

## **Cherished By Seven Sisters**

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 201-Laughingstock Of The Town Finally, it became clear why, a few days ago, Emrys had dared to make such a confident bet with him at the cocktail party. It turned out that everything had been within Emrys' plans.

"Darn it!" Huxley was so furious that he almost wrecked the entire office.

However, regardless of how angry he was, the product quality had issues. The reputation of Honeybeauty Group plummeted drastically, and there were even numerous victims gathering daily beneath the office building of Honeybeauty Group, seeking an explanation from Huxley.

These past few days, Huxley had been sneaking in and out of the company.

Meanwhile, in the circle of socialites, some of the wealthy ladies suddenly discovered that World- Enchanting Beauty had unexpectedly hit the market. This facial mask, which had initially been distributed as a thousand samples, had not encountered any quality issues up to now.

Therefore, they didn't need to worry that this product would end up like Pretty Face, riddled with problems a week later.

Some victims of Pretty Face had purchased World-Enchanting Beauty with a try-and-see attitude. To their astonishment, they found that the problems caused by Pretty Face were perfectly resolved by this miraculous face mask.

Upon the release of this news, the sales of World-Enchanting Beauty skyrocketed instantly.

Huxley was livid, seething with rage. He had sent people to apprehend Benjamin, but they came back empty-handed, not even a hair of him was found. Benjamin had already left Jazona with his family.

At that moment, Huxley's private phone suddenly rang.

He picked up, and the sounds emanating from within were enough to make him seethe with rage.

"Mr. Bjorn, do you remember the bet we made previously? Now that you've lost, isn't it time to fulfill your promise and hold a press conference to apologize?" The call was from Emrys.

Huxley cursed, "You've got guts, Lund. I will remember this. Sooner or later, I'll pay you back double. Just you wait!" Emrys said, "That is a matter for later. What I'm asking you now is, when will the press conference be held?" "Damn you!" Huxley grumbled as he hung up the phone.

Emrys let out a light sigh and said, "You're just not making good use of the opportunities given to you!" Huxley had no intention of honoring the bet, which was all within Emrys' expectations. However, after missing this opportunity, Huxley would not have a good time in the future.

Laughingstock Of The Town A glint of cold light flashed in Emrys' eyes.

Suddenly, Cordelia ran from behind the couch and wrapped her arms around Emrys' neck, unable to resist planting a k\*ss on his cheek. "Emrys, you're truly amazing," she exclaimed, "It was a really good battle." Cordelia was as joyful as a little girl.

She had thought that this was a game she was bound to lose. Little did she know Emrys would actually give her such a big surprise.

Following the maneuvers of Honeybeauty Group, the victims of Pretty Face began to use World- Enchanting Beauty to improve the adverse conditions on their faces. It was as if Honeybeauty Group had opened up the market but ended up setting the stage for Cordelia Group, transforming the original skincare products into necessities.

Of course Cordelia was delighted.

Emrys felt warmth in his heart but still maintained a stern expression as he said, "Delia, I know you're happy, but could you please inform me before you kss *my face next time? I have dignity too.*" "*What? What dignity are you talking about?*" Cordelia habitually grabbed Emrys' ear again. "*Now, answer me seriously for once. Can I kss your face?*" "Yes, yes, you can!" Emrys' ear throbbed with pain, prompting him to respond hastily. He sprawled onto the couch, assuming a posture of complete surrender.

Come on, I've given up on my dignity!

Outside the luxurious private mansion, a figure scaled the wall and finally jumped into the second- floor balcony.

Emrys let out a sigh. "Who would have thought that I would do something like this? If word of this were to get out, I'm afraid I'd be the laughingstock of the town."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 202-Listen To Me Taking advantage of the deserted mansion, Emrys made his way to the bedroom, where he successfully located a safe.

He pried open it and took away the things inside.

The following day, Huxley was suddenly taken away for investigation by the relevant authorities. It was said that someone had found his secret financial records, which detailed all his monetary transactions over the past few years.

Some high-ranking members within the organization were also implicated.

A sense of shock struck Huxley's heart. He had roughly guessed what had happened.

I really shouldn't have spent the night at my secretary's house last night. I had no idea that my safe was pried open.

At the Youngblood residence, Richard and Lydia were in the midst of their lunch when they were startled by the sudden ring of the doorbell. Upon opening the door, they were surprised to find Myles standing there.

Lydia greeted warmly, "Myles, it's you. Come in. We're just having lunch. Would you like to join us?" "Thank you, Mrs. Youngblood. I have already eaten." Myles entered, placing the fruit wine he had brought on the coffee table. He looked around the room, and with a puzzled expression, he asked, "Mrs.

Youngblood, isn't Delia here?" He had come this time specifically to build a connection with Cordelia.

In the pursuit of a girl, a man must exhibit tenacity and unwavering determination, persistently chasing after her. He thought there might come a time when Cordelia would be moved by his sincerity.

Of course, Lydia understood what he was up to, and her expression instantly became somewhat unnatural.

Richard chuckled awkwardly as he explained, "Well, you see... Cordelia has moved back to Jadeborough, but she will still visit us here frequently." He didn't mention that the number of times they had visited Jadeborough was even more frequent than Cordelia's visits here.

Myles furrowed his brows and asked, "Is he still hanging out with Lund?" His tone was clearly tinged with annoyance.

Richard was about to speak, but then he stopped. The couple exchanged a glance, and in the end, they decided to let Lydia explain the situation.

"Myles, you should understand Cordelia's feelings. She only has eyes for Emrys, and we can't persuade her otherwise. So, we decided not to interfere in the matters of these young people." This was Lydia's tactful explanation.

1/2 14:56 Fri, 26 Jan Chapter 202 Listen To Me However, Myles was also a clever man. He instantly understood the implication in Lydia's words. She was acknowledging the relationship between Emrys and Cordelia.

Damn it, are you messing with me?

It was you who said you'd introduce Cordelia to me, and now it's also you who says you won't interfere. Are you toying with me?

Myles' face turned extremely unpleasant, He had already fallen for Cordelia. To be precise, any normal man who saw a stunning beauty like Cordelia would find it hard to control himself.

To put it poetically, it was love at first sight. To put it bluntly, it was lust at first sight.

How could Myles possibly be content with giving up at this point?

Myles managed to suppress the rage boiling within him. Rising to his feet, he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood, please enjoy your meal. I'll be leaving first." After saying that, he left the Youngblood residence.

Richard sighed and said, "Look at this. It's all your doing. If you hadn't suggested introducing Cordelia to Myles back then, would we have ended up in such an unpleasant situation?" "Oh, so now you're blaming me? Didn't you also with my approach back then?" agree "We can only blame ourselves for misjudging. Who could have imagined that Emrys would be so outstanding!" Emrys received the news that his fourth sister, Ninette, would be returning in a few days.

For a long time, Emrys had admired Ninette/ He was certain that when they eventually met, he would have to exchange a few moves with her.

Cordelia suggested, "Ninette is returning specifically to see you. I presume she won't be able to stay for long, so you should pick her up from the airport when the time comes!" "No problem," Emrys agreed, nodding.

"Later, I'll take you to the mall to buy some decent clothes." "There's no need for that. I think I have enough clothes to wear now..." "Listen to me

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 203-Bringing The Dead Back To Life Cordelia furrowed her brows, suddenly exuding an authoritative aura akin to an elder sister. However, she quickly softened, playfully shaking Emrys' arm as she said, "Just think of it as shopping with me. You've been back for so long, yet you haven't once accompanied me shopping." It wasn't the stern authority of Cordelia that he feared but rather her coquettish charm. Her soft, sweet voice was enough to melt his heart.

In the end, the two of them arrived at Haven Mall.

In the fashion department, the moment Emrys tried on a suit, his entire demeanor was instantly highlighted.

In truth, Emrys wasn't particularly fond of wearing suits. However, when Cordelia expressed her desire to see him in one and even began to act coyly, what else could Emrys do? Cordelia, who was once such a cold and aloof figure, had started to act like a young girl. How could he possibly not indulge her?

So, he changed into a white suit.

He stood tall and straight.

He was the epitome of elegance and grace and exuded the demeanor of a refined gentleman.

When he looked over in this direction, the hint of a roguish smile that played at the corner of his mouth didn't evoke any sense of disgust. On the contrary, it was filled with charm.

Cordelia couldn't help but feel her heart race.

If Emrys were to wear this suit at our wedding ceremony in the future, and I were to don a pure white wedding gown as we walked arm in arm through the grand hall... Oh dear, what am I thinking? He's my younger brother!

Cordelia hastily patted her head, interrupting her wild thoughts.

It's all Mom's fault for constantly calling Emrys her good son-in-law. It almost makes me believe that I'm Emrys' girlfriend.

"Miss, your boyfriend is really handsome and has such a good temperament.

You two are the most visually compatible couple I've ever seen," the saleswoman praised.

Cordelia had just snapped back from her daydream when she heard the saleswoman's words. She felt as if her inner thoughts had been seen through.

She hurriedly explained, "He's... my younger brother." "Your younger brother?" The saleswoman paused for a moment. "Seeing how sweet you two are together, I thought you were a couple. I'm really sorry... Hehe, um, Miss, since he's your younger brother, could you possibly give me his contact information?" The saleswoman suddenly gave a suggestive wink, clearly taking a liking to Emrys.

Cordelia's pretty face turned cold, and she immediately became as protective as a mother tiger guarding her cub, declaring decisively, "No way!" 1/2 Chapter 203 Bringing The Dead Back To Life The two of them emerged from Haven Mall, carrying many bags.

When they returned to Verdant Estate, they were unexpectedly greeted by an uninvited guest who was standing at the entrance of the mansion. A car was parked nearby, with two b\*dyguards standing guard beside it.

Huxley.

He actually wasn't arrested?

Cordelia's face subtly changed as she asked, "Huxley, what brings you here?" Upon seeing the two, Huxley immediately walked over with a broad smile and said, "I missed you. That's why I made a special trip to see you!" From his face, there was no trace of the anger he had felt a few days ago when Pretty Face had encountered quality issues.

He looked like a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Even if his anger within was immense, outwardly, he still maintained a cheerful expression. This was a truly terrifying personality.

Had it not been for the day when Emrys called him and heard his frantic and furious cursing, Emrys would have thought he never knew how to get angry.

Huxley did not overly fuss over Cordelia. Instead, he walked toward Emrys with a smile. However, his smile was not genuine. It was more of a forced grin, which was even more unsettling than his usual expressionless face..

"I knew it was you who did it." Huxley went straight to the point, referring, of course, to the incident where his family's safe was pried open and the off-the-books transaction records were stolen.

Emrys did not deny it; instead, he asked, "What I'm really curious about is, how did you manage to get out?" Huxley chuckled before he looked at Emrys with a playful gaze. "The power of the Bjorn family is far greater than you could ever imagine. Moreover, in this world, as long as you have money, even bringing the dead back to life isn't a difficult task. Surprised, aren't you?"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 204-Do You Hear Me Emrys remained silent.

Huxley suddenly lowered his voice and confessed, "To be honest, I have my eyes on Cordelia's b\*dy. Sooner or later, I'll have her in my bed and make her scream... I've taken note of the matter regarding the facial mask formula and the account book. You'll soon understand just how terrifying the Bjorn family can be." After Huxley finished

speaking, he gave Cordelia a fervent look, then glanced around Verdant Estate, laughing heartily. "This mansion looks really good, but I wonder if it's fireproof."

With that, he got into the car and left.

Cordelia said with unparalleled indignation, "He's so arrogant! Why isn't he punished by the law? It's absolutely infuriating!" Emrys shook his head, remaining silent.

Yet, a cold glint flickered in his eyes.

He would not let this slide.

He quickly found an excuse to leave, hopped onto his bicycle, and pedaled off in the direction that Huxley had taken. At that time, Huxley was still sitting in the car, puffing on a cigar. Suddenly, the driver slammed on the brake. The man who was all smiles a moment ago cursed angrily, "Don't you know how to f\*cking drive?" "No, Boss, look ahead..." The driver pointed ahead, where a young man was seen on a bicycle parked right in the middle of the road.

Huxley recognized that the person blocking their car up ahead was none other than Emrys, whom he had just met. He immediately let out a cold, mocking laugh. "So it's this brat. Run him over!" He had planned to settle scores with Emrys later, but he hadn't expected him to be so eager to court death. He couldn't let his intentions go to waste.

Upon receiving the command, the driver instantly floored the accelerator.

However, what he hadn't expected was that, within his field of vision, the young man not only didn't dodge, but instead, he actively pedaled his bicycle and charged toward them.

Does he really intend to end his own life?

The driver didn't overthink it. He simply did as his boss instructed.

The distance between the two was closing in, and a fierce collision occurred.

Do You Hear Me "Nice one!" Huxley blurted out, but in the next second, he was shocked, his eyes wide open. He saw a wheel abruptly piercing the windshield of his car, causing the entire bicycle to stand upright on the hood.

Strangely enough, despite the fierce impact, the bicycle remained undamaged.

And Emrys' figure had already vanished from sight.

Huxley furrowed his brows and ordered his two personal *bdyguards*, "Go down and see what's going on." The two *bdyguards* got out of the car, and immediately after, the

sound of two thuds echoed. The bodies of the two bodyguards slumped against the car window.

444 From the moment they stepped out of the vehicle to the point they fainted, it didn't even take three seconds.

Huxley felt a surge of unease. Just then, a thunderous bang suddenly erupted from the roof of the car. Startled, Huxley looked up, and his eyes widened in shock.

He noticed a prominent protrusion. On closer examination, it turned out to be the silhouette of a clenched fist, with the unmistakable outline of four knuckles distinctly discernible.

Did he just smash the roof of the car?

Is this something a normal person could do?

Huxley was still reeling from shock when another loud noise echoed above him.

He looked up to see another piece of metal protruding downward, still in the shape of a fist.

In a flurry, Huxley scrambled out of the car. Glancing back, he indeed saw Emrys sitting leisurely on the roof of his car. When Emrys saw him, he put on a teasing look.

Huxley exclaimed in shock, "What kind of monster are you?" Emrys cracked a smile. "Don't worry about what kind of monster I am. All I want to know is, who exactly is courting death?" Huxley was horrified, finally realizing how terrifying the young man before him was. However, just as he thought Emrys was going to kill him, he heard Emrys say calmly, "Tonight, I will personally visit the Bjorn residence. I will claim your legs in front of all your family members. Do you hear me?"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 205-An Ominous Feeling After he finished speaking, he jumped off the vehicle and pushed his bicycle away.

He's leaving just like that?

Huxley was taken aback.

Naturally, he was unaware of Emrys' thoughts. Emrys had always disliked trouble. The fact that the Bjorn family could protect Huxley from the relevant authorities indicated that they indeed had some capabilities.

Emrys would strike directly at the heart of the matter.



Everyone gradually arrived at the Bjorn residence in Jazona.

Leiandros and Karoline had also arrived at the scene.

Upon hearing that Huxley's car had been vandalized and that the other party had decided to come over, they all rushed back to the Bjorn residence from their respective homes.

They wanted to meet this bold person.

After listening to his son's account, Finnley Bjorn flew into a rage. "Such an arrogant young man! I'd like to see how he dares to harm you in front of us!" Huxley said, "Dad, judging by the strength that kid used to smash the car roof, he must be a martial artist. Should we ask Mr. Lambourne for help?" Finnley shook his head and said, "He has already done us a great favor by getting you out. It won't be right to trouble him again... Go find Mr. Montelongo.

He's always driven by profit. Offer him some money to come and deal with this." After a moment of hesitation, Huxley said, "But I heard that a while ago, Mr.

Montelongo's arm was chopped off by someone." With a cold huff, Finnley said, "As long as Mr. Montelongo's strength is evident, what difference would it make even if he lost an arm? You just said it yourself.

That young man is barely in his twenties. How strong can he possibly be?

Inviting Mr. Montelongo over will be more than enough to deal with him." "Got it." Huxley nodded, immediately setting off to find Erwin. A cold smirk played on his lips. Let's see how you plan to cripple my legs, Lund.

Leiandros turned to Karoline, who was standing beside him, and asked, "Who on earth do you think this person is to dare to speak so audaciously?" Karoline shook her head and said, "How would I know... We'll find out tonight." The sky began to darken.

Everyone in the Bjorn family was waiting in silence, but by eight o'clock in the evening, there was still no sign of any visitors.

1/2 Chapter 205 An Ominous Feeling Huxley's face darkened. "Was he bluffing, deliberately uttering such words to intimidate me?" Upon hearing this, everyone felt that it was highly probable.

Why didn't the person cripple Huxley's legs during the day, instead choosing to wait until nightfall? They even declared they would do it in front of all the Bjorn family members. How is this any different from walking into a trap?

Everyone in the Bjorn family felt that Huxley might have been tricked.

With an expressionless face, Erwin stated, "Regardless of whether the person you mentioned shows up tonight or not, the payment I've already received cannot be returned to you. Furthermore, I can only wait until nine o'clock at the latest." Although he had lost an arm, his dignity as a martial artist remained. His words were so commanding that no one from the Bjorn family dared to refute him.

Huxley muttered under his breath, "Damn it, what on earth are you up to?" No sooner had the words been spoken the security team leader rushed in, saying, "A young man is coming this way on a bicycle." A fierce glint suddenly flashed in Huxley's eyes. "It must be that brat. Let him in.

Today, I will ensure he meets his end right here!" An ominous feeling subtly seized Leiandros and Karoline.

"Could it be... Mr. Lund?" The day they took their son to see Emrys for treatment, they already knew that Emrys had a grudge against Huxley. However, neither Emrys nor Huxley revealed the specifics of their dispute.

So when they heard a young man was approaching on a bicycle, the first person they thought of was Emrys.

Leiandros craned his neck to look outside the courtyard gate. As the figure in the distance became increasingly clear, his ominous premonition was finally confirmed.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 206- Sheer Terror Indeed, it was Emrys.

For a moment, Leiandros was overwhelmed with anxiety. He glanced at Finnley and Huxley, whose eyes were gleaming with menace, which only served to heighten his sense of anxiety.

A moment later, he suddenly made a bold move, the boldest one since he had become a live-in son-in-law to the Bjorn family.

He dashed toward the courtyard gate, frantically waving his hand and shouting at Emrys, "Mr. Lund, leave quickly! They've brought in Mr. Montelongo to kill you!"

Leiandros held an extremely low status within the Bjorn family, usually unable to utter even half a sentence. The step he took today could arguably be attributed to tremendous bravery.

Huxley's face darkened, and he cursed loudly, "Damn, what the hell got into that useless live-in son-in-law today? I think he doesn't want to stay with the Bjorn family anymore!" In the past, Karoline often scolded Leiandros, but this time, she surprisingly chose to stand with her husband, pleading to Finnley, "Dad, Dr. Lund has been kind to us. Please spare him!" "Kind to you?" Finnley frowned.

“Well...” Karoline quickly recounted the incident not long ago when Emrys had cured her son’s peculiar illness.

Upon listening, Finnley fell into deep thought.

Huxley looked anxious and said, “Dad, don’t be fooled. The issue isn’t whether we let that kid off the hook or not, but rather that he’s gone too far and provoked us by showing up at our doorstep!” Finnley found it to be true.

It was Emrys who had taken the initiative to provoke the Bjorn family. How could they possibly spare his life?

Upon seeing her father’s changed complexion, Karoline, like her husband, hurried toward the main courtyard gate. In a state of anxiety, she implored, “Dr.

Lund, heed our advice and leave immediately. My brother has invited a martial artist, waiting for you to walk right into his trap!” Looking at the two of them in their state of anxiousness, Emrys was silently moved, especially by Leiandros. Despite being a live-in son-in-law, he was willing to risk offending the Bjorn family just to remind him.

I didn’t misjudge him after all!

Emrys chuckled and said, “Don’t worry. Since I’ve decided to come, I’m determined to claim Huxley’s legs today no matter who he has invited for support.” Leiandros said anxiously, “Mr. Lund, why won’t you listen...” Sheer Terror No matter how much the couple tried to persuade him, Emrys was as stubborn as a mule. He insisted on pushing his bicycle into the courtyard, leaving the couple with no choice but to sigh in exasperation.

Mr. Lund, that is quite unwise of you!

‘When Emrys entered the grand courtyard of the Bjorn residence, he instantly felt as if hundreds of eyes were fixated on him. They were filled with hatred, disdain, and confusion.

Truly, it was no surprise that the top-tier wealthy family from Summerbank was thriving with many members.

Given that everyone else had welcomed him so warmly, Emrys naturally felt the need to set an example. Thus, he enthusiastically raised his right hand, waving and smiling as he said, “Hello, everyone! You’ve all worked hard!” Almost simultaneously, everyone’s facial muscles twitched a few times.

You think this is a f\*cking inspection, don’t you?

Are you out of your mind?

Leiandros and Karoline continually sighed, lamenting that Emrys had once again begun to act erratically.

Huxley's eyes were ablaze with fury. In his view, Emrys' actions were nothing short of blatant provocation.

It was as if he had already stepped on his face, grinding it hard, yet he still smiled and said, "You've worked hard. There's no need to be so polite and offer me such a grand gesture." Huxley was seething with unparalleled fury.

Naturally, Finnley's expression was far from pleasant. Having lived to such an old age, he had never encountered anyone quite like Emrys. Therefore, regardless of whether he was Karoline's benefactor or not, he was determined to make him pay a bloody price that night.

"Mr. Montelongo, I'm leaving this young man in your care," said Finnley.

What he failed to notice was that, off to the side, the imposing aura that originally emanated from Erwin was replaced by sheer terror after he got a clear look at Emrys' face.

## **Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 207**

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 207-Do You Have Any Objections It's him!

It's him! It's him!

He severed my arm!

He's an incredibly terrifying cultivator!

Just how unlucky am I to find myself opposing him twice in such a short span of time?

He was nearly scared to death.

Suppressing the tremble in his voice, he said, "Finnley, I can't take this money.

I'll return them later." Finnley's expression changed as he said, "Mr. Montelongo, what do you mean by this? When you accepted our payment, didn't you solemnly swear that you could definitely take down the other party? What's the meaning of this?" Huxley also said, "You must be thinking of raising the price at the last minute. In that case, as long as you deal with that young man, I'm willing to increase the reward by threefold. This is the highest price I can offer." Raising the price?

I'm nearly at death's door. I beg you, can you please stop dragging me down with you?

Erwin was on the verge of tears. He roared, "I'll pay you double, but I can't take this job anymore. You'll have to find someone else!" Erwin turned and dashed toward Emrys.

Leiandros exclaimed in alarm, "Be careful, Dr. Lund! That's Mr. Montelongo, the martial artist the Bjorn family hired to deal with you. He's extremely ruthless and vicious!" When he saw Erwin charging toward them, he thought that the latter was about to attack.

A playful smirk appeared on Emrys' lips as he said, "Ruthless and vicious? Just how ruthless and vicious is he?" "Mr. Lund, why are you so obstinate—" Before Leiandros could finish his words, he suddenly heard a thud. From a great distance, Erwin had slid on his knees, coming to a stop in front of Emrys.

Did he fall down by accident?

A look of confusion crossed the faces of Leiandros and Karoline. However, what happened next struck their souls with such intensity that their eyes widened instantly.

