

# **Cherished By Seven Sisters**

## **chapter 1**

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 1-Jadeborough in July was scorching.

A skinny young man in the crowd was silently gazing at the familiar and yet somewhat unfamiliar city.

"It's been fifteen years... I'm finally back. I wonder how the girls are," the young man mumbled under his breath.

Emrys Lund was an orphan who grew up in an orphanage. There, seven girls who were not related to him by blood still loved him like family.

Their favorite game as children was to play house with Emrys. They even promised to marry Emrys in the future.

Emrys was only five back then. In his cute voice, he told them that their promises had to be genuine because they were no longer three years old.

The seven girls gave him a pinky promise for that.

From then on, the young Emrys looked forward to growing up quickly, until a fire destroyed his life.

Those girls could have escaped, but they had run back into the building to look for him and were trapped in the flames.

Frightened out of his mind, the young Emrys began bawling.

The eldest of the girls held him in her arms and told him not to be afraid.

The flames raged on.

The eight children huddled together, but they soon passed out from the smoke.

When young Emrys opened his eyes again, the flames were still there. What was different was that there was an elderly friar standing before him in the fire, his clothes perfectly intact.

The young Emrys was stunned. He thought he was hallucinating until the elderly friar said, "I can save the girls, but you have to serve as my apprentice." Those words were lifesaving words, and Emrys agreed to them immediately.

Back then, he did not realize that his life story would be rewritten because of that.

After leaving the orphanage, the elderly friar brought Emrys to a monastery and taught him medical skills, martial arts, and magic. He even made Emrys train in a Nameless Divine Art.

That lasted for ten years.

When Emrys turned fifteen and thought he could finally return to Jadeborough, the elderly friar sent him to the war zone at the border.

That went on for five years.

During those years, an organization named Sky Devourer rose to power in the midst of the bloody battles.

With Sky Devourer and its Thirty-six Sky Generals in power guarding over the four regions, no one dared to lay a finger on Chanaea from then on.

Their lord, Empyrean Lord, in the meantime, had discreetly returned to the land where he spent his childhood—Jadeborough.

Emrys was mulling over his past, his memories flashing across his mind as if he was dreaming.

Truly, if he hadn't been through all those incidents—if he were to hear it from someone else—he would have thought of them as insane.

Sunshine Children's Home was still around, but Emrys had complicated feelings about it.

The fire fifteen years ago had put the orphanage in the spotlight, with kindhearted people donating generously to rebuild the orphanage.

The shabby, concrete building was now a much taller building, and it had better facilities than before. However, it was no longer the place Emrys was familiar with.

Still, when Emrys' gaze landed on the children's innocent smiles, the strangeness of it all dissipated.

He felt as if he was looking at a younger version of himself and the girls.

Everything was still the same, and the orphanage was still the wondrous place it used to be.

Emrys soon found one of the orphanage's staff and told them the reason for his visit.

In no time, a woman with reading glasses came to Emrys and began studying him in confusion.

"I'm the director of Sunshine Children's Home. May I know who you're looking for?" "You're the director?" Emrys froze.

The director he remembered had the last name Olman, and he was an elderly man. He was definitely not the woman standing before him.

The elderly woman nodded. "I've been the director for over ten years. Aren't you here to see me?" "I'm here to see Mr. Olman." "Oh, you're looking for the old director! It's been some time since he retired!" The director was no longer suspicious of Emrys when she realized he was there to look for the previous director. In fact, she became friendlier.

However, Emrys frowned.

Mr. Olman retired? And it seems that he retired over ten years ago. Is it because of that fire?

Emrys hastily asked, "Then, do you have Mr. Olman's address?" "I do, I do! Give me a moment. I'll write it down for you." The woman turned to enter a room. Not long after, she returned with a note containing the previous director's address and handed it to Emrys.

"Thank you!" Following the address, Emrys arrived at a house.

A graying elderly man was hunching over, sweeping the yard. Emrys recognized him as the previous director—Walter Olman—instantly.

It's been fifteen years since I saw Mr. Olman. He looks like he has aged tremendously.

