

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 801

Storm quickly briefed them on the situation.

As Neera listened, her expression grew increasingly serious, and she sneered.

Neera said, "Giving half of ANXIN Group? Alfonso hasn't even accomplished his task yet, but he dared to talk big. Quite audacious!"

On the other hand, Jean had a cold expression and fell silent. Conspiring with the black market to seize ANXIN Group, they clearly used some ruthless tactics. Alfonso is truly something else! If I hadn't come over this time and helped Neera investigate this matter, we probably wouldn't even know about Alfonso's scheme by now!

Neera was genuinely disgusted and took a long time to calm down. Using our parents' lives as collateral and greedily wanting to take over my business, could he be any more shameless? Alfonso is simply beyond redemption! How can there be such a person in this world? What an a*shole he was!

Neera had an unpleasant expression.

Seeing Neera so angry, Jean couldn't help but feel sympathy. Previously, I thought that the bankruptcy of the Garcia Group would bring peace, but now it seemed far from over...

Jean held Neera's hand and gently comforted her.

"Alright, don't get angry over such an unworthy person. Alfonso will face the consequences. Leave this matter to me if you don't want to deal with it personally. You just focus on your work."

Neera naturally had complete trust in Jean. After taking a couple of deep breaths to calm herself, she nodded.

"Let's not dwell on this now. I'm sure the triplets are waiting for us to have breakfast. Let's go." Jean said. He used the triplets to divert her attention.

Neera pondered for a while. Let's ignore this matter. I do not want the triplets to sense my unhappiness and feel worried for me. Let's eat breakfast first...

Before leaving, Jean glanced at Storm. Storm understood Jean's motion and immediately left.

As Storm left, he couldn't help but mumble, "I felt odd to see Mr. Jean was in love so deeply..."

...

Today was the weekend, so Neera did not go to the company after breakfast.

Neera had been very busy lately and wanted to spend some time with the triplets. She asked them, "Do you guys have any plans for today?"

The triplets became excited after they realized that Neera was not working today.

"Uncle Jean has a vineyard over here, right? Can we go check it out?"

Neera did not know about this and looked at Jean in surprise.

Jean smiled slightly and said, "Indeed, there's one. Do you want to go?"

"Sure," Neera said.

So Ian prepared the car. They set off after they were all ready. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean's vineyard was located on the city's west side and was quite extensive.

It had a winery, a wine cellar, and an organically cultivated vineyard.

The wine produced here was made from the best grapes grown in the vineyard.

The person in charge of the vineyard greeted them nervously and took them on a tour.

The triplets looked around with curiosity and were full of questions about everything they saw.

However, they were not interested in the wine and were more eager to see the organically cultivated vineyard.

"Uncle Jean, are the grapes in the vineyard ripe now? Can we go inside and pick some?"

Jean smiled and said, "Of course."

"Yeah! Let's pick grapes!"

The triplets entered the vineyard, excitedly starting to pick grapes.

Neera was caught up in their joy, and her mood improved. She also could not resist trying a grape.

"Delicious!" Neera exclaimed. It was so sweet!

Then, Neera fed one to Jean as well without any hesitation.

Jean opened his mouth to accept it, and his tongue brushed against Neera's fingertips.

Neera shivered inexplicably, and she seemed to be shy.

Jean stared at Neera and said, "Yes, it's sweet."

Then, Jean added, "Especially the one you fed me."

Neera frowned, and her face got hotter. I finally understand the ambiguous meaning hidden behind Jean's words.

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Chapter 802

In the morning, they had an incredible harvest in the vineyard.

The triplets looked into their baskets, which were filled with grapes, and they couldn't have been happier.

"Uncle Jean, can we take all these grapes home? We worked hard to pick them!"

They all asked for Jean's permission.

Jean waved his hand and agreed.

...

Early in the morning, Alfonso went to the room to wake Maddox and Mason up to have breakfast. But when he stood outside and knocked for a while, no one came to answer the door. He felt puzzled and decided to call them on their phones.

Then Alfonso heard a ringing sound coming from inside the room. They are clearly in the room; why are they not opening the door?

After knocking a few more times with no response, Alfonso started to feel something was amiss. Could something have happened?

With that thought, he did not want to waste any time and quickly went to the front desk.

Upon hearing the situation, the staff immediately took action and opened the room door. Then Alfonso entered and found the room a bit messy, with the coffee table and sofa askew. But the two beds were neatly made.

Alfonso was stunned. It seemed that Maddox and Mason might not have slept here last night! Something is wrong!

The staff was startled upon seeing this and immediately suggested calling the police.

Alfonso pondered for a while. Hold on! Maddox and Mason were involved in the black market! Calling the police is definitely not a good idea!

Alfonso quickly grabbed the staff's phone and made up an excuse.

"They might have gone to a bar last night. Let me try contacting them again. If I can't reach them, I'll consider calling the police. You can leave now."

After confirming again, the staff did not ask further questions and left.

Alfonso returned to his room and felt somehow anxious. Then he called someone.

The person on the other end was an assistant on the black market.

As soon as the call connected, the assistant asked Alfonso, "What's the matter?"

Nervous, Alfonso quickly explained the situation on his end.

"What did you say?"

The tone on the other end immediately turned serious and dissatisfying. "Did you make the call?"

Alfonso replied, "Yes, I did, but their phones were left in the room, and now I can't reach them. What should we do?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

There was a brief silence on the other end before the assistant said, "Wait."

Then the call ended. Alfonso waited anxiously in the room.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Staring at the door for a couple of seconds, Alfonso asked with fear, "Who is it?"

"Open the door!"

Outside the door, a raspy voice demanded

Alfonso hesitated for a moment and walked over to open the door.

Two men stood outside the door, one of them with a long scar on his right cheek.

Alfonso looked puzzled and asked, "Who are you?"

The man with the scar on his face pushed Alfonso aside and walked in.

The other man explained, "This is my boss, the leader of the black market. You can call him Mr. Asher."

Upon hearing this, Alfonso was instantly horrified. I had never expected Mr. Asher to come here personally! Moreover, we are in Essley! He must have already been here for some time! It seemed Mr. Asher had a strong interest in ANXIN Group!

Alfonso's thoughts raced, and he became even more nervous after he thought about it.

On the other hand, Asher sat on the sofa and took a deep drag on his cigarette.

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Chapter 803

Through a cloud of smoke, he glanced at Alfonso.

With a single look, Alfonso was nearly frightened out of his wits.

His legs trembled, and cold sweat drenched his palms and back.

"Mr. Asher..." He shouted again out of fear.

Asher then spoke slowly, "Tell me, what have you been up to lately, and when was the last time you saw Maddox and Mason?"

Alfonso gulped as terror gripped him. He had no choice but to answer honestly.

"Recently, I've been looking for my wife and daughter. I've also been trying to persuade my sister to hand over the ANXIN Group, but I haven't found them yet, so I'm still anxious. Last night, Mr. Maddox and Mr. Mason asked about my plans and even offered to help in deploying more resources to find my missing family, so I could fulfill my

promise to you as soon as possible, and they left. That was the last time I saw them. This morning, I invited them for breakfast, but they were nowhere to be found."

Asher listened while puffing on his cigar, his brows slightly furrowed, radiating an imposing aura. It was a long while before he spoke casually.

"From what you've said, it seems like you haven't offended anyone during this period. It seems that something happened to them as they vanished out of thin air."

Alfonso nodded stiffly, his expression rigid.

After thinking for some time, Asher turned to his assistant and issued a stern command.

"Arrange an investigation. If they can't do it, escalate the matter to higher authorities and allocate additional resources."

Alfonso listened in silence, his thoughts swirling within him.

The authorities?

Isn't Asher already the leader of the black market?

Does that mean that there are other people with more authority than him?

Just as he was thinking about it, Asher looked at him again and narrowed his eyes.

"As for you," Asher continued, narrowing his eyes slightly, "you should fulfill your promises promptly. Don't let such a trivial matter delay you. I don't have much patience to waste time on your personal affairs. And about your wife and daughter, either find them or forget about it. Are you planning to renege on our contract for the rest of your life just because you can't find them?"

Let me make this clear, If you fail to act, I can easily kill your worthless parents, and then you."

His tone grew colder, exuding a palpable sense of danger.

Alfonso's terror shook him to the core, causing his organs to tremble. He hastily nodded and stammered, "Yes, yes..." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Perhaps he could still navigate his dealings with Maddox and Mason, but when it came to Asher, compliance was his only option. He did not doubt that he could lose his life the next second if he said something wrong.

Glancing at the menacing figure before him, Alfonso hesitated for a moment before awkwardly continuing, "Mr. Asher, with Mr. Maddox and Mr. Mason gone, I have a humble request."

Asher exhaled another puff of smoke and said, "Speak."

"Could you spare some assistance, Mr. Asher? Otherwise, I fear I might encounter some trouble..."

Asher, not one to be stingy, readily agreed.

In the evening, Neera and Jean, accompanied by the triplets, returned with a bountiful harvest.

Upon seeing the two large crates of grapes, the butler was taken aback. "Ms. Neera, where did you get these many grapes? They seem quite fresh, but these are certainly too many."

Neera couldn't help but chuckle. "I picked them at Jean's vineyard. There are indeed too many. I can't possibly finish them all."

Penny held a basket, her face beaming with an adorable smile.

"Mommy, why don't we dry some of these grapes into raisins and use them when we bake pastries? They'll be delicious!"

Sammy and Harvey chimed in, "Yeah, and we can snack on them like dried fruit."

Neera affectionately pinched their little cheeks and said with a grin, "You three are greedy little cats..."

Looking at this heartwarming scene, Jean couldn't help but smirk.

At that moment, he felt that life had never been more perfect.

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Chapter 804

In the evening, the children were exhausted from their day and went to bed early. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera and Jean decided to enjoy a drink downstairs.

They brought back a bottle of wine from the winery that day, personally selected by Jean, and it was truly delightful.

Neera's initial restraint wavered, and after a few glasses, her face turned rosy, and her eyes held a hint of merriment.

Jean, however, followed his doctor's advice and chatted with her without drinking.

"It's getting late, and you've had quite a bit to drink. I think it's time to call it a night," Jean suggested warmly, noticing that Neera's alcohol tolerance reached its limit.

Neera held her glass tenderly, sipping the last drops of wine, wiped her lips, and then responded somewhat hazily, "Alright."

As she tried to stand up, the world seemed to spin before her eyes, and felt as though she was walking on clouds, causing her to stumble.

Concerned, Jean rushed to her side, offering support. "Be careful."

Neera clung to him, her arms wrapped around his neck.

Her alcohol-tinted eyes sparkled, incredibly beautiful, and highly captivating. She tilted her head and gazed directly at him, her red, luscious lips parting slightly.

"Carry me!"

She extended her arms toward him, her tone teasing and flirtatious.

Jean's Adam's apple bobbed as he restrained himself, lifting her and smiling at her warmly.

"Alright, I'll carry you back to your room."

Neera responded softly, "Yeah," and nestled honestly in Jean's arms.

However, upon reaching their upstairs room, Jean wanted to let her go, but she suddenly began to playfully resist, refusing to let go.

Looking at her playful demeanor, Jean's eyes darkened, and he leaned down to kiss her.

Neera complied with his kiss, allowing herself to be lost in the moment. Time seemed to blur, and she eventually drifted off to sleep.

As the minutes passed, and her breathing steadied, Jean reluctantly released her, only to find her sleeping peacefully.

With a wry smile, he gently placed her on the bed and left to take a cold shower.

The next morning, just as he was waking up, Jean received an unexpected call from his parents.

"Hey, what's going on?" he answered, his voice still slightly hoarse from just waking up.

On the other end, his father's voice carried irritation. "Jean, your mother and I have arrived in Essley. Where are you now?"

Jean's drowsiness evaporated instantly upon hearing this news.

He sat up and inquired curtly, "What brings you here?"

The phone was then handed over to Wrenn.

"Naturally, we're here to handle the children. You've been here and show no signs of returning. We can't just sit around. Jean, your father and I will be at the hotel owned by our company. Quickly pack up and bring the children here!"

Wrenn hung up without waiting for a response as if she was scared Jean might refuse to do so.

Jean frowned upon hearing the call end.

His mother's impulsive nature hadn't changed one bit as she never thought of others at all.

At that moment, Neera and the children knocked on his door.

"Uncle Jean, are you awake? Can we come in?"

Jean quickly composed himself, adjusted his appearance, and rolled out of bed. He spoke softly, "Come in."

The triplets burst into the room, surrounding him with beaming smiles. "Good morning, Uncle Jean!"

Seeing their radiant faces, Jean's heart warmed. "Good morning, babies."

He playfully pinched their cheeks, then turned his attention to Neera, raising an eyebrow. "Morning."

Neera smiled in return. "Good morning. Hurry up and freshen up, then we'll go downstairs for breakfast."

Jean nodded. "Alright."

After breakfast, Neera headed to the company.

Seeing that Jean was also preparing to leave, she asked, "Is there something to deal with at the company?"

Jean confirmed, "Yes, it's an urgent matter."

Neera offered some gentle advice, "Go ahead. If you're tired, take a good rest, don't push yourself too hard."

Jean affectionately ruffled her hair. "Okay, I'll listen to you."

Once Neera left, Jean told the triplets to stay home and behave. He then made his way to the hotel.

His parents had waited for what felt like an eternity and were overjoyed to finally see him. They eagerly looked behind him, expecting the children to be there as well.

Jean remained composed. "No need to look, the kids aren't here."

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Chapter 805

Their expressions froze, and the anticipation that lit up their faces disappeared instantly.

"What do you mean by this?" Wrenn asked with immediate dissatisfaction.

Jean walked over to the sofa and took a seat, his expression unchanging.

"What do I mean? I think you should know very well. I've mentioned before that now is not the right time to acknowledge the children."

Wrenn couldn't suppress her frustration and challenged him, "Why do you need the right time to acknowledge the children? If they are truly part of our family, we can acknowledge them and bring them back to the Beauvort family at any time!"

Upon hearing this, Jean glanced at her coldly.

"Do I need to remind you how you rejected them back then? You slandered them, saying that they're putting up an act in front of you, and hurt the children deeply. Now

that you want to acknowledge them, it depends on whether the children are willing to see you as their grandparents or not."

Wrenn was left speechless, fully aware that she had been in the wrong.

"At that time, your father and I were unaware of their true identity. How could we be blamed? If we had known they had the Beauvort family's blood, they're our grandchildren and we'd be their grandparents, we would have certainly acknowledged them! This time, your father and I flew here just to verify their DNA. After all, test results can be manipulated, and this involves the bloodline of the Beauvort family, so we can't be careless."

Jean's face darkened significantly at these words, and an intense chill spread all over his body.

"Are you saying that you don't trust me at all?" he asked sharply.

Wrenn realized her mistake in her moment of impatience and quickly denied it. "No, that's not what I meant..."

"No?"

Jean snorted, "But it seems your actions and words are always the same!"

The tension in the room skyrocketed, filling the air with stiffness.

"Ever since I chose to be with Neera, you've constantly questioned, opposed, and obstructed me in every possible way. You harbored all sorts of prejudice and disdain towards her. I've tolerated you numerous times because you're my mother. I've let her endure unfair treatment and suffering because of you! Now, when I say that those three kids are mine, you still doubt it, going so far as to demand a retest! If that's the case, you don't have to acknowledge them as your grandchildren anymore. After all, I'm sorry for Neera." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

He paused for a moment, his lashes drooping slightly, and a trace of sadness flickered in his eyes.

"What happened back then inflicted severe psychological trauma on her. She endured countless judgmental gazes and accusations, and I didn't know how to help her heal those wounds... She still doesn't know the truth. I'm not saying anything now because I want to find a way for her to gradually come to terms with it. If you expose this now, she might not be able to handle it, and there's a chance she'll disappear with the children! Besides, it's not like you two lack grandchildren. There's no need to pin all your hopes on me in the future!"

With that, he rose from the sofa and left.

Wrenn was left stunned, her mouth agape, utterly taken aback.

Frederic, on the other hand, hadn't expected Jean's resolute response. He quickly stood up and called out to Jean, trying to ease the tension.

"Jean, please wait a moment. Your mother and I really didn't mean it that way. We just wanted to double-check. If you don't want the test, there's no need for it. We trust you, but... as for the grandkids, we still need to acknowledge them, so please don't be upset with us, okay?"

Wrenn also recognized that her previous words had deeply upset her son, and she promptly admitted her mistake.

"Son, it's all my fault. Please don't hold it against me...'

Jean came to a halt but remained visibly angered, his expression still unyielding as he replied coldly.

"I'll say this one last time, now is not the time to acknowledge the children! I have my own plan for when and how to do it. I hope you two won't meddle and mess up my arrangements. Otherwise, you can forget about hearing them call you grandpa and grandma in this lifetime."

After saying that, he left.

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Chapter 806

After Jean left, Wrenn broke down in tears.

Although he felt bad for her, Frederic was powerless, so he had to gently console her by hugging her.

"It's okay; don't cry anymore," said Frederic. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

However, Wrenn, who was uneasy, couldn't help crying and grumbling bitterly about Jean.

"Pay attention to what he just said. What harsh words he said! How could he be so cold to us? To be with Neera, he no longer wants his parents.

"Listen to yourself; you're starting to talk nonsense again!" groaned Frederic. "What did I say to you before we arrived? Don't constantly argue with Jean, and don't express your displeasure with Neera in front of him. You used to have a horrible relationship with him because you never trusted him or Neera."

"Additionally, Jean has always had this personality; he has been cold since he was a young child, and he treats everyone in this manner. It's wrong for you to blame Neera for this. Furthermore, Neera had already endured many grievances in the Beauvort family. Jean used harsh language because he loved her too much."

He was pushed by Wrenn. She muttered, "Who are you supporting, and why do you always speak for Neera?"

"You're at it again. Didn't I convince you to be relieved? Frederic said this and shook his head in frustration.

Still resentful, Wrenn snorted angrily. "Even if Jean cares about Neera, he can't speak to us in this manner." We are his parents and his close family members. His current attitude is terrible. Is he not worried about hurting our feelings?"

She sobbed, and Frederic reached for his handkerchief to dry her tears.

"Do you not understand? Jean is adamant about spending the rest of his life with Neera. When have you ever witnessed him get that fixated on a woman? Furthermore, the reason you were initially so critical of Neera was due to the triplets. However, they are now a part of our family, and Neera is in fact a good kid. She not only possesses excellent medical abilities and a prominent position in the medical field, but she also possesses strong talent and runs her own business. Is there anything she doesn't deserve for our son?"

After giving it some thought, Wrenn realized that Neera didn't have much to be choosy about.

"I understand what you said, but I've never liked the idea of having her as my daughter-in-law. She is the Garcia family's daughter," said Wrenn.

"Don't forget, in this marriage, you compelled Jean to marry her. Why didn't you despise the Garcias from the start? The Garcia family treated her horribly. She has nothing to do with the Garcia family because she has been apart from them for so long. Not because Neera is related to the Garcia family, but simply because you don't want to accept your errors."

Since they had been together for so long, he naturally knew what his wife thought. His wife was simply too embarrassed to accept her error.

Since she had treated Neera so poorly in the past, it was only natural for her to feel embarrassed when she suddenly had to acknowledge that she was her daughter-in-law.

Wrenn was unwilling to hear what was being said; she wanted to refute him.

But Frederic's demeanor hardened this time. He said, "Do you hear me say what I say? Don't be stubborn; from now on, throw aside all your prejudices against Neera. Otherwise, you'll cause trouble until your son fights with you and moves out. Consider whether it is worthwhile for you! At that time, I can't help you either."

After being held back and remaining mute for some time, Wrenn could only agree.

After leaving the hotel, Jean experienced severe depression.

Even though he had used such severe language, he was aware that Frederick and Wrenn would not be easily defeated.

He instructed Ian after getting inside the vehicle. "Send someone to watch over my parents and don't let them do anything that would harm Neera and the kids," he said.

Naturally, Ian couldn't resist and accepted the task. Mrs. Beauvort held a special place in Sir's heart. He would probably go insane if she got wounded.

If Mrs. Beauvort was wounded, those of them who were subordinates would be in trouble.

On the ride home, Jean's rage persisted.

He couldn't help but wonder what Neera would do if she realized what had actually happened. His chest wrenched a little, thinking she would abandon him.

Without her by his side, he was unable to endure the days. He didn't want to endure another separation the first time was enough!

His face looked terrible when he arrived home.

Ian and the triplets were both terrified, so they dialed Neera's number and asked her to return home.

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Chapter 807

Neera was taken aback when she learned that Jean was in pain. She quickly handed over the task to Neil and returned home.

She didn't even have time to take off her shoes when she arrived at her house. She quickly went upstairs to start treating the man.

Jean, fortunately, only experienced chest discomfort.

"It is a sequela of the previous illness, but the condition is still stable," said Neera.

Neera sighed in relief as she said, "But just in case you are uncomfortable, I still have to give you the needling treatment."

As she spoke, Jean sat on the bed and softly said, "Okay."

After more than an hour had passed, Neera pulled out the needle and gave his chest a gentle rub.

Jean's gaze remained fixed on her throughout this period. Looking at her brows, he was both satisfied and slightly anxious, and he couldn't help but take her hand in his.

Neera raised her eyebrows and inquired, "What's the matter? Do you still feel uneasy?"

Jean shook his head without saying anything.

Neera was concerned about him. She suddenly understood and asked, "Are you upset? Did anything happen?"

"It's fine," Jean said.

"I'm just thinking about how I can keep you by my side all the time," he said as he pulled her over.

"Why did you say this all of a sudden?" Neera asked in shock.

"I'm simply concerned since Neera is such a lovely person. What if she runs away with someone else someday?"

When Neera heard it, she couldn't help but chuckle and ask, "How could it be? Who can I run with?"

Hugging her firmly, Jean spoke in a somewhat grave tone.

"It's difficult to say. You might leave if I unintentionally do anything wrong in the future and anger you."

Neera didn't give it much thought; she just grinned and felt warm and sweet.

"It depends on the circumstances," said Neera.

Jean froze impulsively and couldn't help but feel compelled to cautiously test her.

"So tell me, to what extent are you willing to accept it?"

Neera gave the matter some serious thought.

"I find it hardest to tolerate cheating. You can decide to end your relationship with me if you don't love me, but you cannot lie to me. I won't ever get entangled if we decide to part ways. However, cheating just does not work, and if you do, I will part ways with you permanently."

After paying close attention, Jean repeated, "What else?"

