

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 401

Soon, Ian turned on the laptop and typed rapidly on the keyboard. Joanna's uneasiness continued to expand, and her heart tensed with fear.

Her laptop did record the content of her research and development, including some formulas and steps for developing poison! If Jean found it out, she would be in a disaster!

Sweat slid down her forehead. She gulped palely, and her body was stiff.

Wrenn was still suspicious of Neera before, but after listening to their conversation, she finally realized something belatedly.

A suspicion that had never existed rose in her heart, and Wrenn looked at Joanna incredulously. "You..."

Before she could finish speaking, the laptop sounded to start up.

Ian was overjoyed and immediately reported, "Sir, the cracking was successful!"

Joanna could not stand it any longer. The defense line in her heart collapsed.

She suddenly knelt tremblingly and burst into tears.

"Sorry, Madam! I didn't mean to poison you! I like Mr. Beauvort! I want to be with him so much! I admit I was wrong. But I didn't plan to kill you!"

Joanna had to plead guilty but tried to get a little forgiveness.

"Madam, please believe me! The poison I developed isn't so toxic. It'll only make you ill for a few days longer. I thought it would not endanger your life. I only want to take this opportunity to make you hate Neera, not to make you die..."

Joanna cried, and her eyes were flustered and uncertain. Then, she seemed to remember something and pointed at Neera.

"It must be you! There's something wrong with your medicine! How could the poison in Madam's body explode so violently? It was you who harmed Madam!"

Neera was speechless by Joanna's shamelessness. She stared at Joanna condescendingly with a deep coolness.

"You still want to slander me? The medicine I prescribed has nothing to do with your medicine or your poison! As for why the poison you developed took effect powerfully, it's because two components in your poison cannot mix at the same time! Once mixed, it'll accelerate the onset of the toxin. The poison itself may not be too harmful, but the speed of the poison is unpredictable. Madam Beauvort won't have a cure if it invades her heart!"

As she spoke, Joanna suddenly sneered sarcastically.

"I don't think you have developed an antidote. Or you would have taken the opportunity to heal Madam Beauvort! Joanna, you're stupid to use poisons unwisely. You're vicious! You're not qualified to be a doctor!"

Wrenn was beyond shocked, and her mood was indescribable. She looked at Joanna in astonishment, and fierce anger gradually appeared in her eyes. Joanna destroyed her trust! Joanna betrayed her!

"I trust you so much. You..." Wrenn was trembling and became short of breath. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Seeing that her face was livid, Neera knew Wrenn was getting angry, so she hurried over to relieve Wrenn. But before she could move, Wrenn passed out.

Jean froze. Before he could react, Neera quickly took out the silver needles and immediately rescued Wrenn.

After a moment, Neera stopped. "It's okay. She was over-emotional and fainted temporarily. It won't affect the toxins in her body."

When Jean heard that, he felt relieved.

Meanwhile, Ian put the laptop in front of Jean. "Sir, there are indeed formulas for developing poisons. Several of them match the components provided by Mrs. Beauvort!"

The evidence was conclusive and revealed the truth.

Jean's eyes were gloomy and terrifying. He glared at Joanna as if staring at a dead person.

Joanna was a little absent-minded at first, then returned to reality. She could not help but shiver and was in deep fear.

She moved tremblingly and cautiously grabbed Jean's trousers to beg for mercy.

"Mr. Beauvort, please let me go! It's all because I like you! At least I've worked hard to treat you! Please forgive me..."

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The air pressure around Jean was low. There was only disgust on his stern face, and his hostility against Joanna was visible.

He kicked Joanna away fiercely and looked at her with a terrifying aura like a devil.

"How dare you beg me for mercy? You poisoned my mom! It's my greatest forbearance not to kill you! Since you do it, you must bear the consequences. Don't think of getting my forgiveness! As for the treatment, don't you feel ashamed to mention it? Beauvort Group allocated so many funds to you in the past. How much did you contribute to my illness? I would still be lying on the bed if Neera didn't treat me. How dare you take credit?"

After speaking, he retracted his leg and looked away as if he thought it would be dirty to look at Joanna.

"Ian, call the police!" Jean ordered coldly.

Ian nodded seriously. "Yes, Sir."

Joanna was desperate. She crawled over palely, grabbed Ian's arm, and stopped him.

"No! Don't call the police! Mr. Ian, don't send me to the police! Please intercede for me! At least I've devoted myself to treating Mr. Beauvort! Please help me!"

She knew that if she entered the police station, the police would suspect her of intentional homicide!

Anyone knew this crime was severe. Coupled with the means of the Beauvort Group, even if she escaped and survived, the rest of her life would be over in prison!

Ian frowned and was full of contempt. He shook her off without any sympathy. Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Joanna, I warned you a long time ago. When working with Mr. Beauvort, you should know what you should not think about! But what have you done? How dare you attack Madam! What happened to you is completely your fault! If Mr. Beauvort didn't deal with you according to the procedure, I would throw you into the wilderness to feed the wolves!"

Joanna fell to the ground and cried. She looked embarrassed and ridiculous. But Joanna no longer cared about her image and crawled to Jean again. She kept crying and begging.

"Mr. Beauvort, please forgive me! I know I was wrong! I regret it! I'm willing to atone for my crime. You can punish me whatever you want! Please don't send me to the police!"

Jean did not want to pay attention to her, and his eyes were full of disgust. He shouted angrily, "Ian, what are you doing? Drag her out!"

Ian did not dare to be negligent. He hurriedly ordered the bodyguards to pull Joanna away and dragged her out of the ward.

In the chaos, Neera watched Joanna coldly. She had no sympathy for Joanna's fate. As Ian said, it was Joanna's fault to get such a consequence!

Joanna caught a glimpse of Neera, and a sudden outburst of rage engulfed her.

It's all because of Neera! If it weren't for this b*tch, I wouldn't become like this! D*mn it!

Joanna suddenly struggled violently and bit Ian's hand hard.

Ian felt the pain, and his hand relaxed a little. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Joanna scratched at the bodyguard on the other side and finally broke free.

"Neera! It's all your fault! If you hadn't married into the Beauvort family, how could I make such a plan? If you hadn't ruined my plan, how could I become miserable? You're the culprit! Go die!"

Joanna seemed to have lost her mind and looked like a mad woman with a hideous expression. She took a pen from her pocket, held the nib, and rushed forward like a deadly ghost. She wanted to stab Neera!

Neera did not expect Joanna not to give up and suddenly go crazy.

Seeing Joanna rushing to her, she was stunned, could not react for a while, and forgot to dodge.

Fortunately, Jean reacted quickly. He stepped forward and hugged Neera into his arms to protect her tightly.

At the same time, he fiercely kicked Joanna away!

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Chapter 403

Joanna fell so hard that her entire back hit the table. She felt like her bones were about to crack.

She was so painful that she could not even breathe and passed out.

Seeing that, Ian quickly called for someone to drag her out.

As for the members of Joanna's team, they were shocked by this scene and trembled for fear that they would get implicated. Fortunately, the bodyguards took them away soon.

Only Neera and Jean were in the ward. She was still in shock, and Jean was still hugging her tightly.

She quietly listened to Jean's heartbeat. His clear and pleasant smell calmed her down. Then, she could not help but chuckle. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean suppressed his anger, lowered his eyes in doubt, and looked at her. "You almost got attacked. Why do you laugh?"

Neera raised her face from his arms and smiled. "I didn't expect you to hit a woman. I thought you weren't that kind of person."

Jean slightly raised his eyebrows and gradually faded away his sharpness.

"It was an emergency. I don't bother to do anything to women. I also feel ashamed to hit women. But Joanna has touched my bottom line. She's worthless!"

As he spoke, he paused, then stared at her. "And if I hadn't hit her, she would have hurt you."

When Joanna wanted to stab Neera, he felt so anxious. He did not even have time to think and subconsciously reacted instinctively.

Protect her! No matter what, I won't allow anyone to hurt her!

Such a strong thought, like a firm belief, suddenly jumped into his heart. He did not understand the reason.

Neera did not know his thoughts. She stopped laughing and said, "Thank you! But now there's no danger. Can you let me go?"

Jean froze for a moment before realizing they were still hugging. He let her go gently.

Watching Neera adjust the wrinkled clothes, he spoke, "It should be me thanking you. If you hadn't discovered the toxin and treated my mom in time, she might not hold on. We also wouldn't know Joanna's conspiracy."

This topic was solemn. Jean took a breath and took the laptop. "The data on this poison is here."

Neera immediately took it over, browsed through it carefully, and cheered up.

"Great! With this data, our team can develop antidotes soon! Wait for me. I'll send it to them!"

After all, she tapped on the keyboard and sent the data to Philbert.

Fearing Philbert was too busy to see the computer, she called Philbert. "Phil, I sent you an email. Take a look now!"

Philbert blinked his tired eyes, walked to the computer, and sat down.

After reading the content of the email, he felt his tiredness was gone.

"How did you get this data?"

Neera smiled. "I got it from the person who developed the poison. With this data, we can save a lot of trouble. Please organize and develop an antidote as soon as possible!"

Philbert smiled. "Okay, don't worry. Leave it to me."

When Jean heard Neera call Philbert's nickname, his eye twitched, and his expression darkened.

After Neera hung up the phone, he asked, "Who is Phil?"

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Neera briefly introduced Philbert. "He was my senior when I studied abroad. His name is Philbert. He's also very famous in the medical field. It happened that he had returned to Kingsview. I worried your mom would miss the best healing time, so I invited him to help. He's an authority in this area. The components I showed you before were all analyzed by him."

As she said that, she smiled, and her eyes were clean without any impurities. "Phil is the hero this time!"

Seeing her talking about Philbert as if talking about an old friend without any other emotions, Jean's sense of crisis had inexplicably disappeared without a trace.

He nodded. "When I'm free later, I have to treat him to a meal to thank him."

"Okay, I'll tell him after detoxifying the poison in your mom's body."

After speaking, she glanced at the unconscious Wrenn. "Your mom probably won't wake up for a while. I temporarily suppressed the poison in her body. It won't flow into her heart in a short time. I'll go back to the research center first. When we develop an antidote, I'll come over." [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She was about to leave, but Jean grabbed her wrist. "You look tired. You need to rest. You should go home and sleep first. Let's go together."

Hearing that, Neera hesitated. "But..."

Jean knew Neera wanted to cure Wrenn's disease as soon as possible but insisted on persuading, "What you need most now is to rest. You're not in good spirits now. Your efficiency won't be high even if you go to the research center. Most importantly, I don't want you to be exhausted because of this. Your team members are in the research center. You can go there after you rest."

His tone was too gentle, which made Neera's heart tremble.

She had never heard Jean speak in such a tone. It was magnetic, low, and attractive.

She nodded in a daze. As a result, she unconsciously followed Jean to the Imperial Gardens!

Before leaving the car, Jean told Neera gently, "Don't think about anything else. Take a good rest. No matter what happens, wait until you wake up."

Neera returned to her senses and quickly replied, "Okay, you too. Have a good rest."

When she got home, Adriana and the triplets were asleep.

She was so busy these days that she did not even have time to accompany Adriana and neglected the triplets. She could not help but feel a little guilty.

After going upstairs, Neera pondered for a while and walked lightly into the triplets' room to see them.

The triplets were sleeping soundly with their mouths slightly open. Their little faces flushed and looked cute.

Neera's heart softened unconsciously. After a while, she backed out gently and prepared to return to her room. Unexpectedly, Adriana opened the door at this moment.

"Aunt Adriana?" Neera was a little surprised. "Aren't you asleep?"

Adriana wore silk pajamas and leaned lazily on the door.

"I heard the movement and knew you were back, so I got up. Tell me. What's going on? Katy said you're developing an antidote because your friend's mom got poisoned. What kind of friend can make you sleepless and tired like this?"

Neera hesitated, thought for a while, and felt it was time to talk about Jean.

This matter was not trivial. Before that, Neera worried Adriana would be too angry and rushed back from abroad, so she did not mention it. Now, Neera did not need to hide it.

After all, Adriana would meet the Garcia family afterward. Sooner or later, Adriana would know the Garcia family forced Neera to marry into the Beauvort family.

So, Neera pointed to Adriana's room and said, "It's a long story. Let me go to your room and talk about it slowly."

Upon hearing that, Adriana let Neera in. They sat on the bed facing each other. Then, Neera told Adriana the whole story.

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Chapter 405

Adriana was furious after hearing the story.

"They had gone too far! You're also from the Garcia family. They shouldn't use you even if you're not close to them! How could they be so shameless? Isn't the sin they committed a few years ago not enough? They caused you to lose your reputation and

get ridiculed by everyone in Kingsview! Now they forced you to marry into the Beauvort family! You must feel wronged!"

Seeing Adriana getting emotional, Neera quickly took her hand and comforted her softly.

"Aunt Adriana, don't get angry. Although the Beauvort family is a wealthy family with many rules, Jean's parents are reasonable. Jean and I are in a contract marriage, so I rarely go to his house. I won't suffer any grievances. '

Adriana frowned. "Even if the Beauvort family wouldn't embarrass you, the Garcia family's actions are chilling. I feel sorry for you for getting bullied. If I knew it would happen, I shouldn't have let you return alone!"

Neera was also angry earlier, but now she did not care about it. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Aunt Adriana, it doesn't matter. The Garcia family isn't my family. It's not worth being angry with them. As for being forced to marry Jean, I don't feel any loss. Although Jean suffers from a chronic illness, he can heal. He's not as cruel as rumored. Jean respects me very much. Knowing I got forced to marry, he sent me the promised sky-high betrothal gift. He also helped me a lot with work. The high-end shopping mall our brand entered for the first time belonged to Beauvort Group. Beauvort Group also took care of our post-advertisement production and publicity."

Adriana knew that the company's affairs were related to the Beauvort family. But she still had doubts about Jean's character. "Really?"

"Yes! In our current situation, apart from the occasional need to pretend to be a couple in the outside world, I don't need to fulfill any responsibilities and obligations. We're only partners in private."

Adriana's anger subsided a little. "The Beauvort family made a big deal. 1.3 billion isn't a small amount. But Jean can give it to you in full. It seemed he didn't despise you because of the Garcia family's shamelessness."

Then, she frowned again and changed the topic. "But this marriage is a bit outrageous, including the contract proposed by Jean! It's nonsense!"

Neera could see that Adriana was very dissatisfied with Jean's proposal. She knew that although Adriana had never been married, in Adriana's view, marriage was sacred and could not be bound by a contract.

However, it did not matter to Neera. Anyway, she did not think about who else to marry in this life. She felt satisfied with the triplets.

"Aunt Adriana, Jean is also good. He takes good care of the triplets. I won't suffer even if it's a contract, so don't worry."

Adriana reluctantly nodded. After silence, she said, "Since you said he's good, bring him to meet me later. I want to know him. I even wonder why he doesn't like my excellent niece!"

Neera suddenly felt a little funny and thought that Adriana sometimes had a childish temper.

She smiled and said softly, "Okay, I'll ask him out when we have time."

After they chatted for a while, Adriana could not bear Neera being too tired, so she let Neera go back to sleep.

At the same time, after Jean took a shower, Ian returned.

"Sir, the police have already imprisoned Joanna. The evidence provided is sufficient. Joanna won't be able to come out in ten years."

Jean sat on the bed and snorted coldly. "She was suspected of intentionally killing my mom and trying to frame Neera. Ten years isn't enough! Let Kennard Garrett deal with this matter!"

Kennard was one of the top lawyers under the Beauvort Group. Since Jean wanted Kennard to handle this matter, Joanna would be in prison for the rest of her life.

Ian responded to Jean and silently mourned for Joanna in his heart.

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Chapter 406

That night, after Neera took a shower, she lay on the bed and fell into a deep sleep.

The next day, she woke up in a daze and saw the triplets lying on the bedside and staring at her eagerly.

"Good morning, Mommy!"

The triplets smiled happily with bright eyes. Before Neera could speak, they began to care about her.

"Mommy, did you sleep well last night? Are you still tired?"

"Mommy, are you hungry? Auntie Zuniga has made breakfast! Let's go down and eat together!"

"Mommy, we've been worried about you. No matter how busy you are, remember to eat on time and take good care of yourself..."

Neera saw her most precious children and received their care. She felt warm in her heart. She sat up and gently touched their heads.

"Yes, I'll pay attention to my health in the future. Don't worry."

After breakfast, Neera sent them to school and went straight to the research center. When she arrived, Philbert was already there. The whole team was also busy with antidote analysis.

Philbert saw her and smiled. "You're here. Did you rest well?"

The rest of the people also looked at her when they heard the voice.

"Ms. Garcia, thanks for your data! You save us a lot of trouble!"

"Yes, at this rate, I believe we can develop the antidote soon!"

Neera smiled. "I appreciate you all."

"Don't think so. We've gained a lot these days..."

Neera felt warm when she heard that. Soon, she changed into a white coat and quickly joined the research and development work.

...

On the other hand, Jean went to the hospital. Frederic already knew what had happened last night and was very annoyed.

"It's in vain that we trust Joanna so much! It's her who poisoned Wrenn! She's so ungrateful!"

Jean comforted Frederic softly, "Don't be so angry. It's been dealt with anyway."

"How can I not be angry? When I think of Joanna being by Wrenn's side every day, pretending to be kind but secretly poisoning her, I get scared..."

Frederic had been in the business for so long and had never been afraid of anything, but he was nervous about Wrenn.

He sighed in relief and asked Jean, "Joanna has no antidote. What should we do now? Can Wrenn's body hold on?"

Jean glanced at Wrenn. She was still in a coma and pale.

He calmly replied, "Neera has been staying in the research room and led her team to develop an antidote. Wait patiently. There will be good news. Neera injected Mom last night to delay the toxin invasion into the heart. It can last for a week. No problem." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Frederic calmed down a little. His eyes were complicated, and he said sincerely, "This time, it's thanks to Neera..."

Just in time, Kyra overheard their conversation at the door. Her expression changed slightly.

I didn't expect so many things to happen in one night. I thought Neera was nothing to worry about, but I didn't expect her to be the one who benefited the most in the end! Joanna is useless! After all this trouble, she made Neera the beneficiary!

Kyra cursed secretly, forced a gentle smile, and opened the door.

She greeted, "Uncle Frederic, Jean, I'm coming to see Aunt Wrenn."

Seeing her, Frederic smiled kindly and politely. "Thank you for coming to see Wrenn again."

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Chapter 407

Kyra shook her head. "I'm worried about Aunt Wrenn. I dreamed about her last night. I'm free anyway, so I come and have a look. It's always good to have someone around Aunt Wrenn."

While speaking, she glanced at Jean.

In contrast, Jean's attitude was relatively cold. After she entered the door, he only glanced at her and looked away without saying a word.

Kyra knew it was his usual temperament, so she did not care and asked Frederic, "Is Aunt Wrenn awake?"

Frederic shook his head. "She got angry yesterday. After she passed out, she has been in a coma and hasn't woken up yet."

"Did something happen?" Kyra feigned to know nothing.

Frederic sighed. "It's a long story. In short, it's Joanna who poisoned Wrenn! Wrenn has always believed in her. That's why she was so angry after knowing the truth."

"How could it be her!" Kyra looked surprised and frowned. "Joanna is so ungrateful! Aunt Wrenn is so good to her. But she's unsatisfied!"

Frederic snorted coldly. "We didn't expect we would misread a person!"

Kyra blinked and softly comforted, "If a person deliberately conceals the true self, how can it be easily discovered? Uncle Frederic, this isn't your fault. It's Joanna's fault. She betrayed Aunt Wrenn's and your trust. You don't have to take this matter seriously."

Then, she took advantage of the situation and suggested, "It happens that I have nothing to do today. Let me stay and take care of Aunt Wrenn. Jean's health isn't good yet. It's better not to overwork. Uncle Frederic, you must not have had a good rest these days. You should rest more, or you'll be ill."

Frederic was moved and nodded with a faint smile. "Thank you, Kyra. You're sensible."

Kyra smiled. "You're welcome."

Jean was about to refuse, but seeing that Frederic had already complied with Kyra, he pursed his lips and said nothing more.

...

In the following days, Neera devoted herself to developing the antidote.

The research and development of the antidote was more difficult than the production project. Neera and her team must consider the components' medicinal properties and do multiple tedious tests.

They got busy. Fortunately, progress was gratifying.

On the other hand, as Adriana was free, she took the triplets to play on weekends, but they never expected to meet Roxanne and Marnie in the cafe.

Roxanne went shopping with Marnie and was shocked when she saw Adriana. "Aunt Adriana, when did you return?"

Adriana's complexion changed slightly, but she still brought the triplets to greet Marnie, "Hello, Mom. You look good."

Marnie's expression was stern, and she looked angry.

"Since you've already returned to Kingsview, you should come back to see us! But you hid it from us! Do you still care about the Garcia family?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Adriana looked calm and replied, "Neera has been busy recently, and the triplets have no one to take care of, so I help take care of them. I thought I would return to see you and Dad when Neera has time, but I didn't expect to meet you in advance."

Marnie snorted coldly and looked at the triplets with disgust. She said rudely, "Why do you take care of them? They're only outsiders!"

Hearing that, Adriana frowned. "Mom, you're an elder. You should be careful when you speak. The triplets are still young. You'll hurt them. They're Neera's children. How can they be called outsiders? Did you forget how Neera got pregnant?"

Adriana glanced at Roxanne indifferently.

Marnie scolded, "Neera got pregnant because her private life is a disorder! What does it have to do with us? Don't defend her! That girl is restless! We shouldn't have taken her back to the Garcia family in the first place!"

Since Neera contradicted Marnie, Marnie had always held a grudge until now. Seeing Adriana deliberately defending Neera, Marnie was full of disgust.

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The triplets got used to Marnie's harsh words. They did not care about it but took the initiative to comfort Adriana.

"Grandaunt, it's okay. We don't need to care about what an outsider says!"

"Yes, we only need to know we're Mommy's babies!"

The implication was that Marnie was an outsider to them. They would not take her words seriously.

Upon hearing that, Marnie immediately became angry. "Is it how Neera educated you all? You have no manners!"

Sammy frowned and refuted, "We're only polite to educated people!"

