

## **N Destiny 511**

### Chapter 511

Elliot brought Anastasia to the break room. Her eyes were welling up with tears and every time she thought about what her father was going through, her heart throbbed with pain.

He wrapped his arms around her and gently wiped away her tears. "I'm sorry," she said, turning to look at him. "I really don't wish to get engaged at the moment. Can we postpone it?" "Sure," he said, nodding. "Don't rush. It can be done after your father wakes up."

When she heard that, hope filled her heart. That's true! When her father was finally awake, she could select a new date with her father for her engagement to Elliot.

In Elliot's eyes, postponing the

engagement party made no difference. After all, their relationship had progressed so much that it felt like they were already married. The engagement party was merely a ceremony to him.

No matter what happened, he would never abandon Anastasia. He would always protect her and stay by her side as they weathered troubled times together.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door before Rey walked into the room. He held an iPad out to them and said, "President Presgrave, Miss Tillman, have a look at this. Naomi and her daughter have released a statement to the press."

She took the iPad from him and read out the headline of the article shown, "Eldest daughter holds comatose father hostage to steal the right to inherit Tillman Constructions."

By the time she was done reading the entire article, she was trembling with anger. The audacity of those two women to release such an insidious statement at this time infuriated her.

"Many media outlets have shared the

statement as soon as it had been released,” Rey said. “Furthermore, many independent journalists are defending them, amplifying the message and causing considerable damage to Miss

Tillman's reputation.”

Anastasia’s eyes turned as cold as ice

when she heard that. Naomi and her

daughter were playing victim by

attacking her first. “Find a way to suppress the news.” Elliot ordered.

“Sir, doing that might not end well for Miss Tillman. Also, there are a lot of eyes on this right now. If we do not publicly respond now, it would be a disaster when Miss Tillman marries you.”

“Yes,” she said, nodding in agreement. “We don’t need to do that. Let us ignore them for now. The most important task at hand is to wake my father up. When that happens, this lie would be exposed for what it truly is. As for my reputation, I do not care at all.”

Elliot's heart ached at how calm and collected she was. “Okay.” He sighed. “I'll hold back myself for now.” Otherwise, the mother-and-daughter duo would have already been thrown into prison. There was no way he would have tolerated their impertinent behavior.

“Ignore them. They are only doing this so that they can make healthcare decisions for Dad instead of me. It is impossible for that to happen. If I let them take care of my dad, he would never wake up again.”

Anastasia was determined to withstand anything and everything just so her father could be saved. Let Naomi and her daughter kick up a fuss because she couldn't be bothered about them.

Elliot would eventually build her the greatest shield ever that would protect her from their attacks. Meanwhile, Hayley was whiling time away at a cafe when she stumbled upon the article about Anastasia. She was

shocked by what she saw and also awed by how astonishingly beautiful Anastasia looked in all the photos shown in the video that kept bashing her.

Anastasia looked just like a rose proudly showing her glacial beauty despite the adversities she faced.

Even the comments of the video were all praising her beauty while they piled hate on her.

'Anastasia is so gorgeous. She might be evil, but she is amazing

'Yeah! Well, the prettier they are, the more dangerous their venom. She is beautiful because she is pure evil.

"Is she the future head of Tillman Constructions? Oh, my goodness! She is just divine! | finally have a face for the female lead of the novel I'm reading

'She might be evil, but she is just too beautiful. She is so sexy. What should | do? | think I'm in love. This comment was made by a user who appeared to be male according to his profile picture.

Hayley was seething with jealousy as she read those comments. As expected, even though the situation was bad, Anastasia would still attract admirers for her beauty while being hated on.

The uproar online made Anastasia famous. Amidst all the insults, journalists kept uploading photos of her. Some people even dug up photos of her in university just so they could get more views and attention. Then, there was the photo of her at the annual celebration of Bourgeois Jewelry Atelier, shining brightly as she stood on stage.

In spite of the chaos online, Anastasia directed all her focus on taking care of her dad in Presgrave Hospital. Sitting by his bed and staring down at his pale face, she forced herself to remain strong. She could not break down at a time like this.

Meanwhile, at Tillman Residence, Erica was scrolling on her phone, watching video after video. However, the more she scrolled, the more frustrated she got. Just then, she received a call from Alex.

“Hey”

“This is causing quite the uproar. Aren’t you afraid that it would get out of hand?” Alex asked, worried. After all, he had the exact same mindset as a rat that hid in the gutters, forever shying away from the light.

Even so, Anastasia was now under attack. Any response from her would turn the tides and redirect the barrage of attacks toward those who were after her.

“What are you afraid of? Honestly, you are such a coward. Having the whole world know about this will force her to return my father to me,” she answered.

“I will notify Anastasia to attend tomorrow's meeting then. It is time to publicize the will,” he said.

