

Room for you 491

Chapter 491

The woman panted, her long hair a mess. "D\*mn it! Why are they so fast?"

Right at this moment, six men came from behind and surrounded her. Her eyelids were thick with eyeshadow, but her pair of eyes that were as clear as water showed a hint of resignation.

She was finally caught again.

"Young Miss, the Old Master said that he will freeze all your credit cards if you were to spend money here at the bar again."

"I got it, Uncle G," she muttered as she bit her lip. She was holding herself back from saying more.

"It is dangerous for you to come out alone, Young Miss."

Upon hearing that, she started to complain, "I can't even experience life for a moment?"

Her driver didn't reply to her tantrum, and he only continued nagging, "The Old Master also wanted you to get ready for your engagement to Young Master York. The engagement cannot be dragged on any longer."

The girl puffed out her cheeks. At the instant, a sudden gust of wind blew and her long locks started waving in the direction the wind was blowing in. Even though she had heavy makeup on, it was impossible to hide the delicate features on her small face.

A black limousine then came to a stop in front of her. As she got in the car, she could still feel the pain in the back of her neck. She turned on the dome light above her head and carefully looked at the round gemstone in her hand. Upon closer inspection, she realized that it was a big and rare diamond. She couldn't help but think that the natural and perfectly round diamond probably had a staggering price. Hmm... How am I supposed to give it back to that man? She propped her chin in her hand as she had an internal debate.

She suddenly received a text message on her phone at this moment. 'Young Miss, all your documents have been taken out. Go to the cafe at the airport. Your flight is at 12 AM. You have to hurry to the airport!'

The corners of the woman's red lips curled upward after she read the message. She then said to the driver sitting in front. "Uncle G, can you go with me to the airport to pick up a friend?"

"Young Miss... Stop it with your tricks."

"I am not playing any tricks. I really do have a friend who is waiting for me to pick her up at the airport. I am begging you, Uncle G. She is here to attend my engagement party," the woman pleaded sweetly.

The middle-aged man driving the car let out a long sigh as he conceded and asked the bodyguard to drive to the airport.

On the other hand, Arthur, who had just returned to his hotel room, had a haunting feeling like something was missing from his neck. When he reached out to fiddle the necklace around his neck, he could feel that the usual heavy necklace had suddenly strangely become lighter. He pulled at the collar of his top, and it was only when he looked down that he realized his family heirloom was gone.

His bright eyes narrowed, and the girl hanging onto his neck in the car suddenly popped into his mind. He then came to the conclusion that she was not running away from anyone at all.

She was a thief!

Blast!

She is just digging her own hole by stealing something of mine, he fumed.

The six bodyguards standing in front of Arthur were also shocked when they looked at the necklace their young master had removed from his neck.

Did the Young Master lose his priceless family heirloom? they all wondered at the same time. People wouldn't usually wear their family heirloom, but Arthur was no typical young master. Not only was Arthur angry for losing his family heirloom, he was also hit by deep shame at the moment. It would be such an embarrassment if word were to get that the woman had stolen his thing under his nose.

"Find her!" he growled through gritted teeth.

From the way his rage seemed to overflow from his gaze, it was easy to imagine just what kind of tragic ending awaited the thief.

The bodyguards responded immediately, "Understood. We will go right this instant."

A woman carrying a bag had made her escape from scrutinizing eyes using another door of the airport cafe, which was why her bodyguards guarding at the entrance didn't notice her disappearance. Ten minutes later, the girl arrived at the plane she was going to board, and she sat in a first class seat. After she took a deep breath, she sent a text message on her phone. 'Dad, I don't want to get engaged. I am leaving now. Please forgive me for being unfilial.

She turned off her phone after she sent the message, and the whole world seemed to fall silent then. Her face under the light was a beautiful one, as she did not have any heavy makeup on. The woman who looked like she was in her twenties had skin so fair and tender that it looked like it might bruise at the slightest touch.

The plane had taken off into the night sky after it went down the runway Unbeknownst to the woman, she had in her hand another man's family heirloom.

As much as she wanted to give it back to him, she couldn't make the time to find him as she was in a rush to go abroad. She could only hope they would someday meet again.