"You little b*stard! How dare you say I'm uneducated?"

Harvey stepped forward, protected Sammy and Penny behind him, and faced the scowling Marnie. "We didn't say that."

He was calm, and his aura was not inferior to that of adults. "What we said is correct. We're unfamiliar with you. You don't need to scold us every time you see us! As an adult, don't you feel ashamed to bully children?"

Harvey had always been sensible and treated his elders with courtesy, but thinking of Marnie's attitude toward Neera, he could not be polite to Marnie.

Marnie was furious and pointed at him speechlessly.

The atmosphere was a little stiff, and Roxanne's expression darkened.

Seeing Adriana defending Neera so much, she was naturally unhappy. But she knew it was not the time to worry about these things.

She was still counting on Adriana to make a fortune, so she was unwilling to argue with Adriana.

Turning her mind around, she immediately smiled, leaned over intimately, and took the initiative to hold Adriana's arm.

"Aunt Adriana, Grandma misses you too much. That's why she lost her temper with you. Don't take it seriously. Since you're back, come back with us! Dad and Mom must be happy to see you. We can have a reunion dinner!"

Adriana glanced at Roxanne blankly and saw through Roxanne's disguise.

Roxanne was too young and could not hide what she was thinking. She was too hypocritical and was not innocent!

Adriana did not show any expression but pulled her hand away without any trace and said lightly, "I'll go back, but not today."

Seeing Adriana's attitude, Marnie became even angrier and glared at her.

"Not today? You should go home now! You've learned a lot of foreign things and forgotten the rules, don't you? When do you want to delay?"

Adriana pretended not to see Marnie's anger and made a decision. "I'll go back tomorrow."

Marnie snorted coldly. "Tomorrow? Who knows if you'll use any excuses to refuse to go back?"

Adriana looked calm. "It doesn't matter. Anyway, I'll go back tomorrow."

"You!" Marnie felt Adriana contradicted her and was pissed off.

Roxanne was overjoyed. Fearing that Marnie would say something harshly, she hurried to speak.

"Aunt Adriana, you must have a reason for making such an arrangement. I know that you always keep promises. I'll pick you up tomorrow."

Adriana refused, "No, I'll go back by myself."

She looked at the silent triplets, then said, "Mom, I'll leave with the triplets first."

Marnie looked unhappy, ignored Adriana, and snorted coldly. Then, she turned and walked inside.

Roxanne smoothed things over with a smile. "Grandma is getting older. Her temper has become like a child. Aunt Adriana, please don't mind. You must come tomorrow! We're waiting for you at home! We'll make your favorite food!"

Adriana nodded indifferently and left the cafe with the triplets.

Neera arrived home on time to have dinner with Adriana and the triplets. After dinner, Adriana called Neera, "Follow me to the study. I have something to tell you." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera nodded and followed Adriana upstairs. After entering the study, Adriana gave Neera the share transfer agreement. "Sign it."

Neera froze for a moment. "This is..."

Adriana lifted her chin. "You'll know after looking at it. I commissioned someone to draw up this agreement while abroad. It'll come into effect after you sign it."

Hearing what Adriana said, Neera guessed it.

Sure enough, the agreement stated that Adriana transferred most of her assets to Neera and the triplets!

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Chapter 409

The content surprised Neera. She thought Adriana was joking before, but she did not expect Adriana to be serious!

"Aunt Adriana, you're still young. You don't need to make a decision so early. If you give me everything..."

She was a little moved but did not want to accept it. It was all Adriana's hard work!

Adriana did not care at all.

"If I don't give it to you, who else can I give it to? I've already made this decision. Since I won't change my mind, it's better to decide earlier. In case something happens to me in the future..."

"Aunt Adriana!" Neera did not like Adriana to say unlucky words the most and interrupted quickly, "Don't talk nonsense! You'll live a long life. I'll take care of you!"

Adriana smiled softly. "I know you're filial. You're kind to me, so I must consider everything for you."

As Adriana spoke, she remembered what happened in the afternoon.

"I ran into your grandma and Roxanne this afternoon. I can't delay going back. So I told them I'll go back tomorrow. I know their purpose is ANXIN Group. I worry they'll make trouble since they're staring at it intently. You should sign it in advance. Just accept it. I still count on you to give me a pension."

Neera knew she could not stop Adriana, so she had no choice but to sign. She suddenly felt she had another responsibility.

From now on, the ANXIN Group would belong to her. It was Adriana's painstaking effort. She must protect it well and do her best to manage it!

"Aunt Adriana, are you going back to the Garcia Manor tomorrow? I worry about you..."

The Garcia family would make things difficult for Adriana!

Adriana smiled and gave Neera a reassuring look. "Don't worry. I can handle it."

Hearing that, Neera had no choice but to nod. "Okay, you must come back. I'll wait for you."

Adriana saw Neera's nervousness and felt amused. "Why did you act like I'll never come back..."

...

The next day, after sending the triplets to school, Neera called Jean. "Are you in the hospital?"

Jean said, "Yes. Do you want to come?"

"Yes." Neera got into the car and fastened her seat belt. "I'm going to see your mom."

"Okay, take your time on the way here. Don't worry."

Twenty minutes later, Neera arrived at the hospital.

Kyra was also there. Seeing Neera, Kyra smiled friendly and said politely, "Ms. Garcia, thanks for coming to see Aunt Wrenn."

Others would not think her words meant anything, but Neera could see Kyra behaving like the Beauvort family's hostess.

She ignored Kyra, smiled meaningfully, and checked on Wrenn's situation.

Since being passed out by Joanna's anger, Wrenn had only woken up briefly once and had been in a coma the rest of the time.

After the inspection, Neera's complexion suddenly became solemn.

She discovered that the toxin in Wrenn's body was spreading faster than expected. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Wrenn's chest already turned purple, and the toxin had invaded the subcutaneous part.

She predicted that Wrenn would last a week. But things did not look good right now.

After tidying up Wrenn's clothes, Neera opened the curtain and told the situation without hiding anything.

Jean's pupils shrank. "How long can my mom last?"

Neera pursed her lips slightly. "Originally, I predicted that the toxin would take about a week to invade her heart, but now she can only last for another two days. If we can't develop the antidote within these two days, her situation will be serious!"

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Chapter 410

The worst and the most likely outcome was death from poisoning!

This truth was too cruel, so Neera did not say it. But Jean understood it and became gloomy.

He glanced at the unconscious Wrenn on the bed and asked, "How is the research center going? How long will it take to develop an antidote?"

Neera never made promises about things she could not confirm. Even though the situation was critical, she could only respond, "I'll try my best."

After speaking, she wanted to leave immediately. At a critical juncture, she could not waste her time.

Jean sent her out and accompanied her to the hospital gate. When she was about to leave, he suddenly held her hand.

Neera froze and stared blankly at Jean. "You..."

"Don't put too much pressure on yourself. Just do your best," Jean said.

Neera's heart warmed up, and she smiled slightly. Her voice was clear and crisp. "Yes, I know it."

After returning to the research center, she devoted herself to research and development.

She did not have a moment's rest and ate hastily, almost spending her time researching the antidote. The rest of the team stayed up for two days because of Wrenn's critical condition.

The final time limit was approaching, but they had not developed the antidote. Neera was becoming more anxious and frustrated. Her irritability caused her to break a beaker accidentally.

The glass shattering sounded in the research room. Everyone's attention immediately focused on Neera.

Neera was pale. She held her right wrist, and blood kept gushing from her palm.

"Oh, Ms. Garcia! You're hurt!"

Everyone was taken aback and hurried over worriedly.

Neera glanced at her wound that got cut by the glass shards. "It's okay. Just a small injury."

While enduring the pain, she casually pulled a tissue and wiped the blood. After the bleeding stopped, she continued to work.

Philbert stepped forward and stopped her. "You should bandage it well. You'd better wash the liquid in your hands to prevent wound infection!"

The antidote developed this time used many medicine formulations, which might be dangerous. It was not good to have direct contact with the wound.

Neera shook her head. "I'm fine. It's more important to develop an antidote. We're running out of time."

Philbert insisted on stopping her. "Even if you're in a hurry, you should take care of your wound first. It's only the last step. I'll do it. You're too tired. Something will happen if you work in a trance."

Hearing what he said, Neera finally had no choice but to nod in agreement and took the medicine box. She sat down to clean, disinfect, and bandage the wound.

At midnight, they developed another antidote sample and conducted the last experiment. During the process, everyone could not help but wait nervously. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Until a moment, Philbert went to observe the experimental results. After confirming the experimental data several times, he finally smiled.

"We succeeded!" His tone was relieved.

Everyone was overjoyed and applauded excitedly.

Neera became even more agitated. She quickly stood up and wanted to step forward to check the results. But maybe it was because she got up too fast. Before she could take a step, her vision suddenly turned dark.

She felt dizzy for a while and hurriedly supported the table beside her.

After a few seconds, the darkness in front of her eyes gradually receded.

She knew the non-stop research had far exceeded what her body could bear. But she told herself that it was not the time yet. She could not fall yet!

She had to persevere and rush to treat Wrenn. Jean was still waiting for her!

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Chapter 411

Philbert noticed that Neera seemed off and quickly approached her, asking with concern, "Hey, what's going on? Are you alright?"

Snapping back to the present, Neera tried to smile, replying, "I'm okay. I just got a little dizzy from standing up too fast."

Recognizing her urgency, Philbert got straight to business. He headed to the workbench, prepared the antidote as per the formula, and handed it to her.

"This is the antidote. Be careful with it for the patient. But..."

He cast a glance at her and expressed his concern, "Hey, you look tired. Can you hold on? Are you

sure you can handle what's next? We have surgery to attend to, and you need to remove the poisoned blood from the patient's body. This surgery's going to be a long one. You look very pale. Maybe..."

Neera knew that he was just looking out for her, but she gently declined.

"Phil, you're tired from this research too, please get some rest. I can handle this. I'm going back to the hospital now. I owe you big time for this."

She then addressed the room, saying, "Thanks, everyone. I wouldn't have made it without you all."

"Ms. Garcia, don't sweat it. We're a team, it is only right that we work together on this!"

Everyone chuckled warmly.

Philbert grinned and urged, "It's fine, enough with the formalities. Get going before it's too late."

Nodding, Neera quickly packed up and rushed to the hospital.

At the hospital, Frederic and Jean had a grave expression as they stood on both sides of Wrenn's bed.

Dandy and Kyra were also there.

Growing worried, Dandy asked, "How much longer can she hold on? If we did nothing and kept waiting, she might..."

Kyra touched her arm to interrupt her. Later, she walked up to Jean and suggested, "Aunt Wrenn's condition seems to be deteriorating. Maybe we should get the doctor's opinion while we wait? Nothing is going to happen for us to wait here."

She knew that Jean was waiting for Neera. When Wrenn's condition deteriorated, she wasn't upset but secretly anticipated that things would worsen. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

If Neera couldn't develop the antidote in time or if it was too late to save Aunt Wrenn, he'd likely blame Neera, even if it wasn't her fault. He might have lost trust in her for failing to keep her promise.

Kyra's eyes flickered. She couldn't resist smirking inwardly.

Frederic wore a stern expression, felt Kyra had a point, and pressed the call button.

Soon, the doctor arrived. He looked grave after examining Wrenn's condition.

Seeing this, Frederic became gloomy. He swallowed hard and mustered the courage to ask, "How is it? How much longer can my wife hold on?"

The doctor shook his head and sighed regretfully, "Her vitals are extremely weak. She doesn't have much time. I know it's hard, but please prepare yourself."

Upon hearing this, the room fell silent.

Jean clenched his fists. His aura darkened.

Frederic's complexion turned horrifyingly pale, as if all life had been drained from him.

Dandy angrily exclaimed, "She's perfectly fine before, that Joanna...deserves to suffer a horrible death!"

She glanced at Jean and directed her frustration at Neera.

"And what about Neera? Can she deliver the antidote or not? She promised us the world, so why hasn't she developed the antidote yet? If we had known, we would have looked for a more reliable expert. Wrenn might have had a chance! But now..."

She kept rambling.

Annoyed, Jean shot her a cold, piercing glance. He retorted sharply, "Think you could've done better?"

His query was harsh, leaving Dandy at a loss for words and embarrassed.

Trying to defuse the tension, Kyra stepped in. She said, "Don't be angry. My mother didn't mean that, she was just deeply worried after seeing Aunt Wrenn in this condition, perhaps more than anyone else. Please don't take it to heart."

Jean ignored her and treated this woman as non-existent, but he withdrew his piercing glance.

Kyra persisted and subtly planted seeds of doubt.

"However, solely depending on Ms. Garcia without a backup plan is risky," she pointed out.

"After all, she never guaranteed success; she only pledged to do her best. If she fails, Aunt Wrenn's life might be in danger. We are in a passive position now."

"That's right! Kyra has a point!"

Dandy chimed in with a strange tone and continued to slander Neera.

She continued, "Moreover, you can't always put your wife before your family. You can't neglect your mother after you get married. Have you forgotten that your mother disliked Neera and had reservations about her? Neera might harbor resentment and purposely delay the timing to harm your mother."

The implication behind her speech was blunt.

Kyra subconsciously grabbed her hand, signaling her to tone it down.

Jean had heard enough, he looked mad. His patience with Dandy had reached its limit.

Just as he was about to unleash his anger, the door swung open.

A slender figure appeared in the doorway.

Neera inquired icily as she entered the ward, "Is baseless speculation the way of Fains? Do you have any other skills besides doing nothing and making irrational accusations?"

Her voice was cold, and her gaze was colder.

Dandy was rendered speechless and flushed with embarrassment. She was surprised that Neera had shown up on time.

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Chapter 412 You Can Relax Now

After Neera retorted, she no longer paid any attention to her but turned to look at Jean.

The man had taken the initiative to approach her. He asked solemnly, "How is it going?"

Frederic also rose to his feet. Anxiety was written all over his face, and his eyes were brimming with hope.

He asked, "Neera, what is the situation? Has the antidote been developed?"

Neera nodded in response and took out the antidote from her bag.

She reassured them, "Yes, we succeeded. Relax, our team has run rigorous tests to validate it. I don't doubt that it's capable of neutralizing the poison in her body."

When Frederic saw the syringe, his wrinkled face twitched several times. His eyes had turned red, and the old man was on the verge of tears.

"That's amazing! It's wonderful!" he exclaimed.

He breathed out a deep breath and suppressed his excitement, uttering, "Neera, we owe it to you."

Jean's cold demeanor had relaxed a little. He finally revealed his first smile in days. His smile was faint but warm.

He said, "I have faith that you could do it."

Neera pressed her lips together and said, "I didn't do it on my own. Anyway, we're lucky to have discovered the cure."

She glanced at her wrist and quickly added, "Now is not the time for this. Before I administer the antidote, I need to perform surgery to remove the poisonous blood from

her body. Can you get me an attending physician? Time is running out, and we need to get her to the operating room now."

"Okay," Jean responded, then cast a glance his way.

Ian got the message. He immediately strode out from the ward and brought the doctor over shortly.

Neera wasted no time and straight away informed the doctor of the plan.

The doctor listened in surprise. He subconsciously looked at the father and son.

Jean instructed in a deep voice, "Do as she says. We will take responsibility for whatever consequences befall her."

The doctor had to comply.

Soon, Wrenn was wheeled into the operating room.

Meanwhile, Neera went to the sterile room to prepare herself.

Jean was supporting his father in the operating room. Both suppressed their anxiousness and waited quietly.

Ten minutes later, the red light above the operating room lit up.

Jean lifted his eyes and stared at that red light for a long time. His knitted brows never relaxed for a second.

He was worried for both his mother and Neera. He had observed that Neera didn't look well. She must have worn out from developing an antidote for his mother.

Considering this, he felt a sting in his heart and felt deeply sorry for her.

Not far behind him stood Dandy and Kyra. The two wore expressions of gloom and displeasure. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

They were astounded that Neera was so competent as to develop the antidote. Their previous hopes had shattered.

The two were slightly upset that Joanna's self-sabotaging actions had failed. Instead, the situation gave Neera a significant advantage.

Despite their resentment, Kyra knew this was not the time to show any dissatisfaction toward Neera.

In light of this, she knew she needed to remain calm. She looked at Jean, who was tense.

She moved closer to him and soothed in a soft voice, "Aunt Wrenn will be alright. Don't worry about it."

Jean gave her the cold shoulder, totally ignoring her.

Two hours later, the red light above the operating room had turned off.

The door finally opened.

Neera showed up in a blue surgical robe and mask. She walked out of the room while removing her surgical gloves.

Frederic and Jean immediately walked up to her and asked worriedly.

"How is it? Is the poison being neutralized? Is she okay?"

Neera's complexion was pale, and her lips were dry. She licked her lips and said in a weak voice, "Yeah, the poison has been completely flushed out, but she's not out of danger yet. We need to give it some time for the antidote to take effect. It's not a big deal; she should recover completely with good rest. You can relax now!"

Neera experienced a wave of nausea and dizziness after hearing a buzzing noise suddenly fill her ears.

Her vision black out.

Her consciousness faded and collapsed to the ground.

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Chapter 413 He Cares A Lot

Jean was caught off guard, yet instinctively, he quickly grabbed her waist.

Holding the pale-faced woman securely in his embrace, he clutched her tighter.

His voice tinged with anxiety as he softly called out to her, murmuring, "Neera..."

Neera shut her eyes. She had lost consciousness.

Everyone in the surrounding area was startled.

Frederic exclaimed, "What happened to her? Quick! Doc, you need to check on her!"

Coincidentally, the doctor stepped out of the operating room just then. Without delay, he approached and examined Neera.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he assured them, "She's okay; don't worry about it. She's overworked. She just needs proper rest to recover."

However, Jean was still worried. He carried her in his arms and directed, "The ward next to my mother's is vacant. Get her that room!"

After issuing his command, he carried her to the ward before others could respond.

Ian closely trailed behind his boss.

Witnessing the scene, Kyra was consumed with envy. She could see that Jean cared a lot about her. Judging by his anxious demeanor, evidently he held her dearly in his heart.

Dandy, visibly upset, furrowed her brows and remarked, "She just developed an antidote. Why is she so exhausted? Seriously? Honestly, it seems like she's just putting on an act. Such a scheming bitch!"

Kyra pursed her lips and remained silent.

But no matter how bitter the two felt, in Jean's eyes, he only saw Neera.

Neera was drained. She didn't regain consciousness when the sky turned dark.

Jean remained by her side, not moving as much as an inch.

In actuality, he wanted to check on his mother.

Wrenn had been wheeled into the ICU. Only doctors and nurses could enter to prevent infections. Therefore, Jean had to give up on visiting her.

Consequently, Dandy and Kyra left since they had no opportunity to show their concern.

Frederic wanted to wait outside the ICU, but Jean persuaded him to leave for the sake of his well-being.

He persuaded him, "Dad, you're old. You've been taking care of her tirelessly. If you don't get some rest, you won't be able to hold on."

Frederic was deeply worried about his wife. Initially, he was puzzled by Jean's comments and was going to reject him. However, after a brief pause for thought, he shot Jean an infuriated look.

"Who are you calling old? I'm still in my prime! I'm strong!"

Jean agreed, saying, "I wasn't implying that you're old, but you do appear worn out. Once mom is shifted to the regular ward and spots how weary you seem, she won't stop fussing over you. Besides, you won't be much help to her if you're sick, would you?"

Frederic was speechless. He was finally persuaded.

In the end, he reluctantly agreed. The driver took him home to get some rest.

At night, Jean sat beside Neera's bed. He observed her for a long time without shifting his gaze, lost in thought.

As it was approaching late night, Ian walked in quietly and gently reminded him, "Sir, you should get some rest now."

Jean flatly refused, saying, "I'm fine."

Concerned about his health, Ian tried to persuade him indirectly.

"Sir, I understand your concern for Ms. Garcia, but have you overlooked her order? You couldn't wear yourself out. You haven't been getting enough rest recently because of your mother. If you refuse to get some rest, she would be mad when she finds out. I wouldn't know how to justify that to her."

Jean responded when he mentioned Neera. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He stared at her briefly and finally spoke softly, "I'll take a nap on this chair."

Though not fully persuaded, Ian finally sighed in relief when Jean was willing to get some rest.

He quickly fetched a blanket and handed it to Jean.

Jean took it and placed it on his lap.

He gently adjusted Neera's quill before he got some rest.

Then he noticed the gauze on Neera's palm. It had loosened and revealed the wound beneath.

There were some scratched wounds with blood seeping out, it was a gruesome sight to watch.

He frowned unconsciously.

This wound was hastily treated. Apparently, she got it before the surgery.

His heart ached when he recalled that she had performed surgery on his mother with such an injury.

After a while, he instructed with a low voice, "Go and fetch me some bandages and medicine."

"Understood."

Soon, Ian returned with the items.

Jean took it from his assistant.

He gently pulled Neera's hand toward him and began to apply the medicine to her wound. His movements were gentle and delicate, as if he were handling a precious treasure.

Unaware of this, Neera was soundly asleep. There was no response from her as he attended to her wound.

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Chapter 414 We Meet Before

After Jean bandaged her wound, he tucked her hand back under the blanket and adjusted her quilt.

After he had done all that, he covered himself with the blanket and dozed off in the chair.

Neera continued to sleep until the next afternoon.

Worried that something might have happened to her, Jean sent Ian to get the doctor.

In the face of Jean's cold expression, the doctor became so nervous that sweat broke out on his forehead. He quickly conducted a thorough examination on Neera.

After reconfirming her condition, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He reported, "Ms. Garcia is suffering from extreme fatigue. She fell into a deep sleep because she hadn't rested well for a long time. That's all. She'll wake up once she has had enough sleep." "Are you sure she's not sick?"

"Yes, I'm positive!"

Jean was relieved after he reassured for the third time that Neera was fine.

The doctor started to update him on Wrenn's condition. He said, "Madam is out of danger now. She can be transferred to the general ward later."

Jean nodded in response. He felt a weight had lifted from his heart.

After the doctor left, he informed his father of the good news.

"Really?" Frederic was ecstatic over the phone, he hurriedly said, "Great, this is great news! I'll be right there!"

