

Under the Heiress' Facade

#Chapter 1 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 1

Chapter 1

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It was late August in the deep mountains where Jadonia and Valdenland met. A young woman in a snug dress and an older lady stood before a nameless grave.

The young woman, Hera Youngworth, was born into the Everett family of Norburgh. However, she was given to the wrong family due to a mistake at the hospital 17 years ago.

Just a week ago, the Everetts located her. Today, they were here to bring her back to the city.

Catherine Youngworth shifted her gaze from the tombstone to Hera. "Let's start heading downhill. The Everetts will arrive shortly. Once you're back in the city, you'll be recognized as an Everett. It's time to leave the past behind."

"Okay, Grandma. You go ahead. I'd like to stay a little longer," Hera replied.

Catherine took one last glance at the tombstone, let out a sigh, and said, "Don't keep them waiting."

Hera stood alone, silently gazing at the nameless tombstone.

Suddenly, she heard rustling in the woods behind her and glanced up. Something was stirring among the trees and approaching her.

Turning around cautiously, she caught the glint of sunlight on her long eyelashes. A figure dressed in dark camouflage dashed out from the woods, stirring a heavy scent of blood into the air.

The tall man had camouflage paint on his face, making it hard for Hera to see his features. Yet, she spotted a flag on his right arm.

Meanwhile, Hera could still hear rustling sounds from the woods behind him.

Bernard Killian hadn't expected to run into anyone in these desolate mountains. With a growl, he cautioned, "It's dangerous here. You should go!"

Drained of energy, he stumbled and collapsed before Hera. He lay motionless, his blood staining the grass beneath him.

Hera frowned. The smell of blood was overpowering, leading her to believe that Bernard had likely lost consciousness due to excessive bleeding. He might not survive if she didn't act fast to stop the bleeding.

Suddenly, two men dressed in light camouflage suits emerged from the woods.

The first man, Edwin Elrod, who had curly hair, spoke in Terranish, "There's a woman over here!"

The second man, Albert Barlowe, had a crew cut and thick lips. He glanced at Hera and said, "Let's take her with us."

It seemed that Albert hadn't seen a woman in a while. His gaze turned lustful as soon as he laid eyes on Hera.

Hera's heart pounded. She had lived in this borderland for 11 years and was aware of its dangers, but this situation was new.

Despite her anxiety, she silently thanked her lucky stars that Catherine had gone down the mountain before her.

Hera calmly looked at the weapons they were holding, then spoke in standard Terranish, "Please don't harm me. I'm just a villager."

Albert stepped forward, using the barrel of his gun to lift Hera's chin. Her face was beautiful and soft. He imagined that touching her would be pleasant.

He licked his lips and grinned. "Miss, you speak Terranish quite well. Come with us. I'll take you everywhere and we'll live a good life."

Hera fixed her gaze on the ominous gun barrel, her throat tight with fear. "Fine, just please don't hurt me. I'll do whatever you say. I'll pack my things and go with you right away."

Her timid response only fueled Albert's dark intentions. He smirked with a hint of malice. "Since you're so agreeable, let's begin with making me happy!"

Edwin chimed in with a similarly unsettling laugh.

Albert dropped his weapon and seized Hera's right hand, pulling her close.

Quick as lightning, Hera ran her left hand along the side of her tight dress, revealing a silver needle between her fingers. She then thrust the needle into Albert's ST 9 acupuncture point.

Albert froze, his head dropping to meet Hera's icy gaze. The fear that had been in her eyes moments before was now gone.

Edwin sensed trouble and muttered curses under his breath. He pointed his gun at Hera but hesitated to shoot, fearing he might hit Albert instead.

Once Albert fell unconscious, Hera shoved him aside and rolled swiftly toward the tombstone. She grabbed a handful of white powder from a basket and flung it at Edwin.

Edwin hurried to reload his gun, but it was too late. The powder filled the air, and as he breathed it in, his vision blurred. He felt his senses dulling. Within moments, he collapsed unconscious, just like Albert.

