never believe that!

Heather just sneered. “Although I’ve never seen the real book before, I’ve learned kickboxing since I was young. You might not understand the things in the book, but I do. From the pictures I saw on your phone, those are just basic kickboxing moves. It’s something you can even find on the Internet, idi*t!”

She could not help but call him out for his foolishness.

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Heather managed to shove Ralph away with just a little force. At this moment, he was in a trance, unable to stand still, and fell straight to the ground. Subconsciously, he used his elbow to support himself but heard a clicking sound.

‘Ouch! That f*cking hurts!’

The pain made him return to his senses while Heather’s words were still ringing in his ears. However, he believed none of the things she said. Why should he? What if she was lying? What if she was trying to deceive him?

He could not be bothered by the pain in his arms and rushed to his computer to look up information about kickboxing, such as relevant practice guides. As Heather said, there were many pictures and moves similar to the ones in the secret handbook he had.

Since he did not practice kickboxing, he thought the kickboxing moves were similar. That could not prove the book he had was fake, either.

Ralph contacted someone as he gnashed his teeth. There were dark websites that hid much information unknown to most people. With enough money, one could get any information one wanted.

It did not have information about everything, but it could help some people solve their problems. Only a few knew about the existence of a specific dark web in the kickboxing world.

Some people sold secret kickboxing handbooks, family heirlooms, and whatnot on the dark web. As kickboxing had a long history, there were already people who would sell such information many centuries ago.

It was just that people moved everything to the digital world with the advancement of technology.

A few kickboxing families declined in ability gradually as they had no successors to lead the family. As the secret handbooks meant nothing to them because their descendants had no talent in kickboxing, it would be useless for them to keep the books.

Hence, they felt it was better to sell those secret handbooks on the dark web. When someone interested in the books purchased them, it could help the families to make some extra cash to sustain their living.

After contacting the person, Ralph sent the pictures over quickly. He had only sent a few pages and covered up the essential sections. After all, he had to treat the book like a treasure because it might be real.

The other person found it difficult to put the item on sale. He asked Ralph about the name of the secret handbook, where it originated from, which family created the moves, and its price. Those simple questions baffled Ralph.

He could not tell the other person he had stolen the book, could he? Plus, the Russell family was not a kickboxing family, so he could not say it originated from his family. As for the price, he did not know how much it should cost.

It was easy for him when he negotiated with Heather because he would get shares in return. When it came to money only, he indeed had no idea. Most importantly, he was not going to sell the secret handbook. He just wanted to know if this book was authentic.

“Mr. Russell?” The other person asked, thinking his signal got cut off as he had not heard Ralph speak for some time.

“Why do you have so many questions?” Ralph asked impatiently. “Why do you need to know which family created the handbook?”

Is it necessary to ask so many detailed questions? Do you think it makes a family proud to sell their treasure?

“Just write... it came from the streets. As for the name, put it as ‘The Best Kickboxing Moves.’ For the price, the higher, the better. You can work around this.”

“Cough! Cough!” The other person coughed as Ralph astounded him.

“Mr. Russell, are you sure your book is called ‘The Best Kickboxing Moves’?”

‘Is he kidding me? Others would specify the names of the moves, but why is Mr. Russell naming it “The Best Kickboxing Moves’?’

He might as well name it ‘The No. 1 Kickboxer Secrets.’ People would know that he is boasting for sure!’

Ralph did not take it seriously. “It’s clear and direct. How great is that?”

Also, it’s about the best kickboxing moves out there, so why would I need a fancy name for it? The most important thing is for other people to understand the book’s essence! Why do you care so much? Have you put it on sale yet?”

“Yes, sir.” The other person would just listen to whatever his boss said. However, he was worried they would become a laughingstock by putting such a thing on sale on the dark web.

Hence, he could not help but ask again, “Mr. Russell, where did you get this thing? Who asked you to sell it?”

“Mind your own business! Has anyone shown their interest yet?” Ralph asked impatiently.

‘We just put it up. It’s going to take some time.’