Jean replied with a smile, "Take your time. Mom hasn't eaten for a while, and she should eat something light after she wakes up. Can you prepare some soup and bring it to the hospital?"

"Yes! Yes! Certainly!"

Overjoyed, Frederic agreed to everything his son instructed before hung up the phone. Then he rushed to the kitchen and instructed the chef to prepare the food.

By evening, Neera was still unconscious.

Her phone rang at this time.

Jean picked it up and saw that the caller's ID was 'Teacher'.

He answered the call decisively, "Hello."

The caller was taken aback when she heard a male voice. It took her a while to recover her composure.

She asked, "Hi, isn't this Harvey Mommy's phone? Are you... their father?"

Jean glanced at the young woman lying on the hospital bed, he didn't deny this. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

The teacher continued, "Oh! This is perfect, I can talk to you too. The kids are still at school, and nobody has come to pick them up. Is something holding you up? Roughly when might you be able to pick them up?"

Checking his watch, Jean realized it was way past school hours.

I think Auntie Zuniga must have gone to take care of her husband. Neera hadn't had time to make alternative arrangements. So, no one is picking up the kids.

Jean replied, "I'm sorry, something did come up. I'll pick them up now. Please wait for a little longer."

After he hung up, he sent Ian to pick the children up.

The triplets were waiting at the school gate. They were surprised to see Ian get out of the car.

"Mr. Assistant, why are you picking us up? Where's Mommy?"

Ian explained everything to them.

They grew worried about their mother when they learned she had passed out.

Penny's eyes started to well up with tears, asking, "Mommy must be too tired! How is she? Is she okay? Has she woke up?"

Ian gently patted their heads to comfort them when he noticed how anxious the children were.

"She's fine. She hasn't woken up yet, but the doctor said she sleeps longer than usual because she's too tired."

The triplets finally relaxed and proudly praised their mother.

"Mommy is the best! She had defeated the poison and saved Grandma's life!"

Ian grinned and agreed, "Yes, she did. Would you like to see her in the hospital?"

The triplets nodded eagerly and obediently followed him into the car.

Upon arriving at the hospital and parking the car, Ian held the triplets' hands as he led them upstairs.

Surprisingly, they bumped into Frederic in the elevator!

"Mr. Frederic!" Ian stammered as he greeted him with a choppy voice.

Frederic raised his brows when he saw them. He immediately sensed that the children looked familiar. He began to ponder where he might have seen them before.

The triplets were the first to warmly greet him.

"Grandpa, we've met again! We met you at the Imperial Gardens before. Do you remember? Grandma fell at the time!"

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Chapter 415 He Wishes The Triplets Are Beauvorts

Upon reflection, Frederic remembered his previous encounter with the triplets.

They are such well-mannered children, I'm fond of them. Why are they here with Ian?

He looked at Ian in puzzlement and asked, "They are...?"

Ian mustered the courage and replied, "They are... Ms. Garcia's children."

As soon as he said this, he quickly lowered his gaze, fearing Frederic would get mad.

Frederic paused momentarily upon hearing this. He fixed his gaze on the triplets, taking a moment to process the information. He then realized that they were Neera's children.

"They've grown up now," he murmured, his eyes reflecting a mix of emotions.

He had previously encountered the triplets and was deeply fond of them. The thought had once crossed his mind about how wonderful it would be if they were his own flesh and blood.

Now, facing the reality that they were indeed family but not connected by blood, He was overwhelmed with complicated emotions, struggling with the countless thoughts in his mind.

The triplets noticed his slightly creased brows. The children blinked their eyes and pretended they didn't know anything.

"Mr. Assistant, you know Grandpa? What a coincidence!"

Ian cringed. He cleared his throat and whispered, "Yes, we know each other. This is Mr. Beauvort's father, Frederic Beauvort."

The triplets feigned their surprise, drawing out the end of their sentences in playful exaggeration.

"Oh? Really? That means we share a deeper bond with Grandpa, right?"

Frederic softly grunted in response but said nothing more.

Ian's heart was trembling in fear. He was astounded that the kids had already met Frederic.

The triplets, on the other hand, were very outgoing and started to ask about Wrenn.

"We heard Uncle Jean's mom was admitted to the hospital. Is she getting better now?"

"Yeah! Has Grandma recovered yet?"

"We're worried about her!"

The children each expressed their thoughts.

Frederic felt strangely delighted. He replied, "She's better now. Your mother has been a great help."

The triplets beamed with pride upon hearing his gratitude towards their mother. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

They were sincerely happy for Wrenn, too.

"Hehe! Mom's a doctor, after all. Saving lives is her duty. As long as Grandma gets better, that's what matters most."

As they chatted, the elevator doors opened. They exited, one after another.

Upon reaching the ward, they unexpectedly bumped into Jean.

He was on his way out to answer a phone call.

Seeing them, Jean was rather surprised. He wondered, "Dad, how come...why are all of you here together?"

Ian rushed over as though he had seen a lifeline, positioning himself next to Jean. He clarified respectfully, "We just ran into each other in the elevator."

The triplets greeted Jean warmly, saying, "Hello, Uncle Jean!"

Penny stepped forward and gazed at him hopefully. She asked, "How is my mommy doing? Is she awake?"

Jean gently patted her cheek and answered softly, "Not yet; she's still sleeping."

Hearing this, Frederic couldn't help but ask, "She hasn't woken up since yesterday! Why is she sleeping for such a long time? Have you gotten a doctor to check on her? Are you sure she's okay?"

Jean nodded and explained, "Yes, the doctor said she's exhausted and has fallen into a deep sleep. She'll wake up after she has had enough rest."

The triplets were relieved and grinned happily.

"Grandpa, it's okay. Mommy always sleeps a long time when she's tired. Don't worry. She'll be fine once she wakes up."

Hearing the explanation, the father and son let out a sigh of relief.

"In that case, I won't disturb you all further."

Frederic looked towards Jean and said, "I need to check on your mother. You should take care of the children."

Jean raised an eyebrow in astonishment. It never crossed his mind that his father would ask him to take care of the triplets. Nonetheless, he nodded in acknowledgment.

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Chapter 416 Ulterior Motives

After his father left, Jean took the kids to Neera's ward.

The triplets were distressed upon seeing their mother's pallid face. They silently stood by her bed, saying nothing.

Jean didn't intervene. Casting a brief look at the still-sleeping Neera, he softly made his way to the couch, settled down, and patiently awaited her awakening.

Neera finally woke up around eight at night. Her eyelids fluttered several times before she fully opened her eyes.

The kids noticed right away. Their gazes were filled with anxiety and anticipation, as it's glued in her.

"Mommy, you're up! How do you feel?"

"Are you tired? You've been out for so long. You must be hungry. Do you want to get up and eat something?"

"Mom, Harvey's right. Eat something before you go back to sleep. You're pale. I think you are tired."

The voices of the children chimed and echoed in her ears, slowly drawing Neera's awareness back to the present.

She was still in a haze, and she had a blank look on her face.

Confused, she murmured, "Where am I...?"

Jean rose from the couch and walked over. He replied, "Don't you remember? After completing the surgery on my mother, you fainted. You have been sleeping till now."

Those scenes immediately emerged in her mind. Neera finally realized her whereabouts.

Some clarity returned to her eyes. With a raspy voice, she inquired, "How long was I out?"

"More than a day," Jean replied softly.

"What? Really? What's the time now?" [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"You fainted yesterday. It's now just after eight in the evening."

"Oh..."

Neera tried to sit up, but her body felt weak. Indeed, the prolonged sleep had taken a toll on her.

Sensibly, Harvey helped her and placed a cushion behind her to prop her up comfortably.

Jean, observing her dry lips, swiftly poured a glass of water. He felt the water's temperature before handing it to her.

"You've worked hard for the sake of my mother," he said.

Neera took the glass and whispered, "Thank you."

She then lowered her head and took a few sips.

It was quite a surprise for her to have slept for such a long time.

Her gaze shifted from the triplets to Jean. She asked, "How is your mother now?"

Witnessing her immediate concern for his mother upon regaining consciousness, a warm feeling welled up inside Jean, and he couldn't help but smile.

"She's stable now and has been shifted to the room next door. Don't worry."

"I'm glad to hear that," she responded.

She was about to ask why the children were there, but her stomach growled loudly.

Her cheeks flushed slightly. Neera touched her stomach and remarked with a hint of embarrassment, "I've slept for such a long time. I'm starving. Do we have any food?"

Grinning, Jean responded, "I anticipated that you'd wake up hungry, so I had prepared some food in advance."

He fetched the insulated container resting on the coffee table.

The triplets, being very considerate, set up a makeshift table for their mother.

As Jean unveiled the contents of the container and arranged them nicely. It was still warm and smelled delicious.

Neera took a whiff and commented, "That smells wonderful. Let me freshen up a bit first."

After a brief cleanup, she ate her meal.

Halfway through her meal, her attention reverted to the kids, "Wasn't Aunt Adriana supposed to fetch you?"

Logically speaking, Adriana should have returned to the Garcias today and come back by evening. She pondered why Jean had taken up that responsibility? Has something happened to Adriana?

The triplets shook their heads.

"We've no idea. We thought she would pick us up, but we didn't see her, and she didn't pick up her phone. So, our teacher had to call Uncle Jean."

Of course, they had ulterior motives for doing so. The children didn't want to miss any chance to be with their dad.

These thoughts did not occur to Neera. She was worried about Adriana. The Garcias were vile, and she worried they might be giving Adriana a hard time.

She was about to call, but Adriana beat her.

"Aunt Adriana, where are you now?" she asked immediately.

Adriana's voice quickly came through, saying, "I just got home. I'm the one that should be asking you that! Are you still at the research center? Where are the kids? Did you pick them up?"

Neera hesitated for a moment before telling her the truth, "I'm in the hospital. The kids are with me."

When she heard 'hospital', Adriana became anxious. She couldn't help but raise her voice a little.

She asked, "Hospital? What happened? How did you end up in the hospital?"

Neera quickly soothed her, saying, "Don't worry. I'm fine. I just performed surgery and was drained afterward. I'm just sleeping."

Adriana sighed in relief, "You give me a good scare! Send me your address. I'll get there now!"

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Read Chapter 417 I'll Protect You

Chapter 417 I'll Protect You

Neera shared her address with her aunt.

After she ended the call, she hesitated a little and looked at Jean.

She spoke with caution, asking, "Hmm...would you like to see your mom or step out for a while?" S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Taken aback, he looked at her with curiosity, asking, "What's the problem? She doesn't want to see me?"

Realizing she might have given him the wrong impression, she quickly clarified, "No, it's not that. I want to set up a proper meeting for you two, especially since she's aware of our contractual marriage."

He got the full picture and asked, "Is she upset with me or my family?"

She answered awkwardly, "No, not really. She just feels the need to meet you. Regardless of the nature of our marriage, we're husband and wife on paper. As an elder, it's only natural for her to meet you."

In reality, she worried her aunt would make things difficult for Jean.

Jean pieced together her concerns after he read her expression.

He raised his eyebrow a little and said coldly, "It's okay. We're bound to cross paths eventually. This meeting is unavoidable."

He said slowly and added meaningfully, "After all, she's family to you."

Meeting his gaze, Neera was momentarily taken aback and deeply moved.

She snapped out of her trance and found it somewhat amusing. She thought to herself, "What am I thinking? He surely didn't imply anything else."

Collecting herself, she gave a gentle nod.

"Alright, just a word of caution. Aunt Adriana can be quite direct and doesn't hold back her feelings. If her words come off harsh, remember that she doesn't mean any harm. Don't take it to heart. Just stay calm and don't get angry."

Jean smiled a little and said, "Do I look like someone who loses my temper so easily?"

She touched her nose and replied, "That's not what I mean. It's just a reminder."

"Don't worry, I understand. She's your family, of course, she would protect you."

Thirty minutes later, Adriana arrived at the hospital and hastily entered the hospital ward.

Her gaze was immediately drawn to Neera.

She hurried to her side, scanning her up and down.

She asked, "How are you doing? Why did you look sick? Is there a problem with your health? What did the doctor say?"

Neera, amused and warm, when she listened to the barrage of her questions. She gripped her hand, assuring, "I'm fine. Just a bit of rest and I'll be back on my feet."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, trust me. As you can see, I'm alright."

After confirming that she was alright, Adriana finally breathed a sigh of relief and scolded.

"You brat! I've always told you not to push yourself too hard. Why can't you heed my advice? Every time you're at the research center, you neglect your well-being. Your research is important, but you can't forget to take care of yourself! This time, you're going farther. You had surgery without getting enough sleep. Are you having a death wish?"

Understanding her aunt's concern, Neera lowered her gaze, accepting the reprimand.

Jean took a step closer, defending Neera, "Aunt Adriana, it wasn't her fault. She did it for my mother."

Adriana, upon hearing this, shifted her gaze to Jean.

Although she had seen him upon entering the room, her primary concern had been Neera and worried about her niece.

She finally gave him the full attention. She adopted an icy expression and scrutinized him.

"And who might you be?"

She carried herself with the authority of a woman who had conquered the business realm. Even when facing a powerful figure like Jean, she radiated her distinct charisma.

Jean remained composed and introduced himself politely.

"Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Jean Beauvort. I intended to visit you upon hearing of your return to the country, but unforeseen circumstances led to our meeting here. I hope you can forgive me."

Adriana, unsurprised with his introduction, responded, "So, you're Jean."

Jean nodded, "Yes."

Moving past the brief introduction, Adriana asked, "You just mentioned that Neera worked herself to this state for your mother. What did you mean by that?"

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Chapter 418 Side With Her

Jean briefly explained, "My mother was poisoned. That potent poison nearly took her life. It was Neera who relentlessly worked on antidotes. She also performed surgery, which improved her condition significantly."

This revelation surprised Adriana.

She was aware that Neera was working on an antidote, but she had no idea that she would go to such lengths for Jean's mother.

Didn't they have a contractual marriage? Why would she...

Although she had her doubts, she masked them well. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She nodded and said, "If it's a matter of life and death, it makes sense for Neera to be so devoted. I heard from Neera that your mother isn't... exactly fond of her?"

Her question was direct, catching Jean off guard.

Jean was astounded that Adriana was so direct.

Swiftly, he responded, "My apologies, my mother is somewhat particular about those in my social circle."

Adriana seemed unimpressed, stating bluntly, "I couldn't care less about her being picky about others! Neera is an exceptional woman. If your mother can't see that, I question her judgment. I get that families like yours prioritize lineage, but know this, our family is on par.

"I have never married, but I treat her like my own daughter. I cherish her greatly. I value her deeply. Don't underestimate her due to your family's supposed prestige. It pains me to see her distressed. I can't bear to be strict with her. All I desire is for her to lead a content and peaceful life. No one, including your family, should dare wrong her. Got it?"

Adriana's tone was assertive and firm.

Few would have the nerve to confront Jean so boldly.

However, Jean wasn't offended. On the contrary, he listened attentively.

He nodded solemnly and said, "I get it. Rest assured, I'll stand by her side. I'll find a way to change my mother's attitude."

Seeing his sincerity and solemn response, Adriana's stern gaze softened.

This young man is likable and quite the looker too!

After hearing their conversation, Neera was deeply touched. She always knew her aunt was fond of her, but the depth of her affection was now evident.

Later, Jean went to visit his mother, allowing Adriana and Neera some privacy.

After he left, Adriana sat beside Neera.

She peeled an orange for her as she asked curiously, "While overseas, I heard the Beauvorts' heir was on his deathbed. But he looks perfectly fine to me?"

He's dignified and well-spoken. Quite the catch. Certainly superior to Zachary in many ways. Why, then, would such a man be subject to such ill rumors?

Confused, she questioned, "Are those rumors fabricated?"

Her confusion amused Neera.

"A lot of those stories were accurate. Initially, he was in dire health and spiritless. His sheer determination kept him alive. He was very weak. It's commendable how he managed his enterprise despite his sickness."

"How did he recover?"

"He recuperated under my care. Our contractual marriage is a mutually beneficial arrangement."

"I see," Adriana finally gets the full picture.

She pursed her lips and said, "I disagree; that's mutually beneficial! Their family bagged an invaluable daughter-in-law, a medical prodigy at that. They hit the jackpot. After all, curing Jean is priceless compared to a mere 1.3 billion dollars. How dare they belittle you?"

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Chapter 419 We Want To Snuggle Too

Neera cracked into laughter.

In all of Kingsview, Aunt Adriana is the only person who considers the Beauvorts to have taken advantage of me when I married into their family. Others consider Jean above my league.

"By the way," Adriana asked. "Since you two are in a contractual marriage, it would come to an end one day, right? Have you guys agreed on that?"

Neera was dumbfounded. A gloom flashed through her eyes, and she replied, "We've agreed that once I completely cure him, our marriage...will end."

For some reason, she felt a hollowness in her heart, when she said this out loud.

Adriana didn't notice something was off with Neera.

She just nodded in relief and said, "That's nice."

"Considering your expertise in medicine, I believe you have the confidence to make a stand when needed. If you ever feel mistreated by his family and decide it's not for you, you have the strength to get divorce and walk away. We won't put up with their nonsense! My niece is truly one-of-a-kind. You'll surely meet someone better in the future."

Divorce...

Neera curled her fingers when she heard this word. The pressure from her nails dug into her palm, causing a slight sting.

She wanted to discontinue this topic, so she nonchalantly agreed and changed the subject.

"How was your visit to the Garcia residence today? Did they give you a hard time?"

When she brought this up, Adriana let out a sarcastic smile.

She explained, "Well, they didn't give me a hard time, but they brought up the same topic. They want my company to merge with theirs. I never agree with that."

Their reaction was in line with Neera's expectations, but...

"They just let you leave and didn't make things difficult for you?"

The Garcias would never give up until they achieved their goal. Could they give up easily before they get what they want?

"Of course they refused to let me leave, but I had made up my mind, and they couldn't stop me."

"But..."

"I know they won't give up. They might pull other tricks later, but it's okay. Let them try, I'll deal with the problem one at a time. I'll never agree with this."

Adriana was firm. She held Neera's hand, and her eyes were overwhelmed with warmth and resoluteness.

"My company can only be yours. Over the years, you have been with me, helping me grow the company. ANXIN Group's achievements today are largely due to your efforts. You're the only heir. Don't worry, I won't let anyone take away what belongs to you." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The Garcias are heavily indebted to Neera. I'm her aunt, how could I bear to see her suffer?

Touched, Neera couldn't help but lean her head on her shoulder.

"Aunt Adriana, how could you be so nice to me?"

"Silly child..."

Adriana chuckled, and they snuggled up to each other.

The triplets rushed over at this time.

"Grandaunt, we too wish to cuddle!"

Adriana felt her heart melt. She said, "Oh my! Come here, sweethearts. I'll let you three curl up here!"

Watching this scene, Neera chuckled and embraced the triplets.

How wonderful would it be if our family could always be together?

Later, since Neera needed rest and had to check on Wrenn the following morning, Adriana left with the triplets and headed home.

Neera was left to rest in the hospital ward all by herself.

Wrenn had woken up in the neighboring room.

When she first opened her eyes, she stared blankly at the ceiling for a long time, not realizing that she was fine.

"Wrenn, you're awake. How do you feel? Did you feel any discomfort?" Frederic questioned with evident concern, as he stood next to her bed, his eyes filled with worry.

Wrenn propped herself up and murmured, "I... I'm still alive? What happened?"

The last scene she remembered was of Joanna being dragged away. She thought she was going to die.

Frederic sighed and briefly filled her in on the events after she passed out.

Wrenn scowled as she listened.

Later, she glanced at Jean, struggling to speak.

Jean took the initiative and uttered, "Mom, we owe Neera a big time. She had worked tirelessly for days to develop the antidote for you."

Wrenn's expression turned awkward.

"There is no need for you to defend her. Yes, I'm thankful for her medical assistance. I was mistaken to be influenced by Joanna and wrongly accused her. But this doesn't change the situation between you two. She might have saved me, but I still can't accept her as my daughter-in-law!"

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Chapter 420 Divorce

Jean's expression immediately turned grave.

He was surprised that his mother still harbored this thought.

He wanted to defend Neera, but he knew his mother's temperament. Considering she had not fully recovered, he decided not to argue with her.

"The poison had just been cleansed from your body, and you're unwell. I'll let you get some rest now," he said.

He nodded at Frederic and went to the neighboring ward.

When he returned, the triplets and Adriana were gone. He asked, "Where's everyone?"

Neera responded, "They just left. I'm fine now. They don't have to stay here and take care of me."

"Mmm," Jean nodded.

He walked to the sickbed and sat down on the chair next to it.

Neera curiously asked, "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

He hesitated briefly and said, "Hmm, I've got something to say."

Inexplicably, Neera felt a tightness in her heart. She subconsciously grabbed the quilt, but her tone was calm.

"What is it? Say it!" [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

His gaze darkened. He locked his gaze on her and stated, "I want to apologize for my parents' previous attitude towards you. At first, my mom misunderstood you because of Joanna. Then she spoke harshly to you because of the children. I'm sorry. I know you have been tolerating everything. It's entirely my fault."

Neera was stunned. She was shocked that this was the topic he was getting at.

This man had always been lofty, proud, and cold. He had never submitted to anyone, but he sincerely apologized to her today.

She looked straight into his eyes and finally responded after a while.

"It's fine. I didn't take it to heart. You don't have to feel sorry for me. Our marriage was a sham to begin with. When we signed the contract, we agreed that I would cooperate with you and act like a dutiful wife in front of your family. As for my children, I'm to blame for not mentioning it to them before. Her dissatisfaction is understandable."

She paused momentarily and hesitated a little before saying, "But if it's bothered them, we can... terminate our contract in advance. Don't worry, even without that contract, I will keep my promise and treat you until you're fully recovered."

When those words blurted out of her mouth, for some reason, both of them felt uncomfortable.

Neera's hand, gripping the corner of the quilt, tightened even more.

Jean adopted a grave demeanor. He remained silent for a long time. After a while, Adam's apple bobbed, and he softly replied, "We can talk about this later. There's no rush."

He gave her a deep and long look. His expression was unreadable.