"Additionally, that would betray me, harm me, and harm the kids."

What Jean originally intended to ask was, "What would you do if you learned that I was the person from a few years ago?"

But as soon as he heard this, he found himself speechless.

He had unintentionally harmed both her and the child. He ceased talking.

Neera proceeded with a smile as if nothing was wrong.

"But I believe in you, and I know you will never do those things, so don't worry; I won't leave you."

Jean grinned glumly as his heart sank. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After some time, Neera cut off their conversation.

"You have a good rest, and I will call you up for lunch later."

"OK," Jean said, nodding.

The triplets were listening in on their talk outside the door. When they noticed Neera was leaving, they quickly returned to their room. They had just been lying by the door and listening to the two grownups talking.

"I can't believe that Daddy will be scared, too," Sammy murmured, rubbing his chin with one hand.

Penny nodded, saying, "Yeah, Daddy is very afraid of losing Mommy and us."

Harvey paused for a bit before asking, "Are we going to help Daddy? There is still time for Daddy and Mommy to work on their relationship, but all it takes is one opportunity."

"I agree; it's better to let them get married!" exclaimed Sammy.

Penny regained her composure and replied swiftly, "Then what should we do?"

Harvey sat cross-legged, thought for a moment, and then came up with an idea.

"Let Daddy make plans to propose when it's time for Mommy's birthday," said Harvey.

"That's a wise thought!" Sammy agreed right away.

"Then let's schedule a time to plan a scheme with Daddy!"

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Chapter 808

Jean wasn't feeling well, therefore Neera was hesitant to go to work.

And so, to work from home, she had Neil email her all the necessary documents.

"You haven't fully recovered," she said after lunch with Jean and the kids. "You need more rest; get some sleep."

Jean was still feeling a little under the weather. He didn't want her to be concerned, so he agreed.

Neera received a phone call from Luigi in the afternoon.

"Gerald has been brought to Essley, Nancy. Are you available to come over?"

Neera looked at the clock and said, "Sure, give me thirty minutes."

While she had originally agreed to treat Gerald, she has since returned to Essley to be with Adriana. She had left the patient in the care of Luigi and Osbert before she left.

Things had taken an unexpected turn on Mr. Hanson's side, and he had called them back to Essley.

As a result, Luigi had to make arrangements for the patient to be transported to Essley.

A little embarrassed, Luigi explained, "By the way, we aren't at the research center."

Neera was about to hang up when she received this unexpected piece of information. She asked in confusion, "Where are you then?"

"I had intended to arrange for Gerald to be treated at Mr. Hanson's research center, but his father strongly protested when he learned that the research center is run by Thora's father."

Neera caught on at once.

"You can send him to my research center," she said after a brief pause.

Previously, Aunt Adriana had given her a research center in Essley as a graduation present.

Luigi sighed in relief and quickly agreed, "Okay."

Neera hung up the phone and returned to some unfinished paperwork before rushing over.

She had no choice but to bring Gerald to Essley. She was too busy, and there was one more thing on her plate now.

Neera had made a promise and she intended to keep them. Gerald was only partially treated, she couldn't abandon her patient.

When she arrived, she saw Peter and Shana Duncan.

She greeted them at once, then apologized, saying, "I'm sorry, but I had to leave the country because my aunt was ill, and I needed to stay here for a while."

This didn't bother Peter at all. He understood the situation. He simply said, "Jean has told me about it."

A hint of tenderness in his eyes as he thought of his youngest son. He continued, "Ged has become healthier. He couldn't get out of bed before, but now he can move around and talk to us. We're happy and relieved. We couldn't be more grateful."

How could they possibly blame her?

"I'm a doctor," Neera explained with a smile. It's my duty to treat him. I'm happy that he is healthier."

Neera entered the ward to check on Gerald after a brief exchange of pleasantries.

Luigi was inside. When he saw her, he filled her in on the child's condition.

"Before this, the poison had entered his internal organs. A small amount of the poison has been removed with your timely treatment and the antidote. If he gets treatment on time, he will fully recover.

Neera gave a nod. She began the treatment after assessing Gerald's physical condition.

An hour later, she wiped the sweat from her forehead as she walked out.

Peter and his wife were waiting at the door.

They approached her as soon as she walked out.

Neera knew what they had in mind; therefore, she took the initiative to speak.

"Ged has a good chance at recovery, but he still needs to accept a prolonged period of treatment. For the time being, he should stay at the research center. Don't worry; this is my property, and nothing will happen to him. There is a lounge room next to his ward, which is not luxurious but comfortable. You can rest there."

Peter and his wife breathed a sigh of relief and expressed their gratitude.

Shana, in particular, was overjoyed, and she grabbed Neera's hand. Her eyes had turned red.

"Thank you, Neera. I honestly don't know what else to say other than thank you. I appreciate all the hard work; please continue to take good care of my son."

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Chapter 809

Being a mother herself, Neera could understand how she felt.

"Aunt Shana and Uncle Peter, you can skip the formalities. After all, we are a family."

Shana kept nodding and agreed, "Yes, yes, we're a family."

Neera gave Shana a close look as she spoke.

Ever since they met, she noticed Shana appeared pale and worn out. She wondered, "Aunt Shana, are you not feeling unwell? You don't look good. I can do a checkup on you if you're not feeling well."

Shana wiped her tears away.

"I'm not sick," she said, shaking her head. "I'm perfectly fine."

Hearing her response, Neera decided not to pressure her further.

"She hasn't been resting well," Peter added. "Because of Ged's illness, she has been this way for years. She looks tired because she's always worried and depressed."

Neera nodded in understanding.

Parents always love their children wholeheartedly, and surely she feels helpless about her son's health.

He recalled something and uttered, "You mentioned before that she was poisoned before Ged was born. I did some investigating. The old housekeeper who had worked for us for a long time had done this. We would have been kept in the dark for the rest of our lives if you hadn't uncovered this."

Neera's brows knitted a little when she heard this.

"If that housekeeper has worked for you for years, she should be someone you have a lot of faith in. Her persona ought to be trustworthy. Why would she do something so malicious? If this poison hadn't been carefully administered, it could have killed both mother and fetus. Did you find out why she did it?"

Shana was terrified when she heard the words "killed both mother and fetus." Her body trembled uncontrollably.

Peter embraced her instantly. He comforted her with a light pat on the shoulder.

With a sour grin on his face, he explained, "That housekeeper was a servant brought over by my late first wife. She left behind a daughter after she died. The housekeeper was concerned that we would mistreat my daughter after the birth of Ged, so she..."

Neera dawned on the full picture now.

It appeared as if the housekeeper was dedicated to her employer to the point of violating her own morals and the law for her sake.

To her surprise, Shana was a powerful woman, and Ged was a tough kid. They had both survived.

Neera sighed slightly.

Domestic affairs, especially scandalous ones, were not something she should get too involved in. She could only offer words of comfort.

"Don't be afraid, Aunt Shana. Everything is in the past. Rest assured, I'll see to it that Ged gets better and healthier. He's a strong child who has never given up. The recent treatments were difficult, but he persisted. You must take proper care of yourself. You two can take Ged to the amusement park when he gets better."

Shana couldn't hold back her tears any longer. Her tears began to fall down her cheeks. It was hard to tell if she was crying tears of joy or sadness. [SEARCH THE Find_Novel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She nodded vigorously. Her heart was filled with hope.

"Neera, thank you."

As he studied Neera, Peter suddenly understood why Jean was so devoted to her.

This young lady is truly extraordinary. She's confident enough to address the entire shareholder meeting head-on.

She has accomplished so much and was widely admired in the world of medicine. She also has a tender side, treating others with sincerity and warmth.

Peter couldn't help but sighed at this point.

"At first, I had reservations about you, but you have selflessly helped our family, for which I'm eternally grateful. It's no surprise that Jean adores you. You and Jean are the only ones who are worthy of each other.

Neera's gaze turned warm as she realized he truly accepted her.

"Uncle Peter, you are overpraising me."

"I heard Jean is in Essley. We should have dinner together. My treat."

"Sure, but let me treat you instead," Neera chuckled. "We don't need to dine out; just come to my house. Allow me to be the host."

Peter burst out laughing. His voice was deep and soothing. "Alright, we'll do as you say!"

After they parted ways, Peter thought about it and called Jean.

"Uncle Peter, what's up?" Jean sounded groggy on the other end as if he had just awoken.

Peter cut right to the chase and advised, "Jean, you've found yourself a good wife. Neera is genuinely devoted to you. She has done everything she can to help you. Nobody can say anything unfavorable about you. You must cherish her; you're very lucky to meet someone as amazing as her."

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Chapter 810

Jean had only recently awakened. He was too sleepy to process what had just happened. Clearly perplexed, he asked, "Why did you suddenly give me a call and tell me this?"

Peter chuckled and went over everything that had happened.

"I can tell that, in addition to the doctor in her, this was motivated by a desire to make your days at home more pleasant.

"Your father told me that you two had signed a marriage contract, but that she had decided to end the marriage on her own.

"However, she made no mention of your divorce and said we're a family. She clearly cares about you so much that she takes into account your dignity and your standing in the family.

As he spoke, he sighed heavily.

"I sense her sincerity. She genuinely respects me and your aunt. It amazes me that she was able to put the past in the past."

Jean gradually gained a better understanding of the situation as he listened to him.

He smiled, and his eyes held a soft, loving expression.

Peter went on, "You two are no longer married, but I think she's that perfect wife of yours. There is literally no one who can compare to her. If you're willing to fly all the way to Essley to try to win her back, it shows that you're not ready to give up. Do everything you can to win her over. I can't wait to attend your wedding."

"OK, I'll," Jean said with a smile.

They talked for a little longer before hanging up.

Jean, leaning against the bed, gazed out the window at the bright sun. He felt a surge of warmth in his heart.

I feel like my feelings for her are deepening by the day. Because she is so wonderful, I want to shower her with all the gifts in the world.

He texted Neera, asking, "Are you on your way home? I'm missing you."

Neera was on her way home. She read this message with a broad grin and happiness in her eyes.

She made light of his increasing neediness by tapping the screen and saying, "Mr. Beauvort, you are getting more and more clingy."

Her teasing had no effect on Jean. He replied brazenly, "Yes, but only to you."

Neera's heart melted when she saw the text message.

She put her phone away and smiled contentedly. Her gaze was drawn inadvertently to the rearview mirror, where she noticed a car following from a distance.

This car appears to have been following them from behind for some time.

She didn't pay much attention to it at first, thinking it was a coincidence. After a few turns, she noticed that the car was still following her.

She frowned and said solemnly, "Zephyr, there is a car behind us. It has been following us."

"I noticed them back in the research center," Zephyr replied, casting a glance in the mirror.

Neera's face darkened as she pondered, "Could it be the Shadow Clan again?"

"I don't think so," Zephyr reasoned, shaking his head. "Shadow Clan hasn't made any recent moves."

In a frown, Neera reflected, "Recently, we have only had conflicts with them and Thora."

"Could this be Thora's doing?" She couldn't help but wonder.

Zephyr denied again, "Not her. Someone is keeping an eye on her. Thora is still hospitalized and has never left."

Neera was perplexed.

Who else have I recently offended besides the Shadow Clan and Thora?

She thought about it for a while and then came up with an answer.

Alfonso! It has to be him! After all, he has such a grand scheme! Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera's eyes darkened. There was iciness in her expression. In a chilling tone, she inquired, "Can you estimate how many cars are following us?"

"One for now, and there are no more than five people in that car," Zephyr replied confidently.

"They're probably those from the Kingsview black market," Neera said again, weighing the situation. "Can you handle it on your own?"

Those people wouldn't be difficult for him to deal with. Zephyr responded firmly, "No problem."

Neera quickly made a decision and said, "Okay, then find a quiet place and stop the car."

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Chapter 811

Zephyr was baffled, but he nodded and followed her instructions.

He continued driving as usual, made a turn, and pulled over on a quiet stretch of road.

Neera made her decision as soon as the car came to a halt.

"Let's go!" she exclaimed. "We must get out of the car."

Zephyr realized what she was up to now. She was using herself as bait to entice those men to show themselves.

He said nothing and obediently followed Neera out of the car.

The 2 exchanged glances. They pretended they didn't know anything and kept walking. They came to a complete stop after passing through two alleys.

Soon after, they heard some hurried footsteps outside. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

A group of men dressed in black appeared at the alley's entrance. They stormed down the alley.

There weren't many, just five people, just as Zephyr had predicted.

They obviously had no clue that Neera would be waiting for them. They met her face-to-face as soon as they stepped into the alley.

Neera took a step forward and confronted them. She grinned coldly at them and said, "I have been waiting for you. What is your purpose in following me?"

They were taken aback, not expecting to be exposed so quickly.

Furthermore, based on how she encountered them, she didn't seem afraid of them. This was the polar opposite of what they had expected.

Still, they recalled their leader's orders and knew they had to take Neera alive.

The group leader calmed himself down, squinted his eyes at Neera, and snorted coldly.

"What makes us want to follow you? We're obviously here to take some sort of action against you."

This was followed by a gesture and the command, "There are only two of them! Stop dilly-delly! Get them!"

His men responded with a nod and charged forward.

Neera watched as they got closer. She didn't even flinch or take a half-step back. She appeared to have everything under control.

Meanwhile, Zephyr took a bold step forward and attacked.

He assumed the people in Kingsview's black market would give him a good fight or two, so it came as a shock when he was able to knock one of them out with a single blow.

Zephyr looked at the man who was blasted toward the wall.

He sneered and started to engage with the rest.

At the same time, he mocked, "Is this what you got? You're worse than trash! Stop embarrassing yourselves!"

Then he knocked out all of them with a single move.

In the blink of an eye, all four were knocked down and passed out.

That leader was stunned when he witnessed this gruesome scene. It was beyond his imagination that the man in front of him was such a skillful fighter.

This man effortlessly took down four of my men. Isn't he an ordinary assistant? Why is he so powerful?

Moreover, before he executed the task, he had learned from the intel that this woman was just an ordinary company CEO. Why would there be such a terrifying figure guarding her?

"Who...who are you?" He asked in surprise.

His voice contained traces of trembling, but it escaped his notice.

Zephyr turned his wrist.

His gaze was very cold as he ridiculed, "Someone of your level is not qualified to know my name."

The contempt contained in his replies couldn't be too obvious.

Due to embarrassment, that man's complexion turned crimson.

With a gloomy expression and a stern voice, he threatened, "What a braggart! You might have died without knowing why!"

Zephyr was getting impatient. He rebuked, "What's with all the crap? You have two choices, fight or confess and beg for forgiveness."

The man's complexion darkened even more. He clenched his teeth and warned, "Don't you dare be arrogant with me!"

Then, he abruptly drew a dagger and swung it at Zephyr.

His ability was superior to that of his subordinates. However, he could only exchange a few moves with Zephyr.

Zephyr caught his wrist. He twisted it fiercely and yanked that dagger away.

When Zephyr fought, he was never merciful to his adversary. He slashed across the man's arm as he turned the blade toward him.

Immediately, blood splattered from his arm.

Neera averted her gaze instinctively. Even so, a few drops of blood fell on the hem of her clothes.

Her entire focus was on Zephyr, and this minor detail slipped her mind.

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Chapter 812

He let out a pitiful wail and staggered backward, clutching his arm. His expression was horrified. He was well aware that he was hopeless against this opponent.

Realizing that their plan was doomed to failure, he made plans to make his escape.

Frightened, he turned around and fled.

Zephyr couldn't let him escape. He hurriedly walked over to close the gap, reached out, and yanked him backward.

After that, Zephyr slammed a tall man standing over six feet tall to the ground like a rag.

That man's face twisted in agony, and he wailed in agony.

When he opened his eyes, the cold-glinting blade was pressed against his throat.

Zephyr had a sinister expression on his face. He resembled a devil crawling out of hell. The look in his eyes was menacing as he warned, "If you don't want to die, don't move!"

That thug was terrified. He shivered all over and dared not move a finger.

He was certain that if he made a move, his head would be severed from his body.

Neera approached the thug. She cast a cold gaze down at him. Not intending to waste time, she went right to the point.

She asked, "Alfonso sent you, didn't he?"

When that thug heard Alfonso's name, his pupils retracted.

Neera could tell the answer by the look on his face before he said anything.

"So, I guess I'm right," she snickered. "Has he sent you to kidnap me? Or do something else to me? You'd better come clean if you don't want to suffer."

Zephyr's blade pressed in closer as the man hesitated.

The blade cut the skin, and blood began to flow.

The man trembled violently in response to the pain.

He immediately admitted everything, saying, "I'll talk! I'll tell you everything! Please don't kill me! Alfonso sent us here to capture you alive."

Neera arched an eyebrow. Nothing about this discovery was shocking.

She asked, "That's it? Is that all he asks of you?"

His teeth clattered, and he almost bit his tongue. He replied, "No, nothing else."

"Aside from you and your group, how many others did he bring?" Neera inquired once more. "When will the rest make their move?"

The man looked perplexed and replied, "I don't know."

Zephyr's eyes grew cold. A little more pressure was applied to the blade.

That thug almost pissed himself when he felt the pressure on his throat.

He quickly begged for mercy.

"Don't kill me! Please don't kill me. I swear to God, I'm telling the truth. I'm not making this up. We only knew what we had to do when we were given the task. Everyone only knows the task they are being assigned. I honestly don't know how many people he brought or what their orders were!"

Neera looked at him for a moment. When she was certain that this man was telling the truth, she gave Zephyr a look.

Zephyr understood her signal and withdrew the blade coldly.

He then delivered a chop to the back of his neck before he could exhale a sigh of relief.

That thug's vision went black. He lost consciousness and collapsed on the ground.

Neera felt relieved when they were done dealing with these people.

She saw those thugs were lying all over the ground and softly directed, "Clean this mess up."

Zephyr rose to his feet. Then he dumped the dagger and dusted off his clothes.

He replied, "Hmm, someone will come to clean it up later."

Neera remained silent, trusting Zephyr to handle the situation.

The two later returned to the manor.

Jean had awoken and was playing chess with the kids by the time they returned.

Neera walked over. She acted as if nothing had happened and asked cheerily, "Feeling better?"

Jean raised an eyebrow.

"Much better," he said as he drew her into his arms, "my chest doesn't hurt anymore."

Neera cupped his face and looked at it.

She mumbled, "Hmm, you still look pale. I think you need to eat something nutritious." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After that, she drew away from his embrace and said, "I'll let you guys play. While I make some soup for you."

Jean nodded and let her go.

Unknowingly, he caught sight of a bloodstain on her dress as she rose to her feet.

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Chapter 813

Jean's pupils shrunk dramatically. He quickly dragged Neera back and anxiously asked, "Are you hurt?"

Baffled, Neera couldn't respond and wondered, "No! Why do you ask?"

His eyes narrowed, and his expression darkened. His clearly defined fingers tightly gripped the corner of her shirt.

Jean exclaimed, "Take a look at this! What's going on? Why is there blood on your shirt?"

Startled, Neera looked down and saw the bloodstain. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I must have gotten it by accident when Zephyr cut that man. You fool! Why didn't you check properly before you came home? You're making him worry again!

Fortunately, she doesn't sweat it. She reacted quickly and made an excuse.

"It's nothing. I must have picked it up at the research center. One of the colleagues cut her finger on a glass beaker by accident. I was helping her with cleaning the wound."

After saying that, she teased, "Why are you so nervous? I'm fine. Don't worry."

Jean could not be duped by such a lie. He saw right through it.

There's something she's not telling me. She didn't want me to worry, it would be best for me to pretend I believed her.

He let go of her hand, as if he believed the story.

"I see," he replied. "I was frightened by you. Now, go upstairs and change your clothes."

Neera nodded. She turned around, exhaled a sigh of relief, and dashed upstairs.

Jean watched her as she walked away, only to look away when he heard the door upstairs close.

He then turned his attention to the triplets.

"I'm tired and need to rest. Can you go back to your room and do your homework?"

When the kids found out he was exhausted, they became worried for him and decided not to bother him. The trio agreed.

"All right, Uncle Jean, get some rest. We're going upstairs."

His face darkened after the triplets went upstairs.

He turned to Zephyr and cast him a cold gaze.

Zephyr intended to find a quiet place and stayed there.

Before he could, he met Jean's eyes and froze with terror.

He tried to hang on for a while longer, but he was overcome by Jean's oppressive gaze and the invisible pressure. Within a minute, he was forced to make a confession.

"It's Alfonso. He had some underworld thugs tail Ms. Neera, kidnap her, and take her away. Ms. Neera learned of this and decided to use herself as bait to lure them to an isolated area. Don't worry; she's fine. I took care of all of them."

Jean's expression grew darker as he listened. He clenched his teeth and inquired, "What about the blood?"

"I slashed one of them. That's when she got hit by the blood splatter. It's not her blood. I can guarantee that she didn't lose a single hair on her head. She didn't want you to worry about her, so she didn't tell you."

Despite his claim, Jean's expression was still dreadfully gloomy.

When he considers his beloved, vulnerable and alone, almost being taken from him, he couldn't contain the surge of murderous intent that radiated from his body.

Alfonso is courting death!

"Where is Alfonso?" he asked coldly of Ian.

Ian could tell his boss was exasperated. He answered carefully, "He has been staying at the Hanna Hotel recently."

Jean's eyes became eerily dark and cold. His face was filled with chilling intent.

You have dealt with his followers, but this time he is able to send a much larger force. There's only one explanation, he has the backing of the black market, which supplies him with both resources and labor.

His mind assessed the situation quickly and came to a decision.

"It appears that the person in charge of the black market has probably come to Essley. Go check it out, but don't startle them."

Ian took the order and promptly left.

Zephyr paused briefly before catching up to Ian.

Since he had never dealt with the Kingsview black market before, he knew very little about it.

Before, it was always Storm and the others who looked to him for advice and insight. It was now his turn to elicit information from them.

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Chapter 814

Storm and Zephyr went to the Hanna Hotel to look for Alfonso, but they didn't find him there.

After inquiring with the front desk, they learned that Alfonso had checked out and was now missing.

Storm gritted his teeth in frustration and said in annoyance, "Once again, we're one step behind!"

Instead of leaving right away, he asked the front receptionist to retrieve the security footage for him.

At first, the receptionist flatly refused his request.

"Surveillance footage involves guests' privacy," she reasoned. "The answer is no, unless there's a very good reason."

Storm held a dagger next to her throat.

He threatened, "This is an emergency. I have a poor reputation for being patient. If you don't have the authority to do this, call your manager. If that doesn't work, contact the hotel owner. No matter what, I need to get that surveillance footage today."