In an apartment in the city center, Hayley was sitting on the sofa waiting for Alex to come back. Her head was filled with thoughts about Anastasia's marriage to Elliot.

She kept thinking of a way to stop their engagement. Their engagement was a crucial benchmark in their relationship. It would be near impossible to prevent it from happening, not unless something big were to happen.

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Hayley suddenly thought of Francis. She doubted Anastasia and Elliot would proceed with the engagement if Francis were to get into an accident.

But what could she do to create an 'accident? Naomi and Erica would definitely not do it. After all, Francis was their cash cow. It seemed like Alex was the only one who could do it.

Hayley also knew that Alex was anxious. Francis had been training Anastasia to take over Tillman Constructions and as soon as she learned to manage the company, it was only a matter of time before the company ultimately belonged to her.

Now that Anastasia and Elliot were getting engaged, and she had Elliot the business genius to back her up, Alex served no purpose being by Anastasia's side.

There was still half a month before the engagement, which meant there was enough time for Hayley to arrange what she needed to. As she thought about this, a cruel glint appeared in her eyes.

Alex was slightly tired when he finally came back during the wee hours. As there were some problems with the company's financial inventory, he had to stay behind until the issue was resolved before he could leave.

"Alex, you're home." Hayley immediately went over and hugged him. She then stood on her tiptoes to kiss him. "I have warmed up some noodles for you. Come have some."

Instead, the man went to sit on the sofa. "Bring me a glass of beer," he told her.

And so, Hayley immediately went and opened a can of beer for him. She then sat next to him and looked at him. "Alex, are you tired from work?" she asked with a worried expression on her face. "Erica told me that Anastasia is getting engaged to Elliot. I reckon Anastasia might be able to take over her father's company at any time."

Alex abruptly raised his head in shock. "When was this?"

"On Christmas Eve."

He started to feel anxious then. The current situation was becoming more and more unfavorable for his plans against Tillman Constructions.

"Alex, Elliot will be Francis' son-in-law if he were to get engaged to Anastasia. There is a possibility that Francis may hand the company over to Elliot. Do you think you can continue to keep your position as the financial manager when the time comes?" Hayley was instilling fear into Alex at that point.

Alex knew full well how much Elliot hated him because of how he used to cling to Anastasia without knowing his place. This could be the sole reason Elliot would sack him from the company if Tillman Constructions ever fell into Elliot's hands.

Hayley then continued rather agitatedly, "It is about time I got in contact with Naomi for her to start with the plan."

Confused, Alex lifted his chin to look at her. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"We have to stop Anastasia and Elliot from getting engaged, and the only way to do that is for Francis to get into an accident serious enough to prevent him from attending the engagement party. Anastasia would surely be too disheartened to carry on with the engagement. When that happens, you can alter Francis' will and split

Tillman Constructions into two. Anastasia can have half of the ownership, but Naomi and her daughter must have the other half. They will have to rely on you when they want to secure half of the shareholders' rights. You can negotiate with them and tell them that you want one-third, or more, of the shares." Hayley's gaze was laser focused as she explained the plan she had carefully thought out.

Alas, her ultimate goal was to stop the engagement between Elliot and Anastasia from happening

This was Hayley's revenge toward Anastasia. There was no way she would allow Anastasia to have peaceful days.

Hayley knew just how she could use Erica and Naomi to complete her plan. She would only have to give them a light push, and the mother-daughter duo would automatically come up with their way to deal with Francis.

Sure enough, Hayley's words planted a seed in Alex's heart, and he was fueled by greed to seize part of the Tillman Constructions' equity.

If something were to happen to Francis, and Naomi revised the will so that she and her daughter had half of the company's shares, they surely would know nothing about the handling of the company. And when that happened, they would definitely entrust Alex to take care of what they had in hand. He would be able to make a proper request to have a part of it when the time came.

Just one-third of the mother-daughter's equity would be worth more than 100

million. It was a sum that he could never earn, no matter how hard he worked his whole life.

"Alex, I will support you. I will support you no matter what you do. I don't want anything else. I just want to stay by your side," Hayley exclaimed, effectively melting his heart with her tenderness.

Upon hearing that, Alex put his arms around her. "You are so clever, Hayley. You came up with such a good solution."