Neera happened to look down and didn't see this. She simply responded, "Oh, okay."

That night, she lay on her side and brooded. Eventually, she fell asleep.

Jean remained by her side the whole time. He kept going over her words in his mind.

Technically speaking, he should be pleased to get a divorce. After all, he never wanted to get married in the first place, especially not with someone he didn't love. He didn't want to get married from the start.

However, he didn't feel relieved when he heard the word 'divorce'.

On the contrary, he felt as though a weight was pressing down on him, and he was dissatisfied.

He furrowed his brows, and his gaze unconsciously fell on Neera. It took him a long time to sort out his feelings.

It was late at night when he finally felt drowsy. He leaned back in his chair and fell asleep.

The next day, after breakfast, Neera got out of bed and exercised a little.

Following that, she went to the next door to check on Wrenn.

Kyra and Dandy had arrived at the hospital, demonstrating they were worried about Wrenn.

Neera saw the affection Wrenn had for Kyra, but it didn't bother her.

She approached them and greeted Frederic before turning her attention to Wrenn. Her attitude was neither humble nor arrogant.

"I came to check how you're doing," she said.

Wrenn was biased against her, but she was not unreasonable nor did she give her the long face. She agreed to be examined.

"I appreciate your help in curing the poison in my body," she said.

Although she wasn't giving Neera a cold shoulder, her tone was still cold. She was incredibly polite and indirectly indicated that she didn't consider Neera as a family.

Neera paid no attention to this. She just replied politely, "It's okay."

After that, she began to examine her.

Kyra saw everything. Hope started to spark up in her heart again.

It seemed like the Beauvorts disapproved of Neera. I bet the two would get divorced in the future.

Looks like that useless woman is not entirely useless after all.

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Chapter 421 No One Can Criticize My Wife

After concluding the examination, Neera remarked, "It appears the antidote has done its job. Any traces left in your system have been eradicated. However, the surgery took a toll on you; the blood loss weakened you considerably. It'll take a long time for you to recover to your original health." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She retrieved a white vial from the medicine box.

"I've prepared this, especially for you. It's useful for restoring organ function. Consume one pill after every meal, three times daily. You will fully recover after a month."

Dandy glanced at the vial. She sneered and mocked in a strange tone, "What exactly is this? There's no label, no list of components. Can we trust it? Is it some kind of concoction? Given Wrenn's fragile state, the last thing she needs is more trouble."

Everyone present grasped Dandy's insinuation.

Neera finally shifted her gaze to her, but her expression was very cold. She countered, "Didn't you hear what I just said? I developed this medicine myself. What's wrong? What are you worried about?"

Dandy snorted coldly and challenged Neera, "Of course I am! This concerns her life. How can we allow her to ingest something of uncertain origin? If anything happens to her, can you bear the responsibility?"

"Every doctor is responsible for their patients, myself included," Neera retorted evenly, a trace of irony in her voice.

"Mrs. Marks, it's best if you hold back your opinions on subjects you're unfamiliar with. All you've showcased is your lack of knowledge. I am a professional. It's not your place to interfere with how I prescribe medication to my patients.

"Moreover, don't you think your skepticism is pointless? If I have ill intentions, wouldn't it have been simpler to let Joanna's scheme take its course. There's no need for me to go through all these troubles. Are you a fool, or do you think so little of me?"

Her remarks were harsh and it silenced Dandy.

Dandy's demeanor darkened and berated, "You...who are calling me a fool? I'm your elder, right? Shouldn't you show me some respect?"

Neera replied with a hint of disdain, "I believe I've been respectful. You, on the other hand, hurled malicious accusations without any proof. You're the one that lacks manners."

Dandy was at a loss for words, a mix of frustration and anger evident on her face.

Kyra didn't appreciate seeing her mother being reprimanded.

Just as she was about to interfere, Jean spoke up.

He said, "Mrs. Marks, while I understand your concerns for my mother, let me make something clear! Neera is my wife. Your doubts are unnecessary, and I expect you won't express them again."

His voice carried a note of displeasure. It was evident where his loyalty lay.

Nobody should question my wife.

Embarrassed, Dandy's complexion had turned ghastly pale.

Trying to ease the tension, Kyra said, "Mom didn't mean any harm. Please don't misinterpret her concern. She's just worried about Aunt Wrenn's well-being."

She then diverted her gaze to Neera and softly mediated, "Ms. Garcia, my mom, is blunt due to her worries. Please don't take her words to heart."

Neera was not bothered to respond. She simply placed the medicine on the bedside table.

"If you trust me, follow my directions. If not, that's your choice. Once you're home, try to stay in bed as much as possible. Move your muscles and joints a little every day, but avoid strenuous exercise! Have a nutritious diet to regain your strength. With time, and you'll fully recover."

After she gave the doctor's order, she calmly added, "If there's nothing else, I should get going now."

Jean immediately approached her and said, "I'll walk you out."

Neera didn't object. The pair left the hospital ward side by side.

When they were at the door, Frederic suddenly called out to Neera.

"Neera... We owe you a great deal for this. You've worked hard, make sure you get some rest when you get home."

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Chapter 422 Accelerating Heartbeat

Neera was astounded by Frederic's words.

After a brief pause, she gave a nod and left.

Kyra watched the two leave together and felt bitter inside.

It bothers me when Jean openly favors that woman and stands up for her. I've known him for a long time, yet I've never seen him care so deeply for any woman before.

This realization intensified her sense of crisis. She forcibly suppressed her uneasiness.

She told herself, It's okay, I still have a chance! At least Uncle Frederic and Aunt Wrenn are not on Neera's side. I still stand a chance to marry into the Beauvorts.

Thinking of this, she quickly got her act together, put on a smile, and acted affectionately toward Wrenn.

...

After they left the hospital, Jean and Neera headed in the direction of the parking lot.

Along the way, Neera remained silent.

She slightly lowered her head and was in thought.

As they were about to get in the car, Jean suddenly grabbed her wrist and asked, "Are you angry?"

Neera looked at his hand, stunned. Then she lifted her head and looked into his eyes.

Ian tacitly quickened his pace to get the car, giving the couple some space.

Neera shook her head and replied, "No."

Jean didn't believe her. He tried to read her expression. He said after a while, "You don't have to deny it."

He lifted his hand to gently touch her forehead and jested, "There's a word written here."

Neera blinked, feeling a little ticklish.

Instinctively, she tried to dodge his hand and asked, "What word?"

Jean looked into her eyes and uttered, "Unhappy."

He had seen through me.

Neera lightly pursed her lips and nodded in acknowledgment after a while.

She explained, "Well, not exactly. I just don't feel comfortable. To be honest, I can relate to your mother's sentiments. Any mother would hesitate to let her son wed a woman who already has kids. But our marriage wasn't planned from the beginning. I'm not thrilled with how I'm being treated. And Mrs. Marks seems to be targeting me."

Her eyebrows knitted as she spilled her thoughts.

In Jean's ears, her tone carried a twinge of complaint and grievance.

Sensing it, made him feel sorry for her.

He lost control and pulled her into his arms.

Neera was dumbstruck.

Before she could react, his sincere apology rang next to her ear.

He said, "I know it's hard for you. I'm sorry that I've wronged you."

His made Neera feel embarrassed.

His sincere apology coupled with the warmth of his body left Neera feeling flustered.

"It's... it's fine. I would let things slide with your mother, and Mrs. Mark is just a stranger to me," she replied.

Jean nodded, remarking, "True, she doesn't matter much. If she bothers you, feel free to stand up to her as you just did. If you feel it's not worth it, just ignore her like she's not there. I have faith in you."

After saying this, he released her from his embrace.

Unable to help herself, Neera looked up and found herself lost in his warm gaze.

Inexplicably, she felt her heartbeat quicken. Involuntarily, her cheeks burned. She wanted to look away, but something glued her gaze.

When they looked into each other's eyes, they saw nothing but each other. The atmosphere was subtly charged with romance.

Neera felt her ears getting warmer.

But, Ian had driven the car over and it snapped them back to reality.

Their intertwined gazes immediately parted. They averted their gaze to different directions.

After getting in the car, they both remained silent.

Neera feigned a calm expression and stared out.

Meanwhile, Jean glared coldly at the back of Ian's head.

Ian felt a chill run down his spine when he received such an intense stare. He wondered, What could have possibly provoked such a murderous gaze from Mr. Beauvort? [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

After what felt like an eternity, they finally arrived at their destination.

Neera quickly got out of the car.

Before she could say goodbye, she noticed a BMW parked at the front door.

She frowned, her brow furrowed immediately.

Jean also saw the car. He got out and asked, "Whose car is that?"

Vehicles coming in and out of Imperial Gardens typically worth millions. Yet, this particular car was only valued at a few hundred thousand. No one in Imperial Gardens would drive such a modestly priced vehicle.

Neera recognized it at a glance. Her voice turned grave, and she explained, "It's Garcias's."

Her expression turned glum. Then she pointed her head toward Jean and said, "I need to go back and check on the situation. Go home and get some rest."

Since it was a matter related to Garcias, Jean reasoned he should stay out of it. He nodded and replied, "Okay. Call me if anything happens."

Neera replied, "Alright."

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Chapter 423 Suck It Up

Susan, Roxanne, and Marnie had dropped by and visited Villa No. 2.

As they settled onto the sofas, they scanned the place, taking in the luxurious surroundings.

They had heard of Imperial Gardens before.

This neighborhood was said to be the most luxurious residential area in Kingsview. Its residents weren't just wealthy; they were powerful, influential figures.

Roxanne was unhappy ever since she learned Neera resided in this neighborhood.

The opulence of the villa further deepened her resentment. In comparison, the Garcia residence felt ordinary, even mediocre.

If her family wasn't qualified to live in such grandeur, how on earth did Neera, whom she considered lowly, get to enjoy such lavish comforts?

She was consumed by jealousy, and it drove her nuts. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Susan was no different, her eyes were overflowing with envy.

Marnie, not one to hold back, scoffed loudly, her disdain clear, "Neera knows how to live the high life, doesn't she? Squandering ANXIN Group's money to live in such a palace!"

Adriana scowled at the accusation. She was ready to jump to Neera's defense, but a young voice rang out before she could.

Harvey said, "Mommy bought this house with her own money. She hasn't touched a single cent of ANXIN Group!"

Susan and her daughter were dubious with his words.

"You're lying. How could she afford such a pricey house if she didn't use ANXIN Group's money? What could she possibly have done to earn this much?"

The mother and daughter both wore contemptuous expressions, and their tones were filled with sarcasm.

In defense of their mother, Sammy retorted, "My mommy can do that! You can't compare yourself to her. Even if she didn't spend any of ANXIN Group's money, she would still make a few billion dollars a year, which is nothing for her. Plus, she gets dividends from ANXIN Group's shares. Before you belittle someone, take a look at yourself, okay?"

Penny chimed in defiantly, "You're projecting your own limitations onto my mother. Just because you can't do it doesn't mean she can't. Please, don't compare her with you!"

The siblings took turns firing back. Their words dripped with sarcasm and venom.

Roxanne's face flushed with indignation, unable to contain herself, she shot back.

"And you believe boasting about supposed billions means she truly earns that much? At such a young age, you've already mastered the art of lying! It's easy to make claims, but can you prove them? You don't think talking about your dreams will make them come true, do you?"

She scolded the kids arrogantly, "I don't know what Neera has been teaching you! It's one thing to talk a lot of crap, but to act rudely toward your elders is another. It's clear where you get your audacity from, the apple truly doesn't fall far from the tree."

When Neera walked into the house, she heard what was going on.

Her expression darkened, and her gaze was cold. She hastily strode into the living room without removing her shoes.

"You speak of apples and trees? So, you're familiar with this saying?" Neera shot back.

"Your mother lacked moral integrity and became a mistress, you have replicated her path. And yet, you're bold enough to cast judgment here?"

She was on the offensive from the start, striking where it hurt most.

Susan and Roxanne's complexion changed drastically, and they were enraged.

"What kind of nonsense are you babbling?"

Neera said indifferently, "Did I say anything wrong? Don't you know how your mother became a Garcia? You show up at my home uninvited and berate my children. Do you have any shame?"

"You!"

Susan and Roxanne were rendered speechless, searching for words to retaliate.

Marnie was indignant. She smacked the sofa's armrest hard and scolded, "Neera, how dare you speak with your elder in such a rude manner!"

"I always speak my mind, you should suck it up!" Neera replied icily, her words sharp, when she confronted Marnie.

The triplets quickly walked over and asked concernedly, "Mommy, are you alright? Why'd you come back so soon?"

Adriana also approached Neera and examined her pale complexion. She asked, "Why didn't you wait for me to pick you up?"

"I didn't feel comfortable staying in the hospital, I needed to be home," Neera replied.

Without turning her head, she shot them a cold look.

She asked, "Do you have any other business here? If not, I suggest you leave. You are not welcome here."

Roxanne was mad, but when she thought about why they were there, she was able to hold back her anger for a while.

She countered, "Do you think I want to come here? If it weren't for picking up Aunt Adriana, I wouldn't have set foot in this place!"

Hearing this, Neera gave a sarcastic grin.

She ridiculed, "Is my house smaller than yours? Do you think my house can't accommodate Aunt Adriana? Is it necessary to create such drama just to fetch her?"

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Chapter 424 Gone Too Far

Her question caused the trio's expressions to turn sour.

Marnie couldn't hold back, raised her voice, and scolded, "Who do you think you are? I want my daughter to come back home. What business is it of yours?"

Neera gave her a faint smile, not showing the old woman any respect.

She replied, "I may not have a say, but this is my house. As the owner, do I need to worry about what I should say on my own turf? You came here uninvited, but I haven't kicked you out right away. I consider this showing you a lot of respect."

Marnie was so furious that her hands were shaking visibly. She chided, "You...you...you have gone too far!"

Susan was livid and felt like slapping Neera. However, she forced herself to calm down for the sake of her goal.

She tried to soothe Marnie, saying, "Mom, you know how she's always been. Why bother arguing with her? We're here for Adriana, not to pick a fight. You should take a deep breath and not let anger affect your health. Don't make things difficult for Adriana, okay?"

Mrs. Garcia reluctantly suppressed her anger with this reminder.

She turned her gaze at Adriana and said, "You went abroad by yourself. You were gone for years, but we never held it against you! Now that you have returned, you will never come home to see us. Your mother has to come all the way here to bring you home. You're such a dutiful daughter!"

Her harsh scolding was meant to take advantage of Adriana's guilt and force her to come home.

However, Adriana stood her ground.

"You don't have to persuade me. I'm comfortable here. It's spacious, and the kids are here. If Neera gets busy, I can help her look after the children. I'll visit you every day, but I won't move in."

"You... How can you be so heartless? Ingrate! All of you are ungrateful ingrates! I've wasted all these years raising you!"

Marnie was furious. She was on the verge of lashing out at Adriana.

As tensions rose, Roxanne stepped in, trying to mediate between the two.

"Grandpa and Grandma had you in their thoughts for years. Now that you've returned, if you decide not to stay with them, it'll break their hearts. They haven't had restful sleep

lately. Grandma's health is deteriorating. Please consider that they are getting old and spend more time with them."

Adriana didn't respond. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Marnie's fury only grew upon seeing Adriana's indifference. With growing frustration, she slapped the table repeatedly.

"Great! This is awesome! This is the daughter that I've raised. She has made a life for herself and forgets her own parents! Fine, if you won't return, then don't show your face again! All you did was give me an attitude and be an eyesore! Once I'm gone, you won't have to bear with me anymore! You'll finally be free."

After saying this, Marnie abruptly stood up and turned to leave.

A wave of dizziness swept over her after she barely took a few steps.

She stopped in her tracks with a pallid complexion.

Roxanne and Susan rushed forward to support her.

Roxanne exclaimed, "Grandma, are you okay?"

Stunned, Adriana asked worriedly, "Mom?"

Marnie ignored them. She stood still, clutching her chest and gasping for breath. She looked like she might faint at any moment.

Adriana grew even more anxious, asking, "Neera, come here and have a look!"

Neera, though reluctant, decided to help out.

When she reached out to check Marnie's pulse, the old woman brushed her hand away. She growled, "Don't touch me! You jinx! My family has come this far because of you! Get away from me!"

Neera's demeanor immediately turned cold. She withdrew her hand indifferently.

Adriana frowned. She couldn't leave her mother unattended, so she tried to compromise. She instructed, "Neera, I'll take her to the hospital. I'll entrust the kids to you."

Neera, seeing no other option, nodded reluctantly.

Soon after, Adriana hurriedly left with the trio.

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Chapter 425 Stand Up For His Wife

The kids were astounded by the progress of things. They were at a loss.

"Mommy, will that wicked woman be okay?" they asked.

Marnie had mistreated them, but they were frightened at the sight of her gasping for air.

What if something happens to her and they blame Mommy for that? What should we do then?

Seeing the triplets were worried, Neera softly comforted them, saying, "It's alright. I read her pulse just now. She had a panic attack and she'll be fine having some rest."

"Phew! That's a relief!"

The kids finally relaxed and shifted their focus back to Neera.

"Mommy, don't take what they said to heart. They are bad people with bad intentions."

"Yeah, that woman is taking advantage of her old age to intimidate you."

"You're the best mom in the world. You're our lucky star, not a jinx. Please don't be upset because of them. It's not worth it!"

Neera adopted a gentle smile and lovingly rubbed their faces in response to their warmth.

"Don't worry," she assured them. "They're nobody for me. It doesn't bother me, and neither should their words bother you. The three of you're my precious! You're priceless!"

"Okay, Mommy."

The triplets concurred with childish voices and tightly embraced their mom.

...

After Jean went home, he didn't go to his room. Instead, he sat on the balcony and gazed quietly at his neighbor's yard.

Ian sensibly made some tea for him to make amends. He advised, "Sir, have some tea. I'll wait outside the door and report to you right away, if I spot any movement."

Jean cast a glance at him and granted his proposal with a nod. By the time he finished his tea, Ian hurried over.

His assistant reported, "Sir, the Garcias have left." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean stood up steadily and casually headed in the direction of the door.

Ian trailed closely from behind. He thought to himself, Mr. Beauvort cares more and more about Ms. Garcia now. He's even worried about her family affairs. Tsk, tsk...

The Garcias left in a rush. They didn't properly close the door behind them and left it ajar.

Upon entering, Jean saw the triplets surrounded their mother and comforted her. He walked over and inquired, "What happened?"

Noticing him, Neera was surprised, and she asked, "Are you checking on us?"

"Yes," Jean confirmed, then asked, "Why are they here?"

Neera briefly explained everything to him.

His eyes darkened after he listened to the full story. He offered, "Do you need my help?"

Dealing with that family was easy for someone of his influence.

Neera shook her head and said, "It's okay. They just want ANXIN Group to merge with Garcia Group."

A cold glint flashed through her eyes as she continued, "I'd broken ties with them, but they refuse to give up and keep pestering my aunt with all their might. They showed up uninvited because they wanted to take her away."

Jean felt annoyed after he heard this.

After he interacted with her for some time, he realized that Neera had been through a lot.

Her own family denied her. They plotted against her, used her, and made her life miserable.

She had finally gained strength and capital, but those shameless people continued to harass her. It was ridiculous to have a family like them.

Abruptly, he had an urge to intervene and deal with her family. On top of that, it was an incredibly strong urge.

He knew she preferred not to trouble others. Therefore, he held back on his offer.

Switching the topic, he suggested, "Well, as long as you can handle it. Would you like me to take you to dinner tonight? I'll pick the place."

Blinking, Neera asked in surprise, "Why would you suddenly invite me to have dinner?"

Jean gazed at her and explained, "You'd developed the antidote for my mom. I want to express my gratitude."

Neera waved her hand dismissively and replied, "Why are you being so polite with me? I'm a doctor. I have to save lives."

A smile broke into his face, and he teased, "Why didn't you put this into practice when we first met?"

Neera argued, "Well, about that...when I first met you, you deserved to get your teeth kicked in."

For once, Jean burst into laughter.

The kids sensed that their father's invitation was clearly meant to allow him to spend more time with their mother. They couldn't pass up such a good opportunity.

Immediately, the trio pulled Neera's hand and pleaded.

"Mommy, let's go! Uncle Jean has invited us."

"Yeah, go, go, go! After dinner, we can watch a show!"

"A show? What sort of show?" Neera asked in puzzlement.

Penny chuckled and said, "There's a ballet performance at the Grand Theater. A famous dance troupe is on a global tour. All three of us had bought the tickets. We planned to take you and Grandpa out tonight, but she can't make now. Let Uncle Jean come with us and don't waste the ticket."

With her daughter putting it that way, Neera had a hard time turning her down.

Smiling, she nodded and agreed, "Alright, let's go then."

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Chapter 426 Pretty Woman

That night, the group of five dined out and later attended the ballet show they had planned.

While Jean wasn't particularly fond of such events, Penny was brimming with excitement. Not wanting to dampen her enthusiasm, he silently stayed by her side.

During the performance, the auditorium's lights dimmed, with only the stage shining brightly, casting a soft glow over the audience.

In the flickering light, Jean's gaze was drawn to Neera.

The dim lighting accentuated her features, making her appear even more stunning. Her eyes were reminiscent of a clear spring, brighter at that moment due to her focus.

He fixed his eyes on her, a smile naturally forming on his face. When he looked away, a gentle laughter twinkled in his eyes.

Marnie found herself in the hospital, having been unconscious for two hours.

Both the Garcia and Fain families were present in the room, providing comfort and ensuring Marnie was well.

"Grandma, do you still feel uncomfortable? Are you still feeling dizzy?"

"Mom, you gave me such a fright. When I got the news that you'd fainted, I immediately dropped everything to rush here. I'm so relieved that you're fine!"

After voicing his worry, Alfonso's expression darkened when he faced Adriana.

He reprimanded her, "What kind of daughter are you? Before this, you hardly visited our parents after coming back. Now, you'd upset her to the point of fainting! Your audacity grows day by day!"

Adriana's face remained blank as he berated her, choosing not to retort. Deep down, she knew she was responsible for Marnie's condition.

Susan intervened, urging, "Enough, stop scolding Adriana. She didn't intend for this to happen. Why are you being so harsh?"