Do You Have Any Objections 53%%%

All that could be heard was Erwin trembling as he said, "I have absolutely nothing to do with this. I was merely taking a stroll after dinner and just happened to end up here." Suddenly, gasps of surprise echoed in the air.

Leiandros and Karoline were so astonished that they nearly gouged their own eyes out.

Mr. Montelongo didn't fall over, but he's actually kneeling before him. What on earth is going on?

Emrys chuckled and said, "I trust you. Get up now, and keep an eye on my bicycle for me." "Yes, yes, it's my pleasure." Overwhelmed with gratitude, Erwin struggled to his feet. With his remaining arm, he assisted Emrys in steadying the bicycle.

Leiandros and Karoline were dumbfounded.

Upon seeing Emrys enter the grand courtyard, Erwin glared menacingly at the two people and growled, "What are you looking at? Are you seeking death?" Only then did Leiandros and Karoline snap back to reality, hurriedly averting their gaze.

They almost thought that the Erwin before their eyes was an imposter.

At this moment, Emrys had already arrived in front of Finnley.

The Bjorn family had long been left wide-eyed and speechless, especially by the sight of Erwin kneeling down. The impact of this scene on them was simply too profound.

Erwin was notorious in the underground world in Jazona. Yet, he had surprisingly acted so submissively in front of Emrys.

Does this young man have some significant background?

Uncertainty and fear still gripped Finnley's heart. He asked warily, "Who the hell are you?" Emrys chuckled lightly and said, "Don't concern yourself with who I am. Tonight, I'm here to claim your son's legs. Do you have any objections?" Do I have any objections?

Of course I have!

However, Finnley dared not speak so bluntly. Instead, after a moment of contemplation, he said, "Young man, I'm not sure what conflict exists between you and Huxley, but no matter how big the disagreement, it can always be resolved through discussion, don't you agree?" "You don't know what I have against him, yet you hired someone to kill me?" Emrys said, narrowing his eyes.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 208-Mysterious Backer Finnley's expression froze. "There may have been some misunderstanding..." "Would there have been no misunderstanding if I were a nob\*dy? Would I have died at the Bjorn residence tonight?" Emrys sneered.

Judging from Emrys attitude, Finnley realized the former wasn't here to negotiate at all. He was dead set on crippling Huxley's legs. Thus, his expression darkened as he said, "Young man, I presume you're also from Jazona, right? We're going to see each other often, so why must we strain our relationship?"

"Haha, so now you think I'm being unreasonably relentless, do you?" Emrys laughed, then suddenly turned and sent Huxley sprawling on the ground with one kick. A flicker of anger flashed in his eyes as he said, "Why didn't you suggest we sit down and discuss peacefully when you came strutting around flaunting your power in Jadeborough, you son of a b\*tch?" The phrase "might makes right" applied to any era. Even the so-called rules could become ineffective in the face of overwhelming power. This could be seen from Huxley's off-the-books transaction records.

If Cordelia Group's backer hadn't been Emrys, then this impressive facial mask formula would have inevitably become Huxley's cash cow.

Similarly, if someone else came to the Bjorn residence seeking justice instead of Emrys, they would probably meet a tragic end.

Now that the Bjorns realized that Emrys was not to be trifled with, they suggested sitting down for a discussion. This left Emrys wondering why they didn't suggest that from the beginning. They want a discussion when they realize they can't win? There's no such easy way out.

The ways of the world held no sway over the Empyrean Lord.

Therefore, Emrys kicked Huxley right in front of Finnley without hesitation, knocking Huxley down. Immediately after that, he lifted his foot and stomped down on Huxley's kneecap.

A sharp, crisp sound rang out.

"Ah!" kneecap shattered, and he instantly shrieked in agony.

The chilling screams sent shivers down the spines of the Bjorns.

He's ruthless! Showing no mercy at all!

Just as Emrys was about to shatter Huxley's other kneecap, he heard Finnley's enraged voice. "Young man, you'd better not push your luck. The Bjorn family is more formidable than you think!" "Oh?" Emrys lowered his raised foot, a hint of amusement playing across his face.

This was the second time he had heard such words.

Mysterious Backer This was precisely why Emrys had ventured alone to confront the Bjorn family.

He wanted to see just how powerful the force behind the Bjorn family truly was to have allowed Huxley such audacity, rendering even the conventional rules of society ineffective against him.

"I'll give you a chance to come clean and summon the powerful backer behind you," Emrys said loudly.

Finnley fell into a moment of silence, and his gaze darkened when he saw Emrys lift his foot again. "Young man, since you refuse to heed my advice and insist on courting death, then I will let you have your way!" A menacing glint flashed past his eyes as he dialed a number and made a call.

Emrys, true to his word, gave him the opportunity as promised. He didn't shatter Huxley's other kneecap and instead brought over a chair, placed it next to Huxley's head, and sat down to wait.

This was yet another immense humiliation.

Huxley roared in agony, "*Dmn it! Once Mr. Lambourne arrives, you're done for, you son of a btch!*" "How noisy!" Emrys placed his foot on the man's neck, "Make one more sound, and I'll crush your throat," he threatened.

Huxley immediately fell silent and dared not continue his bluster. However, terrifying flames of fury burned in his eyes as he thought to himself that once Owen Lambourne arrived, he would make sure this despicable man suffered humiliation.

What followed was an agonizingly long wait.

Finally, a dignified, imposing middle-aged man briskly strode toward the Bjorn residence. Even Erwin was astonished upon seeing this man.

The Bjorn's family backer is him?

Many members of the Bjorn family's branch wore expressions of confusion.

Who is this man?

Most of them didn't recognize this middle-aged man at all, as if he had never appeared in the Bjorn residence before.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 209-High Rank Martial Artist The primary reason was that they were not core members of the Bjorn family and did not have access to core information.

Could he really subdue this arrogant young man alone?

This led everyone to harbor doubts about the man's ability.

Emrys was also taken aback, his gaze fixed on the middle-aged man. He sensed the aura of a martial artist from the man, but its intensity was nowhere near a frightening level.

His individual strength isn't particularly strong, so that must mean he has an impressive identity.

Finnley strode forward, exchanging a few words with the middle-aged man. He then pointed toward Emrys. Following this, the middle-aged man nodded, his gaze exuding authority as he approached Emrys.

Huxley roared eagerly, "Mr. Lambourne! Save me! Kill this *dmned* *bstard*!" Bang!

Emrys landed a kick on Huxley's head.

A cold glint flashed in the middle-aged man's eyes as he commanded sternly, "Release him immediately!" His tone was stern, filled with an undeniable sense of authority.

Emrys merely gazed at the middle-aged man without a word, not at all intimidated by his imposing demeanor. Instead, he wore a thoughtful expression.



After a moment of silence, the middle-aged man said, “I presume you’re still unaware of my identity.” He deliberately paused for a moment, drawing out his words as he uttered, “I’m Owen Lambourne, one of the Four Guardians of the Jazona Martial Arts Alliance.” As his voice trailed off, complete silence ensued.

After a long while, a tremendous uproar erupted.

This man is actually a member of the Jazona Martial Arts Alliance, and one of the Four Guardians at that? The Bjorn family’s backer is the Jazona Martial Arts Alliance?

This news was nothing short of shocking for the members of the Bjorn family.

The Martial Arts Alliance was an entity they could never hope to get associated with in their lifetime.

A smug smile played at the corners of Finnley’s mouth. Clearly, having Owen as his backer filled him with immense pride. The money he had given to Owen over the years had not been spent in vain.

Actually, if Emrys hadn’t crossed the line, Finnley would not have revealed this trump card. After all, 1 High Rank Martial Artist Owen’s identity was sensitive.

“Now can you let him go?” Owen’s voice, as always, was domineering. It was as if his words were commands, and his status alone was enough to bring anything under control.

Huxley scooted forward by a fraction.

Emrys remained motionless.

Huxley was overjoyed, thinking that Emrys was intimidated by Owen. Thus, he moved forward a bit more, but Emrys still did not take action.

Haha! He’s scared! I’m going to make him pay! I’m going to do away with this jerk and have a good time with Cordelia in bed!

He grew increasingly smug as those thoughts filled his mind, and he crawled toward Owen while dragging his leg desperately, as if reaching Owen’s feet was akin to arriving at a safe harbor.

As he made his way toward Owen, he even glanced back at Emrys. The sharp, ferocious glint in his eyes conveyed to Emrys that he would surely settle the score with him.

At this moment, Emrys finally spoke.

“No wonder Huxley was bailed out. Turns out you were the one who was pulling the strings, you brainless idiot.” As soon as Emrys spoke, the entire place fell into pin-drop silence.

Brainless idiot? This young man just insulted one of the four guardians of the Martial Arts Alliance by calling him a brainless idiot? He must be out of his mind!

All the Bjorns were rendered utterly speechless.

Huxley was exclaiming and gloating inwardly. Good! I’d like to see how Mr.

Lambourne deals with him. Haha... Hence, he added fuel to the fire. “Mr. Lambourne, did you hear that? This punk’s so arrogant that he doesn’t show you any respect at all!” Owen was already furious after he was insulted by Emrys, and Huxley’s words only served to make him fly into a rage. After all, he was a man of high status, and apart from the chief, no one had ever dared to disrespect him. His aura instantly swelled like an inflated balloon ready to burst, exploding with intensity.

Surprisingly, he was a high-rank martial artist.

Martial artists from the first to the third rank were considered beginners; those from the fourth to the sixth rank were regarded as elites; and those from the seventh to the ninth rank were seen as extremely formidable entities, which was the level at which Owen currently stood.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 210-Using Power To Oppress Others The Manifestor level was above the ninth rank, and those who reached that level could become a grandmaster.

Five divisions were established under the Chanaca Martial Arts Alliance, namely the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance, Jazona Martial Arts Alliance, Drieso Martial Arts Alliance, Lostaria Martial Arts Alliance, and Xandenia Martial Arts Alliance.

The chiefs of the five major divisions were all Manifestors, under whom were the Four Guardians, all of whom were high-rank martial artists.

Owen was one of the Four Guardians of the Jazona Martial Arts Alliance, a position of considerable prestige. However, in Emrys’ eyes, he was insignificant.

Emrys boldly advanced despite Owen’s formidable aura.

“Perhaps I would’ve only taken Huxley’s legs today if you hadn’t interfered.

However, it’s a shame that I’ll take his life too because you meddled,” said Emrys.

“How dare-” Crack!

Before Owen could even finish his words of warning, Emrys suddenly appeared in front of Huxley, stepping on his neck and breaking it.

Emrys was not indiscriminately killing the innocent. Instead, he was protecting himself and his family.

When Huxley turned around just now, Emrys discerned a murderous intent in his eyes, some kind of vengeful bloodlust.

Emrys couldn't afford to leave this risk unattended. He had to consider his sisters' safety even if not for his own sake. Therefore, he decided to take Huxley's life without any hesitation.

Such profound silence hung heavily in the atmosphere that it was deafening.

It seemed that everyone hadn't quite registered what had happened. Emrys had actually killed Huxley right in front of the Martial Arts Alliance.

“My son!” After a long while, Finnley suddenly snapped back to his senses, throwing himself onto the lifeless b\*dy of Huxley and weeping bitterly.

Owen was also stunned.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect Emrys to be so audacious, daring to ignore his warning and murder Huxley in public.

“I hereby declare you are now listed as a class A wanted criminal by the Martial Alliance. Surrender without a fight or you'll be killed with no mercy!” 1/3 Chapter 210 Using Power To Oppress Others Owen's authority was severely challenged, so he declared on the spot that Emrys had become a wanted criminal of the Martial Arts Alliance. As long as he returned and filed the documents, uploading them to the Martial Arts Alliance's electronic system, Emrys would then become the target of a nationwide manhunt by the entire Chanaca Martial Arts Alliance, Owen had the authority to do so.

However, just as Owen uttered this clichéd formal statement and prepared to take immediate action against Emrys, Emrys scoffed coldly. “Class A wanted criminal, huh? Haha, who gave you the audacity to issue an arrest warrant?” Boom!

Emrys' aura surged, and in an instant, it seemed as if a strong gale swept past the Bjorn residence's courtyard. The incredibly powerful wave of energy forced Owen to stagger backward tens of meters against his will.

How terrifying!

The Bjorns were terrified and pale with shock.

Leiandros was once again astounded by Emrys' immense power. He wondered what exactly this childhood playmate of his from the orphanage had been through to become a miracle doctor and a martial artist. It was simply beyond his imagination.

Mr. Lund has gotten himself in big trouble this time!

Owen steadied himself, a flicker of horror flashing in his eyes.

The onlookers may be aware that Emrys was terrifying, but they didn't know the extent of it because they were not martial artists. However, Owen was different.

This is clearly the aura that only a Manifestor could possess! Emrys should have been listed as a class S wanted criminal!

If Erwin were to know what was going through Owen's mind, he would certainly burst into laughter.

A Manifestor? I'm sorry to burst your bubble, but Mr. Lund is a cultivator!

However, after a brief moment of shock, Owen quickly composed himself, his gaze turning solemn as he said, "I see you're a Manifestor. I should, by rights, show you some respect. But you have chosen to stand against the Martial Arts Alliance. Possessing such formidable strength is no excuse for your indiscriminate killing of the innocent." He instantly labeled Emrys as a merciless killer.

This was a deliberate move by Owen, who knew he was outmatched. He intentionally pinned the blame on Emrys to position himself on the side of justice, with the Chanaea Martial Arts Alliance as his backer.

A presence even more powerful than a Manifestor existed back at the headquarters of the Chanaca Martial Arts Alliance, and Owen was confident Emrys would be overpowered.

This was a common strategy that the Four Guardians always employed—using power to oppress others.

Therefore, even though these guardians were not as advanced as Manifestors, most of the Manifestors would still show them some respect upon seeing them.

This was because a formidable figure was stationed at the Martial Arts Alliance's headquarters.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 211-Expelled However, such words sounded ironic to Emrys. His gaze was sharp as he retorted, "Chanaca Martial Arts Alliance, huh?"

Impressive. My warriors shed their blood and sacrificed their lives on the border, only to breed a group of parasites like you who are corrupt and abuse their power. And yet, you have the audacity to talk about upholding justice. Where do you get the nerve?" As he exclaimed, his demeanor also changed. At that moment, he looked like a divine king looking down upon the world, his booming voice filled with a terrifying aura.

"You...

Owen was taken aback. Surprisingly, an instinctive fear arose within him while he faced Emrys, as though he was standing before an unparalleled king, compelling him to prostrate himself.

What on earth?

Owen couldn't figure out what was going on.

"Take a good look at this." Emrys waved his hand in the air, and a beam of golden light streaked past.

When Owen caught what Emrys had just hurled, he could no longer suppress the fear in his heart and fell to his knees with a thud.

"I, Owen Lambourne, admit my mistakes!" Owen's knees struck the earth with such force that they created two deep pits.

His head was bowed, his hands raised above him, and in his palms was the golden object that Emrys had flung out just moments ago.

Upon closer inspection, one could see that it was a token.

A unique identification token belonging solely to the Emyrean Lord—the Celestial Token.

This was the first time Emrys had revealed the token, as his previous opponents were not worthy enough for him to present this token.

Moreover, they probably wouldn't have recognized it even if they had seen it.

However, Owen was different.

He was a guardian of the Martial Arts Alliance. Every member of the Martial Arts Alliance should recognize the Celestial Token. It was a mandatory lesson that they must keep in mind starting from their very first day in the Martial Arts Alliance.

The Celestial Token represented their king.

Owen's *bdy was shaking violently, every cell in his bdy* trembling in fear. Yet, his hands alone remained steady and firm, afraid that the slightest carelessness would cause him to drop the token, a symbol of supreme authority, onto the ground.

Expelled D If the token fell to the ground, his life would be at stake.

It wasn't until Emrys approached him and took back the token that Owen's hands began to tremble. They shook violently, clearly indicating the depth of the terror within his heart.

Emrys said coldly, "You don't need me to teach you what to do, do you?" Bang!

Owen slammed his head hard on the ground, saying, "I understand. Tonight, I will return to the Martial Arts Alliance, resign from my position, and confess all my derelictions of duty over the years, leaving myself at the mercy of the Martial Arts Alliance's Ministry of Justice." Emrys nodded and said, "Since you understand what to do, I won't say much more." After Emrys finished speaking, his gaze swept over the Bjorns, finally resting on Finnley. "Your son deserved to die. If you're upset that I killed him, voice your grievances now. If I find out that you're up to no good after this, the Bjorn family will be expelled." His words sounded like an irresistible command, striking such intense terror into all the Bjorn family members' hearts.

Actually, their world had already turned upside down the moment they saw Owen kneeling.

Although they had no idea what the golden object was, they knew without a doubt that someone who could make Owen kneel must be terrifyingly powerful.

Emrys' identity must be beyond their wildest imaginations.

Finnley had nothing else to say.

He didn't even dare to continue crying on Huxley's *b\*dy*, for fear of upsetting Emrys. After all, Huxley was the one who stirred up trouble in the first place.

1 Observing Finnley's reaction, Emrys said, "Since you've accepted it, then the grudges between me and the Bjorn family end now. I hope you behave yourself."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 212-Following that, Emrys approached Leiandros.

At this point, Leiandros was completely stunned. His eyes were wide open, his expression stiff with astonishment and disbelief.

He was utterly astounded to the point of madness.

He and Emrys were orphans from the same orphanage and were essentially old friends.

When he saw his old friend suddenly transform into an unfathomably influential figure, his bewilderment was far greater than the shock experienced by others.

“Thank you!” Emrys walked up to Leiandros, the coldness on his face replaced by a sincere smile.

Just now, Leiandros had risked provoking the Bjorn family’s wrath to persuade him to leave. Emrys must express his gratitude to him.

“Mr. Lund...” Leiandros’ throat was parched from the shock, so he was at a loss for words while facing Emrys.

Emrys patted his shoulder and said, “You don’t have to say anything. If you are bullied in the Bjorn residence in the future, feel free to come to me. As an old friend, I will certainly lend you a helping hand.” This was Emrys’ promise to Leiandros, just like how Leiandros promised to help find him a job when the latter thought he wasn’t doing well.

Tears welled up in Leiandros’ eyes.

Meanwhile, Emrys had already left the Bjorn residence’s courtyard and arrived at the entrance. Without delay, Erwin bowed humbly and said, “Mr. Lund, do you like dogs? I can be your dog! Woof, woof!” Erwin was also profoundly shocked.

He had known that Emrys was a cultivator since long ago, but what he had witnessed just now shook him to the core. Even a guardian from the Martial Arts Alliance had to submit to Emrys, which meant Emrys’ identity was influential.

It was an honor to be the lapdog of such a big shot.

Emrys took the bicycle from his hands and said, “That depends on how you perform.” “Yes, sir!” Owen, who knelt in the courtyard of the Bjorn residence, only dared to rise long after Emrys had departed. His clothes were soaked with sweat, and the expression of reverence on his face had yet to fade.

With a strained voice, Finnley asked, “Mr. Lambourne, who exactly is that guy?” Lapdog Owen shook his head with a bitter smile. “He’s someone terrifying.” He didn’t say much more.

Finnley gazed at his son’s corpse sorrowfully and sighed. “I can’t believe Huxley provoked such a terrifying figure this time. He even got you involved and caused you to lose your position.” “Owen also heaved a sigh. “I suppose I brought this upon myself. I would not have been implicated if I had behaved properly.”” After a moment of silence, Finnley asked, “Mr. Lambourne, are you really going to turn yourself in to the Martial Arts Alliance? Why don’t you escape-” “Shut up!” Owen immediately interrupted Finnley,

speaking sternly, “Don’t you know?”

Escaping won’t do you any good once you offend that person. Also, stop calling me Mr. Lambourne. I am merely a sinner.” With that, he strode out of the Bjorn residence and traveled overnight to the Jazona Martial Arts Alliance to confess his guilt.

Finnley stood frozen on the spot, the storm of shock in his heart refusing to subside. Even though Owen did not mention a title, Emrys’ identity was already pretty obvious. He was the Empyrean Lord.

Only the Empyrean Lord who was at the pinnacle of the nation possessed such terrifying and intimidating power.

Finnley’s body jolted in fear, and he promptly convened a family meeting, announcing two major events.

Firstly, the Bjorn family was to withdraw from the skincare product market in Jazona and relinquish their control over Honeybeauty Group to avoid any further conflicts of interest with Cordelia Group.

Secondly, Leiandros, the matrilocal son-in-law, was to be immediately listed as a core member of the Bjorn family. He was qualified to be involved in the Bjorn family’s core businesses and was to be identified as the family’s key grooming target.

Outside the airport in Summerbank stood a tall, leggy beauty. Her long hair reached her shoulders, and though she wore no makeup, her face still appeared fair and tender.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 213-Ninette is Back He patted the back seat of his bicycle, smiling as he said, “Hop on. Let me give you a different kind of experience.” Emrys had specifically fitted a soft cushion to the back seat of his vehicle for Ninette’s sake.

Ninette wore a strange expression as she said, “Delia said you’re driving a Bugatti Veyron, though. ‘What’s with the old bicycle?’” “Hey, what do you mean an old bicycle? This here is my precious treasure, worth much more than sports cars.”

“Tell me where should I place this suitcase then?” Ninette carried a small trolley case, which wasn’t heavy at all, as it only contained some daily necessities. Her work equipment was all with her colleague.

However, it was still difficult for a bicycle to hold a trolley case.

“That’s easy. Give it to me.” Emrys lifted the trolley case with one hand, gripped the car handle with the other, and urged Ninette to hop on.



Ninette said, "I might as well carry it myself." "No, you can't. I'm fast, so you must hold onto my waist with both hands, or you'll fall." "How fast could you possibly be-" Ninette's words were dragged out into a scream as she hugged Emrys' waist as soon as they took off. Thank goodness I'm wearing jeans today.

The onlookers were speechless.

That beautiful lady was just whisked away by a young man riding a bicycle.

For some reason, they felt much better when the luxury car and wealthy scion they had anticipated did not appear.

Once the bicycle picked up speed, Ninette discovered that although Emrys was fast, the bicycle was steady. The ride wasn't bumpy at all as long as she held on tight. She couldn't help praising, "Rys, how come you're so skilled at riding?"

You're pedaling fast and only hold the handlebar with one hand, but there's no trembling at all." So, you want it to be bumpier?

Emrys decided to grant Ninette's wish and charged straight toward a small pebble. The vehicle shook, and Ninette screamed with fright. Unable to free her hands, she could only bump her head against Emrys' back as retaliation.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 214-Traditional Medicine Short Course "Looks like Larissa was right. You have indeed turned evil. Wait!" exclaimed Ninette when a thought struck her, her voice raised. "Don't tell me you're planning to take me back to Jadeborough with this bicycle!" "Of course. Is there any problem?" "No! This is far too dangerous!" She had assumed that Emrys simply wanted to let her enjoy the breeze and experience a brief bike ride, but to her surprise, Emrys was actually planning to cycle all the way back home. The distance between the two cities was so great

that it could exhaust Emrys to death, not to mention he was also carrying a suitcase in one hand.

This brother of mine isn't evil. Rather, he's a bit... foolish.

