

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 1521

Chapter 1521 The Truth Back Then

The mere thought of such a possibility deepened the grim look on his face.

Meanwhile, a glint of murderous intent flashed across the depths of his eyes.

Since the truth that was hidden years ago might see the light of day, I'm forced to show no mercy.

After giving it some thought, Albert figured that it was better to directly address the root of the problem rather than removing the clues that might be discovered.

That evening, the housekeeper came up the stairs to deliver Avery's medicine on schedule.

Not long after Avery drank it, he fell asleep.

At two in the morning, a dark figure quietly appeared in the corridor suddenly.

Like a phantom, he approached Avery's room without making a sound.

He opened the door cautiously, afraid of waking Avery, who was sleeping soundly inside.

He swiftly slipped in, gradually approaching the bed in the pitch-black room.

Bathed in the sliver of moonlight filtering through the curtain gap, the figure suddenly revealed a sinister expression. With the knife held high, he ruthlessly plunged it toward the sleeping Avery.

However, before the tip of the knife could make contact, Avery, who was supposedly in deep slumber, suddenly opened his eyes. With a piercing gaze, he stared intently at the figure standing beside his bed, and with a swift motion, he grabbed the intruder's wrist. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Caught off guard, the intruder couldn't help but let out a sharp cry of pain.

Just then, the people who had been hiding in every corner of the room suddenly sprang out, instantly apprehending the phantom-like figure. The lights also turned on in an instant.

With a calm expression, Avery gently lifted the covers and got out of bed. He looked at the person kneeling on the ground, and with a swift move, he pulled back the black cloak the man was wearing. The face revealed was one he couldn't be any more familiar with.

"So it really was you, Uncle Albert."

Albert was caught off guard by the unexpected turn of events. Dumbfounded, he stared blankly at Avery, at a loss for words to defend himself.

Avery was the first to ask him, "Why aren't you speaking? Don't you have anything to 'defend yourself with?'"

It took Albert a moment to regain his senses. Only then did he grasp the gravity of his current situation.

His mind was racing, yet he couldn't come up with any plausible excuse. He remained silent for quite some time, unable to utter a single word.

His silence didn't surprise Avery at all. He casually sat down on the couch nearby, crossing his long legs. His fingers rested on the armrest of the couch, tapping rhythmically in a nonchalant manner. "Since you don't seem to have anything to say, I'll just ask you directly. Why are you doing this? Are you acting on someone else's orders, or are you the mastermind?"

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Albert's eyes darted around in thought, and after a long while, he came up with a very lame excuse.

"I... I didn't come here to kill you, Mr. Cox. Please believe me. I came here... I came here only because I heard some unusual noises and thought I should check it out... I came here to ensure your safety." As he spoke, he nodded his head with great certainty, affirming himself.

"That's right. It must have been your subordinates who made the noise when they entered your room! I thought a stranger had broken in, intending to harm you, so I came over with a knife. At first, I thought the person on the bed wasn't you, but someone lying

there pretending to be you, or maybe they had hidden you away, or perhaps they had already harmed you. In any case... I just... I just wanted to protect you..."

Listening to Albert, Avery couldn't help but laugh. "Do you really think I would believe what you're saying?"

Albert remained stubborn. "What I'm saying is the truth. All of it is true. You have to believe me, Mr. Cox!" Avery, however, couldn't be bothered with Albert's lies and got straight to the point.

"You're here to assassinate me tonight because of the information I've released, aren't you? You heard that the truth about my parents' death has been uncovered, along with clues about the wug poison. That's why you couldn't resist, could you? Tell me, were you the one who poisoned my parents all those years ago?"

Upon being interrogated by Avery, Albert was completely dumbfounded. It took him a while before he hurriedly shook his head. "No, no, it wasn't me. I didn't do it. I had no reason to-"

"Really? I'm not so sure about that, Uncle Albert. From my perspective, you've been coveting the head of the family's position for a long time. Could it be that you had planned to harm my parents and then take over as the head of the family?"

Albert was still defending himself, "No, all of this is just speculation. You have no evidence at all!"

When being good cop didn't work, Avery chose to take the role of bad cop.

"I am, after all, your uncle. It's a disgrace for you to capture me like this. Even if you have suspicions about me, do

you

have any

evidence? Without evidence, you're detaining me arbitrarily. What do you take the family rules of the Cox family for?"

"Family rules?" Avery sneered, "You dare to mention family rules to me? What right do you have? Let me tell you. In the Cox family, I am the law. I do what I want, however I want. Since you're so tight-lipped, refusing to utter a single word, I'll teach you a proper lesson. When you're ready to talk, come and tell me what the truth was back then!"

After he finished speaking, he gave Irwin a knowing glance.

The latter understood immediately, and without delay, he grabbed Albert, dragging him out of the room and straight into the basement. Half an hour later, Irwin came back to report.

"Mr. Cox, at first, he was quite stubborn, refusing to utter a word. But in the end, he couldn't hold back any longer and confessed everything. He said he's willing to reveal the entire truth about what happened back then, all in the hope that you would spare his life."

"Spare his life? That depends on what the truth was back then! Bring him up here!"

With that, Irwin had his men drag the battered Albert into the living room.

At that point, Albert was tortured beyond recognition. There wasn't a single part of his body that was unscathed. Some of his wounds were even doused with a liquid that stung, causing them to fester and making for a horrifying sight.

He seemed to be in such pain that all his strength had been drained, leaving him sprawled weakly on the ground. His mouth was twisted, his eyes askew, and it took him a great deal of effort to finally lift his head to look at Avery.

"Mr. Cox, I... I'll tell you everything. I'll tell you the whole truth about what happened that year, every single detail of it. I beg you to spare my life. Please spare this life of mine..."

Avery looked at him indifferently, his gaze devoid of any warmth.

"Don't try to negotiate terms with me. What I want is the truth. Whether I spare your life or not depends on what the

truth is back then!"

Albert now knew that he had no other way out.