Turning to Adriana, she added, "Your mom is looking forward to you coming home. She's unwell; aren't you going to consider coming home? If you don't, she might get even more upset."

Everyone's attention shifted to Adriana at Susan's words.

Adriana looked conflicted. She frowned and was unsure of how to respond. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Marnie's frustration intensified upon seeing Adriana's hesitation.

Enough! Stop persuading her!" she exclaimed. "She can do as she pleases. If she doesn't wish to return, so be it! She clearly doesn't value me or our family. Why should she come home? She probably wouldn't care even if I were gone!"

Qaylah spotted Adriana's indifferent expression.

With a gentle smile, she chimed in, "Marnie, you shouldn't say such things. We all know the kind of person Adriana is. She's always been a dutiful daughter. I'm sure that she won't abandon you. Stop saying such things; they might hurt her feelings."

Susan subtly motioned to Alfonso.

Recognizing his wife's signal, he let out a heavy sigh.

He uttered, "I might have been a little too harsh earlier, but I'm just worried. When you're away, Mom and Dad are always thinking of you. They even shed tears sometimes. They've aged, and their health isn't what it used to be. Who knows when we'll see each other again after you leave? So, can you come home and stay for a while? We should reunite as a family. You should stop upsetting them."

Hearing this, Adriana knitted her brows.

She was aware of their hidden intentions, but the sight of her mother on the hospital bed gave her a second thought. Despite being a career woman, she was also a loving daughter. She might have reservations about her family, yet she couldn't disregard her aging parents.

After a long pause, she finally and helplessly agreed.

"Mom, don't be upset. I promise I'll come home for a few days to keep you and Dad company."

Seeing her finally give in, the Gracias were overjoyed.

Roxanne's eyes lit up with delight. She eagerly grabbed Adriana's arm and said, "That's wonderful! We can finally reunite as a family. Aunt Adriana, do you have a lot of stuff? If you do, I can help you pack your belongings!"

Adriana subtly pulled her arm away and put some distance between them.

"It's fine. I can manage."

Marnie adopted a stern face and urged, "Since you've made up your mind, hurry up! Stop dawdling!"

The Fains were secretly elated when they saw this.

If Adriana agreed to return home, The chances for the groups to merge would grow higher. This union would bring numerous benefits to their family.

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Chapter 427 Lost Interest

Grinning, Harley said, "You seldom come home; why don't you stay a little longer? You can leave after attending Roxanne and Zach's engagement ceremony. Our families will become one; we should interact more often."

Alfonso nodded in agreement, saying, "That's true. Our families have always been close. Once the children are engaged, we'll be even more so." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Adriana, however, showed little interest in joining the conversation.

She had a bad impression of the Fains. They repulsed her, especially Zachary. The more she looked at that man, the more she loathed him.

How dare a mediocre man like him bully her precious niece? In what way was he worthy of Neera?

Suppressing her dissatisfaction, Adriana replied coldly, "We'll see about that. I have a tight schedule this time around. I might not be free."

Everyone had left the hospital ward. Adriana was the only one who remained to keep her mother company.

Noticing her mother's dissatisfaction, she took an apple from the fruit basket and offered, "Mom, would you like some fruit? I can cut it for you."

Marnie glanced at her. While her demeanor remained stern, it had softened somewhat.

She simply replied, "Hmm."

Outside the hospital, Harley and Qaylah politely said their goodbyes to the Garcias.

Harley then gestured to his son, suggesting, "Take Roxanne home, will you?"

Zachary abided obediently. He held Roxanne's hand and said, "I'll send you home."

Overjoyed, Roxanne gladly complied

She thought to herself, since Aunt Adriana decided to return, the Fain family has been treating me nicer. I need to win my aunt's trust and ensure I control the ANXIN Group. It's my path to solidify my place in the family.

Alfonso and his wife were naturally supportive of this. The elder couple advised, "Go on, you two. We'll be heading out too. Drive safely."

Zachary gave a nod, assuring, "Don't worry, uncle and aunt. I'll take good care of Roxanne."

As they drove, Roxanne's fingers lightly grazed Zachary's hand on the steering wheel, signaling her intentions.

"Zach, can I...stay over at your place tonight?"

She expressed it delicately, but the implication was clear to both.

It had been some time since they had been intimate. Whenever Roxanne hinted at wanting to stay with him, Zachary would often say he was busy or simply tired.

The two haven't shared a bed for a long time. Roxanne couldn't hold back her feelings, especially given the pleasant atmosphere of the evening.

Zachary froze upon hearing her request. He cleared his throat and he responded in the same evasive manner as before.

"It's late, and it's been a hectic day for me, especially with the hospital visit. I'm exhausted. I'm tired. and we can plan for another time?"

Displeased, Roxanne was against this.

Every time, it's the same response. Always a different excuse, always delaying.

Her good mood vanished.

Overcome with feelings of neglect, she confronted him, "What's going on with you? Why do you keep avoiding me? Have you lost interest? Is there someone else? If your feelings have changed, at least be honest about it. Do you have any idea how painful it is to feel constantly rejected by you? Have you ever considered my feelings?!"

Zachary's dropped his pretense of gentleness, replaced with grumpiness.

Reject her? Does she think I enjoy this? It's all because of that b*tch. Even now, I still...perform!

He had tried countless remedies, and sought various treatments, but nothing seemed to work. He wanted to go to Neera and get the antidote from her, but he couldn't even reach her.

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Chapter 428 Warm Embrace

As Zachary's thoughts deepened, his anxiety heightened. His hands clutched the steering wheel so tightly that the veins on the back of his hand were bulging.

He no longer felt like a normal man; it was a great disgrace to him for being impotent.

Recently, he'd been concealing his true emotions, ensuring no one saw a hint of his turmoil.

Yet, when confronted by Roxanne, he couldn't even offer an explanation.

He wished he could just toss her out of the car, wishing she could vanish from his view.

But even in his anger, a sliver of reason remained. He hoped to connect with the ANXIN Group through Roxanne.

Trying to control his thundering rage, he coaxed, "What sort of nonsense are you talking about? Don't you believe in my love for you? You're the only one I think about; there's no one else. You know how busy my work has been."

Her eyes turned red, and she felt wronged.

She protested, "Lately, you've been distancing yourself from me. How can I know if you're being honest with me? You sweet-talk me, yet you won't let me stay at your house. How do you expect me to trust you?"

The constant complaints gave Zachary a splitting headache. His temples throbbed with rage.

He clenched his teeth and finally gave in.

"When did I ever refuse you? Fine, if you don't trust me. I'll take you there now!"

Upon hearing this, Roxanne's spirits lifted. She said, "Why don't you just agree with me in the first place? I wouldn't have imagined things if you said so."

In no time, they were at Zachary's residence.

The moment they stepped inside, she quickly pulled him close, tightly embracing him.

Even though he was irritated, Zachary played along.

Their passionate kiss came to an abrupt halt when they were in the moment.

With a seductive gaze, Roxanne questioned, "Why did you stop?"

Zachary gently patted her face and remarked, "Even if we're caught up in the moment, we should head to the bedroom. I'm not comfortable with the living room."

Roxanne, trusting him, obliged.

As she made her way to the bedroom, Zachary discreetly took a pill from a drawer.

When he swallowed it, a sinister expression crossed his face. He ground his teeth in rage, as though he were ready to consume someone.

He silently cursed Neera, vowing revenge.

He fantasized about the day, about the moment he'd have her at his mercy, ensuring she'd experience a torment worse than death.

Meanwhile, a family of five had wrapped up their evening after watching that performance.

When they exited the venue, she felt a chill and sneezed.

Noticing her reaction, Jean inquired, "What's wrong? Did you catch a cold?"

"No big deal."

Neera brushed it off, thinking the sneeze was probably because of the air conditioning.

She proposed, "Let's head home."

Once they got into the car, Penny remained captivated by the evening's performance. She exclaimed, "The dancer portraying the swan was amazing! Every single move is perfect, noble, and graceful. She looks so pretty!"

Seeing her enthusiasm, Jean teased, "You seem interested in the dance. Do you want to pick up ballet?"

Penny's face brightened, her interest evident. She answered, "A little..."

Always keen to encourage her children's passions, Neera replied with a smile, "If you're interested, I'll enroll you in some lessons."

Overjoyed, the young girl hugged Neera and gave her a kiss. She said, "Thank you, Mommy! You're the best!"

Watching their interaction, a faint smile appeared on Jean's face.

He noticed how well Neera communicated with the kids and respected their wishes. If they showed a genuine interest in something positive, she'd fully support it. Her approach to parenting truly impressed him.

Jean was in a good mood. He said gently, "If you're serious about it, how about I get you the ballet attire and shoes? Consider it a gesture of encouragement."

Penny's eyes sparkled with surprise, and she asked, "For real?"

Jean nodded affirmatively, saying, "Of course."

Penny exclaimed in delight. She was thrilled. She crawled into Jean's lap, hugged him tightly, and gave him a kiss.

Neera looked over and remarked, "You don't need to buy her that. I can handle it."

Jean was not bothered by her refusal. He said, "You saved my mother's life. No amount of money can repay that debt. Even without that, if it's something Penny desires, I'd be happy to buy it as a gift for her."

Saying this, he carried Penny and let her sit comfortably on his lap.

Penny was on cloud nine, thought to herself, Daddy's embrace feels so warm! [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Observing Jean's insistence, Neera decided not to argue.

Twenty minutes later, they arrived at Imperial Gardens.

Auntie Zuniga was the only one at home.

Noticing Aunt Adriana's absence, Neera posed the question, "Isn't Aunt Adriana back yet?"

Auntie Zuniga responded, "She phoned earlier, mentioning she's at the hospital with Mrs. Garcia."

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Chapter 429 Bullying

Upon hearing the news, Neera knitted her brows. She promptly called her aunt.

Adriana answered swiftly, her voice carrying a hint of relief, "Neera, you've returned. I tried calling home earlier, but Auntie Zuniga mentioned you weren't back."

"Yes, I've just gotten home."

Neera asked worriedly, "Aren't you coming home tonight? How is she?"

"It's not a big deal, but I need to stay with her. Don't worry; I'll return by dawn."

Adriana chose not to mention her plans to stay at the Garcia house over the phone, thinking it'd be better to discuss it in person the next day.

Relieved by the news, Neera responded, "Okay, just ensure to cover yourself with a blanket when you sleep at the hospital. I don't want you to catch a cold."

The next morning, when they went downstairs, they saw that Aunt Adriana had returned home.

"Grandaunt, you're home!"

The triplets were full of enthusiasm as they rushed over to hug her.

Adriana felt her heart melt with their warm hugs. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Yes, but I have to leave soon. You three must behave and not trouble your mom, understand?"

This news surprised everyone.

Neera hurriedly asked, "Where are you going?"

Helplessly, Adriana replied, "I have to stay at Garcia's residence for a few days. Don't worry; it's only temporary. I'll return once my mother recovers."

How could Neera not be worried about her?

Her mother met a tragic end as a result of that family's bullying in the past. Her perception of that family was overwhelmingly negative. For her, that residence resembled a nest of tigers and wolves.

Adriana had always been a maternal figure to Neera. The thought of how that family might exploit her for their own gain deeply disturbed her.

She may have been vulnerable once, but times had changed; she was stronger now.

Neera didn't want any harm to befall Adriana.

"Aunt Adriana, can't you stay here? Even though you have to take care of your mom, can't you visit during the day and avoid spending the night there?"

Adriana, recognizing Neera's underlying concerns, responded with a warm smile.

"Silly child, I know what you're thinking, but I'm not someone who's easily taken advantage of. I won't let myself be mistreated."

Adriana was aware of the knot in her heart. She gently caressed her hair and addressed it directly.

"You must remember, I'm not your birth mother. Our temperaments are totally opposite. Your mother had a soft nature, which led her down that tragic path. But I've weathered many challenges in the corporate world. Even the craftiest of the lot would find it hard to beat me. How could that family possibly harm me?"

Neera felt dejected. Although she agreed with Adriana's points, the worry persisted.

"You know the true nature of that family. They are ruthless in reaching their goal. They want you to stay there to create an opportunity for your company and theirs to merge. If you disagree, who knows what they might do to you? I don't feel good about you staying with them."

However, Neera also recognized that, given Marnie's current state, Adriana needed to be there.

After giving some thought, she decided, "Once you go there, remember to call me three times a day. It's the only way I'll find some peace."

Adriana chuckled and readily agreed.

She then proceeded upstairs to pack some clothes and essentials, and later descended with luggage.

As Neera was on her way to take the triplets to school, she decided to drop Adriana off at Garcia's home en route.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the villa.

Roxanne had been eagerly waiting for Adriana at the villa's entrance. Upon spotting her, a warm smile blossomed on her face.

"It feels like we've waited ages for your return, and now you're finally here. Let me help with your luggage."

As she spoke, she shot Neera a subtle and triumphant glance.

Disgusted by Roxanne's demeanor, Neera didn't even bother to step out of the car.

She greeted Aunt Adriana and sped away without another word.

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Chapter 430 I Can't Come To Like Her

After Neera left, Roxanne felt even more triumphant and became more attentive.

She offered, "Aunt Adriana, quickly come in. Would you like something to drink? I'll get it for you!"

Adriana refused outright, saying, "I'm good."

She scanned the living room and asked, "Are you alone at home? Where are your parents?"

Roxanne's demeanor was flattering. She replied with a pleasing smile, "'My dad's at work; Mom and Grandpa are visiting Grandma in the hospital."

Adriana wouldn't let her tricks work on her.

She remained indifferent and asked, "Where is my room?"

"It's upstairs. Let me help with your luggage and give you a home tour. I've put in a lot of effort to decorate your room to make sure you'll be comfortable. I hope you'll like it."

Annoyed, Adriana saw through her intentions.

I couldn't come to like her. Everything she did had an ulterior motive, yet this girl thinks she hidden it well. She never has genuine respect for me.

She frowned and made a dismissive wave.

She flatly denied, "That won't be necessary. I have work to do, and I'm perfectly capable of taking care of my luggage and going upstairs by myself. You don't have to follow me around. We can discuss everything later."

She headed straight upstairs before Roxanne could say anything.

Roxanne stood rooted, visibly upset.

She wasn't dumb. Naturally, she could sense that her aunt was giving her the cold shoulder. On the contrary, she was warm and tender toward Neera. The stark difference irritated her.

Why does she treat us so differently? We're both her nieces. Why does she consistently favor that b*tch? She always has a long face when she sees me. I need support from the ANXIN Group; if not, I wouldn't bother to flatter her.

She gritted her teeth, suppressing her dissatisfaction.

...

After dropping the kids off at school, Neera headed straight to her office.

With Adriana overseeing things, the company had been running smoothly.

However, by the afternoon, a controversy had burst online.

An internet user by the name of "Thetis" alleged that she experienced a serious allergic reaction after using Startales's product. She demanded that the company provide a satisfactory response.

Additionally, she hinted that Startales' products contained irritating ingredients.

"Many might recall that when Startales first introduced their product, they advertised it as ideal for sensitive skin, even suggesting it could alleviate different skin problems. Now, my face is a mess because of it.

"How ironic! I'm curious about the actual ingredients contained in the formula. My face is covered in rashes, and I'm too embarrassed to even step outside. This company is misleading its customers!"

At first, this allegation circulated on a small scale and did not draw much attention.

Therefore, Neera was unaware of this.

In the evening, after she finished her work and picked up the triplets, both Jean and Ian were waiting for her at the villa.

When Neera opened the door and saw them, she blinked in surprise. She asked, "Why are you here? Is something up?"

Jean raised an eyebrow and said, "Yeah, but nothing major." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

He gave a nod to Ian.

Ian promptly fetched several beautiful gift boxes from the car.

Neera let them in and asked curiously, "What's in these?"

Ian set the boxes on the coffee table, unveiling their contents with a grin. He showed her and said, "Remember when Mr. Beauvort promised to buy Penny a ballet dress and dancing shoes? Well, he's made a special delivery."

Neera glanced at the exquisitely presented ballet attire and shoes. They were dazzling white, and the brand's label signaled they were of high value.

She was taken aback that Jean had not only remembered his promise but had also acted on it so swiftly.

When Penny saw the gifts, she was ecstatic.

She joyfully exclaimed, "Thank you, Uncle Jean! They're so lovely. I absolutely adore them!"

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Chapter 431 Closer Bond

"I'm glad you like it."

Jean chuckled and stroked her hair.

The girl excitedly pulled his hand and demanded, "Uncle Jean, can you bend down a little, please?"

Jean obliged and squatted down. He asked gently, "What's the matter?"

Penny gleefully wrapped her hands around his neck and gave him a peck on the face. She said, "Thank you so much. You've been so kind to me. I promise you that I'll dance well!"

Jean couldn't help but smile with her cute tone. His warm grin was like a gentle breeze melting winter's frost.

He pinched Penny's cheek affectionately and said, "I've faith that you can master ballet."

"Uh-huh!"

Penny nodded firmly. Her determination was evident on her face.

A warm feeling welled up inside Neera. She whispered, "You're considerate to think of her."

His kindness is not limited to Penny. This man has always been good to all three of my kids. I've always known and appreciated his kindness.

Jean rose up from the couch. He arched his brow and said nonchalantly, "Have you forgotten? You don't have to be so polite with me!"

He had a genuine affection for the children. Before meeting them, he never had a fondness for kids. But after getting to know them, he felt an inexplicable desire to be closer to them. He couldn't figure out why this change had occurred.

Penny glanced at her parents, her eyes sparkling mischievously. She then blurted out, "Uncle Jean, as a thank you, why don't you have dinner with us tonight?"

She once again grabbed Jean's hand. There was hope brimming in her eyes.

"Is that okay? Please stay!"

Jean could not bring himself to resist her request. He glanced at Neera, and he delightfully agreed after she consented.

During dinner, Harvey remembered something.

He looked hopeful when saying, "There's an upcoming school event. My teacher says that parents are supposed to participate. When Mommy was hospitalized, Uncle Jean showed up at school pretending to be our Daddy. So, can you accompany us this time?"

Subconsciously, Neera glanced at Jean.

He remained calm and asked softly, "What kind of event?"

Harvey responded, "It's a community greenery initiative. Our teacher will lead us in planting trees, and it's going to take two days, meaning we'll need to stay for two nights."

With chicken drumstick grease smeared around his mouth, Sammy chimed in enthusiastically, "And the teacher said after we plant the trees, we get to adopt and name one of the saplings!"

"That's right!"

Penny quickly jumped in to make her case, saying, "It's a meaningful activity. Planting trees is good for the planet and the environment! All the other kids have their parents with them. All the other children will have their parents by their side. Uncle Jean, can you step in and act as our dad, accompanying Mom to the event?"

Neera chuckled helplessly.

Why are the kids so fond of Jean?

"I'm okay with it, but remember, Uncle Jean has a lot on his plate; he might not be available. You shouldn't pressure him." [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Before she could finish, Jean interjected, "Pressuring? Not at all. I can go."

Neera glanced at him, saying, "If it's inconvenient for you, don't let them sway you."

Jean met her gaze, responding, "It's fine; I have the time. And don't forget, we're pretending to be a married couple. So technically, I'm their dad in this scenario. It's no big deal."

He then looked at Harvey and said, "Just let me know the specific days so I can plan accordingly."

The triplets cheered happily.

"Thank you, Uncle Jean! You're amazing!"

Harvey immediately replied, "It's next weekend!"

Jean gave a small nod, saying, "Alright, I'll clear my schedule and go with you."

And so, it was settled.

The triplets were ecstatic. This would be the first time that both their parents attended a school function! They were eager to use this chance to create a bond with their father and play matchmaker for him and their mother.

...

After dinner, Neera stopped Jean as he was preparing to leave.

She urged, "You should get some rest. I'll drop by later to give you your treatment."

Raising an eyebrow, Jean remarked, "Isn't it too soon for the next session?"

Neera said, "You've been pushing yourself hard recently, especially with all those hospital visits. Your body might be more vulnerable. We should take precautions for a potential relapse."

Jean agreed. He then returned to his room next door.

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Chapter 432

Later that day, as planned, Neera visited the house next door to administer treatment.

Jean went through the same procedure with the same level of pain. He lay in bed, eyes closed, silently bearing the pain.

After she removed the needles, he realized he no longer felt weak.

He wondered, "Does this mean my health is improving?"

Neera was cleaning the silver needles. She replied, "Yeah, a weaker reaction after the treatment indicates that your body is improving."

After putting away the needles, she warned him, "Don't celebrate just yet. Full recovery is still a long journey ahead. The current progress indicates that the treatment I prescribed is working. You should take better care of yourself, avoid overworking, and rest more."

Jean got dressed and nodded.

Neera sent him to take a medicinal bath.

There was a knock at the door. Ian and Katy stood outside the door.

Neera was surprised. She walked over and asked, "Why bring you here? Is there an emergency?"

It was too late for Katy to seek her out at Jean's house; it had to be something important.

Katy's face bore a serious look, and her tone was somber: "We have an issue." SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She then explained the situation.

"Right now, our product's reputation is in danger. Things aren't looking good for us. Plus, with Sasha endorsing it, both our company and Sasha have trending searches!

Neera's expression turned solemn. She quickly pulled out her phone and browsed Twitter.

Sure enough, the top trending hashtag was #StartalesProductAllergy, closely followed by #SashaPromotes BadProducts.

She tapped on the trending hashtag and was met with a flood of negative comments about Startales.

"I never even knew about this brand before. How good could something that popped up overnight be?"

"This girl is clueless. You can't just pick up any random product to apply to your skin. Sigh, why should she go for an unknown brand?"

"Finally, someone has exposed this. I've been keeping an eye on this company, and the brand has always seemed sketchy to me. Just another trashy brand that is good at marketing. This company is disgusting!"

"They need to be thoroughly investigated. Startales have to reveal their ingredients. This shady business needs to be exposed and receive punishment!"

Neera frowned as she briefly skimmed through the comments. The situation was dire.

After Katy filled them in. Jean also checked on his phone. His expression was noticeably colder as he scrolled.