The powder Hera used was her own mix, designed to repel wild animals. Without an antidote, they wouldn't wake up for at least an hour.

Hera got to her feet and looked down. She noticed that the dress Catherine had tailored for her was stained and ripped from the stones. She frowned, feeling a pang of regret.

Then, she moved closer to check Bernard's injury. He had been shot in the right shoulder blade, and blood was flowing from the wound.

Hera undid the intricate camouflage uniform Bernard wore and lifted the slit of her dress. Along the edge of the slit, rows of silver needles of various lengths and thicknesses were found.

She picked a few and carefully inserted them into Bernard's acupuncture points, which aided in stopping the bleeding.

Next, she tore off a fabric from her torn dress and used it to bandage Bernard's wound. Unfortunately, given the circumstances, she couldn't remove the bullet.

As Bernard slowly woke up, he felt a numbness in his right shoulder. He was still feeling dazed, but he snapped wide awake when he felt someone's hands on his chest.

Hera had just finished wrapping a bandage around his wound when Bernard grabbed her right wrist.

"Don't worry I'm just tending to your injury," Hera reassured him.

Bernard finally got a good look at her face and was surprised. "C-Cecily?"

Hera was shocked. She looked at Bernard's face, which was smeared with camouflage paint. Then, she pulled away from his grip and distanced herself.

The name Cecily was known only to the Killian family. Hera wondered if the person standing before her could be one of the Killians.

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Hera felt completely stunned.

All of a sudden, the sound of an approaching aircraft grew louder. Bernard's backup had arrived.

Hera looked up and saw a helicopter hovering above. The helicopter's door slid open, and a ladder lowered down. A man dressed in camouflage, similar to Bernard's attire, descended from above.

Hera swiftly dashed away.

Bernard pushed himself up, his eyes following her disappearing figure. With a pleased grin, he mumbled, "So, you were hiding here. I'll be back for you."

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At the foot of the mountain, two sleek black BMWs were parked in front of a rundown house. The yard was bustling with curious bystanders.

In the living room, Catherine welcomed the Everetts, who had arrived from the city.

James Everett, Lilith Cresswell, and their daughter, Giselle Everett, who had been mistakenly taken at birth and raised by them, were here.

The three's impeccable attire clashed sharply with the shabby state of the living room.

Giselle scowled at the worn cup before her, feeling a wave of repulsion. She glanced around the living room, taking in the peeling paint on the walls and the chaotic mess of herbs scattered across the floor.

To make matters worse, there wasn't even an air conditioner in the house on this scorching summer day. Instead, an old ceiling fan whirred above, its irritating squeak only adding to her discomfort.

The idea that Giselle was part of this rundown family was unbearable to her. She was firmly convinced that she was meant to be an Everett.

Giselle clung to James' arm, looking upset. "Dad, it's sweltering in here. Does Hera not want to see me because she thinks I stole her parents?"

"What are you talking about? It wasn't your fault to be mistakenly taken at birth. Why would she blame you?" James snapped.

Before arriving, the Everetts had called to say they were coming to take Hera back to their home. As for Giselle, they had raised her for 17 years and had grown attached to her, so they decided to continue raising her.

"Then, why is she taking so long?" Giselle seemed even sadder. She turned to Catherine. "Um, could you go find Hera? And ask her to hurry?"

Her tone sounded like she was instructing a housekeeper on tasks.

Catherine let out a sigh as she observed Giselle's behavior. She was about to stand up, but James intervened, "It's fine. Let's give her five more minutes. If she hasn't returned by then, we'll go first."

Lilith quickly placed her cup down. Finding their biological daughter had been an arduous journey, and she wasn't going to let this visit slip away without a word.

Just as she was about to speak persuasively, a clear voice was heard speaking from outside, "Grandma, I'm home."

All heads turned toward the doorway, where a tall, slender young woman stood. Her figure was outlined by the light behind her.

