

Cherished By Seven Sisters

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 121-The Gathering “Okay.” Cordelia nodded in agreement.

Thus, the two of them entered the private room first. After waiting for about ten minutes, Penny finally walked over with a man. They seemed engrossed in conversation and shared laughter.

“Delia, let me introduce you to Mr. Philip Gage, the owner of Gage Group. Mr.

Gage, this is my good friend, Cordelia Youngblood,” Penny said politely.

Philip glanced at Cordelia and uttered, “I’ve read her profile.”

Cordelia quickly stood up and politely shook hands with Philip. “Hello, Mr. Gage.

Thank you so much for taking the time to meet me.” “I’m willing to offer you this opportunity, partially due to Penny’s recommendation and partly because I’ve been closely monitoring your company’s recent activities. Your PR capabilities are quite impressive.” He had noticed the absence of any negative publicity surrounding Cordelia Group lately, and he attributed it to their remarkable public relations efforts.

Deep down, he still suspected that there was a connection between Cordelia and Osmond.

How else could she, at such a young age, build Cordelia Group into a thriving company in Jadeborough?

Cordelia’s expression changed slightly, but she chose to remain silent.

She was aware that explaining the situation would be a complicated task, especially considering her own lack of understanding regarding why the Chalker family had come forward with the truth.

They took their seats once again, with Penny seated beside Cordelia, holding her hand as she spoke. “Delia, do you remember when you asked me why I split from my ex-boyfriend? Well, the truth is, I initiated the breakup.” “You initiated the breakup?” “Yeah!” Penny let out a soft sigh, her mind drifting as she lost herself in her memories.

She, too, had once been a girl full of romantic aspirations, believing that she could spend a lifetime with her ex-boyfriend. However, after leaving the sheltered confines of the university, she quickly realized that life was far from simple.

The burdens of work, marriage, car loans, and mortgages came crashing down upon her, swiftly eroding her dreams of love. Even the strongest love couldn't withstand the relentless pressure of financial obligations.

Hence, after another argument with her ex-boyfriend over the betrothal gifts, Penny made the brave decision to break up. She sought solace from her boss, who eventually became her current husband.

I loved my ex-boyfriend deeply, but he couldn't provide me with the life I desired. Coming from a modest background. I didn't want to endure such hardships again," Penny confessed, her voice tinged with a hint of melancholy.

As time passed. Penny grew increasingly convinced that her choice had been wise. Now living as an affluent lady, she had everything she desired. She didn't need to hesitate about buying a lipstick she liked, as she had in the past.

Even when she discovered her husband had relationships with other women, Penny's anger was tempered by her own dalliances with younger men.

As it were, they now each sought their pleasures with other partners. Their unconventional arrangement did not jeopardize their marriage, though.

As Cordelia listened to Penny's story, her heart was filled with both understanding and confusion. "Penny, why are you telling me all this now?" It was a matter of Penny's personal values, and Cordelia chose not to judge her for it. However, she couldn't understand why Penny had chosen this particular moment to open up and share her inner thoughts.

After all, this gathering was meant to be centered around Philip, the CEO of Gage Group.

Yet, Penny's unexpected revelation had inadvertently overshadowed Philip.

Even so, he was strangely unperturbed, not appearing angry or having any intention of interrupting the conversation.

Why is the CEO of Gage Group so well-tempered?

Penny patted Cordelia's hand and said warmly, "Delia, I just want to tell you that as women, we must seize opportunities; choices are more important than effort." Isn't she just trying to tell me to cherish this opportunity today? Why is she beating around the bush? It's really strange!

Cordelia didn't voice her thoughts, fearing it would upset Penny. After all, Cordelia was genuinely grateful to the latter for organizing the gathering.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 122-Scheming I know you guys drove here today, so I won't urge you to drink alcohol. Instead, Delia, use this drink as a substitute and raise a toast to Mr. Gage," Penny said, pulling out a large bottle of orange juice from under the table and pouring a glass for Cordelia.

Cordelia rose from her seat without hesitation and addressed Philip with a respectful tone, "Allow me to offer a toast to you, Mr. Gage, and express my sincere gratitude for this valuable opportunity." Philip acknowledged her gesture with a nod. He had a strange expression as he watched Cordelia finish her drink.

Just then, Emrys smiled and said, "Penny, let's have a drink too!" "Sure!" Penny's face immediately lit up with excitement. She had been hoping for Emrys to suggest that.

There was clearly something wrong with the drink.

In fact, when Philip first saw Cordelia's profile, he had instantly gotten perverse thoughts. A woman who looked so beautiful in minimal makeup would surely be even more stunning in person.

Reality had proven his assumption to be correct. However, Philip decided to be strategic. Instead of immediately expressing his interest in her, he cleverly declined Cordelia's initial request for a meeting, opting to set a test for her instead.

After discovering Penny was Cordelia's college roommate, he approached the former and requested her assistance in organizing the dinner. He purposefully portrayed himself as unenthusiastic about the gathering so that Cordelia would jump at the opportunity and potentially let her guard down.