Ian pondered for a moment and said, "Sir, I have gone through these comments. It seems odd to me. All the comments are a deliberate attempt to tarnish the brand. It seemed orchestrated."

He paused, then added, "But there's no evidence. We don't know for sure."

Jean kept reading the comments, growing more suspicious. He concurred, "There's definitely something fishy here."

He paused for a moment, then added, "It looks like someone is jealous of Startales' success."

Neera shared the same thought. She revealed, "Recently, my company has taken up a significant share of the domestic skincare market."

Understanding the implication, Jean nodded and asked, "What's the plan now?"

Determined, Neera responded, "Staying quiet isn't an option. We need to address this head-on. I need to handle this."

She reminded Jean before leaving, "Get some rest. Don't forget to take your medicinal bath and go to bed early. I'm leaving now."

Jean stopped her. His gaze was gloomy.

He stated, "Our company has a collaboration. Star Entertainment Media has been promoting this product, and my company is connected to it. I'll have Larry assist you. He's an expert when it comes to the media."

Neera expressed her gratitude and hurried off.

Once she was gone, Jean turned to Ian and said, "Call Larry. Ask him to control public opinion and dig into whether there's a deliberate ploy at play."

There was a clear thought in his mind. Sonny was likely behind this.

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Chapter 433

Ian took the orders.

Before he left, he lamented, " Ms. Garcia is so pitiful. She's been overwhelmed with work previously, and this incident happens when she finally gets to rest properly. She looks pale."

His words caused Jean's mood to turn gloomy.

Of course, he noticed that Neera didn't look well. A wave of rage and distress surged up in his heart when this preparator denied her the chance to get some good rest.

That night, Larry received orders. Overnight, he instantaneously summons employees of the PR department to go back to the office for overtime work.

Concurrently, Neera and Katy headed to the office.

The controversy had gone viral. The dedicated employees of Startales couldn't go to bed. Without waiting for any directive from their higher-ups, they took the initiative to return to the office and address the crisis.

Neera understood that silence in times of crisis could be misinterpreted as an admission of guilt.

She promptly directed the PR team to state on the company's official website and Twitter profile.

"Startales deeply regretted the reported allergic reaction incident circulating online. Firstly, we'd like to assure everyone that our products do not contain any toxic or harmful ingredients. We are open to a third-party investigation by relevant authorities to validate this.

"Secondly, it's important to note that everyone's skin is unique, and reactions can vary. Those who had an allergic reaction might not be suitable for our product. We are committed to addressing this responsibly by providing a complete refund and shouldering all related medical costs.

"We urge the affected individual to reach out to our company or visit our headquarters. We'll arrange for a medical examination in the reputable hospital."

Startales took swift action, showcasing both their dedication and their attitude.

Despite their immediate response, the online community continued its barrage against Startales with relentless criticism.

Many even went to Sasha's Twitter account to berate her.

"How could you endorse such trashy products? Have you stooped so low to make dirty money now? It's too much!"

"Disgusting! You're an A-list actress; it's appalling to see someone of your status endorsing such products for money. What a disgrace!"

"I used to look up to you, even considering myself a fan. But now you've lost my respect. Artists with no integrity have no place in showbiz! Bye."

"Yeah, leave the industry! A subpar artist like you doesn't deserve societal benefits or the admiration of others!"

Initially, Sasha's fans attempted to shield her from the onslaught.

"

"The issue lies with Startales' product. Sasha was unaware of any potential problems. Her company is actively communicating with Startales. If there's any update, they will keep everyone updated."

"Yes, Sasha isn't irresponsible. I'm sure she'll explain everything to us."

"Everyone, please have faith in Sasha!"

And the comments continued.

Star Entertainment Media quickly issued an official statement, stating that the company would address the matter and urging everyone to remain calm.

Internet users were out of control and refused to listen. Their verbal attacks targeting Sasha became increasingly offensive.

"I heard she pocketed a fortune for this endorsement. Doesn't she feel guilty taking that money?"

"I'm wondering, why would a celebrity of her caliber endorse an unknown brand? Oh, it turns out to be a hefty paycheck!"

"She grew up in the countryside; is that why she's scared of poverty and takes any money thrown at her? I thought she remained humble after becoming successful, but has she become so blinded by money that she's lost her roots?"

"Has she lost her mind due to her greed? How could such a trashy person qualify to be a celebrity?"

Some even took it to the extreme, cursing and insulting Sasha's family.

When they did this, they opened a can of worms.

Sasha's fanbase, which was relatively restrained, rose to her defense, getting into heated arguments with internet users.

The already tumultuous situation further intensified the public's negative opinions about Startales. Many people demanded Startales publicly disclose their product ingredients.

Katy, observing the situation online, was incensed with this demand.

"These people are acting like rabid dogs, attacking indiscriminately! They're not even using their brains and making unreasonable demands!"

Neera was upset. She knitted her brows deeply.

Amidst the turmoil, a realization dawned on her.

Someone was deliberately manipulating public sentiment, aiming to tarnish Startales' reputation.

As for the claims of allergic reactions, the authenticity of such claims was yet to be confirmed.

The situation was deteriorating rapidly. If this continues, Startales's reputation might be totally ruined. She couldn't remain passive and do nothing about this.

With determination filling her eyes, Neera prepared to counteract the situation.

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Chapter 434

In the face of the crisis, Neera swiftly executed two strategic moves.

First, she publicly disclosed the company's production methodology. This included the environment in the overseas research center and the mass production process.

A video was prepared, offering indisputable evidence that the vast majority of Startales' products were produced in a completely sanitized setting.

She entrusted the PR team with the responsibility of sharing this video on Twitter.

Secondly, she proactively requested the relevant government departments and urged them to rigorously examine Startales's product.

Given that a large portion of their products were based on natural botanical ingredients, she had nothing to hide and was confident of their safety.

Furthermore, regarding the product ingredients, she was transparent in her willingness to provide samples for any necessary quality verification.

Her method was direct and effective.

The government officers were invited overnight to initiate an immediate investigation. Their swift action demonstrated their confidence in the public.

After all, only those with a clear conscience did not fear inspection.

These steps were executed overnight.

By dawn, the criticisms from online users had dwindled in the face of Startales open and transparent approach. The uproar had quieted down.

Public opinion was somewhat suppressed. Neera saw that trending searches had quieted down significantly.

Only then did Neera get a moment to catch her breath, reclining in her, getting some sleep in exhaustion.

Jean had stayed awake all night at home.

There have been some developments regarding the situation.

"Sir, I just received a call from Larry. He said he found a lead. The majority of those internet users are internet ghostwriters. It's confirmed that someone is trying to smear Startales's reputation," Ian reported.

Jean took a sip of his coffee and asked in a deep voice, "Have we identified the mastermind behind this?"

Ian replied, "We know the internet ghostwriters belong to a particular company. But word has it that someone else has bought this company. Larry mentioned he would dig deeper to uncover who's responsible."

Jean creased his brows slightly, saying, "What about the internet user that first posted something online?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ian answered truthfully, "We've checked out that user's account. She's not one of the internet ghostwriters; she seems to be a regular netizen. At this point, we're not sure whether her allergic reaction is caused by Ms. Garcia's company's product or something else."

The look in Jean's eyes darkened. He said coldly, "Find out her contact. We have to locate her."

"Understood."

Ian took the order and made a call on the balcony.

When he returned, Jean had finished his coffee.

Ian hesitated and advised, "You've been up all night. Are you going to have more coffee to stay awake? The public's opinion has quieted down a little. You should get some rest. Didn't Ms. Garcia remind you to get some sleep before she left? If she finds out you've been up all night, she won't be pleased."

He purposely brought up Neera, hoping Jean would agree to take a short nap, even for half an hour.

The memory of Neera advising him to go to bed earlier crossed Jean's mind.

If she finds out, she won't be happy for sure. She used to scold me because of this, but how could I sleep when she's in trouble?

Jean massaged his temples. He shook his head and replied in a raspy voice, "I'm alright. I'm not tired."

With that being said, he looked at Ian and instructed him, "You have to keep this away from her."

Ian adopted a bitter expression and said, "Even if I don't mention it, she will notice when she returns. You should get a nap. I'll immediately notify you when I receive the news."

Jean overlooked his suggestion, simply asking, "Has she come home?"

Ian sighed when Jean stubbornly did not heed his advice. He answered, "Not yet. Given the situation, she probably needs to handle things personally and might not return soon."

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Chapter 435

Indeed, Neera couldn't go home. She barely recuperated for a while when Katy woke her up.

"Neera, it's bad. We received calls from customers in the stores and official website requesting refunds!"

Neera hadn't slept all night. She had just taken a short nap and was in a state of grogginess. It took her a while to register Katy's words.

Given the situation, public opinion had quite a negative impact on the market.

Adriana rushed into the office when the two were conversing.

She saw the news this morning and rushed over before having her breakfast.

After she entered the room, Adriana saw the fatigue on Neera's face and felt sorry for her.

She reprimanded, "Why didn't you tell me? Why did you have to endure everything by yourself?"

Neera massaged her forehead. She stood up and said, "Aunt Adriana, you're here? I'm sorry. I didn't inform you because I thought I could handle it on my own."

Adriana gave her a disapproving glance and said, "This incident has gone viral. How could you deal with it alone?"

She sighed softly, comfortingly: "You didn't sleep all night, did you? Chill! Deal with it slowly. We have a clear conscience."

Neera was moved. She smiled and grunted, "Hmm."

Inside, she continued to be plagued with uneasiness.

The blogger who initially revealed the incident online surfaced again on Twitter. This time, she posted a stamped lawyer's letter.

"I want to make my stance clear. I have no plans or interest in reaching any sort of agreement with an unethical company like Startales. I have a single demand. Startales should pay me one million dollars for the harm they caused. I have hired a lawyer to deal with this. If Startales refuses to compensate, I am ready to seek legal action to defend my rights!"

Adriana's gaze turned cold after she saw the post. She questioned, "What do you think about this?"

Neera contemplated briefly and replied, "She doesn't want to communicate with us. This matter is more complicated than it seems. There might be someone else behind this blogger."

Adriana remarked with a touch of icy contempt, "Whether or not someone is behind her doesn't concern us. If she wants to make a big fuss, we'll go all the way with her."

Her approach has always been direct and uncompromising.

Within thirty minutes, they responded via the company's official Twitter account and restated their stand.

"Startales acknowledges receipt of the lawyer's letter. We are quite surprised, but understandable, by her demand. To demonstrate our commitment to our consumers, we sincerely wish that Thetis would come to our headquarters in person.

"We're willing to take full responsibility and will invite authoritative medical professionals for examination. If our product is verified as the cause of the allergic reaction, we will fully compensate for the requested amount!"

This statement was sincere. There weren't any attempts to whitewash their image.

The statement perplexed internet users, as why do Startales seem open and unfazed?

When everyone had fallen into puzzlement, there was no response from Thetis.

This situation led to speculation.

"Did that blogger lose her nerve? Is she staging an allergy to get the compensation?"

"Maybe. If she truly has a severe allergic reaction, why didn't she confront Startales directly?"

"True, we've only heard her side of story and seen a handful of photos. And just with that, she managed to tarnish Startales! I feel like we are being manipulated. There's something off about this blogger!"

"Actually, I haven't heard of anyone else having an allergic reaction to this product except her!"

However, the doubters were few, and they were soon attacked by another group of people.

"Did those people take money from Startales? Is that why they started to defend them?"

"That's right! Why would she lie with the damage to her face?"

"Staging an incident? This is hilarious. Would anyone go to great lengths to do that to an unknown brand? They think too highly of themselves!"

As Twitter fell into another round of heated arguments, the situation took another turn.

Thetis reappeared. This time, she had uploaded several pages of medical reports.

The document was an allergy assessment form Kingsview's Summerhill Hospital. The section identifies the allergen-specific reaction to the medication.

This newfound information reignited the debate instantly.

"See? How do those who doubted the blogger feel now?"

"Trashy brand. Startales should shut down!"

Thetis posted again. Her post only contained one sentence. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I've got my medical report. There's no need to get another round of examinations with Startales's help. Compensate now or I will take legal action."

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Chapter 436

When Neera saw those comments online, she flew into a rage.

Apparently, this blogger attempted to avoid communicating with Startales. Anything out of the ordinary always has a hidden agenda. This woman definitely has a hidden motive!

Adriana shared her thoughts. She sneered coldly, "Someone's feeling guilty! She's adamant about throwing mud at us; we don't have to play nice with her. Let's confront her head-on!"

Neera nodded in agreement. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

We have been sincere all along, but she kept causing trouble for us. Given the situation, I don't see the reason for us to be polite. I have said everything that needed to be said.

She sat down behind her desk, logged in to Twitter, and wrote a message.

"Good day to all. I regret taking up public resources in this manner. I'm Neera Garcia, the CEO of Startales, and in light of the recent allergic reaction incident, I want to share my take and position.

"I am genuinely sorry and deeply regret the allergic reaction experienced by the consumer. Startales has the right to know the full story and investigate the circumstances of the allergic reaction to make amends and ensure the safety of our customers.

"While I empathize with the consumer's demand for compensation, I wish to make it clear that, if our product is indeed at fault, I'm ready to provide the one million in compensation, down to the very last cent.

"We're genuinely willing to make amends, but it's only fair that she presents concrete evidence. It's not reasonable to request compensation based on ambiguous medical records and unfounded accusations."

"Startales has also actively addressed the problem from the very beginning and is ready to accept full responsibility. However, this customer is unwilling to come up with or offer any proof that they had an allergic reaction after using our product.

"As a result, we are unable to verify the validity of this claim and are unable to provide the compensation.

"I'll say it again! I hope the consumer can visit our company. Whether it's for an investigation or treatment, we're willing to fully cooperate.

"I also want to be clear that we will use legal means to defend the reputation of our business and products if it turns out that you're making baseless claims or trying to tarnish our reputation."

She delivered a concise, well-organized message.

After she posted, another round of reactions followed.

Those rational internet users began to understand the logic behind her words.

"Thetis should, in my opinion, visit Startales' headquarters to cooperate with the investigation."

"Indeed, the allergen in that report was only identified as a medication; it does not specifically state that Startales' product was the cause. That report is not clear."

"Startales's attitude is admirable. I'll reserve my judgment and wait for new updates."

"Why does this thesis seem suspicious to me?"

Meanwhile, Star Entertainment Media started to control public opinion.

Their primary focus was urging Thetis to come forward and cooperate with the investigation without maliciously tarnishing anyone's reputation.

Many internet users gradually felt Startales's sincerity. Their response did not resemble an unethical company.

On the contrary, Thetis, who claimed to be the victim, kept hiding and refused to come forward. Is she trying to take advantage of the situation and blackmail Startales?

Public outrage increased as word of the incident spread further.

By noon, Neera was drained. She looked ill.

Adriana felt distressed by the way she looked. She quickly urged, "Go home and get some sleep. I've got things under control here. Stop worrying about things at work."

Neera was, in fact, exhausted.

After spending days and nights tirelessly working on the antidote, this new crisis broke out before she recovered.

She had remained awake all night and was at her breaking point.

However, she didn't want to leave this mess behind.

"

Neera gave her a bitter smile and said, "I'm okay, Aunt Adriana! I couldn't stop worrying about this. I'm sorry that this happened soon after I took over the company. Thankfully, our ANXIN Group's overseas operations haven't been affected."

Adriana didn't blame her. She gently stroked her hair.

"Silly girl, why are you being so polite with me? This mess is not your fault; it is the deliberate work of someone else. Maybe someone staged this drama out of jealousy over our success. Don't carry the weight of the world on your shoulders."

She continued firmly, "Don't argue with me. Go home and get some sleep. I'm frightened by how pale your face is when I look at it. You need to rest because your body won't be able to handle it. I'll have Katy give you a ride home!"

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Chapter 437

Neera couldn't win the argument. She had to agree.

"I'll go home now. If anything happens, you have to call me immediately," she said.

Adriana brushed her off, "Okay, okay."

She shoved Neera's bag into her hands and pushed her out the door and urged, "Don't worry, what could go wrong with me here? You should get a good rest. We can talk after you get some sleep."

Neera gave a faint smile in the face of Adriana's persistence.

She let Katy drive her home.

Jean showed up at her place right after she went home.

His voice was deep and raspy. His eyes filled with concern, he asked, "You're home?"

"You didn't go out?" Neera asked, surprised.

Jean nodded and explained, "I'm waiting for you to come home."

He answered casually with his gaze glued to her face.

She looked exhausted.

He spotted her fatigue and said, "The Star Entertainment Media will handle the media issues and gradually suppress those negative comments. You don't have to worry about it. I've asked Ian to look into that blogger. We'll update you with the details. You should sleep."

Spiritless, Neera sighed.

"How can I get some sleep? This issue has blown up. If I don't resolve this, my company's reputation will suffer, and it reflects badly on sales."

Their team had invested a lot of time and effort to develop this product, and she was determined not to let things go south.

As they spoke, they sat down on the couch.

Auntie Zuniga promptly brought water for them.

Neera felt the warmth from the glass, but her heart remained cold.

"Someone is manipulating public opinion and targeting us. I suspect..."

She paused momentarily, unsure if she should name the suspect.

Jean uttered somberly, "Sonny."

Stunned, Neera turned to look at him. She asked, "You also suspect him?"

"Yes," Jean replied, setting down his glass.

"This man is ruthless. He would achieve his goal at all costs. You've refused him many times, and he probably holds a grudge. He's fully capable of doing something despicable."

Neera was upset. She also suspected Sonny orchestrated the whole thing, especially since Startales had only recently established itself domestically. Others were jealous of their success.

Given their ties with the Beauvort Group, few would dare to cross them.

Crimea Group was the only company that had the audacity to challenge Beauvort Group.

Jean added, "Sonny's method is shadier than I imagined."

A thought struck Jean when he saw Neera was troubled with this.

He couldn't resist the temptation and gently touched her forehead.

Neera froze. Her heartbeats accelerated. She looked blankly at him.

"What... What's wrong? Is there something on my forehead?" She stammered, somewhat nervous, with a hint of blush crept onto her cheeks.

His deep eyes locked onto hers and spoke gently, "I need you to stop worrying too much. You have to rest, alright?"

"You've been working hard on the antidote without getting proper sleep. Only get a day off before this incident happens. Your body couldn't handle it. Listen to me and get some sleep. I'll handle the rest. I got you, okay?"

Jean slightly elevated his tone toward the end.

His voice was soothing, carrying a gentle undertone of persuasion.

Stunned, Neera looked at him.

For some reason, his words calmed her nerves. She felt at ease as if everything would be fine after she woke up from her sleep.

She had no idea where this sense of trust and reassurance came from.

In the end, she just nodded and agreed, "Okay." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Under Jean's watchful eye, she managed to eat something before heading upstairs for a rest.

She slept soundly but briefly, lasting only four hours.

When she woke up, it was late afternoon.

The first thing she did after she opened her eyes was check Twitter.

Her anxiety persisted, worrying that the situation was unfavorable toward Startales.

To her relief, the overwhelmingly negative views seemed to have been controlled. While the situation wasn't entirely in their favor, at least it wasn't worsening.

The government department they contacted had acted swiftly, releasing an inspection report.

The report confirmed that Startales's products were safe and devoid of any harmful or irritant substances.

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Chapter 438

After the government department made that announcement, Startales immediately retweeted it to prove their innocence.

Moreover, they tagged Thetis on the official company account and stated, "There's no problem with our products. If you've had an allergic reaction, there could be a different underlying cause. We hope you can come to Startales's headquarters to discuss your allergic reaction. We're here to help identify the problem!"

Neera knew Aunt Adriana was behind this polite yet sharp remark.

She was relieved.

She continued to scroll down and read internet users' comments.

"The department's quality report is out, so Startales' cosmetics are safe, aren't they?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Oh my! I was alarmed by this whole episode. I've been using their products, and they've been working wonders. That blogger's allergic reaction had me panicking, and I stopped using it. I'm glad I didn't throw them out. Now that they're confirmed safe, I'll resume using them."

"What's going on behind that blogger's allergy? Is it because of an incompatible skin type?"

"She hasn't spoken up since she posted that medical report. Thankfully, I didn't hastily pick a side. This whole situation is becoming increasingly odd."

Neera squinted her eyes at this point.

Thetis stopped posting anything after the medical examination reports.

The quality inspection report had been released for three hours, but she was nowhere to be found.

Everyone would probably have had a sneaking suspicion that there was something fishy going on.

Of course, some people openly voiced their skepticism.

"What does the inspection report show? Maybe Startales bought someone from the department! Buying a 'clean' report is easy for them, isn't it?"

"Exactly, what does a quality-free result prove? Someone still had an allergic reaction, didn't they? Do they take us as fools?"

"Some people in this conversation do sound like fools. Are you implying the department can just be bought with money? They have a solid reputation for their integrity. This very

department has identified quality concerns for numerous big companies in the past. Even when faced with bribery attempts, they've turned down substantial amounts of money. So, how can you slander them for being easily bought over?"

"LOL! Now you're resorting to accusing the official department of corruption? Are you prepared to face legal consequences?"

"The agenda of these internet ghostwriters is way too obvious. Even now, they're attempting to fan the flames. I bet they're on someone's payroll!"

"@OfficialQuality Department, there's someone here making false claims about you accepting bribes. Quick! Take a look at them!"

Neera breathed out a sigh of relief.

Things seemed to be progressing favorably, which was good news.

She stopped reading those comments and quickly got ready to head to the office.

On her way out, she spotted Jean in the living room.

Surprised, she hurried over and inquired, "Why are you still here? Didn't you go home?"

Jean responded, "I did. I just got back a little while ago."

He gave her a number and informed her directly, "This is the number of the whistleblower. I think it's something you need urgently."

Neera was pleasantly surprised with his efficiency. She said, "Thank you!"

She dialed that number right away.

A sharp female voice answered the call, asking, "Hi, who is this?"

Neera briefly introduced herself, saying, "Hi, I'm Neera Gracia, CEO of Startales Group. I believe you're Thetis, the blogger who posted about an allergic reaction on Twitter. I'd like to invite you to our office to discuss this situation further."

She sounded caught off-guard and questioned, "How did you get my number?"