Joy flashed through her eyes. She had been waiting eagerly for this very moment. “For real? That is amazing! Does that mean there will be no issues with the will?”

“Everything will go smoothly.” “Nice, and by tomorrow, my mother and I will take over 60% of all the company shares my father owned!”

When she hung up on the phone, she was nearly bursting with giddiness. She was going to be rich. The thought of having to ask Francis for money all these years filled her with disgust. He was not her actual father, yet she had to call him that for so many years.

Frankly speaking, she felt no love for Francis. All she wanted was money, an endless stream of money

It was around three in the afternoon when Anastasia received a call from Alex, notifying her about the details of the board meeting scheduled for tomorrow. Due to Francis' condition and the fact that the company could not go for long without a decision maker, the board needed to discuss the company's next step forward.

After she agreed to attend the meeting. Alex decided to ask, "Are you okay, Miss Tillman?" "I'm fine."

"I saw a lot of lies being spread online about you."

"Thanks for your concern," she curtly replied, not wanting to tell him much about the topic.

Deep down, she had a feeling that he was on Naomi's side. Additionally, with how close he was to Erica, he was definitely pulling some strings in the company for the two women. Hence, she did not think much of his show of concern.

As he also knew how wary she was of him, he did not say much and just hung up.

That evening, Elliot brought Jared over to the hospital. The kid had seen neither hide nor hair of his mother for two whole days, so the latter was feeling quite worried and upset.

When Jared arrived, she told him about Francis' condition. She did not want to lie to her son, even though he was just a child.

Jared stood in front of the window, eyes blinking hard as he stared into the ICU ward where his grandfather lay. There is no way Grandpa will be asleep forever; he is just taking a nap.

"Mommy, Grandpa will wake up soon, right?" Jared asked, looking up at her.

"That's right. He'll wake up when he's done sleeping." She knelt down and kissed her son on the head, blinking back tears as she did so.

Later that evening when she told Elliot about the board meeting she was going to attend at Tillman Constructions, he suggested going along with her.

However, she did not agree with that idea. It was not that she did not want him with her, but this was Tillman's internal affairs. Naomi and Erica would surely criticize her for bringing him along.

"Okay, I won't go, but my lawyer and bodyguards must go with you," he insisted. He did not want anything to happen to her. "Okay" She nodded.

When it was time for bed, she slept with Jared while Elliot rested in the room next door.

The next morning.

Journalists from all outlets were hiding near the entrance of Tillman Constructions. According to the rumors, something important that was happening. today would decide the heir to the company. Who would be the winner.

between Anastasia and Mrs. Tillman? Either way, it would be an exciting show.

A few moments later, two black SUVs pulled up to the entrance. They were there as escorts for a limousine. The journalists waiting in their vehicles immediately swarmed the newcomers. Just as they were about to block the back doors of the limousine, eight burly and tall bodyguards stepped out of the SUVs. pushed everyone away from the limousine, and cordoned off a path from the limousine door to the building entrance.

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Dressed in a black coat with her hair flying in the cold breeze, Anastasia stepped out of the car with a lawyer following right behind. Her beautiful face was locked in a serene expression as she walked through the path sectioned off by her bodyguards.

The air around her echoed with a barrage of questions from the journalists.

“Miss Anastasia, did you really kidnap your comatose father to steal the right to inherit?”

“Miss Anastasia, do you have some ulterior motive for secretly transferring your father into a private hospital for treatment?” “Anastasia Tillman, do you even know what love is? Aren't you afraid of karma?”

Despite the near-interrogation she was being subjected to, Anastasia merely glanced at the surrounding journalists

before striding into the building doors where the security guards kept the pack of journalists at bay.

Her proud figure stood out among her bodyguards, just like how a red rose would catch the eye of those who saw it.

As the photographers swiftly snapped photos of her, they all sighed at how extraordinarily beautiful she was.

When she entered the meeting room, Naomi and Erica were already waiting inside with two other shareholders. They had both been panicking since the moment they heard of Francis' collapse. After all, he had been leading the company this entire time. Now that he was unconscious, who was going to lead Tillman Constructions?

Admiration flashed through Alex's eyes when he glanced over at Anastasia. No matter when or where he would always be irresistibly attracted to her.

Anastasia pulled up a chair for herself

and sat down. The middle-aged lawyer following her sat down at the table as well.

“This is a private meeting, Anastasia. Why is there an outsider here?” Naomi barked in irritation. “As my lawyer, he has the right to be in the room,” Anastasia coldly replied.

“All right, ladies. We are all here now, so let us discuss the future of the company. The reason why we are here, after all,” solemnly said Jordan Tillman, one of the shareholders.

“Yeah! We are all family, so let us play nice,” said the other shareholder in a placating manner.

“We are all distressed about what happened to President Tillman, but the company cannot be left headless. After all, we have a few hundred employees waiting on our orders. Hence, we must decide on the next person who will take charge of the company,” said Alex.