Revealing the truth might buy him a chance for reprieve.

If he didn't do so, not only would he be killed, but he might also be tormented to the point where he rather be dead, never enjoying a moment of peace for the rest of his life.

In that case, it would be better to die and be done with it all.

With a sense of despair, he closed his eyes and finally revealed the truth.

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Chapter 1522

Chapter 1522 This Is A Declaration Of War

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"Indeed, it was I who poisoned your parents with the wug. At that time, Mrs. Cox was already pregnant with you, so part of the poison entered your body through her. I thought you would be stillborn, but to my surprise, she risked her life to safely give birth to you. Even though you didn't die, your body remained weak and sickly, always on the brink of death. As the poison from the wug continued to intensify, Mr. Elias and his wife soon passed away."

Listening to Albert's words, Avery's hand clenched tightly into a fist. The veins on the back of his hand bulged, and the sound of his bones creaking could be heard.

"Who's pulling your strings? Or are you the mastermind?"

Albert hastily replied, "No, I'm not the mastermind. I really am not! I was just following Matthew's orders. He told me to do it! He assured me that as long as Mr. Elias and his wife were eliminated, he would support me to take over as the head of the Cox family. But somehow, the Cox family ended up electing you as the new head, and Matthew didn't object. He just told me to be patient and wait a little longer..." At this point, he became impassioned. Dragging his broken body, he painstakingly crawled towards Avery.

"I beg you, Mr. Cox. I truly am not the mastermind. I merely followed Matthew's orders. He coerced and enticed me. If I did not obey him, he would have killed me. I had no choice but to do as he demanded. I truly didn't do it on purpose. Please, spare my life..."

"Spare your life?"

A devious smile suddenly appeared on Avery's face.

It was an expression revealed only when one reached the pinnacle of one's fury.

"Because of you, my parents are dead and I've been poised. Now, you expect me to spare your life? Are you joking? Or did I hear wrong?"

Albert looked at Avery's expression, his body suddenly shaking uncontrollably as he was terrified to the point of wetting himself.

He opened his mouth, wanting to defend himself further, but found himself unable to utter a word.

His throat felt as if it was being strangled, unable to make even the slightest sound.

At that moment, Avery no longer wanted to see Albert's detestable face.

He glanced at Irwin and commanded, "Take him away and deal with him as you see fit."

Irwin quickly acknowledged the order and did as he was told.

In less than fifteen minutes, Irwin had already returned.

"Mr. Cox, he has breathed his last. How should we deal with his body? Should we simply throw it out to the dogs

or

"Feeding him to the dogs would be letting him off too easy. Since he and Matthew conspired together, we should deliver such a grand gift to Matthew."

Irwin understood Avery's intentions and immediately set out to carry out the task.

The following morning, a parcel arrived at Matthew's residence.

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@ 96% It was a large, square box. When Matthew's butler opened it, he was so startled by what he saw inside that he >screamed. He fell to the ground, scrambling backward in a state of utter panic. Backing away, he pointed at the box, babbling incoherently, "There's... There's a dead person!"

When he heard those words, Matthew's expression darkened. He walked over to take a look. With just one glance inside, his face changed instantly.

What was contained within the box wasn't just a corpse but a dismembered one at that.

The face that was glaring up at him was none other than Albert's.

Even he, who had been through a lot, couldn't help but step back a few paces, his face as white as a ghost. It took him a good while to regain his senses before he asked in a hoarse voice, "Who sent this? Who?"

At that moment, the butler was drenched in sweat, shaking his head in confusion and completely clueless about what was going on.

After some thought, Matthew could only think of one person-Avery.

This box must have definitely been sent by Avery! What does he mean? Is he trying to intimidate me? Why did he get rid of Albert? Could it be that he knows something? How much does he know?

For a moment, countless questions flashed through his mind. He didn't have the slightest clue, yet he knew the situation was extremely dire.

During this period, Bartitsu Guild had been on the offensive, while the Cox family was put on the defensive. But now, Avery signaled with his actions that the tables were about to turn. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

This is clearly a declaration of war! Declaring war with Albert's corpse implies that Avery must have learned something. Regardless of what he knows, it's extremely disadvantageous for me. Although Avery was young, Matthew knew that the consequences would be unimaginable if such a person were to

come for him.

The thought caused his face to darken considerably, while a glint of malice flashed in his eyes.

When Neera found out that Albert was indeed the culprit who had poisoned Avery's parents years ago and conspired with Matthew, she was not surprised.

She had already anticipated such an outcome.

While she felt a sense of melancholy, she also felt relieved for Avery.

In the end, the real culprit from back then had been found and the truth has been revealed. At least Avery's parents could now rest in peace, and Avery himself had no regrets in his life.

At the same time, she also knew that because of this, a bloody storm was to sweep across Phison.

Sure enough, the very next day, unforeseen events began to happen across Phison.

The heads of some minor families mysteriously disappeared, and their disappearances were quite peculiar.

Most of them were from Bartitsu Guild, but a small portion was from Lordsworth Estate which had engaged Bartitsu Guild.

For a moment, there was widespread panic, and rumors could be heard everywhere, especially on the internet:

What's going on? This is terrifying. How did so many people disappear overnight? And they're all family heads and elders?

I really don't know, I've only heard such rumors, but I didn't expect them to be true. What on earth is going on? Have these people just vanished into thin air? That's impossible!

I heard they all disappeared in the dead of night. Could it be that the gates of hell opened and the Grim Reaper came here to take them away?

Hey you, this is not something to joke about, especially at a time like this. If this continues, who knows who might disappear next time!

Small fries like us should be fine, right? I heard rumors that those who disappeared were all from certain families, including the elders within those families. But where have all these people been taken to? Why are these individuals being targeted?

Oh

my, this is so frightening. What's going on? I feel like the Phison is in an upheaval. Is the previous illusion of peace about to end? Could it be that a war is really about to break out on both sides?