Penny's conversation with Cordelia earlier was an attempt to gauge the latter's limits. However, it seemed that Cordelia was oblivious to the underlying intentions. Thus, Penny resorted to serving her the drugged beverage.

In other words, the gathering was a trap fronted by Penny, with Philip orchestrating from behind the scenes.

As for Emrys, he was simply an unexpected addition to the plan.

Penny hadn't even considered him initially. It was only after she saw him at Verdant Estate that her desire was ignited.

Motivated by her lust, Penny made it a point to instruct Cordelia to bring Emrys along for dinner.

With Emrys and Cordelia having consumed the drugged beverage, the plan was now in motion.

Penny took a seat beside Emrys, deliberately leaning toward him flirtatiously.

However, Emrys pretended not to notice her odd behavior.

A short while later, Cordelia complained, "This is strange. Why is it so hot today!" By then, Cordelia's and Penny's cheeks were flushed with a rosy hue.

Penny had willingly drank the orange juice alongside Emrys, and the drug dissolved in the beverage was starting to exert its influence.

Philip's gaze remained fixated on Cordelia. Her alluring figure, flawless visage, and the blush adorning her cheeks made her simply irresistible.

He could no longer feign indifference.

As he prepared to make his move, a sudden realization struck him like a bolt of lightning. He had overlooked a crucial factor.

Emrys was still present.

The man sat there with derisive amusement evident on his face. It was clear that he still had clarity of mind.

"Didn't you drink the orange juice?" Philip asked in bewilderment.

He recalled seeing Emrys and Penny drink the orange juice. While the latter was already succumbing to the effects, the former appeared unaffected.

Naturally, Emrys wouldn't tell Philip that he had effortlessly neutralized the substances long ago using his life energy.

"Philip Gage, I must commend your acting skills. It's truly remarkable," he sneered.

Philip's face twisted, and his eyes flickered as he spoke. "Let's not be so hypocritical. When a man sees a beautiful woman like her, it's natural to be lustful. Don't you have such desires too? Besides, since she's willing to be someone's mistress, she can't be a decent person-" Philip still believed that there was something going on between Cordelia and Osmond.

Before Philip could finish his statement, he was interrupted by Emrys' icy voice.

"Who gave you the audacity to defame Delia?"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 123-Castrated Emrys' expression darkened at once. If there was one thing he absolutely hated, it was others slandering his sisters. He

stepped forward and kicked Philip to the ground before inserting a long needle into one of the man's acupoints.

"Ahhh! You b*stard! What did you just do to me?" Philip let out an agonized scream and exclaimed in fear.

"You'll find out soon," Emrys said with a sneer.

The next moment, a gush of heat rushed through Penny's b*dy. She leaned toward Emrys but immediately retreated a few steps backward after noticing his hostile gaze.

"Get lost!" Penny was instantly jolted back to consciousness by the daggers shooting out from the man's eyes. However, her rationality vanished again shortly after due to the effects of the drug.

As she did not dare to provoke Emrys, she changed her target and threw herself at Philip instead while ripping off her clothes.

Suddenly, an anguished cry sliced through the air.

"Ahhh! You're a monster..." Philip yelled while fixing his gaze on Emrys.

He finally realized what Emrys had done to him.

The man had blocked one of his acupoints such that he would feel piercing pain as long as he got aroused.

How is that different from being castrated?

No! This is worse than being castrated. The pain of castration is only temporary, while the pain he inflicted on me is permanent!

His only solution was to distance himself from women. In fact, he could not even harbor thoughts about them.

For any man, that was a torture worse than death.

Philip was rolling on the ground in pain, but Penny was unwilling to let him off. It could be said that he was in the most miserable state he had ever been in.

Emrys was watching everything from one side with a stoic expression when he suddenly felt a warm breeze next to his car. The next moment, Cordelia's sweet voice sounded. "Rys, I'm feeling so uncomfortable..." "Delia!" Emrys became flustered when he saw Cordelia ripping off her clothes. After letting out a bitter chuckle, he quickly lifted her and ran out of the restaurant.

His destination was Maple Forest Hotel.

Upon arriving there. Emrys swiftly requested a room. A man dressed in a suit walked out as they were about to enter the elevator.

As the man in the suit had seen his fair share of couples in the hotel, initially, he did not pay attention to the two other people. However, he was dumbstruck when he saw Cordelia's side profile.

Why does she look so much like her?

The man in the suit hurried to the hotel lobby and asked the receptionist, "What were the names of those two people?" The receptionist glanced at the registration list and replied, "The man is called Emrys Lund, and the woman is called Cordelia Youngblood." "Cordelia Youngblood..." the man repeated with a flicker in his eyes.

The name "Maple Forest Hotel" was inspired by a line from a famous poet:

Under the maple tree where we met. I'll see you again, the one I will never forget.

It sounded elegant and classy.

Meanwhile, Cordelia, who was lying on the hotel bed, had already removed her jacket, exposing the curves of her b*dy.

"Rys..." Cordelia appeared to be in a daze as she mumbled Emrys' name.