Emrys had wanted to tell her this was just the appetizer and that he'd show her what it felt like to speed like a missile in a while. It wouldn't take much time.

Ninette insisted, "No way! I'm a bit tired after the flight. I want to find a nearby hotel to rest. We can return to Jadeborough tomorrow!" She struggled, intending to dismount the bicycle.

"All right then!" Emrys had no choice but to comply with her request, finding a hotel and parking his bicycle.

“Hurry!” After checking in, Ninette eagerly pulled Emrys upstairs.

Emrys assumed she needed to use the toilet, but as soon as they entered the room, Ninette asked to see his birthmark, her eyes twinkling in excitement. She didn't look tired at all.

Emrys was at a loss for words.

Delia was right.

He said, “Nina, the other sisters have already verified my identity. Why are you-”  
“Seeing is believing, right?” Ninette winked cheekily.

It was afternoon by the time they checked in, and after examining Emrys' birthmark, Ninete contentedly took a nap to replenish her energy. She planned to go shopping at the nearby mall with Emrys in the evening. After all, they hadn't seen each other for years. They would need to spend some quality time together.

Emrys made a trip to the Balford residence while Ninette was asleep.

Since Ninette refused to ride his bicycle home, he could only leave it at the Balford residence temporarily. There was no way he'd abandon this precious possession of his.

Traditional Medicine Short Course E 66%

Jacqueline was overjoyed upon seeing Emrys and remembered the task her father had assigned her—to win Emrys' heart within six months.

To make that happen, it was of course necessary to find numerous opportunities to spend time with him.

Hence, Jacqueline said, “Dr. Lund, our school is planning to start a traditional medicine short course soon. Could we invite you to be the teacher?” Jacqueline was a teacher at Jazona University, as teaching was her interest.

There was nothing Roger could do. He had wanted Jacqueline to manage the family business, but Jacqueline expressed that she had no interest in business at all. Hence, he had no choice but to let her be.

After all, Jacqueline was a girl. Roger wouldn't be too harsh on her.

What truly disheartened Roger was that his son, Sebastian, turned out to be a good-for-nothing who lacked the capability to shoulder the responsibilities of taking over the family business.

Hence, when Roger saw Emrys, it was as if he had seen hope itself.

Roger also revealed a hopeful expression when Jacqueline asked that question.

He also hoped that his daughter could become closer to Emrys.

Noticing the looks in Roger and Jacqueline's eyes, Emrys nodded with a smile and said, "Since you hold me in such high regard, I suppose I'll give it a try!" After all, he had plenty of time.

Furthermore, Emrys also hoped to impart his knowledge of traditional medicine to more young people. This was primarily because in the current era, traditional medicine was portrayed in a negative light. Too many fraudsters were exploiting its name for deceit and swindling, leading to a gradual loss of trust in traditional medicine among the public.

Emrys was saddened to see that.

His mentor probably taught him medical skills with the intention of handing down traditional medicine and ancient acupuncture techniques so they would not be lost to time.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 215-Interview The Emphyrean Lord Jacqueline was happy when Emrys agreed. "That's great! I'll go see the chancellor tomorrow to apply for the establishment of a traditional medicine short course." Oops... I let it slip.

Jacqueline had stated that the university had already decided to start a traditional medicine short course and intended to hire Emrys as the teacher.

However, based on what she just said, it sounded like she was only going to meet the chancellor because Emrys had agreed to take on the job.

Those were two entirely different concepts.

Will he see through my intentions?

Jacqueline had butterflies in her stomach, and her cheeks were flushed red as she stole a glance at Emrys. She only let out a sigh of relief when Emrys didn't seem to mind. Then, she cheerfully returned to her room to write her application report.

Roger also wore a cheerful expression on his face, but he couldn't resist asking, "Dr. Lund, have Richard and Lydia been giving you a hard time lately?" He was sounding Emrys out, hoping to hear Emrys reply in the affirmative.

The more Richard and Lydia made things difficult for Emrys, the greater the obstacles between their daughter, Cordelia, and Emrys.

Roger took pleasure in witnessing that.

Of course, he'd never say that out loud, lest he upset Emrys and get accused of gloating at others' misfortune.

Emrys shook his head. "No. They've been particularly nice to me lately, especially Lydia. She keeps calling me her son-in-law. It's making me feel embarrassed." "What?" Roger was shocked. His mood soured as he observed Emrys' expression and realized the latter seemed serious.

How dare you, Lydia? You were the one who said you'd never allow Emrys to set foot in your home! How could you go back on your word? D\*mn it! I'm going to confront that woman someday!

Emrys smiled meaningfully upon seeing the frustrated expression on Roger's face and didn't expose the latter's thoughts. After bidding them goodbye, he left the Balford residence and returned to the hotel.

Ninette had just woken up and clung to Emrys' arm, saying happily, "Rys, I just had a wonderful dream. Guess who appeared in my dream?" As she spoke, she blinked her pretty, vibrant eyes.

After some thought, Emrys responded, "Me?" Interview The Emyrean Lord "Stop being so full of yourself! I hate to burst your bubble, but you're worlds apart from the person I dreamt of," said Ninette, deliberately provoking Emrys.

Emrys was instantly provoked. "Who is it? Tell me. I don't believe you. No one can be more impressive than me." Ninette flicked his forehead with her finger, admonishing, "You must not disrespect the Emyrean Lord!" Emyrean Lord?

Emrys' face instantly took on a strange expression. "Nina, did you just dream about the Emyrean Lord?" "Hmph, of course. My greatest dream in this lifetime was to have the opportunity to interview the Emyrean Lord once. But how could someone as remarkable as him be within the reach of a simple woman like me?" Ninette sighed, but her sense of disappointment only lasted a fleeting moment.

She quickly turned to Emrys and said smugly, "Now you know who appeared in my dreams. Do you admit you can never compare to him?" "Yes, yes. The Emyrean Lord is the most handsome and invincible in the entire universe. Of course, I'm nowhere as impressive as him," Emrys agreed.

Ninette chuckled. "It's good that you understand, but don't be disheartened.

You'll always be my beloved little brother." Standing on tiptoes, she patted Emrys' shoulder as consolation.

"Nina, to reciprocate your love, I'll help you realize your dream. You want to interview the Emyrean Lord, right? I'll do anything to bring him to you. I'd even kidnap him if

need be.” “Oh, Rys...” Ninette gazed at Emrys affectionately. Just as Emrys thought she was moved by his words, he heard her say, “You look ridiculous when you boast.”

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 216-Instead Defeat In the evening, once Emrys and Ninette had filled their stomachs, like a young couple, she happily looped her arm through Emrys' as they strolled down the street.

They ended up strolling around for over two hours.

Ninette didn't show the slightest sign of fatigue, and from time to time, she pointed at some peculiar places, telling Emrys, “Look quickly, Emrys. This place used to be a favorite among the wealthy women. And this one, and this one too.”

Emrys asked with a puzzled expression, “Nina, how do you know so much?”

Could it be that you...” “Hehe!” Ninette blinked with a smile and said, “Because I'm a journalist, I often conduct undercover investigations and such. However, I assure you, I've never done anything out of line.” “Of course, I believe you,” Emrys said.

At last, the reason for Ninette's corruption was found. It turned out that she was influenced during various undercover investigations.

All right, given the circumstances, I will forgive you for the matter concerning the study materials on the computer. Emrys quickly came to understand.

The two were strolling when suddenly, a man with a scarred face approached them. They had almost passed him by when, unexpectedly, the man with the scarred face turned back, reaching out to block Ninette's path.

“Well, well, who do we have here looking so familiar? Turns out it's our Beautiful Reporter!” The scar-faced man stared at Ninette, smirking.

Ninette's face changed instantly, and she tried to leave with Emrys. However, the scar-faced man swiftly blocked their way, sneering coldly, “What's the rush, Beautiful Reporter? Why not visit my place again today? You might find some unexpected surprises!” Emrys immediately understood. It must have been during Ninette's previous undercover investigation that she had inadvertently revealed her identity, which had consequently caught the attention of the scar-faced man.

Emrys didn't waste words, instead, he coldly uttered two words. “Move aside!” “Well, isn't this brat quite audacious?” The scar-faced man instantly shifted his gaze onto Emrys, but then narrowed his eyes and said, “Hey, kid, you've got a good look. How about considering working at my place? There will definitely be benefits beyond your expectations.” His gaze was intriguing. It was clear at first glance that he wasn't involved in any legitimate line of work.

Ninette's face was icy cold as she took Emrys' hand and said, "Let's go, Emrys.

We don't need to bother with this mad dog. I refuse to believe that he would dare to do anything to us in broad daylight." Emrys nodded.

1/2 Chapter 216 Instead Defeat However, the moment he took a step, he suddenly heard the scar-faced man bellow, "Brat, how dare you steal my wallet!" Clearly, the scar-faced man had no intention of letting the two off the hook. The so-called theft of his wallet was nothing more than a pretext for picking a fight.

Ninette said indignantly, "When did we ever steal your wallet? Don't make false accusations!" The scar-faced man sneered, "If you didn't steal my wallet, then explain this.

Why did my wallet disappear after I exchanged a few words with you? If you didn't steal it, then who did?" "You..." Ninette was seething with anger, ready to argue with the scar-faced man, when she suddenly heard Emrys speak up. "Nina, as you said earlier, this is a mad dog. What's the point in reasoning with such a creature?" The scar-faced man's expression darkened instantly. He barked, "Brat, watch your tone when you speak." "Oh? What's with my tone?" Emrys retorted.

"Just by looking at you, I can tell you've never been beaten up before. You're trying to show off in front of a beautiful woman, but you better understand who you're dealing with. I'm not someone to be trifled with!" The scar-faced man clenched his fist, his knuckles cracking ominously as he prepared to strike.

However, he suddenly noticed a slight chill in Emrys' eyes. In a swift motion, Emrys raised one leg, his heel soaring higher than the scar-faced man's head before he forcefully brought it down.

Bang!

The scar-faced man collapsed on the spot, clutching his blood-drenched head and screaming incessantly.

Instant defeat!

Emrys didn't spare another glance at the scar-faced man. Instead, he turned to Ninette and said, "Nina, there's no need to waste so much breath on a mad dog.

If he tries to bite, a swift kick will do the trick."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 217-Recorded Ninette was dazed. Hearing Emrys speak, she numbly nodded in response.

Was Emrys always this rough? Although I must admit, I like it.

When that scene unfolded, it drew the attention of many. Initially, they were just there for the spectacle, knowing that the man with the scarred face was not someone to be trifled with. However, as Emrys' foot shattered the scarred man's head, the crowd's gaze instantly changed.

A lot of them thought, Well, I'll be. Young people indeed possess courage.

Among the crowd of onlookers, a young man dressed in Adidas brand clothing quietly took out his phone and snapped a photo. However, he wasn't capturing

the moment when Emrys kicked the scar- faced man's head. After all, that scene happened too quickly for him to take a picture.

He had taken a photo of Ninette, arm in arm with Emrys, as they were leaving.

Even after the two had left, the young man dressed in Adidas continued to follow them for a while. It was only when they entered the hotel that he made a call.

"Myles, there's a situation." The young man was indeed one of the wealthy individuals whom Myles had invited to play in Tulip Valley back in the day, Aston.

Upon returning to her hotel room, Ninette said with a face full of anticipation, "I hope I can dream of Emphyrean Lord again tonight, hehe!" Why insist on meeting someone in your dreams when you can instead cherish the person in front of you? Is the halo of Emphyrean Lord really that intense? I wonder, if Ninette were to find out that I was Emphyrean Lord, would she be pleasantly surprised, or would she feel let down? Emrys asked with a hint of curiosity, "Nina, you've never even met Emphyrean Lord. How did you manage to dream about him?" Ninette rolled her eyes adorably and said, "Do you understand what imagination is? It's just like how you've never seen a fairy, but that doesn't stop you from dreaming about a fairyland, reciting poetry with fairies, and admiring flowers and birds. It's the same principle." "Oh, so that's how it was." Emrys suddenly had a moment of clarity, then broke into a grin, asking, "So, Nina, what does the Emphyrean Lord in your dreams look like?" Ninette had initially intended to give a serious response. However, seeing Emrys' self-absorbed expression, acting as if he were the Emphyrean Lord, she rolled her eyes at him. Then, in a willful manner, she pulled up the quilt over her head and said, "Anyway, he does not look like you." Emrys touched his nose, pondering. After losing the aura of Emphyrean Lord, am I really that pathetic? My heart's broken.

Despite his heartache, Emrys still thoughtfully turned off the lights for Ninette.

He then went to his own room next door to sleep.

At that moment in the Youngblood residence, Roger was glaring furiously, engaged in an incredibly intense confrontation with Lydia.

The root cause was nothing but Lydia's going back on her word.

Recorded Roger sneered and said sarcastically, "Lydia, you are, after all, a person of some reputation in Jazona. You made a death oath that day, but how long has it been since then? You've already gone back on your word. Have you no shame?" "Huh, really? Really? Roger, you need to provide evidence when you speak.

When did I ever swear a death oath? I don't seem to remember." Lydia adamantly refused to acknowledge it.

Roger cursed, "Lydia, I've come to realize you truly have no shame!" "Who are you calling shameless?" Lydia instantly became agitated.

"Whoever breaks their word, I would call them shameless." "All right, so you think I don't keep my word, Roger? If you're so capable, repeat what I said that day, and let's see if I really didn't keep my promise." "This is what you said yourself, Lydia. I will make you admit it wholeheartedly." Roger suddenly sneered, turning on the recording on his phone.

Instantly, a voice clip played, "What kind of joke is this? I'm not as blind as you.

Even if I were to die, to die outside, I would never let that guy with the surname Lund step foot into my house!" Those were Lydia's exact words.

Unexpectedly, Roger had secretly recorded everything on his phone.

Unable to hold back, Lydia cursed, "Roger, you're despicable and shameless!" "Hehe. Since you can break your promises, then why can't I secretly record?" Roger retorted sarcastically.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 218-Surprise Visit "Listen carefully to what I'm saying. I said I wouldn't allow Emrys to enter the Youngblood residence, but I never said that my daughter couldn't leave. So, tell me, where have I gone back on my word? Where have I contradicted myself?" Lydia seemed to have seized the winning point, holding her head high, much like a rooster victorious in battle.

Roger, left speechless by the rebuttal, could only incessantly hurl insults at Lydia, calling him shameless, Who would have thought that these two individuals, both of considerable status in Jazona, would engage in a verbal spat over Emrys? It was a conflict that was

utterly beneath their dignity, akin to a shrew cursing in public.

The crux of the matter was, neither of them were the ones directly involved.

Richard could not get a word in edgewise, sitting uncomfortably on the sidelines.



Only during the brief lulls in the heated argument between the two, he managed to interject reluctantly, "How about we have a cup of coffee before we continue our conversation?" "What coffee are you talking about? I'm in a hurry to visit my dear son-in-law in Jadeborough. Do you think I have time for coffee?" Lydia said, deliberately provoking Roger.

As expected, Roger was indeed quite upset.

That verbal duel ultimately concluded with Roger's regretful defeat. He left the Youngblood residence in a huff, his resolve to have his daughter win over Emrys only strengthened. After all, that was a battle of prestige concerning two major families.

Perhaps even in his wildest dreams, Emrys would never have imagined that his personal emotional issues had unexpectedly escalated to the level of family honor.

After Roger left, Richard gave a bitter smile and said, "Why are you so agitated?"

This is a matter for the younger generation. No matter how much you elders argue, it won't make any difference!" "How could it not have an effect? As long as I could influence Roger's mood, that was enough. Seeing him upset made me happy," Lydia stated.

Richard let out another bitter laugh. Seeing Lydia start to get dressed, he couldn't help but ask, "Are you planning to go out?" A "Didn't I just mention that I was going to Jadeborough to find my good son-in-law? Where have your ears gone?" "I thought you were simply trying to vent your anger at Roger." After a brief touch-up, Lydia applied some lipstick and then said to Richard, "Let's go ask Emrys today when he can start treating you. It's been so long and there's been no progress at all." Although Emrys had mentioned that it would take three months to cure Richard's illness, there should

Surprise Visit 3 66%  
have been some progress, right? For instance, there should have been some preparations or something of the sort, but Emrys hadn't mentioned anything at all.

Lydia almost thought that Emrys had forgotten about that matter.

Richard reminded, "Actually, it hasn't been that long..." Upon seeing Lydia's resentful gaze directed at him, Richard tactfully closed his mouth.

She was panicking.

The two of them had just finished tidying up, ready to head out, when the doorbell conveniently rang. Lydia exclaimed in annoyance, "Great, it must be Roger again. Good timing. I didn't get enough of scolding him earlier." Lydia, brimming with fury, flung the door open, ready to unleash a tirade.

However, in the next second, she was taken aback. "Myles?" The person who who appeared at the door was indeed Myles.

Myles was similarly taken aback. Regaining his composure, he asked, "Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood, are you two heading out to run some errands?" Richard let out a dry laugh and said, "We were just about to visit Cordelia..." The expressions on the couple's faces were somewhat unnatural.

The Youngblood family and the Atkinson family had always been on good terms.

As elders, they certainly couldn't bluntly tell Myles, "Our daughter is already in love with someone else, so give up your hopes!" They could only subtly hint at their meaning, implicitly expressing that the younger generation should handle their own affairs. In reality, they were/suggesting to Myles that he should let their daughter go.

The last time Myles visited the Youngblood family when he said he was looking for Cordelia, Richard and Lydia had already hinted at him.

Given Myles' intelligence, he shouldn't have failed to understand.

In that case,..why was he there?

Myles was heard laughing as he said, "So, you're visiting Cordelia. Why not take me along? Don't worry, I know my limits. If Cordelia truly doesn't have any feelings for me, I will respect her wishes."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 219-Plan Of Myles Richard and his wife exchanged glances, feeling too embarrassed to refuse any further. Given that Myles had already been so straightforward, Lydia had no choice but to nod in agreement. "All right, then you'll come with us to Jadeborough." In their hearts, they actually felt guilty toward Myles.

After all, it was they who initially proposed to introduce their daughter to Myles.

The way things turned out was indeed quite messy, leaving no good way to wrap it up. They could only hope that Myles would truly respect Cordelia's wishes, as he had claimed.

Myles' sudden visit was, of course, not as straightforward as it seemed.

His true purpose for coming was actually to show Richard and Lydia a set of photos. Those were pictures of Emrys strolling around with a mysterious beauty and visiting hotels. At a glance, it was clear that the relationship between the two was not simple.

Once the couple saw those photos, they would undoubtedly harbor an even stronger disdain for Emrys, for he had toyed with their daughter's emotions. At least, that was what Myles believed.

The first step in Myles' plan was to dissolve the fondness that the couple held for Emrys.

For the second step, he planned to show those pictures to Cordelia as well. Any normal woman, upon seeing such photos, would undoubtedly become angry and henceforth distance herself from Emrys.

Then, that would present an opportunity to Myles.

Although Myles himself was no saint, his past love affairs were left behind in Jetroina. Since he returned to Chanaea, he had been seen as a positive and progressive representative of young entrepreneurs.

That was originally Myles' plan, but after hearing Richard and Lydia mention that they were going to visit Cordelia, Myles thought that he could combine his plans, catching Emrys completely off guard.

Thus, Myles temporarily concealed his thoughts, deciding to meet Cordelia first, following Richard and Lydia.

When the group arrived at Verdant Estate, Cordelia happened to be in the living room. She immediately stood up and said, "Mom and Dad, you're here." Over a recent period, Richard and Lydia would occasionally come to pay their respects to Emrys. Cordelia had already grown accustomed to that. At first, she found it strange, but gradually, she got used to it.

That way of getting along was quite good to her.

Therefore, the bond between Cordelia and her parents quickly warmed up. The misunderstandings that had caused a rift for twenty-five years had also completely disappeared.

Cordelia greeted them warmly, but upon seeing Myles following behind Richard and Lydia, her pretty face instantly turned cold. She asked, "Mom and Dad, why did you bring him here?" Plan Of Myles 8.66%

Cordelia had a very unfavorable impression of Myles.

Back in Tulip Valley, when Emrys offended Zeke, not only did Myles stand by and do nothing, but he even revealed a gloating smirk. That was precisely what Cordelia happened to witness.

Therefore, when she saw Myles visiting, she was very displeased in her heart.

A sheepish smile appeared on Richard's face as he said, "Cordelia, Myles simply came to visit you today. Just consider it as a normal visit between relatives." That was the only excuse Richard and Lydia could think of.

There were many business dealings between the Youngblood and Atkinson families, so it was impossible for them to fall out over such minor emotional issues among the younger generation.

Since they couldn't become in-laws, they would simply consider themselves as relatives.

Seeing that her parents had already spoken in that manner, Cordelia naturally wanted to show them dignity. She did not drive away Myles, but she essentially never initiated a conversation with him.

Myles was extremely upset, and finally, he could no longer hold back his feelings. He said, "Cordelia, I know you have a certain aversion toward me, but there's something I must tell you. Emrys is not a good person." "What did you say?" Upon hearing that, Cordelia raised her eyebrows immediately, her eyes filled with a chilling frostiness. She coldly stared at Myles. How dare you say my little Emrys is no good. I think you're the one who's no good!

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 220-Actually Acquainted Richard and Lydia suddenly furrowed their brows, feeling a strong distaste for Myles' words. They blamed him inwardly, wondering what on earth was the matter with him. Hadn't he made a promise on the way here? Why has he become so annoying so quickly? A top student who returned from studying abroad at Jetroina, my foot!

Myles naturally noticed the change in the expressions of the three people, but his words were already spoken and couldn't be taken back. So, he continued, "I know that my words might make you uncomfortable, but I did this only because I couldn't bear to see Cordelia continue to be kept in the

dark." As he spoke, he handed his phone over to Richard and Lydia. Displayed on the screen were the photos that Aston had sent him the previous night.

As expected, the couple's expressions indeed turned somber. It's over. The young man seen entering and exiting the hotel with the unfamiliar beauty in the photograph is indeed Emrys! Moreover, the quality of the photo is superb.

This time, the couple truly felt a real sense of crisis.

Richard was filled with worry. Cordelia, on the other hand, remained calm after seeing the picture. She pointed outside and said, "Well, isn't that the two of them?" Emrys and Ninette happened to show up in the courtyard outside the door..

Everyone fell silent.

By that point, how could everyone not have realized that the whole thing was a misunderstanding? The beautiful woman who was seen entering and exiting the hotel with Emrys last night was actually acquainted with Cordelia.

"Do you need me to introduce her to you?" Cordelia looked at Myles with a smug expression, saying, "This beauty here is Nina. Besides her, I have six other best friends with whom I share an incredibly close bond. Even if all seven of us were to go in and out of hotels with Rys and stay in the same room, it would have absolutely nothing to do with you, Mr.

Atkinson." She was implying that Myles was meddling in affairs that didn't concern him.

The corners of Myles' mouth suddenly twitched a few times.

Lydia spoke with a heavy heart. "Oh, my. So, you have six competitors. No, including the one from the Balford family, there are seven. Cordelia, heed my advice. Emrys is an excellent man. You must seize the opportunity!" Here she goes again. Cordelia's face turned slightly red as she said, "Mom, don't talk nonsense. Our relationship with Rys is purely sibling-like..." Her voice grew fainter and fainter, clearly lacking in confidence.