Don't jump to conclusions. Nothing is certain about this matter yet, and we don't have any leads. It might not even be related to Bartitsu Guild or Lordsworth Estate. Let's just wait and see.

On my God! According to those in the know, the heads of those minor families all had a finger severed before they disappeared. When people discovered they were missing, they would find a severed pinky on the bed.

Oh my, it has suddenly become so terrifying!

I hope this case is solved quickly. If things continue like this, we won't be able to stay in the Phison, anymore...

When Neera saw these messages, she couldn't help but feel a sense of unease, an inexplicable tension rising

within her.

"Could this be the work of Bartitsu Guild?" She turned her head to look at Jean. Her first reaction was to suspect Matthew.

Jean was quite surprised and asked her, "Why do you suspect Matthew? Haven't you ever suspected that it was Lordsworth Estate? After all, it's hard to say in such matters."

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Chapter 1523

Chapter 1523 Unwise To Stay

Neera shook her head without hesitation.

"Of course not. Lordsworth Estate has always given me a straightforward impression. While they may use tactics, they would never actively harm people. This incident is unlikely to be orchestrated by Lordsworth Estate."

Jean smiled slightly upon hearing her words.

However, his smile soon began to fade.

Since this matter involved Lordsworth Estate, he had to send someone to investigate.

That morning, he called Colin and instructed him to find out what was going on.

At the same time, Caleb called Neera, informing her of a highly valuable auction of medicinal materials at the Meyer family's auction house that evening.

Neera was quite intrigued, but due to the current tense atmosphere outside, she felt an inexplicable worry and didn't dare to venture out.

Seemingly unfazed, Caleb suggested, "Don't worry. Don't you have a knight in shining armor by your side? What's there to be afraid of? Let Mr. Beauvort accompany you."

Hearing the words, "knight in shining armor," Neera blushed slightly.

After ending the call, she asked Jean, "Do you have any plans for tonight?"

Seeing her trying to please him, Jean smiled.

"What's the matter?"

"There's an auction at the Medicina family tonight, where they'll be auctioning off some extremely valuable medicinal materials. Mr. Yao called me specifically to inform me about it. It seems these are medicinal materials that are quite hard to come by in the market. I'm thinking of going over to take a look, and if there's anything suitable, I'll bid for it. Although your health has improved significantly, you still need to recuperate. Once

I've sorted things out here, I plan to prepare a few more drugs for you to further strengthen your body."

Pleased that she was considering him, Jean lifted her chin up with his finger and responded, "Why ask me? Where you go, I go. There's no need to consider. Anything that involves you is the most important." In the end, he seemed to recall something and added, "Besides, what could possibly happen here? I am the man behind you."

Neera was amused by his words, and she confidently informed Caleb that she would attend.

That evening, as expected, the auction house had a few extremely precious and rare medicinal materials. Neera spared no expense to acquire several medicinal materials she wanted. "Great, these are the exact medicinal materials I've been missing from my list. It seems today's trip wasn't in vain after all!"

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After the auction, Neera and Jean chatted with Caleb for a while before deciding to leave.

Before leaving, Neera decided to use the restroom. She handed her coat to Jean, asking him and Caleb to continue chatting while she quickly returned.

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She walked unsuspectingly through two corridors, about to turn toward the one leading to the restroom./However, just as she was about to make the turn, a hand grabbed her. Before she could react, she was yanked and stumbled.

Startled, she turned to see a stranger behind her with a menacing expression.

"Who are you?" she asked instinctively while trying to break free.

Alas, that man had no interest in wasting time with her. He dragged her to a hidden corner, out of sight from the passing crowd, and then covered her mouth and nose with a handkerchief. Neera smelled a strong scent of ether and immediately realized something was wrong. She struggled, attempting to turn her head to call for help.

The man found her annoying and seemed to think it was inefficient to deal with her this way. He raised his hand, attempting to strike the back of her neck to knock her out.

Before the man could even touch her, his wrist was firmly seized by a large hand.

In the next second, a forceful upward motion accompanied by a cracking sound rendered the man's arm useless.

A pained and desperate scream echoed through the corridor.

Simultaneously, a group of people arrived from various directions.

Jean swiftly pulled Neera behind him, facing the crowd that had encircled them. He let out a cold laugh. "Who do you think you are? Do you have a death wish? How dare you harm my woman?"

The group paid him no mind. They played with their knives and coldly told him, "Cut the cr*p. If you hand over that woman, we might spare your wretched life!"

It was the first time someone had dared to talk to him that day. Flashing a half-smile, Jean didn't bother talking to them.

Slightly tilting his head, he gently comforted Neera, who was hiding behind him. "Don't be afraid, wait here. I'll deal... with them, and then we'll go home."

After he finished speaking, he turned around and charged forward, engaging in a fight with these people agilely.

Neera watched from the corner, wanting to help but having no means. She hadn't brought her silver needles today, and there was nothing in the vicinity she could use. Her only option was not to cause trouble for Jean.

So, she stayed in the corner, keeping her eyes on Jean, fearing he might get into trouble or get hurt.

However, as she watched, she strangely felt a familiar sensation, as if she had seen these skills somewhere before.

Due to the urgency of the situation and her current confusion, she couldn't recall where.

Regardless, Jean displayed remarkable skills. Facing eight or nine sturdy men armed with deadly weapons, he effortlessly held his ground, swiftly incapacitating each one.

He initially intended to spare their lives, but the group unexpectedly chose to take their own lives when they realized the situation wasn't in their favor.

Jean couldn't stop them in time. Seeing the last person methodically slit his own throat, he frowned.

Caleb, who rushed over upon hearing the commotion, was equally shocked at the scene.

Turning to the auction house manager who had followed them, he questioned sharply, "Who are these people? Where did they come from?"

The manager was bewildered, having no idea how this happened. He was sweating profusely as he stammered, "I-I don't know, sir. I really don't know... Please, calm down." "You don't know? If you don't know, then what use are you to me?"