A wave of sorrow washed over Emrys, and he hurried toward him. However, what he saw next made rage course through his veins.

While Walter was sweeping the floor, a young man in a flowery shirt shoved him all of a sudden and snapped, "I know those women send you money every month, coffin-dodger. Where is it? Spit it out!" This is a robbery in broad daylight!

Emrys was livid. He lunged at the young man and grabbed his collar. "How dare you try to steal an old man's money? Are you even human? You beast!" The young man did not expect someone to lunge at him. A trace of panic flitted across his face, but he soon calmed down again.

"L-Let go of me. This is a family matter. What does this have to do with you?" "Family matter?" It was Emrys' turn to be confused as he turned to look at Walter.

A melancholic look manifested on Walter's face, and he sighed. "He's not lying, kid. He's no robber. He's Gavin Wahl, my adopted son." Gavin Wahl? Oh, it's Gavin!

Emrys had to stare at the other young man for a while before he finally recalled who he was.

No wonder he looks familiar. He's Gavin, the one who used to bully me and was beaten up by the girls. Why did Mr. Olman adopt him?

For a moment, Emrys was in a daze.

Gavin took the opportunity to struggle away from him. He coughed violently for a while before he managed to recompose himself.

"You b\*stard, don't be a busybody. Since you know this is a family matter, now scram!" Gavin shot Emrys a glare before turning to shout at Walter again.

"Grayhead, you should be giving me good food, clothes, and money for entertainment if you took me in. Why did you adopt me if you can't give me the best things in life? Where is the money those women gave you? Give it to me! What are you trying to do by hiding it? Are you trying to bring it to the grave with you? You don't have many years to live, and you need me to make the arrangements for your funeral. Who are you going to give the money to if not me? What a brainless old fart." The more Gavin spoke, the more he was getting out of line.

Walter's body was shaking, but he kept his head low as he endured Gavin's cursing.

Emrys could not bear to watch any longer. He raised his hand and gave Gavin a slap.

Smack!

"This slap is for your impudence and your foul mouth!" Smack!

"This is for your ingratitude! You are a shame to humankind!" Smack!

"And this is for your foolishness and ignorance!"

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Whether or not I'm a dutiful son is none of your business! Who do you think you are to stick your nose in my matters?" "Who do I think I am?" Emrys shot him an icy look. "Open your damn eyes and take a good look at who I am!" "You—" Emrys' bellow made Gavin freeze in place, and he finally studied Emrys' face.

Then a shudder wracked his b\*dy. The image of the skinny boy fifteen years ago started overlapping with the sight of the young man in front of him. It was only then that Gavin realized how similar their features were. "No... That is impossible..." Gavin shook his head vigorously. Emrys' name was on the tip of

his tongue, but he could not say the name out loud. It was too absurd.

"Surprised?" Emrys sneered. "You bullied me so often when we were younger.

You peed on my shoes, and you dirtied my clothes with watercolor. You even made me your scapegoat a few times. I ended up getting punished by Mr.

Olman in your place. Have you forgotten all about that?" Thump! Gavin took a step back. It's him! It really is him! The Emrys I bullied so often is back! "Why didn't the fire kill you? Why must you come back so suddenly? Why are you here to mess up my life?" Gavin grew agitated. "I did everything I could to curry favor with those women, but they refused to see me as their little brother. They said you're the only one who is their little brother. I tried my best to do well around the director and succeeded in making him adopt me, but he's always talking about you and you only! I tried so hard to become you, but everyone refused to give me a chance! Which part of me isn't as good as you? Did you know how desperately I wished you were dead?" Gavin grimaced. Right then, rationality left him. He spun around to grab a metal rod and swung it at Emrys.

Alas, the response he received from Emrys was a lightning-swift kick. Bam!