Actually Acquainted Upon witnessing that scene, Myles nearly flipped the table in frustration. D\*mn it. I've become the fool again.

Myles was extremely annoyed.

The counterattack point he had found with great difficulty was surprisingly nullified so easily. Not only that, he himself had instead left an impression of being meddlesome to Cordelia. I'm so d\*mn frustrated.

Seeing the grim expression on his face, Lydia tried to defuse the tension to prevent their relationship from becoming too strained. She said with a smile, "Although it's a misunderstanding, Myles has good intentions. Cordelia, please don't blame him." Cordelia couldn't be bothered to respond. I won't blame him at all, for in my eyes, he's nothing more than air, a figure so insignificant as if he doesn't exist.

So, what's there to blame?

Myles simply couldn't bear to stay there any longer. He got up, ready to leave.

Lydia wanted to keep him there, especially since Myles had come in their car and didn't have his own vehicle. However, Myles assured her that his friend would come to Jadeborough to pick him up.

After saying his piece, he left Verdant Estate with a gloomy expression.

Richard watched Myles' retreating figure, subtly shaking his head, feeling somewhat disappointed.

Lydia had already been working hard to smooth things over for Myles just now. If Myles were sensible, the best course of action would be to sit down, endure for a while, and then leave with them.

Leaving at that moment would only give others the impression that he was there solely to sow discord between Cordelia and Emrys. Now that Myles' attempt at instigation failed, he immediately left in a fit of embarrassed anger.

Myles was too scheming and petty, which would only make others find him despicable.

Richard figured the son of his long-time friend still had plenty to learn in the future.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 221-Effective Treatment Richard let out a small sigh inwardly, but he quickly stopped dwelling on the matter. That was because he received some good news. Emrys was preparing to help him with acupuncture treatment.

Upon hearing that news, Lydia was even more excited than Richard was. A look of eager expectation filled her charming eyes.

Cordelia, however, asked in confusion, "Dad, what illness do you have? Why haven't you mentioned it all this time?" Upon hearing that, Richard and Lydia immediately wore a troubled expression.

How could they possibly bring up such a disease in front of their daughter?

Emrys said, "Mr. Youngblood is merely suffering from back pain. It's not a major issue." "Exactly, it's back pain," Richard hastily agreed.

"Is it really just a backache?" Cordelia expressed with great skepticism.

She had been puzzled before, wondering why her parents had suddenly changed their attitude toward Emrys, even going out of their way to be overly attentive to him. Now, listening to their conversation, she began to understand a bit. She figured they must

have needed something from Emrys. If it were just a simple case of back pain, wouldn't it have been sufficient to go directly to the hospital for treatment?

Cordelia was aware of Emrys' medical skills. Generally, if he needed to step in, it couldn't possibly be a simple illness.

Therefore, she found that matter extremely peculiar.

Lydia said with a hint of unease, "Oh, Cordelia, you shouldn't worry so much.

After all, Emrys has promised us he will definitely cure your father's illness. Isn't that enough? Why bother about what the illness is?" Cordelia paused for a moment, then said, "Fine. I won't care. I really don't know what you guys are up to." Since they all refused to speak, what else could Cordelia do? She simply decided not to meddle in their affairs any further.

Upon reflecting, she suddenly felt aggrieved. It seemed as if Emrys was the real part of their family while she had somehow become the outsider. Hmph! This is maddening!

Emrys said, "Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood, let's go to Caylie's Apricot Hall for treatment. They have a specialized acupuncture room there." And so, the three of them arrived at the Apricot Hall.

They casually greeted Duncan.

Richard followed Emrys to the acupuncture room. Lydia also insisted on accompanying them, expressing her desire to witness her husband's return to strength with her own eyes.

1/2 22:05 Fri, 26 Jan Chapter 221 Effective Treatment Emrys couldn't be bothered to tease her any further. He instructed Richard to remove her upper garment and lie face down on the bed. Subsequently, he took a needle and inserted it into the acupoints on his waist, such as the Lower Back Acupoint.

Upon witnessing that scene, Lydia couldn't help but slightly furrow her brows.

In the past, she had secretly visited many renowned doctors with her husband, including masters of acupuncture in the field of traditional medicine. They had also tried acupuncture on Richard's waist, but it essentially had no therapeutic effect. Judging from the acupuncture points used by those people at the time, they didn't seem much different from Emrys'. It didn't work before, so could it work now?

Although Lydia harbored doubts in her heart, she was afraid of disturbing Emrys, so she chose not to voice them, instead opting to wait in silence.

About fifteen minutes later, Richard suddenly exclaimed with excitement, "I can feel it. I can feel it! There's a burning sensation in my waist, and the heat is slowly spreading forward." "Really?" Upon hearing those words, Lydia was equally overwhelmed with excitement.

She sat down beside the bed, took Richard's hand, and said, "Honey, you're not fooling me, are you? Is the treatment really effective?" "How could I possibly deceive you with such a matter? The moment you held my hand, I immediately felt a stronger healing effect," Richard said.

Lydia's eyes immediately welled up with tears.

After so many years, there was finally hope that her husband's illness could be cured.

She was so happy that she couldn't stop smiling.

Another ten minutes or so passed before Emrys finished with the acupuncture.

He said, "As long as we continue with about five more acupuncture sessions, Mr. Youngblood's illness should be completely cured. During this period, you must absolutely refrain from any reckless actions, especially you, Mrs.

Youngblood. You must control yourself. Otherwise, all our efforts will be wasted." Lydia blushed as she nodded in agreement.

Richard, on the other hand, uttered eagerly, "Good son-in-law, I'll come to you for acupuncture tomorrow, then." I still need five more sessions. If I undergo one acupuncture treatment per day, I can be cured within five days. Just thinking about it makes me overjoyed.

Emrys shook his head and said, "There's no need for tomorrow. Acupuncture can only be done once every three days. If it's too frequent, the effect isn't significant... Also, Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood, you should just call me Emrys in the future. I'm still not quite used to being referred to as your son-in-law."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 222-Michael Gardner Because of that address, Emrys spent a considerable amount of time explaining to Ninette earlier at Verdant Estate. Then, he narrated the process of how Cordelia reunited with her family, almost talking his mouth dry.

Lydia was delighted, agreeing to whatever Emrys said. However, soon, she asked with confusion, "Good nephew, didn't you say before that it would take at least three months to cure Richard's illness?" The acupuncture can only be done once every three days,



and a total of five sessions are required. That would equate to just a fortnight. This greatly differs from what Emrys had previously stated.

Emrys spoke frankly and bluntly. "The duration of the treatment varies according to my mood. If I'm in a bad mood, three months will be a conservative estimate; it can even extend to three to five years. However, if I'm in a good mood, the treatment period can be as short as ten days to half a month." Richard and Lydia were instantly rendered speechless. He sure has a strong character!

Lydia immediately stepped forward with a gentle demeanor, massaging Emrys' shoulders. She said, "Good nephew, you must be tired from the acupuncture just now. Let me help you massage your shoulders." Emrys found Lydia quite sensible.

After finishing the acupuncture treatment for Richard, Emrys sat down and chatted with Caylie for a while. Later, when he saw a patient coming in, he didn't disturb her any further.

In Apricot Hall, roles were clearly defined. Duncan was in charge of consultations, while Caylie handled acupuncture. Occasionally, some of Duncan's students, who held remarkable statuses, would come to lend a hand.

However, Caylie would have them fill the prescriptions, keeping the acupuncture work to herself.

Caylie learned acupuncture very quickly, and her skill level was high. However, she lacked practical experience, so she needed to polish her acupuncture techniques through a great deal of practice.

Emrys had left the Apricot Hall, but on his way home, his gaze suddenly turned cold.

He realized someone was following him.

Emrys did not alert the enemy. Instead, he leisurely strolled around. Eventually, he wandered into an extremely secluded alleyway. Finally, he halted and said, "You've been following for so long, can you come out now?" Crack!

A figure landed behind him, and the first words the other party spoke sent chills down Emrys' spine.

"As expected. You are indeed a cultivator." The man's voice echoed ominously.

Emrys immediately turned around, his pupils dramatically constricting. A man with disheveled hair, a pale face, and a sinister aura stood before Emrys.

How could a person possibly emanate such an aura?

What was most terrifying was that he could tell at a glance that Emrys was a cultivator, suggesting that this man could very likely be a cultivator himself.

“Emrys, you may not know me, but your name is etched vividly in my memory!” The man made another startling statement.

Emrys furrowed his brows, asking, “Do we have a grudge between us?” He was absolutely certain that he had never seen that disheveled man before.

“My name was Michael Gardner

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 223-Ambush Emrys pondered before saying, “Your daughter’s drowning was an accident, but I’m quite curious about how you ended up in this state?” “Nonsense!” Michael did not respond to Emrys’ question. Instead, he roared, “It was you who killed my daughter! If it wasn’t for you driving her to madness, how could she have possibly fallen into the water? Today, I will send you to hell to apologize to my daughter!” He suddenly opened his mouth, spewing out a cloud of dark fog. The mist then enveloped his entire body, making him appear even more eerie.

Initially, Emrys felt that Michael was a pitiful individual. However, upon seeing his current state, he realized that Michael was no longer a normal person. What exactly is that ball of dark fog? Could it be a spirit?

Emrys’ brow flashed with a cyan light as he opened his True Sight, but all he could see was a swath of pitch black. He was completely unable to discern what that dark fog was.

Swoosh!

At that moment, Michael had already made his move, attacking Emrys like a ghostly apparition. Michael’s chilling aura seemed to plunge the entire alley into an abyss.

Emrys exhaled, forming a sigil. An ancient cyan symbol shot out, aiming for the dark fog enveloping Michael. However, it had no visible effect. That suggested that the dark fog wasn’t a spirit at all. The methods of friars had no effect on it whatsoever. “How on earth did this guy end up in this state?” Emrys deftly sidestepped Michael’s attack. Michael’s fingers, as sharp as steel blades, tore five long gashes into the wall. Then, transforming into a chilling gust of wind, he lunged at Emrys once again.

Emrys’ expression was solemn, his Nameless Divine Art circulating within him.

The next second, streak of green flame appeared in the palm of his hand, and he struck his palm at Michael.

Swoosh!

a \*

The flames raged, and at last, the dark fog shrouding Michael's b\*dy seemed to recede slightly. Taking advantage of that, Emrys pressed on with his attack, igniting another flash of fire. Moments later, a shrill scream erupted from Michael.

The dreadful scream did not come from Michael but from the dark fog itself.

What on earth is this thing? Emrys' curiosity intensified.

He was about to separate the black fog from Michael's bdy *when suddenly, the black fog contracted sharply and once again burrowed into Michael's bdy.*

Bang!

n Michael fell to the ground.

Emrys stepped forward to check and found that Michael had already died.

Turning the latter over, 6 Emrys discovered that Michael's entire back was hollowed out, his skeleton clearly visible.

Clearly, the peculiar dark fog had used Michael as a cover to burrow underground. This is potentially a dangerous loose end!

Michael was originally a man with no cultivation base. However, after being possessed by the dark fog, he was surprisingly able to exhibit strength equivalent to the third stage of energy cultivation, which demonstrated the extent of the dark fog's peculiarity.

Moreover, the fact that Michael could tell at a glance that Emrys was a cultivator was likely due to that black fog, suggesting that the fog possessed a consciousness, and that made the situation even more terrifying.

Emrys was somewhat worried, but upon careful examination, he could no longer sense the chilling aura, indicating that the dark fog had already escaped far away.

Emrys stared at Michael's corpse, falling silent for a moment. Then, he burned Michael's b\*dy with a burst of flame, leaving only ashes behind.

Fortunately, that alley was rather secluded, with hardly anyone around and no surveillance cameras nearby. Otherwise, anyone who saw what happened would certainly be scared out of their wits.

Emrys thought. Michael's appearance is an unexpected event, especially that peculiar mass of dark fog. It's bound to pose a threat to me sooner or later since I failed to eradicate it today. Who knows where it will emerge from next time?

What a headache. Still, overthinking this matter won't benefit me.

Emrys shook his head. When he returned home, he was abruptly pulled into the room by Yelena. Blinking her narrowed, beautiful eyes, she said, "Rys, would you like to assist me in my cultivation today? I've found that without your help, my progress is so slow!" Emrys was startled, then he let out a bitter laugh and said, "Lena, have you forgotten about the side effects from the last time I assisted you in your cultivation?" He didn't dare to act recklessly again.

Yelena appeared slightly disappointed but quickly had a flash of inspiration and declared, "Emrys, I announce that from this moment on, our sibling relationship is severed!"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 224-Become A Couple Emrys was taken aback. What? What's going on? Has Lena lost her mind?

Before Emrys could even ask, Yelena bit her sensual red lips and said, "In this way, we can naturally become boyfriend and girlfriend, and then we won't have to worry about any repercussions, don't you agree?" She gently fluttered her enchanting eyes, her charm naturally alluring.

Emrys marveled at her ingenuity. Lena, you truly are a smart cookie. To evade the website's scrutiny, you even came up with such a method. It's not impossible for this method to work...

Emrys feigned sorrow and said, "Lena, I can't believe you would forsake our sibling-like bond for the sake of your cultivation. It truly breaks my heart." "Isn't this for the sake of furthering our relationship?" Yelena playfully stuck out her alluring tongue. The words she had just spoken were naturally a joke. At the very least, it is still a joke at that moment, but in the future... As the two were engrossed in their conversation, Ninette suddenly tiptoed her way in, saying, "Lena, Rys, what mischief are you two up to, hiding away in this room? Count me in, count me in!" Emrys and Yelena fell silent at once.

Emrys could no longer bear to stay.

When the two most mischievous sisters got together, he figured the situation would spiral out of control very soon.

Emrys hastily fled the room.

Yelena glared at Ninette and said, "Nina, I was having a nice chat with Rys.

What are you doing barging in here, ruining everything?" "Hehe, I'm sorry, Lena. I apologize. I dare not do it again next time." "Ninette, I'll kill you!" The two were engaged in a playful tussle until Ninette received a phone call.

Subsequently, a complicated look spread across her countenance.

Yelena asked, "What happened?" "Lena, do you still remember Mason Cooper, whom I mentioned to you back in my university days?" Ninette asked earnestly, a rare serious tone in her voice.

A playful smile tugged at the corner of Yelena's mouth. "Of course, I remember.

Wasn't he your first crush who cheated on you before you even had a chance to get together? I recall someone running home and crying for quite a while!" 1/2 Chapter 224  
Become A Couple During her university years, Ninette had experienced a romantic relationship that ended before it even began.

Back then, there was a boy named Mason Cooper in the school. He was tall, handsome, and also the student council president. He pursued Ninette, and Ninette had a fondness for him. However, due to her virtue, she did not immediately accept his advances.

After a while, perhaps around a week or so, just as Ninette was preparing to accept Mason, she discovered that one of her close girlfriends was already in a relationship with Mason.

Only one week had elapsed!

That indicated that Mason was merely spraying and praying. He lacked even a week's worth of patience. Ninette figured it was fortunate that she had not agreed to be with him.

That incident ultimately became a painful memory in Ninette's youth.

Ever since then, Ninette had never been in a relationship again. After graduation, she devoted herself entirely to her career.

Yelena asked in confusion, "Why did you suddenly bring up that scumbag?" Ninette said, "He has come to Jadeborough, and he mentioned wanting to see me." The call that Ninette had just received was from Mason. She had no idea where he had gotten her number from.

Immediately, Yelena furrowed her brows and said, "Don't go. This kind of scumbag must be up to no good for seeking you out at a time like this." "I think so too..." As Ninette was speaking, Emrys suddenly returned, pushing the door open and saying, "I was wondering why you kept saying that love is an unreliable thing, Nina. So, it turns out you've been heartbroken before, huh? That's really interesting." Ninette, her face flushed, exclaimed, "Ah, Rys! You're asking for trouble! How could you eavesdrop on our conversation? Get out immediately!" This is a secret between us sisters. How could Emrys possibly find out? If this guy knows, he will undoubtedly ridicule me all the time.

Emrys innocently explained, "I wasn't eavesdropping. When I left earlier, the door wasn't shut properly, so I inadvertently heard your voices." "I don't care. I don't care! You were eavesdropping!" Ninette was utterly unreasonable.

Suddenly, Yelena's beautiful eyes sparkled as she said, "Nina, I believe if you don't meet that scumbag, he certainly won't give up

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 226-I Am Emphyrean Lord Ninette rested her head on Emrys's shoulder, her smile sweet as she said, "He is my boyfriend." Boyfriend?

As soon as those words were spoken, a hint of hostility showed in Mason's eyes toward Emrys. However, he quickly masked it and asked, "Ninette, why do I hear from Priscilla that you don't have a boyfriend?" Priscilla Kaufman was a good friend of Ninette's during her university days, and they had kept in touch even after graduation.

At last, Ninette knew how Mason had managed to get her contact.

"I just started seeing him recently," answered Ninette.

"Is that so?" Mason narrowed his eyes. He took the initiative to converse with Emrys, saying, "Back at our university then. Ninette was considered the campus belle. I still remember that particular winter when a catchphrase about her circulated in the entire male dorm-" "What exactly are you trying to say?" Ninette interrupted him.

Mason chuckled. "I was simply telling your boyfriend that dating you is his honor, and he should cherish it." It sounded incredibly touching, rendering him a caring man.

Ninette, however, was on the verge of getting goosebumps.

She was utterly disgusted.

Mason continued gazing at Emrys, saying, "Only a truly exceptional man can capture Ninette's heart. I wonder what you do for a living. Why don't you tell me so I can learn as well?" There it went.

Mason began his attack.

Ninette turned to Emrys expectantly. On their way there, she had repeatedly reminded him to come up with a more impressive identity, and he had solemnly promised that he would definitely satisfy her.

Emrys chuckled lightly and said, "Nice to meet you. I am Emphyrean Lord." Pfft!

A stone's throw away, Yelena, who had been eavesdropping with her ears perked up, spat out the mouthful of coffee she had just drunk. The server rushed over immediately with a napkin to help clean up, asking. "Miss, are you okay?" 1/3 Chapter 226 1 Am

Empyrean Lord “I’m okay, I’m okay. I’m perfectly fine,” Yelena hurriedly said, concealing her laughter with a cough.

Kys, you really are quite impressive!

Meanwhile, after Emrys had said that, it was as if Mason and Ninette discussed their reactions in advance.

They both froze simultaneously, going completely rigid from their expressions to their movements. They even forgot to blink.

What on earth is this punk talking about?

A moment later, Mason snapped back to reality and eyed Emrys peculiarly.

Ninette couldn’t help but pinch Emrys stealthily. Her beautiful eyes shot daggers at him, and she whispered, “Emrys, have you lost your mind?” Confused, Emrys asked, “Didn’t you say to assume a more impressive identity to astound him? Isn’t the identity of Empyrean Lord impressive enough? Look, the man across from us is so shocked that he’s dumbfounded.” “You... Gah! How infuriating!” I asked you to concoct a more impressive identity, not to spout nonsense.

Mason isn’t astounded by your claim but clearly thinks you’re off your rocker and is unsure of how to respond to you! Moreover, how could you casually use the identity of someone as esteemed as Empyrean Lord?

Ninette glared at Emrys hotly, her fingers tightening around him. However, Emrys remained unmoved like a dead mouse that felt no cold.

Left with no other choice, Ninette could only give up in exasperation.

Mason looked at her strangely and said, “Ninette, you didn’t invite an actor to pretend to be your boyfriend just to annoy me, did you?” Drat, the secret’s out! This is all thanks to you, Rys!

Ninette retorted guiltily, “Nonsense... Don’t flatter yourself... How could I possibly...” Mason’s smile grew even brighter, and he said, “You’re still the same. Whenever you lie, you start to stammer.” “Cut it out! He is... my boyfriend!” Upon hearing that, Ninette became even more infuriated. Suddenly, she pulled Emrys toward her and pressed her crystalline and rosy lips to his.

It was a k\*ss that came out of nowhere.

Emrys was wholly stunned.

Yelena was also taken aback.

Once she realized what was happening, she quickly took out her phone and snapped pictures fervently, preserving the evidence in time.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 225-Fake Boyfriend “You clearly told me not to go earlier-” “Let me finish first. If that scumbag is looking for you, he’s definitely hoping to rekindle the old flame with you. However, if you show up with an outstanding boyfriend, don’t you think it would infuriate him to no end?” “But I don’t have a boyfriend!” “Well, isn’t this one ready-made?” Yelena pointed at Emrys, her beautiful eyes sparkling with shrewdness.

How could Emrys not understand her intentions? It was clear that she was the type to enjoy a spectacle, never minding if things got out of hand.

The most terrifying part was that Ninette actually took her suggestion seriously, She scrutinized Emrys carefully, then slapped her forehead and exclaimed, “Of course! How could I not have thought of this? Given your impressive qualities, it’ll be a waste if you don’t become my boyfriend. Don’t you agree, Rys?” “That’s right! Exactly!” Seeing Ninette’s ferocious demeanor, Emrys quickly nodded in agreement, not daring to utter a word of dissent.

Ninette said with satisfaction, “All right. It’s settled, then. Rys, you need to think of a role quickly, preferably one that will impress others as soon as you introduce yourself. Something like a representative of young entrepreneurs or a renowned doctor from Jadeborough, anything like that would work.” Emrys nodded in agreement.

Subsequently, Ninette meticulously helped Emrys get dressed. In the end, despite Emrys’ protests, she made him wear the white suit.

That white suit was something Cordelia insisted on buying the last time he went shopping with Emrys. He claimed it perfectly matched his temperament, making him appear significantly more refined and elegant when worn.

Emrys felt that it was too awkward to describe him with the term “refined.” After all, how could a divine warrior who fought wars on battlefields be described as refined?

He figured he should be described as extremely cool instead.

Ninette, arm in arm with Emrys, arrived at the agreed-upon location. The place happened to be a café of high elegance.

Emrys had been to that café once before. It was the very café where he had previously met with the International Art Master, Emily, for a blind date.

The atmosphere in the café, including its color scheme and music playing in the background was particularly suitable for young couples to have their romantic dates there.



1/2 22:06 Fri, 26 Jan Chapter 225 Fake Boyfriend That further confirmed that Mason was up to no good.

The moment Emrys stepped into the café, he was rendered speechless. There, by the entrance, sat a stunning beauty with a figure that was nothing short of breathtaking. She wore a white sunhat, and upon noticing their arrival, she deliberately tipped the brim a bit lower. Lena, we've already recognized you, so what's the point in hiding anymore? I have to say, you're utilizing your Super Flash quite well, arriving here earlier than we do.

Naturally, Ninette had noticed Yelena, but before she had a chance to ask her what was going on, a young man inside stood up and waved at her, saying, "Ninette, over here!" That person was none other than Mason.

Emrys cast a glance over, taking in Mason's tall figure and handsome features.

The latter radiated a sunny disposition. This type of boy, if placed in a school setting, would undoubtedly be a popular figure. He would never lack for fangirls.

No wonder he was able to cause a stir in Nina's youthful years.