Caleb was evidently extremely furious.

When he thought about the potential consequences if Jean hadn't handled these people with ease after having a full recovery, he felt a wave of fear wash over him. After glaring fiercely at the manager, he turned his gaze toward Jean and Neera.

"My... Mr. Beauvort, Neera, are you both okay?"

Neera shook her head, still shaken. "I'm fine. I didn't expect to be chased even here..."

She thought about the recent tumultuous events and quickly asked, "Could these people be the ones who abducted the heads of those small families?"

Caleb shook his head. "I'm not quite sure. Now, no one has any clues about who those people are who kidnapped the family heads, and there are no leads at all."

At this moment, Jean suddenly spoke up. "The skills of these people don't seem to belong to Lordsworth Estate, nor do they resemble those of the Bartitsu Guild." Hearing this, Neera and Caleb both bore unreadable expressions.

"How could this be? If it wasn't the Bartitsu Guild or Lordsworth Estate, then who else could it be?*

Jean shook his head. "I'm not sure. I initially wanted to keep them alive to question them, but it seems like we don't have that opportunity now. We shouldn't stay here for long. Let's leave." After he finished speaking, he took Neera's hand, and they left.

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Chapter 1524

Chapter 1524 Colluding With This Research Base

On the way back, Neera still had some lingering fear, but more than that, she felt puzzled and perplexed.

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"Who are those people? Could they be related to what happened these past two days? Why would they want to capture me?"

No matter how she thought about it, she couldn't come up with any clues, making her somewhat frustrated.

Jean ruffled her hair gently, soothing her with a gentle voice.

"There's no rush. If you can't figure it out now, don't dwell on it. We'll send someone to investigate later. If there are no special circumstances, it's better not to go out until we have some clues."

"Mm..." Neera suddenly felt a bit disheartened. She slumped in her seat and stared blankly out the window with a gloomy expression.

"I didn't expect that coming back would living in fear again. Why do I feel like the situation in Phison is getting more chaotic? It seems like something significant is about to happen..."

Jean looked ahead with an unpredictable gaze.

Back home, he stayed by Neera's side all the time.

After putting her to sleep, he went to the study to make a call, asking Caleb to thoroughly investigate the matter.

Actually, even without him saying anything, Caleb would naturally investigate it.

His efficiency was impressive, he showed up at the door the very next day.

"I initially intended to investigate those people who appeared at the auction house yesterday, but I haven't found any information related to the recent events yet. However, I unexpectedly discovered another piece of news: people in District Twenty have started inexplicably contracting a virus."

Hearing the word "virus," Neera turned solemn. "What happened?"

"I'm not sure exactly what virus it is, but the condition of those infected is extremely severe. They are utterly weak, constantly vomiting and having diarrhea. The hospitals in District Twenty are now overwhelmed, with more and more people getting infected. The healthcare system in District Twenty is on the verge of collapse. However, so far, I haven't heard any news from the Bartitsu Guild, nor have I seen them sending anyone to help."

Neera furrowed her brows, showing concern.

"No matter what, District Twenty falls within the influence of the Bartitsu Guild. How can Matthew not protect people within his territory? Isn't he afraid of losing public support?"

Caleb sneered, "This kind of thing happens all the time. Matthew has always been like this, and the entire Bartitsu Guild has a culture like that. The incident has blown up, yet Matthew has been completely silent. It's indeed suspicious. I don't know if he's worried about something or intentionally refusing to send support."

Thinking about the proximity of District Twenty and District Twenty-One, Neera couldn't help but worry. "The immediate priority is to understand what this virus is all about, its pathogenesis, how it spreads, and how to effectively prevent and treat it. These are crucial questions. If not, the virus will continue to rampage, and the entire Phison could be in danger."

Caleb sighed. "Indeed, but right now, we know nothing, and that area is under the jurisdiction of the Bartitsu Guild. It's not easy for us to intervene."

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Neera understood this point. After thinking for a moment, she called Shane, who was outside, and asked him to help send someone to District Twenty-One to investigate the situation. She also expressed that it would be best if they could collect samples of the virus.

After Caleb left, Neera remained restless.

As she almost spilled the cup of water she was holding, Jean quickly took the cup from her hands. "Calm down. This can't be rushed."

Neera sighed. "I know it can't be rushed, but I really can't calm down when it comes to this kind of virus. It's just too terrifying. Once it starts spreading, it's difficult to stop. So, it must be resolved within a controllable range as soon as possible. I hope Shane can bring good news soon, or at least get samples of the virus as soon as possible.

Jean nodded. "I understand. I've also asked Ian to investigate. I believe we'll have results soon."

As expected, Ian's information arrived even faster than Shane's.

"Mr. and Mrs. Beauvort, I have uncovered the origin of this virus. It originated from a leak in the underground black market!"

"Again, the underground black market. It's indeed related to these dirty places!" The result made Neera frown and gnash her teeth in anger.

She had known since she entered the medical field that the knowledge gained in medicine could be used not only to heal but also by unscrupulous individuals to harm.

Some organizations secretly established laboratories to develop harmful or controlling viruses or other toxins, all for the sake of profiteering.

It occurred to her that the virus' leak from the underground black market certainly meant that there was a collusion with a certain research center.

"According to my investigation, this virus is carried by a harmful drug. Somehow, these drugs entered the pharmaceutical market in District Twenty. So, there was a widespread infection of the virus in District Twenty. These harmful drugs were obtained by the underground black market from a large research base!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Just as I thought!" The reality was as Neera had thought. She suddenly stood up, clenching her fists.

She despised unethical businessmen who put their own interests above the lives of others, especially those who used medical knowledge for malicious purposes. It was a desecration of medicine!

Jean's expression was also very serious as he asked coldly, "Where is that large research base?"

Ian replied, "On a small island, not far from Phison. From the outside, it appears to be a deserted island. However, once you get there, you discover that there's a massive research base hidden underground. It seems that it was occupied a long time ago and has been developing unnoticed. It's likely that many shady activities have already taken place/there."