The receptionist was terrified. She immediately called the general manager.

After taking stock of the situation and observing Storm and Zephyr's demeanor, the general manager understood that they were not to be trifled with.

He dared not refuse and took them to the surveillance room.

It came as a complete shock that the hotel's security system had been compromised. In the footage, there was no indication of Alfonso's whereabouts or actions.

The general manager suspected something was wrong and worried he'd get into serious trouble.

Immediately, he stated, "I don't know how this happened. Nobody but authorized personnel is allowed in the surveillance room."

The staff stationed in the surveillance room trembled in fear.

"I don't know what's going on," he elaborated. "I have not left the room, nor have I allowed anyone to enter. Seriously, I have no idea what's going on."

Storm cast a sidelong glance at them.

They didn't appear to be lying, so he decided not to pursue the matter further.

"Make a copy of all this footage for me," he demanded.

"Can you restore it?" Zephyr inquired.

"I don't know yet," Storm replied, shaking his head, "but I'll try when I get back."

If it doesn't work, the cloud should arrive soon. He excels at tracking, and having him conduct the investigation will save time.

Zephyr nodded slightly.

This was all they could do for the time being.

...

Meanwhile, in a luxurious villa in the north. This area was Asher's territory.

More than a dozen men stood guard outside the door.

Alfonso was present. He had been eagerly waiting for news ever since Asher sent those men to carry out the kidnapping.

He didn't receive any report. Asher's expression gradually darkened. There was nothing else he could do but send someone to investigate.

His assistant returned an hour later, nervously reporting the situation.

"Asher, our men located the car that that team was driving, but no one was inside; we found some bloodstains in a nearby alley.

"I'm afraid that team met the same fate as Maddox and Mason," he said, swallowing and uttering his speculation. "They got themselves into a dangerous situation, and their lives and deaths are unaccounted for."

Asher sneered coldly as he listened. He pressed the cigar firmly into the ashtray.

"Wahaha! Interesting. Two of my teams had vanished one after the other. It appears that Maddox and Mason's disappearance is Neera's doing too. This is amazing."

As he turned his attention to Alfonso, his gaze became cold. A dangerous look loomed on his face.

"Didn't you say your daughter is just a regular businesswoman? What kind of ordinary woman could handle so many of my men?"

Alfonso was frightened out of his wits. Not one of these events was something he expected.

He shook his head vehemently and said, "I...I didn't lie. Honestly, I don't know. I don't know about the people around Neera, but she runs ANXIN Group."

"YOU DON'T KNOW?"

Asher's anger flared up, and he kicked the coffee table. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"You asked me to send my men out without first determining the situation. You've tipped off the enemy! You scumbag! Good-for-nothing!"

Alfonso backed away, trembling with fear. He was overcome with fear and resentment.

"I'm sorry, Asher," he said repeatedly. "Please accept my sincere apologies; this is entirely my fault."

Despite his rage, Asher reasoned that he had to bear it because he had not acquired ANXIN Group's assets.

Solemnly, he told his assistant, "We need to get some professionals to intervene since our people can't deal with her. Get in touch with the Essley's black market and tell them to send us more men."

The latter agreed and quickly walked away to set it up.

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Chapter 815

Neera had no idea about any of these. She thought she had successfully duped Jean.

She changed clothes and then headed to the kitchen to start making dinner.

Jean's gaze followed her throughout. As he looked at her, he felt his heart encased in layers of warmth and helplessness.

I didn't want her to get involved in these things if at all possible, but she couldn't steer clear of this. I didn't do enough nor am I good enough. I wasn't strong enough to keep her safely under my wing.

The triplets finished their meal and then headed upstairs to work on their home or

Neera went to study and dealt with pressing matters.

Ian took advantage of the opportunity to inform Jean about the situation.

"We weren't able to locate him, but I have forwarded the damaged footage to TorrentCloud and requested his help in restoring it. Yes, exactly as you suspected. Asher Garraway arrives. He sent those men to kidnap Mrs. Beauvort."

He showed Jean the restored video as he spoke.

Ian stopped the recording at the final scene, where Alfonso and Asher were leaving the hotel.

He gestured and said, "It's him. He has a noticeable scar on his face."

Jean fixed her gaze on the scarred man in the video. His gaze was cold and menacing.

"Find out where they went after they left the hotel. If I'm correct, they'll be in Asher's stronghold in Essley."

"Cloud is here," Ian said with a nod. "He's working on it. Don't worry, his tracking abilities are unparalleled. We'll have some answers soon."

Jean's expression became solemn. He made a low grunting sound but said nothing.

Later, when he didn't see Neera, he went to the study to look for her.

Neera was on the balcony, talking on the phone.

Jean approached her from behind and hugged her.

She was startled and cast a sidelong glance at him. There was a mixture of shock and delight in her eyes.

Instead of pushing him away, she simply leaned back into his arms and kept talking.

Ten minutes later, she said goodbye, looked over her shoulder, and smiled at him.

"What's up?"

"Nothing much," Jean said, rubbing her cheek. "I'm wondering when we're going back to Kingsview?"

This question surprised her. Neera seemed momentarily stunned. There was some hesitancy in her eyes.

I have far too many bad memories of Kingsview. I prefer to stay in Essley if possible.

"Are you in a hurry to get back?" she wondered. "Is something wrong with your company?"

"No," Jean said softly.

His dark eyes were filled with anticipation as he continued, "I just want to take you home as soon as possible. It makes me nervous that you haven't officially recognized me as your man."

Thunderstruck, she burst into laughter.

"Isn't everything good between us now?" she teased.

After hearing the response, Jean felt helpless and thought quietly.

We're fine now, but there's danger lurking in the shadows! I didn't want to leave you here. If you allow me, I can take you back to Kingsview right away. I would guard and protect you for the rest of your life.

He detected subtle resistance in her reaction and decided to respect her decision.

Jean changed his mind, saying, "OK, you're right. It's nice to be here. You don't have to go back to Kingsview if you don't want to. For as long as you like, I can be by your side. We'll return whenever you're ready to do so.

Neera experienced a pleasant fuzziness in her chest. She knew this man was accommodating her and found it very sweet.

"Remember you said that," She arched her eyes and beamed. "I will remember this."

He took in her radiant grin. His heart's melancholy vanished instantly; only sweetness remained.

Jean bent down and kissed her tenderly, saying softly, "Sure, I'll always follow your wish no matter what happens. You are the only one that matters."

Neera was over the moon. She leaned into his arms and smiled sweetly. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Chapter 816

They shared some tender moments before going back to their own rooms.

The following morning, ANXIN Group held its regular shareholder meeting. Neera skipped breakfast and left the house before dawn.

Several seasoned shareholders brought up the company's business venture in the area of artificial intelligence during the meeting.

Neera was the one who first came up with and developed that project a few years ago.

The products initially did well in emerging markets. Despite this, their team had failed to produce any truly outstanding products in the last two years.

Since they weren't able to keep up with demand, their business in the field eventually slowed down. The market reaction was lukewarm at best.

"We put a lot of money into this every year, and we don't see a lot of return. Our company has suffered great financial losses in the last two years."

"Yes, Ms. Garcia. Surely you agree that we need to reduce our investment in this area, right?"

She listened to their reasoning and then gave it some thought before responding.

"I understand your concerns, but technological advancement in our time is rapid. If current trends continue, it's safe to assume that various forms of intelligent technology will dominate the future. So, in my opinion, we shouldn't abandon this field."

She noticed that they had mixed reactions after she finished. Neera adjusted her strategy in light of this.

"But you know what? You have a point. If the development is stagnant, investing more money will not yield high returns.

"We need to approach this problem from the development side. I will figure out how to speed up the R&D process. I'm going to need a little bit of your patience."

She then turned to see how people were reacting to her statement.

Neera had only recently assumed leadership roles at the company. Her boldness had been witnessed by all. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Since she had already said as much, nobody disputed her.

Neil accompanied Neera back to her office after the meeting ended.

"When shareholders bring up this issue, it shows they are very unhappy with the returns in this field," he said.

"If we can't come up with a solution, they might give you a hard time the next time. Furthermore, it is difficult to make a technological breakthrough."

Neera understood the difficulty of artificial intelligence research and development.

It will be a long time before they can outperform their competitors.

She paused for a moment before saying, "We can pay some attention to the companies in the same field; perhaps we can cooperate with them and achieve mutual benefits. A collaboration could boost our profits. As for the technical aspect, I'll find a way."

Neil gave her words some consideration. He acknowledged her strategy and agreed that this was the only solution for the time being.

Neera received an unexpected call from Adriana around noon.

She was overjoyed.

Worriedly, she set her work aside and asked, "How is your health? What did the doctor say? Are you getting better?"

Laughing, Adriana replied, "I'm good and you need to relax. The doctor said I'm making progress, so please stop worrying about me."

Relieved, she inquired about her love life.

"How is Uncle Chad treating you? Are you happy to recuperate there?"

"I'm happy. He takes good care of me. I'm not lonely with him around."

She then changed the subject.

"Stop worrying about me so much! I learned about today's shareholder meeting from Neil. Uncle Chad is also aware of it and has set up a cooperative opportunity for you. It's up to you to decide if it's suitable."

Neera was taken aback that this had reached them.

"Seriously! Neil should keep his lips sealed, and you should not be worried about company affairs."

Adriana said helplessly, "You only ever share the good news and never the bad. I asked him to notify me if you ran into any problems. Don't blame him; Neil is acting in your best interests."

Neera pursed her lips in disapproval, but she knew how much they cared for her.

"Uncle Chad has connections. He can help you solve this pressing issue. Don't bother being polite to him; he's happy to help you.

Neera reflected on this, and she realized her aunt was right. Suddenly, she stopped bothering about it and cracked a smile.

"Okay, I'll admit, I'm shocked that I need his help, but since he has arranged for it, I will gladly accept. Please thank him for me. Later, I'll treat him to a big meal."

With a chuckle, Adriana agreed, saying, "Sure, the person in charge will drop by the office in the afternoon. Make sure you treat him well."

Neera agreed to show her guest warm hospitality.

After she put down the phone, her curiosity about the guest's identity grew.

Neil reported at two o'clock in the afternoon, "Ms. Garcia, your guest has arrived."

Neera acknowledged it with a nod.

She then stood up and went to the reception room.

The guest turned out to be Avery!

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Chapter 817

Neera was astounded to see him.

"Mr. Cox, how could it be you?" she questioned.

Grinning, Avery stood up and said, "Ms. Garcia, we have met again."

Neera blinked. She walked over and shook his hand politely.

She stated, surprisingly, "I've no idea that you're the potential business partner that Uncle Chad is talking about."

Avery's eyes were filled with joy as he jested, "Surprise or disappointment?"

Neera replied, "Of course, it's a pleasant surprise."

Avery nodded and jokingly said, "That's nice. I'll feel guilty if I disappoint you."

"Mr. Cox, you must be joking with me."

Both sat down after exchanging pleasantries.

Avery took the initiative to get down to business. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He said, "Uncle Chad mentioned that you're very interested in the field of artificial intelligence. Fortunately, my company has achieved some tiny success in the area. If possible, the two of us could cooperate."

He passed her a document in the interim. It recorded the achievements of Cox Group in the area.

Neera browsed through the document and realized Cox Group's achievements had far surpassed those of ANXIN Group.

More importantly, his company had developed a new energy system that monopolized many areas of the global electronics industry.

This guy is being modest right now. This isn't a small feat. Cox Group is a true giant of this field!

Once she had a better understanding of the situation, Neera was impressed.

She was, however, embarrassed at this point.

"You're too humble, Mr. Cox. It's challenging for others to compete with Cox Group's achievements. It's challenging to succeed in this industry. The technology my company is developing is still in its early stages. Are you worried that working with us will slow down your business?"

Avery smiled slightly; his bearing was noble.

"You're worrying too much. Even though your company hasn't advanced in this area in recent years, it still has a leg up on the competition with its solid foundation.

"With our collaboration and sharing some insights with your team, I believe your company will quickly regain the energy it once had. Besides, it's perfectly fine for you to hold me back. Given our family relationship, I'm willing to back your company."

The whole picture was now clear to Neera. He was doing it as a favor.

She smiled and maintained a professional demeanor.

"I appreciate your kindness, but I dislike exploiting others. Do you think it's okay for my company to take a smaller share of profits and other benefits if we work together?"

Avery's pupils darkened. He gave her a brief, intense stare before beaming broadly.

"Sure, since you asked, I'd skip the formality with you. Alright, we'll do as you say. I'll have someone draft a contract and send it as soon as I return to the office. We can officially work together if you don't see any issues with the

contract.

"Thank you for your understanding," Neera said, expressing her gratitude. "I look forward to working with you."

Unconsciously, she got to her feet, expecting Avery to leave once their conversation was done.

Surprisingly, Avery remained seated with no intention of leaving. He dragged out the final words and teased, "You're going to see me off so soon?"

"Not really," Neera replied awkwardly, embarrassed.

She had only met him twice, and they were not familiar enough to strike up a conversation.

Avery can see through her embarrassment, but he doesn't mind.

"Actually, there's something I'd like to ask for your help with," he explained.

"What can I help you with?" Neera asked, perplexed.

With a sophisticated grin, Avery continued, "Uncle Chad asked me to track down the whereabouts of a painting a while back. He said your aunt loved it, and he wanted to get it for her.

"I only found out yesterday that this painting is now in the possession of a wealthy man. He's going to auction it off tonight, so...I'd like to invite you to the event tonight. Can you do me this honor?"

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Read Chapter 818

Chapter 818

This request perplexed Neera.

Uncle Chad didn't mention this to me. Besides, I'm not familiar with him. It's odd to attend an event with him.

Instinctively, she wanted to refuse, but considering they just agreed on a collaboration, it seemed inappropriate to reject him. Additionally, it's a gift Uncle Chad wants to give to Aunt Adriana.

Avery was an outsider, but he would personally attend to this matter. I don't have any reason to refuse to be Aunt Adriana's niece.

"Alright, I will join you tonight."

Avery seemed to have expected this answer. He raised his brows a little and said leisurely, "Thank you for doing me this honor, Ms. Garcia."

When Neera thought the conversation was concluded, Avery spoke again, "In this case, would you mind inviting me to your office for some tea?"

Neera was dumbfounded. She stared at Avery in puzzlement.

The latter lowered his gaze and smiled elegantly before he slowly raised his head.

"Don't get me wrong. I have heard wonderful things about your tea brewing skills from Uncle Chad. I happen to be a tea lover; I hope I get the privilege to try it."

Neera was helpless.

Why did Uncle Chad spill the beans on him? How am I going to turn him down now?

She had no choice but to agree in the end. She raised a polite smile and said, "Since Mr. Cox has brought this up, I would happily oblige. Please come with me."

She quickly invited Avery to her office.

Avery took in the entire office while Neera was making tea.

His gaze eventually settled on Neera's face.

He had to admit she was lovely, elegant, and noble. Whatever she did, it was always visually appealing.

Neera was completely unaware of this. She was fully absorbed in preparing the tea.

The tea leaves she was using were of the highest quality, which she specifically brought over.

When the time was right, she poured two cups of tea and set one down in front of Avery. She said, "Mr. Cox, please give this a try. I hope it suits your taste."

Avery cooled his tea by blowing it on the rim of the cup. He drank from it and seemed pleased with the tea. He then took two more sips.

"Premium imperial tea. This is good stuff. The aroma is stronger when combined with your exceptional tea brewing technique."

He smiled as he praised her ability.

"I haven't had such authentic tea in years. This is something I long for. Indeed, the fragrance of Kingsview's tea is legendary."

He spoke with sincerity, as if his true reason for coming here was for the tea.

"Mr. Cox, you're overly dramatic," Neera said softly. "However, based on what you've said, has the Cox Group been developing overseas for a long time?"

Avery caressed the tea cup and nodded.

"My family has been away for generations, but we remember everything about Kingsview. It's where we came from, after all.

After finding common ground, the two began talking without realizing it.

Around five o'clock in the evening, Neera thought it was almost time. She invited, "Let me treat you to dinner. It seems appropriate that I show you some appreciation now that we've finalized our collaboration." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

With a wry smile, Avery said, "I hope you wouldn't think of me as a client."

Neera said with a smile, "Of course not. You're Uncle Chad's friend, which makes you my friend."

"I see."

Avery responded meaningfully. His eyes sparkled with amorousness.

Are we just friends?

He said nothing and accepted her offer of dinner.

While they were on the road to the restaurant, Neera texted Jean, "I won't be home for dinner. Don't wait up; you should have dinner with the kids."

Jean received her text and replied, "Meeting with a client?"

"Yes, it's Avery," Neera replied truthfully. "Uncle Chad brought him on board to boost my business and break into the artificial intelligence industry. I need to take him out to dinner."

"Also, tonight I'm attending an auction with him," she added. "Uncle Chad asked for his help in purchasing a painting for Aunt Adriana."

Jean's eyes narrowed and she stared at the phone as she filled him in on her whereabouts.

He took his time responding.

"Okay, don't come home too late. I'll be waiting for you."

He then tossed his phone onto the coffee table and looked at Ian.

The latter blinked and immediately understood. Ian picked up the phone and looked at the message, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Goodness, this is a big deal! Someone is trying to steal Mrs. Beauvort! She would have dinner and attend an auction with him. This is unacceptable!

Jean ordered coolly, "Find out where the auction is being held."

Ian dared not drag it out. He put down the phone, saluted, and replied, "Roger that!"

He then hastily left to complete the task.

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Chapter 819

Around eight o'clock in the evening, Neera and Avery showed up at the auction site.

The event was very lively. The banquet hall was mostly filled with foreigners.

Therefore, when people caught sight of Neera and Avery, their unique appearance attracted a lot of attention.

For Avery, as a mixed race, he was used to this attention.

He calmly took Neera over to greet the organizer. He introduced, "Ms. Garcia, this is Daniel, the person in charge of this auction."

Neera greeted him courteously, "Hello, Mr. Daniel." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Daniel was amazed when he saw Neera. He quickly showered her with praise, "Ms. Garcia, you're so beautiful. Actually, you're the most beautiful Kingsviewers I have seen in years!"

Neera smiled and thanked him.

Subsequently, Daniel engaged in a friendly conversation with Avery, expressing, "Mr. Cox, it's been quite some time. Having you here is the greatest honor for me!"

Avery smiled faintly. Every gesture of his was full of the arrogance and dignity of someone accustomed to being in a high position.

"You're too kind."

The auction was about to begin, and Daniel personally escorted them to their seats.

The VIP box seats that Avery had reserved were on the second floor.

This box seat was decorated opulently, complete with top-notch decorations and furnishings. Fruits and wines were being served. One could catch everything that happened on the first floor from the booth.

Before he left, Daniel provided some detailed instructions.

"Mr. Cox and Ms. Garcia, if you see anything you like, you can press the bell on this table. The staff will bid for you."

After that, Daniel left the room.

Neera scanned around the room. She found several similar box seats located on the second floor.

The clever design made it impossible for others to pry from any angle.

After a glance, she withdrew her gaze and quietly waited for the auction to begin.

Avery was very considerate. He poured her a cup of tea.

"We just finished dinner. You should have some tea to help with digestion. The tea they serve is inferior compared with yours and certainly not as good as your tea-brewing skills, but it's still acceptable."

Neera thanked him and took a sip.

She thought to herself, this is more than just acceptable. It tastes good and is definitely made from top-grade tea leaves.

Neera was clueless that Jean was sitting in a box seat diagonally opposite her.

He was disinterested in drinking tea or eating fruit when left alone with the auction. His full attention was focused on the laptop in front of him. The screen was displaying Neera's box seats.

Jean's gaze swept toward Avery. He narrowed his eyes, and a dim light flashed through his eyes.

Inside the screen, Avery and Neera were sitting across from each other. Occasionally, they would exchange a few words. Each wore a polite smile on their faces.

Neera responded courteously, her faint smile revealing the two were unfamiliar. Moreover, her gaze was mostly focused on the first floor.

She didn't notice the possessiveness that occasionally appeared in Avery's eyes when he looked at her. This man was eyeing something that belonged to him.

Jean saw it clearly from the side.

Men understand men the best. He immediately understood what Avery was thinking. His gaze grew colder, bit by bit.

Inexplicably, he felt a little bothered by this man.

Avery had shown up far too frequently lately.

He couldn't sit down, do anything and waited for Neera to come home.

Therefore, he arrived at the auction to take a closer look at this man. He had grown suspicious of Avery; it was very likely that this man was a member of the Bartitsu family.

If Neera got involved in this mess, it might not be a good thing for her.

Surprisingly, he saw the scene he least wanted to see.

Instantaneously, his aura turned very depressed, and the temperature of the room felt as if it had dropped to freezing point.

He was overwhelmed with jealousy when someone coveted his wife.

A wave of uneasiness filled his heart, making him incredibly annoyed.

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Chapter 820

Ian stood to the side, his legs trembling.

He was powerless. Jean exuded an eerie aura. His expression was menacing and sinister. The oppression emanating from his body was suffocating.

A text message saved him when he was at his breaking point.

He shuddered all over and pulled it out to take a look.

When he read the content, his spirits rose, and he took a quick step forward.

After clearing his throat, he began, "Sir, there is progress on the investigation you entrusted me earlier!"

Jean didn't take his eyes off the screen. He simply commanded coldly, "Speak."

"Your guess is absolutely spot on," Ian said right away. "The Coxes are related to the Gordons; they are a Bartitsu family from Phison."

This elicited a response from Jean. He cast a sidelong glance at him and narrowed his eyes, wondering, "He's from Phison?" [search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Ian gave a nod.

This Phison was not like the Great Five Cities but rather a self-governing region.

The Lord of Phison and the Bartitsu Guild were the most powerful rulers in that region. The two forces balance and check each other.

The hidden Bartitsu families were beneath those two formidable forces.

"The Coxes wielded great power. They are one of the Bartitsu Guild's eight elders. Their power far outweighs that of the Gordons! Avery is the current ruler of the Coxes. He has complete control over the Cox family and the Cox Group. We must not underestimate his abilities."

With this new information, Jean's expression remained unchanged.

He couldn't care less about Avery's personal or professional qualities. He was just astounded to learn that the Coxes were members of the Bartitsu Guild.

His gaze was drawn to the man on the screen. His eyes darkened.

He asked again, "What else did you find out?"

Stunned, Ian hesitated to speak.

Ian was stunned and hesitated to speak.

Jean shot him a cold look and asked, "What did you find?"