Suddenly, Emrys remembered a saying. University girls are the most innocent.

They never care about how much money you have, nor do they care about the wealth of your family... All they care about is your height and your looks. They harbor such a pure and simple love.

Mason was the kind of popular figure who had the privilege of choosing his partner.

Emrys' gaze swiftly swept over Mason. He quickly looked away because he noticed a middle-aged man sitting across from Mason.

The middle-aged man's silhouette was broad and sturdy, the lines of his muscles so distinct that they were clearly visible through his shirt.

Emrys thought. He's a martial arts practitioner!

After Mason finished gesturing, he lowered his gaze to glance at the middle-aged man. The man tactfully rose and headed toward the entrance of the café.

As he brushed past Emrys, Emrys felt a surge of internal energy emanating from that man.

He's a martial artist! This Mason must have an extraordinary status to have a martial artist as his b\*dyguard. Emrys kept his guard up upon realizing that.

The two arrived at their respective seats. Mason said with a smile, "Have a seat, Ninette. Who might this be?" Mason quickly began to probe into Emrys' identity.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 227-Eliminate That Punk Earlier Yelena was inwardly gleeful. Delia keeps nagging me every day. Finally, there's someone else to help me share the burden. Hehe!

Ninette released Emrys. Then, she turned to Mason triumphantly and said, "Now you believe me, don't you?" "Ninette, there was really no need for you to go to such lengths!" Mason shook his head.

Naturally, he could tell that Ninette was deliberately provoking him, and the lunatic who claimed to be Emphyrean Lord beside her was nothing more than a pawn.

Even so, his eyes glinted coldly when he saw the two of them k\*ssing.

However, he had masked it then.

"I know you're still blaming me for that incident. The truth is, my relationship with Kourtney was a misunderstanding." Kourtney Guzman was Ninette's best friend who stole Mason away back then.

Mason continued, "At that time, I was pursuing you but didn't receive any reciprocation from you. It was Kourtney who told me that you had no interest in me at all. That was why I chose to give up. I only learned the truth later when I broke up with her." "A misunderstanding. Haha." A pang of pain struck Ninette's heart. On the heels of that, she sneered, "So, just because of such a misunderstanding, you got together with my best friend in the next second. Do you think that's something normal?" "Back then, I thought you genuinely had no interest in me and that persisting would be futile. Besides, Kourtney was there to comfort me every day... But I've come to my senses now. Missing out on you is the biggest regret in my life.

That's why I sought you out today, Ninette. It's because I hope to make up for this regret. Please give me another chance." Mason looked at Ninette in anticipation.

Ninette fell silent.

As it turned out, everything back then was orchestrated by Kourtney. But could what has already been missed truly be revisited?

She remained silent for a long while before finally taking a deep breath and saying, "Thank you for telling me the truth, but everything is already in the past.

We should be looking forward, not dwelling on the past, no?" In everyone's youth, there were more or less some regrets. It was those regrets that gave youth its nostalgic value.

What had passed, been missed, and overlooked should be deeply buried in one's heart for 22.0 Fri, 26 Jan Chapter 227 Eliminate That Punk Earlier reminiscence. Forcefully making up for them would only ruin the beauty, leaving them fragmented and shattered in the end.

Ninette had already found peace, Mason, however, was unwilling to accept it. "Ninette, actually, we can start over- "You needn't say anymore. Doing so will only worsen my memories of youth and tarnish my impression of you further." Before Mason had finished speaking, Ninette stood up and dragged Emrys away.

Sitting a near distance away and eavesdropping, Yelena let out a sigh.

Nina has indeed grown up. This was the most appropriate way to handle things, not avoiding or clinging to the past but sitting together and laying everything out in the open before letting it go with the wind. That's maturity. I hope that this Mason fellow would have some sense. Otherwise... Hmph! I am a cultivator now.

Yelena glanced at Mason, then rose to her feet and followed Emrys and Ninette out of the café.

A short while later, the middle-aged man walked in.

Mason's eyes glint coldly, and he said, "Mr. Gallegos, help me eliminate that punk carlier." Ninette had already let go, but Mason was unwilling to give up, especially after seeing her again that day. She was still as beautiful and captivating as ever. It was as if he had returned to his university days, to when he first met her.

It had truly been a long time he had experienced the feeling of his heart skipping a beat.

Therefore, regardless of whether Emrys was a pawn, he wanted the man to pay the price for k\*ssing Ninette.

He didn't want to leave any potential problems for himself.

Upon hearing Mason's words, the middle-aged man, Damarion Gallegos, frowned and said, "Mr. Cooper, don't forget the purpose of our visit to Jadeborough." "Of course, I remember it. It's to invite Dr. Lund to treat my grandfather. As long as we can afford to pay, we don't need to worry about him turning us down."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 228-Arrogant Young Man Seeing the middle-aged man still wearing a serious expression, Mason had no choice but to say, "All right, Mr. Gallegos, I understand. Business comes first.

Let's find that Dr. Lund first, and after we've settled the matter, I'll settle the score with that brat. That should be acceptable, right?" Only then did Damarion nod.

Mason asked, "By the way, where is Dr. Lund from again?" "Apricot Hall,"

"Apricot Hall... I hope it's as miraculous as the legends claim. Otherwise, if we've come all this way for nothing, I swear I'll tear his clinic down." "Mr. Cooper, I must remind you, we came here this time to seek someone's assistance..." "I know, I know, I'll be careful." Mason spoke impatiently, but he didn't take it to heart.

He still held the same belief that, as long as he could afford the price, he wasn't afraid of not being able to hire people.

Upon seeing his demeanor, Damarion shook his head but didn't say much.

Soon, the two of them arrived at the Apricot Hall.

Upon seeing an elderly man conducting consultations inside, Mason immediately stepped forward and asked, "Are you the renowned Dr. Lund of Jadeborough that everyone has been talking about recently?" Duncan was taken aback, then shook his head and said, "No. He's my master." "Ask him to come out immediately!" said Mason.

A hint of displeasure flickered across Duncan's face. That was largely due to the young man's overly assertive tone, which lacked any semblance of a patient seeking medical help. As a result, Duncan's voice cooled slightly as he said, "The doctor is not in. Please come back another day!" "What kind of attitude is that? Can't you call him or something?" Mason's brow furrowed abruptly.

Just as he was about to speak, Damarion hastily stopped him. He politely said to Duncan, "Sir, could you please call your master? We truly have an urgent matter and need the help of Dr. Lund." Upon hearing that, Duncan softened his tone, and his countenance relaxed. "I'll give it a try!" After dialing Emrys' number and having a brief conversation, Duncan turned to the two people and said, "My master is currently busy. Why don't you first tell me what the illness is? If it's urgent, he will come right away. If it's not, we can wait a bit, or I can take a look first." "Wait? What kind of doctor is this? He's too arrogant, Tell him that, no matter the cost, we can afford it. Have him come over immediately!" Mason spoke without restraint, and as a result, his voice was clearly heard through Duncan's phone receiver.

Chapter 228 Arrogant Young Man 0.64%8 After a moment of silence, Emrys' voice resonated, "Tell them I'm busy. They shouldn't wait any longer." "Gentlemen, my master has made it clear that he is not available. He suggests you return from whence you came. Leave!" said Duncan, without any courtesy, after hanging up the phone.

He was a man of temper who had already retired. Yet, he came out to practice medicine, driven by curiosity and a quest for knowledge in the field of medicine.

He hoped to learn the acupuncture techniques from Emrys, which could be considered the most fulfilling event of his life.

As for treating the patients, it was secondary.

If the patient's attitude was sincere, Duncan was always more than happy to help with the treatment. After all, a doctor's heart was one of benevolence.

However, if the patient had a bad attitude, Duncan would simply extend a cold hand, pointing outside, basically saying, "Please seek treatment elsewhere. We do not cater to you here." That was especially the case for the inexplicable young man before him. Mason didn't show a shred of reverence. From the moment Mason arrived, he displayed an arrogant and domineering demeanor. It seemed to Mason that as long as he had money, he could point at anyone's nose and speak loudly.

What irked Duncan the most was that, despite clearly being on the phone with Emrys just moments ago, Duncan had the audacity to raise his voice and cause a ruckus. It was the epitome of rudeness.

That had already crossed Duncan's forbidden line.

Duncan had two major taboos. The first was disrespect toward medicine, and the second was disrespect toward teachers. Anyone who exhibited those two types of behavior was not welcome!

In the world, doctors could generally be divided into two categories. One type was motivated by money, while the other was influenced by the patient's attitude. Both Duncan and Emrys belonged to the latter category. They only cared about whether the patient was genuinely seeking help. If the patient's heart wasn't sincere, what was the point in treating their ailments?

"D\*mn old man, such a temper! If we're in Juxshire, I surely will have killed you!" Fury flickered in Mason's eyes.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 229-Failed Again And Again Just moments ago, at the cafe, Mason had been rejected by Ninette, which had already put him in a foul mood. Thus, being treated with such cold indifference by Duncan only added fuel to his irritation. He was so infuriated that he felt like smashing Apricot Hall to pieces.

Damarion then said, "Please calm down, sir. Mr. Cooper is impulsive and has offended you and your master. Please do not take it to heart..." "Get out, get out, get out!" Duncan exclaimed, as if shooing away a fly.

Damarion had no choice but to pull Mason away, deciding to return once Duncan's anger had subsided.

After leaving Apricot Hall, Mason wore a disgruntled expression and said, “Mr.

Gallegos, he’s just a lousy doctor. Why do we need to be so polite to him? If we smash up Apricot Hall, I refuse to believe that the so-called miracle doctor wouldn’t show up.” Damarion scolded, “Mr. Cooper, remember, we are here to ask for someone’s help. If you dare to act recklessly again, don’t blame me for punishing you on behalf of your grandfather.” Damarion appeared to be Mason’s b\*dyguard, but in reality, his status was much higher. After all, he was a martial artist. His presence was not merely to protect Mason. More importantly, he was there to restrain Mason’s actions, to prevent him from acting impulsively and causing trouble.

Looking back, it seemed like the right decision for him to join Mason. If Mason was left to his own devices, there was a chance that they would never get to meet Emrys in their lifetime.

“All right, all right, I promise to keep my mouth shut next time!” said Mason.

The following day, the two of them returned to the Apricot Hall, yet they still hadn’t encountered the legendary Dr. Lund.

Damarion said to Duncan, “Sir, if your master arrives, could you please help make a phone call? Thank you.” He left a business card on the consultation desk.

Duncan did not pay him any attention.

That infuriated Mason even more.

He didn’t utter a single word, yet Duncan maintained an indifferent demeanor.

He truly held a grudge.

On the third day, the two visited again, only to receive the same response that Dr. Lund was not in. With no other choice, they left in disappointment.

That time, even Damarion was getting a bit impatient, feeling as if Emrys was deliberately playing games with them.

Not long after they had left, Emrys arrived, accompanied by the couple, Richard and Lydia.

Chapter 229 Failed Again And Again It was once again the day to give Richard his acupuncture treatment.

After successfully administering the acupuncture to Richard, Emrys asked Duncan, “Have those two still not given up?” Back when Emrys was on the phone with Duncan, he had already recognized Mason’s voice from the receiver. In an instant, he

understood what was going on. It turned out that Mason had come to Jadeborough for medical treatment.

Although Emrys didn't know who Mason was seeking medical help for, Emrys couldn't help but praise the latter for being so dedicated. Despite coming to seek medical help, Mason didn't forget to meet with an old friend from his university days before doing so.

If the patient who was waiting for treatment had known about that matter, they would have undoubtedly been profoundly moved.

Duncan replied. "They came every day, but I paid them no mind. Those who dare to disrespect you, I certainly wouldn't show them any kindness. Humph!" He gave a rather haughty huff.

Emrys couldn't help but chuckle. Suddenly, he caught sight of a business card on the consultation desk and asked. "Is this the card they left behind?" "Yes, I had forgotten to throw it away," answered Duncan.

Duncan was about to throw away the business card when he heard Emrys say, "Give them a call and have them come over!" "Are you planning to step in and help them, Master Lund?" "Let's see how things go." Duncan himself had some distaste for those two, mainly directed at the young man who lacked manners. However, since Emrys had spoken, he had no choice but to comply. He made a call to them, "Dr. Lund is willing to meet you." Mason and Damarion quickly arrived.

From a distance, Mason could see a familiar figure standing at the entrance of Apricot Hall.

Mason's pupils slightly contracted, and then he walked forward with a smirk.

"Oh, isn't this the madman who calls himself Emphyrean Lord? What are you doing standing at the entrance of Apricot Hall? Could it be that you've contracted some unspeakable disease?" "Indeed. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. You know, my girlfriend is so beautiful that I just can't control myself. If it happens too frequently, it can easily le

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 230-"You're asking for trouble!" A cold glint flashed in Mason's eyes as he spoke in a chilling tone. "Once I've taken care of the pressing matters, I'll settle the score with you at leisure." He glared fiercely at Emrys, then walked into the Apricot Hall. Damarion, expressionless, passed by Emrys and entered the Apricot Hall as well. He asked, "Sir, where is your master now?" "Where is my teacher? My master is right under the noses of you two idiots, and you ask where he is?" Duncan cursed out loud.

The scene that had just unfolded at the door was clearly witnessed by Duncan, which instantly soured his mood even more. I am truly baffled. You all kept saying you wanted to find my master, and now that my master is standing right in front of you, what do you do? One of you is being disrespectful to my master, and the other is acting as if my master doesn't exist. If this isn't foolish behavior, then what is? Insulting you as idiots is already overestimating you.

Duncan was a highly respected master of traditional medicine and a very cultured elder. However, even he couldn't help but curse when he encountered those two individuals today.

"Old man, who are you calling an idiot?" Upon hearing those words, Mason was instantly filled with rage, as if flames were shooting up three feet high.

He had been tolerating it for three days already, but provoked by Duncan's words, he could no longer hold back his outburst. However, Damarion sternly shouted, "Mr. Cooper!" A Mason let out a heavy sigh, suppressing the rage within him once again.

However, his eyes bore an intense gaze as if ready to devour someone whole. If I find out today that the so-called Dr. Lund is nothing but a fraud, I will definitely tear down this shoddy clinic!

Damarion glared at Mason, then turned to Duncan with a sincere attitude and asked, "Sir, you just mentioned that your master is right under our noses. What did you mean by that?" Indeed, he hadn't considered Emrys, primarily because Emrys was too young. It was hard to imagine that he could be Duncan's master.

"I am the Dr. Lund of Jadeborough you've been seeking." At that moment, Emrys suddenly spoke, looking at the two with a playful expression on his face.

"You?" Both of them were taken aback, then Mason scoffed and said, "What kind of joke are you making? One moment you claim to be Emphyrean Lord, the next, you claim to be the Dr. Lund of Jadeborough. I think you're more likely to be a madman!" Of course, he couldn't possibly believe such absurd words.

Damarion furrowed his brows, glancing at Duncan. Seeing Duncan's displeasure, he understood that Mason's words had once again upset the old gentleman. In other words, it was highly likely that Emrys was Duncan's master.

To verify, he once again sincerely asked Duncan, "Sir, is what he said earlier the truth?" Disbelief "Hmph!" Duncan let out a displeased snort, not offering a response.

However, that attitude alone was already a very clear answer.

Could it be that this young man is indeed the legendary Dr. Lund of Jadeborough as told in the tales? Damarion's heart jolted with surprise.



Soon, relief washed over him.

It was precisely because of Emrys youth that he was hailed as a miracle doctor.

Thus, in a rush, Damarion said, “Mr. Cooper, quickly apologize to the Dr. Lund!” “What? Apologize to him? Mr. Gallegos, this is clearly a scam. This so-called ‘Dr. Lund,’ I think he’s just blowing his own trumpet!” Mason couldn’t possibly believe that his rival could be the miracle healer because the latter was so young.

He found the idea absurd.

“Apologize!” Unexpectedly, Damarion’s attitude was extremely firm, as if he was representing the orders of the patriarch of the Cooper family.

That was the authority bestowed upon him by the Cooper family.

Mason wore a displeased expression on his face.

However, a thought quickly followed. Since he claims to be a miracle doctor, inviting him over to treat the illness this time, won’t it be perfectly justified to eliminate him if he fails? Amazing! He basically willingly put his own head in the line of fire!

Mason’s mood suddenly improved, and he said with a smile, “So, you are the renowned Dr. Lund of Jadeborough. I apologize for my previous actions. I was short-sighted. I hope you can forgive me!” He believed his attitude and expression was realistically sincere enough.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 231-Favor Emrys merely glanced at him and said, “A leopard never changes its spots. I can’t be bothered to argue with you.” Mason was on the verge of losing his temper again. How dare he mock me!

Under normal circumstances, he would have definitely taken Emrys down, but with Damarion present, he could only swallow his anger for the time being.

If you fail to cure my grandfather’s illness, you’ll see how I’ll make you pay!

Mason strenuously suppressed the rage in his heart.

Damarion said, “Dr. Lund, we’ve come to Jadeborough this time to invite you to Juxshire. We need your help to treat Old Mr. Cooper’s leg injury. As long as you

can heal his leg, you can name your price for the consultation.” That was the advantage of being wealthy and arrogant.

That was also where Mason’s confidence lay.

However, Damarion spoke much more tactfully than Mason. He didn't start off by bragging about how wealthy he was or insisting Emrys should hurry up and provide treatment. Anyone would be put off by such a commanding tone.

Even though Damarion had expressed a request, Emrys still shook his head and said, "I'm sorry, Juxshire is too far away. I'm too lazy to travel. The only reason I agreed to meet you today is to make you give up hope." Emrys was not short of money, and he didn't treat illnesses for the sake of money either. Since he wasn't after money, who would travel all the way to Juxshire to see him? If they were sick, wouldn't they come to him themselves?

Moreover, it was just a leg injury, not a full-b\*dy paralysis. Emrys believed that, even if his patient was completely paralyzed, if they genuinely wanted medical help, they should have had their relatives carry them there, instead of sending someone as dim-witted as Mason. Mason didn't even have the proper attitude for seeking medical help.

Mason's actions reinforced Emrys' idea that wealthy people were really spoiled.

Upon hearing Emrys' words, Damarion spoke with a slight change in his expression. "Dr. Lunk, Mr. Cooper has already apologized for his previous rash actions. Why won't you give him a chance? It is often said that doctors are compassionate..." Emrys waved his hand to interrupt him, saying, "Enough with the dawdling here.

Don't give me the "doctors are compassionate" shtick. Either you scam immediately or let the sick person from your Cooper family come over. Who knows, I might be in a good mood one day and decide to treat him." Upon seeing his perfunctory attitude, Damarion was starting to get angry.

There existed a certain type of person who would take a mile if given an inch. In Damarion's perspective, Emrys was precisely that kind of person. He had already shown him enough respect, yet Emrys still didn't know chalk from cheese.

Favor "Dr. Lund..." Damarion's gaze was slightly cold as he stared at Emrys, saying, "Perhaps you're not short of money, but there's one thing you've missed. In the future, you'll surely regret it." "Oh? What is it?" Emrys asked curiously.

"A favor of our Cooper family from Juxshire!" As Damarion spoke those words, a surge of internal energy coursed through him like a mighty river. A subtle aura of a martial artist, almost imperceptible, was released from within him.

He wasn't threatening Emrys, but rather informing him that he was a martial artist and that the Cooper family was a family of martial artists.

A favor was something extremely important in society, akin to the concept of "favor and law." "Favor" even precedes "law," highlighting its significance.

Additionally, the favors from a family of martial artists were even more precious.

Just like the Bjorn family from Jazona. It was precisely because they had personal connections with Owen, the guardian of Central Chanacan Martial Arts Alliance, that even though Huxley was caught red-handed, he could still remain above the law. That situation involved a matter of personal relationships.

Once there were personal connections, many things could be accomplished with half the effort.

Damarion continued, "Dr. Lund, perhaps you may not need the favor of our Cooper family for now. However, you can't guarantee that your descendants won't encounter any troubles in the future. When that time comes, you will realize just how precious the favor of our Cooper family truly is." What he said made a lot of sense.

Any normal person would cherish that form of connection because it was that complex social system that relied on such connections for its sustenance. Laws, one could say, were merely constraints.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 232-Terrified Unfortunately, Damarion directed his words at the wrong person. It was a pity.

Speaking of personal favor, within the boundaries of Chanaca, whose favor could possibly outweigh that of Empyrean Lord?

Emrys glanced at Damarion and scoffed, "The favor of your Cooper family, in my eyes, is worth nothing!" It was that single glance that caused the internal energy surging within Damarion to seemingly solidify, leaving him unable to move.

In stark contrast to the solidified inner strength was Damarion's mood, which had surged like a stormy sea, rising to the heavens and was beyond control.

This Dr. Lund from Jadeborough is no ordinary man!

"My apologies!" Damarion instantly broke out in a cold sweat.

He gave Emrys a respectful bow, then hurriedly pulled Mason away.

Mason uttered, "Mr. Gallegos, what is this..." "Shut up!" Mason was confused, about to ask a question, but was abruptly silenced by Damarion's words. He was afraid that Mason might say something wrong again, which would reach Emrys' ears.

Only after they had walked a considerable distance, ensuring that Emrys could not hear them, did Damarion speak with a grave expression. "Mr. Cooper, do you realize that your actions these past few days nearly pushed the Cooper family into an irretrievable abyss?" "Mr. Gallegos, why would you say that?" Mason still didn't understand.

Damarion did not respond immediately. Instead, he pulled out his phone and made a call. That call was to the patriarch of the Cooper family, Stefan.

“Old Mr. Cooper, I believe it would be best if you personally made a trip to Jadeborough!” Stefan furrowed his brows. “What’s going on? Does that Dr. Lund really have such a big ego?” “It’s not…” Damarion turned his head to glance at Mason, then continued to speak. “That Dr. Lund, he’s not just a simple doctor, but also a martial artist. Mr.

Cooper has… unintentionally offended him.” “Hmph, I knew that little rascal would cause more harm than good. He volunteered to go to Jadeborough this time. It’s clear he’s up to no good!” The authoritative voice on the phone paused for a moment, then asked, “What stage is Dr. Lund?” “According to my estimation, it was at least Manifestor!” “Darn that Mason!” Stefan cursed loudly before abruptly hanging up the phone, hastily ordering his men to rush toward Jadeborough.

Terrified Meanwhile, Mason was also listening to their conversation. Initially, he was quite upset about Damarion snitching. However, when he heard the term “Manifestor,” he was utterly terrified.

His legs were about to give out from fear!

Mason’s voice trembled as he spoke. “Mr. Gallegos, did you just tell Grandpa that person is a Manifestor grandmaster?” He still couldn’t bring himself to believe it, clinging to a sliver of hope. However, Damarion simply nodded, his expression incredibly solemn.

“Although I don’t want to admit it, I’m certain. He is one.” The shock in Damarion’s heart was no less than that of Mason.

Especially during that fleeting moment of eye contact with Emrys, Damarion felt as if someone had seized his heart.

Only a Manifestor grandmaster possessed such terrifying deterrence.

His fear intensified immediately as Damarion thought about it.

Emrys, at such a young age, in his early twenties, had already reached the Manifestor cultivation base. What a terrifying talent that was!