He paused as something glinted in his eyes. "On my way back, I ran into Mr. Wiley. He too was investigating this matter, Coincidentally, we both ended up at this large research base. The information he obtained is even more crucial. It turns out that those abducted family heads and elders are all imprisoned in that base, and a large part of them are used as lab rats!"

Neera became angrier as she listened. "It's so despicable. Not only do they develop harmful things, but they also test these harmful substances on human beings. Aren't they afraid of karma by treating human beings as lab rats?"

Jean asked in a cold voice, "How's the situation on the island?"

Ian shook his head. "Our people haven't been able to get onto the island. It's heavily guarded, and there are guards everywhere. Approaching even slightly may lead to discovery, and we don't dare to alert the enemy."

"Alright, continue investigating this large research base. See if there's any connection between it and the Bartitsu Guild. Also, check if those people who appeared at the auction at the Medicina family yesterday have any connection with this research base."

Ian was taken aback. "Mr. Beauvort, are you suspecting a collusion between the Bartitsu Guild and this research base?"

"There's certainly a possibility." Jean nodded.

Ian took his orders and quickly went to carry them out.

During these two days of his investigation, there were still some heads and elders of small families disappearing mysteriously

Aside from Jean, Colin, and their group, only the culprit knew where these people were actually taken.

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Chapter 1525

Chapter 1525 Collaborate Together

The entire Phison was in turmoil. Everyone was in a state of panic and confusion.

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Many chose to stay indoors, afraid to venture out on the streets, fearing they might be inexplicably abducted and taken to unknown places.

Suspicion began to spread, and some speculated about a grand conspiracy.

One comment read: How could so many people mysteriously disappear? What happened to those who were captured? There must be a massive conspiracy at play here. Who stands to benefit the most from this?

Another read: The virus in District Twenty is spreading rapidly, yet the Bartitsu Guild shows no sign of taking any relevant measures or sending support. This is highly suspicious.

The following comment read: Wait a moment, the previous comment has a good point. Could all these events be related to the Bartitsu Guild?

Another read: I don't know. We shouldn't jump to conclusions; everyone should keep their suspicions to themselves. Speaking out might lead to unforeseen consequences.

Someone commented: This sounds like a conspiracy theory!

Various speculations and suspicions circulated throughout Phison in the midst of the chaos.

Most of them pointed fingers at the Bartitsu Guild. What intensified the suspicion was the guild's unusual silence. In the past, if the Bartitsu Guild was ever involved in any controversy, they would promptly issue statements to clarify their stance. However, this time, the guild remained silent throughout, not addressing any aspects of the virus, the suspicions, or the fate of those taken away.

This silence only fueled further doubt.

After two days and nights of investigation, Ian finally found some clues amid the confusion.

"Mr. Beauvort, your guess was correct. Indeed, this large research base has been colluding with the Bartitsu Guild all along."

Neither Jean nor Neera were surprised by this revelation.

"Just uncovering the truth won't be enough. So far, we haven't obtained concrete evidence. Moreover, if the Bartitsu Guild is behind this, it means they won't stop. We must thwart their conspiracy this time, no matter what."

"Ha!" Jean let out a cold chuckle.

"Matthew has restrained himself for so many years, but it seems he can't hold back any longer. It appears he wants to fulfill his ambition of unifying Phison. However, this grand goal will ultimately be unattainable."

That day, Jean instructed Ian to disseminate the information he had gathered secretly.

Soon, many families confirmed that this was indeed a conspiracy by the Bartitsu Guild.

They understood that this was the culmination of years of conflict between the Bartitsu Guild and Lordsworth Estate. This time, it was necessary to determine a winner.

It was also a moment for them to reevaluate their allegiance.

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Astute individuals could see through the Bartitsu Guild's ruthless and malicious nature, willing to sacrifice a significant number of lives and families for their own gain.

Pledging allegiance to such a force wouldn't bring them peace.

What happened to the Gordon family and the Cox family was a prime example.

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And so, these families finally recognized the situation. Whether they were originally aligned with Lordsworth Estate or under the influence of the Bartitsu Guild, they began defecting to Lordsworth Estate. In the following days, Tiago handled the affairs of these families. Dealing with the influx of families proved to be a daunting task.

Due to the sheer number of families pledging allegiance, he decided to hold a secret meeting. Each family, whether originally aligned with Lordsworth Estate or newly defecting from the Bartitsu Guild, was required to send a representative-either a person or an elder-to attend the meeting.

During the meeting, Tiago publicly stated that Lord of Phison was aware of the current situation and had decided to completely eliminate the large research base.

These families were invigorated by this news and expressed their full commitment, vowing to use all their resources to support the cause.

Thus, a massive alliance was formed, completely severing the delicate balance between the Bartitsu Guild and Lordsworth Estate. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

In the coming days, Lordsworth Estate organized a group of elite individuals to secretly approach the island where the secret research facility was located.

This group consisted of numerous skilled individuals, including several under Jean's direct command, a few martial arts experts, and even a top mercenary.

The team devised a meticulous plan to explore the terrain and attempt to infiltrate the interior of the research facility.

Neera expressed her concerns, "The fact that the large research facility was constructed so secretly and remained hidden for so long indicates that its security arrangements are extremely thorough. Can we guarantee that our people will be safe once they go in?"

Sitting across from her, Jean played chess with a calm demeanor, showing no signs of panic or tension.

"In this world, there is no such thing as a foolproof plan. Every undertaking carries a certain degree of risk."

After he finished speaking, he made a move on the chessboard.

However, Neera couldn't focus on the game. "What should we do then? If our people are captured, won't it expose us?" Jean slowly gave her a smile.

"The best solution is to adapt to circumstances, exploit potential risks, and turn them into opportunities."

Neera tilted her head. "What do you mean by this? What exactly are you planning? You better not hide anything from me."