Hera carried herself with a certain aloofness which hinted that it wouldn't be wise to cross her.

Even with her advanced age, Catherine's eyes were sharp. She noticed the large tear in her dress as soon as Hera entered.

"Hera, what's wrong?" Catherine approached with concern.

Hera supported Catherine and reassured her, "Grandma, I'm fine."

She looked down at her dress and added, "I just... accidentally tore my clothes..."

It was then everyone realized Hera's dress was dirty and tattered.

Giselle was overcome with disgust. She hadn't anticipated Hera not even having decent clothes to wear. She made a firm decision never to return to this shabby place again!

“Don’t worry, I’ll make another one for you,” Catherine assured. She gestured toward the group and said, “Come meet your real parents and their daughter who was mistakenly switched at birth with you.”

Hera landed her gaze on James. He wore a suit, had thick hair, and was slightly overweight. Despite being in his late 40s, he looked more like he was in his early 40s.

James had been waiting for over half an hour in the sultry and rundown place, only to be greeted by Hera, who was dressed in tattered clothing.

What aggravated him even more was Hera’s lack of courtesy. She didn’t bother to offer a greeting. Impatiently, James questioned, “Why did you keep us waiting so long?”

“I tripped while coming down the mountain,” Hera explained, her eyes cast downward. Her long eyelashes covered her cold gaze, making her look like a regretful child.

Seeing how much she resembled Lilith and how sorry she seemed, James couldn’t bring himself to scold her anymore.

“You look a bit messy. Come on, let’s get into the car,” James said.

He quickly turned away, ready to leave as soon as possible. This content provided by N(o)velDrama.[Org.

Meanwhile, Lilith stepped forward and gently took Hera’s hand, checking for injuries. “Hera, I’m your mother. Let me see if you’re hurt.”

Her concerned expression mirrored that of Hera’s adoptive mother, Daphne Jones.

“I’m fine. Thank you,” Hera said.

Giselle came over and attempted to pull Lilith away. “Mom, let’s go. Dad’s waiting.”

“Alright, alright.” Lilith nodded. She then turned to Hera and said, “Let’s head home. Your father’s waiting.”

Hera nodded and said goodbye to Catherine.

Giselle became displeased when she realized Lilith was completely focused on Hera. She pulled harder on Lilith, but Lilith remained firmly rooted in place. This only added to Giselle’s frustration.

Annoyed, she released her grip and intended to seek out James, but Catherine stopped her.

“Giselle, have you truly considered this? Are you certain you want to leave?” Catherine asked sincerely.

Only then did Hera cast a glance toward Giselle, taking note of her long, sleek hair. While Giselle wasn’t beautiful, her designer attire gave her the air of a daughter from an affluent family.

“No, thank you,” Giselle declined promptly.

She sneered inwardly. She wasn’t foolish enough to abandon a life of luxury to endure hardships in this remote and impoverished place.

Catherine let out a sigh. “Alright then. Go ahead. Take a trip to see your father whenever you can.”

As soon as her biological father was mentioned, Giselle’s expression turned grim.

The Everetts had investigated her background and found out that her biological father, Lucius Killian, was serving a life sentence in prison for murder.

“I only have one father—James Everett,” Giselle stated firmly, then forcefully pulled Lilith away.

Hera stayed quiet.

As Giselle walked away with a determined expression, Catherine sighed and shook her head. Then, she faced Hera. “It’s your turn to go, Hera.”

Hera hummed in response. Leaning in, she hugged Catherine and whispered, “I’ll go see Dad and do whatever it takes to prove his innocence.”

Without giving Catherine a chance to persuade her otherwise, Hera grabbed her bag and headed for the door.

Only one car remained in the yard. The driver stood by the door, waiting for Hera. As he opened the door for her, she noticed someone seated in the back seat.

Chapter 3

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As the car engine hummed to life, James turned to Hera. “Before we get to Norburgh, there’s something important I need to tell you. We’ll announce to everyone that the Everetts have officially adopted you.”