Before Gavin's metal rod could touch Emrys, a shoeprint appeared on his stomach, and he flew backward. "You want to know why you won't be as good as me?" Emrys ambled over and stared down at Gavin. "It's because I won't bully the weak. It's because I'm not ungrateful. It's because my jealousy won't turn into resentment. Are these enough reasons for you?" Emrys' last words, spoken in a soft voice, slammed into Gavin like a sledgehammer. These were basic principles for being human, which Gavin did not possess. Gavin was an ungrateful and jealous, despicable person who bullied the weak. "Pfft—" Perhaps those words were too much for Gavin as he coughed out a mouthful of blood, his face scrunching up in pain. Emrys only stared at him. He had no pity for Gavin. Gavin had been consumed by jealousy to the point he turned vile. He deserved no sympathy. "Young one, are you... Are you really Emrys Lund?" Walter's shaky voice rang out all of a sudden. When Emrys turned around, the glacial look on his face was gone, replaced by a smile. "Yes, it's me, Mr. Olman.

I'm back." "It really is you!" Walter's heart lurched, and he could not help but burst into tears as he hugged Emrys. "Oh, my little Emrys, you're still alive!

You're still alive... God has finally decided to spare me! I thought... I thought I killed you!" Walter was bawling. It did not sound like one of despair but of relief.

The boy who had made him feel guilty for fifteen years was still alive. "Yes, Mr.

Oلمان. I'm still alive, and I'm doing good," Emrys consoled softly, but he sensed something peculiar about Walter's mumbles. He waited until Walter calmed down before he asked, "Mr. Oلمان, are you hiding something from me? The fire fifteen years ago wasn't an accident, was it?" Walter wiped his tears away. "Let bygones be bygones. Everything is fine as long as you're alive." His response made Emrys even surer of his speculations. In a solemn manner, he said, "Mr.

Oلمان, if you really feel guilty about me, please tell me everything." Walter wanted to avoid the topic, but he knew he could not hide it from Emrys anymore when he saw Emrys' somber look. Slowly, he told Emrys what had happened.

As it turned out, there was indeed something strange about the fire fifteen years ago. Back then, Prime Realty had been interested in the land where Sunshine Children's Home was. They had met with Walter multiple times in an attempt to force him to agree to sell the land at a low price. However, Walter was strong-willed. No matter what Prime Realty did, he refused to sign the contract. Left without a choice, the person in charge of Prime Realty threatened Walter and warned him that he would suffer the consequences of not giving in. The next day after that, a fire broke out in the orphanage. Walter suspected that the fire was an act of revenge by Prime Realty, but he could not find any evidence of their involvement. After that fire, Emrys disappeared. Walter thought he had indirectly killed Emrys, so he soon quit his job and adopted Gavin, who was about the same age as Emrys. He tried to alleviate his guilt toward Emrys by giving Gavin everything he could. Alas, he ended up spoiling Gavin and made Gavin a greedy individual who asked for money from him every few days. It used to be a small sum, so he had said nothing about it. However, this time, Gavin was asking for two hundred thousand. There was no way Walter would give it to him, so that made Gavin hurl abuses at him. Dead silence took over after Walter finished telling the story. When he lifted his head to glance at Emrys, he was taken aback by the terrifying, frigid look in Emrys' dark eyes.

Prime Realty. You made me leave my hometown for fifteen years. You nearly killed me in the fire. You nearly made me lose my found family! How should I settle this score with you?

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 3-was waiting to be unleashed. Sensing his wrath, Walter gently caressed his cheek to console him. "I'm telling you this so I can be honest and not hide anything from you. I don't want you to do anything foolish." He had been afraid to tell Emrys the truth, fearing he would cause trouble for Prime Realty. There was no point in doing so because the forces behind the organization were terrifying.

Emrys was pulled back to reality when the old man's wrinkled palm stroked his cheek. "I'm sorry for giving you a scare, Mr. Olman." "Promise me you'll let go of the past, okay?" Walter pleaded. "Don't worry, Mr. Olman. I won't do anything foolish," Emrys said, suppressing his anger. "You're a good kid." Walter sighed in relief. Suddenly remembering something, he smiled. "The girls will be overjoyed if they know you're still alive." Emrys' heart lurched as he asked, "Are they doing fine?" "They're doing well. They have their own careers,

and they send me money every month. I have their photos here too." Photos?