After all, people would typically ask a few questions before buying an item.

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“Okay. Let me know when you have updates about it. That’s it for now!” Ralph hung up the call and finally realized his elbows were hurting. He probably fell too hard earlier and failed to notice it because his thoughts distracted him.

His joint was aching, and he touched it carefully with the other hand. It seemed swollen, and he wondered if it was dislocated.

'What a sad day! I thought we could at least seal the deal today, even if we didn't set it in stone yet. Then I would just need to wait for the transaction to happen and get what I wanted. I never expected that woman to be so cunning.'

'She took advantage of me to distract them while she sneaked into the house. Those were just her words, so I can't trust what she said entirely.'

He looked down at the pictures on his phone screen. Initially, they were treasures to him, but it now felt like a hot potato. It could not bring him anything in return, and he had to be careful of Alexander. Indeed, Heather had tricked him terribly this time around.

Alexander stood at the door to his and Lily's bedroom at home. Everything looked like they were in the correct spot, but when he looked closer, he saw a few arrows nailed to the wall on one side while the carpet on the floor was in a slightly different position.

He stretched out his hand, feeling for a button by the side of the bed and pushing it lightly. With that, a light thud sounded in the room. The room appeared untouched, but it seemed to have lost a certain kind of atmosphere, giving it a more comfortable ambiance.

Lily strode to the safe at the corner of the room and twisted something.

Then there was a click, indicating that she had opened the safe, but it was empty. It did not surprise her as she looked back at

Alexander, her brow slightly raised. "You were right!"

After flattening out the wrinkle on the carpet, Alexander walked over to the bed and sat down as he patted the spot next to him, motioning for Lily to come over.

When she sat beside him, he put his arm around her shoulder and said unhurriedly, "He'll only leave after getting what he wants. After all, he had gone through so much trouble and even asked for grandma's help to do this."

"You're certain he worked with Heather to do this?" Lily turned to look at Alexander. When he set up this trap, Lily found it strange and wondered how he was so sure that Ralph would come over. Nonetheless, Alexander was right.

Margaret came alone when she visited, so Lily thought they had guessed it wrong. She thought Ralph would not strike by himself but asked Margaret to come over to ask for the secret handbook instead.

However, she realized Margaret was only there to divert their attention when she insisted they go shopping with her and buy all sorts of things. It seemed that Ralph was only going to make a move after they left.

If they had agreed to Margaret's request too quickly, that would arouse Ralph's suspicions. Hence, they made it seem like they were unwilling to leave the house after Margaret persuaded them a few times.

As expected, Ralph came to the house not long after they left.

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The events that followed suit were within their plans.

"Where did you get the 'secret handbook' from?" Lily had never browsed its contents. However, she knew the book in the safe was fake.

"There are tons of such things on the Internet. I just found one that was less popular and did something with its appearance, so it looks old. It was a piece of cake," Alexander explained simply.

He just put the handbook directly into the safe, but without any poison on its surface. That was a gift for Ralph anyway, so they did not need to complicate the situation.

"Why did you use that then?" Lily pursed her lips and gestured toward the arrow on the wall. Smirking, she asked, "Aren't you worried your uncle might die here if anything were to go wrong?"

She would faint if the scene that greeted her when she opened the door to their room were Ralph lying in a pool of his own blood.

In response to that, Alexander smiled and walked over the wall. With his thumb and index finger around one of the arrows, he plucked it from the wall. It looked easy for him to do that. When he returned to Lily's side and showed her the arrow, she realized there was no arrowhead.

The arrow he used had a magnetic point. The magnets should be stronger than the average one, so Alexander looked like he had to put in some effort to pluck it earlier.

"Hey, if this were to shoot your uncle, wouldn't it expose your plan?" Lily played with the arrow, finding it quite interesting as it looked realistic. If Alexander did not show her that the arrows did not have arrowheads, she would not have realized it.