Emrys was startled when he saw Cordelia pouncing at him as he had not managed to channel life energy to Cordelia using his needles yet.

Given how the situation had progressed, it was too late for him to use the needles. As such, he quickly grabbed the woman's shoulders, preparing to channel life energy into her directly.

As life energy flowed into Cordelia's b*dy, she let out a soft snort before falling asleep.

After that, Emrys headed out to buy Cordelia a new set of clothes. When he returned, the woman was already awake and clutching the blanket as she curled up in a corner of the bed, looking pitiful.

She had not completely lost her memories and could clearly remember some important details of what happened earlier.

As such, when she saw Emrys entering the room, her face flushed red at once.

queen She could not believe that she had embarrassed herself so badly in front of Emrys. The ice image which she had tried so hard to maintain had been utterly shattered. What would Rys think of me now? Ahhhhh!

Cordelia was so devastated that she was on the verge of breaking down.

“Delia, I got you a new blouse. Try it to see if it fits,” Emrys said while passing the blouse to the woman.

Cordelia was surprised to see Emrys behaving in such a caring manner toward her instead of making fun of her

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 124-Urgent Call “All right. Thank you, Rys.” Cordelia nodded obediently before turning around to try on the blouse, which turned out to fit her just right.

After that, the two of them rested in the hotel room for a while before checking out.

Holding Emrys’ arm, Cordelia did not appear as aloof as usual and had a smile on her face. In fact, both of them looked like a couple in love as they walked out of the hotel.

A few minutes after they left, the suited man from earlier entered their room and removed a few strands of long hair from the bed.

On the way back, a wave of fear washed over Cordelia as she thought about everything that had happened.

She was shocked to know what kind of person Philip was. He had intentionally rejected her request to meet before setting up a trap to lure her in. It was terrifying how scheming the man was.

However, what was more difficult for Cordelia to come to terms with was the fact that her good friend, who was also her roommate in college, was in cahoots with Philip and had worked with him to harm her.

Indeed, it was inevitable for people to change after stepping into society. Even her previous roommate could no longer be trusted.

The incident had left a lingering fear in Cordelia’s heart.

However, a surge of warmth filled her heart as she glanced at Emrys, who was next to her.

Rys is still the best.

If Emrys had not been present earlier, Philip's evil scheme would have succeeded. She would rather die in that case.

Ring, ring... Just then, Emrys' phone rang. An anxious voice sounded the moment he picked up. "Are you Dr. Lund? I'm Roger Balford's daughter. My dad asked me to call you..." "Give me the address now!" Emrys knew what was going on at once when he heard that the caller was Roger's daughter. Cutting to the chase, he asked for her address immediately.

"Delia, you will have to drive yourself back. Something has happened with a patient of mine in Summerbank. I think it's quite serious." Cordelia nodded and replied, "Saving someone's life is more important. You be careful as well, yeah?" "Yes, Ma'am" Cordelia watched with astonishment as Emrys took out his bicycle from the backseat of the Porsche and left without looking back.

"Roger, you're lucky that I happened to be in Summerbank today. It seems like you're not fated to die yet!" Meanwhile, at the Balford residence in Jazona, Jacqueline Balford was at a loss as to what to do.

She did not know what was wrong with her father, who had suddenly collapsed and remained unconscious ever since. Despite consulting every renowned physician in Summerbank, no one knew what was going on.

Just when she was at her wits' end, Jacqueline suddenly recalled that, a few days ago, her father had given her a number to call in times of emergency, saying that the number belonged to a miracle doctor named Dr. Lund.

As such, she quickly dialed that number.

However, it was a young man who picked up, which left Jacqueline baffled.

Aren't all renowned physicians supposed to be at least in their fifties? Why does he sound so young?

He must be Dr. Lund's disciple!

As the situation was urgent, Jacqueline did not have much time to think. After sharing the address of the Balford residence, she headed to the gate to wait.

After less than ten minutes, a young man in his twenties was spotted riding his bicycle toward the house. Stopping in front of Jacqueline, he asked, "Is this Roger Balford's house? Were you the one who called me just now?" The young man was Emrys.

He observed that Jacqueline was around 1.7 meters tall. She had an oval-shaped face and delicate features. Just like most girls in the city, she also had smooth and fair skin and exuded an air of nobility.

Jacqueline had already sized Emrys up when he was approaching the house.

She wondered if he was the man whom she had conversed with over the phone earlier.

Emrys' words provided her with the answer she needed.

The woman nodded and replied, "Yes, I was the one who called you. I'm Jacqueline, Roger's daughter. Are you Dr. Lund's disciple? Why isn't Dr. Lund here?" The desperation in Jacqueline's voice was obvious. None of the experienced physicians whom she had consulted knew what Roger's illness was. As such, the miracle doctor was her only remaining hope.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 125-Scammer This won't do! Dr. Lund merely sent one of his disciples over.

Emrys was slightly stunned to hear Jacqueline's question, but he immediately regained his senses and answered with a smile, "I'm Dr. Lund himself." "What? You're Dr. Lund?" This time, it was Jacqueline's turn to be shocked. He's joking, right? How could Dr. Lund be so young? More incredulously, since Dr.

