

Cherished By Seven Sisters

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 91-I Have Always Been A Lady At that point, Charlotte felt there was something special about finding happiness in life's simple pleasures rather than enduring unhappiness in the midst of luxury.

The passersby, too, agreed that there was something refreshing and delightful about being young and innocent.

After returning to the Sunderland residence, they spotted three figures pecking from behind the yard wall, who seemed to have been eagerly awaiting their arrival for quite some time.

"They're weird. So weird," Emrys murmured.

After gently helping Charlotte off the bicycle and bidding her farewell, he leisurely pedaled away on his bicycle.

"Hey, Charlotte. How's your day with Mr. Lund?" As soon as Emrys left, the three of the Sunderlands dashed out of the residence, surrounding Charlotte with endless questions.

They were all grinning from ear to ear.

Not one to reveal her shy side in general, Charlotte answered bashfully, "Oh, please. We've only spent an afternoon together. What's there to make a fuss about?" Seeing her blush and squirm, the three of them exchanged peculiar glances. Is this unruly child actually shy now?

From the tone of her voice, it seemed like she would not mind getting closer to Emrys and developing a deeper relationship with him.

Big news! This is big news!

Franklin expressed his concern by asking, "Charlotte, does that mean you don't harbor any negative feelings toward Mr. Lund anymore?" "Why would I have any negative feelings toward him? He's such a nice guy. You guys are really weird!" The three of them cast her a peculiar glance. Now we're the weird ones? That's not how she reacted during lunch earlier!

Charlotte seemed to understand what was on their minds and rolled her eyes.

“Mr. Lund is an impressive priest, yet none of you told me that! You all made me look like a fool during lunch.” The trio paused for a moment, exchanging surprised glances. Priest?

Franklin and Lucas could not help but wonder why she called Emrys a priest.

Isn't Mr. Lund a

miracle doctor?

Thomas, too, was perplexed. Isn't he Empyrean Lord's brother-in-law? When did he become a priest?

However, none of their doubts mattered anymore, as Charlotte had developed positive feelings for Emrys, and he did not appear to be repulsed by her either.

That's all that matters!

With these two foundations in place, their task now was to create more opportunities for Charlotte and Emrys to spend time together. They were confident that with these opportunities, a deeper relationship would naturally develop between them.

Our family is about to reach new heights! Hahaha!

Thomas wore a gossiping expression as he asked, “Charlotte, can you tell us exactly how far your relationship with Mr. Lund has progressed?” Smack!

Franklin smacked Thomas on the back of his head and scolded, “Can you not be so direct? Can't you tell she's shy now?” After giving Thomas a fierce glare, Franklin turned around and flashed a grin at his granddaughter. “Sweetie, have you... held hands with Mr. Lund?” That question rendered Charlotte speechless. Well, that's quite a “subtle” way of asking.

Her mind raced as she recalled the incident when Emrys bravely protected her from Cambion while tapping her chin thoughtfully. “Mr. Lund touched me.” “Wait, what?” The three men were thunderstruck. They were only together for an afternoon, and they've already gotten touchy-feely? Here I thought Mr. Lund looked like a decent man!

Franklin, who came to his senses, stroked his beard and burst into laughter.

“Well done, well done. Charlotte, sweetie, from now on, you need to start acting more ladylike. Don't show your stubborn and unruly side before Mr. Lund anymore, okay?” “Grandpa, how can you have such a low opinion of your own granddaughter?”

“I've always been a lady; I don't need to pretend to be one,” Charlotte retorted.

He cleared his throat. "Yes, yes. You're right. You've always been ladylike. Can you please let go of my beard now?" Meanwhile, as soon as Emrys returned to his room, he locked the door and could not contain his excitement as he took out the Mystic Sun Stone.

He never expected to find such a precious gem in the Sunderland residence.

What a delightful surprise!

He held the Mystic Sun Stone in his hands and eagerly absorbed its energy.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The stone's surface quickly lost its luster, and the life energy within Emrys' b*dy became noticeably stronger.

After absorbing enough energy, he used his life energy to cut the Mystic Sun Stone into seven circular stone pieces with a diameter of ten centimeters.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 92-Nancy And Her Mother Are In Danger Next, he needed to carve the symbols of Telepathic Formation onto these seven circular stone pieces.

Before he knew it, half an hour had passed.

Cordelia was the earliest to get home from work. When she realized Emrys' room was locked, she could not help but ask, "Rys, what are you doing in there?" "You're back, Delia." Emrys huffed as he opened the door.

She cast him a puzzled look. "Why do you look so exhausted despite being at home?" "I did some handiwork." "Handiwork?" Cordelia froze for a moment, recalling a joke Ninette had made before. The latter had said that the "handiwork" that boys referred to was different from what one generally assumed it to be.

Her face instantly turned red, and she shot Emrys a peculiar glance. "Got it. I got it. It must be hard on you to live with us girls." She consciously guided him back into his room, giving him the space and time needed to complete his "handiwork," even closing the door behind him, respecting his need for privacy.