"Everything I do is for us." She looked at him with endearing eyes as she murmured, "It is all because I love you." Alex immediately felt deeply satisfied at that.

After they spent the whole night being tangled in each other's arms under the sheets, Hayley was sure that her plan had been acknowledged by Alex, and it would soon be carried out.

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Early morning the next day, Alex secretly made an appointment with Naomi and Erica. After they had all arrived in the private room of the appointed restaurant, he began to tell them in detail about the plan Hayley had told him last night. Erica was fairly startled as she listened to his words, but Naomi was surprisingly calm as she sat there.

"Alex, do you have the confidence to do this?"

"Of course, the two of you will have to lend a hand in this." He didn't want to be the only one who was responsible for it.

Erica, however, was still too timid to do something that would harm her father. She muttered in a small voice, "Mom... Dad~"

Naomi immediately cut her off as she threw a glance at her daughter. "You call him your Dad, but has he ever thought of you as his daughter?"

Alex chimed in too, "Erica, your mother is right. President Tillman only has eyes for Anastasia. The will shall take effect immediately if you don't act now. It is still not too late to alter the will. You won't be getting anything otherwise."

Upon hearing that, Erica was instantly filled with resentment for Francis. She clenched her jaw before she finally said, "Okay. I agree with your plan."

Naomi and Alex continued chatting into the afternoon before he finally left. They decided to first have Francis killed, then secretly change his will. They would be bribing lawyers along the way and have the company divided into three equal parts, Naomi and Erica would each hold one part of it, whereas Anastasia would have the other one. This would make the mother and daughter own more than 60% of the company's equity, which meant that they would have absolute right of execution over the company.

Naomi and Erica continued to stay at the restaurant after Alex left. Erica's hands were shaking ever-so-slightly, as she felt uneasy about the plan.

Naomi suddenly took her daughter's hand and stared at her calmly. "Erica, are you afraid?"

"Mom, does Dad really...have to die?" There was fear written all over Erica's face at that point.

Naomi felt that it was time to tell her something, or else her daughter would not be able to carry on with the plan calmly.

"Erica, Mom has something to tell you. You won't be scared anymore after this," Naomi reassured her.

"What is it?"

"It is about your birth. Francis is not your biological father. You are the child born to me and another man." Naomi felt no need to continue hiding her secret.

Erica's head immediately went blank as she heard the shocking news. "What?! Mom, how can I not be Dad's daughter? Didn't Dad have a DNA test when you brought me to the house? Did he not doubt me at all?"

"Of course Francis did. I drew blood from you in front of him to do the DNA test, but I exchanged a container of Anastasia's blood with yours. That is why Francis has had no doubts for so many years."

Erica clutched her chest after hearing her mother's confession. This secret was too shocking even to her.

"Who is my biological father then?" she couldn't help but ask.

"You don't have to care about who he is. He's just a piece of trash who is still rolling in poverty!" Naomi spat contemptuously. "We must do this if we want to live a good life for the rest of our lives."

As Naomi had expected, Anastasia started feeling a lot better after that. It turned out that the man she had called "Dad" for over 20 years was not her biological father.

"You can't just call him Dad for so many years for nothing. We must get the share we deserve." Naomi's eyes were filled with determination to win.

Erica was also afraid of losing status and wealth during the remainder of her life. She was just like her mother at this very moment she wanted a share of Francis' property. Francis might very well chase her out of the Tillmans' if he were to find out her identity one day.

Instead of letting something like that happen, Erica would rather Alex join hands with her mother and make Francis leave the world unknowingly.

Francis was currently playing card games with a few of his good friends during the festive season. He had no idea that his wife and daughter had come together with his

most trusted man in a plot to harm him.

It was finally New Year's Eve after the people spent weeks anticipating it.

Elliot and Anastasia had already arrived at the Presgrave Residence around 10 AM.

Elliot was naturally not keen on telling the truth behind Jared's injury when Harriet noticed Jared's injured leg. He even made up a reason, which didn't go unnoticed by the older woman's hawk-like eyes. However, she didn't press on to know the truth. All that was important to her was that her grandson was safe.

Immediately afterward, she got good news from Jared that Elliot and Anastasia were getting engaged

The news made Harriet so worked up that her eyes were wet with tears. This truly was something that made her happy. It was also something she had been looking

forward to for so many years!

