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Walter said with a hand over his heart.

Mr. Dean took a deep breath.

11 million. That was equivalent to Jonford Hospital's profits for one quarter.

Dr. Tanner's consultation fee was only slightly over 28,000 dollars. If he earned 11 million, that was equivalent to about 390 transactions.

Brian responded with his hand over his heart as well and said, "I'll inform him about this, but don't hold out too much hope..."

His grandmaster was a man of cold temperament. He seemed somewhat unreasonable, so he was not sure if he could convince him.

Walter thought of the man who was over a hundred years old and could only nod with a wry smile. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Dr. Tanner..."

At the Lewis Estate, a group of family members was in the yard.

Two corpses, one large and one small, were placed on the ground on two stretchers.

The older one was in their 50s and the younger one was only seven or eight years old.

After Nash checked the corpses, he sighed helplessly in his heart.

The adult's chest was sunken, and their heart was crushed.

Half of the child's head was missing. Even if a master was here, they would not be able to help.

“Uncle must have given the order! He was worried that Aunt Hannah would reveal what happened, so he killed her to silence her!” said Hera, her expression cold.

She looked at Nash after she said that as if to verify whether her guess was correct.

Nash said nothing, so Hera had no choice but to walk to her mother’s side.

“Hera, you have to watch your words! Hubert is Herman’s own son. How could he hurt his own father?” said an old man with white hair.

This was Herman’s cousin, Charles Lewis.

Now that Hubert had a relationship with the Watsons, he, of course, wanted to be on Hubert’s side.

Hera sneered. “I bumped into a group of hitmen when I was making my way home yesterday. If it weren’t for Nash, you wouldn’t even see me now!”

She had not wanted to talk about this, but since she was being questioned, she had to expose

her uncle.

Hearing this, Lauren’s and Harrison’s eyes went wide.

Harrison panicked. “Hera... why didn’t you tell us earlier?”

It was no wonder that Hera took so long to arrive yesterday. It turned out she had encountered

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hitmen on the way.

Who sent them, though?

Hera thought about what happened yesterday and felt a little scared. "I didn't want you to worry..."

"Is this related to your grandfather's poisoning?" Cain asked calmly.

It was obvious he did not take Hera's safety seriously.

"Of course, it's related. I noticed Uncle looking surprised when I came back to the house yesterday! He was surprised that I came back alive, so he must have hired them," Hera said as she looked at Cain expressionlessly.

Cain stroked his snow-white goatee and questioned with a smile, "Do you have evidence?"

Hera said, "Both Skadi and Nash can testify!"

Cain laughed. "Skadi is your best friend, and Nash is your fiancée. You guys fabricated a lie to slander Hubert. You're just trying to get all of the family assets, no?"

"That's not true..." Hera said anxiously. "There really were hitmen yesterday..."

She looked at Nash again as she spoke.

However, Nash still ignored her.

Hera said angrily, "Nash, say something..."

"What can I say?"

"Didn't we run into hitmen yesterday? Didn't you beat them all up?"

"I think so!" Nash nodded in response.

His answer left Hera dumbfounded.

What did he mean 'I think so'?"

Cain laughed and added, "Is it because you two haven't discussed it with one another yet? Do

you want to go back and discuss how to frame Hubert?"