Based on the latest known martial arts prodigies, the earliest to reach Manifestor stage was a woman around the age of twenty-two. At that moment, she was the chief of Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance.

Originally, Damarion thought he had already encountered the most terrifying thing, but the person he met earlier thoroughly shocked him to his core.

At the age of twenty, Emrys was already a Manifestor grandmaster, two years younger than the prodigious woman!

One must not underestimate those two years. They actually represented a kind of talent, a potential. It was highly likely that, in future achievements, Emrys could surpass the poster girl of Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance, reaching an even higher level.

In the later stages of a martial artist's journey, each level represented a vast chasm, not something that could be easily crossed.

Hence, one could imagine the shock that filled Damarion's heart.

He had called for Stefan to come in person because he anticipated that such a character would undoubtedly become a force that could overturn the entire martial arts world in the future. He was afraid that any displeasure Emrys experienced might cause the latter to bear a grudge.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 233-Stefan Arrives In reality, Damarion had underestimated Emrys' magnanimity, but he didn't dare to gamble on it. If he was wrong, he had to admit it.

Thus, amid a bout of anxious waiting, he couldn't tell how many hours had passed.

Boom!

A helicopter descended in a spiral directly overhead, from which emerged a woman of fine figure pushing out a wheelchair. Seated in the wheelchair was none other than the patriarch of the Cooper family, Stefan.

Slap!

Stefan's face was stern, holding a sapphire walking stick in his hand. The moment he saw Mason, he swung the cane at the latter, cursing, "You beast!" In a rush, Mason fell to his knees, pleading, "Grandpa, I realized my mistake." "The person you should be kneeling before isn't me. Damarion, take him to Apricot Hall to kneel in punishment." "Yes!" answered Damarion.

A group of people hurriedly rushed toward Apricot Hall. As for the direct flight, they dared not approach within the fixed range of Apricot Hall, fearing they would once again offend the Manifestor grandmaster.

Emrys was in Apricot Hall, explaining the techniques of acupuncture to Duncan when he suddenly saw Mason and his group approaching. He had roughly guessed their purpose for returning, so he didn't react much. On the contrary, it was Duncan who immediately became anxious.

“These two damn flies actually dared to come back. I’m going out to give them a piece of my mind!” Duncan puffed out his cheeks and glared, even going as far as to grab a broom.

Trembling slightly, he was about to block the door, determined not to let that group of people in.

He was indeed a very vindictive old man.

Especially those who dared to disrespect Emrys, Duncan would ruthlessly add them to his blacklist.

It was clear that Mason, along with Damarion, had already been added to his blacklist.

Hmph, these two annoying flies actually dared to call for backup. And not just any backup. They even called for an old man in a wheelchair. Who do they think they’re looking down on? Duncan stormed out the door, broom in hand, ready to unleash a tirade!

However, before he could even start, he saw the old man in the wheelchair strike Mason’s leg with a stick, bellowing, “Kneel down!” Thud!

1/2 Arrives Mason knelt down.

Duncan was taken aback. It seemed that this group of people didn’t return to cause trouble but rather to apologize. Although, why did they suddenly feel the need to apologize? Weren’t they quite arrogant before?

Previously, when Emrys was confronting Damarion, he did not make a move, nor did he make any noise. It was simply a straightforward exchange of glances.

For a true expert, sometimes a mere exchange of glances was enough to determine who was superior. After all, someone directly involved in a situation had a clearer understanding of it than an outsider.

Duncan was merely an observer. He saw Damarion uttering about favors or something of the sort before Emrys said the Cooper family’s favor was worth nothing before the visitors all departed.

That confounded Duncan.

.

In the mindset of an ordinary person, that group should have returned with a sense of dissatisfaction, intending to stir up more trouble. However, what Duncan hadn’t expected was to step outside, only to find Mason kneeling on the ground.

Stefan said, "My apologies, sir. My grandson was disrespectful and offended both you and your master. I have already reprimanded him, and this time, I have specifically brought him here to apologize." Stefan was in his sixties, a good ten years younger than Duncan. There was nothing wrong with referring to Duncan as sir.

Moreover, on the way there, Damarion had already briefed Stefan on the basic situation. Therefore, Stefan knew that the elderly man before him was indeed the student of the Manifestor grandmaster.

Showing a bit of respect was necessary, Stefan believed.

The anger in Duncan's heart suddenly didn't know how to vent. In the end, it only transformed into a cold snort as Duncan said, "Apologizing to me is useless. You should apologize to my master!" As he was saying those words, Emrys had just stepped out of Apricot Hall, looking indifferently at that group of people.

Upon seeing Emrys, Stefan couldn't help but feel a jolt of surprise in his heart.

Indeed, the doctor is very young!

Earlier, Damarion had mentioned that the Manifestor grandmaster was quite young, probably just over twenty. Stefan had already had an idea about that, but when he saw the person himself, he still couldn't help but be surprised.

Had it not been known in advance, who would dare to believe that the young man before their eyes was a Manifestor grandmaster?

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 234-Apologies No one would even consider it a possibility.

Stefan knew that Damarion had no reason to deceive him. Coupled with the calm demeanor Emrys displayed, it was clear that Emrys was a man who had experienced much. That only made Stefan believe in Damarion's claim even more.

Hence, he hastily apologized and angrily reprimanded Mason. He even made Mason kneel until the latter received the grandmaster's forgiveness.

Mason knelt for the better part of the day.

Many patients had come to the Apricot Hall. Seeing the scene unfold, they all cast curious glances. Emrys had no choice but to say, "Please get up. Don't block others from seeing the doctor." "Hurry up and thank the grandmaster!" Stefan once again struck Mason with his stick.

Mason hastily said, "Thank you, grandmaster!" Emrys slightly furrowed his brow and said, "My surname is Lund." Stefan immediately understood and apologized on behalf of Mason, saying, "Dr.

Lund is magnanimous and does not hold my unfilial grandson's rudeness against him. On behalf of the Cooper family, I would like to express my gratitude to you." Emrys paid no further attention to those individuals as the number of patients at Apricot Hall had begun to increase. Consequently, he assisted Duncan in preparing the medicines. Occasionally, when a few complex and difficult cases arose, he would personally attend to them, effortlessly resolving the medical issues that had been troubling Duncan.

Stefan and the others did not leave. Instead, they silently observed from outside Apricot Hall. After a while, they saw Emrys leading a patient with half-sided facial paralysis into the acupuncture room. When they emerged, the patient's symptoms had noticeably improved. Seeing that, Stefan could no longer remain seated. Indeed, Dr. Lund's reputation is well-deserved!

Facial paralysis was caused by damage to the facial nerves, and Stefan's leg injury was also due to nerve issues. Since facial paralysis could be cured, it indicated that his leg injury was not a problem either.

Thinking of that, Stefan became even more infuriated. He couldn't help but strike Mason with his walking stick again, cursing, "It's all your fault, you unfilial wretch!" If it hadn't been for Mason's recklessness, there was a high probability that Stefan's leg injury could have been healed.

While Stefan was annoyed at Mason, he also regretted not coming earlier. If he had personally sought medical help at the earliest, naturally, so many incidents wouldn't have occurred.

The main reason was that when Stefan first heard about the emergence of Dr.

Lund in Jazona, he was somewhat skeptical. That was why he didn't go in person but sent someone to invite the doctor instead. After all, he was suffering from a leg injury, which made it difficult for him to move around.

Apologies At that moment, Stefan was truly filled with regret and resentment.

When Mason saw his grandfather's face turn ashen, he was so frightened that he didn't dare to utter a single word. Even when the walking stick struck his b\*dy, he could only silently endure it, not daring to make a sound.

Gradually.



The patients of Apricot Hall had almost all finished their treatments. After seeing the patients leaving contentedly, Stefan could no longer contain himself, struggling to stand up from his wheelchair.

Everyone wanted to help him, but they were pushed away by Stefan. Alone, he leaned on his cane, dragging his crippled leg. He approached Emrys and said, "Dr. Lund, I apologize once again for what happened before! My apologies are truly sincere!" He hung his head low, and Emrys remained silent, not lifting his head.

Naturally, Emrys understood Stefan's intentions. With a calm expression, he glanced at his crippled leg and said, "You want me to help you treat your leg injury, don't you?" Naturally, Stefan wanted Emrys to treat his leg injury. He was desperate for it.

Thus, when he heard Emrys' words, his eyes immediately revealed an intense longing.

Emrys approached without a hint of emotion, gently pinched his crippled leg, and said, "This leg` of yours, if you let me treat it, would not be a problem at all." "Really?" Tears were on the brink of spilling from Stefan's excited eyes.

He knew that the miraculous doctor before him didn't care about money.

Therefore, the only way to move him was with sincerity. Consequently, Stefan discarded his crutch and, with immense difficulty, knelt before Emrys.

"I implore you to lend your skills to treat my/leg injury, Dr. Lund!" For so many years, Stefan thought his leg would be crippled for life.

Yet, unexpectedly, he saw hope anew. How could he not be moved?

Duncan sneered and said, "If only you had taught your d\*mn grandson to be a bit more respectful earlier, it wouldn't have come to this

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 235-Practise Dummy Upon hearing those words, Stefan shuddered, and once again, he cursed Mason vehemently in his heart Upon witnessing that scene, the group of people outside was greatly shaken.

They had never seen Stefan kneel before, yet at that critical moment, no one dared to step forward to help him up. Whoever dared to assist would face reprimand. All they could do was silently pray for Emrys forgiveness.

After a moment of silence, Emrys said, "Considering your sincere attitude, I can assure you that your leg will heal." "Thank you...." Stefan was overwhelmed with emotion, ready to express his gratitude, when he saw Emrys wave his hand to interrupt him.

Emrys then said, "Don't rush to thank me. I merely said that your leg could be healed, but the one who will treat you isn't me. It's Caylie." "Caylie?" Stefan was filled with confusion and doubt.

Emrys nodded and said, "That's right. Caylie's medical skills are not bad either.

She has learned quite a bit of acupuncture techniques from me. However, she lacks practical experience. Do you understand what I mean?" That was Emrys' thought.

Stefan's leg injury was a very typical case of nerve damage. If Emrys were to intervene, he could easily cure it. However, Emrys wouldn't do that. Instead, he planned to let Caylie treat the leg injury.

In other words, he was prepared to let Stefan be the one for Caylie to practice on. Much like when one was in the hospital receiving an IV drip, the veteran nurses usually wouldn't do it themselves. Instead, they would let the interns practice their needlework.

How could Stefan not understand Emrys' intentions? He was being treated like a guinea pig. The treatment process was bound to be fraught with complications.

Stefan cautiously glanced at Emrys' expression, realizing that Emrys was not joking. He was left with only two options. One was to not seek treatment, and the other was to let himself be used as a practice subject.

Moreover, Emrys openly conveyed the situation to him, fully demonstrating his firm stance, as though saying, "I'm giving you these two options, whether to treat it or not. The decision is yours." I guess I'll consider it as an apology for that unfilial wretch! Stefan sighed silently in his heart, knowing that if it weren't for Mason's actions, Emrys wouldn't have that attitude toward him.

After pondering for a moment, he said, "I am willing!" Emrys nodded, quickly summoning Caylie. He said, "Caylie, didn't I just teach you a new set of leg acupuncture techniques a few days ago? We have a patient here, perfect for you to practice on." Practise Dummy Caylie hesitated before saying, "I'm not sure this is a good idea. I'm still not proficient in that set of acupuncture techniques. I think I should practice on a dummy for a while first." "It's all right. This old man actually enjoys being poked by others." A sudden twitch seized the muscles at the corner of Stefan's eyes when he heard that.

Thus, Stefan stayed, dutifully serving as Caylie's acupuncture model.

Meanwhile, Mason and the others temporarily resided in a nearby hotel, accompanying Stefan each day for his acupuncture sessions.

Mason had also settled down. He didn't dare to bother Ninette again.

Of course, under such circumstances, he had no choice but to stay put.

Otherwise, when the time came and Stefan's leg healed, if he ended up being the one who was crippled, it would be truly laughable.

One day, Stefan came to Apricot Hall once again, only to run into Richard and Lydia. Upon seeing Lydia, he was momentarily taken aback and said, "Are you... Lydia?" His memory was somewhat hazy. It took him a long time to recall the name Lydia.

Lydia heard her name being called by an old man in a wheelchair, a hint of confusion crossing her face. She looked at Stefan and asked, "Who are you?" His face was familiar to her, but she couldn't remember who he was.

After all, she had been away from Juxshire for over twenty years.

Stefan gave a bitter laugh, reminding, "I'm from the Cooper family of Juxshire." Speaking of the Cooper family from Juxshire, Lydia suddenly remembered something. Her eyes as she asked, "Are you Old Mr. Cooper?" Stefan nodded.

"So it really is you, Old Mr. Cooper. I never imagined that after all these years, we would have the chance to meet again in this small city in Jazona."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 236-The Houghton Family The Ginger family of Juxshire and the Cooper family had previously engaged in business dealings. Stefan had visited the Ginger residence several times and had met Lydia. Therefore, the two could be considered old acquaintances.

Stefan sighed emotionally, "The last time I saw you, you were just a woman in your twenties. I didn't expect time to pass so quickly..." Lydia also nodded with mixed emotions, saying, "Indeed, so many years have passed in the blink of an eye... How is my father doing?" "Your father was indeed still robust. I've heard him mention you quite a few times. He probably regrets driving you out of the Ginger family back then,"

Stefan said with a sigh.

Back in the day, the Ginger family wanted to arrange a marriage alliance, but Lydia disagreed. Consequently, her father issued a harsh ultimatum. If she refused the marriage, she would have to leave the Ginger family. His intention was to pressure Lydia into submission. However, unbeknownst to him, Lydia was stubborn and defiant. To everyone's surprise, she left the Ginger family in a huff.

After that, there was no further contact.

After hearing that, Lydia felt a bitter taste in her heart. She said, "If he truly regretted it, why didn't he come to apologize to me?" Stefan replied, "You're well aware of how your father is, always concerned about saving face..." The two engaged in a heartfelt

conversation, and as they chatted, the topic gradually shifted to the recent situation of the Ginger family. Stefan's expression suddenly became somewhat unnatural.

Lydia seemed to realize something and quickly asked, "Old Mr. Cooper, has something happened to the Ginger family?" Many things could fade in time.

Over the years, Lydia had actually lost much of her resentment toward her father. However, a stubborn streak remained in her heart, as she was still waiting for him to apologize.

Upon hearing Stefan's words, Lydia didn't feel great.

As the conversation progressed, Lydia noticed something off about Stefan's demeanor. Instinctively, Lydia sensed that the Ginger family might be in some sort of trouble, and so she began to press for answers.

Originally, Stefan had no intention of speaking up, but under Lydia's relentless questioning, he could only sigh and say, "Recently, the Ginger family has indeed been having a tough time..." He began to recount slowly.

The Ginger family's ability to establish themselves in Juxshire was due to Lydia's grandfather, Alastair, a Manifestor grandmaster. It was his singular efforts that elevated the Ginger family to the ranks of the top-tier families in Juxshire. However, recently, one of Alastair's sworn enemies had returned to 1/2 Juxshire, That arch-enemy's surname was Houghton.

Many years ago, the Houghton family had a feud with the Ginger family. Initially, they were driven out of Juxshire by Alastair. However, they later kept a low profile and surprisingly nurtured a Manifestor grandmaster who was not even forty years old.

The Manifestor grandmaster was named Travis, who in recent years had risen to prominence, securing the thirty-eighth position on the Chanaea Grandmaster List. Due to his unique characteristic of having only eight fingers, he was also commonly referred to as "Eight-finger Grandmaster." As for Alastair, he was only ranked in the eightieths on the Chanaea Grandmaster List. Although his ranking might fluctuate, there was undoubtedly a significant gap when compared to Travis.

The most important thing was that Travis was young, and his future potential was undoubtedly immense.

At that point, Stefan suddenly cast a meaningful glance at Emrys. He was quite certain Emrys was not on the Chanaea Grandmaster List. Otherwise, it would have definitely caused a stir in the martial arts world.

After all, it was an incomplete system, so omissions were quite normal.

Anyway, when the Houghton family returned to Juxshire, they naturally sought to settle scores with the Ginger family. After several instances of provocation, Alastair, left with no choice, reluctantly agreed to a duel with Travis. The date was set for the tenth of the following month. They also established a wager, stipulating that the losing party would have to withdraw from Juxshire.

Just as the Houghton family had suffered defeat years ago, they withdrew from Juxshire.

In that duel, the majority favored the Houghton family, which was why families that had business dealings with the Cooper family had recently become much quieter. Some had even begun to align themselves with the Houghton family.

Stefan said with embarrassment, “Actually, our Cooper family has also been observing the situation recently.” After hearing that, Lydia was deeply unsettled for a long time. She had not expected such a major incident to occur in the Ginger family. However, she did not blame Stefan, as such occurrences were quite common in martial arts families.

Moreover, that method of settling disputes through duels was already considered quite mild. If it weren’t for the Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance keeping things in check from above, there was a likelihood that bloody incidents could have erupted.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 237-Hawkeye As the two conversed, Emrys also listened from the side. However, his emotions remained undisturbed, as if he were listening to a story that had nothing to do with him. After all, it seemed like it really didn’t concern him in the first place.

Those guys in Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance are really too lame, actually coming up with a Chanaea Grandmaster List. They must have too much time on their hands. Emrys shook his head.

“Rys.” Just as the story was reaching its most exciting part, Yelena suddenly arrived at the Apricot Hall.

She found Emrys and said, “Come with me to the bar!”

“What’s wrong, Lena? I thought you’d already become a hands-off boss. Why are you still going to the bar? Could it be to drown your sorrows... Don’t tell me you’ve also suffered a heartbreak like Nina?” Ever since Yelena became a cultivator, she stopped managing the bar, leaving it in the hands of the staff below. That was still acceptable, but what was surprising was that she never mentioned her promising career as an assassin again.

Emrys speculated that the set of nocturnal clothing hidden in her room had probably already been burned by her.

Regarding Yelena's behavior, Emrys finally summed it up as her ignoring her proper occupation.

"Heartbreak, my foot!" Yelena flicked Emrys' forehead and dragged him away from Apricot Hall, not even bothering to bid farewell to Caylie.

Upon seeing her hurried steps and serious expression, Emrys sensed that there might indeed be an urgent matter. Consequently, he couldn't help but ask.

"What on earth happened, Lena?" Yelena said, "Rys, since you already know about my identity as an assassin, I won't hide it from you anymore. This time, I'm going to meet someone, my superior from Shadow Garden, codenamed Hawkeye." After all, Shadow Garden was an organization that operated in the shadows, adopting a small team model of one to three people. Moreover, everyone used code names to address each other to avoid being caught all at once.

The codename for Yelena was Nightrose. The other three members of her team were respectively known as Hawkeye, Black Reaper, and White Reaper, who were the same two individuals that Emrys had taken down last time.

Hawkeye was Yelena's higher-up, the only one who knew the true identities of the three individuals. The reason Hawkeye had approached Yelena was likely related to the death of Black Reaper and White Reaper.

Yelena brought Emrys along, primarily as a precautionary measure.

Emrys said, "Lena, if that's the case, won't it mean that if we eliminate that Hawkeye, no one will know about your assassin identity?" Hawkeye Yelena nodded. "Indeed, that's the case. Although Hawkeye also has higher-ups, his higher-up probably doesn't know my identity." The management style of such small teams was nothing if not cautious. Even if one thread at the bottom were severed, it wouldn't affect those above or others within the same group. Unless, of course, it was peeled off layer by layer from the top, but that would undoubtedly be a massive undertaking, providing ample time for Shadow Garden to react and adjust.

Emrys slapped his forehead and said, "It just dawned on me. You and Issa should have been at odds, yet you've managed to coexist peacefully all these years?" "I only found out recently that Larissa is the leader of Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance. Moreover, I've done a good job of keeping my identity a secret..." As Yelena spoke, she cast a faint glare at Emrys. "This is all your fault."

Everything was thrown into chaos the moment you returned." "Now that you mention it, I do feel quite accomplished... By the way, Lena, why did you join Shadow Garden in the first place, and why do you want to leave now?" Judging by Lena's demeanor, she was certainly not planning to have tea with Hawkeye. It was clear that she intended to

confront him because only by eliminating Hawkeye could she truly sever ties with that assassin organization.

Yelena said, "Let's discuss this later. First let me finish the important tasks at hand." During the day, the bar was sparsely populated.

Yelena instructed Emrys to wait at the door of the VIP room while she herself pushed open the door and entered the private room. Inside, she saw a figure already seated, shrouded from head to toe.

Upon hearing a noise, the figure lifted his head, his face also adorned with a specially made mask.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 238-Battle Of Assassins It was precisely Yelena's higher-up, Hawkeye.

"Nightrose, I presume I need not elaborate on the reason for my visit?" The voice of the man known as Hawkeye had been specially altered by a voice changer pinned to his collar.

Upon seeing Yelena enter, he went straight to the point. His pair of sharp eyes seemed as if they wanted to pierce through Yelena's b\*dy.

Yelena's expression didn't change in the slightest as she said coldly, "I don't understand what you're saying."

"Black Reaper and White Reaper. It was you who killed them," Hawkeye asserted with unusual certainty.

His words didn't sound like an interrogation but more like a conclusion. It was a result he had deduced from the clues he knew, and it was also the most probable outcome.

Yelena fell into a brief silence.

Initially, when Black Reaper and White Reaper sneaked into Verdant Estate, Black Reaper inexplicably vanished. As for White Reaper, he was struck by a bolt of lightning during his fight with Yelena, leaving no trace of his b\*dy. At that time, Yelena found it strange, but it all made sense when she later learned about Emrys' identity as a cultivator.

Those two individuals were undoubtedly killed by Emrys.

The situation was essentially no different from having killed someone herself, so Yelena didn't deny it. She said, "Black Reaper and White Reaper deserved to die. They were planning to harm my loved ones." "Nightrose!" Hawkeye's look pierced through the

darkness like a spotlight. “From the moment you decided to enter Shadow Garden, you lost all ties to your family.” Yelena shook her head, offering no response.

Hawkeye then said, “I understand the capabilities of the three of you. You are definitely not a match for either Black Reaper or White Reaper. Therefore, you must have some assistance. Am I right?” Yelena remained silent.

With a cold laugh, Hawkeye said, “It seems you no longer have the desire to stay in the organization.” Once again, he saw through Yelena’s intentions. A chilling intent to kill suddenly erupted within him. ready to eliminate the traitor of his organization.

Yelena gritted her silver teeth. The moment she decided to meet with Hawkeye, she knew an inevitable fierce battle would ensue between them. Thus, after a brief pause, she abruptly hurled a sharp spike, aiming straight for Hawkeye’s heart.

Clang!

Chapter 238 Battle Of Assassins Sparks flew.

Hawkeye was clearly more experienced than Yelena. A cold blade appeared in his hand, effortlessly deflecting the sharp spikes. Then, like a hunting cheetah, he leaped up, bursting forth with astonishing speed.

“Nightrose, you’ve been foolish. Betraying the organization at this time, it’s not a wise move at all.” In the blink of an eye, Hawkeye arrived in front of Yelena, smirking.