“Yes, what happened to Francis is sad, but the company cannot go ignored.” Jordan then turned to Alex and said, “Mr. Hunter, you are President Tillman’s most trusted man and the second-in command. What do you think we should do next?”

“Well, I’m just an employee who doesn’t have any say in the company.” Alex then turned to Naomi.  
“Mrs. Tillman, what do you think?”

Naomi cleared her throat and replied, “I have asked my husband's lawyer for an early reading of Francis’ will. Let us listen to it before we decide on the future leader of the company.”

When Anastasia saw just how calm and prepared Naomi was, it was obvious to her that her father’s will had been tampered with.

“I agree with my mother’s suggestion,” Erica said, raising her hand.

“Very well,” said Francis’ lawyer, Colin, as

he stood up. “As per Francis Tillman’s wishes, I have been entrusted with his will. By request from Mrs. Tillman, I will now read out his will.”

He then pulled out a few pieces of paper from his document holder solemnly and ceremoniously and began reading aloud from it. Anastasia silently listened as all of her father’s accounts, assets, and investments were to be inherited by Erica and Naomi.

Then, Colin arrived at the section on the company shares.

“The company shares currently held by Francis Tillman will be split into three portions; the first lot containing 40% of his shares would be inherited by Naomi Lowell, the second lot containing 30% of his shares would be inherited by Anastasia Tillman, and the third lot containing 30% of his shares would be inherited by Erica Tillman.”

Under the table, Anastasia’s hands clenched into fists. So, this was Naomi’s aim.

With the tampered will. Naomi and Erica would own a total of 70% of Francis’ company shares. While the division of shares inherited may seem logical and fair to an outsider, she knew this could not be her father’s true will. After all, he had never even thought of splitting his company up.

#### Chapter 514

Anastasia’s gaze swept across the lawyer. Alex, and the mother-daughter pair who was secretly pleased. The four of them. who had concealed their malice, had formed an alliance all for the sake of profit. “This is the will my father had. personally written?” Anastasia gave a chilling gaze at Colin..

Colin gave a firm nod. “Yes, this is the will President Tillman had replaced just a week ago.

“Can I have a look?” she asked.

“I will send you a copy afterward.”

Naomi sneered, ‘Anastasia Tillman, what are you trying to imply here? Are you questioning the contents of your father’s will?’ “That’s right! You’ve already gotten 30 percent of the shares, so why are you still not satisfied? Erica said with raised eyebrows.

“It’s clearly obvious who will take over the company now. That person is me, especially since I have the qualification to be the manager,” Naomi proclaimed confidently.

“Mom, I’m sure you’ll be able to take on Dad’s position to properly manage Tillman Constructions.” Erica flattered her mother. Without missing a beat, Alex added, “Mrs. Tillman, the company’s affairs will be left to you from now on.”

The other shareholders were slightly surprised at the fact that Naomi was to take over the company since they had thought that Francis had been guiding his eldest daughter to one day take over the company

“You’re too kind, Mr. Hunter. We still require your service in certain matters in the future,” Naomi said as a demonstration of her newfound authority in taking over the company.

Although she was left without an idea to make an argument here, Anastasia was more concerned with the matter of her father regaining consciousness as Naomi’s schemes would be stopped the moment her father woke up. “Alright, then | leave the company in your hands.” She stood up after she expressed no objections.

Naomi and Erica were both taken aback at such development since they had anticipated Anastasia to have made a fuss about the contents of the will, and not to accept it so readily. “Miss Tillman, are you suggesting that the company affairs would be fully handled by Mrs. Tillman and Miss Erica?” Alex asked.

Anastasia nodded. “Yes. Please give me a copy of the will,” she said to Colin. “I want to bring it with me.”

Then, Colin handed the will to his assistant to make a copy of it. When the assistant was done and handed a copy of the will to Anastasia, she stood up, preparing to leave the conference room.

“Hold it, Anastasia Tillman. What are you trying to do by hiding my husband in Presgrave Hospital? As his wife, do | not even have the right to visit him?” Naomi questioned her from behind.

A glint of light flashed across her eyes before Anastasia turned toward Naomi and said, “Naturally, you have the right to visit my father. As long as you do not

hinder his treatment in the hospital, | will

not interfere.”

“Good. Then, I shall visit him later this afternoon,” Naomi declared.

“Alright, you'll be able to do so after making an appointment,” Anastasia replied while wearing an agreeable expression.

Naomi and her daughter made eye contact with one another, as they were puzzled as to how Anastasia wasn't as oppressive as usual and that everything was going smoothly according to her plan.

After entering Alex's private office, Erica said with a puzzled expression, “What the heck is Anastasia playing at?”

With his eyes on the mother-daughter pair who had gotten the shares they wished for, Alex reminded them, “Although everything went well, there is still one problem remaining.”

“You're afraid that my dad will wake up any moment now?” Erica asked.