Hera looked up at James. They hadn't discussed this before in their earlier phone call. Though being agreeable moments ago, she now seemed distant and reserved.

James felt uncomfortable under her gaze. It dawned on him then that Hera would always feel somewhat disconnected from the Everetts since they hadn't raised her since childhood.

Pushing down his uneasiness, he patiently explained, "The Everetts have been relying on help from the Gaskell family to make our business successful.

"Now, Zylar Gaskell, the heir to the Gaskell family, is engaged to Giselle. Their marriage is important for both families' interests and reputations. So, we need to make arrangements regarding you."

Hera understood the situation quickly. The Everetts were worried that if the Gaskells found out about her humble upbringing, it might ruin the engagement.

"Oh," Hera replied, sounding indifferent.

She casually pulled out her phone from her bag and got lost in a game, seemingly completely unbothered by the conversation.

James felt a sense of relief. He assumed that people from rural backgrounds would be easy to handle.

If Lilith hadn't persistently asked and if James hadn't been concerned about Hera's true background possibly harming their family's reputation, he wouldn't have personally brought Hera back to the Everett residence.

Hera reclined in the car seat, completely absorbed in her phone. Her thumbs moved skillfully across the screen.

Frowning, James couldn't resist sneaking a look at her screen. His disappointment grew when he realized she was just playing a basic matching game. Any remaining positive feelings he had for Hera quickly vanished.

He even began to regret bringing her to the Everett residence. Hera came off as impolite and lacking ambition. He was worried she might embarrass the Everetts if they were seen together in public.

James was unaware that Hera was actually deeply immersed in Flip-and-Match. The game involved 99 pairs of identical icons being shuffled and briefly shown for a minute before being flipped over.

Hera had to rely on her memory to match the pairs by tapping on two identical ones. In this round, she memorized all the icons in ten seconds and completed the level in 48 seconds with a 1% error rate.

However, she wasn't content with her speed. So, she refreshed the level and started over.

After the car pulled up at the airport, they boarded the plane and landed at Norburgh Airport two hours later. Aside from meal breaks, Hera spent nearly the entire journey refreshing the level of her game.

Finally, she achieved a new personal record—taking only three seconds to memorize and 27 seconds to clear, with a flawless 0% error rate.

Right then, Hera's phone buzzed with a WhatsApp notification.

Piglet: "Hey Raven, are you really not accepting any job offers? Someone is offering three times the usual pay! Aren't you interested? It's triple the money!"

Hera clicked her tongue impatiently.

Raven: "Nope."

Piglet: "Not even for a deal worth millions? What's going on with you?"

Raven: "I'm taking a break."

Piglet: "When do you think you'll be back? I need to reply to someone."

Raven: "It depends on how I feel."

Piglet: "You're so childish!"

James thought of Hera as just a typical teenager glued to the internet while Giselle, on the other hand, was focused on her workbook even during the flight. James saw them as complete opposites.

He was convinced that hiding Hera's true identity as the Everetts' biological daughter from the public was the best choice to avoid any future embarrassment for the family.

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In the rural village, Catherine was drying herbs in her yard when she spotted two men in camouflage suits approaching from beyond the fence.

Bernard was at the forefront. He stood tall and robust. His remarkably handsome face seemed to have been sculpted by a great artist.

A noticeable bloodstain on his right chest hinted at a recent injury. Thankfully, it had been tended to.

Following Bernard was Aaron Ludden, who appeared youthful and boyish.

Setting aside the herbs, Catherine asked, "Do you need medical assistance or medicine?"

"We're looking for someone," Bernard replied, pulling a bloodied cloth from his pocket.

Catherine's expression turned cautious as she inspected the cloth. The embroidery matched her own handiwork, sparking a memory of Hera's demeanor earlier that morning when she returned home.

She glanced at the bloodstain on Bernard's chest and asked, "Who are you?"

Bernard noticed Catherine's expression change and gently explained, "We're special forces working on a secret mission for the country. A young lady helped us catch criminals and even saved me.