Sweat began to form on Ian's back.

"I also discovered that the Gordons and the Coxes have a marriage alliance agreement," he said, bracing himself to respond.

Jean's pupils shrink when he hears this. His momentum deteriorated.

"What kind of marriage alliance? Make it clear!"

"This marriage alliance was supposed to be fulfilled by the Chad generation, but there were no girls in his generation, so the wedding was put off. The promise is to be fulfilled by Chad's offspring, but Chad has never been married and has no children. Now that he's with Aunt Adriana, I'm worried this marriage alliance will fall on the shoulder of

He lacked the courage to say more, but Jean got what he was saying.

If Chad considered Neera to be his successor, Neera would be required to carry out the duty.

Jean's complexion became murky as he considered this possibility. His eyes flashed with a hint of murderous intent.

After a brief moment of silence, he stated solemnly, "Neera is not a Gordon. She bears no responsibility or duty to help the Gordons fulfill their marriage alliance!"

Ian was about to say something, but the lights downstairs dimmed and the auction began.

Their conversation was cut short.

Jean abruptly ceased speaking. He just stared at the laptop, never taking his gaze away from it.

The auction scene downstairs, on the other hand, drew Neera's attention.

The items on display at this auction were superb. There were antiques, paintings, jewelry, and other items on display. It was a visual feast with far too many options.

Neera had a basic understanding of these things. She found it fascinating.

Her eyes lit up when a piece of jewelry was auctioned off. She showed some interest in it.

"Oh my! This treasure is hidden here; it's no surprise I couldn't find it anywhere else!"

Hearing this, Avery cast a sidelong glance at her. "You know about this piece?" he inquired.

Neera's attention was drawn to the stage. Without looking back, she stated, "Yes, this piece of jewelry is said to be a blue diamond excavated from Espioissau; it's dubbed the Empress Tear. It's very precious."

"Do you like it?" Avery asked casually.

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Chapter 821

Neera wasn't particularly fond of it.

Since her company was in the jewelry business and she had a hand in designing some of their pieces, this piece used to attract her attention.

Avery abruptly pressed the bell on the table before she could speak her mind.

Neera, taken aback, turned to face him. She asked, "Are you interested in this, Mr. Cox?"

Avery grinned and avoided answering her question directly. He replied, "Sort of."

The staff at the auction house had raised the card for him as he spoke.

This piece of jewelry had a starting price of 50 million dollars, which was one of the highest starting prices among the items on display tonight.

He was the first to make a bid. It immediately caused quite a stir.

A lot of people looked up. The bidder who made such a generous offer piqued their interest.

This jewelry was well-known and extremely rare. Few people wanted it other than Avery.

Unexpectedly, when the auctioneer asked if anyone else wanted to bid, someone raised the price.

That person made a significant bid and promptly increased the price by 50 million dollars.

"100 million dollars!"

This exorbitant price sparked an uproar in the auction hall.

Neera was astounded. She'd been to a few auctions and seen big bids before, but raising the price by 50 million all at once was quite daring.

She couldn't help but feel dismayed every time she witnessed such a wanton waste of wealth. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Again fixing her gaze on Avery, she asked, "Are you going to increase the bid?"

Avery drank a sip of tea. His posture was relaxed and casual. He stated, "I always get what I want."

He said it casually, but his words were surprisingly authoritative.

Neera giggled to herself, said nothing and continued to observe in silence.

It escaped her notice that after Avery said that, his gaze seemed to go through the rim of the cup and land on her. His deep eyes seemed determined.

Jean, who was seated in the opposite box seat, caught every moment. The sharpness and iciness of his features increased.

The auction continued.

It appeared that the anonymous bidder competing with Avery wanted badly to win this jewelry. The price had risen to 200 million.

Impatient, Avery directly raised another 100 million.

"300 million! Would anyone like to bid higher?" The auctioneer's voice was cracking; he was clearly excited.

Everyone was buzzing.

300 million! That's a lot of money!

The mysterious bidder, who was competing with Avery, did not respond further.

At long last, the auctioneer brought down the gavel, shouting, "Empress Tear! 300 million! Sold!"

Neera applauded and praised Avery.

"Congratulations! Your wealth and bravery go hand in hand. Are you planning to give this as a present?"

In response, Avery nodded and said, "Kind of."

Neera had not given this much thought. She went on to watch the auction.

It was thrilling. She had to wait a long time, but eventually she saw the painting Chad had his eyes on. It was a water lily painting.

Neera burst out laughing at the sight.

"Indeed, Aunt Adriana will enjoy it," she stated. "Uncle Chad is very thoughtful."

There was a high starting bid for this painting. The two were equally determined to win it at auction and eventually paid 370 million for the painting.

Others kept looking in the direction of their box seat.

They had every reason to be intrigued.

In just two hours, the mysterious bidder in that box seat spent nearly 700 million. The bidder has a lot of money.

Everyone could tell the bidder was someone with a unique identity. They were fascinated and couldn't help but admire them.

Following that, neither of them made any further bids.

Finally, an auction house employee entered the room and respectfully extended an invitation.

"Mr. Cox and Ms. Garcia, the host, would like to extend an invitation to you both to tonight's cocktail party."

"Would you like to go?" Avery politely asked Neera.

"It's getting late; I won't go," Neera said, shaking her head. "I need to get home to see my kids."

Avery nodded. He did not insist and declined the invitation.

The pair then left to pay the bill. Avery drove Neera home after they received the items.

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Chapter 822

Jean was already home when Neera arrived.

He left the auction before it had concluded.

When he saw the box in Neera's arms, he asked knowingly, "Is that the painting you got from the auction?"

Neera nodded. Her eyes twinkled with delight.

"Yup, do you want to see it?" she asked.

Jean nodded. "Sure."

They reached into the box and pulled out the painting. The couple admired it for a while.

Jean's gaze was still fixed on the painting when he casually inquired, "Did you get anything else?"

"Not really," Neera said, "but Avery did. He won a set of jewelry. He claimed it was a gift. Given his determination, it must be for someone he likes."

Jean found her casual remark suspicious. His face grew darker when he heard this.

He didn't say much but gently stroked her hair.

"You must be tired after such a long day. Take a bath and get some rest."

He was right. Neera was sleepy.

"Okay, I'm going upstairs," she yawned, covering her mouth.

She then went upstairs.

Jean returned to his room as well.

He didn't turn on the light right away after closing the door.

For a while, he just stood there in the pitch black while his eyes adjusted. He then walked to the balcony and gazed out the window at the night view.

After being annoyed for no apparent reason, he felt the urge to light up a cigarette.

He returned to the bedside table to retrieve a pack of cigarettes. He went back out to the balcony, lit up, and continued smoking.

Even though he didn't enjoy smoking, he could have done so if he wanted to.

He used to light up when he was feeling tired, and that was before he met Neera.

Jean hadn't smoked in quite some time.

The smoke entered his lungs, and he exhaled it slowly, like a veil that hid his face from view.

His gaze, however, remained as sharp as ever. It saw through the haze and stared into nothingness.

Avery, I hope you have feelings for someone else and that the jewelry isn't a gift for Neera. Whether the Bartitsu Guild or any other family that gets in my way, I will destroy you all mercilessly. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera took a bath. Her hair was still damp, and she didn't fall asleep immediately.

She heated up two cups of milk in the kitchen, drank one, and brought the other one upstairs for Jean.

The odor of smoke met her nostrils as she entered the room, and she frowned.

She stepped onto the balcony. A question popped into her mind as soon as she saw his silhouette, "Did you smoke?"

Jean had not expected her to visit him in his room.

He was taken aback and instinctively lied, "No, Ian did."

Neera didn't buy it at all. Ian was someone she had known for a long time, but she had never seen him smoking.

She squinted her eyes, leaned in close, and gave him a sniff. She immediately detected a faint tobacco odor.

Although she didn't mind the smell, she frowned slightly.

She questioned him directly, "Why did you lie and blame it on Ian? Is there something bothering you?"

Jean was surprised at how much it bothered her.

He admitted helplessly, "No, I just got lost in thought and took a few puffs. I hardly ever smoke. If you don't like it, I'm not going to touch it again."

Neera could tell this man was telling the truth. She reflected on how long they had been together and realized that she had never seen him smoke. She finally let go.

"Smoking is bad for your health; you should try to avoid it as much as possible. You can talk to me about anything that's bothering you. I can help ease your load a little bit.

Jean's ice-cold heart melted as he looked at her bright and sincere eyes. He lowered his head and kissed her lips. He then agreed with a smile.

Instantly, he felt better about himself again.

Avery, on the other hand, arrived home and casually placed the jewelry box on the table.

Violet appeared in white rabbit pajamas. She descended the stairs with a cup in her hand. She was pleasantly surprised to see the jewelry box.

"It's lovely! Is this for me, Satan?"

Avery gave her a casual glance and stated, "In your dreams."

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Chapter 823

Violet's happy expression had changed to a sulky one. She slammed the lid of the box shut.

"It's not for me? Then who is it for? Is it intended for Ms. Garcia?"

Avery righteously nodded and admitted, "Of course."

"Tsk!"

She plopped down on the sofa and swung her legs.

"You've only met twice, but you're buying her a very pricey gift. Aren't you worried about disclosing your bad intentions?"

Avery removed his wristwatch. He tossed it on the coffee table and sat down.

He stretched out his long legs on the table and said, "Of course, there's a good reason for that. Her birthday is arriving in a few days, it's a perfect excuse to give it to her then.'

Violet sighed. She whined, "Why didn't you treat me this well on my birthday?"

"I didn't treat you well." Avery retorted, casting a glance at her. "Are the villas and sports cars I give you all for naught? If you say so, please return it to me." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Violet immediately sat up straight. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

"I can't believe you asked me that! You can't take a gift back once you've given it away! All of those are mine! Don't even think about it!"

She asked, pouting, "By the looks of it, are you planning to reveal your relationship with Ms. Garcia?"

"No, it's not the time yet," Avery said slowly.

He pursed his lips together and continued, "But sooner or later, she will be mine."

The two of them had only met twice, and there wasn't much interaction between them.

But he thought Neera was fascinating and developed strong feelings for her.

While the two were conversing, one of his assistants rushed in from the outside.

"Sir, the auction house just called; they said that while cleaning the room, they came across this by accident."

Avery took it over and discovered it was a miniature camera.

Violet saw it too, and she was astonished.

Her demeanor immediately shifted from girlish to vigilant and crisis-like.

"Is someone watching you?" she inquired.

A gloomy look swept over Avery's face as well.

No surprise, I felt as if someone was staring at me, but I couldn't pinpoint the source of the gaze. I thought it was an illusion, but it turned out to be a camera.

"Have you found the source of this camera?" he inquired, his voice cold.

"It has been modified," said the assistant, shaking his head. "I can't find it. Our men went to get the surveillance footage, but it had been hacked and could not be restored. Whoever is spying on you is really something else."

When Avery heard this, a gloomy expression appeared on his face.

Quite something? This person has a lot of guts to mess with me!

Violet was concerned. "Could it be those people who are trying to kill you?" she wondered.

Avery took command of the vast power of the Coxes at a young age. Many people were opposed to him. As a result, he had many enemies, many of whom he had to assassinate in secret.

Throughout the years, there have been many people seeking vengeance. They came to Essley in secret, not expecting Avery to continue to be targeted.

Avery wasn't overly concerned.

"Stay alert for the next few days," he said softly after a brief silence. During my interactions with Neera, I would like to avoid mishaps at all costs.

...

Neera, on the other hand, finally went to bed after talking with Jean.

He smiled and prepared to go to bed as he remembered her gentle reminder before leaving.

A noise came from outside his window, indicating that someone had climbed in.

Jean was on edge for a split second before he calmed down when he made out a vague figure behind the curtain.

It was Storm.

We were unable to retrieve the camera from the box seat, sir. Someone has beat me to it."

This did not surprise Jean. As if it didn't bother him, he said, "Don't worry about it. "They're good if they can track it back to us."

Storm indicated this with a nod. He climbed out the same way he came in after reporting this.

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Chapter 824

Jean lay down on the bed after Storm had left.

Someone else unexpectedly appeared and interrupted his sleep.

The door was gently pushed open. Three little heads appeared, one after the other.

Jean couldn't help but smile when he saw those three pairs of big, gleaming eyes.

"Why aren't you sleeping and coming into my room?"

The triplets squirmed through the opening like three little loaches. Each was holding a pillow and looked adorable.

"Do you mind if we sleep with you tonight, Daddy?"

Jean's eyes were brimming with joy.

Of course, he had no objections.

When given the go-ahead, the triplets wasted no time jumping onto his bed.

"Daddy, lie down!" Sammy said as he patted the mattress.

Jean couldn't help but laugh. He tucked them in softly and cuddled up next to them.

"OK, can you sleep now? If you don't, you could end up with three baby pandas by tomorrow," he coaxed them gently.

The triplets' eyes widened. The three were not tired.

"Daddy, we came here to talk about something with you."

"Oh?" Jean asked, raising an eyebrow. "What's the matter?"

Sammy smiled. Mommy's birthday is coming up soon. Are you going to surprise her?"

Jean was surprised that this suggestion came from the kids. He turned to face their happy expressions and gently said, "Of course, I'll make some preparations."

Penny took advantage of the situation and suggested, "Then, Daddy, why not propose to Mommy? We know you've been down recently because of a love rival. Mr. Assistant told us everything."

Jean was surprised because he didn't expect them to know so much about his and Neera's love lives.

But proposing...he was a little hesitant.

"It hasn't been that long since your mother and I terminated our marriage contract. What if she says no to me if I propose now?"

The triplets became more animated as a result of this. They rose to their feet, crossed their legs, and assessed the situation for him.

"You're overthinking it, Daddy. Your previous marriage to Mommy was a contract. She definitely does not want your feelings to be affected by this phony relationship.

"She canceled the contract because she wanted it to be pure. This time is different. This time, you two are actually married. She likes you so much, she will definitely agree!"

"That's right, Daddy; you need to take the initiative. How could Mommy bring this up with you? The boy must take the lead!"

"Yes! Mr. Assistant mentioned that a man is interested in Mommy. She might leave with someone else if you drag this out. If she does, you can't do anything about it. The sooner you get married, the better."

Jean was both amused and helpless as he listened to the triplets' encouragement.

He changed his perspective on the entire incident, realizing that the marriage contract between the Coxes and the Gordons did exist. Avery could have the intention of completing the contract.

A light flashed through his. He was moved.

"All right, let's do what you said. I'll propose."

The triplets were ecstatic.

Sammy even triumphantly waved his little fist, "Yay! Yay! I'm truly looking forward to it!"

Penny was similarly thrilled. She exclaimed, "I'm dying to see you pop the question to Mommy. Our family can be reunited if you two marry sooner."

They talked until late at night, when they couldn't fight their sleepiness and fell asleep.

The following morning, after Neera had awoken, She went to get the triplets out of bed, as she always did.

She was perplexed, however, when she didn't see them in their room.

Did they get up so early this morning? It usually takes me a while to wake them up! [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

When she went downstairs to look for them, the butler said he hadn't seen them either.

Neera was forced to go back upstairs. She went to Jean's room and assumed they were there.

Knock, knock!

Hearing the knock, Jean said softly, "Come in."

When Neera opened the door, she saw Jean, who had just walked out of the bathroom.

She then noticed the three little cuties sleeping peacefully on Jean's bed.

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Chapter 825

She couldn't stop laughing and inquired, "How did they end up sleeping in your room?"

Jean looked over. His gaze softened involuntarily.

"They couldn't sleep last night, so they came over. I consoled them briefly before they fell asleep."

Neera shook her head cheerfully and smiled, saying, "The kids are getting closer to you."

Those words moved Jean.

"Isn't that a good thing?" he asked, smiling.

He looked at the time after saying that. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Let's go down for breakfast," he suggested, thinking the triplets hadn't gotten enough sleep. We can leave them to sleep and wake them up naturally."

The two of them made their way downstairs together.

Neera headed off to the office after a quick breakfast.

The triplets slept soundly. They awoke groggily around ten o'clock in the morning.

Jean had been in the room the entire time. He waited for them to wake up while checking his email.

He closed his laptop and set it aside when he noticed the children waking up. He rose to his feet and kissed each of their cheeks.

"You've woken up. Quickly freshen up. I kept your breakfast warm for you. We'll leave after we eat."

When the kids heard this, they immediately became more animated. They jumped out of bed and went to the bathroom.

They eagerly dragged Jean out the door after breakfast.

The four of them had made a plan the night before to secretly decorate the venue for Mommy's birthday proposal.

Jean had already planned a birthday present for Neera. It was a private estate.

He had recently asked Ian to do some research and purchase this estate.

It was spread out over a large area and boasted gardens designed by world-class horticulturists. A truly one-of-a-kind mansion.

As the triplets toured the facility, they could not contain their excitement.

"This place is breathtaking!"

"Daddy, it's the perfect time for you to propose to Mommy!"

Jean gave a nod. He felt the same way.

"I intend to give this place to your mommy as a gift," he explained.

This estate may also serve as a future home for the couple and their children.

He would hire someone to change the layout to Neera's preferences before her birthday.

It sounded like a great idea to the triplets.

"Daddy, you planned that out so well! Mommy is going to love it!"

Jean opened his mouth to speak, but his phone rang at that exact moment. When he saw it was his father, he furrowed his brow.

He motioned for the children to look around before walking aside to answer the call.

"Dad, what's up?" he asked flatly.

Frederic felt his heart tighten at the sound of his icy voice.

He paused for a second before finally answering, "Nothing much; I just want to talk about the kids."

Jean's demeanor cooled as he listened. He stated, "I think I made myself clear last time."

Frederic had long anticipated this reaction. His tone was one of helplessness.

"Stop saying irrational things. Your mother has realized that she has made mistakes. She will no longer be picky about Neera. As for the children, we will gladly accept them, so perhaps it is time to make plans for us to meet them.'

Frederic sounded embarrassed at this point.

"I understand we didn't make a good impression on them. We're a family, after all. We're their grandparents, the two of us. We had no idea before, but now we do. Can you give us a chance to make amends? You can't make them hate us indefinitely, can you?"

"I know my time is limited; I may die soon. I don't think I'll be able to rest in peace unless I meet them before leaving this world.

"As for you and Neera, we will not meddle in your affairs. If you two end up together, we will be happy for you and give our blessings. We will apologize to her if you do not. What are your thoughts?"

Frederic's words were heartfelt and melancholy.

Jean remained silent.

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Chapter 826

Jean knew. His father had a point.

The triplets were his offspring, and they had to acknowledge their roots and their grandparents, but now was not the time.

He softened his tone a little.

"My marriage with Neera ended less than a month ago. I haven't talked about it with the kids yet. I'll give what you said some thought, but it'll take a while. I need to have a serious discussion with them and let them come around to the idea gradually. I hope you can truly accept them."

He paused briefly after that.

His demeanor had softened significantly from before.

"I've got my own plans. Be patient and don't ruin my plans if you want to see your grandchildren. I'll make the arrangements for you all to meet."

Frederic was immediately enthralled by his promise and quickly agreed to play along.

"We'll do whatever you say. We're happy as long as we can see and talk to the kids."

Jean turned around after he hung up and saw the triplets standing nearby. All three of them were adoringly looking at him.

He approached them and looked at them thoughtfully.

Harvey seemed to sense something. He asked, "What's wrong?"

Jean pondered for a moment, thinking how intelligent and opinionated the children were. They had their own ideas. Therefore, he should consult them on this issue.

He told them straight up, "Your grandpa and grandma want to see you."

Sammy, taken aback, inquired, "Why would they want to see us all of a sudden?"

I remember that they didn't like us.

"They discovered that you are my children," Jean replied truthfully.

The triplets fell silent.

Sammy and Penny turned to face their older brother.

Harvey was cool and collected.

After some silence, he finally said, "Mommy had been bullied before. They despised her and treated her with contempt. We don't want to see them unless there's a good reason. Even though they are your parents, Mommy will always be number one in our eyes."

"We will go see them after mommy forgives them," he said after a brief pause. "We don't want to upset Mommy."

His words echoed the feelings of his sibling.

Jean had predicted this.

He nodded thoughtfully after hearing him out and said, "Okay, I'll take you to see them after Mommy forgives them."

"You're not mad at us?" said Sammy, blinking his big eyes.

"How could I be mad at you?" Jean shook his head. "You're so well-mannered, sensible, and filial. I couldn't be happier. Besides, indeed, Grandpa and Grandma didn't do well in the past; they disappointed and hurt you. Understandably, you refuse to see them."

The triplets were overjoyed when they heard this.

"Daddy," Harvey said solemnly, "thank you for your understanding."

"

"I'm glad that you're on our side!" Penny exclaimed, jumping up and down.

The children would never have accepted their father if he had joined the grandparents in bullying their mother.

Jean laughed and stroked their little faces.

"Okay, let's put this aside and continue exploring the manor."

As a result, the matter was set aside for the time being.

Wrenn, back at the hotel, was less than thrilled with Frederic's account.

"How much longer do we have to wait?" she inquired.

"Be patient," Frederic advised, soothing her. "Everything must be done in stages. We must allow them time to adjust after the recent unpleasant event. Whatever happens, you need to stop making Neera's life difficult."

Wrenn held back his temper this time.

"I know..." she said, sighing. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Her phone rang while they were talking. It was Kyra's phone call.

"I happen to be working in Essley, Aunt Wrenn. I heard you and uncle are also here. I'd be happy to pay you two a visit. Is that all right?"

Wrenn agreed and set up a meeting with Kyra.

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Chapter 827

When Frederic found out, he was uninterested. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I'm not going," he declared. "If you want, you can meet with her."

He suddenly remembered and said to his wife, "You wanted to bring Jean and Kyra together before; you should take this opportunity to make it clear to her. Don't leave her in the dark with pointless thoughts."

Wrenn nodded and said, "I know."

They met at a cafe in the afternoon.

As soon as Kyra laid eyes on Wrenn, she became overly concerned and greeted her warmly.

"Aunt Wrenn, have you and uncle got used to staying here? I haven't seen you in a while, but from what I can tell, you've shed quite a few pounds. Are you worried about Jean? Have you seen him? Is he...better now?"

Wrenn took a sip of coffee and replied, "I'm fine. Everything is in order. Jean is doing well, and Neera is taking care of him. His condition is much better than it was when he was in Kingsview."

Kyra's expression stiffened.

"Didn't they already get a divorce?" She couldn't help but ask. "Are they reconciled now?"

Wrenn sighed. Her expression was helpless.