"Don't worry. Since they might catch some of our people, I might as well let them catch a few. They will only think it's normal if they catch someone. If they can't catch anyone, they will suspect something is amiss. After all, this matter is now public knowledge. Lordsworth Estate can't just do nothing. Allowing them to successfully capture someone will make them slightly relax their guard, thinking they have everything under control."

Comprehension dawned on Neera. "Are you saying that we deliberately let them capture some of our people?"

"Yes, even if they capture our people, they won't harm them. He needs these individuals to gather information from us. These individuals, seemingly captured by them, are actually our pawns, perfectly positioned to collaborate with our forces."

Neera nodded in understanding, throwing her chess pieces on the board. After a moment of thought, she said, "What about all of you? What are you doing? If I don't contribute, I'll feel uneasy. I'm heading to the World Medical Alliance now to find a way to develop medication capable of neutralizing this virus."

Originally, Jean didn't want her to go, mainly because the imminent war with the Bartitsu Guild made it difficult for him to leave, and he was concerned about Neera's safety outside his watchful eye. However, Neera reassured him with a smile.

"Don't worry. The security system at the World Medical Alliance is one of the best globally. It's not some place anyone can easily breach."

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Chapter 1526

Chapter 1526 Fall Into Your Hands

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"I'm heading there, and it's even safer than this spot, so no need to stress. Once I'm in, I'll hustle to whip up that antidote. Mr. Grey has this lab decked out with the latest equipment and drugs. I'm planning to borrow that lab!"

Given Neera's resolved decision, Jean acknowledged it.

The subsequent day, he bid her farewell at the airport.

Upon Neera's return to the World Medical Alliance, Eugene expressed notable surprise. "Well, what brings you back here?"

Neera, having obtained the virus sample, handed over the virus data to Eugene without uttering a word.

"I'm aiming to create an antidote for this virus, Mr. Grey. I'm hoping you'd be gracious enough to let me use that top secret laboratory of yours for this mission."

When he heard this, Eugene's expression immediately soured. "I knew it! You're the type who only shows up when there's a motive. You never return when things are quiet, but when you do, it's always for a major request! You've got some nerve. Last time, you wanted access to the top-floor library, and now you're seeking to borrow the top secret laboratory. Why should I lend it to you?" he remarked deliberately. Neera remained unfazed; instead, she met his gaze with a smile. "If you agree to lend it to me, I can offer you a complimentary protection system for the next three years."

Her words intrigued Eugene, but he was not one to make deals easily. He initiated negotiations, clenching his fist. "Three years won't cut it. That's the top-secret laboratory. Apart from the vice president and my team, no one else in the entire World Medical Alliance has ever set foot in there. If I were to lend it to you, it would require at least a ten-year agreement."

Neera had anticipated a substantial request from Eugene. With composure, she extended her hand and proposed, "Five years."

Knowing when to settle, Eugene emphatically slapped his hand on the table. "You said it yourself, no turning back now. We'll draft a contract and sign it soon."

Neera, prioritizing the antidote's development, had no inclination to engage in prolonged negotiations. She swiftly took the access card for the top-secret laboratory from Eugene's hand. Without a second glance, she replied, "Whatever you want! I'll sign anything!"

In the ensuing week, not only did she borrow Eugene's top-secret laboratory, but she also enlisted the help of his team. Together, they dedicatedly conducted research in the lab for a week, eventually producing the antidote.

Afterward, with no time for respite, Neera promptly boarded a flight back to Phison.

She felt groggy during the journey, a pervasive discomfort permeating her entire body. She attributed it to the strain of the intensive week.

Her plan was to hand over the antidote upon landing and assess the situation. However, unexpectedly, she lost consciousness before the plane touched down.

Upon regaining consciousness, Neera found herself at the Gordon residence, the sunset casting a dazed ambiance through the window.

Jean had remained faithfully by her bedside. Observing her attempt to rise, he swiftly assisted her. "You're awake. You really scared me this time. I came to pick you up, but you were nowhere to be seen. Then I found out you had fainted on the plane. Thank goodness you're all right."

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Just roused from her slumber, Neera still felt a bit frail, her voice hoarse. "What happened to me? How long have I been back here?"

"I've asked Mr. Grey about the situation. How could you push yourself to the limit like this, staying awake for a week in the lab? You really don't take your health seriously. Yes, developing the antidote is important, but have you ever thought about what would I do if something were to happen to you? Have you ever considered how it would affect the children as well? You collapsed from exhaustion this time, and we were lucky. But what if something serious had happened? What then?"

For the first time, Jean addressed her with a stern expression. Neera was initially surprised, but then she understood that he was genuinely upset. Without uttering a word, she threw herself into his arms, holding onto his waist tightly and refusing to let go.

"I'm sorry, I was wrong. I know I messed up, but I was just anxious. I promise I won't do it again. Can you please not be angry?"

Jean found himself at a loss for words. The way she admitted her mistake so swiftly left him somewhat bewildered.

Maintaining a serious demeanor, he feigned stiffness in his response, "Acting cute won't work."

However, the more he insisted, the more Neera snuggled up in his arms.

Eventually, Jean found himself without any counterarguments, instinctively holding her close. "You're really going to be the death of me. If you do this again next time, I'm genuinely going to get angry, the kind that can't be appeased."

Upon hearing everything, Neera chuckled, "Got it." She then inquired, "Oh, by the way, has the antidote been distributed?"

Jean gently smoothed her slightly disheveled hair. "Caleb has already taken care of it. He worked quickly, using your formula to produce a batch of medicine. It's been distributed to some of the family heads in District Twenty, and the effects are quite promising. The disease in District Twenty has been alleviated. Everyone knows it was you who developed it, and they can't stop singing your praises."

Neera wasn't particularly interested in the accolades but genuinely felt glad for their well-being. "I'm relieved. The illness is under control, which puts my mind at ease."

She then shifted her attention to matters concerning the research base.