Alexander shook his head. "My uncle is always suspicious and thinks he's the smartest person in the room. If the traps were too simple, Ralph would be suspicious. If they were too tough, he wouldn't be able to break through it with his 'intelligence.'

"Back in the office, I allowed him to see the safe's passcode on purpose. I wanted to prevent him from stealing the company's confidential information, but I didn't think it would be useful in this case."

Lily did not expect him to prepare for this since long ago. Ralph could never be a match for Alexander, making Lily wonder. "If he didn't remember the passcode or didn't see it clearly at the office back then, he wouldn't be able to open this safe. Wouldn't that put all your effort in vain?"

"If that were the case, he would return until he got what he wanted." Alexander paused for a moment before continuing, "Still, my target was never him. It's okay as long as Heather got the thing."

That was right. Heather was the most important person here.

Lily's smile disappeared. She would always get goosebumps whenever she thought about Heather. It was something that had never happened to her before.

It was her first time seeing someone so obsessed, to the level of madness, over kickboxing. Although Lily was obsessed with fragrances, she would never hurt anyone or do anything harmful just to get an ingredient.

"Aren't you worried she might discover the handbook she has is also fake?" Lily asked.

"No." Alexander shook his head confidently. "She has never seen the real one before, so how would she be able to differentiate between the real and the fake one?"

He prepared two copies of the fake secret handbook. He made one copy for Ralph, which looked more like a fake while keeping another copy in his study, which looked as authentic as possible. He knew Heather was the kind of person who would come to take the handbook by herself.

"There isn't any secret handbook in the first place. I told them that, but they didn't believe my words and insisted that such a thing exists according to legend. Since that's the case, I created one and made their wishes come true."

Frowning, Lily thought before asking, "Then the moves in the book..."

"It's just the modification of some things I learned back then. I added a few lessons learned there, so if Heather could understand them, it would help enhance her ability. If she doesn't, it will only hurt herself if she insists on practicing the moves in the book."

Alexander did not want to harm anyone, but if Heather did not get the so-called "secret handbook," this matter would never end.

The moves in the book were contrary to the ones she practiced, so it would not cause her too much harm if she realized something was wrong along the way.

However, it would only hurt her to the point where she would no longer be able to practice kickboxing if she insisted on learning.

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By then, she would not pose much of a threat to them anymore.

"I hope she will know when to stop," Lily sighed, leaning back as she prepared to lie down.

"Wait!" Alexander stopped her and pointed to the spot behind her. "We'll get someone to clean the room up. Let's sleep in another room tonight."

Lily looked around and noticed that the room was indeed a mess. Hence, she nodded and followed him out of the room.

When Heather woke up in the morning, she could smell a special, tangy aroma, which made her a little hungry. After washing up, she went downstairs and saw a bowl of soup, a few side dishes, and some staple foods on the table.

"Breakfast looks good today," she praised, then sat down to eat.

The maid stood next to her, appearing hesitant to speak. When Heather noticed that she asked, "What's wrong?"

"Ms. Riggs, it seems that a thief has broken into the house." The maid hesitated for a moment longer but decided to report it to Heather as it was a serious matter.

Heather's hand holding onto her spoon froze mid-air for a moment before she turned to look at the maid. She ate slowly and had a rough idea of what had happened. "Oh? Is anything missing?"

"No, nothing is missing. What happened was that there were many dishes in the kitchen sometimes, but the chef said he did not cook them. Initially, I thought the chef made a mistake, but something seems strange these days."

After a while, the maid asked, “Ms. Riggs, should we check on it? Oh right, I’ve checked the dishes. They’re not poisoned.”

Heather nodded and said, “Yeah. Tell the chef he’s fired.”

“Ms. Riggs?” The maid was shocked. “Did he do something wrong? Although the chef did not look after the ingredients well, we should be concerned about who sneaked into the kitchen. I…”

“I Know who it is.” Heather took a sip of the soup and put the bowl down before she continued, “Since she likes to cook so much, she can be the chef from today onward.”