Lund is a revered doctor, he must be someone distinguished, so how could he possibly ride a bicycle here? This is simply unbelievable!

Emrys didn't care about Jacqueline's thoughts. After parking his bicycle, he said, "Take me to Mr. Balford."

"Oh, all right!" Jacqueline snapped out of her reverie.

Regardless of whether the young man before her was truly Dr. Lund, she had no other choice but to trust Emrys.

Subsequently, the two entered the house.

The grandeur and opulent interior of the house opened up before Emrys' eyes.

The carved railings and marble staircase gave him the false impression of having stepped into a palace.

Ah! So, this is the lifestyle of the rich! Emrys exclaimed inwardly.

Although Verdant Estate, where he and his sisters lived, wasn't cheap, the interior design was simpler and more elegant. In contrast, the Balford family's mansion exhibited extravagant splendor.

In comparison, Emrys still preferred his Verdant Estate.

“Jacqueline, who is he?” As soon as the two entered the living room, a young man with a buzz cut walked out, looking at Emrys warily.

“This is the miracle doctor Dr. Lund, who I invited to treat Dad,” Jacqueline introduced.

Then, she turned to Emrys. “Dr. Lund, this is my younger brother, Sebastian Balford.” Emrys nodded.

Unexpectedly, Sebastian suddenly widened his eyes and uttered doubtfully, “Jacqueline, this guy looks even younger than me, yet you say he’s a miracle doctor? Are you kidding me?” Jacqueline scolded, “Mind your manners! Don’t disrespect Dr. Lund.” She was similarly skeptical, but aside from trusting Emrys, she didn’t know what else she could do in that desperate situation.

Sebastian stubbornly shook his head. “No way. It’s obvious that he’s a scammer.

I’ll never allow him to treat our dad. Jacqueline, where did you find this imposter?” Jacqueline explained with a grimace, “Dad asked me to dial Dr. Lund’s number while he was still lucid.” “That means Dad was fooled,” Sebastian replied firmly. “Jacqueline, think about it. You only called a short while ago, and this so-called Dr. Lund showed up at once. That means he must’ve been lurking around our house, waiting for your call.” Jacqueline’s heart sank after she heard his words. Sebastian has a point. There are too many scammers these days, and many are flaunting the name of a miraculous doctor to deceive others, specifically targeting wealthy families.

Most importantly, she had just witnessed Emrys riding a bicycle there. Following Sebastian’s logic, only if Emrys had been lurking nearby in advance could he arrive within ten minutes.

The suspicion Jacqueline harbored toward Emrys intensified.

However, what she didn’t know was Emrys could travel half of Summerbank’s expanse in ten minutes on his bicycle.

Emrys didn’t bother to explain. He sighed and said, “Since you two don’t trust me, I shall take my leave. I hope you know what you’re doing.” The reason he was willing to treat Roger that day was firstly because he happened to be in Summerbank. Secondly, it was because Roger was a decent person.

However, since Jacqueline and her brother doubted him, Emrys couldn’t be bothered to meddle in that matter further. He could only accept that it was Roger’s fate to be jinxed to death by his children.

He upheld the old saying that the practice of medicine could be benevolent but not be played down.

After saying that, Emrys was ready to depart from the Balford residence.

Sebastian sneered, "Why are you still keeping up that pretense? I think you're just too ashamed to stay because I exposed your scam. Hurry up and get lost!"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 126-Bet Jacqueline furrowed her brows slightly but didn't say anything.

However, at that moment, a woman's voice suddenly rang out on the second floor. "Let him do it." The woman who spoke had a curvy figure. She was in her early thirties and was obviously still young but insisted on dressing up like a mature wealthy lady. Her hair was tied into a high bun, and she accessorized herself with various gold and silver jewelry.

Her eyeshadow was heavily applied, and all her fingers were painted with nail polish, giving her an ostentatious vibe.

Hearing the woman permitting Emrys to treat Roger, Sebastian asked in bafflement, "Hannah, why are you doing this?" The woman sneered, "Your dad is in such a miserable state now. I doubt he can live much longer. Even if we're scammed, his condition won't get any worse. At most, we won't pay the scammer." Her words were harsh, but that was the truth.

Jacqueline glanced at that woman with a disdainful expression.

That woman's name was Hannah Stark. Roger married her after his first wife passed away. She was Jacqueline's stepmother, but the two didn't get along well.

Although she was his stepmother, Sebastian was accustomed to addressing her as Hannah due to their similar age.

Hannah descended the stairs, pointed at Emrys with her dark red nail-polished finger, and said, "I'll allow you to treat my husband's illness, but I want to clarify in advance that if you can't cure him, we won't pay your consultation fee." "Oh?" Emrys sized her up in silence and curled his lips into a smirk. "Do you think I'll treat him just because you're asking me now?" Hannah's expression froze. After a few seconds, she snorted. "It seems like you really are a scammer. The moment you hear about not being able to receive any payment if you fail to treat him, you chickened out. Say, you're still so young.

