

Cherished By Seven Sisters

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 31-Antique Vase He didn't leave, as he wanted to see how Emrys would cause Franklin's death.

As he finally stopped talking, the scene fell deathly silent.

+10 pearls Emrys stared at Franklin for some time. He didn't prescribe anything or start to treat him. Instead, he asked, "Does your father have a hobby!"

Hobby Thomas was surprised to hear that question "Mr. Lund, can you be more specific?"

"For example, he might like antiques" "Oh, my dad loves collecting antique pieces. He has a few antique vases in his study. Thomas said "Bring them all here." Despite not knowing what Emrys wanted to do. Thomas left and soon returned with the antique A smirk played on Elliot's lips as he stood aside, waiting for Emrys to make a fool of himself.

"Old Mr. Sunderland, these antique vases are gorgeous. You must've spent a lot of effort to get them, huh?" Emrys picked up a vase and waved it in front of Franklin.

Franklin flashed a bitter smile. "Mr. Lund, what are you getting a cat?" If it had been any other time, he and Emrys would have had a delightful conversation about his antique vases, but unfortunately, he was on the brink of death and had no desire to engage in idle chatter.

What is he doing?

Both Thomas and Lucas were confused, too.

Elliot snickered. "How ridiculous!" Suddenly, a strange smile flitted across Emrys' lips as he drawled, "Old Mr.

Sunderland, you love collecting fitiques, but my hobby is the opposite. I love smashing antiques!" With that, he smashed the antique vase onto the ground right in front of Franklin.

Crack!

The vase immediately shattered upon impact.

pearls Thomas and Lucas blanched in horror.

Franklin adored his collection and would always wipe them meticulously with a cotton cloth several times every day. In fact, he cleaned them more often than he cleaned himself.

However, Emrys had just destroyed one of his precious treasures.

Lucas roared in anger, "You lunatic! Is my dad's illness not serious enough?

How dare you destroy his vase? I'm going to kill you!" He was about to rush forward to hit Emrys when Thomas stopped him.

"Don't act recklessly. Mr. Lund must have a reason for doing so," Thomas said to his brother with a grim expression.

He didn't know the reason behind Emrys' action, but he chose to be patient for the time being.

Feeling puzzled, Lucas demanded, "Thomas, is it not obvious that he is here to anger Dad? Why are you siding with him?" Thomas said nothing.

He was left with no choice but to trust Emrys, as he couldn't afford to offend him.

Emrys had picked up the second vase, about to smash it.

Lucas fixed a death glare on Emrys. Refusing to tolerate his behavior, he charged forward and snatched the vase from his grasp.

Right then, Franklin parted his lips, about to yell at Emrys for breaking his beloved vases.

However, before he could utter a single word, he was overcome with a powerful urge to vomit, and a putrid smell filled the air as the contents of his stomach were expelled.

Following that, his stomach, which was as round as a ball, deflated.

It turned out that Franklin's condition was due to his weakened spleen, which had resulted in his stomach becoming bloated and his inability to digest food correctly.

In traditional medicine, the liver was thought to have the ability to temper the functioning of the spleen.

Emrys had deliberately angered Franklin, which affected his liver. This, in turn, meant that Franklin was able to vomit out the contents of his stomach, as the pressure that had been placed on his spleen as the liver's restraining effect was now relieved.

Franklin was cured without needing to take any medicine or get any treatment.

Both Thomas and Lucas were dumbstruck.

"You were grinning happily, weren't you?" Suddenly. Emrys strode over to Elliot and whacked him on the back of his head

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 32-Support Cordelia Group A while ago, Elliot had been grinning happily when Emrys smashed the vase.

He even commented, "I can't believe this b*stard claims he is able to treat Old Mr. Sunderland. Who is the fool who invited him here?" It was quite noisy at the time, so it was likely that the others didn't hear what he said. With all eyes on the shattered vase, no one would be listening to him.

However, Emrys had heard him loud and clear.

As Emphyrean Lord, he couldn't believe someone had the guts to call him a b*stard. He decided to teach him a lesson.

When he slapped the back of Elliot's head, he exerted some force.

Elliot stumbled forward and, through what seemed like sheer luck, fell face-first into Franklin's vomit. To his horror, he realized he had accidentally ingested some of the vile substance, which was nothing short of completely revolting.

Thomas couldn't bear to witness the disgusting scene and summoned two b*dyguards to drag Elliot out.

"Mr. Lund, please accept my apology. I nearly misunderstood you just now," Lucas said apologetically.

He had nearly taken action against Emrys when Franklin vomited in time.

Emrys wasn't bothered. "It's fine. I know you're just worried about your father." He then turned to Franklin and smiled. "Old Mr. Sunderland, you won't blame me for destroying your vase, right?" "Of course not. You saved me, Mr. Lund. I wouldn't dare to blame you," Franklin replied hastily as he waved his hands.

Although his heart ached for the broken vase, it was worth it, as he was saved.

Thomas' expression was one of utmost respect as he said, "Mr. Lund. I am deeply indebted to you for what you have done to save my dad. I would be glad to pay you any amount that you want." "No need. I broke your dad's antique vase, so I won't ask for any money. All that I ask is that your family shows their support for Delia's Cordelia Group." With that, Emrys left the Sunderland residence.

Thomas watched as Emrys' carefree figure left the house. He clenched his jaw and made an important decision.

"Gather everyone for a family meeting. I'm going to announce that our distribution channel will be exclusively selling Cordelia Group's products from now on.

Support Cordeli... +10 pearls "Thomas, isn't that too risky?" Lucas asked worriedly.

If their distribution channel sold Cordelia Group's products exclusively, that would mean they were now in the same boat as Cordelia Group.

It was a risky decision.

In the event of a catastrophe befalling Cordelia Group, the Sunderland family would be doomed.

"We take risks every day in the corporate world." Thomas said decisively, then turned to look at Franklin.

Franklin gave a curt nod. "I've already handed you the family business, so I'll support any decision you make. Besides, I think Mr. Lund is no ordinary person.

He'll definitely achieve success in the future." Mr. Lund, huh?

Thomas narrowed his eyes. After all, Emrys wasn't the only reason he made this decision. It was also because of that man.

Emrys soon returned to Verdant Estate.

Yelena smirked upon seeing him. "Rys, why would Mr. Emerentius suddenly give me a painting? How does he know me?" "You should be asking Mr. Emerentius that question." Yelena snorted. "Do you think I'm a fool? Are you hiding something from me? Be honest with me!" Emrys nodded. "Okay, I'll be frank with you. I was the one who asked Mr.

Emerentius to draw Burgeoning Rose." "Stop lying to me!" Yelena grabbed Emrys by the arm and yanked him into his room. She pointed at a few crumpled pieces of paper on the desk. "I've looked through your dustbin.

There were some strange tissues in there, but I also found these." Emrys was speechless. Is Lena a husky? Why would she look through my dustbin?

However, he knew what the crumpled papers were. They were the drafts he made for Burgeoning Rose.

He was actually teasing her, for there was no need for him to conceal his identity as Emerentius.

As Yelena had discovered the truth, he admitted to it readily.