When Heather said that, she looked in the direction of the basement. The maid came to realize something. “You mean to say…”

“Guard this house with a tighter defense in the future. No outsiders are allowed to come in without my permission. Also, get those gardeners and other workers to stay away from this house,” she said.

“Yes, Ms. Riggs. Other than the bodyguards, we stop unauthorized personnel from coming close to the house.” Since the maid came from the island together with Heather, she understood this rule well.

However, Heather reprimanded, “No! No one is allowed to come close, including the bodyguards! I repeat, no one is allowed to come close!”

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“But…” The maid wanted to say something else, but Heather interjected.” What? Do I look like I need someone to protect me?”

That managed to shut the maid up. ‘That’s right. Ms. Riggs is skilled in kickboxing, so she doesn’t need anyone to protect her.’

When Heather ascended the stairs, she thought of something and stopped in her tracks to say, “By the way, get the people who came here with me from the island to pack their things up and be on standby for my orders at all times.”

“Ms. Riggs, are we going back soon?” After asking that, the maid regretted it immediately because she realized that she had crossed a line with Heather’s gaze.

‘I’m just a maid, and that’s something I don’t have a right to ask.’

The maid left, and when Heather noticed she was now out of sight, she called, "Chump!"

Chump appeared out of nowhere. "Ms. Riggs."

"I'm going to practice kickboxing in the next two days. Stay by my side at all times," she ordered in a low voice.

When Heather practiced kickboxing, she allowed no one to get near her. Only Chump could make her feel at ease.

"Got it, Ms. Riggs," Chump answered.

What she was most satisfied with Chump was that he never asked questions. He understood that being loyal to Heather was all she needed. She would study the moves in the secret handbook in the next few days. As for mastering it, she could only do that after going back there. She realized she could no longer stay because it would cause trouble for her if Alexander knocked on her door now that she had the secret handbook with her.

Moreover, she was going to study all the moves to see for herself if they were as powerful as she imagined.

Ralph stayed in the suite the entire day without going anywhere.

His elbow was hurting so much that it was killing him, but he could not be bothered to visit the hospital to get it checked. He had been waiting for news from his subordinate.

'I don't understand. If this secret handbook is fake, does that mean Alex knew I would steal it? Unless he makes a fake copy to confuse other people? Did I fall into his trap because I was unlucky and thought I took a great risk just to retrieve the handbook?'

Heather's words and the memory of him going to Alexander's house the other day were replaying in his head like a broken tape on repeat. It was giving him a splitting headache.

After taking a nap, he woke up to his phone vibrating fervently. He wondered how long it had been ringing.

"Hello?" The number on the screen woke him up right away, and he picked up the call excitedly.

"Mr. Russell, about that..." The other party was hesitant to speak.

“What about it? Has anyone bid on it? Don’t tell me there aren’t any! If that’s the case, you better keep waiting until there’s a potential buyer! Why are you calling me?” As Ralph was frustrated from waiting, he spoke in a harsher tone than usual.

He ruffled through his hair, got up to his feet, and then walked over to pull the curtains open. The sky was foggy, and the sun had yet to rise. ‘What time is it?’

“That’s not the case,” the other party replied quickly, “Mr. Russell, I took screenshots of their comments, and I’ll send them to you. You can take a look at them.”

He had no idea how to tell Ralph about it. Hence, he thought it best for Ralph to see it himself.

“What?” Before Ralph could get an explanation, his phone buzzed. It seemed that he had received the pictures.

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“You should see this,” he said and immediately hung up in fear of being yelled at.

Ralph frowned and opened the attached photos. He noticed that this was taken in what seemed like an underground auction house. No price was stated, but there were a few comments under the item.

“What is this? They’re starting to sell anything here. Is this Amazon now?” commented username ‘Black spade 5.’

“So silly! Whose kid took some book and started selling it here?” replied ‘Red heart 7.’

‘This website is getting worse. I suggest we kick this person out and delete his ID.’ wrote ‘Square 9’

The comment section was filled with different comments that all meant the same thing. They were all making fun of the book and saying that anyone could get it for a few dollars on Amazon, yet someone had the guts to put it up for auction. Ralph was growing more and more enraged as he read the comments.