You could do so many things, yet you chose to deceive and swindle money off others." Hannah stared at Emrys contemptuously.

Initially, Emrys wanted to walk away just like that, but a better idea suddenly popped into his mind, prompting him to chirp, "I can give it a try, but if I manage to cure Roger,

the treatment fee will be half of the Balford family's assets." "What! Half of our family's assets?" All the members of the Balford family were astounded.

Sebastian clenched his fists and roared, "Who gave you the guts to say something like that, wanting half of the Balford family's riches? You must be delusional!" However, Emrys ignored him. Instead, he riveted his eyes on Hannah silently. A challenging look filled his gaze.

1/2 08:51 Fri, 26 Jan Chapter 126 Bet The expression on Hannah's countenance changed as she racked her brain to figure out Emrys' source of confidence to demand such an outrageous remuneration.

Before she could speak, Jacqueline, standing at one side, piped up, "Sure. If you can cure my dad's condition, I'll willingly gift you half of the Balford family's wealth." "Jacqueline-" "Shut up! Do you want to stand by and watch as our dad dies from his illness?" Sebastian wanted to say something, but after getting admonished by his sister, he immediately fell silent.

Emrys cast a meaningful glance at Jacqueline before shifting his gaze back onto Hannah and mocked, "As the eldest one here, you're not even as courageous as this young lady here." Hannah's face darkened instantly. After contemplating briefly, she jibed at Emrys, "I can agree to your request, but if you fail to cure Roger, I want you to leave your hands and feet in the Balford residence." Jacqueline and Sebastian were frightened after listening to Hannah's words.

That's such a wicked proposition.

If Emrys could cure their father's illness, the siblings thought it was worth giving up half of their family's riches as a remittance. If the treatment wasn't effective, they could just refuse to pay the fee. There wasn't a need to sever Emrys' limbs.

Nevertheless, even as Hannah deliberately made things difficult for him, Emrys merely chuckled and replied, "No problem. If I can't cure him, I'll willingly cut off my hands and feet." "Ha! I hope you remember your words." Hannah snickered before leading Emrys upstairs.

Upon arriving at Roger's room, Emrys noticed he was lying motionless on the bed, unconscious with shallow breathing.

It appeared as if he already had one foot in the grave.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 127-Cursed Object "I don't want to be disturbed while administering the treatment, so please leave the room," Emrys said. "Also, no one is to eavesdrop at the door. Otherwise, you'll be held responsible if anything were to go awry." "Tsk. How pretentious!" Sebastian scoffed.

However, despite his outward display of contempt, he still relented and left the room with Jacqueline and Hannah.

After ensuring everyone had gone downstairs, Emrys promptly closed the door and walked to the bed.

The next second, a beam of green light shot out from between his brows and scanned the room before landing on Roger.

Thanks to the power of True Sight, Emrys could tell that the demonic energy hovering around the man had grown even more potent, and it'd undoubtedly kill him within hours.

"Well, I guess it's your luck to have met me!" Emrys quipped.

With that, he pulled out a piece of talisman paper he had bought after receiving Jacqueline's call and stuck it between Roger's brows.

As he moved his fingers, a sigil appeared out of thin air and fused into the paper.

Immediately after, however, the talisman paper vanished, leaving behind an unbearable stench.

Unfazed, Emrys kept his focus on Roger and began administering acupuncture on the latter's head.

Fifteen minutes later, Roger slowly opened his eyes.

"Dr. Lund..." "Hush now, and let me finish speaking," Emrys interrupted. "What you're suffering from isn't a sickness but demonic energy. Someone has intentionally harmed you with a cursed object, and they've hidden it inside your pillow." Upon hearing that, Roger turned pale with shock. He hastily sat up and tore open his pillow, only to find a piece of blood-red emerald tucked away in it.

Since the gem was only the size of a palm and nestled in large clumps of cotton, there was no way anyone could've felt it.

The more Roger stared at the blood emerald, the darker his gaze became. "No wonder you told me to be wary of those around me, Dr. Lund. One of them is really out to kill me... Who can it be, though?" The only people with access to my pillow are the housekeeper and my loved ones... Emrys chuckled. "It wouldn't be hard to find out who the culprit is. All I need is for you to put on an act with me, Mr. Balford." 1/2 Chapter 127 Cursed Object- "I'll do as you say, Dr. Lund," Roger replied gratefully.

Soon. Emrys opened the door, and the trio downstairs wasted no time running back into the room when they heard the noise.

Alas, when they saw Roger still lying motionless on the bed, they instantly went cold with fury.

“Didn’t you say you could treat my father’s condition? Why hasn’t he come to, then? You’re just a dirty liar!” Sebastian thundered as he marched up to Emrys to teach the man a lesson.

The latter, however, was unfazed. “I’ve already cured your father. Give it thirty minutes more, and he’ll regain consciousness.” “Thirty minutes?” Sebastian sputtered.

Hannah, on the other hand, sneered at the doctor. “Are you sure you aren’t stalling for time so you can escape?” Ha! We’ve already agreed that if he can’t cure Roger, he’d have to chop off his hands and feet. Given how things have turned out, I’m sure he’s only waiting for the opportunity to hightail it out of here.