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Anastasia was walking toward the study room from outside when she heard Harriet's voice coming from the opened door of the room.

"Wonderful! This is great, Elliot. You have to treat both Anastasia and Jared well after she becomes your wife."

Upon hearing that, Anastasia came to a halt before she heard Harriet's voice rang out again. "Thank God my wish for the Tillmans and the Presgraves to become a family has been fulfilled. I will make sure to give my gratitude to Officer Amelia if I were to die someday."

Anastasia's chest seemed to clench at that. She could tell that Harriet was truly grateful to her mother for saving one of the Presgraves.

"Grandma, I promise to treat them well for the rest of my life," Elliot reassured Harriet. At that, the latter said in an earnest tone, "You must not force Anastasia if she is unwilling to give birth again in the future. You can always train Jared to be your successor."

"It is all up to her to decide. She can have another child if she wants, but I won't pressure her into anything if she doesn't. To me, Jared is my son."

"Okay. I like him very much as well. He is exactly the same as you were when you were young. This is all God's will." Harriet sighed at that.

Anastasia was hit by a myriad of emotions when she heard the conversation. Even she wasn't sure if she wanted to have a child with Elliot.

In fact, she should give birth to a Presgrave if she loved him.

At that point, Anastasia decided to stop trying to make sense of the mess in her head and heart for now. It only confused her more without solving anything.

Instead of going in and interrupting the chat between the grandparent and her grandson, Anastasia went to the garden, where her son had been having fun by himself. Harriet even spent money to build him an outdoor playground that was equipped with an air conditioner. The young boy continued to play in that cozy space.

This was a very thoughtful gesture on Harriet's part. Anastasia deeply felt that she and her son were being pampered by the Presgrave Family.

The tide at a faraway beach was starting to come in when evening came and as night fell, the lights of the city seemed to illuminate the whole place as though it was still morning.

The Presgraves had a feast for their dinner. As Elliot sat beside Jared, he made sure to spoon more food onto the young boy's plate.

Harriet was secretly happy when she saw what was going on. Anastasia, too, quietly saved this scene of Elliot showing his love into her memory.

"Young Master Tillman, I will add some rice to your plate," one of the servants standing aside respectfully said to Jared.

She even seemed like she was treating him like a precious young master of the Presgraves.

Anastasia's heart skipped a beat at that, but the little boy proceeded to announce out loud politely, "I can do it myself, Madam."

His one sentence was enough to show how well he had been educated at home to be so polite. He was a child that everyone, the servants included, would easily fall in love with.

After they were done with the meal, Anastasia brought Jared to the second floor for a video call with Francis. The man was waving a present in his hand as he said to the boy, "Jared, your grandpa prepared a present for you."

"Thank you Grandpa!"

The man then turned to his daughter. "Anastasia, are you bringing Jared home for lunch tomorrow?"

"Yes," she briefly replied with a nod. It was normal to pay visits to relatives after Christmas.

She hung up the call after their conversation ended. As she turned around, she was greeted by the sight of Elliot walking toward her. He gave off a homely vibe in his gray sweater and a pair of dark-colored slacks.

He, too, had four presents in his hands. Looking at Jared, he walked over and gave him two of them.

"These are for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Presgrave." The child was ecstatic as he took the presents from Elliot. He then waved at the adults. "Mommy, I will be going back to my room now!"

Anastasia couldn't help but lift her gaze at the man. "Oh-you didn't have to give him two. Just one is more than enough."

"Those were from Grandma and I respectively," Elliot replied in a low voice. He swiftly reached out to pass Anastasia the other two. "And these are also from Grandma and I to you."

"For me?" She blankly blinked at him. She wasn't even a child who needed a present!

Elliot quickly came up with an excuse to give the presents to her then. "This is our family's tradition. We always give out presents to guests who come to visit during Christmas."

And so, Anastasia had no other choice but to take them. The man, however, continued to encourage her to open up her presents. "Open them and have a look."

She shook it around a few times. The contents were so light it didn't seem like there would be much in it. She was starting to get curious when she noticed the mirth in his gaze. She finally tore the present wrapping open, only for a piece of black credit card to slide right out.