Heather was right-this was a fake! It was not some secret kickboxing handbook at all. He was being made fun of because he had tagged the book as some secret technique handbook and put it up for auction. Thank goodness no one knew that he owned this ID, or he would end up a laughingstock.

"Mr. Russell!" Ralph answered his phone, and the person on the other side questioned cautiously, "So, you were only joking, right?"

It had already been hours since they released the book for auction, and not a single person had bid on it. The price he had asked for also seemed like a huge joke.

"Of course, I was joking. Do you think I don't know that it's a fake? I'm just trying to test if this underground website is secure. It looks like the users are just some lowlifes, such a stupid website!" He acted as if he were mocking the website, saying, 'Take it down now. It's so lame!"

Ralph's subordinate sighed in relief and took the item down immediately. Then he said, "Mr. Russell, it's best if you don't joke like this anymore.

There are some genuine kickboxers on this web if we accidentally make them unhappy..."

"Enough talking! You think I'll be afraid of some muscles?" Ralph yelled into the phone, "Fine! I know what to do!"

He hung up the phone and threw his phone onto the bed. However, he accidentally pulled a muscle doing this.

"Ouch!" He drew in a sharp breath. His arm hurt, and he was angry!

After all the planning, everything he had done was in vain. He had even begged his mother to help him. If she knew about his failure and that Heather had used him instead of wanting to be married into the Russell family, he would be unable to obtain resources from the Riggs family, either

He had suffered double losses!

The more he thought about it, the angrier he felt. This was all Heather's fault. If it were not for her using him and setting up a trap for him to fall into, he would not have gone to steal that stupid book.

Now, Ralph was sure that Alexander knew it was him who stole the book, and it would only turn ugly if Alexander were to confront him.

He was in a tough position. Alexander had not confronted him yet, and on Heather's end, they were already enemies now. Ralph had lost everything, and most importantly, he might even lose his mother's trust and support.

If that happened, he would be left with nothing and no one would be willing to help him anymore.

After thinking for a while, even though he was furious at Heather's betrayal, there was nothing he could do about it. He could not win a fight against her. If she already had the secret handbook, she would be more dangerous.

On the other hand, Ralph still had a trump card up his sleeve. Maybe he could still win against Alexander! With that thought in mind, he looked out his window with an unreadable expression while holding onto his injured arm.

He could see the first break of dawn, and the night sky was about to brighten up.

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Margaret had a habit of getting up early in the morning. However, she had not slept well the night before. Thoughts flooded her mind, and she could only fall asleep at the break of dawn.

Unfortunately, a phone call roused her from her sleep. Margaret felt like her head was about to explode from the noise.

"Hello?" she mumbled as she weakly answered the call.

Ralph was so restless that he could not tell something was wrong with his mother, "Mom, you're already awake, right?"

Margaret was usually up by this time as she was a light sleeper due to her age, so it was natural for Ralph to assume she was awake.

"No, not really. Why?" Margaret sat up from bed. Her eyes were still closed as she asked softly.

"Nothing much. I wanted to ask about the results of the DNA test. Is it out yet?"

If the report had been out, Margaret would have read it. He did not want to ask his sister, so he could only approach his mother.

Margaret's eyes immediately flew open when she heard Ralph mention the report. Her eyes were clear as she turned to the report sitting on her table. "Yeah, what about it?" She did not give him a clear answer.

"So, it's out then? What are the results? Alexander is not biologically related to us, right?" He asked in haste, as he desperately wanted the answer.

Margaret had a pained expression on her face as she did not admit nor deny his accusations. Instead, she just huffed in response.

Ralph, who did not get a clear answer from his mother, was confused, so he asked again, "Mom, are you okay? Are you still sleepy? What are the results? Is Alex part of our family?"

Margaret coughed into the phone softly and said, "It was already late when I got the results yesterday. I fell asleep even before I could look at it. Let me check and get back to you."