Neera responded calmly, "I understand your concern. We've been trying to get in touch with you without success."

"Given the circumstances and considering both our company's reputation and your well-being, we felt it necessary to find a way to communicate directly. Our intention is to address this issue head-on."

The woman sounded nervous. "Are you trying to settle this privately?"

With a light chuckle, Neera corrected, "No, you've got it wrong. We have no intention of sweeping this under the rug. The matter has become public knowledge, and we aim to address it transparently."

Her tone was soft yet carried a firm resolution of the company's stance, which was unwavering from the start.

"If you find it challenging to come over, we can organize transport for you. Are you in Kingsview? Given that you're determined to uphold your rights, I believe you can make some time to meet with us."

The caller hesitated and stammered, "We might need to decide on that later. I...need to discuss this."

Neera quickly caught on to the term, asking, "Discuss? With whom do you need to discuss?"

"Nothing!"

She realized she had slipped her tongue. She quickly denied it and answered evasively, "Why the rush for an answer? I'll get back to you soon."

She promptly ended the call.

Listening to the busy tone, Neera raised an eyebrow at Jean, remarking, "There's something off about that woman."

Jean narrowed his eyes, concluding, "Her voice gave away guilt. Her attitude toward the end was telling."

"Discuss," he repeated the word, then questioned, "You recorded the conversation, didn't you?"

Neera gave a nod and said, "Yes."

He smirked and said in an icy tone, "Just wait and see. This is just the beginning."

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Chapter 439

Simultaneously, in a condominium located in the suburbs, a plain Jane was holding her phone. Flustering, she dialed a number.

Shortly, a man's cold voice answered from the other end. He asked, "What's the matter?"

The woman's voice was tinged with anxiety as she said, "Startales got my numbers, and the company CEO just called me. She demanded that we meet in person to sort this out. What should I do?"

The man responded impatiently, "What should you do? Just turn her down. Can't you deal with such a small matter?"

She clenched her teeth, quickly firing back, "Public opinion is turning against me now! With the department releasing the quality inspection report, many are beginning to think I fabricated the entire incident. If I remain silent, won't that just confirm their suspicion?"

He knew she had a point.

After a brief silence, he responded ruthlessly, "You can step forward, but you know how to handle the situation, right?"

The woman quivered in fear.

She quickly responded, "Understood. Don't worry, I'll make sure to lay the blame squarely on them."

He was slightly satisfied. He stated, "Very well. Remember, you must claim one million from Startales. Once you secure the funds, they're yours. And the sum I promised will also be entirely yours, but if you mess up,

He left the sentence hanging, but the threat in his voice was clear.

The woman shuddered in fright.

After she ended the call, she started to regret agreeing to this plan.

However, she knew it was pointless to regret this. The allure of the money was too strong to resist. She had no choice but to grit her teeth and see it through.

Restless, Neera decided to go to the office in the evening.

As soon as she arrived, she received a call from Thetis.

Neera was shocked, not expecting she would agree to meet so quickly.

She agreed warmly, "Sure, you're welcome to drop by anytime. I'll be waiting for you."

"

An hour later, a woman in a mask walked into the Startales office. She told the receptionist, "I'm here to see the CEO."

Since Neera had given a heads-up, the receptionist politely guided this woman to a seating area in the lobby. She said, "Please take a seat; Ms. Garcia will be here shortly."

The woman wore a long face as she waited in silence. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Soon, Neera arrived. She was accompanied by an assistant and a few employees.

She said, "Hello, I'm Neera. May I know your name?"

The woman grew nervous when she saw so many people present. Abruptly, she rose up from the seat and spoke with a hint of hostility in her tone, "Tilda Wilcher."

Her response didn't bother Neera. She maintained her courteous demeanor throughout.

"Ms. Wilcher, I'm sorry if using our product puts you through any inconveniences. Can you take off the mask so I can see your face?"

Tilda reluctantly complied with the request, showing a face covered in red rashes.

Neera looked at those rashes.

She discovered that it was true that an allergic reaction was what caused them.

"See? Your company's product has ruined my face! Tilda yelled angrily as she stated her grievances.

"What difference does it make even if you involve the authorities and prove there's nothing wrong with your product ingredients? It is still true that I had an allergic reaction after using your product. You need to take full responsibility! I'm here for compensation. I won't let this slide if you refuse."

Ignoring Tilda's outburst, Neera remained composed.

She answered politely, "I understand your feelings. I reached out to you earlier to resolve this matter. Please calm down. Although we're ready to compensate, we need to re-evaluate your allergic condition."

Tilda grew irritated with her response. She took out the medical report she had previously shared online.

"Why do you need a new medical examination? I had the report with me. You'll learn everything when you look at it!"

Neera took a glance. She confirmed this report matched the posting online. However, she remained firm on her ground.

"In addition to this report, we'll arrange for a hospital check-up for you. I know your worries, while you might find this inconvenient, we need confirmation given the compensation at stake. Of course, for the benefit of both of us, we've asked a leading media outlet in our country to document the entire process."

Her statement rattled Tilda's already tense nerves.

She finally noticed someone was recording everything with a film recorder. She exploded on the spot and chided, "What are you doing? Stop filming! Why wasn't I informed? No! I don't consent to this!"

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Chapter 440

Neera was surprised by her reaction.

She reasoned, "I'd already asked for your consent. The journalist came in just now, and he filmed everything openly. I thought you would notice!"

Her response rendered Tilda speechless.

She had a guilty conscience. She was extremely nervous when she got here. How would she pay attention to her surroundings?

Neera slightly narrowed her eyes.

She said calmly, "Ms. Wilcher, relax. I invite the media to document the process to protect your rights. My company will certainly take full responsibility if it verifies that our product causes the allergic reaction." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tilda was at a loss for words, yet she still disagreed with the arrangement.

She argued, "I don't want to make another trip to the hospital. I've already brought the medical report with me. Why should we waste more time? Isn't this unnecessary?"

It was unclear when Adriana arrived, but when she heard this excuse, she retorted sharply.

"This is essential! The report you've shown is something that was examined by your doctor. The medical report you provided was from your own doctor. If you're asking for a million, it's only fair we confirm if our product was the

cause.

"Ms. Wilcher, to put it plainly, we're running a business, not a charity. If anyone could walk in, point fingers at our products, and demand a payout, wouldn't we become easy targets?"

"This medical examination is for the assurance of our entire customer base. If there's a genuine fault with our product, we'd need to issue a recall. Wouldn't it harm more people if that were the case?"

Taking a moment before lashing out harsher, she said, "I'm curious, Ms. Wilcher, why do you strongly object to this suggestion? Are you trying to hide something?"

Tilda felt a tightness in her chest. She quickly denied, "Of course not! Why would I have anything to hide?"

Neera, with a gentle smile, interjected, "Since you have a clear conscience, you don't have to be nervous. Let's head to the hospital for a second opinion. Our intention is pure. We just want to settle this matter, which is precisely why we brought you in."

Seeing their firm stance, Tilda's anxiety escalated, causing her to act more irrationally.

"I won't go! How do I know you haven't bribed the hospital or the doctors to fake the assessment? What if they claim the allergic reaction wasn't due to your product? I won't fall for your trap!"

Neera, noticing Tilda's flushed face, responded with a raised eyebrow.

"Ms. Wilcher, I understand your concerns. If you're skeptical about the hospital we suggest, feel free to choose any other institution and even nominate a specific doctor for the examination. What do you think?"

Considering Startales attitude, any further resistance from Tilda would clearly indicate she was concealing something.

Tilda recognized this and felt trapped. She hadn't anticipated Startales to be such a tough nut to crack.

Gritting her teeth, she feigned confidence and agreed, "Alright, I'll play along! But it's on my terms. I'll select both the hospital and the attending physician."

Neera nodded. "Alright. Which facility do you have in mind?"

Tilda appeared to contemplate for a moment before she coldly snorted, "Summerhill Hospital."

Neera's eyes briefly flickered, but she didn't protest and accompanied her to the hospital.

On their way, she casually tried to gather more information about Tilda's experience with the product.

"Can you recall how long it took for the reaction to appear after applying our product? And did you mix it with other skincare products? Some products might not be compatible, and the properties could clash."

She posed these questions methodically.

Yet, Tilda remained defensive and uninterested in answering.

She snapped after a few questions.

"Why do you have so many questions? Obviously, it was the very next day! I've never experienced allergies before. I applied your product one evening, and by the following morning, my face was a mess. I wouldn't have taken all these steps if it weren't for that!"

Neera, unfazed by Tilda's demeanor, maintained her composure.

Her phone rang. It was Jean.

Neera hesitated a little before she picked up the call.

"Are you busy?" Jean asked.

Neera answered truthfully, "I'm taking that customer with an allergic reaction to the hospital for another examination."

Jean inquired, "Which hospital?"

"The one she personally selected is Summerhill Hospital," said Neera.

Jean sneered coldly and continued, "Ian uncovered something interesting. The doctor who issued her medical report is a relative of hers. He's employed at Summerhill Hospital."

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Chapter 441

Neera's eyes darkened momentarily with this newfound information.

She subtly glanced at Tilda, who sat next to her.

Tilda was restless. She slightly dipped her head and was oblivious to Neera's gaze.

Neera withdrew her gaze and replied in a normal tone, "Hmm, I understand."

Jean asked, "Would you continue to take her there?"

Neera answered resolutely, "Certainly."

The shadier this entire ordeal seemed, the more satisfying it would be when she set things straight.

Reading her thoughts, Jean suggested, "Should I step in and keep her relatives out of this?"

Neera dismissed the idea, replying, "No, let him try."

Hearing this, Jean asked puzzledly, "Why? Aren't you worried he'll forge another fake report?"

It was inconvenient for Neera to speak on the phone.

She answered evasively, "I'll explain on WhatsApp. I'm almost at the hospital and about to get off now. It's inconvenient to speak on the phone."

Immediately after, she cut off the phone and sent a message to Jean.

"She'll definitely choose her relative to examine her. If I object, it might raise her suspicions, and she could twist the situation against me. It's best to play along and let her think she's in control. However, the examination report should be fair and square."

Jean grasped her strategy instantly and responded, "Understood, I'll prep things accordingly."

In about ten minutes, they reached the hospital and went directly to the dermatology department.

Staying true to her word, Neera courteously asked Tilda, "Ms. Wilcher, which doctor would you prefer for the assessment?"

Predictably, Tilda chose Dr. Garner, her relative, to conduct the examination.

Neera didn't display any reaction. She went along and followed them to the examination room.

Before the examination began, Neera asked Tilda again to clarify, "Are you certain about choosing this doctor for the examination?"

Tilda gave her a strange look and asked, "Of course, why are you asking?"

Neera smiled gently and said, "Just making sure. I've respected your choices all along, from the hospital to the doctor. Now, we'll wait for the report."

She then turned to the doctor and told him softly, "Doctor, you may start the examination."

Dr. Garner was uneasy; sweat was forming on his forehead. He dared not display any signs but proceeded with the examination for Tilda.

The whole procedure took more than half an hour.

While Neera and her team were waiting outside, she received another text from Jean.

"I've discovered she had dined at a seafood restaurant recently. The very next day, she sought medical attention. This woman is probably allergic to seafood."

Neera connected the dots and got the full picture.

She replied, "Thank you. I know what to do."

A few moments later, the medical examination report was ready.

Tilda appeared much calmer now, believing she had constructed the perfect scheme without letting any detail slip through.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement and smugness, envisioning the compensation she assumed was soon to be hers.

Neera missed the look in her eyes.

She picked up the examination report and read through it.

The blood tests were normal. However, in the allergen column, the words "seafood allergy" stood out.

This aligned perfectly with the information from Jean.

Neera sneered coldly.

She handed over the report to Tilda and said icily, "Humph! Ms. Wilcher, don't you think you owe everyone an explanation?"

Initially, Tilda didn't pay any attention to her question. She replied defiantly without even glancing at the report.

"How dare you seek an explanation from me? It's your company that should be answering. This report proves that I had a reaction to your product. If you don't provide compensation, what more do you want from me? I'm warning you; if you try any more tricks, I'll use this report to sue your company!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera snickered and waved the report, stating, "This report indicates your allergy to seafood. Are you blindly accusing us without checking the report? You owe me some answers."

Tilda, realizing something went wrong, snatched the report from Neera.

Her eyes widened in shock when she read the words 'seafood allergy'.

Thunderstruck, she glared at Dr. Garner in disbelief.

She asked, "How...How could this be? Seafood allergy? You..."

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Chapter 442

Tilda wanted to confront Dr. Garner, but she dared not utter her doubt. Those words got stuck in her throat.

The doctor dared not look at her and averted his gaze.

Panic began to consume Tilda. She had no idea why Dr. Garner would turn his back on her at this crucial moment.

Amid her confusion and flustering, fearing her deeds would be exposed, beads of cold sweat formed on her face.

Neera coldly observed her reactions.

Wearing a sardonic smile, she taunted, "Cat got your tongue? Or perhaps your earlier claims were unfounded, and now you're at a loss for words?"

Tilda clenched her teeth, unwilling to acknowledge that her plot had been exposed.

"Who's feeling guilty now? What kind of nonsense is this? I didn't defame your company. Your company's products caused my allergic reaction. Weren't the previous reports evidence enough? I don't know what went wrong with this examination.

In her panic, she made a false counter-charge and blurted, "This report is suspicious! It has to be tampered with!"

Neera, observing Tilda's unwillingness to admit her wrongdoing, coldly retorted.

"Remember, Ms. Wilcher, aren't you the one that handpicked this hospital and this doctor? I'd double-confirmed the choices with you, and you were insistent on your choices. How can you argue that the report is manipulated?"

Neera's counter made sense.

Tilda choked on her words. Her face was drained of color.

Left with no other option, she attempted to turn the tables, saying, "Of course I chose them. But what does that prove? For all I know, you could have schemed with the hospital or the doctor afterward!"

Her lack of shame amused Neera.

"Conspire? Ms. Wilcher, I should be the one asking you. Using relatives to produce misleading reports, spreading them on the internet, creating a scene here, and unjustly blaming my company. Who's behind all of this with you?"

The revelation stunned Tilda. She stammered, "How did you find out?"

Neera looked at her icily and clarified, "You want to know how I pieced it together? Wondering why your family member turned away from your scheme?"

Tilda locked her eyes on Neera, struggling to come up with words.

Neera went straight to the point, "It's simple. He had violated medical ethics by falsifying the report! And he was under the close watch of Dean Floyd. Did you think he'd do

anything reckless?" SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

As she spoke, a middle-aged gentleman emerged from the other door of the examination room.

Those in attendance instantly recognized him. It was none other than Dean Floyd of Summerhill Hospital.

Dean Floyd wore a stern expression, shot a piercing gaze at Dr. Garner.

Dr. Garner shuddered, dared not make a noise, was scared, and regretted his decisions.

If I knew things would escalate to this point, I wouldn't have falsified the report for Tilda.

Tilda was frightened at this point.

Dean Floyd was a renowned figure in the medical field, known for his high moral standing.

He was known for treating patients who couldn't afford medical bills, earning an outstanding reputation for his integrity.

Tilda never anticipated that Dean Floyd would get involved with this. He was not the type of man who would tolerate any misconduct.

Neera continued calmly, "If you suspect a conspiracy and they set up a trap for you, why don't you choose another hospital now? We'll have another examination, and you still get to pick the doctor. What do you think? Or you'd prefer a different city? We're ready to cooperate."

Neera's aura intimidated Tilda. She was clueless as to how to respond.

Any attempt to argue seemed pointless.

Deep down, she was well aware of the root cause of her allergy. Regardless of which hospital she turned to, the outcome would always be consistent!

Her expression froze. Her eyes were brimming with desperation.

At last, she lashed out, "So, you think you can bully me because of your power and wealth? Did you bribe all the hospitals? You wanted me to undergo this examination just to trap me! I shouldn't have believed your lies! You're a fraud!"

Neera couldn't help but be amused.

'She has lost her mind! She has such audacity to play victim!'

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Chapter 443

Neera shook her head and rebuked, "You overestimate me and my company. We don't have the means to acquire every hospital in Kingsview. If you're not convinced, maybe I can take you abroad for a medical check-up?"

Tilda was taken aback and stammered, "You..."

Neera's demeanor changed, her eyes grew icy, and a commanding presence surrounded her, making her seem all the more formidable.

"It's clear to anyone what's happening here. I'll be informing the authorities about this. Given that you've spread false accusations about our business and tried to blackmail us, I'll have my lawyer take you to court."

She decisively took out her phone and contacted the police.

Tilda was taken aback, utterly unprepared for this turn of events. She had not anticipated things unfolding like this.

I had everything planned out and every detail accounted for. I can't let her report this to the police. If that happens, my life is ruined.

"You can't report me!" She exclaimed, her voice tinged with desperation, her teeth clenching.

Neera looked at her with an icy stare, querying, "And why is that?"

Tilda's complexion turned pale, and she struggled to explain.

Of course, Neera understood her hesitation. She decided not to show her any mercy and explained the situation to the police.

Tilda's actions had harmed her business, and she wasn't about to let her off easily.

Witnessing how everything was spiraling out of control, Tilda panicked and muttered to herself.

In a state of extreme fear, she turned around to flee.

Neera narrowed her eyes and commanded, "Katy, stop her! Don't let her get away!"

Katy moved to respond, but before she could, the gathered reporters blocked Tilda's escape route.

Dean Floyd swiftly beckoned to the security guards.

Tilda tried to find an opening to flee, but her effort was futile. She looked utterly wretched when she looked at the camera.

Neera snickered coldly. The gaze in her eyes was filled with contempt.

"You reap what you sow. If you dared to defame my business, then you should've been ready to face the consequences once the truth emerged. You couldn't blame others for this; you brought it on yourselves. Instead of trying to run away, maybe consider how you're going to explain it to the police!"

Tilda's complexion turned horrifyingly pale.

Shortly after, the police arrived at the hospital.

Upon grasping the full picture, they apprehended Tilda for alleged defamation and extortion.

Once Tilda was taken away, the reporters shifted their focus to Dr. Garner, probing, "Are you connected to Ms. Wilcher? Are you in cahoots with her against Startales? What do you feel when Ms. Wilcher is in custody?"

Those questions rendered Dr. Garner speechless and he broke out with sweat.

Finally, Dean Floyd spoke, "Given this incident and our doctor's involvement leading to such a negative impact, I extend a heartfelt apology to Startales. Summerhill Hospital will investigate the unethical behavior of our staff concerning the forged documents. Rest assured, we will get to the bottom of this and punish him accordingly."

Neera accepted the apology and said, "Thank you for your understanding. My apologies for any disruptions this evening."

Dean Floyd waved his hands and stated, "It's our doctor who caused the trouble."

After exchanging a few words, Neera then departed from the hospital.

An hour after the event, the reporters uploaded a video online detailing the entire incident. They clarified that there was nothing wrong with Startales's products.

The medical examination confirmed that Tilda had a seafood allergy. Her actions were malicious slander and extortion. Startales was unjustly accused.

As the story broke, various news platforms picked it up, causing a massive stir. The news went viral, capturing the attention of internet users everywhere.

The first media outlet to cover the story was a nationally renowned source known for its credibility. They have a track record of never reporting misleading information. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Their focus has always been on exposing corrupt businesses in the country; they have a good reputation and have consistently been accurate in their reporting.

Unintimidated by political or power plays, they'd held their ground even when confronting the five main corporations.

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Chapter 444

Everyone in Kingsview was aware that this media outlet used to criticize the Crimea family and the Alexander family of the five main corporations.

Their reputation in the industry motivated Neera to reach out to them and get them fully involved in the incident.

She was fearless and had great confidence in her products. This action allowed her to show the public that her company was willing to take full responsibility.

Even if it was Startales's product that was the problem, she approached the situation seriously and handled it patiently.

Therefore, when the video was released, the unfavorable situation surrounding Startales began to turn around. Their damaged reputation began to recover.

The stern rebukes of internet users have taken the place of the previous supportive comments about Tilda.

"This woman is repulsive! She'd do anything for money! No wonder she refused to cooperate with Startales. She probably worried her lie would be uncovered. I can't believe I trusted her before!"

"She never showed up and just spread falsehoods online, treating us like her pawns. I'm glad I didn't blindly support her, or I'd have fallen for her scam. Annoying!"

"Poor Startales! A scammer came dangerously close to ruining its reputation. Thankfully, the truth surfaced."

"I had my reservations from the start. I've tried their products, and they're top-notch. There is no deception here!"

With the growing tide of criticism against Tilda, compliments about Startales's products re-emerge.

Sasha's followers boasted with pride.

"I'd said this countless times; Sasha would never vouch for questionable products!"

"Sasha has always been meticulous and accountable in her actions and statements. She has a high standard for the products she endorses. I believe she researched them thoroughly before agreeing to collaborate. How could she make unethical money? Those who want to slander her should at least have a valid point."

"Where are those who verbally abuse Sasha? Can you show your face now? Just a while ago, weren't you all so harsh in your criticism? Are those cowards going into hiding because they realize they've made a fool of yourselves?"

"Hey, you trolls, does being slapped in the face hurt?"

The internet was buzzing with various comments from internet users.

Among the many discussions, topics concerning Neera became surprisingly popular.

From her initial meeting with Tilda to the final act of informing the police at the hospital, her composed nature, impeccable manners, and resolute attitude captured the admiration of many. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Her beauty combined with her commanding presence was captivating, making it hard for them to look away.

Especially her attire, a sleek black suit that highlights her commanding aura. Combined with her exquisite features, it brought her beauty to new heights.

Many people became her fans, with even some of Sasha's followers being drawn to her.

"Oh my! She's exactly what a powerful female CEO would look like! Oh my god! I think she just made me question my orientation. She radiates such dominance and grace. I want to marry her!"

"Ms. Garcia, marry me! Marry me!"

"Declaration! I've got two idols now, Sasha and Ms. Garcia. They're the ultimate duo for me!"

"Have you noticed how good Ms. Garcia's skin is? It's flawless and delicate!"

"Yes, yes! They say the true beauty would be revealed under the camera, but she still looks gorgeous."