Emrys' eyes lit up. It had been fifteen years since he had seen them. He wondered what they looked like now and whether they had grown even more beautiful. Of course, no matter how they looked, they were the women he loved most in his life. Walter entered the house and carefully retrieved a stack of photos from the drawer. Filled with anticipation, Emrys eagerly spread the photos out and took a quick glance. His eyes almost popped out of their sockets. "T-They're really my sisters?" The man could not believe his eyes, not because his sisters were ugly, but because they were too beautiful. Each one of them looked like a goddess. Walter grinned and remarked, "Your sisters are not only beautiful but also highly successful." Somehow, Emrys believed the old man's words. As the two were chatting, Gavin, who had caught his breath, suddenly crawled miserably to Walter's feet. "Mr. Olman, please give me two hundred thousand. I really need the money," he begged. Clearly, he was preparing to play the sympathy card. Walter had been chatting happily with Emrys, but Gavin's words instantly ruined his good mood. "You unfilial child!

How dare you ask me for money?" "It's not like that, Mr. Olman. It's because I... I—" "Hurry up and speak your mind," Walter interrupted before Gavin could think of an explanation. "Did you get into any trouble outside?" Seeing that he could not hide the truth, Gavin bit the bullet and confessed, "I owe the casino money.

They threatened to cut off my hand if I didn't pay back within a week." "What!

How dare you go to the casino? I'll kill you, you bstard!" *Walter was enraged when he heard that Gavin owed money at the casino. He grabbed a broom and started beating him with it. Instead of dodging, Gavin pleaded, "I must have gone insane, but it has already happened. I honestly can't come up with a solution, which is why I'm asking you for money."* "You damn thing! Are you trying to drive me crazy?" Walter bellowed. Just then, a clear and cold voice came from afar. "Gavin, I warned you not to make Mr. Olman angry again. Why do you keep disobeying my instructions?" A tall and slender woman walked over from outside the courtyard. Her long, shiny hair was coiled high behind her head, exposing her grace and poise. She had stunning features and a cold and sophisticated attitude. The white and elegant clothing could not hide her curvaceous figure. She exuded goddess-like grace. She's so beautiful! At first glance, Emrys was deeply attracted to the mysterious woman. His eyes glistened as he admired her good looks. That's my eldest sister! The woman was none other than Emrys' eldest sister, Cordelia Youngblood, whom he hadn't seen in fifteen years. Compared to the



*photo Emrys had seen earlier, Cordelia was even more beautiful in person, but she was also more aloof. Cordelia and Emrys looked at each other at the same time. In that moment of eye contact, Cordelia's delicate bdy trembled slightly. There was a hint of surprise in her beautiful eyes. However, she quickly recollected herself as if nothing had happened. "For Mr. Olman's sake, I'll help you for the last time. If you dare to cause trouble again, I'll break your legs." In order to prevent Walter from being upset, Cordelia wrote a check for two hundred thousand and threw it at Gavin.*

Gavin was wild with joy. "Thank you, Delia." "Don't call me that. It disgusts me," the woman spat. "Haha..." Gavin smiled shamelessly. It didn't matter how he was treated now that he had the money. Unable to contain himself any longer, Emrys uttered, "Delia, it's me." After five years of military service, the man's iron-blooded character had already been forged. Even when facing a million-strong army, he had never shown any fear. However, at that moment, he felt jittery having to face his eldest sister. Even an iron man could be tender. Emrys' weak spot was his seven sisters. Cordelia froze as she recalled memories of her beloved younger brother from fifteen years ago. She stiffly turned to look at the somewhat familiar face, her voice trembling as she spoke. "You are... You are..." Cordelia could not believe her eyes. When she first entered and saw Emrys, she immediately felt that the young man resembled her brother, who had died in a fire. However, she didn't dare to acknowledge him, as she was afraid of being disappointed. Even though Emrys called her "Delia" with such a similar tone and expression, she still couldn't believe the man was her brother. Walter smiled and said, "Cordelia, he is your little brother, Emrys. He has returned." "Emrys..." The woman was lost in her thoughts for a moment. Is my little brother, Emrys, really back? "Delia, it's me. I'm back." Emrys smiled warmly and stepped forward to give his eldest sister a hug. Cordelia's b\*dy instantly tensed up, and a hint of resistance flashed through her cold eyes. However, her actions were subtle and not particularly obvious. "Emrys, you're finally back! I'm so happy!" Despite her celebratory words, she stepped back and broke free from Emrys' embrace. Emrys was stunned, as his eldest sister's reaction was somewhat unexpected. She wasn't as excited as he had imagined, nor did she ask how he survived the fire. Instead, they were like two old friends greeting each other respectfully, having not seen each other in a long time. Have we really grown apart after fifteen years? Emrys frowned as he thought of a serious question. He wondered if Cordelia had already started her own family and was trying to avoid complications. After all, even though they called each other siblings, they didn't have any blood relation. If that were the case, Emrys could only sincerely wish her well. Walter, who was oblivious to the tense mood, enthusiastically escorted them to a seat so they could catch up on their lives.

