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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

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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.