“Don't worry! The doctors at the affiliated hospital told me that the chances of my husband waking up are nonexistent. You have nothing to worry about, Naomi assured Alex.

“Regardless, we cannot let our guards down before President Tillman is declared dead. We must keep track of his situation.”

“I'll check up on his situation later this afternoon during my visit. Hmph, that Anastasia still thinks she could save her father. Dream on, girl.” A chilling gaze

flashed in Naomi's eyes.

Although the reporters outside had blocked the road, the bodyguards had cleared a way for Anastasia when she came out. Ignoring the reporters, she went into her car and gave the copy of the will she received to the lawyer beside her. “Mr. Brown, please check if there are any problems with this will.”

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After carefully examining the will handed to him by Anastasia, Mr. Brown said with a stern expression, 'On the surface, there doesn't seem to be any problems with the will. However, we would need your father to confirm its validity.'

Anastasia knew that her father was the only one who knew the real content of the will, as even her father's lawyer had taken Naomi's side.

Presgrave Hospital.

Afraid that Anastasia had suffered grievances, Elliot, who was waiting for Anastasia's return, immediately dragged her into a quiet lounge the moment he saw her. "Tell me, did they give you a hard time?" he asked with his gaze on her.

Anastasia calmly filled Elliot in regarding the content of her father's will. Elliot narrowed his eyes, his gaze chilly. "Are you just going to let your father's company fall into that woman's hand? Should I start making some moves myself?"

However, Anastasia shook her head. "I know how to deal with them. I'll make sure that they pay the price they fully deserve." Her eyes tinged with sorrow before she changed the topic. "How's my father?"

"His vitals are still stable so far."

Immediately, the grief in her eyes turned into hatred. "One is my father's wife, and the other his daughter. They actually did something this despicable just so they could have my father's company. I assumed they knew my father was going to let me inherit the company, so they decided to do something like this to him. If only I knew this would happen. I would've refused to go help out at the company back then. At the very least, my father would still be safe."

"Do not take their faults as your own. You are innocent in this." Elliot assured her.

Looking at her exhausted pale face, he

immediately wrapped his arms around

her. "Rest for a little while in my arms."

Anastasia leaned against his chest. "Have

you sent Jared back?"

"Yeah. He was very willing to go to the Presgrave Residence."

"I'm glad to hear that." Anastasia felt grateful that the Presgrave Family had given her son a place to live.

2:00 PM in the afternoon. Naomi and her daughter arrived at the lobby of Presgrave Hospital. This time, they were being led by one of the nurses to the hospital ward after going through the proper registration process. "As expected, this place is something else," Naomi muttered as her eyes wandered the spacious and upscale interior of the hospital, which looked just like a luxurious hotel.

"Mom, that man's in there." Erica looked through the window at Francis who was in the ICU. Furthermore, she no longer addressed him as her father. It was clear that any filial piety she had for her father was long gone.

"How about taking a rest inside here for now? We will consult the doctors first before making the arrangements for you two to enter the ward later," the nurse explained

Alright. They then entered the lounge room.

On the way out, the nurse intentionally left the door slightly open. Just as Naomi and Erica were about to sit down and have their cup of tea, they heard a female voice coming from outside their room. "Dr.

Jones, since my father just had a checkup this morning, can you explain to me in detail regarding my father's condition?"

Noticing the female voice belonged to Anastasia, the mother-daughter pair made eye contact with one another before they quietly went closer to the door to eavesdrop on the conversation.

"Miss Tillman, we have good news for you. We've just introduced the most advanced international brain scanner and medicine in our hospital. We'll be able to effectively treat your father's condition for him to regain consciousness as soon as possible now.

"Really? That's great news! Does that mean there's a possibility that my dad will wake up?" "Very much so. If there aren't any problems, he may even regain

consciousness by next week, the doctor

said confidently.

"Thank you very much, Dr. Jones. You really are the global leading neurology specialist.

"Hehe. You are just too kind, Miss Tillman. Since Mr. Tillman is Young Master Elliot's future father-in-law, how can we not put our utmost effort into treating him? We will definitely do everything we can to save your father."

Thank you, Dr. Jones. However, can I ask you for a favor? Later, two of my family members will be visiting my father. Can you please refrain from telling them the news about my father regaining consciousness?"

"Why?" Dr. Jones was puzzled. "Regardless, please do me a favor, as this is my family matter." "Alright. I'll do as you say."

The two of them continued their conversation while gradually walking away from the room. Behind the slightly opened door, the mother-daughter pair were looking at each other in disbelief, as they could not believe the possibility of Francis waking up. Not to mention, he would wake up next week at the earliest.

## Chapter 516

“Mom, what should we do now?” Erica asked sullenly.

“Don't panic. Let me think about what we can do.” Naomi was equally anxious. Should Francis wake up to find the contents of his will having been replaced, he would most definitely be furious and might divorce Naomi and kick the mother-daughter pair out of the house.