Throughout the conversation, Cordelia did not ask Emrys anything about his life.

The bitter sensation in Emrys' heart grew stronger. Maybe we have really grown apart!



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"Why didn't the fire kill you? Why must you come back so suddenly? Why are you here to mess up my life?" Gavin grew agitated.

"I did everything I could to curry favor with those women, but they refused to see me as their little brother. They said you're the only one who is their little brother. I tried my best to do well around the director and succeeded in making him adopt me, but he's always talking about you and you only! I tried so hard to become you, but everyone refused to

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Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 3-Emrys could feel the fury rising within him, like a storm building in the distance. His torrent of emotion was waiting to be unleashed.

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She's so beautiful!

At first glance, Emrys was deeply attracted to the mysterious woman. His eyes glistened as he admired her good looks.

That's my eldest sister!

The woman was none other than Emrys' eldest sister, Cordelia Youngblood, whom he hadn't seen in fifteen years.

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Cordelia and Emrys looked at each other at the same time.

In that moment of eye contact, Cordelia's delicate body trembled slightly. There was a hint of surprise in her beautiful eyes. However, she quickly recollected herself as if nothing had happened.

“For Mr. Olman’s sake, I’ll help you for the last time. If you dare to cause trouble again, I’ll break your legs.” In order to prevent Walter from being upset, Cordelia wrote a check for two hundred thousand and threw it at Gavin.

Gavin was wild with joy. “Thank you, Delia.” “Don’t call me that. It disgusts me,” the woman spat.

“Haha...” Gavin smiled shamelessly. It didn’t matter how he was treated now that he had the money.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Emrys uttered, “Delia, it’s me.” After five years of military service, the man’s iron-blooded character had already been forged. Even when facing a million-strong army, he had never shown any fear.

However, at that moment, he felt jittery having to face his eldest sister.

Even an iron man could be tender.

Emrys’ weak spot was his seven sisters.

Cordelia froze as she recalled memories of her beloved younger brother from fifteen years ago.

She stiffly turned to look at the somewhat familiar face, her voice trembling as she spoke. “You are... You are...” Cordelia could not believe her eyes.

When she first entered and saw Emrys, she immediately felt that the young man resembled her brother, who had died in a fire.

However, she didn’t dare to acknowledge him, as she was afraid of being disappointed.

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Have we really grown apart after fifteen years?

Emrys frowned as he thought of a serious question. He wondered if Cordelia had already started her own family and was trying to avoid complications.

After all, even though they called each other siblings, they didn’t have any blood relation.

If that were the case, Emrys could only sincerely wish her well.

Walter, who was oblivious to the tense mood, enthusiastically escorted them to a seat so they could catch up on their lives.

Throughout the conversation, Cordelia did not ask Emrys anything about his life.

The bitter sensation in Emrys’ heart grew stronger.

Maybe we have really grown apart!

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 4-They chatted for around half an hour before Cordelia got to her feet. “Mr. Olman, I’m heading back to Cordelia Group. I’ll pay you a visit another time.” “Okay. You should focus on your business. I’m doing fine here,” Walter said happily.