"That's not important!" Ralph suddenly proclaimed upon hearing that Margaret had not seen it. "Mom, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?" Margaret frowned. "Don't tell me you want me to distract Alex and Lily again. I've already told you I won't do that anymore. I've already helped you once, so don't even think about it!"

Then she paused and continued questioning him, "Wait, didn't you say you were successful the last time? What happened to Heather? Did she not keep her end of the bargain?"

Margaret knew something was wrong. If Ralph had been successful, he would have some of the Riggs shares in hand, so why was he doing this?

"No, of course not. Why wouldn't Heather keep her end of the bargain? She was the one who wanted the handbook so badly."

Ralph dared not tell his mother that Heather had tricked him. He was worried Margaret would lose faith in him. As for Heather, there was nothing more he could benefit from her.

He needed to get rid of Alexander. If he were the head of the Russell family, he would not have to fear Heather nor need her company's shares anymore.

"Isn't that enough? What else do you want?" Margaret sighed as she sat up and massaged her temples.

"Mom, you know I've always wanted to be the head of the family, not just hold some Riggs family shares! This position was supposed to be mine! If my brothers were still around, I wouldn't have put up a fight if Dad had given them the position.

"However, I'm still young, so why is my nephew the one inheriting the family head position? Do you think I enjoy being a useless uncle with nothing to do in the company because I didn't get an official position? How do you think that makes me feel?" Ralph protested.

As Margaret listened to his complaints, she could not help but feel slightly uncomfortable. She had given Ralph too much love and was overprotective of him. She had used him as an outlet to channel all her grief when her sons passed away.

As a result, she favored him too much as she wanted him to grow up healthy and safe. So, when her husband named Alexander his successor, she was furious.

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Ralph was angry, and so was Margaret. She wanted to help her son get what he deserved. She admitted that her favoritism blinded her. However, was it unusual for people to have preferences? It was natural that she had favored her son over her grandson.

Alexander was the child of a daughter-in-law whom Margaret did not like. Furthermore, Margaret and Alexander had never had a close relationship, so she did not like him. Unfortunately, God had decided to play a huge joke on her.

She interrupted Ralph's complaints and asked, "Fine, what do you want me to do?"

"Mom, I need you to do one thing for me-just one. You must promise me you'll do it," Ralph pleaded.

Hearing his serious tone, Margaret collected herself and listened to him attentively. "Tell me what it is."

"Don't look at the results. If you've already seen it, just ignore it. Please remember that Alex isn't part of the family, no matter the results," Ralph insisted.

Margaret immediately threw her blanket off and sat on the edge of the bed. "What do you mean?"

"Isn't it obvious, Mom? I'm asking you to acknowledge that he isn't the biological descendant of the Russells," Ralph insisted again, "Also, don't let Sister know about this. I don't want her running her mouth."

"H-How could you do such a thing? You're planning to back him into a corner?" Margaret had never expected Ralph to do such a thing. She clutched her chest with one of her hands to calm herself.

She knew Ralph would plan to call for a family meeting and announce this to everyone. If she allowed this to happen, it would remove Alexander from the family, and he would not be entitled to inherit the family business or head position.

Margaret would not have cared less about removing Alexander from his position if that were the truth. However, the DNA results stated otherwise. If she were to do this, it would be cruel and unreasonable to him.

Margaret drew a deep breath and said, "Ralph, have you ever thought what if the report proved Alex was part of the family? Isn't it too cruel for you to treat him like this? He is family, after all. How could you kick him out?"

No matter how much she wanted to seize the family reign from Alexander's hands, she had never once thought of banishing him from the family. Margaret would never forgive herself nor face her late husband if she ever did that to Alexander.

"Mom, you've read the report, haven't you?" Ralph asked after a moment of silence.

She would not have said this if she had not. Margaret was too kind. Ralph was glad he had made this phone call. He needed to convince his mother to get on board with his plan so that he could convince the other family elders.

The report results did not matter since this was Ralph's last chance.