Emrys was at a loss for words.

He stared at the incomplete formations on the table, deep in thought. The odd glances Cordelia had given him earlier only added to his contemplation. I'm really doing actual handiwork!

Later that evening, during dinner, Emrys could not shake off the peculiar gazes from the three women.

Caylie served him a steaming bowl of lamb stew with white radish and smiled.

“Emrys, here you go. I made this for you. Delia even went out of her way to get some exquisite spices from the store to make this dish extra flavorful!” Yelena also chimed in with enthusiasm, “Rys, in the future, if yo come to me. I do my best to help you out.” have any needs, you can always Emrys felt increasingly uneasy throughout the meal as if he was sitting on pins and needles.

The next day, he went to Apricot Hall with Caylie.

Early in the morning, Apricot Hall was already bustling with business, even more so than during Lincoln’s consultation hours.

Among the visitors, not all were seeking medical treatment. A significant number sought Duncan’s expertise to maintain their general health and well-being.

Emrys did not disrupt Duncan’s work. Instead, he assisted the latter by administering acupuncture and prescribing medication for several severely ill patients.

“You finally appear, Dr. Lund.” A smiling woman entered Apricot Hall, carrying a little girl in her arms.

Upon seeing Emrys, the little girl exclaimed, “Dr. Lund!” “Hey, Nancy.” Emrys gave her a smile and stroked her head.

He then shifted his gaze to the woman. “Has your daughter fully recovered from Cold Syndrome?” “Yes, yes. Nancy hasn’t experienced any illnesses since the last time you performed acupuncture on her. Dr. Lund, we’re here to present you a commendation banner as a token of our gratitude.” “Thank you.” Emrys graciously accepted the offer, recognizing the sincerity behind their gesture. The gift might not have been extravagant, but its significance was not measured by its price but rather by the sentiment it held.

“We shall not disturb you any further, then. Nancy, say goodbye to Dr. Lund.” “See you, Dr. Lund,” said Nancy.

“See you, Nancy.” The smile remained on Emrys’ face as he watched the mother and daughter duo leave Apricot Hall. At that moment, he realized it was these simple yet profound encounters that brought the greatest joy to a doctor’s life.

However, just as the mother and daughter were about to fade from his view, he caught sight of a furtive man following closely behind them.

Emrys' face darkened, and he swiftly turned to Caylie and said, "Caylie, I'm going out for a while." Without delay, he left Apricot Hall and discreetly trailed the man, confirming his suspicions that the man was indeed tracking the mother and daughter.

Unaware of the potential danger, the mother and daughter continued on their way.

Emrys eventually arrived at the slums, where the sound of a heated argument reached his ears from a distance away.

The crease on his forehead deepened. He quickened his pace and got into the woman's house, only to see her hugging the little girl while there was a bright red mark on her cheek.

The duo was squatting on the floor, sobbing in terror.

The man, on the other hand, wore a fierce expression and continued to shout at the mother and daughter, even making threatening gestures as if he was about to hit the woman.

Witnessing this scene, Emrys felt anger welling up inside him. He strode forward and firmly grasped the man's fist, delivering a powerful kick that sent the latter flying.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 93-"You piece of sh*t! A man's hands should be used to protect women, not hit them," Emrys thundered.

"Who the f*ck are you? How is my reprimanding of my wife and child any of your business?" Briefly stunned, the man subsequently picked up a bench and threw it at Emrys ferociously.

Unexpectedly, instead of dodging, Emrys intercepted the bench and swung it back in the man's direction.

"How can you bring yourself to strike your own wife and child? You're not a man at all. I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

As Emrys slammed the bench onto the man, the latter howled like a pitiful dog.

It wasn't until the bench cracked into pieces that the former finally stopped.

"F*ck! Just you wait! Also, the two of you better not think that you can hide from me. I'm going to come back real soon!" As the man hobbled out of the slums, it was clear from his scathing words that he was going off to get reinforcements.

Calming himself down, Emrys turned to the woman and asked, "Ma'am, what in the world happened?" The woman sobbed for a while before relating her predicament to him.

It turned out that the man was indeed her husband and Nancy's father, except he was anything but a good person. All he did every day was drink and get into fights, typical of a local hoodlum.

Every time he finished drinking or was in a bad mood, he would assault the mother-daughter duo upon coming home.

The woman had long wanted a divorce but would always end up being punched and kicked whenever she broached the topic. Sometimes, her daughter would also have to suffer along with her.

Left without a choice, the woman moved away secretly to protect her daughter from the traumatic environment. Unfortunately, the man always managed to track them down every time she did so. There was just no escape for them.

The woman's story triggered a sense of sympathy from Emrys. This man is truly a b*stard!

"Ma'am, haven't you considered calling the police?" he asked.

"It's useless. When the police arrived to mediate the last time, he promised he wouldn't hit us anymore. Yet, the moment they left, he did so with even greater intensity and threatened to kill us if I called them again..

"Given that my daughter is still a child, I'm really worried about her getting hurt.