“If Gavin upsets you again, let me know. I’ll teach him a lesson.” After bidding Walter goodbye, Cordelia turned to Emrys. “Come with me. I need to talk to you.” Emrys nodded and walked out behind her silently.

Outside, there was a Porsche 911 parked by the road, with the driver waiting aside.

“Get in,” Cordelia said curtly.

Emrys hopped into the backseat and immediately felt an icy gaze directed at him. It came from Cordelia.

Emrys felt a chill go down his spine.

What's wrong? Why is Delia acting this way? Even if we last met fifteen years ago, there is no good reason for her to be so distant and unwelcoming toward me.

"Be honest with me. What is your motive for approaching Mr. Olman?" Cordelia demanded icily.

Motive?

Her question caught Emrys by surprise. "Delia, what are you talking about?" Cordelia fixed her gaze on him, her expression stern and impatient. "Enough with the act. I don't have that much time to waste on you. Just tell me how much you want!" It was obvious to Emrys that Cordelia was hostile toward him as she thought he was an impostor.

Interesting.

A smile nudged Emrys' lips as he decided to trick her. He leaned against the chair lazily.

"Why didn't you expose me in front of Mr. Olman if you know I'm an imposter?" I was right. He is an imposter.

Cordelia's gaze grew increasingly icy.

As Emrys had expected, she didn't believe that he was still alive. Although revealing the truth would have been easier, she had chosen to keep silent, as she didn't want to let Walter down.

Cordelia felt terrible to see Walter's health deteriorating over the years, but she couldn't do anything about it.

It had been more than a decade since she had last seen him beam with such joy, and she found it impossible to shatter the blissful moment by revealing the truth.

Of course, there was no need to explain things to the imposter. Instead of answering Emrys' question, she merely glared at him.

Emrys gave a nonchalant shrug. "Give me a ride home, will you? I'm actually headed in the same direction as you." With that, he closed his eyes.

Cordelia had no choice but to tell the driver to drive.

The Porsche sped away, leaving a trail of exhaust fumes in its wake. Not a word was spoken throughout the journey, and the tension in the vehicle was palpable.

Cordelia's expression remained frosty the entire time.

Around twenty minutes later, she suddenly frowned and said, "This is not the way to Cordelia Group." However, the driver ignored her and continued driving.

A sense of foreboding crept into Cordelia's chest.

Before long, the car rolled to a stop in a spacious area.

The driver, Simon Hall, turned around and flashed a smile. "Ms. Youngblood, please understand that I'm merely doing my job." "What is this?" Cordelia's eyes were cold.

"Nothing. You'll only have to play along and allow me to take several pictures of you. I won't harm you if you cooperate with me." After locking the doors, he pulled out a camera and a sharp knife from beneath his seat.

"Ms. Youngblood, I believe you're smart enough to make the right decision." A smirk flitted across Simon's lips as he looked at Emrys. "Young man, you're in luck today. Many people lust over this gorgeous CEO, and you'll be lucky enough to see her naked body today." It was obvious that he was planning to take nude photos of Cordelia.

Instead of yelling for help, Cordelia stared at Simon. "Are you in cahoots with Allure Group? Or is Zachary in cahoots with Allure Group?" For years, Cordelia Group and Allure Group had been fierce competitors in the beauty products industry.

Cordelia Group was about to get listed. If any compromising photos of Cordelia were to be leaked online, it could cause irreparable damage to the reputation of the organization.

Zachary Lawson was the HR manager of Cordelia Group, who had hired this new driver for Cordelia.

Simon was surprised. "I've heard stories about your intelligence and courage, and now I'm finally getting the chance to witness them for myself!" His answer served to confirm Cordelia's guess.

Chortling gaily, Simon said, "Ms. Youngblood, I'm a gentleman who cannot bring myself to humiliate someone as gorgeous as you. Why don't you take off your clothes yourself? If you force me to take action, I'm afraid I'll go beyond taking photos." He had anticipated that Cordelia would not surrender without a fight. There was an unmistakable glimmer of desire and avarice in his eyes.