“Yes. That must be it! At first, I thought chopping off your limbs would be pretty cruel, but I no longer have any qualms about that! You’re nothing but a fraud and a lousy scoundrel! I’ll bring a knife over this instance!” Sebastian fumed.

Just as he was about to rush to the kitchen, Jacqueline stopped him. “Since we’ve already come to this, let’s wait another thirty minutes,” she said, though she couldn’t help but fix a cold stare on Emrys.

D*mn it. I must admit it’s starting to look like this man’s a fraud... Needless to say, Hannah refused to accept the suggestion. “Why should we wait any longer when the situation’s cut and dried? Go on and grab a knife from the kitchen, Sebastian. I’ll stay here and watch the liar. I want him to know the consequences of messing with the Balford family

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 128-Price To Pay Just then, Emrys spoke up. “Since you’re all so impatient, I shall disclose some interesting information. Roger isn’t sick. He’s only in this state because he’s been afflicted with demonic energy. The cursed object responsible for that is under his pillow.” Upon hearing that, the trio turned grim.

Hannah, especially, was livid with rage. “Demonic energy? What bullsh*t! I think you’re just a pathological liar!” With that, she hurried over to Roger’s bed to lift the pillow.

Thankfully, Emrys was swift enough to grab her wrist and stop her. “I just expelled Roger’s demonic energy, so he shouldn’t be moved in any way.

Otherwise, not even the higher beings can save him.” “Quit bullsh*tting! Let go of me!” Hannah yelled as she broke free from the man and reached for the pillow.

All of a sudden, Roger’s eyes shot open.

"You can't wait to see me dead, can you, Hannah Stark?" Taken aback by Roger's voice, Hannah staggered backward and fell to the floor.

"Ah! W-Why are you..." "Dad! You're awake!" Jacqueline exclaimed as she burst into happy tears and ran up to hug Roger. "I was so worried I won't be able to hear you speak again."

"I'm so relieved..." Roger caressed his daughter's head and smiled. "Dr. Lund saved me. The truth is, I had already woken up before you guys came in." "Then, why did you pretend..." Jacqueline said before being hit by a sudden realization. "Oh, my gosh! Dad, could Dr. Lund have been right about someone wanting to harm you?" Roger nodded.

The next second, everyone's gaze fell on Hannah.

She had seemed the most agitated when Emrys mentioned demonic energy and even tried to move Roger despite the former's warning.

Naturally, that made her the top suspect.

"Hannah, did you do this? You'd better tell me the truth!" Roger growled.

Hannah shook her head frantically. "No, Honey. I swear I don't know what's happening! This fraud must be trying to frame me by placing that emerald pendant in your pillow." A hush instantly descended upon the room.

Unfortunately, Hannah failed to realize her mistake and added, "I really didn't do anything! You guys have to believe me!" 1/2 08:51 Fri, 26 Jan Chapter 128 Price To Pay 81%

"When did I tell you the cursed object's an emerald pendant?" Emrys scoffed.

In an instant, Hannah felt like she had been struck by lightning.

Sh*t! I slipped up!

"So it was you! Dad adores you so much and treats you like a goddess... Why would you do this to him?" Sebastian snapped as he kicked Hannah till she screamed in pain.

Meanwhile, Emrys removed the blood emerald and crushed it with one hand.

Even when a cold, terrifying burst of force bolted toward him, he smashed it into smithereens without breaking a sweat.

"Hannah Stark, you sure are scheming, huh?" he said, shaking his head. "You wanted to make me the scapegoat for your heinous crime, but unfortunately, you picked the

wrong guy.” As it turned out, if an amateur were to use cursed objects on others, they would also risk facing dire consequences.

In the case of the blood emerald, the last person who came in contact with it would have years of their life shaved off.

Hannah was the one who stuffed the blood emerald into the pillow, which made her the last person to touch the cursed object. Therefore, if Roger died, the emerald would immediately split open and release a wraith to go after her.

The price to pay for harming others was ten years off one’s life expectancy, which was why Hannah agreed to let Emrys treat Roger.

She had planned on kicking up a fuss after Emrys’ treatment failed and throwing the blood emerald at him during the commotion. That way, he’d become the last person to be in contact with the cursed object

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 129-Hannah And Saint Yellowbeard Naturally, the wraith would then switch its target to Emrys.

However, Hannah didn’t expect Emrys to nullify the demonic energy in Roger’s b*dy and wipe out the wraith within the blood emerald. It proved Emrys was a top-tier friar.

Regret washed over her as she pleaded, “Sebastian, please! I’m your mother.

Please don’t hurt me anymore. I’m sorry.”.

“Shut up! You’re not my mother! My mother passed away a long time ago.

You’re nothing but an evil witch!”

Sebastian’s rage flared at her pleas, and he took it out on her. He finally stopped when Roger spoke.

“Are you still unwilling to give in even now?” Roger shouted as he stared intently at Hannah.