That's why I didn't dare call the police again and chose to keep moving to avoid that b*stard.

"Sadly, he's just like an evil demon. He would find us every time and beat us up when he did. If it wasn't for you today, Dr. Lund, I'm afraid Nancy and I would've..." Sobbing as she spoke, the woman would tremble in fear every time she mentioned her husband.- Emrys, with a cold glint in his eyes, slammed his fist against the door frame and declared, "Don't worry, Ma'am. Now that I'm made aware of your situation, I won't sit idly by and watch. I, Emrys Lund, will resolve your problem if the police are unable to do so." "No!" She grabbed him by the arm and explained fearfully, "That man is nothing but a scoundrel. Wherever he goes, he's always able to fit in with local gangsters.

Now that he has gone to seek their help, you have to leave immediately. Dr.

Lund, I don't want you to be dragged into this." While speaking, she tried to push him away, but he simply refused to budge.

“Why are you such a fool, Dr. Lund? This is a fate that both of us can’t escape but has nothing to do with you at all. Why do you insist on staying and suffering with us?” she lamented in tears.

Why?

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1/2 Chapter 93 I Will Resolve... 95%賣 +10 pearls “It's useless. When the police arrived to mediate the last time, he promised he wouldn't hit us anymore. Yet, the moment they left, he did so with even greater intensity and threatened to kill us if I called them again..

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Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 95-Are You Satisfied "Hunter Lister, the one from Midas. He used to work for Hendrik but took over as the leader after the latter committed suicide. He's the one I'm currently working for." With barely any strength left, Harry almost fainted after finishing his sentence in a single breath.

Emrys' first instinct was to say that Hunter was nothing to him, but after giving the matter some thought, he decided to get Harry to call Hunter instead.

"Tell Hunter to come and see me within fifteen minutes. Also, get him to bring a paintbrush, paint, and paper. By the way, let him know that I'm Emrys Lund."

Seventeen minutes and three seconds later, Hunter arrived at the slums with a terrified look and his head covered in sweat.

I'm late!

He obviously didn't dare disobey Emrys' orders to be there in fifteen minutes.

Thus, he drove at two hundred kilometers an hour and ran every red light along the way.

Unfortunately, he was delayed by a few minutes to get the items requested by Emrys. That was why he exceeded the deadline by two minutes and three seconds.

I'm going to lose my head for this!

Hunter couldn't help recalling what happened at Midas back then. Emrys had stormed into the casino and single-handedly killed his boss, Hendrik. The thought of it alone sent a chill down his spine.

"I deserve death for being late, Emphyrean Lord. Please show mercy." Upon rushing into the slums, Hunter dropped to his knees without delay. The relentless drops of sweat he emitted began to form a puddle as he bowed his head.

The terror within him was unmistakable.

As for Leonard and Harry, who were still lying on the floor, the sight before them shook them to their core.

Did Mr. Lister just address this Emrys guy as Empyrean Lord? The Empyrean Lord! Only one person in Chanaea carries that title. Don't tell me that this young man is him?

The fear in Hunter's eyes told them that their supposition was correct.

In that instant, both of them felt as if their minds were blown.

How is something as ludicrous as this possible? We're nothing but small-time hoodlums. There's no way we can end up crossing someone as mighty as Empyrean Lord, 1/2 12:11 Wed, 24 Jan G.

Chapter 95 Are You Satisfied +10 pearls Sad to say, regardless of whether they wanted to believe it or not, life could, at times, be really unpredictable.

Meanwhile, Emrys stared at the trembling Hunter as he said indifferently, "Get up now. I'm not going to punish you just for being two minutes late." "Yes, yes. I'm grateful for the mercy shown, Empyrean Lord." Hunter expressed his gratitude as if he had escaped from the jaws of death. He then turned his attention to the stunned Harry and stomped his foot on the latter's face.

"Are you f*cking blind? How dare you cross Empyrean Lord? Do you have a death wish?" Raging in anger, Hunter gave Harry's face another stomp.

Truth be told, he wasn't furious because Harry had gotten on the nerves of Emrys. He couldn't care less about Harry's survival. What truly irked him was Harry getting him involved.

F*cking hell, how dare you get Empyrean Lord to show you mercy on my account! I'm someone who means nothing to him. All you have done is get me into deep trouble!

Hunter had the same amount of fury as he did fear earlier.

At that moment, Emrys cleared his throat and spoke up. "You've hit the wrong person." "Wrong person?" Hunter was stunned.

With an aggrieved look on his face, Harry pointed at Leonard and explained with his last breath, "That assh*le was the one who started this." He lost consciousness the moment he finished.

"Son of a b*tch! So, you're the one responsible. I'm going to kill you!" Hunter felt embarrassed for beating up the wrong person. Left without a choice, he proceeded to whack Leonard to redeem himself.

It wasn't until Leonard had his lights knocked out that Hunter finally stopped.

He then returned to Emrys' side with an obsequious look on his face and asked, "Empyrean Lord, are you satisfied?"