"The two had divorced, but their feelings for each other persisted. They get along well. I doubt they can be separated now that they have three children together."

Wrenn said this to quietly hint at Kyra to give up her son.

Kyra's heart sank violently.

She accepted this job in Essley because she was afraid Wrenn would turn against her.

Wrenn's answer suggested she would recognize the triplets.

She had to put on a good show even though she was squirming with resentment.

Kyra pretended to be ignorant and looked confused. She asked, "What do you mean? What do the children have to do with Jean? Why can't they be separated because of the children?"

Wrenn took advantage of the situation to tell the truth. She explained, "We just found out, the triplets are Jean's flesh and blood."

Kyra pretended to be surprised and fell silent for a long time.

Time passed indefinitely before she mumbled, "How can this be? This is...a coincidence, right?"

"Tell me about it!" sighed Wrenn. "When we found out, it took us a long time to accept it."

Kyra paused for a moment before asking, "Have they gotten a paternity test?"

"Jean had tested it," Wrenn revealed.

She brought the report with her on purpose to make Kyra give it up.

Kyra looked over the report.

A glint flashed through her eyes as she started to sow discord.

"It's Grace Hospital. I believe the director is Isabella Lopez, Neera's close friend."

As she spoke, she observed Wrenn's expression and carefully added fuel to the fire.

"I'm sorry to say it, but this test result could be fabricated. Isabella can do something to help Neera. Just to be on the safe side, we can change to another hospital and test again for you to be completely relieved. If it's true, then everyone is happy; if not, well, you wouldn't want to mistake someone else's kid for your own, would you?"

She anticipated that Wrenn, being suspicious, would quickly agree with her.

Unexpectedly, she shook her head.

"Forget it. I proposed this before, but Jean refused. He's hell-bent on winning Neera back. He'd be upset if I did that."

Kyra kept at it and kept stirring things up.

"Then it's best to not tell Jean anything! The paternity test is simply meant to put your mind at ease; it's not a big deal. You need to find an opportunity to get in touch with the children."

Wrenn's expression changed when she heard her proposal. She looked at Kyra for a moment, but she didn't play along.

She refused, saying, "Let's talk about it later."

She changed the subject and inquired, "How long are you staying in Essley?"

Kyra, perplexed, replied, "A week."

"In this case, you should focus on your work and not worry about our affairs here," Wrenn said lightly. It would tire you out. I can't stay long; your uncle is waiting for me at the hotel, and I have to leave right away."

Kyra was disappointed that she was leaving so soon. Her heart sank further. Wrenn's attitude toward her had changed from before. This realization upset her.

On the surface, she remained obedient and adorable. She offered, "Let me send you back."

Wrenn felt bad toward Kyra and accepted her kindness.

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Chapter 828

Neera happened to notice the two as they were leaving the cafe.

She was asked to meet at the last minute by a client and no idea Kyra and Wrenn would be here.

This discovery made her displeased and sullen.

My marriage with Jean has ended, but his parents haven't given up on us and have followed us all the way here. What are they planning to do? And what is Kyra up to this time?

Neera stared at them.

Kyra seemed to notice her gaze and turned around.

The two locked gazes in mid-air.

After a while, Neera withdrew her gaze indifferently, as if it didn't bother her. She immediately went to the second floor.

Kyra stared at her back. Her gaze became sinister.

Neera, I'm never going to let you win! Just wait and see! You have three children with Jean, but the one who eventually gets him will be me!

Wrenn noticed Kyra standing still and asked, "What are you looking at?"

Kyra regained her composure. She shifted her gaze to Wrenn.

"It's nothing; I thought I saw someone I know, but I was mistaken," she smiled, concealing her emotions in her eyes. "Let's go."

Wrenn cast a glance toward the second floor. She didn't give it much thought. She nodded and followed Kyra to the car.

Kyra didn't return to her hotel but instead gave the driver directions to another location.

"Take me here," she demanded.

The driver took a quick look at the address, stepped on the gas, and drove toward the destination.

Kyra got out of the car thirty minutes later.

An extremely luxurious castle, which was grand and beautiful, stood in front of her.

"I'm here to see Mr. Arthur. Please let him know that Kyra Marks is here."

The security guards stood at the door, asked her to wait a moment, then went inside to deliver the message.

Arthur was a classmate of Kyra's. He was also a nobleman in Essley. This man used to be obsessed with her.

Even though Kyra had turned him down, when they graduated from college, Arthur told her that if she ever required help, she could always come to him.

Kyra had exhausted all of her options. She had no other choice but to ask for Arthur's help.

A few minutes later, the guards were given the green light, and they slowly opened the gate.

"Ms. Marks, please come in," he said in a respectful demeanor.

After Kyra entered the castle, he personally escorted her to the main castle.

Servants were waiting at the castle's entrance. Upon spotting her, the two maids hurriedly opened the door for her.

Following that, a middle-aged man entered and greeted her politely, "Hello, Ms. Marks. I'm Marshall, the butler. I'll take you to see Mr. Arthur. He's expecting you."

Kyra relished the feeling of being pampered by others. She straightened her back, nodded slightly, and walked in arrogantly.

A foreign man with long, shoulder-length hair was waiting for her in the hall.

He looked pleasantly surprised when he spotted Kyra. He quickly dashed over.

This man had a noble temperament about him. His golden eyes sparkled with joy and excitement.

"Cupcake, you are finally here to see me."

He couldn't hold back his emotions and hugged Kyra as he spoke.

Neera remained grumpy after returning to the office. She was a little absent-minded, and her thoughts were always drawn to the Beauvorts.

She couldn't stop wondering.

Did Jean know his parents are here? What are they trying to do? SEAR*ch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The more she thought about it, the more irritated she became.

Neil picked up on her irritation. He poured her a glass of water and asked worriedly, "Ms. Garcia, are you tired? You should probably go home and get some rest. You can trust me with the rest."

Neera knew she shouldn't work. It was inefficient to accomplish anything today, given her mood. In the end, she consented.

She looked around when she got home, but didn't see Jean or the kids.

"Where are you guys?" she called Jean and asked.

"I take the kids for a walk," Jean responded warmly. "What's the problem?"

Neera was a little sensitive. She couldn't help but wonder, "Where did you go? Just for a stroll?"

Jean replied, "Of course."

Then he asked, "What's wrong? Something is off about your tone."

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Chapter 829

Neera irritably touched her nose, feeling she was overly sensitive.

"It's okay," she said glumly. "Enjoy yourselves and have a good time." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Where are you?" Jean asked, sensing something was wrong. "Aren't you at work?"

Neera grunted and replied, "I'm home."

Jean was surprised to find her home early. He creased his brow a little and said, "Wait for us; we'll be right back."

Neera wanted to say it wasn't necessary, but she swallowed her words and said, "Okay."

Jean turned to face the triplets after hanging up the phone.

"Your mommy doesn't sound very happy," he said. "Let's go home and console her."

The children nodded in agreement and followed him obediently.

Neera was having tea in the garden when they got back.

On their way home, the triplets stopped to get something ready. They approached her with a bouquet in hand.

"Uncle Jean said you're not happy, Mommy. What's the matter? Did you get bullied?"

"Mom, don't be sad, all right?"

"We have prepared some flowers for the prettiest and gentlest mother in this world!"

After that, the triplets hugged her and stuffed the flowers into her arms.

Neera looked down at her adorable children. Her gloom had subsided significantly.

She inhaled the fragrance of the flowers. The scent was invigorating. She rubbed the triplets' heads as she embraced them.

"I'm not upset," she explained, "just a little worried when I don't see you all."

The triplets were naive and innocent. They believed her and breathed a sigh of relief.

Jean, on the other hand, saw through her lies and winked at the triplets.

The triplets understood that he needed some alone time with their mother.

They let go of Neera and went inside, leaving the adults alone.

Jean took a seat next to Neera. He took her hand in his and looked her in the eyes.

"What happened?" he inquired. "Please tell me about it."

Neera shook her head, explaining, "Nothing, just tired."

She lowered her gaze to the ground. Her eyes were blurry and unfocused.

Jean cupped her face in his hand. He rubbed her skin gently. "Has anyone ever told you that you're bad at lying?" he inquired. "You're upset. Why don't you say so?"

When Neera met his intense stare, she was stumped.

"Isn't our relationship strong enough for you to be honest with me?" He continued gently. "What happened? Could you please tell me?"

He was very gentle in his manner, his eyes, and his grip.

Neera's heart began to soften. She broke her silence and told him, "This afternoon, when I was meeting a client at the coffee shop, I walked into your mother and Kyra."

And this was something that Jean had not anticipated.

She bumped into my mother! But... What about Kyra? What brings her here, and why is she meeting with my mother?

Neera looked at the man and asked, "Did your mother fly all the way here for your marriage?"

Jean returned her gaze. He answered truthfully, "Yes, she did."

Neera's face went stone cold.

Jean began explaining before she had a chance to say anything.

"Kyra has nothing to do with the reason for their visit. I have no idea what brought Kyra here, but I do know that my folks are here for us. They've begun to accept you. I figured you were still bitter about their past behavior, so I prevented them from meeting with you."

This was unexpected for Neera.

A touch of mockery instantly appeared on her face. She countered, "Are you sure? They were overjoyed when I announced the end of our marriage."

Jean had predicted that she wouldn't believe it right away. Initially, yes, but now they think differently," he sighed.

He took Neera's hand in his and fixed his loving gaze on her.

"Of course, I don't think you'll believe them right away. You had been mistreated by them in the past. I understand your reservations.

"I've made it clear that no one else can be my wife except you and that my life is meaningless without you.

"If they don't accept you, you and the kids will never have to interact with them again. We can stay here with the kids and live our own lives, separate from the Beauvorts. You don't have to worry about them."

His speech was heartfelt and persuasive.

Neera was deeply moved.

Jean going to such lengths for her surprised her.

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Chapter 830

Neera was at a loss for words. Her heart melted, and she was deeply moved.

She sniffed and leaned into his arms.

Jean embraced her. When she didn't respond right away, he waited patiently. He kept her company quietly by resting his chin on her hair.

After a while, Neera said quietly, "They're your parents. I don't want to complicate things if at all possible. But back then, they compelled me to divorce you, putting your health in jeopardy. They still hurt you, even if they didn't intend to. That does not sit well with me."

She hadn't intended to pressure him to leave his family, and she didn't want him to.

The thing is, she just couldn't get over it emotionally.

Jean wrapped his arms tightly around her. His Adam's Apple bobbed, with complicated feelings spreading in his heart.

"I know. I know everything. It's been difficult for you. I'm to blame for always making you put up with things for me. I'm not going to let anything bad happen to you from here on out. You do not have to bear any psychological burden. Simply follow your heart and leave the rest to me."

Neera's eyes welled up with tears.

"Why are you so good to me?" she asked, her voice choking.

Jean smiled and sighed contentedly, "I'm not that great, but you're too wonderful for me to let go."

He had long ago decided that he would still marry this woman, even if the three kids weren't biologically his. She was the only one he desired in this life.

Downstairs, the two were deeply in love and were sharing a tender moment.

Upstairs, the triplets were leaning against the window sill in their bedroom upstairs.

They were ecstatic as they observed the scene below.

Sammy was so excited that he quickly took out his phone, zoomed in on the camera, and snapped photos of his parents being lovey-dovey.

"I'm sending this to Grandaunt to cheer her up!" [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

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Adriana was on a small island for a vacation.

The photo popped up on her phone after she received a notification. She showed it to Chad right away.

"Look! Come over here and take a look! How adorable are these two?"

Chad had just finished peeling an orange for her. He handed it to her and encircled her with his arm.

He smiled approvingly as he looked at the phone screen, "Yes, they are a great match."

Adriana couldn't stop herself from punching him playfully in the chest.

"If you agree with this, why did you allow Avery to meet Neera?" she questioned. "What if he's dead set on making Neera his fiancée? Wouldn't you be the one to ruin their relationship?"

Chad's smile continued to linger on his face.

He held her hand in his palm.

"

"You have wronged me! I introduced Avery to Neera for professional reasons, not to match them. Besides, I had no idea he would be interested in Neera. You have raised your niece too well, making it difficult for others not to fall for her."

Adriana snorted and proudly lifted her chin.

"Of course, I trained her in everything," she reasoned, "but Neera is already excellent."

Then she became concerned once more.

"What should we do if Avery develops feelings for her and tries to woo her away from Jean? If something bad happens, it will be our fault!"

Chad, too, fell silent when he heard this.

About this... He didn't have an answer to her question.

...

After talking it over with Jean, Neera decided to avoid dealing with his parents for the time being.

Jean respected her decision and did not try to persuade her otherwise.

"I'll do what you want. We'll see them whenever you want. That's what I reassured them of, so it's all good."

Neera nodded and drew away from him.

"I'm fine now," she declared. "I still need to get some work done. I'm going to study while you should rest."

Jean couldn't help but feel bittersweet as he looked at her figure, which seemed far more relaxed.

She left without giving him a chance to show his affection after he calmed her down.

Ian and Cloud arrived not long after Neera had left.

The joy in Jean's eyes faded.

"Did you find out where Asher is?" he asked, his eyes sharpening.

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Chapter 831

Cloud had discovered Asher's whereabouts, but he was hesitant to reveal the precise location.

Jean gave him a sidelong glance and urged, "If you have something to say, just say it."

"I have found his exact location," Cloud continued, "but dealing with him would be difficult."

"What do you mean?" Jean asked, perplexed.

"After conducting the investigation, we discovered that Asher has extensive business dealings with the Essley black market. Both parties have complex networks of relationships. It's quite complicated. I have my doubts that he isn't the actual leader of the black market; there must be someone else in charge."

Jean's eyes narrowed and he was deep in thought.

The news, on the other hand, surprised Ian.

"Are you saying the black market in Kingsview is just a branch?" he inquired. "Does anyone have global control of the black market?"

"That's right," Cloud said with a nod.

Ian gasped at this discovery.

If their deduction turned out to be true, the capabilities of the mastermind would be unfathomable. Throughout Kingsview, Asher was regarded as an incredibly formidable figure. Just imagine how adept someone must be to have Asher as an underling. It was beyond their imagination.

Jean had not anticipated the situation becoming so complicated.

So what? Have I ever been afraid of anyone? If someone dares to target my woman, even if it's the mastermind behind the black market, I'll root them out!

Jean made a quick decision and issued a cold command.

"Keep digging! We shouldn't rush into dealing with Asher because doing so would only alert the enemy. Start your investigation with the black market in Kingsview."

He smirked as he remembered something.

"Neera's grandparents are in Asher's hands. Our top priority is to save them before they become hostages."

Before this, he didn't issue any orders because he was unclear about the specific deal between Alfonso and the black market.

When he learned Asher was in Essley, he knew it was the perfect time for them to strike.

Nothing was holding them back.

This matter would be resolved as long as Neera's grandparents were safe.

He couldn't care less about Alfonso's life, whether his eyes were gouged out or his heart was removed; he brought it on himself!

It was past time for them to settle the score with Asher for ambushing Neera.

"Understood," Ian said immediately. "I'll arrange for the rescue immediately!"

Storm also stated that he would keep asking around.

After they finished strategizing, they were ready to leave. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Zephyr appeared out of nowhere and blocked their path as they walked out the door.

Ian was perplexed after noticing his solemn expression. He inquired, "What's up?"

Zephyr's mouth twitched.

"I have some information about the black market in Essley," he said bluntly. I can show you."

Both Ian and Cloud were taken aback. The former was the first to recover.

"Oh my!" Ian exclaimed joyfully. "You're so dependable, Zephyr!"

He stepped forward, hooked his shoulder, and patted him on the back as though they were old pals.

"Let's walk and talk."

Zephyr scowled, clearly dissatisfied. He warned coldly, "Let go."

Ian pretended he didn't hear him. He smiled from ear to ear as he turned to face Cloud and began to introduce the two.

"Cloud, I haven't had a chance to tell you that this is the guy I mentioned earlier. He ranked third on the Hades Ranking as a 3S-level assassin. He used to work for Mr. Gordon, but now he is responsible for keeping Mrs. Beauvort safe. He may appear cold on the outside, but he has a warm heart."

This was the first time Zephyr had heard that he was cold on the outside but warm on the inside.

His complexion darkened instantly.

I'd like to give this guy a good beating if it's possible to do so. I've always been a cold-blooded assassin; when did I change?

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Chapter 832

Cloud was courteous to him. He said, "So, you are Zephyr; I've heard a lot about you."

Zephyr noticed that this man was respectful, so he moved his lips slightly and held back his emotional outburst.

"You're too kind."

His gloom faded as he exchanged pleasantries with Cloud.

Then Cloud got down to business.

"You mentioned you know something about Essley's black market; could you please share the current situation with us?" he inquired.

Zephyr glanced over at Ian and noticed the eager look on his face. He didn't hold back and revealed everything he knew.

"Angus runs Essley's black market. He conducts a variety of shady private transactions, including smuggling, arms, diamonds, and so on.

"He can be challenging to deal with because he has many contacts with organizations all over the world. He's notoriously ruthless and known for committing numerous heinous acts."

Such people were nothing new to Ian and Cloud. They weren't surprised. Those who thrived in the black market, much less ran it, were most likely not the most empathetic people on the planet.

Zephyr seemed to pause for a while as if searching for something else to add.

Something else came to mind quickly. He revealed, "I'm familiar with one of their bases. Those who come and go are the most infamous criminals in the underworld."

"Can you take me there tonight?" Cloud inquired.

Zephyr quickly agreed, "Sure."

A busy club served as a hub for the black market.

Cloud and Zephyr went to that club that night.

They were both dressed in black suits and masks.

They were required to flash an identification card. If it met the requirements, they could go inside without having to go through a full security check.

Zephyr created fake identities for himself and Cloud.

The two made their way to the second floor, where they reserved a booth.

They'd had a bird's-eye view of the whole venue from here.

Cloud had sharp eyes. He looked around the club stealthily and was impressed by how large it was.

There were people from all walks of life present. Local Essley tycoons and other high-fliers from a variety of fields sat on the sofas in pairs or small groups, indulging in a life of luxury and squandering money at will.

There was even more action on the ground-floor dance floor. Beautiful women in skimpy outfits swayed and enticed the men who danced with them.

There was an ongoing good show going on on the stage.

A woman in her twenties was coerced into wearing a revealing outfit. She was imprisoned in a cage. She had no control and was being sold at auction like a piece of property.

There was frenzied bidding going on beneath the stage.

All kinds of men, with frivolous and greedy eyes resembling hungry wolves who had been starved for a long time, participated in the bidding.

A fat and wealthy businessman eventually bought the woman.

The potbelly man stepped onto the stage and gently touched her face through the cage. He admires her anguish and despair. Then he motioned with his hand for people to take her down. He also vanished after that. [SEAR*ch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Cloud's brows furrowed as he took it all in.

Zephyr, on the other hand, appeared unconcerned. He gave Cloud a quick glance to gauge his reaction.

"I told you already. There has always been shady business going on in Essley's black market. This is only the start."

Cloud's expression became icy. His eyes were filled with disdain and disgust.

He then witnessed several more women being traded and sold.

A host entered the stage just as he thought the night was coming to an end.

He announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, are you having a good time? If that isn't exciting enough, we have something even more exciting in store for you all next!"

Audiences below the stage began to whistle and shout, "What is it?"

"A human heart!" replied the host, smiling.

Cloud furrowed his brow instantly. Trading on such a brutal scale was something he had never seen before. These individuals were dealing in human organs!

"Will anyone actually buy it?"

A wave of bidding began immediately after he voiced his doubt. There was a lot of competition to buy it, so the price kept going up.

The price was suddenly doubled by a bidder whose voice sounded rough.

That voice drew a lot of attention.

Cloud and Zephyr both looked in that direction. Both of their gazes darkened.

A man with tanned skin was the one bidding.

They saw a woman next to him. That woman, if they were not mistaken, was Roxanne.

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Chapter 833

Both Cloud and Zephyr confirmed the woman's identity with a glance at each other.

"That dude with the tan is Claude. Some say he has close ties to the mafia and is actively involved with them. This man can be regarded as a minor leader in Essley. He has strong ties to the black market."

Cloud's heart sank as he listened to Zephyr's explanation.

None of them expected Roxanne to be as stubborn as a cockroach that refuses to die. She may be on her deathbed, but she could still stir trouble. It was a mystery how, by some twist of fate, she ended up with Claude.

Both of them were now silently staring in that direction.

Having won the auction, Claude cuddled up to her and gave her a passionate kiss and a gentle touch.

He then decided it would be improper to continue their intimacy in the club. He skipped out on the auction and went off with Roxanne instead.

Cloud and Zephyr were not in the mood to hang around after they left.

They rushed back to the manor.

Cloud enthusiastically informed Jean of Roxanne's sighting tonight.

When Jean learned of this, his complexion darkened. The fact that Roxanne was still alive shocked him.

Ian experienced a similar shock.

"Sir, should we tell Mrs. Beauvort about this?" he inquired, concerned.

Without much reflection on the matter, Jean flatly declined, "No. Tell her nothing about anyone or anything connected to the Garcias. Don't say anything. She already has a lot on her mind."

He didn't want these issues to bother her.

Cloud and Ian exchanged glances before concurring.

Simultaneously, in the same city. A remote villa was brightly lit.

As they returned to the villa, Roxanne held Claude's arm. She took the initiative to throw herself into his arms as soon as they walked through the door.

"Are you happy now?"

Claude's large hand touched her cheek flirtatiously. He had a frivolous look in his eyes.

Roxanne grinned. "I'm happy, my dear," she twisted her waist and said sweetly. Thank you for finding a heart that matches mine. You have kept every promise you made."

"Of course, it's nothing!" Claude exclaimed, laughing heartily.

Roxanne's fingers slid across his face, a hint of seduction in her touch.

"You're so incredible; you've completely won me over. From now on, you have my unwavering love."

Claude was pleased with this statement. He smiled, bent his head, and gave her a passionate kiss.

Roxanne did her best to keep her disgust at bay so she could return the kiss. She then took a few steps back.

"I have to go into surgery tomorrow. Can you make one more promise to me? As soon as I wake up from surgery, please tell me the good news."

Claude was very agreeable, with his beloved in his arms and being sweet-talked.

"All right, say it; as long as you want it, I'll fulfill all of your requests."

Roxanne's eyes flashed with a cold and ruthless light. Word by word, she whispered in Claude's ear, "I want Neera...dead!"

A light flickered in her eyes. She quickly changed her mind.