In one of the corners of the corridor outside, Anastasia was looking at the lounge room with calculative eyes. Just as she planned, the mother-daughter pair had listened in on the play she had with Dr. Jones. As she knew Naomi's greatest fear was her father regaining

consciousness, she was fully anticipating what Naomi would do next. If all went according to her expectations, Naomi would go frantic in trying to prevent Francis from regaining consciousness.

Pacing around restlessly in the room, Naomi wondered if Anastasia was lying to her. But this is the Presgrave Hospital! She heard that the doctor treating Francis

right now was a global leading neurology specialist. Adding to that, the hospital had gathered countless skilled doctors. Thus, she couldn't discount the possibility that Francis would wake up. However, she couldn't understand why Anastasia had told the doctor to refrain from telling her about this. Was it to prevent me from doing something? How dare that girl try to hide this from me? she thought.

Then, the nurse came back in and invited them to visit Francis. Sitting by the bed, Naomi noticed that Francis was slowly regaining the colors in his face and the mysteriously high-end looking machines, as though they were a source of life that could wake Francis at any moment, on him. Glancing at these machines, Naomi had the immediate thought of taking them off Francis to settle this matter quickly. Regardless, they left the ward as soon as the visitation hours were over.

When they left the ward, they ran into Anastasia, who feigned surprise. “You're

here.”

“How is your father?” Naomi asked deliberately.

“It's not looking good. The doctor told me the chances of him waking up are miniscule Anastasia told them the truth. “Don't you lie to us. Will my dad be waking up or not?” Erica asked with slight anger.

Anastasia's eyes flickered slightly as she deliberately leaked hints of emotions in her eyes. “Why would I lie to you? My dad will not be waking up anytime soon.”

Naomi thought that Anastasia was lying to her so that the latter could use Francis to deal with her after he regained consciousness. Hence, Anastasia told her that her husband would not be waking up anytime soon just so she would let her guard down. Hmph! | won't fall for that, she thought. “Then take good care of your father. We'll come and visit him tomorrow. There's something back in the

office that requires my presence right now.” Saying that, Naomi left in a hurry with Erica in tow.

Looking at the backs of the mother daughter pair gradually vanishing in sight, Anastasia knew they had taken the

bait. She then took her phone out and dialed Rey's number. ‘Rey, please arrange some men for the next phase of the plan.’ “Don't worry, Miss Tillman! We'll keep a close eye on Naomi and Erica the entire time.”

Anastasia knew Naomi would definitely find a way to deal with her father regaining consciousness, yet she hadn't the slightest idea on what Naomi would do specifically to harm her father once more. Right now, all Anastasia had to do was wait for the moment Naomi would strike, and catch her right in the act.

As soon as Naomi and Erica entered their car, they called Alex and told him everything they heard in the hospital, including the fact Anastasia had lied to

them.

“Are you sure that President Tillman will wake up? Alex asked cautiously.

“We're not sure. However, we overheard the conversation between Anastasia and that doctor and heard Anastasia asking the doctor not to tell us the truth! You

should know that the doctor-in-charge is the world's leading expert in neurology!” Erica said in anger.

“Don't make any moves for now. I'm afraid Anastasia might be planning some sort of trap for us here.” Alex was planning to be cautious until the end.

Left without any choice, Naomi could only listen to Alex, and stopped thinking up methods to deal with Francis.

Nevertheless, Anastasia had expected this development. Even if Naomi was on guard, the fact that her father would wake up any moment now was like a ticking bomb in their head, as they would feel a sense of danger at all times. It would be

like a nightmare haunting them at their every waking moment.

Just as Anastasia expected, the seeds of fear had slowly taken their roots in Naomi's heart, as she could not eat nor sleep well after she had returned home, fearing she would wake up to hear the news that her husband had regained consciousness. That night, Naomi woke up from her sleep in a cold sweat. She then sat up and looked at the pillow beside her. As the fear in her gradually poisoned her mind, even the sound of a car passing by was enough to cause her to tense up.

## Chapter 517

After such a night, Naomi immediately went to the hospital and overheard two nurses discussing Francis' condition as they passed her by.

“I heard Dr. Jones saying that Mr. Tillman's medicine has started to take effect and that it's very effective.” “Really? That's good news to hear.”

Naomi started to panic, as she began to believe the possibility of Francis waking up since even the nurses were talking about it. Sitting by Francis' bedside, she started to feel unease as she stared at his sleeping face.

On the other side of the window,

Anastasia stood silently while intently watching Naomi's chilling gaze of hatred. She was waiting for the moment of Naomi's breakdown, the moment Naomi took action due to the fear inside her.

Just like the day before, Naomi left once

more. As she walked along the corridors of Presgrave Hospital, her eyes wandered around the high-tech hospital that looked as if it could raise a man from his death.