The chilling glint in his hand, like a swift wind, was already thrusting toward her snow-white neck.

The great battle was on the verge of breaking out.

Yelena didn’t dare to slack off, either. The person before her was her superior, whose strength was incomparably greater than that of Black Reaper and White Reaper. Therefore, she retaliated with all her might at the very first opportunity.

In an instant, life energy surged.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Yelena had only recently become a cultivator, with her abilities barely reaching the first rank of energy cultivation. She could just about hold her own against the attacks from Hawkeye.

After a simple exchange, Hawkeye had noticed something unusual about Yelena. Her strength had increased too rapidly. In the past, he believed that Yelena could never



match up to the unpredictable opponent, but that confrontation had completely changed his perspective.

The strength of Yelena was undoubtedly superior to that of Black Reaper and White Reaper at that point.

What on earth was going on? Hawkeye quickly noticed the palm of Yelena, upon which a faint blue current was flowing. It was that very current that Yelena had relied on to catch his attack barehanded and even counterattacked with considerable force, causing him a numbing sensation.

“When did you become a cultivator?” Hawkeye’s pupils slightly contracted.

He had already discerned that Yelena was a cultivator and sneered, “This makes it even more imperative that I can’t let you go. Today, I must eliminate you, traitor!” Once a cultivator had grown, they became incredibly formidable.

Therefore, Hawkeye had to take advantage of the time when Yelena’s stage was not high and deal with her. That was also thanks to the early discovery. If it had been a bit later, he might have really been unable to handle her

## **Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 239**

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 239-Victory In the blink of an eye, Hawkeye unleashed his full power.

The chilling intent to kill seemed as though it would freeze the very air of the room into ice.

Yelena’s face turned slightly pale. With a swift shift of her gaze, she suddenly picked up a cup from the table and hurled it toward Hawkeye. Hawkeye easily dodged, causing the teacup to smash against the door of the private room.

Unbeknownst to him, that was exactly what Yelena had intended.

Crack!

When Yelena entered, she didn't bother to lock the door behind her. Thus, after the cup smashed against the door panel, within the next second, a young man pushed the door open and walked in.

He entered the room and closed the door.

Emrys didn't utter a word. He simply walked over and sat down on the couch, seemingly oblivious to the presence of the two people.

"Were you the one who assisted Nightrose?" Hawkeye's gaze hardened, watching with unusual vigilance the strange young man who had suddenly walked in without uttering a word.

Only then did Emrys speak up. "You carry on with your fight, don't mind me." Hawkeye's professional instinct informed him that the young man before him was likely a cultivator as well, the one who had introduced Yelena to that path.

That was indeed very unfortunate.

"Nightrose, you betrayed the organization. There will absolutely be no good end for you!" With a cold shout, Hawkeye seemed ready to launch another attack.

However, after taking two steps forward, he suddenly turned around, cursing inwardly, D\*mn, two cultivators!

He wanted to storm out of the door.

However, in that split second, the man known as Hawkeye was suddenly struck with a powerful blow. With a thunderous crash, the terrifying force shattered his insides and then slammed him hard against the door. He was left breathless.

Emrys shook his head and said, "I originally wanted you to practice with Lena, but who knew you'd turn out to be so incompetent?" Yelena stepped forward, gently removing the Hawkeye's mask. Her beautiful eyes slightly narrowed. "I didn't expect it to be him." "Lena, do you know this person?" Seeing that Yelena seemed somewhat surprised, Emrys asked curiously.

Yelena nodded and said, "I knew him. We used to be business partners. I even had drinks with him. He Victory was always a cheerful person, very warm-hearted. That's why I was surprised when I unmasked him just now because I really couldn't connect these two identities." Emrys said, "Isn't it the same for you, Lena? I bet no one would ever dream that the charming and captivating Rose Queen would actually be the cold-faced assassin, Nightrose." That was truly the terrifying aspect of Shadow Garden.

One would never know if the person beside you, always full of smiles and positivity, could be a concealed assassin. Just like everyone had a dark side, sometimes, the brighter a person appeared on the surface, the greater their inner darkness was.

The existence of Shadow Garden served to magnify the darkest aspects of those individuals. They believed that donning a mask gave them the license to act without restraint.

That was a very terrifying event.

Yelena brushed aside the strands of hair that had fallen over her temples, smiling as she said, "From now on, I am just Yelena, no longer Nightrose." Emrys nodded, then curiously asked, "Lena, can you now tell me why you decided to join this assassin organization?" After a moment of contemplation, Yelena said, "Actually, this has something to do with my background." "Background?" Emrys was puzzled.

"For all these years, I have been investigating my own origins, but to no avail.

The only memory I have is of Shadow Garden. Thus, when Hawkeye appeared before me, proposing that I join their ranks, I immediately felt a sense of familiarity with the name Shadow Garden. It seemed as though I had heard it somewhere before. I thought that by joining Shadow Garden, I might be able to uncover some clues. However, once I truly entered Shadow Garden, I realized how difficult it was to conduct an investigation. This was because everyone inside used aliases. Trying to trace anything back was as difficult as scaling the heavens. Since no clues could be found, my stay in Shadow Garden had little significance. However, it's easy to join an assassin organization but difficult to leave. I had told Hawkeye more than once that I wanted to quit, but this bastard actually threatened me, saying that if I left, he would expose my identity."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 240- Pick Me "I've wanted to kill this jerk for a long time." With a forceful stomp on the ground, Yelena vented her frustration.

After hearing this, Emrys fell silent for a moment, then comforted with a smile, "No matter what, at least you're finally free now." "Yes!" Yelena nodded. "As for the question of one's background, f\*ck it. All I need is you and the other sisters. That's enough. We will always be a family."

"Indeed, we are family, after all. We did, after all, make promises and swore oaths when we were children..." Emrys chuckled, but he quickly knew better than to keep talking, closing his mouth. However, Yelena looked at him with amusement, saying, "Go on. Were you about to say that you want to marry us sisters?" "I wasn't going to..." "Really?" Suddenly, Yelena moved closer to Emrys, extending her slender jade-like finger to lift his chin. Then, with a playful glint in her narrow fox-like eyes, she asked, "If you could only choose one among the seven of us sisters, who would you choose?"

Choose? What a joke! Only a child would choose! Emrys said with a hint of unease, "I would choose you, course!" of The question was posed by Yelena, so naturally, he would say it was her. If he were to answer with any other sister, Yelena would surely beat him up.

"You're lying. We clearly had so many opportunities..."

Right then, Emrys coughed dryly and said, "Lena, we should probably deal with the b\*dy first!" After returning from Nightrose Bar, Emrys secretly made his way to the backyard all by himself.

After much hesitation, in the end, he dialed a special number and instructed, "Help me investigate someone's background." The old friar once cautioned Emrys about matters of origin, advising him to go with the flow. However, Emrys couldn't help himself. He wanted to lend a hand to Yelena, so he notified the Seventy-two Shadow Forces.

Emrys then waited for a while before he could get a response.

"Mr. Lund, I regret to inform you that we could not uncover Ms. Lynch's origins.

Despite mobilizing all our information networks, we only managed to gather information about Ms. Lynch after she arrived 22:10 Fri, 26 Jan Pick Me at Sunshine Children's Home," "I don't blame you. Please help me investigate the backgrounds of the other six individuals..." And so Emrys provided the information of the other six sisters to Seventy-two Shadow Forces. The result he received was still the same. All the information before the orphanage was completely blank.

Even Cordelia, despite having acknowledged her relationship with the Youngblood family, had no information about her childhood. It was a blank slate.

Emrys remained silent for a long time, finally asking in a nervous tone, "What about mine?" "I have failed you..." Emrys' emotions had reached an extreme level of complexity when he heard those words.

His Seventy-two Shadow Forces' information network was incredibly powerful.

However, even then, it was unable to uncover the origins of him and the seven sisters. It was as if it had been severed, which was quite eerie.

"What a grand chess game this is!" Emrys was certain that there was definitely a higher power, perhaps even several, manipulating everything from behind the scenes. He had Seventy-two Shadow Forces investigate the backgrounds of Gavin and Leiandros, and the results were very clear about their origins.

Only the backgrounds of Emrys and the seven sisters were untraceable.

It was truly a spine-chilling discovery.

The old friar must have known something, which is why he told me to go with the flow. It seems I need to find some time to return to the monastery to ask the old friar what exactly is going on. Emrys shook his head.

Later that night, Emrys was sleeping in his room when he suddenly heard a squeak. The door was being opened by someone, and then he saw a graceful figure entering noiselessly.

“Rys...” Bathed in the moonlight streaming in from the window, Emrys instantly recognized her. It was Ninette.

Ninette did not turn on the room lights. Instead, she extended both her hands, feeling her way around. Eventually, she found herself inside Emrys’ blanket.

Ninette, clad in a thin nightgown, dove straight into Emrys’ bed, giving him quite a fright. He hurriedly asked in a hushed voice, “Nina, what’s going on?” Huff!

Ninette’s breath was faint, her eyes tightly shut, showing no signs of consciousness.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 241-Sleepwalking Good grief. She’s sleepwalking!

“Rys...” Once again, Ninette talked in her sleep, calling out Emrys’ name.

That made Emrys increasingly curious. What kind of dream is Nina having? She seems to be dreaming about 1. me.

Curiously, Emrys waited for a while, eager to hear what sleep talk Ninette might utter next. However, instead of any sleep talk, he saw Ninette shift a little further into the bed, her arms and legs entwining around him.

Emrys was rendered speechless.

Ninette’s fragrance was intoxicating.

Moreover, because she was only wearing a thin nightgown, Emrys could distinctly feel the size and shape of her b\*dy, and even... She should have at least worn something inside!

Emrys was on the verge of tears. He looked at Ninette, who was sleeping soundly, but his discomfort only intensified. His b\*dy was stiff, and he dared not to move.

“Empyrean Lord...” At that moment, Ninette murmured once again.

Empyrean Lord? Emrys looked surprised. Could it be that Nina has already discovered my identity as Empyrean Lord in her dreams?

The reality was indeed as Emrys had speculated.

At that moment, in Ninette's dream, she had climbed to the peak of a mountain.

As the sun began to rise in the east, a slender figure stood with his back to her.

His demeanor was extraordinary, transcending the mundane world, and he exuded an unparalleled regal aura that was both domineering and awe-inspiring. His green robe fluttered in the gentle breeze.

That was Empyrean Lord, the Empyrean Lord imagined by Ninette.

Overwhelmed with excitement, she ran toward Empyrean Lord, longing to share a word with him. However, Empyrean Lord never turned back, and she continued to chase him. Despite her efforts, the distance between them did not lessen in the slightest. It was as if the mountain peak they were on was constantly shifting.

Gradually, Ninette grew tired, unable to keep up the chase. Just as she was sinking into utter despair, Empyrean Lord finally turned around, revealing a familiar smiling face. "Nina..." Ninette woke up, not startled awake but rather contentedly so. She didn't feel the slightest discordance as the image of Empyrean Lord and Emrys merged.

"Ah..." Ninette opened her eyes, and upon seeing Emrys so close to her, she almost let out a gasp of surprise.

Fortunately, she managed to cover her mouth just in time.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 242-Lucky Charm Ninette said with a hint of guilt, "Perhaps..." After saying that, she quickly dashed into the bathroom to freshen up.

Seeing her in that state, Emrys snorted inwardly. Nina, your acting skills are really impressive!

While having breakfast, it seemed as if Ninette had completely forgotten about the events of the previous night. She said, "Ah, I've been so happy since I returned these past few days. I almost don't want to leave." Emrys asked in surprise, "Nina, are you leaving?"

"I got work to do. It can't be helped. I have to go abroad again tomorrow... This time, I came back specifically for you and even left my work behind. Tell me, aren't you touched by this?" "Ha! I'm touched, truly touched." She sure touched me all over last night. "By the way, Nina, I heard from Delia that you went abroad to investigate a kidnapping case involving King Jupp. How come it's been so long and there's still no

result?" "It's because King Jupp is so mischievous." Ninette playfully stuck out her tongue, choosing not to continue speaking.

However, a flicker of worry passed through her eyes.

Emrys figured the matter that Ninette wanted to investigate was definitely not as simple as it seemed.

He said, "Nina, could you not leave? I'm somewhat reluctant to part with you." "I couldn't bear to leave you either, Rys, but I have a mission to fulfill. Don't worry, I'll only be gone for a month, and I'll be back before you know it." Ninette patted Emrys' head, acting every bit the bossy elder sister.

After some thought, Emrys said, "Wait a moment, Nina, I'll give you a lucky charm." He entered his room, and when he emerged, he was holding a round stone tablet. It was one of the Telepathic Formations he had carved in the past. A small hole was drilled at the top of the stone tablet, through which a red string was threaded, making it suitable to be worn around the neck. "This is a lucky charm. As long as you call out my name to it, good fortune will occur." Ninette remarked, "This so-called lucky charm is really quite unattractive." Although she said so, she happily wore the stone pendant around her neck because it was the first gift she had received from Emrys.

Emrys made a total of seven such lucky charms containing the Telepathic Formation.

Lucky Charm +10 pearls He prepared one for each of his sisters.

Now, he hadn't gifted the lucky charm to Karina and Sierra as he hadn't met them yet.

The most interesting case was with Larissa.

During those three days she spent at home, she was constantly on guard against Emrys, cursing him as a jerk and accusing him of harboring ill intentions.

The phrase, "Stay away from me, you jerk," seemed to have become her mantra.

It seemed that the day he threw her into the lake had caused her to harbor a deep resentment toward Emrys.

Therefore, when Emrys gave the lucky charm to Larissa, she was very cautious, swearing that she would never wear anything he gave her. However, on the day she returned to Central Chanaean Martial Arts Alliance, she quietly took the amulet with her.

Emrys found her behavior utterly adorable.

The principle behind the lucky charm was the Telepathic Formation embedded within the stone slab. As long as the sisters recited Emrys' name, he could momentarily perceive their location and the surrounding circumstances.

If they encountered danger, he could rush over swiftly.

Regrettably, Emrys' strength was insufficient at the moment.

Otherwise, he could have inscribed a small sword formation within the lucky charm. That would have further ensured the safety of his sisters.

He could only upgrade the lucky charm in the future.

Ninette claimed that the lucky charm was ugly, but she still happily hung it around her neck. The lucky charm rested perfectly against the fair hollow of her neck, and it didn't take long for it to warm up.

Throughout the entire day, Emrys spent his time with Ninette, the two of them exploring every corner of Jadeborough. The following day, it was also Emrys who escorted her to the airport at Summerbank.

Subsequently, Emrys made a trip to Jazona Martial Arts Alliance. With the aid of the Celestial Token, he successfully reached the dungeon.

"Empyrean Lord." Upon seeing Emrys, Owen was filled with immense reverence and knelt on the ground.

After he left the Bjorn residence that night, he rushed to the Martial Arts Alliance base to atone for his sins. He knew that after he offended the Empyrean Lord, no matter where he fled to, even to the ends of the earth, would be of no avail.

Emrys said, "Owen, I am offering you a chance to redeem yourself now. Protect Nina, but do not alarm her. Once Nina safely returns home, I'll restore your freedom."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 243-Visiting Jazona University Although Emrys was not part of the Martial Arts Alliance, he had the authority to pardon Owen.

After hearing that, Owen was moved to tears and said, "I'm willing to devote myself entirely to you, Empyrean Lord, even if it costs me my life!" After giving his instructions, Emrys discreetly left the Martial Arts Alliance.

Then, he went to the Balford residence.

Jacqueline happened to be at home. When she saw Emrys, she uttered joyfully, "Dr. Lund, our chancellor has agreed to let you teach. However, he mentioned



that he would like to meet you first.” Emrys nodded. “Sure. I happen to be free right now.” And so, the two of them arrived at Jazona University.

That was Emrys’ first time entering a school. The students around him seemed to be around his age, with the oldest not exceeding two or three years older than him.

Had it not been for the great fire that year, Emrys should be of university age now.

That morning, when Emrys saw Ninette off at the airport, he mentioned to her that he was planning to teach some traditional medicine knowledge at Jazona University. Ninette, with her quirky charm, responded, “University life is great, Emrys. You should definitely experience it.” Emrys was indeed curious to see if a university student’s life was really as good as it was made out to be.

Meanwhile, Emrys and Jacqueline arrived at the chancellor’s office.

The chancellor of Jazona University was named Desmond Brewer. When he met Jacqueline, he was extremely courteous.

After all, how could he not be courteous?

Jacqueline was the daughter of the Balford family. To put it bluntly, she was a scion who came to experience life. Being a teacher was merely a hobby for Jacqueline. The day her interest faded, she could return home at any moment to inherit her fortune worth billions.

Hence, when Jacqueline proposed to initiate a traditional medicine short course in the university, Desmond approved it promptly.

Another reason was that traditional medicine was a national treasure. Desmond also believed that it was necessary for the contemporary youth to gain a deeper understanding of the traditional medical culture of Chanaea.

As for the instructor, Jacqueline said she had a recommended candidate, who was the highly popular Dr. Lund of Jadeborough recently.

Dr. Lund of Jadeborough! Upon hearing those words, Desmond also became excited.

Visiting Jazona University He had heard of Dr. Land of Jadeborough, who had renounced the world suddenly, If this eminent physician truly agrees to teach, it’ll undoubtedly be an honor for Jazona University Jacqueline introduced with a smile. “Mr. Brewer, this is Dr. Lund” “Dr. Lund...” Desmond gazed at Emrys, the look in his eyes subtly shifting.

He had heard of the renowned Dr. Lund of Jadeborough and was aware of the widespread rumors that the latter was incredibly young. However, upon seeing Emrys

that day, Desmond was greatly surprised, Although Desmond was not a part of the traditional medicine community, he was well aware of its circumstances. Those renowned practitioners were undoubtedly highly skilled. Moreover, in their community, a practitioner of forty years old was considered quite young.

Initially, Desmond had assumed that Emrys was in his forties, However, Desmond was greatly astonished when he saw Emrys that day. He's a renowned doctor at the age of twenty? Rumor has it that even the renowned practitioner Duncan Rodriguez has taken Dr. Lund of Jadeborough as his mentor. Could Dr. Lund be the young man standing in front of me?

Desmond knew that Jacqueline had no reason to deceive him, but it was still incredibly hard to believe. Coincidentally, he had been feeling unwell recently.

So, he decided to seize that opportunity to test the so-called Dr. Lund of Jadeborough to see if the latter truly lived up to his reputation.

And so, Desmond said, "Dr. Lund, actually, I've been feeling a bit unwell these past few days. I wonder if you could possibly examine me?" His approach was very clever. Not only did it avoid offending Emrys, but it also tested Emrys' abilities to see if he was capable of teaching.

After all, Desmond had to take responsibility for his own students.

Naturally, Emrys saw through Desmond's intention, but he didn't expose Desmond. Instead, he smiled and said, "Sure. Mr. Brewer, please lay your arm flat on the table. I'll take your pulse first." Desmond did as Emrys said.

Emrys placed three fingers on Desmond's wrist-pulse area, not asking anything. After a brief moment of contemplation, he responded, "You have hyperactivity of the liver, contributing to a syndrome of phlegm-turbidity. Mr.

Brewer, you must have been feeling irritable and restless lately, with disturbed.

sleep and even headaches, particularly severe on both sides of your head. Am I correct?

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 244-Not Interest In Money Desmond was astonished!

He was shocked to his core.

Typically, when a patient sought medical attention, the doctor would not only take their pulse but also inquire about their discomfort. Additionally, the doctor would observe signs such as the patient's tongue condition to make a comprehensive diagnosis, These

were the so-called four diagnostic methods involving looking, listening, asking, and feeling the pulse, and none of them could be omitted.

However, Emrys didn't ask anything just now. He simply took Desmond's pulse in silence and then stated the cause and symptoms of the illness.

The most crucial part was that all the symptoms he described matched perfectly.

Therefore, Desmond held the young, renowned doctor before him in high esteem, feeling utterly convinced. However, given the circumstances, he naturally hoped that his illness could be cured as soon as possible. So, with a conciliatory smile, he asked, "Dr. Lund, what about my illness?" Emrys understood his intention and said, "That's not a problem. I'll write you a modified prescription for gastrodia and uncaria decoction. You can take it directly to a nearby pharmacy to have it filled. Then, you can go home, brew it into a soup, and drink it." "Hehe. Thank you, Dr. Lund." Desmond was expressing his gratitude when Jacqueline couldn't help but remind him, "Mr. Brewer, don't forget the reason we invited Dr. Lund here. It wasn't for the purpose of treating your illness." Jacqueline's beautiful eyes were filled with laughter, seemingly delighted by Desmond's wholehearted admiration. She also felt joy on behalf of Emrys.

"Exactly. We mustn't forget the main issue at hand. Dr. Lund, I have specially approved an ID for you. With this ID, you can freely enter and exit our Jazona University's gates. You can also use this ID to teach classes to students..." Desmond relayed all the important matters to Emrys.

Emrys responded to each point, and it was only when he was about to leave that Desmond remembered to say, "Dr. Lund, I'm getting forgetful. I was so excited that I actually forgot the most important thing." "What's the matter?" Emrys asked, his face filled with confusion.

"Of course, it's a matter of salary!" Desmond also had a peculiar feeling in his heart. They had been discussing for so long, yet they had actually forgotten about the issue of salary. Shouldn't this be the most concerning matter?

Emrys waved his hand dismissively and said, "Never mind. I'm not interested in money." Not Interest In Money Desmond was dumbfounded.

After a moment of stunned silence, Desmond couldn't help but bow in respect to Emrys, exclaiming, "Dr. Lund, your noble character and high integrity are truly an example for us all!" However, Emrys and Jacqueline had already left the office and hadn't heard his words at all.

On their way out, Jacqueline could barely contain her smile.

Emrys asked curiously, “Ms. Balford, what are you laughing at?” “It’s nothing. I’m just happy for nothing. By the way, Dr. Lund, you should stop calling me Ms. Balford in the future, it feels too formal. Just call me Jacqueline,” Jacqueline said.

After some thought, Emrys said, “All right. Even though I only have two classes a week, we are colleagues, after all. There’s no need for formalities. From now on, you should just call me by my name, too!” “Okay!” Jacqueline nodded firmly, then murmured softly, “Emrys...” I’m still not used to addressing him this way! However, this is a significant leap forward in our relationship. I believe that given enough time, we can certainly make our terms of endearment for each other even more affectionate.

Jacqueline’s heart was filled with joy.

As the two were engrossed in their conversation, a man, robust in build and clad in a basketball uniform, appeared before them. He greeted Jacqueline warmly, “Ms. Balford!” The man’s name was Dwayne Hobb, and he was a physical education teacher.

Previously, he was a suitor of Jacqueline.

As for why that was a matter of the past, that was because, following Zeke’s appearance, he boldly declared that Jacqueline was his woman.

He warned that any man who dared to approach Jacqueline in the future would be equivalent to provoking him.

Zeke was the son of the underground honcho, Erwin Montelongo. That meant Zeke was the young master of Black Dragon Association. Therefore, how would Dwayne dare to offend him?

It wasn’t just Dwayne; many male teachers from Jazona University had expressed their admiration for Jacqueline in the past.