Jean shared some positive news with her, "While you were still with the World Medical Alliance, Lordsworth Estate had gathered a significant number of people to launch an attack on the research base. We've managed to uncover most of their routes and executed a well-planned pincer strategy. Additionally, the research base contained a substantial supply of chemical drugs, which detonated during the struggle. Fortunately, the individuals from Lordsworth Estate didn't suffer severe damage, and those who were captured were successfully rescued."

Neera was elated to hear this update, "Fantastic! After so many days, I finally get to hear some good news!"

Jean raised an eyebrow. "There's even better news. Tomorrow, all the families will unite and head to the guild's headquarters together. We're going to have a showdown with the guild, a fight to the finish." Neera's eyes widened in surprise. "That fast?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Of course. It's wise to solve something quickly. All right, don't dwell on it any longer. Have a good night's sleep. Tomorrow, when you're fully recharged, I'll take you to watch a play."

That night, due to her lingering weakness, Neera retired early.

The next day, just as dawn was breaking, all the families gathered as planned. They formed a grand procession heading toward the guild's headquarters, and amidst the chaos, they razed the building. Despite the guild members' attempts to resist, they were ultimately outnumbered.

Neera observed the turmoil, feeling a bit anxious. Fortunately, Jean held her hand throughout, reassuring her, "Don't be afraid, I'm here."

The revolt persisted for a solid two hours until all the guild members, including Matthew, were eventually apprehended.

Even the elusive guild president, perpetually shrouded in mystery, found himself captured this time.

As he was escorted out, appearing quite pitiful, his eyes scanned the crowd. Suddenly, they locked onto Jean's face. "Who would have thought, I would finally fall into your hands." Upon hearing these words, many in the crowd were left perplexed.

Neera shared the

sentiment, casting a sidelong glance at Jean with an indescribable expression.

Simultaneously, the loyal confidants of Lordsworth Estate redirected their attention toward Jean in unison, respectfully addressing him, "My Lord!"

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Chapter 1527

Chapter 1527 You Are All I Need

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In that instant, a collective sense of astonishment swept through the crowd as they gazed at Jean in disbelief. The revelation that this seemingly ordinary individual was, in fact, the esteemed lord of Phison left everyone dumbfounded. Search The [Find_Novel.net](#) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera, too, found herself thoroughly taken aback, her expression reflecting disbelief. Like an old movie playing in her mind, fragments of the past resurfaced, each frame providing a new layer of understanding.

The peculiar feelings and events from before now had a coherent explanation. In this moment, she grappled with a mix of surprise, joy, and an indescribable sense of deception. This man, he has too many secrets!

A month later, on Wind Chime Island, a grand wedding was about to begin.

Harvey and Sammy, adorned in tiny tuxedos, stood beside Penny, who wore a beautiful puffy dress and held a bouquet of flowers. Her face radiated happiness and excitement.

The surroundings were filled with adults from the Park family, the Beauvort family, and the Gordon family. Everyone gathered around to listen to the children's story.

The three little ones were vividly recounting their parents' tale. With gleeful enthusiasm, they exposed their dad's secrets, leaving him with little dignity.

Following the earlier riot, Neera had experienced a prolonged period of melancholy. Jean, in an attempt to make amends, had to apologize for an entire week, employing constant coaxing to finally appease his wife.

"Jean! I'm giving you a final warning; this is your last chance to be truthful with me! Do you have any more secrets you're keeping from me?"

Jean solemnly swore, "No, there truly is nothing left this time!"

Neera responded with a couple of hums before letting the matter go.

Subsequently, Jean handed over all his official responsibilities to Tiago.

Tiago was left speechless, engaging in endless arguments with Jean. "I'm telling you, you can't treat your buddy like this just because you're married! You're setting me up, fully aware that I'm a free-spirited person who values his freedom. This could be the end of me!"

Seeing Tiago in distress, Jean couldn't hide his disdain. "All right, all right. If there's an issue, aren't there still the seven branch leaders? Can't you delegate some responsibilities? What's your head made of? Wood?"

"This is what you've said, so when the time comes, I'll take your words as a token, okay?" With this newfound excuse, Tiago ceased his complaints and insisted on accompanying Jean on a trip to Kingsview. Meanwhile, Neera delegated the entire Gordon family affairs to Shane, who had nothing else to do at the moment.

Now, everyone had gathered on the cozy little island to attend Neera and Jean's wedding and witness their most sacred moment.

Under the bright sun and the gentle breeze, Jean gazed at Neera in her wedding dress, experiencing an unparalleled sense of satisfaction and excitement in his heart.

It was beyond imagination that in his once cold and uninteresting life, he would encounter the woman destined for him.

Thanks to her, he embraced the joy of life, savored the essence of love, and constructed the most fulfilling family. In this lifetime, there would be no one else capable of stirring his heart except her.

Observing the petite woman approaching him, each step in her crystal high heels, the most radiant smile illuminated his face for the first time.

Jean took Neera's hand from Adriana and received the ring from Penny, his features akin to a beautiful painting. With eyes full of affection, he looked at the person in front of him and asked, "Neera/would you marry me?"

Beneath her veil, Neera's cheeks took on a slight flush, devoid of any ostentatious brightness. She gently yet firmly responded, "Yes, I will."

Despite already knowing the outcome, Jean couldn't contain his ecstatic expression. He slid the ring slowly onto her finger, securing her for a lifetime.

Finally, amidst the blessings of everyone present, he lifted her veil and passionately kissed her.

Your presence in this life is all I need.

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Chapter 1528

Chapter 1528 The Grand Finale

After returning from their honeymoon, Neera, carrying bags of various sizes, made her way to Grace Hospital.

At that moment, Isabella had just completed a major surgery. Rushing to the office after a quick shower and change of clothes, she collapsed onto the couch, too exhausted to lift a finger. Neera reached the door and knocked twice. "Bell, are you there? It's me."

Isabella was in a daze. Recognizing the voice, she mumbled a couple of times with her head buried before raising her voice to say, "Come in."