Upon leaving the hospital, she came to a conclusion that she couldn't let that man wake up, as she couldn't lose the shares she and her daughter had gotten. He must die, she thought, with viciousness in her eyes. With everything that I've done, what difference would it make, doing one more cruel deed?

Naomi planned to hide what she was about to do from her daughter and Alex, as she feared her daughter would crumble under the pressure and that Alex would stop her since he did not understand the fear she was experiencing. Therefore, she decided to do this alone.

If Francis died in Presgrave Hospital, Naomi could even pin his death on Anastasia and sue the hospital for a huge amount of compensation. All in all, to Naomi, there were only profits to be made should Francis die in Presgrave

Hospital.

With this thinking in mind, Naomi made a call to the unscrupulous owner whom she had gotten the previous pills from. She had already planned the method of

how she would administer the drug, as she noticed that Francis' arm was hooked up to some tube for his medication. By discreetly injecting the tube with the lethal drug, Francis would surely die unwittingly. At that time, the hospital would have to take full responsibility for his death.

As for the surveillance camera in the ward, Naomi surmised that it would be enough as long as she had her back to the camera while using her clothes as a cover while she was injecting the drug into the tube. Naomi, who was immersed in her planning, was completely unaware that every movement of her wicked plan was being monitored, as a black car followed behind her when she entered the unscrupulous store.

Anastasia received a call from the

bodyguard she placed on Naomi saying that Naomi had entered a drugstore and left after spending 10 minutes there. Furthermore, the bodyguard noted that Naomi looked tense when she left the store in a hurry.

Looks like she took the bait, Anastasia thought. She had expected Naomi to be impatient, as Naomi needed to make sure her plans so far were ironclad due to the huge benefits she was going to obtain. Naomi needed to make sure her husband would no longer wake up in this life so that she could be the president of Tillman Constructions, which was worth billions. With all these in mind, Anastasia expected Naomi would make her move on the next day.

In the evening, in a certain restaurant, Elliot brought Jared to meet Arthur and Richard for dinner. Due to the sudden cancellation of the engagement, Elliot was sorry for leaving his friends behind and putting them on hold.

"It's fine. We'll still be there as promised the next time you get engaged." Richard

laughed lightly.

Then, Arthur steered the conversation to the recent events. "| may need to stay here for a few more days since | still haven't found the thing that | lost!"

Richard turned his attention toward

Arthur and noticed the chain he usually had around his neck was missing. Slightly surprised, he asked, "Don't tell me you lost your heirloom treasure?!"

Arthur sighed depressingly. "It is just like you said."

"Where did you lose it? Is there any hope of finding it? Do you need my help?" Elliot asked with concern while he handed small slices of his steak onto Jared's plate.

"There's no need for you to help. I've already gotten a clue that it was a female thief who took it." "A thief that could steal something of

yours? Don't tell me you have fallen prey at those kinds of places?" When Richard recalled how often Arthur would patronize those kinds of places, his tone turned slightly harsh.

## Chapter 518

"Nonsense! I am a pure, untainted man that practices self-respect!" Arthur wore a dignified expression. "Then pray tell just how that thief got away with your item?"

"She pretended to be chased by someone and suddenly came into my car. She then locked her arms around my neck and stole it from me when I least expected it. I admit I let my guard down. Darn it." As Arthur retold the incident, the anger in him came to rise again. Regardless, that thief was quite capable, as Arthur's men still could not find any information on her until now.

"Just say the word when you need help." Elliot offered his help, as the entire country was his territory.

To Arthur, it was already embarrassing enough for him to have his item stolen from under his nose. If he had to rely on others just to track down the thief, that

would just demonstrate how incapable he was. Hence, he was determined to do this without anyone's help to preserve his dignity. "No need. I want to personally

catch her myself, he declared with his hand curled into a fist.

Just then. Jared accidentally knocked over the glass beside him. However, Richard managed to catch the glass right before it fell to the ground. After placing the glass back on the table, he patted the child on the head. "Hope that didn't scare you!"

"Wow! Mr. Lloyd is amazing Jared clapped with admiration.

"Jared, have something good for you later, Richard said.

"Something good? What is it?" Jared asked, curious.

"It's a watch with a GPS function. That way, we'll be able to find you wherever you are in the future."

"Thank you, Mr. Weiss." Jared politely gave his thanks

"You're welcome. Your safety is our responsibility, after all Arthur looked at the kid before him. The more he saw the child, the more he liked him. At this point, Jared had completely changed Arthur's mind about the charms of a child.

Elliot's eyes were filled with fondness as well as he looked at the two. That expression of his was just like a father who was proud of his child.

Late at night in the Tillman Residence.

As Naomi was not sleepy, she waited for the break of dawn. She had made an appointment to visit Francis at ten in the morning, as it was the perfect time for her to make her move when Francis was taking his routine medication.