After all, Jacqueline was blessed with beautiful long legs and was the daughter of the Balford family. She was a typical example of a rich and fabulous lady. If it weren’t for her interest in teaching at Jazona University, those male teachers would rarely have the opportunity to interact with someone like her.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 245-Black Dragon Association She was like a goddess.

Whoever could win her affection would be able to soar to great heights. Even if it meant becoming the matrilocal son-in-law of the Balford family, they would be more than willing.

Regrettably, Jacqueline was haughty, naturally looking down on them, those who were teachers.

Moreover, with Zeke's subsequent appearance, they dared not harbor any thoughts toward Jacqueline.

Dwayne was the same, Therefore, at that moment, he just happened to run into Jacqueline and greeted her.

Out of courtesy, Jacqueline responded to Dwayne. Initially, they were supposed to just pass by each other, but Dwayne suddenly spoke up again, asking, "Ms.

Balford, is this your student?" Seeing how young Emrys was, Dwayne assumed that he was a student in Jacqueline's class.

Jacqueline initially didn't want to respond, but fearing that Emrys might take offense, she said, "Emrys is not my student. He'll be our colleague in the future." Colleague? Dwayne's gaze suddenly hardened.

That answer was worse than Jacqueline saying Emrys was her student.

If their relationship was merely that of a teacher and student, the two of them walking together could be interpreted as Jacqueline guiding Emrys. However, if they were colleagues walking together, that would be a completely different matter.

Dwayne wanted to ask further about what subject Emrys taught, but the two had already walked far away side by side.

The scene that unfolded next caused Dwayne's entire face to darken.

The two of them were seen drawing closer and closer, so close that their arms were already touching. Most importantly, it was clearly Jacqueline who took the initiative to move closer. She even occasionally pinched Emrys' sleeve and shook it a few times, acting very much like a girl being coy.

*Dmn it! This dmned brat.* None of us dares to approach Mr. Zeke's woman, but you, you had the audacity! After we back off, you make a move while we are idle! Overwhelmed with jealousy, Dwayne hastily left Jazona University.

Black Dragon Association was founded by Erwin.

It could be considered the largest underground force in Jazona, With numerous branches within, further elaboration would be superfluous.

After leaving Jazona University, Dwayne hurriedly made his way to Black Dragon Association, all for the purpose of tipping off Zeke.

That d\*mn brat! How dare he steal someone else's girlfriend! I'd like to see Mr.

Zeke teach him a lesson! Dwayne sneered inwardly.

Upon hearing the news, Zeke fell silent for a moment before saying to Dwayne, "You've done well. If you ever run into any trouble in the future, rest assured that our Black Dragon Association will certainly assist you." "Thank you, Mr. Zeke." While Dwayne was saying that, he was actually feeling uncertain inside. There's something amiss with Mr. Zeke's reaction!

In the past, Dwayne had once tipped Zeke off as well. The outcome was tragic for the man who approached Jacqueline. That man was severely beaten, with both of his legs broken. Not to mention, he was taught a lesson on the same day Dwayne had informed Zeke.

As per Dwayne's anticipation, he expected that upon hearing the news, Zeke would immediately lose his temper. Subsequently, Zeke would lead a group of Black Dragon Association members and rush to the entrance of Jazona University to confront Emrys.

However, Zeke did not do so.

There was even a hint of hesitation on Zeke's face, which left Dwayne very puzzled.

Naturally, Dwayne had no idea that Zeke had long since given up on his feelings for Jacqueline. After all, it was because of Jacqueline that he had provoked a terrifying entity, causing his father to lose an arm.

He didn't dare to provoke Jacqueline again.

The reason Zeke complimented Dwayne was actually because he had other intentions in mind.

Although he no longer dared to harbor feelings for Jacqueline, his father, Erwin, had instructed him that if he ever encountered that cultivator again, he must show utmost respect. Even if it meant Zeke having to serve the cultivator like a lowly servant, that feat would bring glory to their ancestors.

Moreover, Jacqueline was close with the cultivator.

That day, another fearless man dared to approach Jacqueline.

That was akin to encroaching on the territory of that cultivator. If this news were to be relayed to the cultivator, Zeke figured it would be considered a great merit.

That cultivator was none other than Emrys.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 246-Realistic Acting Therefore, Zeke quickly returned to discuss that matter with his father, Erwin.

Upon hearing that, Erwin also felt that it was an opportunity.

He had long wanted to be Emrys' lapdog.

After going through a great deal of trouble to obtain Emrys' contact information, he made a call. "Mr. Lund, it's me, Wino." When talking to Emrys, Erwin didn't dare to call himself Mr. Montelongo. He could only modestly refer to himself as Wino.

"Mr. Montelongo?" Emrys was taken aback for a moment, then asked in a peculiar tone, "How did you get my number?" "I obtained this information from Leiandros. I hope you don't find it offensive that I've called you so abruptly, Mr. Lund," said Erwin respectfully.

"Cut to the chase!" "Mr. Lund, here's the thing. I inadvertently discovered something today. There's this foolish guy actually dared to approach your woman." who "My woman?" Emrys was puzzled. Could it be that some men are troubling my sisters again? That shouldn't be the case. Hadn't I already chased them all away?

Upon sensing Emrys' confusion, Erwin figured Emrys had too many women and didn't know which one he was referring to. So, he immediately clarified, "It's the prominent young lady from the Balford family, Jacqueline." "Jacqueline?" Emrys cast a peculiar glance at the girl next to him, instantly understanding what was going on. Suddenly, he feigned anger and exclaimed, "Who? Which fool dares to covet my woman?" "I heard he's a new teacher at Jazona University." "He must have nerves of steel. It's a pity I'm not in Summerbank. You should hurry over and give that kid a good beating. Let him know just how formidable I am." "All right! Mr. Lund, rest assured. I'll definitely handle this matter to your satisfaction." Erwin ended the call with a beaming smile. Haha! This is indeed a great opportunity to show my sincerity to Mr. Lund. I must personally go and teach that insolent fool a lesson to prove my worth!

Erwin was beyond excited, ready to take matters into his own hands.

Naturally, the one in charge of leading the way was Dwayne.

At first, when Dwayne relayed the news to Zeke and saw Zeke didn't show much reaction, he thought that Emrys wouldn't be taught a lesson.

Unexpectedly, Erwin had even personally taken charge this 1/2 Chapter 246 Realistic Acting time.

Erwin was, after all, the honcho of Jazona's underground circles and an extremely impressive martial artist!

“Hmph! Brat, don’t blame me for being sly. You only have yourself to blame for recklessly provoking such a terrifying entity. Haha, once this matter is done today, Mr. Zeke will surely regard me as a reliable informant. I’ll be living a better life in the future.” Dwayne’s mood was similar to Erwin’s. The only difference was that Dwayne wanted to impress Zeke, while Erwin wanted to impress Emrys.

The circumstances were utterly amusing.

Meanwhile, Jacqueline’s cheeks were flushed red, but there was a hint of a peculiar smile in her eyes. This future boyfriend of mine is truly intriguing. He actually allowed others to come and beat him up. How mischievous. I suppose I’ll never feel bored if I’m with someone like him, right?

When Emrys was on the phone just now, Jacqueline was standing right next to him, but she didn’t make a sound.

Of course, she heard the entire conversation loud and clear.

Particularly, Jacqueline was deeply moved when she heard Emrys saying which fool dares covet his woman. She truly hoped that Emrys was sincere.

The more she thought about it, the happier she became, her face flushing with excitement. She even started to feel her slender legs going weak.

Jacqueline naturally took hold of Emrys’ arm, her face flushed as she said, “If we’re going to put on a play, we must make it as convincing as possible!” Emrys gave her a meaningful glance, his smile mischievous as he said, “It seems to me that you’re using the pretense of acting to make a move on me, aren’t you?” Jacqueline’s cheeks flushed even redder. She felt utterly embarrassed after Emrys exposed her intention. Just as she was about to let go of Emrys’ arm, in the next second, she felt a warm, large hand caressing her perky rear.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 247-“You’re right,” he said. “We should ensure our acting is as realistic as possible.” Jacqueline’s face flushed a saturated red.

The two of them left the school gates, and in order to bait Dwayne to confront them. Emrys intentionally led Jacqueline to somewhere near the school entrance. There, he began to fondle her till she was filled with embarrassment.

However shy Jacqueline might have felt, she didn’t show any signs of resistance. At most, she feigned bit of restraint, all the while eagerly anticipating Emrys next move which would be bolder.

Speaking of which, women were indeed a peculiar species. In front of those they dislike, they would put on a haughty front. Yet, in front of those they are



fond of, they wished for the other party to be brazen, casting aside all decency.

The two of them certainly resembled a pair of young lovers sharing a passionate moment.

After a good while, a group of people, led by Dwayne, finally rushed over. He was truly afraid that during the time it took to report the matter, the newcomer had already left the campus.

From a distance, he could see the two.

Dwayne immediately got worked up. It seemed he had arrived just in time, blocking Emrys at the school gate. This must be fate at work!

“Mr. Montelongo, Mr. Zeke, look! I told you, didn’t I? That punk is up to no good.

His hand is actually...” Dwayne crypted in jealousy when he saw Emrys hand touching Jacqueline, his eyes turning red.

Dmn it, I’m going to chop off those hands of his!

A burning rage flashed in Dwayne’s eyes.

Under what circumstances would a person become jealous?

When one’s abilities were not vastly different from one’s rival, to the extent of one considering the latter to be weaker, yet one’s rival could effortlessly obtain something one couldn’t, that was when one would become jealous.

However, if there was a vast disparity between the abilities of one and one’s rival, one would only feel a little salty if one’s rival obtained the very thing one had been dreaming of. However, one would instead admire one’s rival, acknowledging that the other party was indeed more capable than one.

That was precisely how Dwayne thought about the matter.

Zeke was superior to him, and if Zeke had Jacqueline, he would feel that it was understandable, finding no room for complaint, but Emrys was different.

In Dwayne’s perspective, Einrys was merely a new colleague. Apart from being handsome, there was nothing particularly special about him. Therefore, when he saw Emrys walking with Jacqueline, he was quite displeased.

..... .. cmunustasin, rusnea up to Emrys first. His tone was “*Dmn you, hurry up and remove your dirty hands from Ms. Balford’s... bdy!*” as he said, as aggressive as Emrys looked at him teasingly and said, “I was wondering how the news leaked so quickly.

Turns out it was you who spilled the beans out of jealousy!" Not only did Emrys not remove his hand, but he also applied slight pressure, giving Jacqueline a squeeze and feeling the firmness of her bdy. *This immediately elicited a side-eye from Jacqueline, her swan-like neck flushing a deep shade of red,* "Dmn it, do you have a death wish?" Dwayne felt as if he was about to explode from jealousy. Turning around, he said eagerly to Erwin, "Mr. Montelongo, this punk refuses to listen. He simply doesn't respect you." His show of enthusiasm was, of course, intended to leave a good impression on Erwin—and Zeke. When he saw Erwin approaching with an incredibly gloomy expression, Dwayne was even more pleased. He said, "Punk, do you know who you've provoked? You're done for, hahaha..." Slap!

Dwayne was in the midst of a triumphant laugh when suddenly, a heavy slap landed on his face. In that instant, he felt as if his b\*dy detached from the ground, his head spinning dizzily in the air as he spun three times before finally landing back down.

Every bone in his b\*dy felt as if they were nearly broken.

What happened to Erwin? He has lost an arm, but is his vision impaired too?

How could he miss at such a close range?

One side of Dwayne's face was severely swollen, and his tooth had flown off to who knows where. However, his mind was even more bewildered.

Immediately after, he witnessed a scene that filled him with despair.

Erwin respectfully approached Emrys, bowed, and said, "My apologies, Mr.

Lund. I had no idea that the new teacher at Jazona University was you," In his mind, Erwin was also puzzled. This Mr. Lund is truly mischievous. He acted so convincingly over the phone that I actually thought there was some pervert daring to approach Ms. Balford!

Zeke was equally terrified.

Erwin said, "Mr. Lund, how should we deal with that insolent punk who offended you? Should I throw him into the river?" As soon as these words were spoken, Dwayne was immediately scared witless.

He had no idea that Emrys was so powerful that even Erwin had to show him respect. No wonder Zeke didn't show any reaction when he heard that someone was targeting Jacqueline. It turns out that an even more influential big shot has set his sights on her.

Dwayne's plan of ingratiating himself with Erwin ended up backfiring, filling him with regret.

Emrys chuckled lightly and said, "It's merely a case of jealousy, not a matter of life and death. Let's spare him this time!" In essence, Emrys was merely indulging in a whim. There was no need to take someone's life just because they cast a jealous glance his way. After all, Emrys was no tyrant.

"As you command!" With long strides, Erwin approached Dwayne, hoisting him single-handedly to the feet of Emrys. He declared, "Did you hear that? Mr. Lund is being merciful, sparing your life. You should immediately express your gratitude for his grace in not taking your life!" "Thank you, Mr. Lund, for sparing my life. Thank you, Mr. Lund, for your mercy!" Dwayne growled on the ground with his pants soaked through. He could never have imagined that his life would be hanging by a thread just because he had made a trivial report.

With a snort, Erwin said, "In all my life, the people I detest the most are those like you who tattle." Dwayne was rendered speechless.

When I previously shared this news with you, you were clearly very excited.

How come you're loathing it now? The minds of big shots are indeed hard to fathom.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 248-Dwayne was so sad that he felt like crying.

After reprimanding Dwayne, Erwin pondered for a moment, then suddenly handed something to Emrys, saying, "Mr. Lund, this is the Black Dragon Token, representing the highest authority of Black Dragon Association. I hope you can accept it." Black Dragon Token?

1/2 using uns, arent you corrupting me?"

Erwin was involved in the underworld, having founded the Black Dragon Association himself. Now, by handing over the Black Dragon Token, which symbolized the highest authority in the gang, he was essentially dragging Emrys into the murky waters of the underworld.

If someone were to see this in the future, they might think that Emrys was also involved in the underworld.

Upon seeing Emrys' displeasure, Erwin nearly wet himself in fear. He hurriedly explained, "Mr. Lund, you've misunderstood my intentions. I'm giving you the Black Dragon Token without any ulterior motives but simply to help you avoid unnecessary conflicts." There were numerous branches under Black Dragon Association, and their relationships with each other were far from harmonious. If anyone from then dared to offend Emrys, Erwin could not afford to bear the consequences.

However, if Emrys possessed the Black Dragon Token, it would make all the difference.

As long as Emrys encountered trouble in the future, all he needed to do was to present the Black Dragon token. Those who were part of Black Dragon Association would naturally not bother Emrys anymore, avoiding unnecessary trouble.

After hearing Erwin's explanation, Emrys did feel that there was some sense to it.

He carried the Celestial Token, but not many in the secular world recognized its significance, especially in Jazona. It was likely that apart from Martial Arts Alliance, the Celestial Token was useless to anyone else.

On the contrary, the Black Dragon Token was different.

In Jazona, there wasn't a soul who didn't know of Black Dragon Association, nor was there anyone who didn't recognize Erwin. Therefore, possessing the token could indeed save him a lot of trouble.

Regardless of whether it could be used or not, having it was always better than not.

After some thought, Emrys reached out and accepted the Black Dragon Token, saying, "Just because I hold the Black Dragon Token, it doesn't mean I'm a member of Black Dragon Association. As you said, possessing this token can prevent many unnecessary conflicts."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 249-Getting Emrys Drunk "I understand, I understand!" Cold sweat trickled down from Erwin's forehead as he hastily spoke with a nod. He handed the Black Dragon Token to Emrys, primarily out of self-interest. On one hand, he was concerned that his reckless subordinates might clash with Emrys. On the other hand, he simply didn't want to burden himself.

Otherwise, every time there was a conflict, he would have to rush over to apologize, an act that was a tiring burden.

At first glance, Mr. Lund isn't someone good at staying out of trouble!

Thereafter, the two arrived at the Balford residence.

"Roger warmly welcomed Emrys into the house, subtly winking at Jacqueline as he did so. Jacqueline immediately understood his intentions. Turning to Emrys, she smiled and said, "I've worked up quite a sweat from the journey. I'm going to take a bath!" Emrys was at a loss for words.

"This is your home. You can take a bath whenever you want," he said.

Somehow, it felt like she was deliberately trying to seduce him.

Emrys saw right through Jacqueline's motive at once.

Roger handed a set of keys to Emrys, smiling as he said, "Dr. Lund, I know that you will be teaching traditional medicine knowledge at Jazona University in the coming days. Since you will be finishing classes late into the night, so I've rented an apartment for you at Lommore Condominium. I've also prepared all the daily necessities for you." He had helped Emrys rent an apartment, specifically unit 502 in Lommore Condominium. Coincidentally, unit 501 was Jacqueline's.

Most of the time, Jacqueline would stay at home, but sometimes, when she had to work late, she would stay at Lommore Condominium near the university.

Roger's agenda was very clear from his actions.

Naturally, he hoped that the two of them would have more opportunities to be alone together. Ideally, they would gradually end up sharing a room.

Emrys asked with a surprised expression, "Mr. Balford, how did you know that my classes were in the evening?" Emrys had two large classes each week, which were held on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from seven to nine in the evening. Since it was a traditional medicine short course, it couldn't be slotted into the students' regular class time.

Moreover, Jazona University did not offer a medical major, so naturally, Emrys could not possibly treat 1/2 his course as a specialized one. He wouldn't delve into too much detail, at most promoting some concepts of traditional medicine, fostering interest in the subject by letting the students know that the traditional medicine of Chanaea was incredibly powerful.

"Ahem Jacqueline told me about it," Roger said awkwardly, coughing to hide his embarrassment. Of course, he couldn't possibly tell Emrys that the suggestion to schedule the class in the evening was actually made by him to Desmond.

Emrys understood his intentions all too well, but he couldn't be bothered to call it out. Accepting the set of keys, he said, "Alright then, since you've already rented the apartment, I suppose I'll move in!" He had an old-fashioned bike, so even after finishing his classes, it wouldn't take him much time to rush back to Jadeborough. However, keeping the keys wasn't a bad idea either. He could use it if it was too late to go back, as he didn't want to disturb the ladies' rest.

Upon seeing Emrys accept the key, Roger was overjoyed. In fact, he had already given the spare key to Jacqueline, allowing her to enter Emrys' room at any time, under the guise of an accidental intrusion. So now... Hehe... Roger laughed heartily and said,

“Haha, Dr. Lund, it’s been quite a while since we last had a drink during the charity auction. How about we have some wine today?” “Since you’re in such high spirits, Mr. Balford, I suppose I must oblige.” Emrys nodded in agreement.

Roger turned around and brought out a bottle of strong liquor, clearly intending to get Emrys drunk. As soon as Emrys thought of Jacqueline going to take a bath, he immediately realized what they were up to—they were planning to get him to sleep with Jacqueline.

Emrys found the situation amusing and decided to prank the father–daughter duo. So, for every toast Roger proposed, he accepted it. Before long, he pretended to be dizzy and slumped onto the table.

Roger sighed and said, “Dr. Lund really can’t hold his liquor. It seems he won’t be able to return home today…” This was far from a lament. Instead, it was an indication of his triumph and joy.

Emrys’ head was resting on the coffee table when he slightly turned it to glance to the side. The sight before him caused his heart to skip a beat. There was a pair of long legs, so fair and tender, that caused his eyes to be mesmerized.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 250-Seduction After taking a bath, Jacqueline donned a thin, spaghetti–strap nightgown. Her figure was stunning and coupled with her height of one point seven meters, her long, fair, and delicate legs were a sight to behold. Fresh from the bathroom, a faint mist still clung to her smooth, white legs.

The faint view of it was extremely seductive.

Emrys could certainly say that it was a feast for his eyes.

Jacqueline was heard saying, “Dad, are we being too despicable by doing this?”

What if Emrys wakes up, realizes that we’ve been scheming against him, and becomes upset?”

“What scheme are you talking about? Dr. Lund clearly got drunk and stumbled into your room all by himself,” Roger corrected her.

Immediately, Jacqueline fell silent.

After a bit of fussing around, the father and daughter finally managed to get Emrys into the room.

Even without looking, Emrys knew that this was definitely Jacqueline’s room. As soon as he entered, he was greeted by a refreshing, feminine fragrance that was absolutely captivating.

With a chuckle, Roger said, "Well, my dear daughter, it's all up to you now." After he finished speaking, he left the room, firmly shutting the door behind him.

He had the look of someone up to no good.

Emrys lay on the bed with his eyes closed, sneering to himself, "Let's see what you'll do now, Jacqueline." A minute passed, with no sign of activity.

Two minutes then passed, yet there was still no sign of activity.

Three minutes passed... Emrys was getting anxious. "Would you hurry up and get started? Don't you realize how torturous this is for me?" Another minute passed once again.

Emrys wanted to sneak a peek by opening his eyes just a little. It was then that he finally heard Jacqueline say, "Emrys, I really don't want to resort to this to win you over. But the girls around you are all so outstanding, I'm afraid..." If you're afraid, hurry up and undress!

Emrys was so frustrated that he could hardly resist the urge to rip off Jacqueline's clothes.

It was truly exasperating for him.

At last, Emrys heard a rustling sound. He stealthily opened his eyes a little, only to see Jacqueline with her back toward him, her nightgown already removed.

Her hair, dark as night, cascaded over her fragrant shoulders. Her back was slender, her skin smooth and delicate. Below her willowy waist, lay the curve of her hips... Emrys swallowed, readying himself. When Jacqueline was about to put him inside her, he prepared to leap up and confront her.

However, Jacqueline didn't do it surprisingly.

After removing her nightgown, she hesitated for a moment, then put it back on.

She whispered into Emrys' ear, "What I want is to first become your girlfriend, and then for us to naturally progress to this point instead of using such means to force you to take responsibility." After speaking, she nestled into Emrys' arms and fell asleep.

Emrys couldn't help but sigh inwardly. This girl was truly kind-hearted!

The night passed without anything happening.

The next day, the look in Roger's eyes when he gazed at Emrys had changed, becoming incredibly shifty.

In his view, his daughter must have already slept with Emrys because no man could resist temptation under those circumstances.

However, Jacqueline informed him that Emrys had been too drunk the previous night and was utterly incapable of doing so, so nothing had happened at all.

In other words, it just wouldn't go in.

Of course, this was just Jacqueline's excuse. After hearing it, Roger exclaimed in regret. He could have used this opportunity to flaunt his achievements to Lydia, but it seemed he had to hold back for now.

Roger, worried about his daughter's disappointment, comforted her, saying, "It's alright. There will be plenty of opportunities in the future. Fortunately, I have a backup plan. I've rented a unit for Dr. Lund in Lommore Condominium. You'll be living next door, so there will be plenty of chances." Jacqueline silently nodded in agreement.

It was Sunday, two days before Emrys' first class. He decided to ride his bicycle back to Jadeborough for a quick visit. Little did he know, upon his return, he would be caught by Yelena.

Her nose was as keen as a dog's. She caught hold of Emrys and demanded, "Why didn't you come back last night?" Emrys said with a hint of unease, "I dropped off Nina at the airport. After that, I strolled around the city for a bit. Suddenly, I felt tired, so I found a place to rest for a while."