

## Chapter 487

So Emily knows Doctor Sandra. She's more complex than I thought.

"Don't mention it, Hazel. We're friends." Emily flicked her hair as she enjoyed the feeling of superiority. Her need for ego was fulfilled when she realized Hazel was gazing at her with glee and envy.

Meanwhile, at Jackson Enterprise, Brian was working in his office when Emily called him.

"Do you have time, Dad?"

"Hey, sweetie. Yeah, I have some time. Why?"

Emily smiled. "Um, Dad, do you know about the divine doctor in Sandfort?"

Brian was flabbergasted. He thought he was hearing things. "I think so," he answered. "Why?"

And then Emily beamed. She gushed, "Can you seek her out then, Dad?" Before Brian could answer, she continued, "Or just ask her to travel to Yobril." She thought that Doctor Sandra had to comply with the request, for her family was powerful. Also, I'm a student of the Royal Academy of Music. She has to do it for my sake.

Brian was stunned about the request. "Did you run into something, Emily? Or are you down with an illness?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" Emily denied it. "My friend's family is ill, so I thought we could ask the doctor for help, since we're in Sandfort." She didn't tell her father about Hazel promising to return the favor in case Brian thought she was doing it to show off.

"I see." Brian heaved a sigh of relief. "But the divine doctor is a mysterious one. It might not be possible to find her."

Emily persuaded, "Oh, who'd refuse us, the Jacksons, Dad? Even if she's the divine doctor, she has to work with us." Even though their family wasn't as powerful as the Mosses, Sanders, or Lowrys, barely anyone would cross them thanks to Jade.

Brian couldn't refuse his daughter, not after she managed to persuade him. "Okay, then. I'll contact her."

"Really? Thanks, Dad!" Emily was delighted. She clenched her phone and looked up at Hazel, who had her back facing her. If I manage to help her out, Hazel would be so grateful to me.

On the other hand, Old Madam Lowry left the residence the day she said she would. It would be Mason's twenty-sixth birthday when she came back again. Before she left, Old Madam Lowry

gave Janet an ambiguous look and teased, “Well, someone’s a loser. Almost twenty-six, but still no child of his own. What a loser.”

Holding a glass of wine, Mason sipped on it and chuckled. “I can’t decide when I can have a kid, you know.” Upon hearing that, Janet coughed awkwardly and looked away.

Old Madam Lowry sighed. “Just admit you’re a loser.” He couldn’t knock her up, and now he’s trying to evade it?

Old Madam Lowry’s caretaker covered her mouth and giggled. “Let’s go, ma’am. The airplane will take flight soon.”

“Oh, right!” Even though their family owned the plane, it would be inappropriate to delay the planned flight.

Janet looked up. “I’ll send you off, madam,” she whispered gently.