Finally, the sky brightened with the morning sun. Naomi, who had stayed up all night, started her preparations and placed two small bottles of the lethal drug

into the inner compartment of her bag. Then, she asked Joe to drive her to Presgrave Hospital.

Anastasia, who had also woken up early in the morning, was sitting in a luxurious lounge as she listened to the reports that were coming in from the people she had

deployed.

“Miss Tillman, we have obstructed the needle for President Tillman. We will be able to prevent the administration of Naomi’s drug the moment she makes her move.”

“Miss Tillman, the pinhole cameras are in place.”

“Miss Tillman, Naomi has entered the lobby.”

Standing in front of the French window, Anastasia was like a hunter waiting for her prey to fall into her trap. Thinking back on what Naomi had done to her father, Anastasia wanted her to be duly punished for her crimes.

Oblivious to Anastasia’s plan, Naomi interacted with the nurses as usual and had a few idle conversations with them regarding her husband’s condition last night before requesting to visit Francis.

“Mrs. Tillman, Mr. Tillman showed signs of consciousness last night, as his fingers had slight movement. We believe that he will recover very soon.” The nurse

deliberately told Naomi about the ‘improvement’ of Francis’ condition. With a stiff smile, Naomi feigned joy. “That’s great news! This hospital really lives up to its name.”

“Of course! The doctor treating Mr. Tillman right now is our top neurologist!” Saying that, the nurse pushed the door open and invited Naomi into the ward before closing the door for her.

After that, the nurse immediately went to where Anastasia was and reported to Anastasia who was currently sitting on a sofa. “Miss Tillman, I’ve told Naomi everything just as you instructed.”

“Good. Thank you for your cooperation.” Anastasia nodded. After the nurse left, she opened the laptop in front of her and displayed the camera footage of the four cameras she placed inside the ward. From here, she could monitor every action of Naomi in Francis’ ward.

Through the cameras, Naomi’s expression was as clear as day with her eyes cold. Suddenly, Naomi muttered, “Don’t blame me for this. You forced me into this.”

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Saying that, Naomi took out a small syringe and extracted the drug she had in her bag. After that, she used her clothes to block the view of the camera before holding the tube hooked up to Francis and, without any hesitation, injected the entirety of the drug into the tube.

All it took was ten seconds for Naomi to administer the drug. Truly, what she did could be described as killing someone without leaving any trace of evidence. She then kept the syringe back into her bag before she sat back down and looked at Francis as if she had done nothing.

Anastasia tensed up, as she witnessed just how wicked a person could be right in front of her. She witnessed the person who had spent twenty years sleeping on the same bed as her father send her father to the jaws of death without so much as a sound.

At this point, Rey entered the room. “Miss Tillman, should we go in and expose her now?” Anastasia did not wish to wait any longer, especially since she had recorded everything as evidence. “Let’s go.”

Thinking that she had to quickly dispose of the syringe and the lethal drug in her bag, Naomi was about to leave when Anastasia entered. Upon seeing Anastasia, she said in a hurry, “Looks like you're here. I have to go to the company now, so please take care of your father!”

However, the nurse who led Naomi immediately went to Francis’ side the moment she came in and checked on the contents of the indwelling needle. Unbeknownst to Naomi, the needle was not inserted into Francis but was merely taped onto him.

With an expression as cold as ice, Anastasia shot a chilling gaze at Naomi. "You are not to go anywhere from this very moment. Just what did you inject into my father's IV tube?"

Naomi became nervous but managed to put on her poker face. "What are you talking about? I've only been accompanying your father and did

nothing of the sort."

However, Rey hadn't the intention of giving Naomi leeway to deny her crimes any further. He brought his iPad out and showed her the video of the moment Naomi committed the crime. "Naomi Lowell, we have recorded everything you've done in this ward. The evidence that shows you intended to murder Mr. Tillman is now in Miss Tillman's hands."

Upon looking at the video of her injecting the lethal drug, Naomi felt weak in her knees and almost fainted due to the shock. How could this be? she thought, as she did not expect what she had done in secrecy to be caught on tape by Anastasia. "Anastasia Tillman, you wretch! You set me up!" Shocked, she roared in anger upon realizing she had fallen into Anastasia's trap.

"Naomi Lowell, you can save your piece

for the police, Anastasia said coldly. Just then, two uniformed officers entered and held Naomi by her arms. "Naomi Lowell, you are under arrest for the attempted murder of Francis Tillman."

"Let go of me! | didn't do it... It was all Anastasia! She's the one who set me up! | didn't do anything... Release me!" Naomi's screams, similar to the wails of a ghost, resounded down the corridor.

Anastasia watched the nurse transfer the content of the IV tube into an empty bottle that would be sent to the police as evidence of Naomi's crimes. Then, her heart ached the moment she noticed how pale her father's face had become. Does he know what is going on?