"We need her to come with us to give an official statement about what happened, and I want to thank her in person."

"Oh, I see, but you're too late." Catherine relaxed. "She left two hours ago and won't be back."

Bernard frowned. "Where did she go?"

After a moment's pause, Catherine replied, "She went to the Everett residence in Norburgh."

"Okay, thanks." Bernard turned to leave.

Aaron caught up with Bernard and teased with a grin, "Boss, have you been away from the unit too long? Or are you losing your memory? Since when do we have to give statements after a mission?"

"Since just now," Bernard replied.

Aaron was stumped.

Bernard handed Aaron the blood-stained cloth and said, "Clean it up, and tomorrow, give it back to me along with the owner's address."

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Three cars arrived at Norburgh Airport to pick up the Everetts. James had important business at the company, so Lilith, Giselle, and Hera went home before him.

An hour and a half later, they reached the Everett residence. After exiting the cars, Lilith welcomed Hera into the house. "Hera, we're home. Your grandma and your brothers are staying with us."

Hera nodded in response.

Leading the way, Giselle announced, "Grandma, we're back."

After handing her bag to the housekeeper, she quickly headed to the living room, flaunting her status as part of the Everett family.

A young boy, about six or seven years old, dashed out of the living room. It was Gino Everett, the third child of James and Lilith.

"Giselle, you're here! Did you bring me any presents?" Gino exclaimed eagerly.

"What kind of gifts could you expect from the boonies?" An elderly voice came from the living room.

"Good point. It's not worth getting my hopes up," Gino grumbled as he sank back into the couch, returning to his video game.

Hera trailed behind Lilith as they entered the luxurious living room decorated in lavish Baroque style.

Mildred Barker sat gracefully on the couch, savoring a cup of coffee with an air of elegance. She had grayish hair and was dressed in lavish attire.

Giselle quietly settled beside her and poured her another cup of coffee. "Grandma, where's Gideon?"

Mildred sipped her coffee and said, "He flew out to Emberwood around noon. He said he was visiting a biological institute."

Lilith was saddened at the news.

Before leaving this morning, she had informed her eldest child, Gideon Everett, that they would pick up Hera. It was a significant day because it marked the reunion of the Everett family, and she hoped they would all be home together.

Gideon always did things his own way, but he consistently made the Everetts proud, so Lilith couldn't bring herself to scold him because of this. Pushing aside her sadness, she led Hera forward.

"Mom, we've brought Hera back," Lilith said. Then, she introduced Hera to Mildred, saying, "Hera, this is your grandmother."

"Grandma," Hera called out softly.

Mildred ignored her. She set her cup down and called for the housekeeper. "Judy, please bring out the rest of the caviar so Giselle can enjoy it."

"Sure," Judy McCoy replied. She returned shortly after with the caviar.

"Thank you, Grandma," Giselle said graciously. She then deliberately lifted the caviar and enjoyed a bite, almost as if she were flaunting it. "It tastes amazing."

"Take your time, dear. There's no rush. You must be exhausted after spending the day in the car. Enjoy some good food to recharge, and remember to take care of yourself so that Mr. Gaskell will

be smitten by you."

Mildred affectionately tucked a stray hair behind Giselle's ear.

Giselle nodded with a sweet smile and hummed in response. Noticing Hera being left out, Giselle's satisfaction with herself grew even more.

Lilith noticed Mildred was purposefully ignoring Hera. She called, "Mom."

"Oh, you're back," Mildred said, pretending she had just noticed Hera and giving her a once-over.

Hera had a delicate face with her hair neatly braided. Her unexpectedly fair skin contrasted with her cold eyes and thin lips.

Mildred's gaze drifted down. She saw Hera wearing a dirty, torn dress that hugged her figure tightly. She carried a worn bag, and her white shoes were covered in mud.

Mildred wrinkled her brows disapprovingly at Hera's outfit choice, convinced it reflected her less sophisticated upbringing.