Neera blinked, discerning from the woman's weak and breathless voice that she had just finished a surgery.

Upon entering, unsurprisingly, there was no one in sight.

With practiced ease, she maneuvered around the couch, discovering Isabella nestled within it. Squatting down with a smile, she playfully poked the half of Isabella's face that was visible. "Bell, it's me. I've come to bring you presents."

Without even opening her eyes, Isabella swatted her hand away and weakly remarked, "No present will help now; I'm already a wreck. Are you here to collect my body? How kind of you... Thank you..." Neera chuckled, "What a mess you're in. Wake up now. The limited edition bag and necklace you specifically asked for, I've bought them all for you."

At these words, Isabella's eyes shot open as if injected with adrenaline. Swiftly propping herself up on the couch, she sat upright.

Just as she was about to speak, her gaze moved past Neera and fixed on the man behind her. She was completely

stunned.

Neera noticed her standing still as if someone had suddenly hit her with some magic. Out of curiosity, she reached out and waved in front of Isabella. "Hey, wake up. You're not meditating again, are you?"

While conversing, Neera noticed Isabella's disheveled hair, prompting her to casually smooth it out.

As she made this tactile adjustment, Isabella only then realized the extent of her unkempt appearance. Her face instantly turned extremely scarlet, and she abruptly threw herself back onto the couch, her voice muffled as she shouted, "You... You guys go out first!"

Neera wore an inexplicable expression on her face. However, due to the presence of others, she refrained from saying much. Instead, she took Zephyr and left.

After walking out, she suddenly turned her head to stare at Zephyr, as if she had belatedly understood something.

Feeling a bit uneasy under her intense gaze, the man pursed his lips and inquired, "Ms. Garcia, is there something on my face?" [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera suddenly chuckled with a meaningful smile. "No, no."

Tsk, Bell's so obsessed with appearance. It looks like romance is knocking on her door!

By the time Isabella took the initiative to open the door, allowing them to re-enter, she had already freshened up. Neera observed that her friend not only applied foundation but also put on lipstick and eye makeup.

Wow, she got all that done in such a short time. How impressive!

"Oh dear, Neera, why didn't you tell me before you came? I could have prepared and given you a proper welcome." Isabella affectionately held onto Neera's arm, yet her eyes subtly glanced toward Zephyr. "I've never seen this gentleman before. Who is he?"

Zephyr addressed Isabella in a professional tone, "I'm Ms. Garcia's personal bodyguard. My name is Zephyr. Nice to meet you, Ms. Lopez."

Observing his composed demeanor,

Isabella's eyes sparkled even more, and excitement filled her heart. I'm totally into this cool, muscular hunk. He's incredibly handsome and exudes a strong sense of security. Isn't he just perfect!

Neera, catching wind of Isabella's thoughts, nudged her and whispered, "Drop that lovesick look of yours; it's not like you've never seen a handsome guy before. Show some restraint."

Isabella shot Neera a disapproving look and whispered in her ear, "Being reserved won't help me win over the handsome guys, stinky Neera. You knew I liked guys like this; why didn't you introduce me to him earlier!"

Neera rubbed her forehead. "I've been so busy; I can't remember all of that. I've even forgotten that you guys have never met before."

With a playful hum, Isabella said, "No matter what, you're treating tonight."

Neera chuckled at her antics. "All right, I get it. Now, go wipe your drool."

Engrossed in their hushed conversation, Zephyr couldn't hear them. However, he couldn't shake the feeling that Isabella was peeping at him now and then.

Normally, being stared at would irritate him, possibly even lead to direct anger. Yet, as those lively, large eyes gazed upon him, he found it strangely tolerable for the first time.

The trio then proceeded to the restaurant together.

Isabella, typically obsessed with limited edition handbags and such, lost interest entirely upon encountering the handsome Zephyr. Her sole focus became finding opportunities

to exchange words with him. Neera played the role of a facilitator, passing messages between the two during the meal to encourage their conversation.

However, Zephyr remained reserved, contributing minimal words even during their chat. Thus, Isabella took the lead in initiating most of the conversation throughout the meal.

Feeling somewhat defeated after

the meal, Isabella sighed. "Ah, it's

funny. Here I am, as beautiful as a flower, and I've never chased after anyone. But the one time I finally meet someone who makes my heart

flutter, he turns out to be as emotionless as a log."

Neera chuckled, lightly tapping her forehead, "Come on, don't give up so soon. You've got to have some patience. Although Zephyr doesn't talk much, he's the type who's cold on the outside but warm on the inside. He's a good guy. If you two could make it work, I'd be quite happy to see it. So, put in some more effort, and give it a try, okay?"

Isabella hummed in response, glancing at the man behind her who still wore an expression of indifference, as if he were a deflated balloon. "I feel like he doesn't take me seriously at all. I guess we'll see."

As they prepared to depart, Neera abruptly remembered leaving her phone behind. She requested them to wait for her in the lobby as she retraced her steps to retrieve it.

Consequently, in the lobby, Isabella and Zephyr found themselves standing facing each other, both silent in the peculiar atmosphere.

Suddenly, the lights throughout the hall flickered twice and, with a pop, extinguished completely.

The entire space plunged into darkness, startling Isabella, prompting a short, sharp scream to escape her lips.

Before she could react, a robust arm encircled her shoulder, pulling her into a protective embrace.

"It's just a power outage."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Zephyr was taken aback, realizing he had acted on instinct, forgetting they had only met once. His initial impulse was to release her. However, in the ensuing silence, Isabella's voice, soft as a kitten's, reassured him, "Mm, I'm not scared anymore. Thank you, Zephyr."

For some inexplicable reason, her voice seemed to scratch at Zephyr's heart, creating a ticklish sensation.

The thought of letting her go instantly evaporated.

It wasn't until the hall lights flickered back on that he lowered his head, observing the slightly blushing, shy face in his arms.

In that moment, a peculiar sensation stirred within him, as if something had blossomed deep within...

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