After Anastasia stayed with her father for a while, she left the ward to find Elliot walking toward her. In his black suit, he gave off a very strong fearless presence that said as long as he was present, there was nothing to fear, as he could simply breeze through even the toughest of challenges. "Naomi is now locked up in

the police station. You did a great job.” Elliot praised Anastasia, as her plan had managed to cause Naomi to essentially self-destruct in the end.

“What I want is for all those who harmed my father to pay. It won’t end with just Naomi alone  
Anastasia knew very well

that Colin Smithers, Alex Hunter, and Erica Tillman were involved as well. Although Naomi was the one who had pulled the trigger, the others were all accomplices in Anastasia’s eyes.

Elliot’s heart ached, as he noticed how haggard and thin Anastasia had become due to the current ordeal she was going through. Then, he embraced her in his arms. “Take your time. None of them will go scot-free,” he said, with hints of power and chilliness in his voice.

Back in the Tillman Residence.

## Chapter 520

Erica slept so soundly that she couldn’t hear her mother waking her up. After she woke up, she went downstairs to find the breakfast the maids had prepared for her. Just as she was about to complain about the food and her lack of appetite for it, her phone rang. Taking a glance at the caller ID, she then answered her phone. “Hello?”

“Miss Erica Tillman, your mother has been arrested for the attempted murder of your father, Francis Tillman. I need you to pack two sets of clothes and bring them along with you down the station.”

“What?” To her dismay, Erica dropped the spoon in her hand. After she confirmed that her mother was currently in the police station, she was so frightened that tears started rolling down her cheeks. She immediately dialed Alex’s number and told him about what had befallen her mother.

“Erica, listen to me. When you meet your

mother, you must make sure that she admits to everything and does not implicate us in this." Alex gave a stern warning from the other end of the line.

Erica was bitterly disappointed, as Alex planned to forsake her mother at a time like this, wanting for her mother to bear the entire responsibility alone.

"Erica, if we are all implicated in this, everything your father has will fall into Anastasia's hand. And us? We would all be going to jail. Do you understand?" Alex warned once more.

Holding back her grief, Erica replied, "Okay, I'll beg my mother to do so."

When Erica arrived at the station, she noticed her mother wasn't there. Just as she was about to call Alex, her phone rang instead. "Hello!"

"Is this Erica Tillman? Your mother has fainted in the detention center. Please come over to the General Hospital." "Alright. I'll come over right now." Erica hadn't expected her mother would faint, so she hurried over to the hospital.

At the entrance of the hospital, there were two police officers standing guard. Erica then asked them in a hurry, "How is my mother? Let me see my mother."

Just then, the doctor came out and reported, "The patient just woke up. She fainted due to hypoglycemia and can be discharged after an infusion treatment."

Erica pushed the doctor to the side and immediately entered the ward. Noticing her daughter, Naomi pulled Erica close to her. "Erica, I can't look after you anymore. Your birth certificate is in my closet. Hurry up and take it to get a marriage certificate with Alex! Let Alex look after you from now on."

"Mom, what happened? Why were you arrested?!" "It was all Anastasia's plan. That wretch deliberately set me up." At the station.

Naomi had thought everything through and came to the conclusion that it was all a trap set by Anastasia, as it was simply not possible for Francis to regain consciousness. However, Anastasia had acted out a play to plant seeds of fear inside Naomi.

“Lowell, stand up! It’s time for the transfer.”

“Erica, listen to me. You need to hurry up and get the certificate with Alex. Take over the company together with him.”

“What about you, Mom?”

“Don't worry! Your mother will make sure the rest of you are fine.” Naomi showed her mother’s love at such a time, She wanted her daughter to get the shares of Tillman Constructions so that her daughter would have it easy for the rest of her life.

Erica understood that her mother was planning to bear all the responsibilities alone to ensure both she and Alex would

be found innocent in this matter. “Mom, I'll definitely get you out of there.” She followed along as Naomi was being marched away. Looking at her mother getting into the police car, she felt pain and regret, as her mother was her only blood relative left in this world. “Anastasia Tillman, | will never forgive you for this. I’ll come after you even at the cost of my life!” Her eyes were furious with anger, she could not wait to end Anastasia’s life.

Back in her car, Erica called Alex and told him about the matter of the marriage certificate. Alex, on the other hand, had always planned to have a proper status to manage Tillman Constructions. The title of the son-in-law of the current president was the best position he could be in.. Considering that he had experience in finance, he would only need to put in some effort, for now, to move the funds of the company, as it would not last any longer due to the absence of Francis. At the end of it all, Tillman Constructions would just be an empty shell that was on the brink of bankruptcy.

The next morning, Anastasia received a call from one of the managers in Tillman Constructions. They asked for her to come to the company at ten in the morning, as there was going to be an important meeting. Since Anastasia had received such a call, she would definitely not miss attending the meeting.