She thought Hera held no significance to the Everetts, yet they were obliged to support her financially.

“Judy, get her a pair of slippers. Don’t let her track dirt into the house and ruin the wool carpet I had air-freighted from Lumoria,” Mildred instructed.

“Got it,” Judy replied, promptly fetching a pair of slippers for Hera. “Ms. Hera, could you please change your shoes?”

Hera stayed silent.

Lilith noticed Mildred’s disdain for Hera from her gestures and remarks.

When Lilith and James began dating, the Everetts were still farmers in the countryside. However, their fortunes changed when they discovered a valuable mine underground, turning them into overnight millionaires.

Mildred started acting snobby, turning her nose up at folks from the countryside. She pushed Lilith and James to break up, and the whole family eventually moved to Norburgh.

In Norburgh, they launched a company, bought a grand mansion, and splurged on luxuries. It was all to rise in social status and shake off the label of being newly rich.

It was only when James insisted on marrying Lilith and she became pregnant with a son that Lilith finally gained acceptance into the Everett family.

The memories of her past made Lilith feel uneasy whenever she thought about it.

Hera had just gotten back from the countryside. Lilith could already predict that Hera would face even more disapproval from Mildred.

“Mom, life in the mountains is rough. Hera has been through a lot since she was young—”

“That’s enough. Hurry and help her freshen up and change into something more suitable,” Mildred impatiently cut in and waved her hand.

“Hera, I’ll show you to your room,” Lilith said.

Hera simply nodded, catching the disdainful look on Mildred’s face.

Giselle’s appetite for caviar vanished instantly when she witnessed Lilith’s kindness toward Hera. She felt entitled to that affection from Lilith, and seeing Hera receive it instead only fueled her resentment.

Fuming with jealousy, Giselle turned to Gino, who was engrossed in his video game.

“Gino, are you giving up on your study room?” Giselle asked.

Frustrated from losing a game, Gino cursed under his breath. He promptly left the game console behind and rushed to the third floor.

Chapter 5

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After arriving at the third door, Lilith pushed the door open and gestured inside. "I'm not sure if this matches your taste. Look around and let me know if it suits you, or if you'd like to add anything"

The room boasted a chic, princess-like decor, beaming with feminine allure. However, it failed to resonate with Hera's preferences

Feeling Lilith's hopeful gaze upon her, Hera reluctantly added. "It's alright-"

Before she could finish speaking, someone forcefully pushed her, causing her to lose her balance and stagger

"Out! This is my shady!" Gino's glare bore into Hera with intense hostility, resembling a lit fuse ready to explode,

Lilith found herself caught in the middle. She asked, "Hera, are you okay? Gino, didn't we agree that this room was meant for your sister?"

Gino's expected outburst left Lilith feeling flustered

The second and third floors of the mansion were fully occupied, leaving only the housekeeper's room and guest rooms on the first floor.

Given Hera's status as a member of the Everett family, staying on the first floor was out of the question. Thus, Lilith arranged an agreement with Gino.

Gino agreed to share a study with Godeon, thereby vacating Gino's study for Bertout as her room.

"She's not my sister! I don't have a sister who showed up from the countryside!" Gino objected strongly, trying to push Hera away again.

Hera gracefully sidestepped his advance.

Caught off guard by her agility, Gino stumbled and collided with the foot of the bed. Instantly, his pained cries echoed through the room.

"What's wrong? What's going on? Mildred's voice came from behind

Giselle had helped Mildred up to the third floor.

Gino canted Mildred and burst into tears. "Granda, help me! This hick just shoved me!"

Hera stayed quiet.

"Don't worry, don't worry I'll handle this fairly for you" Mildred comforted him by parring his back, "Let me see where you're hurt."

Gino's face was a mess of tears and snot. He had a big bump on his forehead.

"Oh dear, how did you hurt yourself so badly? Will it affect how you look? Giselle exclaimed dramatically

Gndered even harder at the mention of his appearance being affected

"Gino, let me see I'm sorry. It's my fault for not watching you closely enough." Lith anxiously tried to approach Gino, but Mildred pushed her away.