"Oh no! Actually, I don't want her to die. I want her to have a life that's worse than death. Oh, my love, are you able to assist me in capturing her? Every waking second of her life should be spent being tormented by me."

She didn't bother to mask her animosity as she squeezed this sentence out.

Roxanne couldn't help but fantasize about how great it would be if Neera were one of the women being sold like waste in the club tonight.

She hoped that the b*tch would be treated like a dog and subjected to insults, play, and humiliation.

That thought delighted her.

That was the only way she knew to calm the anger inside her.

When Claude heard this, he pinched her chin and gave her a playful look. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"It seems you hate this Neera very much. All right, since she's the cause of my princess's distress, I'll do as you say and put her through hell."

Then, with lust in his eyes, he wrapped his arms around her waist.

"You have to go to the hospital tomorrow, Princess. So you'll have to look after me tonight. Once I'm satisfied, I am confident that your wish will be granted as soon as you wake up."

Roxanne pretended to be shy. She encircled his neck and buried herself in his arms.

In actuality, she was disgusted on the inside and wanted to vomit.

She was ready to enter the operating room the next day after completing her medical check-up.

Susan stood at the door, holding her hand, and crying. She urged worriedly, "Roze, I'll be outside waiting for you. You must return safely."

Roxanne had no desire to engage in any mother-daughter affection drama with her.

Her thoughts were occupied by what Claude had said the night before. She couldn't stop sneering.

"Don't worry, I'll do it. How could I give up when I haven't even seen Neera tortured to death?"

Susan, too, had a venomous look in her eyes. She clenched her teeth and muttered ominously, "Yes, that little b*tch is still alive."

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Chapter 834

Neera arrived at the office at the crack of dawn.

Her right eyelid twitches for some reason.

She assumed it was because she didn't get enough sleep. So she drank a cup of coffee to refuel herself and didn't think much of it.

In the afternoon, Adriana's old friend, who rarely visits Essley, came to the office looking for her and invited her to play golf.

Unfortunately, Adriana was away.

Noticing his disappointment, Neera grinned and offered, "Aunt Adriana isn't around, but her niece is available to keep you entertained. Though I'm not sure if you'd be interested in spending time with me."

That man immediately laughed heartily. He nodded appreciatively and asked, "Why not? We're going to have a good time, young lady!"

"My skills aren't as good as Aunt Adriana's, so don't laugh at me," Neera said modestly.

The group then went to the golf course.

Naturally, Neil had to accompany her as her assistant, while Zephyr as chauffeur.

They played golf for the entire afternoon and had a great time.

He lavished praise on Neera and invited her to dinner.

Neera, on the other hand, politely declined, "I'm sorry, Aunt Adriana isn't here and I should be hosting you, but my children are waiting for me at home. I'll invite you to dinner next time."

He was easy-going and didn't bother with this.

He smiled as he remembered meeting Neera's kids before and said, "I haven't seen those quirky little ones in a long time. You must bring them out next time." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera agreed with a smile and a nod.

Both parties then went their separate ways.

"I just finished golfing and am going home now," Neera said as soon as she got into her car. "Are you and the kids at home?"

"Yeah, I'm home," he replied, his voice gentle as ever. "Come home; I'll be waiting."

"Okay."

His assurance that he would be waiting for her brought a smile to Neera's face.

This golf course was situated in a very isolated location. It was a long way back to the city. There were few people on the road.

It was already dusk. Only a few cars were passing by.

Zephyr kept a steady pace. Neera sat in the back, exhausted from her workout. She leaned back against the backrest and almost dozed off.

Zephyr slammed on the brakes without warning.

This spooked Neera. She lurched forward, almost colliding with the back of the front seat.

Her drowsiness vanished instantly, and she inquired, "What happened?"

Zephyr's eyes were ice cold. As he stared icily ahead, the air around him grew gloomy.

The road was suddenly blocked by a group of black sedans that seemed to appear out of nowhere.

When the vehicle came to a stop, several men in black exited, and all of them were carrying firearms.

Neil had never encountered a situation like this before. He became terrified and began to shiver.

"Are...are they coming for us?"

Neera's face turned pale. She, too, was terrified.

She last saw a gun when she was chasing down Thora in the bar. Only John possessed a firearm at the time.

There were a lot of people here now. The danger was at a whole new level.

Zephyr's face was hauntingly solemn. He gripped the steering wheel more tightly. "Hang on tight!" he reminded them coldly.

He shifted gears, pressed the pedal, and put the car in reverse in one swift motion.

Those guys weren't expecting that quick turn of events.

They drew their weapons and began firing at the vehicle the instant they responded.

Zephyr's eyes were glinting with a cold light. He shouted, "Take cover!"

Neil and Neera's expressions changed dramatically.

Fortunately, they reacted quickly, bending down and crouched in terror.

Neil, hiding under the passenger seat, asked fearfully, "Who are these people? What gives them such nerve?"

Zephyr kept his eyes on the road and never looked away, but he still responded in a critical situation.

"I don't know. Just stay down and don't get up!"

Those men, on the other hand, had begun chasing them in their cars.

Zephyr checked his rearview mirror. He took a sharp turn around a corner.

After his execution of brilliant drifting technique, their car had sped off in the opposite direction.

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Chapter 835

Behind them, several black vehicles were chasing them, and the sound of relentless gunfire echoed through the air.

Neera's heart raced with fear, the constant gunfire making her pulse pound in her chest.

She cautiously lifted her head to look ahead and was shocked to discover that the front windshield had been struck by bullets, causing it to crack!

What made matters worse was that after some time, one of the rear tires was also hit by a bullet.

The car suddenly became unsteady, tilting to the left.

If it weren't for Zephyr's driving skills, the vehicle might have flipped over at such a high speed.

After regaining control, Zephyr maintained a firm grip on the steering wheel, pushing the car forward with all his might. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

However, he knew this couldn't go on. Sooner or later, the car would flip over.

He thought quickly, squinted his eyes, and turned to Neil. "I'll find a spot to pull over. When I do, you and Ms. Neera should get out of the car and run, and I'll handle them!"

Neil, utterly shaken by the fierce encounter, was momentarily paralyzed.

Zephyr repeated the order more forcefully, bringing Neil back to his senses. He recalled his mission and forced himself to remain calm.

"Okay... okay, I know!"

Zephyr was used to such situations, and even amidst the chaos, he managed to make a phone call.

As soon as the call was through, he didn't bother with pleasantries, quickly reporting the situation to the other party.

"We've run into an ambush. They're heavily armed, and it's about 1 mile from Eastaria Golf Course. Please hurry and send backup!"

As soon as Ian heard this, his face was flushed [ale.

He wanted to ask for more details, but the caller had abruptly hung up, leaving only a string of busy signals.

With no time to waste, Ian rushed upstairs and burst into the study without bothering to knock.

"Mr. Beauvort! Something happened to Mrs. Beauvort!"

Jean, focused on his work, was startled by the sudden interruption. He stood up abruptly, causing the documents on his desk to scatter onto the floor.

"What's going on?"

Ian was so anxious that his throat felt constricted as he hurriedly relayed what Zephyr reported.

Upon hearing the news, Jean's expression darkened, and his anger flared.

"Call Cloud and Storm immediately! Arrange our forces immediately!"

Ian nodded, wasting no time as he rushed to make the necessary arrangements.

...

Five minutes later, Zephyr suddenly slammed on the brakes after driving for a while, positioning the car sideways in the middle of the road.

There was no one in sight on this stretch of road. After coming to a halt, he turned to Neil.

"Quick! Take Ms. Neera and run as far as you can. Find a hidden spot to hide."

Both Neil and Neera were confused by the sudden stop and the twists and turns of the situation. Their stomachs churned with fear.

Suppressing her unease, Neera gritted her teeth and looked at Zephyr. "What about you? What are you going to do?"

Zephyr didn't hesitate and responded with unwavering determination in his eyes.

"Don't worry about me, Ms. Neera. I can handle this. Just go with Neil, and help will come soon!"

As he spoke, he got two handguns from a hidden compartment of the car.

Neera's breath caught in her throat.

Seeing the pursuing vehicles drawing closer, Zephyr turned to face them and shouted, "Time's running out, go now!"

Neera clenched her teeth, her legs trembling slightly. However, she understood that staying would only be a burden to Zephyr.

So, she pinched her thigh hard to force herself to stay calm.

The next moment, she and Neil got out of the car, and without looking back, they started running. Strangely, she felt calmer than Neil.

As they ran a distance, the sound of intense gunfire echoed from behind them.

Her already rapid heartbeat seemed to pause for a moment.

She paused briefly and prayed silently in her heart, "Zephyr, please be safe!"

Then, she looked ahead and quickly made a decision, "Let's avoid the main road to prevent them from catching up. We'll head into the forest!"

Neil nodded, immediately following her into the dense woods next to them...

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Chapter 836

The empty road was scattered with several parked cars, and although the gunfire had gradually stopped, the confrontation between the two sides remained intense, with anger fueling the combatants.

The pursuing party had nearly exhausted their bullets in the close-range firefight, leaving them no choice but to resort to hand-to-hand combat.

However, the opposing group came prepared, taking out several long knives from the trunk of their vehicles.

Zephyr, on the other hand, was unarmed. However, he figured that he could snatch them away during combat.

Tucking the empty gun behind his waist, he scanned the area with a stern expression, his eyes filled with a murderous intent.

This group of ambushers was undoubtedly skilled, but they were still no match for him.

In a sudden burst of movement, he sidestepped and closed in on one of the attackers.

The man didn't expect that Zephyr would still have a knife at his disposal and charged forward without fear, only to be momentarily stunned.

By the time the man regained his senses and swung his knife, it was already too late.

Zephyr seized his wrist, twisting it forcefully until his bones snapped and shattered.

In the next moment, he effortlessly snatched the knife from the man's hand and turned to fight another man...

Within a few minutes, a group of attackers lay incapacitated on the ground.

Zephyr glanced at the scene and was about to let out a sigh of relief when his body instinctively tensed up. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

A sense of impending danger surged through Zephyr's bones as he felt someone approaching him.

Instinctively, he turned his head and spotted a black barrel not far away, aimed directly at him!

With lightning speed, he instinctively dodged it...

Several seconds later, the assailant pulled the trigger, narrowly missing him. Though Zephyr narrowly avoided death, his arm was still bruised. Ignoring the stinging sensation, his expression shifted slightly as he focused his attention forward.

Two people were hiding in the enemy vehicles.

They were a man and a woman.

The man was blind in his left eye and wore an eyepatch.

The woman, dressed in black with heavy smoky makeup concealing her features, projected an aura that set her apart from the fallen assailants.

Even from a distance and through the car window, Zephyr could sense the bloodthirsty glint in their eyes.

At just a glance, Zephyr identified them as the sixth and seventh-ranked Level 3S hitmen on the Hades Ranking, they were Draco and Midna!

These two had a history of working together and possessed formidable combat abilities.

However, they did not seem to recognize Zephyr as the man they had ambushed. Despite Zephyr's reputation, he rarely revealed his appearance during missions, making him relatively unknown.

After exchanging glances, Draco and Midna left the vehicle, wearing playful smirks.

"It's been a while since we've encountered someone with this level of skill, but it's your misfortune to run into us," Midna remarked frivolously, adding, "What a shame, you have such a handsome face..."

Draco snorted. "Why waste words on him? What can good looks do for him? He's still gonna die today!"

Facing the arrogance of the two people, Zephyr maintained his composure and remained expressionless.

He looked at the two and noticed that they were armed with guns.

Given his current situation and his injury, the odds were not in his favor.

In his mind, he estimated that it would take at least ten minutes for Ian and his gang to arrive. He needed to hold out and delay these two hitmen as long as possible, preventing them from pursuing Neera and Neil...

With determination in his eyes, he steeled himself for the challenge ahead.

Observing Zephyr's resolve, Midna's smile grew more intrigued. She then studied him curiously.

"He's not afraid of death, things are getting interesting."

Draco, growing impatient, stretched his neck and decided to take charge. "Alright, leave this guy to me. I can handle him on my own. You go after the two who escaped. Don't forget our mission!"

Midna, reminded by Draco's words, nonchalantly shrugged her shoulders, offering no objections. Whenever they worked together, Draco always assigned tasks, and she couldn't be bothered to think too much about it.

As she prepared to leave, Zephyr's eyes turned icy. Using his foot, he picked up the long knife at his feet, grasped it tightly, and then hurled it at Midna with great force!

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Chapter 837

"Whoosh!"

The knife narrowly missed Midna, slicing through a strand of her long hair and landing on the ground with a harsh clatter.

Midna swiftly stood up, her eyes darkening as she looked back in the direction of the knife that was thrown.

If she didn't dodge in time, the knife would have pierced her heart!

Draco acted promptly, pulling out his pistol and firing at Zephyr as he hid behind the car.

However, Zephyr expected this move, taking cover behind the adjacent vehicle. The bullet grazed his ear before hitting the car's body.

Having narrowly avoided the attack, Zephyr crouched low and remained still.

Midna, seemingly irritated, also got her gun and aimed it at the car.

"Oh, you're trying to kill me? I'll send you to Hades!"

A gunshot rang out, and Zephyr pressed his head against the car, feeling the vehicle tremble behind him.

Realizing that Midna couldn't flush him out, Draco clicked his tongue in annoyance and glanced at Midna.

"Alright, stop wasting bullets here. Leave him to me, and you go after the targets. If you lose them, you'll see how you'll be punished when you return."

Midna pursed her lips in dissatisfaction but ultimately complied.

She cast a fleeting glance at the car, her red lips parting slightly.

"Such a shame that I couldn't have the pleasure of ending you today."

With that, she holstered her gun, turned, and left, following Neera and the others in the direction they had fled.

Meanwhile, in the woods, Neera and Neil had already covered some distance.

Both of them had never encountered such a dire situation before. As they fled, their heart rates soared, and their breathing grew extremely rapid.

Neera, however, faced an additional challenge as she was wearing high heels. So, she couldn't run fast even if she wanted to, which made her feel even more anxious.

Nevertheless, she was calm. Even amid her panic, she clung to her senses and worked to maintain her composure.

She pushed herself to speed up her pace, doing her best to avoid stumbling and falling.

Neil remained closely behind her, providing support.

Yet, the dense forest terrain was challenging. The ground beneath them transitioned from soft to hard, and the path was rugged, making their journey treacherous.

The forest floor was littered with fallen leaves, and Neil accidentally stepped on them, causing him to tumble downhill.

"Neil!"

Startled, Neera quickly called out to him.

From below, Neil's voice reached her although it was muffled. He had come to a stop and hit a fallen tree, causing pain to surge through his body.

Neera rushed to his side, nearly losing her balance.

She crouched down without daring to touch him immediately, her face fraught with worry.

"Are you okay? Did you get hurt? Is it serious?"

Neil, grimacing in pain, shook his head slightly and responded with a strained voice, "I'm fine..."

He tried to stand but the pain in his waist forced him to slump back down.

Neera's anxiety heightened, "Are you sure you're okay? Did you hurt your waist?"

Taking a deep breath, Neil replied through gritted teeth, "I hit it pretty hard, but I'll be fine. It's not in the way. Let's keep running..."

The situation was growing increasingly dire, and Neera had no choice but to gently lift Neil and continue moving forward.

Meanwhile, Midna had also entered the dense forest, closely pursuing the path taken by the fleeing pair.

As an experienced assassin, tracking targets was one of her specialties. Plus, Neera and Neil had only recently passed through, so their traces were new.

Midna smirked as she glanced at the footprints on the ground, maintaining her brisk pace in their pursuit.

On the other hand, two cars raced down the road toward the golf course with incredible speed, resembling rockets hurtling through the air.

In one of the cars' back seats, Jean sat with an ice-cold expression, emanating an intense aura of malevolence. The air around him seemed to grow tense.

In the distance, the sound of gunshots reached his ears, causing his eyes to narrow.

Ian's heart skipped a beat as he uttered anxiously, "It must be Mrs. Beauvort and the others!"

Jean's voice was sharper and colder than ever, "Go faster!" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Ian's forehead was covered in sweat as he clenched the steering wheel tightly and pressed the accelerator to the floor.

"Mr. Beauvort, we're already going as fast as we can. We'll be there shortly. Mrs. Beauvort will be alright..."

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Chapter 838

When they arrived, it was the moment when Zephyr was most vulnerable.

To buy some time, he hid himself behind a car, using it as a shield to avoid the relentless gunfire from Draco.

However, the car had endured numerous shots and was now riddled with holes.

The distance from which Draco was shooting was steadily decreasing, making it more dangerous.

Having confirmed that Zephyr was now without defenses, Draco grew more audacious and approached confidently.

For now, Zephyr's only option was to hide behind another vehicle.

Yet, in the face of Draco's relentless barrage of bullets, he couldn't move at all.

Damn it!

If only he prepared more bullets!

While his eyes frantically scanned for a place to seek cover, footsteps were closing in on him.

It turned out that Draco had suddenly quickened his pace, closing the gap between them. The menacing black muzzle of his firearm pressed against Zephyr's forehead.

"Let's see where else you can run," Draco intoned eerily, peering down at him. "Game's over, time to say goodbye."

Zephyr's gaze remained unwavering.

He was no stranger to having a gun pointed at his head.

Even in this critical moment, just a few steps from impending doom, he managed to maintain his composure. With a deliberate motion, he rose to his feet, and the gun's muzzle followed suit, never leaving his brow.

Draco mocked, "You're on the brink of having your head blown off, yet you remain remarkably composed."

He followed up with narrowed eyes and a sinister grin, "Such a shame, for you're about to take a one-way trip to hell!"

As he uttered these words, he began to pull the trigger...

At this crucial moment, two abrupt screeches of brakes seized Draco's attention.

It was Ian who came!

Zephyr's immediate thought was of that man, and he felt a surge of relief.

"You arranged for reinforcements in advance?" Draco was genuinely surprised that someone had come at this precise moment. He was momentarily dumbfounded, but then his brows furrowed as he turned to look at Zephyr, his gaze filled with murderous intent.

This time, Zephyr's smile turned icy.

"Yes, you didn't expect this, did you?"

Just as he finished those words casually, Ian, Storm, Cloud, and others got out of the car.

And the moment they stepped out, they all drew their firearms and pulled the triggers! [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Bang! Bang! bang!"

Three gunshots erupted nearly simultaneously, and they all found their mark!

Cloud's shot struck Draco's wrist with precision, causing immediate pain and sending his weapon clattering to the ground.

Ian's bullet hit Draco's shoulder, rendering his arm temporarily useless.

Storm's shot hit the opponent's knee.

Draco was taken aback, hobbling back two steps. The searing pain in his knee left him unable to maintain his stance, and he crumpled to the ground.

Zephyr walked away from the gates of hell, exhaling a sigh of relief.

He leaned against the car and breathed heavily.

At that moment, Jean rushed over, her eyes piercing like sharp arrows.

"Neera? Where is she?"

Zephyr gestured behind him and urgently said, "Ms. Neera and Neil ran in that direction. Hurry, a killer is chasing after them!"

Jean's expression darkened considerably.

He turned to Draco, as though he were looking at a dead man.

"Ian, keep watch here. Storm and Cloud, come with me!"

"Yes!" The three of them responded in unison.

In an instant, Jean led Storm and Cloud, following the path Zephyr pointed...

Meanwhile, Neera and the two of them were still navigating through the thick forest.

Neil's fall had injured his waist, making it impossible for him to run. So, he could only limp along.

Ten minutes later, Neera heard faint footsteps approaching from behind, and her heart skipped a beat.

Neil was drenched in sweat, his face pallid with fear.

"Is... is it the enemy? Or perhaps Zephyr?" He asked, still holding onto a glimmer of hope, considering Zephyr's formidable abilities.

But as Neera listened to the footsteps, she noticed that while they were swift, they were also systematic, not frantically searching for someone else.

She pursed her lips and shook her head, "No, it seems like it's the enemy."

Disappointment washed over Neil's face as he asked, "What should we do? Where can we escape to now?"

Neera surveyed their surroundings and inquired, "Can you keep moving? We need to pick up the pace."

Grimacing, Neil gritted his teeth and nodded, "Yes."

In this critical moment, he had no choice but to push himself, knowing that standing still meant risking their lives.

However, Neera could see that his condition was deteriorating rapidly. Forcing himself to continue would likely cause permanent damage to his waist and spine.

With that in mind, she made a quick decision, "Here's the plan. You'll find a hiding spot and stay quiet. I'll lure them away from you."

Despite his intense fear, Neil didn't want Neera to face danger alone.

"No, I'll go with you."

Neera, however, had made up her mind, "No more arguments. I'll go, and you'll do as I say. Remember, find a safe hiding place!"

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Chapter 839

The two of them continued running for a while, and they came across a fork in the path. Neera scanned the options and pointed to the right for Neil.

"Run that way and hide. Don't show yourself unless you're sure it's one of our people!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neil nodded, determined not to be a burden to Neera. He turned and sprinted with all his might.

Neera, on the other hand, turned left and dashed resolutely into the depths of the forest.

As she went, she deliberately removed her earrings and dropped them on the ground.

When Midna reached this intersection in pursuit, she halted, visibly conflicted.

She noticed footprints leading in both directions and smirked coldly.

"They're trying to be clever by splitting up, but in the end, it won't save them..."

After muttering to herself, she turned and followed the path to the right.

However, as she turned, a glint caught her eye in the periphery. She abruptly stopped and looked back.

It was a woman's earring, which looked relatively new.

She grinned sinisterly, turned around swiftly, and swiftly pursued the earring's owner.

Neera continued running, her physical strength and energy pushed to their limits. She was so tired, she slowed down.

Her feet ached, her shoes felt like they were causing blisters and cuts, and she could feel the sting of pain.

But she knew that she couldn't afford to stop.

Yet, the most daunting revelation came as she kept running.

At the edge of the dense forest, a wide river came into view.

Judging by the clarity of the water, it didn't appear to be too deep.

Surveying her surroundings, Neera realized there was no other way. She clenched her teeth and reluctantly decided to cross the river.

The temperature was dropping, and the river's water was ice-cold. The moment she stepped into the river, she shivered uncontrollably. The cold water intensified the pain in her injured foot.

But she had no choice but to endure it, carefully crossing the river with each step.

When she finally reached the other side, after enduring the ordeal, she heard a woman's voice not far behind her.

"Don't move! Or I'll shoot you right now!"

Neera's entire body tensed, and her back felt as though it had turned to ice. She paused for a moment before cautiously turning around to look.

Across the river, Midna stood with a gun in hand, the black barrel pointed directly at her across the river.