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"This one is from me," Elliot told her with a smile on his face as he rested his chin on his arm.

Anastasia was slightly startled holding the card in one hand. "You are giving me a card?"

"It is a card that does not have a limit. You can use it as you like." His sharp eyebrows raised slightly, his eyes full of love for her.

These were probably the words any woman loved hearing the most. Anastasia, too, couldn't hide the smile on her face as she moved on to the next present. "Is this one from Grandma?" she asked.

"Open it and see."

Elliot was curious as to what Harriet prepared as well. The elderly woman hadn't told her a thing, after all.

Anastasia opened the present, and when she poured the contents of the present, a strange card that looked like an access card fell out.

"What is this?" she asked.

Elliot glanced at it before he replied with a smile, "The access card to Cloud Residence No. 1's top floor loft unit."

She was startled again after hearing his words. If her memory served her correctly, she had somehow come across the insane price of a unit at Cloud Residence No. 1. She also saw how the price of the big loft had been raised to about 100 million.

And the access card to such a place was in her hand right this moment.

"I-I can't accept it!" Anastasia wouldn't reject the black card from her future husband, but Harriet's present was too expensive for her to accept.



“Why not? Everything the Presgraves have will belong to you in the future.” Elliot then added, “I remember telling you before about a top private kindergarten in the area. The security measures are top-notch, and their education system is also the best internationally. Grandma cares about both your safety and Jared’s education.”

Upon hearing that, Anastasia could feel a gush of warmth in her chest. The loft might be expensive, but what was more valuable and heartwarming to her was Harriet’s kindness and sincerity toward Anastasia and her son.

Hence, Anastasia had no choice but to accept it as well. She then took the black card again and took a look, and her red lips curled into a smile. “I am finally a rich lady.” she cheered.

The man instantly corrected her, “You mean you are my lady.”

Upon hearing that, Anastasia bashfully chewed on her red lip. “Not yet!”

The man had come to sit beside her at some point. He wrapped his long arms around her as he muttered, “It will be soon.” After saying that, he pressed his thin lips to her forehead. “I can’t wait to announce this.”

She started to count the days then. It appeared there were only 15 days left before she was officially his fiancée.

It all still felt like a dream to her.

Anastasia had only returned to the country with Jared then to live a quiet life where she would steadily earn money to raise the child. She had only planned to keep her focus on her career and her child. However, she somehow managed to gain a husband within a year of coming back here.

Come to think of it, she and Elliot had only been together for only about a year.

Back at the Tillman Residence, Erica started treating Francis like he was a stranger after she found out the truth of her birth.

She would try her best to not call him ‘Dad’. Her eyes when she looked at him were those of an outsider’s.

Francis was sitting on the sofa when he noticed Erica all dressed up and ready to leave. Out of concern, he asked, “Erica, where are you going so late at night.”

“... I am heading out.”

“It’s too late. It is not safe for a girl like you to go out by yourself. Why don’t you just stay at home and take a rest?”

“I have an appointment with a friend,” she muttered with her head low before she left.

This daughter of ours is getting more and more stubborn!” Francis sighed as he shook his head. When Naomi heard that, she smoothly hugged him around his neck from behind and said, “Don’t bother with her, my dear. She is an adult now. You can’t make her decisions for her.”

He turned and threw a glance at his wife briefly before she sat down with him. "Francis," she started. "Anastasia is getting engaged soon. What do you think we should give her as a present?"

Francis had given a proper thought about what dowry he could give before. After thinking about it for a moment, he told Naomi, "I am not sure what she doesn't have. Let me ask her. We will give her anything she doesn't already have!"

Naomi's face turned sour then. She was starting to magnify all the good ways Francis was treating Anastasia. It even seemed to her as though Francis couldn't wait to give out all the money he had if he could.

"Would you give her the company as a dowry if she wanted it?"

He momentarily froze at her words. "Anastasia is the one who will take over my company anyway!"

"How about Erica, then? Are you going to give her the company too if that is what she wants?" Naomi tried probing.

"But Erica doesn't have a spouse yet!"

She was getting madder by the second. She eventually stood up and as she was walking away, she turned to look at Francis for a short second, the murderous intent evident on her face.