"What are you waiting for? quickly, call the doctor!" Mildred scolded her, then glared at Her "we'll talk about this later!

Herz remained silent.

The mansion was in chaos. Everyone's attention was centered on Gine.

Watching Hera being left on the sidelines filled diselle with satisfaction. She saw Heraas nothing more than a country bumpkin unworthy of Lilith's attention

Gino sobbed in Mildred's arms in the living room downstairs. His putty, red eyes bugged at Mildred's heartstrings.

Mildred scolded Lilith, selling her to urge the family doctor, and instructed Judy to fetch a hot pack. Before long, Judy returned with one

"Gina, stop crying. Applying this hot pack should help." Mildred reassured, preparing to apply the hot pack

But before she could, a stem voice cut in, "Don't use that. Use ice cubes instead

Mildred turned to see Hera standing on the staircase.

Hera was still clad in her tattered, snug dress, with her bag sling over her shoulder. She had an air of confidence that made Mildred suddenly uncertain if she was a city dweller or from the countryside.

“What makes you think you know better? Using a hot pack can boost blood flow and reduce swelling,” Mildred retorted and glared at Hera

Mildred carefully applied the hot pack over the sizable bump on Gino’s forehead

“Ouch!” Gino winced and began to resist.

“You need to bear with it. Applying the hot pack over the swollen area is necessary for reducing the swelling,” Mildred insisted.

e signaled for Judy to help in keeping Gino still.

Lith sympathized with Gino but didn’t dare oppose Mildred’s instructions. She could only watch anxiously.

In that instant, Mildred felt someone grab her hand. Her eyes sparked with anger when she realized it was Hera. “What are you doing?”

Hera remained cold and repeated, “You should use a cold compress”

“Move aside! Don’t meddle. I know what I’m doing. Why would I hurt my grandson? Mildred yanked her hand away from Hera’s grip.

She had seen Fanny Paterson, her friend, use this technique to ease swelling and bruises on her grandson before. There was no way she could be mistaken! Hera stayed quiet.

Seeing the opportunity, Gino squirmed out of Mildred’s embrace and into Lilith’s. His face was covered in tears and snot. He looked utterly miserable. Mildred boiled with anger just as she was about to instruct Judy to bring Gino back to her, the family doctor, Wilbur Hobgood, arrived.

Chapter 6

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After checking on Gino, Wilbur reassured everyone, “It’s not a big deal. Just use an ice pack and he’ll be fine. Since Gino is taking medication for his nasal condition, I won’t prescribe any medication now.

Wilbur frowned when he noticed Mildred holding a hot pack. “Don’t use a hot compress right after a bump. It can make the swelling worse by increasing blood flow.

“Start with a cold compress immediately after the injury, and after 24 hours, you can switch to a hot compress and gently massage the area to reduce swelling and bruising.

“But remember, you must wait at least 24 hours before using a hot compress.”

Mildred felt embarrassed and shot Hera a nasty look. She couldn't believe Hera, someone from the countryside, knew about medical care. Mildred chalked it up to luck.

She shoved the hot pack into Judy's hand and commanded, “Why are you still standing there? Go get some ice.”

Mildred's demeanor suggested she wasn't the least bit embarrassed.

Meanwhile, Gino glared at Hera with teary eyes. His resentful gaze seemed to hold her responsible for everything despite her efforts to help him earlier.

Hera remained silent..

After Wilbur departed, Lilith gently placed an ice pack on Gino's forehead. She whispered, “Hera, how did you know Gino needed a cold compress

“The roads up in the mountains are pretty bumpy, and when I was younger, Toften ran into things. Whenever that happened, Grandma Catherine would soothe my bumps with cold packs, Hera explained.

She cast her eyes downward. Her eyelashes were notably thick and long. Even though she spoke softly, her words were audible to everyone in the room.