Suddenly, Simon felt a strong grip on his wrist. He quickly looked up to see Emrys shooting daggers at him.

"How dare you bully Delia in front of me? Do you have a death wish?" Emrys' voice was as cold as his gaze.

Having spent five years on the battlefield, Emrys had seen so much that his powers of observation were heightened to a remarkable degree. He was capable of recognizing the slightest hint of malicious intent in anyone's eyes.

From the moment he first laid eyes on the driver, the latter's unsteady gaze had caused him to sense that something wasn't quite right. That was why he had asked Cordelia to give him a ride.

Indeed, the driver had an ulterior motive.

"Watch it, young man!" Simon's expression darkened. "Isn't a free show enough? You want more, huh?" He tried to retract his arm. To his horror, Emrys' grip was as firm as steel.

Crack!

Simon felt an intense pain in his wrist as his bone was crushed. The knife that had been in his hand just moments before dropped to the ground.

"Ow!" Simon had no idea that Emrys' fingers were strong enough to crush his bone easily.

He let out an agonized scream.

Tossing the camera away, he unlocked the doors and fled the scene.

However, he soon felt pain flaring up his legs, and he crumpled to the ground.

The culprits were two uneven pebbles, which had embedded themselves in the back of his knees.

What the f\*ck did he do? Ah!

Riveting terror swept through Simon, causing his entire body to tremble uncontrollably.

"I can't even bear to bully Delia. Who are you to take advantage of her?" Emrys strode forward and gave Simon's injury a forceful kick.

"Ow!" Another scream pierced the air, and Simon fainted from the excruciating pain.

Anyone who crossed Emrys' limit would meet their doom.

Emrys' limit was none other than the seven ladies. Those who dared to lay a hand on them would have to face Sky Devourer Lord's wrath.

If they were in battle, Simon would've been dead by now.

Cordelia got out of the car and stood behind Emrys. Her lashes trembled when she saw how intimidating he was.

"Who on earth are you?" she asked.

Suddenly, Emrys spun around and took off his pants. At the same time, he pinned Cordelia to the ground.

"Delia, I'm sorry!" "Mmph!"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 5-Cordelia was absolutely petrified and humiliated.

After Emrys helped her gallantly, Cordelia had come to view him in an entirely different light. She was no longer averse to the idea of becoming friends with him even though he wasn't her little brother. That was why she had talked to him.

Never in her wildest dreams did she know he'd do this to her.

She felt as if she had escaped from a pack of wolves but ended up in the tiger's den.

Cordelia struggled to free herself, but she stopped in shock at the sight displayed before her.

Emrys had a secret. There was a birthmark shaped like a bolt of purple lightning on his inner thigh.

Everyone in the orphanage knew about it, including his seven sisters.

Upon seeing the bolt of purple lightning, Cordelia immediately knew that the young man was none other than Emrys, whom she had last met fifteen years ago.

"I can't believe it's you, Rys! I thought I'd never see you again!" Cordelia leaped to her feet and flung her arms around Emrys, her body shaking with emotion as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Emrys' nose stung, too.

Nothing has changed. Delia is still the same person. Fifteen years later, we're still as close as ever instead of growing distant.

Feeling touched, Emrys swore to do his best to protect her.

Something doesn't feel right.

Soon, Emrys realized what was wrong. He chuckled bitterly and said, "Delia, let me put on my pants." Cordelia's cheeks flushed red as she shot him a glare. "Why are you shy? It's not like I haven't seen you naked before." "Delia, there's someone else here," Emrys reminded her.

"Oh!" Cordelia belatedly realized that they weren't alone.

She hurriedly ran over to check on Simon and discovered he was still unconscious. Only then did she heave a sigh of relief.

Simon was completely oblivious to the fact that he had missed out on a priceless scene.

The engine of the Porsche 911 roared to life again.

This time, Emrys was the driver, while Cordelia occupied the passenger seat.

It had been years since they last met, so they naturally had a lot to talk about.

Cordelia was filled with a burning curiosity to discover how Emrys had managed to escape the fire and where he had been for the last fifteen years.