She immediately crawled over to him and sobbed, “Honey, I didn’t mean to hurt you. I only did something terrible like that because someone tricked me...” Since the cat was out of the bag, Hannah gave up struggling and revealed everything she had done.

As it turned out, a friar was behind everything.

As a faithful devotee, Hannah had been contacting him in secret, even going so far as to sleep with him.

The friar had promised her eternal youth in exchange for money.

His asking price was two billion.

Two billion wouldn't strain the financial status of the Balford family, but the amount was still astronomical, so Roger would surely find out if she suddenly withdrew two billion. It would be difficult for her to explain if he asked for the reason.

Hence, determined to see things through, she pulled out all the stops and requested a piece of blood emerald from the friar, planning to utilize the demonic energy within the cursed gemstone to kill Roger.

The friar behind everything was Saint Yellowbeard.

"Saint Yellowbeard!" Jacqueline's eyes widened in shock as she asked, "Isn't he the person you told me about? The friar who possesses great powers? The Saint Yellowbeard you were planning to introduce to me?" Hannah nodded. "Yes, it's him." Jacqueline's expression turned to horror at Hannah's confirmation.

She had never been close to Hannah, but not long ago, the latter's demeanor suddenly changed. Hannah even said she wanted to introduce a friar to her.

That friar was Saint Yellowbeard.

Jacqueline did have her suspicions then but wasn't sure of Hannah's motives until today, when Hannah Chapter 128 Price To Pay "When did I tell you the cursed object's an emerald pendant?" Emrys scoffed.

In an instant, Hannah felt like she had been struck by lightning.

Sh*t! I slipped up!

"So it was you! Dad adores you so much and treats you like a goddess... Why would you do this to him?" Sebastian snapped as he kicked Hannah till she screamed in pain.

Meanwhile, Emrys removed the blood emerald and crushed it with one hand.

Even when a cold, terrifying burst of force bolted toward him, he smashed it into smithereens without breaking a sweat.

"Hannah Stark, you sure are scheming, huh?" he said, shaking his head. "You wanted to make me the scapegoat for your heinous crime, but unfortunately, you picked the

wrong guy.” As it turned out, if an amateur were to use cursed objects on others, they would also risk facing dire consequences.

In the case of the blood emerald, the last person who came in contact with it would have years of their life shaved off.

Hannah was the one who stuffed the blood emerald into the pillow, which made her the last person to touch the cursed object. Therefore, if Roger died, the emerald would immediately split open and release a wraith to go after her.

The price to pay for harming others was ten years off one’s life expectancy, which was why Hannah agreed to let Emrys treat Roger.

She had planned on kicking up a fuss after Emrys’ treatment failed and throwing the blood emerald at him during the commotion. That way, he’d become the last person to be in contact with the cursed object.

Send Gifts O 184 08.52 Fri, 26 Jan Cherished By Seven Sisters Chapter 130 Trap For Saint Yellowbeard However, Jacqueline could only note nonchalance on Emrys’ face, as though nothing interested or bothered him. He didn’t mention the cost of his consultation either.

She couldn’t understand how he could stay so composed despite being younger than her.

“Ms. Balford.” Jacqueline was lost in thought as she stared blankly at Emrys. The latter suddenly looked over his shoulder to glance at her. “Do you know once you’re intrigued by someone, that’s the start of you falling in love?” “Huh?” A blush instantly stained her cheeks.

A while later, Hannah returned to the Balford residence.

Walking alongside her was an old man clad in a robe with a long beard yellowed with age. That facial feature was a characteristic of Saint Yellowbeard.

Despite his old age, he was still hale and hearty. He was a friar, after all. His S**ual competence didn’t lessen with age.

He claimed he could recover his youth with the snap of his fingers but was too lazy to do so. It was something he said to deceive his female devotees.

Were there any women who didn’t wish for eternal youth?

Their greed was fueled by imagining the possibility of owning the privilege to cut queue to the heavens if they passed away with an eighteen-year-old face.

Saint Yellowbeard had a firm grasp on that exact mentality that women possessed, allowing him to succeed in tricking them of their wealth and bodies.

Hannah was one of his many targets.

The two sat on the couch, and Hannah started, "The rest of the members of the Balford family have gone to keep Roger company at the hospital today, so there's no one at home." "Haha! Doesn't that mean we can do whatever we want?" Saint Yellowbeard laughed and reached toward Hannah eagerly. However, his hand halted soon after. "Oh, right. The plan you mentioned last time, how far did you get?" Hannah rolled her eyes at him and answered, "Jacqueline has felt animosity toward me from the moment I stepped through the front door of the Balford residence. How can it possibly be that easy to trick her?" It wasn't Saint Yellowbeard's first time in the Balford residence. The last time he was there to meet Hannah privately, he caught a glimpse of Jacqueline's portrait in her room. Dirty thoughts filled his 1/3 Chapter 130 Trap For Saint Yellowbeard, mind as he studied her beauty.

"You only need to get her here. It'll be a done deed once she hears my chanting.

I'll try something else if that doesn't work," Saint Yellowbeard said, his frustration evident in his tone.