Neera's face drained of color...

Meanwhile, on the other side, Neil had hidden for a while, deeply worried about Neera. He clenched his teeth, deciding not to follow them recklessly to his doom. Instead, he changed his direction and retraced their path.

He and Neera had ventured too far, and now he had to ask for help!

Unbeknownst to him, as he made his way back, he suddenly heard footsteps not far ahead.

And judging by the sound, there were several people!

Instinctively, he wanted to flee, but in reality, his legs felt too heavy to move. He was utterly exhausted.

At that moment, someone abruptly grasped his shoulder.

"Where's Mrs. Beauvort? She isn't with you, is she?"

An anxious voice echoed in Neil's ears.

He paused for a moment, recognizing the voice as somewhat familiar.

When he turned around, he saw Jean and his men.

"Mr. Beauv... Mr. Beauvort? You're finally here!" Neil exclaimed with emotions welling up, tears filling his eyes. "Quick, Ms. Garcia went in the opposite direction to distract the killer. Over there... hurry and save her."

Hearing this, Jean's face was dark.

Without wasting a moment, he and his men swiftly pursued the direction Neera had fled...

Meanwhile, Midna had successfully crossed the river, water dripping from her.

Neera watched her come closer, her heart in her throat.

Despite her overwhelming nervousness and the chilling fear coursing through her, she forced herself to stay composed and think of a way to save herself.

She noticed that Midna's movements in the water were unsteady, and the gun's barrel wavered. There was a chance that even if she fired, she might miss.

Not far away, there was a large rock. If she could reach it, she might be able to buy some time.

Even a few seconds could mean the difference between life and death.

Making a quick decision, Neera put on a surprised smile and called out excitedly to the other side.

"Zephyr, you're finally here!"

Midna was momentarily fooled and turned around to look, seeing no one there.

Seizing this opportunity, Neera quickly darted to the side.

However, Midna reacted swiftly. Realizing she had been tricked, she grew furious and swiveled, adjusting her gun to the right, and fired at Neera!

"Boom!"

As Neera took cover behind the rock, the bullet grazed her shoulder.

Intense pain surged through her, and she couldn't help but cry out. Blood stained her shoulder, and her face turned pale.

In the distance, Jean heard the gunshot, his footsteps abruptly halting.

His entire presence seemed to plummet, exuding a chilling aura like that of Hades...

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Chapter 840

While breathing and examining the wound, Neera sat behind the large stone. Blood coated her shoulders in scarlet, trickled down her clavicle, and had already started to leak where the bullet had struck.

She could only clench her teeth and endure the pain as sweat accumulated on her forehead. She looked pallid. There was nothing left for her to hide at the moment but this large stone, which she could use to hide herself.

She was also worn out from the high-intensity escape, and she was unable to walk due to a loss of strength. She was unable to flee.

Midna moved closer to Neera as the sound of trickling water came from behind the stone.

She raised her head and gasped, wondering whether she was going to die here today.

What would happen to her children if something happened to her?

Also, Jean.

What should he do, as she hadn't yet healed him?

Aunt Adriana had yet to see her fully heal.

She was so near death that she suddenly couldn't handle it. She began crying as her thoughts became disorganized.

She inhaled deeply twice, repressed her feelings, and reached out her hand to get the last of the medicine. One's body might begin to fester as a result of this medication.

She would drag this woman to death with her, even if she died!

After eventually reaching land, Midna strode sneeringly toward the large stone while clutching a rifle. She quickly rounded the stone and, with a smug smile and a contemptuous expression on her face, pointed a rifle at Neera.

"Why didn't you keep running? Didn't you just run fast? How dare you deceive me! What tricks do you have now?" yelled Midna.

Neera continued to sit, and he regarded her from above. Despite her unkempt appearance, she appeared relaxed. She struggled desperately, holding the medication in her palm securely.

"I'm hurt now; what other tricks can I play?" She spoke coldly while repressing her inner terror.

Midna tinkled with her hair while cynically grinning, "It better be."

Having said that, she rapidly put the gun's barrel to Neera's head to kill Neera.

Neera's hands and feet were so frigid that they didn't appear to be her own, but she kept her cool and dealt with her.

"May I ask you a question? I know. I can't get away. But even if I die, you should let me die with dignity! Could you please tell me who wants my life?"

Midna was astounded to discover that she was able to remain calm despite being pointed at by a gun.

But she showed no mercy, scoffed at her, and asked bluntly, "Why do you ask? Are you trying to use this trick to buy yourself more time?"

Neera mockingly curled the corners of her mouth.

"Of course not; my companion has most likely been murdered by you at this time. Nobody is here, and no one will come to my aid. What is the point of procrastinating? I'm asking because I don't want to die without knowing who is attempting to take my life! I want to know who I should avenge after I pass away."

After saying that, she took a moment to pause and cautiously look at her face.

"But even if you don't say it, I'll be able to guess: Is it Asher or Alfonso?" asked Neera.

Midna was stunned, and then she smirked arrogantly.

"It appears that you have a large number of adversaries. I'm not familiar with Alfonso. Regarding Asher, I didn't anticipate you to be his foe."

Neera smiled strangely, but her eyes were icy.

"I'm interested in learning the answer to this question, too! I have never taken the initiative to do anything to harm people since I am an upright person. But from what you're saying, it's not the two of them! That's strange. There aren't many people around here that I hold a grudge against. Who else would want my life so intensely?"

Midna grinned and said, "It doesn't matter. I won't share any details. It's almost time for you to go." After speaking, she narrowed her eyes and prepared to murder Neera.

On the opposite side of the river, several people simultaneously rushed in succession.

They noticed the woman on the other side of a river from a distance. She was standing on the edge of a large stone, arms pointed down, rifle in hand.

They could only see a faint outline of the gun's body because it was on the rear. The rest cannot be seen. They were aware that Neera was there.

At a crucial time, Jean abruptly snatched the gun from Cloud's hand as the adversary prepared to fire.

Wading across the river would have alerted the enemy, and it was too late. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The only option was to obstruct her from a distance!

After setting up his pistol, Jean aimed at the fastest speed with his keen eyes. There was a bang, followed by a gunshot the following instant!

Neera was already prepared to engage in a desperate battle with her opponents. Her heart constricted in fear as she heard the noise, and she subconsciously sought to lift the medicine in her hand.

But before she could throw the medicine, she was surprised to see that the gun in the woman's hand in front of her had been knocked out!

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Chapter 841

When a bullet pierced Midna's wrist, her wrist immediately began to bleed.

She was perplexed, and she wasn't expecting this change at all! She clutched the blood on her wrist, her facial expressions radically changing, and she turned to face the other side of the river.

The second shot rang out sharply at this precise instant, striking her upper arm with precision!

"Ah!" Midna abruptly shouted in agony and unconsciously knelt to grab the gun.

However, Jean shot twice more. Two consecutive shots struck her legs!

Midna was hit one after the other, unable to hang on, and thumped to the ground, her face contorted by pain.

The abrupt change surprised Neera, and she instinctively wanted to get away. She shifted, and then she stopped!

After enduring the agony and shock, she hurried over, grabbed up the pistol that Midna had fallen on, and hurled it forcefully into the sea.

A slight splash was made in the water when the rifle fell into it.

Jean, on the other hand, understood something after witnessing it, and the expression on his menacing and murderous face loosened.

Neera appeared to still be alive!

He initially thought Neera was gone when he heard the gunfire just now.

Thankfully, Neera was okay!

The moment he started to unwind, he noticed that he had perspired heavily.

He'd never had such deep-seated worry or apprehension about losing Neera in his life. This was the first time.

He aimed the gun at Cloud, eager to get across the river and to Neera's side as soon as possible. He eventually made his way to the big stone a few minutes later.

He was terrified and remorseful for not protecting Neera when he saw her curled up and hiding to the side, her face pallid and her arms covered in blood.

His eyes instantly took on a fierce, deadly intent. He wanted to destroy everything!

If he could, he would kill the guy who wounded her right away.

But Jean refrained. He feared frightening Neera.

After finally controlling his rage, he knelt and said, "Neera, I'm here."

Neera remained for a while after hearing this voice, as if she couldn't believe it. She cautiously raised her head after a little period of astonished silence, her face still expressing shock mixed with hope.

"Are you here, Jean? What brought you here?"

She realized her voice was shaking as soon as she started speaking. Her voice was filled with fear and grievances.

Jean's heart appeared to be clenched tightly by a large hand. He felt distressed and almost suffocated.

"It's me. I'm sorry for being late but don't worry, I'm here," he squatted down and hugged her as he talked.

When Neera came into contact with the familiar embrace, all of her emotions were released. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

She sobbed softly as she held his garments in her two hands and said, "I thought...I would never see you and the kids again." [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She was trembling terribly and gasping for air. Jean tightly hugged her, treating her as a long-lost treasure that had just been discovered.

Only God knew how terrified he was of losing her. Thankfully, she was fine! He would truly go wild if something happened to her!

To calm her down, Jean repeatedly stroked her back while also smoothing her breath.

"It's okay, it's okay; don't worry; I won't let go of those who have hurt you; you don't need to be afraid," said Jean.

Neera couldn't hold back her tears.

After some time, the area in front of her seemed to suddenly turn dark, and she felt lightheaded. She lost consciousness in the following instant.

When Jean heard her sobbing abruptly stop, he became afraid.

"Neera! Neera!" he shouted.

He yelled her name aloud as he was terrified.

By this point, Storm and Cloud had already crossed the river.

Storm, upon observing this, stated, "Sir, Mrs. Beauvort should have been injured, bleeding, frightened, and tired, so she fainted temporarily, so let's send her back first."

Without saying a word, Jean's lips clenched, and he snatched her up before turning and walking away. Storms and clouds were right behind.

Midna was close to passing out at this point and was already in pain.

Even though she sensed someone by her side, she couldn't move.

"It's too bad I can't get rid of Neera right away!"

Gritting her teeth and uttering those words, Cloud was violently grabbed up and led towards them.

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Chapter 842

Neera was taken to the research center one hour later.

Jean had already called Osbert on the way back and urged him to come over right now. Jean didn't say anything else.

Osbert hurried to the research center as soon as he learned of Neera's mishap. When he saw her, he was instantly terrified by her tragedy.

"Neera!"

He shouted her name, but he did not get a response.

It was Jean's stern voice that was heard instead, saying, "She fainted; I don't have time to elaborate now; please help her deal with the wound first."

Osbert nodded, not daring to be late, and dashed into the clinic. Zephyr was also brought here, and he is currently being treated by the clinic's doctors.

When Peter and his wife got the news, they were taken aback by Neera's condition.

"Jean, what's the matter with Neera? How did it get so bad?"

"Wait, what happened? Are you alright?"

The two hurried to Jean's side and inquired with concern.

Jean shook his head and said, "I'm fine."

He took a long look at the clinic's closed door before gathering his thoughts and speaking briefly.

Neera was attacked," explained Jean.

Peter and his wife were able to make some educated guesses despite his silence. It's not like they hadn't encountered such a thing; after all, they were from the Beauvort family.

At this point, Ged entered the room while carrying a partially built Lego model and walking around in a hospital gown. He gazed up at him as he grabbed Jean's sleeve.

"Jean, don't worry; Neera will be just fine," said Ged.

Without saying anything, Jean glanced at him and rubbed his head. Ian, who was familiar with Sir, could sense that he had intense rage.

He was certain that many individuals would suffer as a result of this incident.

After an hour, Osbert came from the clinic. He removed his mask and gloves before inhaling deeply.

"How is everything? Is Mrs. Beauvort okay? Ian instantly moved forward and asked.

Instead of asking, Jean just fixed his gaze on him.

Osbert softly replied, "Neera's life is not in danger, but she has a bullet wound to her right shoulder. It was not seriously hurt, but it will need some time to heal. Her body has several abrasions, which should have been brought on by a fall. Additionally, the feet are worn out."

Jean exhaled a sigh of relief when he learned that she was not in danger. But he remained tense and enraged when he realized that she had sustained so many wounds.

Finally, Osbert couldn't help but ask, "What the hell is going on? How could Neera have been hurt in this way?"

Sir didn't intend to talk; therefore, Ian had to respond on his behalf after observing that.

"There was an attack on Mrs. Beauvort," said Ian.

"Attacked?" As a result of his shock and anxiety, Osbert frantically inquired, "Do you know who did it? and "Did you catch the person who hurt her?"

"The perpetrator has been captured, but the identity of the person behind it is still unknown."

"Don't worry, I will find out one by one," Jean said abruptly, his voice low and cold. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean's comments naturally brought relief to him. Osbert was furious at the time and said, "If you find out, you must not let it go! This is the first time I've seen Neera in such pain."

"That's for sure. Thank you so much today," Jean remarked with a nod.

"It's nothing, Jean; we're all a family; you don't have to be so polite," Osbert said, waving his hand. He would do whatever it took to assist Neera if something unfortunate happened.

"Neera's body is relatively weak right now, and she could catch a fever later but don't worry, it's all normal!" I'll stay here tonight to keep an eye on things, Jean, and you may go in and visit her now," said Osbert.

Jean entered the ward with a nod. The ward was quiet, and Neera slept palely on her hospital bed. Jean's heart clenched when he saw her in this manner.

He moved slowly, approached her, and took her hand. His distress and sense of blame nearly consumed him.

He berated himself in his heart innumerable times, wondering why he hadn't rushed there earlier and spared her such agony.

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Chapter 843

On the other hand, Zephyr had just finished bandaging the wound and had called Chad to tell him what had happened there.

Chad was surprised by how much had happened, so he inquired, "What about Neera? How is she?"

"Ms. Garcia had been injured, but she was fine," Zephyr replied.

Chad sighed in relief before lowering his face and frowning.

"Neera cannot be hurt without cause. Find out who did it, whether it's the organization or anything else; the individuals behind the scenes are no longer needed!"

He gave his orders in a stern, commanding manner.

Zephyr recognized his anger and reacted promptly, "Yes."

Despite his injuries, he turned over and got out of bed after hanging up the phone. When medical staff entered to examine his condition, they immediately stopped him.

"Hey! Don't move; your wound has just been treated, and you need to rest now."

But regardless of what the nurse said, Zephyr completely disregarded it and headed outside.

Neera's ward was at the other end of the passageway.

When Ian returned from outside after taking a call, just as Zephyr was going to knock on the door, he caught sight of it and quickly stopped him from behind.

"What are you up to? Sir is inside with Mrs. Beauvort; don't go in yet," said Ian.

Zephyr immediately turned around after hearing the sound, asking, "Where are Cloud and Storm?" with an indifferent attitude. He was aware that the brothers had already taken the two assassins away.

The best and quickest course of action was to ask directly if he wanted to know who was responsible for the attack.

"What's the matter? What are you going to do?" Ian asked, looking at him.

"Force out the answer from the assassins," Zephyr said succinctly.

Ian persuaded him: "You're hurt; can't you just stay here? You need to take proper care of your injuries, regardless of how they seem. Leave it to Storm and Cloud to take care of the two assassins. I'll let you know as soon as I know the results."

Zephyr refused but adamantly proclaimed, "I want to ask in person."

Ian scowled and sighed in silence. He said, "Why are you being so obstinate? Fine, I have no power over you. I'll take you, all right."

"

Soon after, he directed his men to keep a watch on the surroundings before taking Zephyr and leaving the research center.

Draco and Midna were imprisoned in the basement of an abandoned winery. Zephyr heard a sorrowful scream as he followed Ian down the stairs.

As soon as he walked in, he noticed Storm was torturing the two assassins. He noticed that Storm had a razor-sharp dagger in his hand and was playing with it.

His tone was icy, and he trod on Draco's hand while forcefully twisting it.

"Until now, you haven't said anything. In that case, don't blame me for going about it the difficult way."

After finishing his sentence, he knelt and stabbed Draco in the leg with the dagger in his hand! He previously shot purposefully close to his knee. Now he wanted to find that bullet!

Draco screamed unexpectedly, but he insisted on remaining silent. [SEARCH the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Storm let out a "tsk" as though he was bored and gazed up at Midna on the side.

"What about you? You're not going to say anything either? I recall you having four gunshot wounds on your body. Do you want me to go over them one by one now?"

Midna, after all, was a woman, and her body shivered when she saw such a torturous method. Because she was terrified, her teeth were chattering, and she trembled and admitted, "I will talk; please let me go."

Storm was satisfied; he drew out the dagger, disregarded Draco's screaming, and raised Midna's chin with the bloodied blade.

"Then I'll let you suffer a little less; let's talk about it."

"It's a man named Claude who hired us from the Dark Web to attack Neera," Midna choked.

Storm's eyes narrowed and his face darkened as he heard this.

Claude?

Wasn't that the man Roxanne had been seeing lately?

In other words, Roxanne came up with this!

Zephyr had the same thought when he heard this. He took a direct step forward while speaking in a chilly tone and with a grimace.

"You shouldn't touch her; whoever harmed her deserves to die."

He took out the two daggers after speaking. Retro sculpture and text were carved on the dagger. Draco and Midna's expressions changed dramatically when they saw it.

"Are you... Are you X?"

"It's too late that you only found out now," Zephyr stated coldly.

He raised the blade in his hand as he spoke and slashed it from Draco's neck to Midna's. The two of their eyes remained open in shock, but they were already dead.

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Chapter 844

When they noticed it, Storm and the others remained silent. In any case, they already had the information they needed. These two assassins were very merciless, and they had already taken countless lives.

The most crucial thing was that they provoked people they shouldn't have provoked this time.

How on earth could they be kept alive?

Ian approached Zephyr and gave him a shoulder pat after noticing him scrubbing the blood from the dagger with a stern face.

"What's your next move going to be?" asked Ian.

He was so eager to question the people behind the scenes that he would not let them go so simply. "Of course, it's to teach Claude a lesson," Zephyr replied flatly. "Mr. Gordon explained that he would not let anyone hurt Ms. Garcia."

In response, Storm and Cloud stated, looking at each other, "In that case, let's deal with it together."

Storm then told Ian to return and inform Sir of the current circumstances. "We will follow Zephyr to find Claude."

"You are injured now; can you still move?" Ian paused and stared at Zephyr.

Zephyr was somewhat speechless. "Don't worry, I can handle it."

Ian shook his head helplessly and patted him on the shoulder again, saying, "Okay, he's a man."

Zephyr stood up to Ian's mockery and led the way away.

Storm and Cloud noticed it, gave Ian a thumbs up, and dashed after him.

Neera had not yet awakened when Ian returned to the research center. He told Jean about Draco and Midna.

After listening, Jean muttered, his face gloomy, "Tell Cloud and Storm, don't be merciful, and kill him directly."

Ian kept quiet since he anticipated Sir's response would be this way.

Soon, he would be finished!

Neera was in a coma for a few hours and didn't awaken until late at night.

Jean never left the bed and continued to grasp her hand. He immediately opened his eyes and noticed Neera on the hospital bed slowly opening her eyelids after feeling the fingers in his hand move.

"Neera, you've woken up at last!"

He asked, a little eager at the moment, "How are you feeling? Is it painful?"

Neera was surprised for a moment when she saw the anxious and nervous man in front of her before remembering what happened before going into a coma.

She trembled as she recalled what had occurred due to the lingering fear in her heart.

Jean sensed it and couldn't help but pat her, comfortingly saying, "It's okay; no one can hurt you anymore."

Neera's heartbeat gradually slowed as she listened to his voice. She relaxed and softly stated, "I'm fine."

As soon as she spoke, she realized that her voice was dumb.

The water was soon poured for her by Jean. He fed her a few sips after checking the temperature and giving it to her. He touched her face after noticing that her eyes were still swollen. He was overcome with shame and sympathy.

"I'm to blame. I didn't do a good job of protecting you. You won't have to suffer and be hurt if I arrive sooner."

Neera could tell he was uneasy. She smiled and comforted him.

"What has this got to do with you? The opposing party is approaching me. You have already done a great job of protecting me, too. You can't just keep following me. You came to my aid at a crucial time. Don't hold it against yourself," she said, holding his hand instead and speaking.

She was stunned for a while, and she questioned, "But, how did you...show up there?"

Jean said honestly, "Zephyr notified me."

Neera reflected on the moment she saw them, and she was still taken aback. The moment she saw them, she noticed Storm and Cloud had weapons in their hands.

They had guns. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Maybe Jean's past is more complicated than she realizes.

She immediately questioned him, "Did you know the identity of Zephyr a long time ago?"

Jean answered quietly while pinching her fingertips. "Well, I knew the identity of Zephyr when you were attacked for the first time in Kingsview. The bodyguard informed me that you were being followed at the time. I immediately flew over because I was feeling a little uneasy."

"I see; that's when you found out," Neera whispered.

She was rather speechless. She was nervous about scaring him these days, so she was careful to disguise it. It turned out that there was no need at all!

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Chapter 845

Neera couldn't resist giving him a sideways glance before asking, "Why didn't you say so earlier? If I had known, I would not have kept it from you. The fact that you two have been privately informing each other is revealed."

Jean gently stroked the back of her hand. He gave her an affectionate and apologetic look.

"You're worried that you'll scare me; I, too, didn't want to scare you." I'm afraid you won't be able to accept it because this incident is so different from our everyday lives."

"What's there to not accept?" retorted Neera.

"I've experienced it myself," she sighed. "Truthfully, I never imagined that something like this would happen to me; I always thought that it only happened on television."

Jean bent down to give her a comforting kiss on the forehead.

"I'm sorry; it's my fault. I promise I won't keep anything from you and will tell you everything from now on, okay?"

Neera looked up at his face, which was inches away from her. Something warm and comforting spread through her chest.

"OK," she said, agreeing.

Having gained an understanding of the situation through their conversation, Neera remained silent afterward.

She sat for a while, creasing her brow slightly as the pain from her wounds returned.

When Jean noticed this, he quickly helped her lie down.

"Rest is what you need the most, put all other concerns out of your mind. Don't worry about Zephyr; he only has minor injuries."

Neera exhaled a sigh of relief. She wondered, "What about the kids? Do they know about this?"

"I called them earlier and told them that we have something to do tonight and that we won't be coming home," Jean explained, shaking his head. "Nothing else was said because I didn't want them to be alarmed."

When Neera heard this, she exhaled a sigh of relief and commented, "That's nice."

If the children found out about this, they would be terrified and cry nonstop.

"Are you hungry? I had Ian prepare some food for you," Jean said as he looked at his watch. "Do you feel like eating right now?"

Neera didn't feel like eating and shook her head.

"Alright, just let me know when you're hungry," Jean said, not forcing her.