Emrys recounted his past to her but didn't mention anything about spending five years at war. Instead, he told her he had spent the last fifteen years cultivating with the elderly friar on the mountain.

After listening to his story, Cordelia gave him a look. "Are you telling me a fairytale?" Naturally, she refused to believe his story, as it sounded ridiculous.

Despite his best efforts, he could do nothing to convince Cordelia and was left feeling deflated.

Fortunately, Cordelia didn't press on. She said excitedly, "I wonder how the other ladies will feel when they discover that you're still alive and have grown into a handsome young lad." Emrys chuckled. "Keep this a secret from them. I want to surprise them one by one." "What a naughty boy," Cordelia said as a knowing smile flitted across her lips.

Time flew by quickly as they chatted nonstop. Before they knew it, they had arrived at Cordelia Group.

Everyone was astonished to see the two of them entering the Cordelia Group building while cheerfully conversing with each other.

They had never seen the ice queen being that intimate with another man. It was a heartbreaking sight.

Countless people were destined to have sleepless nights ahead of them.



The first thing Cordelia did after returning to her office was to fire Zachary, the HR manager.

She never beat around the bush.

That was how decisive she was.

The position of HR manager was now vacant. Cordelia gave Emrys a wink and asked, "Emrys, are you interested in becoming a manager? It will be fun!" Emrys chuckled bitterly and shook his head. "No, thank you. I know nothing about managing a company." Despite being Sky Devourer Lord, who was in charge of Thirty-six Sky Generals, he knew it was different from managing a company.

One would only need to be exceptionally strong to manage Sky Devourer, but managing a company was different, as it involved various rules and systems.

Emrys wasn't good at that.

Cordelia said, "It's fine. You're just the manager in name. If you need help, just let Angelina know." Angelina Gardner was Cordelia's secretary. They were close to each other. In the office, they were professional and respectful, but outside of work, they were practically inseparable friends.

Hearing that, Emrys had no choice but to agree. After all, he could move on anytime if the job wasn't to his liking.

They were chatting when Angelina came into the office.

Angelina was a stunning woman in her mid-twenties. She entered the room with her sophisticated, business-casual outfit emphasizing her curvy shape. Her legs were tastefully covered in sheer black stockings, and her pink sunglasses were the perfect accessory to cover the mole at the corner of her eye.

Angelina was a gorgeous lady, and her looks were second to Cordelia in the company.

However, Emrys merely glanced at her briefly before looking away. To him, no lady was comparable to his seven sisters.

"Come in, Angelina. Let me introduce you to someone," Cordelia said happily. "This is my younger brother, Emrys Lund. I was thinking he could be the new HR manager. What do you think?" Angelina glanced at Emrys with a thoughtful look on her face.

A while ago, Angelina had heard her colleagues gossiping about their CEO bringing a pretty boy to her office.

Naturally, she had been skeptical of what she had heard. Cordelia was discerning and selective, so she refused to believe that she had actually succumbed to a romantic attachment.

It looks like she has succumbed to her desires.

“Ms. Youngblood, I don’t know if I should say this.” They might be best friends, but Angelina would always address Cordelia as “Ms. Youngblood” at work.

Cordelia replied cheerfully, “We’re all friends here, so go ahead!” Angelina pushed her glasses further up the bridge of her nose and spoke firmly. “I believe it’s in the company’s best interest to maintain the vacancy in the upper management, specifically the HR manager. After all, we are in the process of becoming publicly listed. Taking on Mr. Lund in this role may be unwise, so I suggest we reconsider this decision.” “Oh? How so?” Angelina pondered over her question before eventually answering, “Reputation.” “Do you also think that Emrys is my toy boy?” Cordelia was smart enough to realize what she meant.

“I’m not alone. That’s what everyone thought.” The company was about to get listed, so the company’s reputation would suffer if word got out that Cordelia had fired a seasoned employee just to let her toy boy take over the position.

Cordelia knew that, but instead of offering any further explanation, she simply waved her hand in a dismissive gesture. “I have decided. Emrys is going to be our HR manager from this day forward. Angelina, why don’t you take him around?”