Before Hannah could reply, a cold voice carried down from the second floor.

"Dream on, evil man!" It belonged to Jacqueline.

With an icy look, she walked down the stairs with long strides. Her pair of long legs brought her down the dozens of steps in a matter of seconds.

"Hannah, didn't you say there was no one here?" Saint Yellowbeard was shocked by the presence of someone, but when he turned around and saw it was Jacqueline, his eyes lit up. However, before glee could fill him, he noticed Roger and Sebastian were present as well.

This is a f*cking trap!

Saint Yellowbeard's expression turned dark as he shot to his feet, ready to race out of the living room. Yet, the moment he opened the front door, a large sole came into his view, aiming at his chest.

"Argh!" Saint Yellowbeard yelped, caught off guard by the sudden attack, and was sent flying back into the living room. His eyes widened with recognition when he got a good look at the person's face by the door.

"It's you!" There was no way Saint Yellowbeard could forget Emrys.

Back in Mount Celestial in Jadeborough, Emrys was the one who spoiled his plan and exterminated his malicious Cambion.

He didn't imagine they would meet again on that day.

Indeed, opponents will always meet in the end!

After snapping out of the brief shock, he calmed down and sneered, "So this is a setup you guys planned, and all you were waiting for was me to take the bait. An excellent plan of giving me a taste of my own medicine!" "Give you a taste of your own medicine?" Emrys chuckled at him. "You think too highly of yourself, Yellowb*stard! We're not giving you medicine. We're giving you a beating!" "You-" Anger poured through Saint Yellowbeard.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 130-Trap For Saint Yellowbeard However, Jacqueline could only note nonchalance on Emrys' face, as though nothing interested or bothered him. He didn't mention the cost of his consultation either.

She couldn't understand how he could stay so composed despite being younger than her.

"Ms. Balford." Jacqueline was lost in thought as she stared blankly at Emrys. The latter suddenly looked over his shoulder to glance at her. "Do you know once you're intrigued by someone, that's the start of you falling in love?"

"Huh?" A blush instantly stained her cheeks.

A while later, Hannah returned to the Balford residence.

Walking alongside her was an old man clad in a robe with a long beard yellowed with age. That facial feature was a characteristic of Saint Yellowbeard.

Despite his old age, he was still hale and hearty. He was a friar, after all. His S**ual competence didn't lessen with age.

He claimed he could recover his youth with the snap of his fingers but was too lazy to do so. It was something he said to deceive his female devotees.

Were there any women who didn't wish for eternal youth?

Their greed was fueled by imagining the possibility of owning the privilege to cut queue to the heavens if they passed away with an eighteen-year-old face.

Saint Yellowbeard had a firm grasp on that exact mentality that women possessed, allowing him to succeed in tricking them of their wealth and bodies.

Hannah was one of his many targets.

The two sat on the couch, and Hannah started, "The rest of the members of the Balford family have gone to keep Roger company at the hospital today, so there's no one at home." "Haha! Doesn't that mean we can do whatever we want?" Saint Yellowbeard laughed and reached toward Hannah eagerly. However, his hand halted soon after. "Oh, right. The plan you mentioned last time, how far did you get?" Hannah rolled her eyes at him and answered, "Jacqueline has felt animosity toward me from the moment I stepped through the front door of the Balford residence. How can it possibly be that easy to trick her?" It wasn't Saint Yellowbeard's first time in the Balford residence. The last time he was there to meet Hannah privately, he caught a glimpse of Jacqueline's portrait in her room. Dirty thoughts filled his Trap For Saint Yellowbeard, mind as he studied her beauty.

"You only need to get her here. It'll be a done deed once she hears my chanting.

I'll try something else if that doesn't work," Saint Yellowbeard said, his frustration evident in his tone.

Before Hannah could reply, a cold voice carried down from the second floor.

"Dream on, evil man!" It belonged to Jacqueline.

With an icy look, she walked down the stairs with long strides. Her pair of long legs brought her down the dozens of steps in a matter of seconds.

"Hannah, didn't you say there was no one here?" Saint Yellowbeard was shocked by the presence of someone, but when he turned around and saw it was Jacqueline, his eyes lit up. However, before glee could fill him, he noticed Roger and Sebastian were present as well.

This is a f*cking trap!

Saint Yellowbeard's expression turned dark as he shot to his feet, ready to race out of the living room. Yet, the moment he opened the front door, a large sole came into his view, aiming at his chest.

"Argh!" Saint Yellowbeard yelped, caught off guard by the sudden attack, and was sent flying back into the living room. His eyes widened with recognition when he got a good look at the person's face by the door.

"It's you!" There was no way Saint Yellowbeard could forget Emrys.

Back in Mount Celestial in Jadeborough, Emrys was the one who spoiled his plan and exterminated his malicious Cambion.

He didn't imagine they would meet again on that day.

Indeed, opponents will always meet in the end!

After snapping out of the brief shock, he calmed down and sneered, "So this is a setup you guys planned, and all you were waiting for was me to take the bait. An excellent plan of giving me a taste of my own medicine!"