Neera agreed with a grunt.

She later wondered, "How about that woman? Have the rest of them been dealt with?"

Jean nodded and filled her in on everything.

"Both that woman and the man who assaulted Zephyr are trained assassins. Zephyr took care of them after Storm got the information he needed from them."

Neera understood what he meant by "took care of them."

She felt nothing, and she didn't think it was cruel.

At first glance, that woman struck her as a seasoned killer. She had only herself to blame.

However, Jean's subsequent remarks came as a complete shock.

"Roxanne is the true mastermind of this whole ordeal."

"Roxanne?"

"As soon as she left the police station, she became involved with a petty criminal named Claude. That man found a matching heart for her and arranged for her to undergo heart transplant surgery.

"On top of that, he defended her too. It was her who directed Claude to hire the assassins that got you into this mess."

His eyes darkened, and a murderous gleam appeared in them as he spoke.

"Trust me, I'll make her pay. Don't worry about anything but getting better."

Neera obediently nodded in agreement.

He has a point. I'm tired, and my wounds haven't healed.

She sat up and rested for a while, but soon fell back to sleep.

Neera had a high fever later that evening, just as Osbert had predicted.

Osbert administered an injection and assessed her health.

"The fever should go away after a good night's sleep," he said. "Jean, it's getting late. You should also get some rest."

"I'm staying in the hospital with her tonight," Jean said, pointing to Neera in the hospital bed.

Osbert knew he couldn't convince him otherwise, so he just let him be.

Jean stayed up all night, changing towels and keeping watch over her.

Neera's fever finally subsided just before dawn.

...

While the heart transplant operation was a success, Roxanne remained in a coma.

Susan was there to keep her company when Claude entered.

"Has she woken up yet?" inquired the man.

Susan was a little timid when she saw him. She responded cautiously, "Not yet."

"

"Let me know when she wakes up."

Claude didn't intend to stay long. He was ready to leave after leaving that message behind. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Hey, wait a minute!" Susan called out quickly.

Then, using what little foreign language she had, she questioned, "What happened to Neera?"

Claude knew she was asking about the assassination attempt, so he confidently replied, "Those people I send are professional killers; they can't fail."

Susan struggled to understand, but she was overjoyed.

Incredibly, those people wouldn't fail. It would be huge relief when that b*tch is dead!

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Chapter 846

"Why is there no news from Draco and Midna?" Claude inquired after leaving the hospital.

"I don't know," his subordinate said, equally perplexed. "I tried calling them but couldn't get through."

He did, however, appear to be quite confident.

"Don't worry about it, boss. Together, they are formidable, capable of competing with the top three assassins in the Hades Ranking and even with Level 38 hitmen. That woman is just a regular business owner. Even if she has a couple of bodyguards, they won't be able to do much. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I'm sure Draco and Midna could take care of them in no time at all! Is it not common knowledge that assassins like them engage in some rather peculiar routines? Maybe they're playing cat and mouse, enjoying the thrill of the hunt."

Hearing this, Claude thought it made sense and didn't worry too much.

The operation on Roxanne went well, and Neera's problem was being handled. He was in a good mood and decided to go to a club he frequented to have some fun.

The club was always packed, but tonight it was strangely quiet. There wasn't a soul in sight. Even though he didn't understand anything, his innate sense of danger told him something was wrong.

Something isn't right!

He took a quick step back and turned to leave.

The club's door, however, closed faster than his movement. It slammed shut with a resounding bang!

The looks on Claude's face and that of his subordinate changed abruptly. After a quick turnaround, they saw that the entire club's first and second floors were packed with people wearing all black.

Where did all of these people appear in such a short period of time?

Claude was both surprised and enraged. His gaze became ferocious as he scanned the people around him.

They're unfamiliar to me. These people are neither my enemies nor have anything to do with my enemies.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked, frowning.

From the second floor, behind the crowd, Zephyr emerged. He leaned over the rail and regarded him as though he were an ant.

"The one who is going to take your life!"

After making this statement, he made a sudden leap over the railing and fell to the ground below.

Claude's subordinate was taken aback.

Within seconds, they had drawn their weapons and were aiming at Zephyr.

However, several bullets were fired from upstairs, killing them before they could raise their guns.

His subordinate had been shot multiple times and was now lying on the ground, having met his maker.

The tension on Claude's face increased, and he too fired at Zephyr.

Unfortunately, it was too late. Zephyr quickly bridged the gap. He delivered a powerful kick that knocked the gun from Claude's grasp!

The two got into a fight the next second.

Zephyr's skill was self-evident.

Claude was on the same level as him. He was towering in stature and built for explosive strength in battle.

As quickly as it had begun, the two were evenly matched. It was difficult to pick a winner.

Zephyr began to lag behind after ten minutes. He was wounded, and the fierce fighting caused his wounds to reopen, draining his strength gradually.

Cloud aimed his gun upstairs at the action below.

Storm foresaw that he was about to fire and intervened.

"Don't fire! They're so quick. If you shot Zephyr by accident, you'd have a tough time explaining it.

Cloud didn't take his gaze away from the scope and ignored Storm's advice. He was confident in his shooting abilities.

At the precise moment when the two downstairs were about to switch places, Cloud fired a bullet that struck Claude in the arm.

Claude retreated two steps downstairs as he winced in pain.

He examined his injured arm. His eyes become bloodshot, as if stained with blood and brimming with venomous intent to kill.

Zephyr took advantage of the situation to catch his breath. When he met Claude's gaze, his heart sank.

This guy is tougher than I imagined. I wouldn't be scared of him if I wasn't hurt, but now...

Cloud and Storm thought they'd be able to enjoy a good show upstairs.

They had no idea that even after being injured, Claude's combat prowess would remain astounding. He fought even harder than before, forcing Zephyr to retreat in stages!

"Zephyr has a lot of abrasions on his body." Those wounds limit his movement!"

Storm squinted his eyes and decided to go down and help.

A figure beside Cloud was slowly walking down the stairs at this time.

It was Charles! Chad's other assistant.

Cloud and Storm met this man for the first time tonight.

Although he appeared gentle and refined, they had an intuitive feeling that this man was far more complicated than he appeared.

Charles's actions quickly confirmed their suspicions.

Charles joined the battle after going downstairs.

Despite his slender stature and refined demeanor, his skills were extremely powerful, bordering on ferocious.

Storm lavished him with compliments, saying, "Indeed, one should not judge a book by its cover. Nobody in the Bartitsu family is a wimp!"

Cloud kicked him and jokingly said, "Stop talking nonsense and help them up!" What exactly are you staring at? We'd look redundant if we let them do everything!"

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Chapter 847

Storm flexed his muscles and nodded, "Alright."

Then he tumbled from the second floor, fell to the ground floor, and quickly joined the fight.

When he passed by Zephyr, he even had time to casually remark to Zephyr, "Wounded people should rest on the side. Be careful; you don't want to permanently disable yourself."

Zephyr was irritated, and his expression darkened, but he knew he couldn't overwork his body.

He had ripped open his wounds, and his muscles were strained in various places. There was pain all over his body. It could end badly if he forced himself to keep going.

Though he didn't want to, he had to slow down.

He took a step back and observed the situation.

Storm teamed up with Charles after he joined. They morphed into deadly fighting machines. Despite his abilities, Claude was unable to defend against them.

And someone on the upper floor had a gun pointed in his direction.

His expression darkened. He fought back fiercely, panting heavily, and demanded angrily, "Who the hell are you? Why are you trying to kill me?"

Storm smacked him in the face. With a chilly sneer, he said, "It doesn't matter who we are. All you need to know is that you're going to die tonight!"

Claude had a long history of involvement with the underworld, but he had never met such haughty people before. His heart sank to the floor. He knew he was going to die tonight.

In desperation, all he could say was, "You can't kill me! If you do, the mafia will not spare you!"

Storm cocked an eyebrow at this and asked, "Oh, really? I'm terrified."

Coldly, Charles scoffed, "So what? Are they very powerful?"

Each of them reacted in exactly the same way, as if they couldn't care less. Their attitude was haughty.

Their attacks became ruthless immediately after they said that.

Storm nearly leaped up and struck his abdomen with his knee.

Claude's expression changed instantly. His organs cramped together, and his face contorted in pain.

This was far from the end.

Charles abruptly lifted his leg and kicked him on the chin.

Claude seemed to hear the sound of bones cracking almost instantly. His chin was in such pain that his entire body went numb.

It was too much for him to bear. He couldn't stand up straight. He collapsed to the ground after knocking over the table behind him.

Claude reacted swiftly, and he quickly decided that he needed to stand up.

However, Storm's mocking voice could be heard saying, "I advise you not to act rashly. Otherwise, you'll get a bullet in the head."

Claude endured the agony. When he looked up, he saw that not only Cloud was standing on the second floor, but that everyone dressed in black had a gun in their hands.

Everyone pointed their guns at his head!

Now, his entire body was rigid with fear, and he dared not move a muscle. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He was astounded by the skills and abilities of those in front of him.

He had offended many people over the years, but none were as powerful as this one.

Who are these people?

"Who are you?" Claude asked again, clenching his teeth. "I apologize if I have offended you in the past. I'm willing to pay a large sum of money as long as you spare my life!"

In response to this, Storm snorted coldly, his eyes full of superiority.

"I thought you were tough, but how come you were pleading for mercy so quickly?"

Claude had blood on the corners of his mouth. He felt humiliated, but he wanted to keep his pride.

"I'm not begging for mercy; I'm trying to make a deal. Someone should have given you benefits and bribes if you're willing to take my life! I can give you anything you want. You set your own price; any amount is acceptable!"

With a small frown, Charles scowled.

"Do you think you're qualified to negotiate with us?" he asked impatiently.

Storm scowled disdainfully and asked, "Any amount is fine? Do you consider your life to be valuable? Don't worry; we'll take care of your organization after you're gone. We don't need your money; we can get it ourselves. Now, let's cut the nonsense. Let's figure out how to torture you later, shall we?"

"We should probably start with your legs," he said as his eyes swept over Claude. "You just kicked me a couple of times. It hurt a lot, so let's disable your legs first."

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Chapter 848

Claude's pupils contracted.

A gun had been pressed against his leg before he even had a chance to react.

"Bang!"

A gunshot echoed through the building.

Claude immediately let out an agonizing scream.

Cloud dashed down from the second floor.

He pointed the gun at Claude's good arm and shot at him coldly.

Claude's screams became increasingly agony!

That wasn't the end of it, Charles fired the third bullet, this time at Claude's good leg.

The agony in Claude's cries intensified. He felt like he was going to pass out, but the intense pain prevented him from doing so.

Zephyr took a step forward. His eyes were filled with a bloodthirsty chill, and his expression was icy.

He raised his gun, the muzzle circling Claude's body.

"There's nowhere else for me to shoot; it seems like this is the only place I can shoot," he explained.

His movement came to a halt as he said this.

The muzzle was pointed at Claude's heart.

Claude's panic caused him to forget about the pain and stifle his breathing. His eyes widened as he glared at Zephyr.

He pleaded, "Please, don't..."

With his life on the line, he felt an irrational urge to plead for forgiveness.

A loud bang was heard, and a bullet took his life before he could finish his sentence.

A wisp of smoke emitted from the muzzle. Zephyr took out a handkerchief and wiped his muzzle.

His malicious gaze lingered over Claude, seemingly appreciating his sorrowful and pleading expression. He wanted to make sure Claude understood everything before taking his final breath.

"In your next life, you should gain some perspective and learn who you can and cannot afford to offend. You have no right to end Ms. Neera's life."

These words sounded like demon whispers. The last remnants of his consciousness vanished into the abyss of hell.

At this point, Claude appeared to understand something, but it was too late to say anything. He shut his eyes and breathed out his final breath.

The quartet of sinister figures exchanged looks upon realizing he had passed away.

"All right, let's go. We haven't finished clearing out his strongholds.

Over the course of the next two days, more than ten of Claude's strongholds were destroyed.

On the third day, at Claude's headquarters

Two burly men in black appeared out of nowhere. The two looked at each other and frowned as they took in the horrific scene.

After a thorough examination, they concluded that Claude's stronghold had been completely destroyed.

A little taken aback, one of them said, "I thought they would spare the headquarters, but it appears that they have ruthlessly wiped them out!"

When his peers saw the mess, his expression darkened.

"That force had demolished so many of Claude's strongholds at once, dealt with the aftermath so cleanly and neatly, and left these people no way to run. Whoever is behind this clearly has a powerful background.

"Claude was closely connected to us. Given that they were able to wipe out Claude's men, they were undoubtedly aware of our connection. By making a move on Claude, they've made it clear that they have no respect for us. Our credibility will suffer if we do nothing, and explaining that to our superior will be a nightmare.

Their superior had amassed a fortune through Claude over the years. Their boss was likely to explode in rage after learning that their benefits had been slashed.

"You're absolutely right. It looks like we have some serious digging to do."

They talked for a while longer before heading back to report.

In their haste to leave, one of them unintentionally showed off the "W" tattooed across his neck. It was a symbol of a certain Mafia organization in Ludrye.

...

Neera spent the next two days recuperating in the research center before returning home.

Osbert escorted the couple to their vehicle. He was still concerned, and he kept reminding them along the way. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Neera, you need to change your bandage regularly and keep the wound dry. Don't neglect your health because of your hectic schedule. You should rest more if it is not absolutely necessary to work."

"Okay, okay!" Neera replied with a smile. "You've been telling me this all night. It's too much for me."

Osbert sulked and defended himself, saying, "It's because I'm worried about you. This is the worst injury I've ever seen you have."

As soon as he finished, he became aware that someone was staring at him.

He looked up and met Jean's gaze.

"Why are you looking at me like this?" Osbert wondered, perplexed. Are you jealous?"

It's not necessarily for you to nag us, even though you are a doctor," Jean shot back at him coldly. "How am I supposed to brag when you've taken care of everything?"

Neera laughed heartily.

Osbert was also amused. He finally admitted, "Okay, I know I'm wrong. I should have given you this chance. I'm going to trust you with her at home. I know you can handle her."

"Of course."

Jean nodded slightly. After that, he took Neera home.

When they got home, the triplets ran over to greet them.

"Mommy, why haven't you two come home for the past few days?"

"Did something happen?"

"Mommy, you appear to have lost weight and are ill. Are you sick? Or are you just too tired?"

The triplets were always observant. They were worried about their mother, so they examined her from head to toe.

Fortunately, the temperature had dropped. Neera wore long sleeves to conceal her injuries.

She didn't want them to be worried. Naturally, she lied to them.

She merely smiled and reassured them, "No, I'm at the research center. I haven't returned home because I've been too preoccupied with work. Sorry for making you worry about me and not spending more time with you."

The triplets were relieved. They shook their heads obediently.

"It's fine. We understand how important your work is. You must be tired after working so long. You need to get some rest."

"I will," Neera said, smiling. I haven't gotten a good night's sleep in a while. I'll spend the next two days at home resting."

The kids were easily fooled and had no idea what was going on.

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Chapter 849

Neera was relaxing at home that afternoon.

Neil had brought some important documents for her to sign.

He felt uneasy remembering the incident from a few days ago and asked, "Ms. Garcia, are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Neera replied with a smile. "These are minor wounds. You saved my life by helping Jean locate us. I'm grateful for you. Thank you very much."

"You don't have to thank me," Neil said with a shake of his head.

"I should be the one to thank you. I did nothing. You're the one who drove those people away; otherwise...I should apologize for burdening you."

"How are your injuries?" Neera softly interrupted.

Neil nodded and stated, "I'm fine now. I only had some bruises and have received an X-ray scan. It's nothing major."

"If that's the case, then I'm relieved," Neera sighed.

A grin spread across her face as she continued, "I'll have to bother you for the next few days about the company's affairs." "Certainly, it's my duty," Neil stated as he handed over the documents.

Neera took them. She casually browsed the papers. She was prepared to sign after making sure there were no problems.

Her injury, however, was on her right shoulder, and lifting her arm hurt a little.

Jean was aware of this.

"You should get some rest," he suggested. "I'm happy to sign them for you." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Hesitated, After a moment of hesitation, Neil said, "This... Mr. Beauvort, your handwriting is different from Ms. Garcia's. It's inappropriate."

"It's okay," Neera said with a small grin, "he should have no trouble imitating it."

She then pulled out one of her previous signatures for Jean's reference.

Jean studied it intently, then practiced several times on a blank sheet of paper before producing a virtually identical signature.

Then, he picked up the pace of his signing.

Neera sat back and admired him from the side.

The triplets arrived, and I brought them tea.

Their father's signature was a dead ringer for their mother's, and the kids couldn't help but make fun of him.

"Uncle Jean, you've spoiled Mommy by helping her sign the documents and not letting her tire herself!"

They had no idea that Neera had been hurt. They assumed Jean didn't want their mother to be tired, so he spoiled her in every way.

Neera grinned at Jean.

"Isn't that right?" she joked, echoing the children's jokes. "He knows how to pamper me."

Jean did not deny it and went about his work calmly.

His sole focus was on ensuring that Neera received the best possible care so that she could make a speedy recovery.

...

Neera was drained after dinner.

Jean helped her up the stairs by holding her hand.

He urged, "A shower would be good for you. Remember, keep the wound dry."

"Do you want someone to help you?" he asked worriedly.

"I'm not that delicate," Neera replied, smiling. "I can handle these minor injuries on my own."

"OK then," Jean agreed.

Neera changed into her pajamas and went into the bathroom.

Her injuries made it difficult for her to move. She was in there for a good half an hour before she finally came out.

Upon realizing that Jean had not left, she asked, "Why are you here? Aren't you going to get some rest?"

"I'm not in a hurry," Jean said, waving at her. "Come here. I'll administer the medication to you."

Shocked, Neera realized she had completely forgotten about it.

Applying medicine... I need to take off my clothes, isn't it?

"What's the matter? Are you shy?"

Jean raised an eyebrow when he noticed Neera standing rooted. He said, "I'm just going to apply medicine for you. What is there to be shy about?"

Neera thought he had a point and walked over.

She sat down, facing him, and began to unbutton in silence.

Neera thought nothing of it, but when she undid her buttons, her ears grew red. She felt exposed and vulnerable as she undid her top button and bared her shoulder to him.

Jean's eyes narrowed, but once he saw the cut, his desire quickly faded.

He felt sorry for her. He cleared all of his thoughts and applied the medicine with caution, fearful of injuring her. He would even breathe on it occasionally.

This, however, only temporarily relieved her pain.

Even though she was in pain, Neera had to persevere.

She experienced a tingling sensation following the application of the medicine.

Her forehead became covered in sweat.

She tried to raise her hand to button her top, but the pain prevented her.

Jean saw that she was sitting motionlessly, and he quickly asked, "What's wrong?"

Neera's complexion turned pale.

Embarrassed, she said softly, "You need to help me button up."

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Read Chapter 850

Chapter 850

Jean finally realized how awkward her situation was. He agreed, "Sure."

He walked to the front, came face-to-face with Neera, and helped her button up the pajamas.

Her exposed collarbone and fair skin caught his attention when he touched her clothes.

Stunned, his eyes followed the lines of her body down until they reached the third button of her pajamas.

His vision was obscured by the fabric, but he could tell that she was wearing nothing on the inside.

Jean's gaze darkened when he realized this. He averted his gaze and buttoned up for her.

After they had gotten close to one another, their posture became so intimate that they could literally feel each other's breath.

Neera felt uneasy, but she also picked up on a strange vibe that made her heart race.

Jean saw her reaction and felt a strange itchiness in his chest.

Sadly, Neera suffered an injury. He forced himself to ignore his feelings as he calmly buttoned her shirt.

While doing so, his hands touched her skin. He even caught a glimpse of her alluring curves.

Jean's blood was boiling, and he felt like his body was on fire. If this torture continues, he will lose his mind.

When he was done, he sighed deeply and said, "I'll carry you to the bed."

Neera's cheeks were red and she felt weak all over. She approved with a nod.

Jean lifted her and set her down on the bed.

Then, he carefully draped a quilt over her.

Looking at her beautiful face, he couldn't resist planting a passionate kiss on her.

After a long kiss, he said hoarsely, "Good night."

Neera's cheeks had turned bright red. There was a sheen to her lips, and they were a deeper shade of red.

It made her feel awkward to look at him, so she just shut her eyes and said, "Good night."

Jean felt compelled to chuckle upon taking in her expression.

Slowly, he sat down next to her.

Neera opened her eyes in surprise after she heard the noise. She pondered, "Aren't you going to go back to your room and get some sleep?"

"No!" declared Jean. "I'll be with you tonight! I can take care of you if you don't feel well in the middle of the night."

Neera blinked and teasingly said, "We have slept in the same room so many times, but we aren't husband and wife. How can I ever find someone to marry if these things get out?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Jean asked menacingly as he squinted his eyes, "Who else do you want to marry? Are you hinting that I should marry you?"

Coquettishly, Neera reprimanded, "I didn't hint at anything; don't randomly interpret things!"

Jean playfully arched an eyebrow and said, "Too late, I have misunderstood. It's about time for me to make it official. I promise I'll get this taken care of as soon as I can."

The comment made Neera laugh, so she asked, "Pff, are you serious?"

"Of course! I will never lie to you. You can go ahead and officially declare I'm your man to the world if you like. I'm not fussy."

Neera was amused.

After the two have been goofing off for a while, Neera eventually gets tired and goes to sleep.

Jean waited for her breathing to regulate before heading downstairs.

The triplets were playing with their toys.

When they saw him walk down the stairs, they blinked and asked, "Daddy, is Mommy asleep?"

Jean nodded and gently stroked their heads.

"It's late; take a shower and get to bed," he urged.

The triplets were extremely well-mannered.

"All right, Daddy."

"Good night, Daddy!"

Each of them gave Jean a kiss before ascending the stairs.

Jean felt as if his heart was about to melt. He said, "Good night."

Thereafter, he showered in the guest room.

When he came out of the restroom, Ian was already there.

Ian reported, "Storm and Cloud have returned, sir."

Jean's eyes became slightly icy. He set the towel down and went downstairs.

Storm and Cloud had been working tirelessly for the past two days. They appeared tired and wretched.

Jean gave them a quick glance and said, "You two have worked hard. How is everything going?"

Instantly, Storm and Cloud reported, "Our men had destroyed all of Claude's strongholds and headquarters. Susan and Roxanne were in custody. We're going to take care of them and give those two a fate worse than death."

"Hmm!" Jean said, nodding. "Very well, you two can go ahead and rest now."

"Roger that!"

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