"I wonder if Ms. Garcia's flawless skin results from the Startales products? I need to stock up!"

"Girls, save some for me! I'm getting it too!"

With Neera's rising fame, Startales saw a surge in both its brand image and product sales.

The company's official Twitter account gained several hundred thousand followers in just half an hour, and their fan base expanded at an incredible rate.

Once Neera had settled the incident and returned to her office, she checked the situation online and finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Adriana was satisfied with how things turned out, showering her with praise.

"I'm more and more confident with the way you handle things now. I know that entrusting the company to you is the right decision."

With a chuckle, Neera humbly replied, "Much of the credit should go to Jean."

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Chapter 445

Adriana asked in puzzlement, "What does this have to do with him?"

"Well, he's been keeping his eyes on this for the past few days."

Neera explained Jean's contribution in detail.

"Oh! He has contributed quite a bit," Adriana couldn't help but praise.

"This young man is quite adept at getting things done. It's worth your effort to treat his illness and save his mother. This proves that he is of decent character."

Neera giggled when her aunt complimented Jean.

The two continued to chat for a while before Adriana left to attend to other matters.

Now that she had some free time, Neera gave Star Entertainment Media a call.

Larry promptly picked up the call and spoke politely, "Hello, Ms. Garcia."

Neera smiled and said, "Mr. McDonagh, I'd like to ask for a favor. You have read the news about Tilda, right? Currently, public opinion is in favor of Startales. As a precaution, I'd like you to monitor the follow-up."

Even though Tilda had been arrested, the scheme and the mastermind that orchestrated the whole thing might have made other moves that resulted in the situation spiraling out of control.

Her company was inferior in terms of media manipulation; therefore, she had to rely on Star Entertainment Media's assistance.

Jean had given his instructions to fully support Startales.

Larry gladly agreed with her request.

He gave a gentle smile and said, "Rest assured. I've got this under control. I'll instruct my team to monitor the situation closely. We've dealt with those internet ghostwriters, and the truth has come to light. They won't pose any more threats."

Neera expressed her gratitude, and then her thoughts drifted to Sasha. She asked casually, "By the way, Sasha wasn't affected, was she?"

Earlier, Sasha had been unjustly dragged into the mess. She had made trending searches with those harsh criticisms.

Neera felt the need to extend her apologies.

Upon hearing this, Larry turned his gaze to Sasha, who was leisurely lounging on a couch, engrossed in her game.

He twitched his mouth a little and said, "She's doing just fine. You don't have to worry about her!"

Sasha had a strong mentality. She was the kind who wouldn't be fazed even if the sky was falling; nothing could distract her from playing her game.

When she realized they were talking about her, Sasha put down her phone and walked over to speak with Neera.

"Ms. Garcia, I appreciate the concern, but truly, I'm doing just fine."

Sasha's gleeful tone amused Neera.

She crackled in laughter and remarked, "You do sound like you're doing fine, but I still owe you an apology. It wasn't right for you to get dragged down into this mess."

"Thank me? For what?" Neera asked in confusion.

"Yup!" Sasha chirped, "Thanks to this whole scandal, I'm more popular. Those who bad mouthed me are now eating their words. My popularity has skyrocketed. Plus, I've always had confidence in Startales products. It never affected me." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera laughed softly, responding, "While I appreciate your trust in our brand, I'd rather you didn't have to gain attention this way. Someone as talented as you should be recognized for your skills."

"Seriously, it doesn't matter to me," Sasha genuinely did not give a damn about this.

Others might not be aware of the powerful backing Neera had, but Sasha was fully aware of it.

Who knows? Perhaps one day she might become the wife of my boss! So, riding her coattails could certainly pay off.

After several exchanges, they ended the call.

Adriana returned to the office shortly, urging Neera to go home. She said, "It's getting late; you need to rest."

She realized it was already past ten in the evening.

The city was cloaked in darkness, illuminated by its shimmering lights.

"Are you staying at Garcia's residence tonight?" she asked Adriana.

Adriana nodded in response, saying, "Uh-huh, I am."

Something came to her mind when they talked about this. She sneered, "While you were out this afternoon, Roxanne and Zachary dropped by."

Neera frowned at the mention of the pair. She asked, "Why are they here?"

"What else could it be? They had to show some 'concern' when this incident involving Startales erupted. However, I didn't let them into the office."

Adriana's expression was one of mockery.

Neera scoffed in response. She didn't give it much thought and went downstairs with Adriana.

The two bid their farewells at the company entrance and were ready to part ways.

Someone suddenly yelled, "Aunt Adriana."

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Chapter 446

The voice carried a hint of pretentious warmth.

Neera instantly recognized the voice.

Turning her gaze, she found Roxanne standing by the street, her face illuminated with a seemingly genuine smile.

Adriana's lips pressed together in displeasure. Her expression had turned cold. She asked, "Why are you here?"

Seemingly oblivious to Adriana's annoyance, Roxanne answered with a smile, "I'm worried that you might have trouble getting home, so I'm here to pick you up."

With an icy tone, Adriana responded, "Oh! How thoughtful of you."

Roxanne continued to wear a sweet smile on her face. She said, "It's the least I can do."

Neera observed from a distance that a feeling of disgust swept over her.

Roxanne always attempted to flatter and win favor, but whatever schemes she was plotting were far too obvious.

Yet her words reminded Neera of something.

Gently addressing Adriana, she said, "You've been back for some time and must be finding it hard without your own transportation. I asked Katy a few days ago to choose a car for you. It'll be here by tomorrow morning, and I'll come get you with that car."

Adriana's demeanor instantly softened, and she replied with genuine warmth, "Thank you, Neera. You're always thoughtful and considerate."

Roxanne's heart twisted with envy when she watched their exchange.

Both of us are her nieces, but why did Neera share such an intimate bond with Aunt Adriana while I always felt sidelined? She hid her resentment well, knowing the importance of keeping ties with the ANXIN Group for her family's sake.

With that in mind, she ground her teeth to suppress her feelings.

She continued to flatter, saying, "Let's go home. We've prepared dinner for you. You've had a long day. You should go home and get some rest."

Neera ignored her. She said her goodbyes to Adriana and left.

Throughout, she treated Roxanne as if she were invisible.

On her way home, Neera bought two boxes of pastries and had them nicely wrapped.

When she arrived home, the children were still awake and excited.

"Mommy, we saw the news online! Congratulations on your success! You're the best!"

Neera was amused; she said warmly, "Thank you, my darlings."

"Ms. Garcia, welcome home," Auntie Zuniga said, pausing her chores.

"You haven't eaten yet, right? I've kept some food for you. Wash up and have your meal."

"Alright," Neera nodded.

After dinner, Neera grabbed the pastries she had placed on the cabinet.

She called the triplets over and said, "I need to visit Uncle Jean next door. If you guys are sleepy, go to bed now."

The triplets were puzzled when they saw the boxes of pastries in her hand.

"It's late. Uncle Jean couldn't eat these, right?"

Neera explained, "He can eat them tomorrow. He offered me great help and enabled our company to get out of this."

Understanding the situation, the kids eagerly raised their hands and wanted to go with her.

Neera didn't mind.

When they stepped outside the house, three cute puppies, with tails wagging, eagerly followed from behind.

Seeing them behave, Neera lets them come along.

Two minutes later, Jean saw Neera arrive at his house, followed by a string of cuties behind her.

He grinned with a smile and asked, "Why are you here?"

Neera replied honestly, "I'm here to express my gratitude. You've done me a big favor. I consider that you have everything, so I figured pastries might be good. Please accept this as a small token of my appreciation."

She placed the pastries on the coffee table.

Jean arched his brows and teased, "Just giving me pastries as an expression of gratitude? That's insincere!"

"Huh?"

Neera was taken aback. She thought Jean wouldn't give much thought to such things.

The triplets also spoke up. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"We also think it's not sincere enough. Uncle Jean's contribution was significant. Mommy, it's not enough to offer pastries."

Harvey said gravely, "You always say we should repay kindness with even greater kindness. Uncle Jean helped you save the company's reputation and losses. You should invite him to a movie or dinner at the very least. The pastries are fine, but for a thank-you gift, they seem a little insufficient."

In a childlike voice, Penny said, "Mommy, if this were ancient times, you'd have to pledge to marry him to repay the favor!"

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Chapter 447

Neera couldn't contain her laughter.

"Oh, sweetie! Do you even realize what that means? You're speaking without understanding what you're saying."

Penny blinked her eyes, cleverly responding, "Of course I do! It means you promise to be with someone for a lifetime and grow old together."

Neera's heart was overwhelmed with warmth when she heard the phrase 'grow old together'.

She raised her eyes and inadvertently gazed at Jean.

As their eyes locked, the look in his eyes was unfathomable.

The two were visibly stunned.

They hastily looked away, as if being electrocuted.

The temperature rose, and her ears felt warm. A wave of emotions overcame her.

It felt as though something was about to burst forth as her heart pounded uncontrollably.

As she was lost in her thoughts, Jean averted his gaze back to her face.

He sharply noticed the rosy hue that colored her ears and cheeks.

A sudden desire to caress her face overcame him, but he held back, worried it might be inappropriate.

The room was thick with tension, filled with an amorous vibe that neither could pretend wasn't there.

Neera was the first to break the silence. She cleared her throat and said softly, "Hmm, if there's nothing else, we should go home now."

Jean simply nodded in agreement, murmuring, "Sure."

After she left, his eyes lingered on the pastries that sat untouched on the table. His gaze was enigmatic and unreadable.

...

Meanwhile, the entire family was present when Adriana and Roxanne arrived at Garcia's residence.

Confused, Adriana asked, "Why is everyone still awake at this hour? What are you doing here?"

Alfonso had run out of patience after a long wait.

When she was home, he adjusted his expression a little and replied, "We need to talk."

Adriana raised an eyebrow, already anticipating the topic of discussion.

As expected, Alfonso didn't waste any time, stating, "We had watched the news. Startales has sustained significant losses, and its reputation is now in jeopardy. A business with a promising future has become such a mess thanks to Neera.

"Do you want to leave ANXIN Group in her hands? Just look at what she's done to Startales! That company has a bad standing; she has ruined the good impression of outsiders. If you let this continue, ANXIN Group will meet the same fate!"

"That's right!"

Susan deftly observed Adriana's facial expression and chimed in, "Look at the criticism your business is receiving. All of this could've been avoided if not for Neera's poor leadership. She simply isn't fit to inherit and run your empire."

"Humph!" Marnie, with a tone of frustration, added, "You need to know your limits! Startales was a great company, and you gave it to her only to watch it fall apart! Your judgment clouds as you age.

"You know what? Merging with Gracia Group is the best chance for Startales recovery. Once Roxanne and Fains get married, both groups will flourish!"

Adriana listened with a stoic expression.

Unable to resist, Roxanne joined in, saying, "Aunt Adriana, I understand your bond with Neera given the years you spent abroad together. We have missed you over the years. We love you just as much as she does.

"If she were truly capable, none of us would be voicing concerns. The evidence stands right before your eyes. She's not up to the task."

She continued, "Neera was brought up in the countryside, lacking the necessary exposure and capabilities. How is it that she can run a big company? Isn't Startales a living example? Who knows what will happen to ANXIN Group if she gains control of that company as well? You can't do this; you need to consider the bigger picture.

One after another, they expressed their opinion, blatantly undermining Neera's abilities, to persuade Adriana to change her mind.

Adriana listened quietly.

She asked with a sardonic smile, "Are you done?"

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That question silenced everyone in the room. They all turned to look at Adriana.

Calmly, she sat down on the sofa and briefly glanced at them.

Then she said, "I think Neera is very competent. She's good."

Everyone was astounded with her response, especially after they poured in great effort to persuade her.

Both Alfonso and Susan were irritated.

Marnie scowled and glared at her daughter.

She questioned, "What's so great about her? Didn't you notice the backlash your company received online? How could you keep praising her? Is there no end to your favoritism?"

Adriana replied calmly, "Yes, I'm aware."

Then she countered, "But...did you grasp the situation? The fact that the crisis didn't happen wasn't due to Neera's incompetence. Quite the opposite; it's because she did it too well.

"She sold those products far too well in a short time, drawing envy and jealousy from the business rival. People couldn't stand watching Startales dominate the market, so they plotted to smear its image with false claims.

"The issue has been clarified, and the crisis has been resolved. Within two days, she had efficiently handled the crisis."

"Moreover, she brilliantly flipped the situation in our favor. The company's credibility has been restored, and sales have doubled. This achievement is solely hers! Tell me, where did she fall short?"

Adriana's gaze swept across the room, finally settling on Alfonso.

Her gaze was piercing.

She questioned, "Do you believe you could respond as quickly and expertly if Garcia Group encountered a similar crisis? Do Fain Enterprises have this capability?"

Alfonso was rendered speechless and unable to respond.

He contemplated internally. If we had run into such a problem, it might have been thrown into turmoil. How are we going to handle the crisis in such a short time?

Understanding something and admitting it are two different things.

With a mix of humiliation and defiance, Alfonso retorted, "Of course I could! Are you doubting my competence?"

Adriana just chuckled coldly. Her reaction said it all.

Indeed, she had reservations about Alfonso's competence. She understood her brother's abilities all too well. If this man were competent, the Garcia Group wouldn't be struggling as it is now.

Understanding the subtle undertone, Alfonso was livid.

"What are you implying? I'm your brother. If you don't want to help, that's fine, but are you belittling me?"

"You're reading too much into it," Adriana responded nonchalantly.

Alfonso, increasingly frustrated, retorted, "You very well know if I am! Yes, my company might not match up with yours, but at the end of the day, you carry the Garcia name too. Given the predicament of the company, why is it difficult for you to help? You would rather help Neera than your flesh and blood. Do you want my company ruined?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Adriana sneered in response to his query, "Aren't you the reason Garcia Group ended up in this situation? The mismanagement and decisions you made are what brought it here.

"And why shouldn't I assist Neera? Have you forgotten that she's a family and that girl carries our bloodline? You accuse me of being biased. Sure, I am.

"When you heartlessly threw her out, did it ever cross your mind that she is the child of the woman who co-founded our empire? As her biological father, you didn't fulfill any fatherly duties, not even recognizing her existence, leaving her to fend for herself.

"Why can't I, as her aunt, make it up to her?"

Adriana was upset at this point. She chided, "Let me be clear, I've handed the ANXIN Group over to Neera. The entire group belongs to her now. It's not my decision to help your company. If you're looking for help, you've come to the wrong person."

Upon hearing her declaration, Susan exclaimed panickedly, "You can't be serious! Are you handing over such a massive group to Neera?"

She couldn't believe Adriana would be so generous.

Adriana chuckled, her laughter tinged with a hint of sarcasm.

Retorting, she questioned, "Why shouldn't I?"

As she spoke, she swiftly pulled a document from her handbag and placed it on the coffee table. It was the agreement detailing the transfer of ANXIN Group's shares to Neera.

"If you don't believe me, see for yourself."

They began to worry when they saw the document and her response.

The Gracias quickly scrambled and read the agreement.

As they went through the transfer details and their signatures, their faces paled simultaneously.

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The red seal stamped on the document was a testament to its legitimacy.

Even more crucial was the date, indicating it had been signed just days before.

Alfonso, upon fully comprehending the contents, erupted in anger.

He questioned, "Have you lost your mind? How can you just hand over such a vast empire? And what becomes of the Garcia Group? Do our fates even matter to you?"

Indignant, Marnie scolded, "This is sheer madness! You prefer to entrust your legacy to an outsider over your blood kin! Do you seriously want to see our family go bankrupt? How can you be so heartless? Why did I raise such an ungrateful child?"

Adriana, observing their outbursts, was heartbroken.

She let out a desolate smile and answered resolutely, "Neera is not an outsider; she's my niece. You may refuse to acknowledge her, but I do. I'm the one who founded ANXIN Group, and I have the right to decide whom to give it to. You have no say and no right to question my decisions!"

Barely containing his fury, Alfonso snapped back, "Adriana! Roxanne is also family, your kin! Why didn't you consider her? You only think of Neera. Why didn't you leave anything for her?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Her gaze turned icy as she looked at Roxanne, responding, "Why would I worry about her? Isn't it a given that she'll inherit your empire?"

Susan hastily retorted, "How can our company compare with yours?"

There was no comparison between the two; the scale and success of the enterprises were worlds apart.

Roxanne, holding back tears, said, "I don't care about what you leave for me, but have you considered grandma and grandpa? Given their age, how will they cope if the Garcia Group goes bankrupt?"

Adriana was prepared. She took out a card and placed it on the coffee table.

"There's 50 million here. Considering their lifestyle, this money should be sufficient to support them for the rest of their lives. If it's not enough, I can always add more."

They were thunderstruck. They didn't expect Adriana to have thought of everything.

Compared to the others, Gladeon was not as furious.

He finally spoke up, "Are you doing this on purpose? To take revenge on us for stopping you from getting married?"

Adriana was a little stunned, but she quickly snapped out of it.

"No, you're overthinking. Those things are in the past. I don't blame you for being single. I did everything for Neera."

Disappointed, she said, "Honestly, I didn't intend to be this heartless, but when I saw how you treated Neera, I felt bad for her. Neera went missing not long after she was born."

"My sister-in-law worked very hard to locate her. She never stopped thinking about her child, even when she struggled with mental health issues.

"And what did you do? You profited from the wealth she amassed and rejected Neera after recognizing her.

"You didn't think twice about kicking her out when her reputation was ruined.

"She lived on the streets at a young age, unable to afford food, and you didn't give a damn whether she lived or died!

"I've spent years molding her into the person she is now.

"How did you treat her when she returned? You attempted to manipulate her marriage by treating her like a money-making tool, constantly discussing profits, and labeling her ungrateful and an outsider! Even her kids were a target for you."

Getting emotional, she continued, "I'd like to ask, what right do you have to exploit her if you don't recognize her? What is it that makes your hearts so cold and vengeful?"

Her question left the Garcias completely speechless.

Adriana inhaled deeply, repressed her feelings, and collected herself.

She said, "There's nothing much left to say. I don't have any kids. Neera has been by my side, taking care of me during these years away. I can treat her like my own if you don't recognize her as your daughter. Neera and her kids are like my family to me.

"You guys just called me back because you covet my company. Your family ties are chillingly horrible. So, let's end this. No matter how hard you try, the company belongs to Neera. It's useless for you to come to me."

Having said that, she gave up arguing with them and went upstairs.

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Chapter 450

They watched Adriana walk away. Each wore an expression more hideous than the last.

Even though Gladeon was alright, he was still furrowing his brows.

Adriana's words constantly played back in his mind.

His heart bled because of her speech. He started to reminisce about the short time Neera lived with them and when they met again years later.

His granddaughter, Neera, felt like a stranger.

When he compared Neera with Roxanne, their family favored Roxanne.

This bias caused them to underestimate Neera from the start.

Every time they meet, they either reprimand or scold them. They never showed her any kindness.

Now that Adriana had returned from abroad, the karma had befallen his family.

His own daughter was disappointed by them, and Neera felt worse.

Presumably, she was deeply disappointed with us and has given us up.

While Gladeon was reflecting, the rest of his family didn't share his thoughts. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Alfonso was furious. He fiercely kicked the coffee table.

Meanwhile, Susan and Roxanne felt their hearts sink deeply.

What should they do? Adriana had transferred her shares to Neera. They had gained nothing. The key was that if the Fain family figured this out, they might call off the engagement.

This thought drove Roxanne mad and panicked. She was on the verge of tears.

"Mom, Dad, you have to think of something!"

Susan was heartbroken when her daughter was in distress and in tears.

She quickly comforted her, saying, "Roze, chill. We'll find a way to turn things around."

Having said that, she pleaded, "Mom, you're Adriana's mother. Can't you speak to her and change her mind? Why should Neera get everything and leave Roze with nothing? Isn't Roze just as much fun as Garcia and her niece? This favoritism is incredibly unfair to our Roze!"

Marnie was frustrated and deeply troubled by the situation.

The lines around her eyes deepened with her irritation. With evident dissatisfaction, she remarked, "I understand; I'll speak with her. Regardless of whether I can sway her, we can't allow that b*tch to take everything. We should claim at least half of it!"

Alfonso, who was always greedy, immediately snorted coldly, "Half? That's not enough! We need to take everything from her. She isn't worthy of such wealth!"

Neera had no idea that Adriana had quarreled with her family because of her.

That night, she had a good night's sleep.

The next day, it was almost noon when she woke up.

When she went downstairs, she was a little mad with herself for not being able to drop the kids off at school.

Observing this, Auntie Zuniga laughed softly and remarked, "The children know you're exhausted, so they asked me not to wake you up. They wanted you to get some rest. They are truly the most understanding and smart kids I've seen over the years."

Hearing this, Neera also cracked into laughter.

My kids are so considerate and sensible. They are my greatest pride.

Auntie Zuniga quickly walked away to prepare lunch.

Neera seized the opportunity to check Twitter.

Thankfully, all the negative news about her company had disappeared. The topic that contained 'Startales' had gone; it had been replaced by other trending topics.

She had to admit that Star Entertainment Media's action was swift.

They managed to cool down their popularity in such a short time.

From the looks of it, those trolls probably wouldn't target them again.

Neera was about to breathe a sigh of relief, but then her eyes landed on the fifth trending topic, #Beauvort Group CEO's True Identity.

She was surprised.

Why did Jean become a hot topic all of a sudden?

Curiosity piqued, she clicked on the link. After browsing for a bit, she finally pieced it together.

It turned out that Star Entertainment Media was about to celebrate its anniversary.

As the leading entertainment company with a plethora of renowned celebrities under its wing, the event always garnered massive attention.

And this year, on their seventh milestone, whispers circulated that Jean would attend the event.

Once the news was published, the internet went into a frenzy.

Who exactly was Jean Beauvort? This enigmatic figure was in the power of Beauvort Group, a business mogul whose fortune spanned trillions. The financial media had once christened him with a plethora of grand titles.

Titles such as 'Most Esteemed Young Aristocrat', 'A Luminary of the Younger Generation', 'a Business Magnate', and the list went on...

However, he always maintained a low profile, never showing his face in public.

His modesty drove people to become more curious about his appearance.

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