Mildred had assumed that Hera possessed medical knowledge, only to realize she couldn't afford professional healthcare and relied on home remedies instead.

“I'm sorry for what you've been through, Hera,” Lilith said as she took Hera's hand.

Whenever Lilith thought about Hera's struggles with affording doctors and resorting to home remedies when injured, she couldn't help but feel sympathy

Hera stayed quiet.

Mildred scoffed. “So, you pushed your own brother just to show off your rustic home remedies?”

“I didn't push him,” Hera replied calmly.

“You didn't? Gina wouldn't be in this situation if it weren't for you pushing him. Do you think I'm foolish, or do you think Gino is?”

Hera chose not to engage in an argument.

Lilith weakly defended Hera, saying, "Mom, Hera didn't push Gino. It was an accident. He tripped and hit the foot of the bed"

Mildred fixed Lilith with a stem gaze. "Now you're taking sides because Hera is your biological daughter. Isn't Gino your own son?"

Lilith barrowed her brows. "Mom, let's stick to what actually happened"

Mildred cut in sharply. "What really happened is Gino got hurt but Hera didn't! Could she handle the responsibility if Gino had suffered a serious head injury?"

"Plus, that room w

was supposed to be Gino's study. You changed it to a bedroom without consulting anyone. Where will Gino study now? change it back immediately! "Gino is about to enter first grade. He's just as bright as Gideon and could easily make it into the top ten of the grade. We can't let him go without a proper study room!"

Mildred spoke with a note of pride in her voice.

Gideon had always been exceptionally bright. He graduated from college at 20 and ventured abroad to kick-start his own business.

While Mildred took great pride in Gideon's achievements, she also held Giselle in high regard. Although not a member of the Everett family, Mildred had watched Giselle grow up since she was young

Giselle was docile, performed exceptionally well in academics, and notably, she was engaged to Zylar. Every positive trait of Giselle seemed to overshadow Her who had been raised in the countryside.

Despite Hera being biologically related to the Everetts, she was considered insignificant.

"Then, where will Hera stay?" Lilith looked troubled. "We've already put Hera in a compromising position regarding her reputation. We can't treat her poorly in terms of accommodations as well"

"How have we treated her poorly?" Mildred asked with a hast of amuse

over her head, so why be so picky?

Lilith parted her lips as if to reply but then hesitated.

'amusement. "Both guest rooms on the first floor are much nicer than her mountain shack, right? She's got a roof

Mildred was always assertive. If Lilith hadn't give birth to two sons for the Everetts and if Gideon hadn't shown early brilliance and promise, she might have faced pressure from Mildred to advorce

Liliths found it difficult to argue with Mildred. The sea of Hera enduring 17 years of hardship only to still not be fully accepted back home weighed heavily on Lilith's Suddenly, Hera tagged at Libth's sleeve and turned to Mildred it I make it into the top ten of my grade, will get a nice room and my own study?

Chapter

Chapter 7

Chapter7

Hera's stare was cold and emotionless as if she were staring at an object instead of a person. This deeply disgusted Mildred.

"Yes! If you can get into the top ten of your grade and make the Everetts proud, you'll eam a nice room," Mildred said sharply.

"Got it," Hera replied. Then, she turned to Lilith. "Let's go."

"Huh?" Lilith was momentarily puzzled before understanding that Hera wanted her to show the way to the guest rooms. Lilith's guilt deepened.

As Mildred watched them go, her face twisted with disdain. To her, it seemed absurd that someone like Hera, a rural person with limited education, would dare to strive for a top ten spot in her grade.

Tonight's dinner was supposed to be a warm welcome for Hera's return home and a celebration of the family's reunion

However, Gino, who had a bump on his head didn't want to join them. Gideon, whom Hera had never met, was also missing from the dining table.

As they were about to finish their meal, Lilith passed Hera a list of schools to alleviate the awkward atmosphere.

"Hera, school begins in a few days. I've researched some options for you to transfer to Take a look and see if any catch your interest."

Hera paused with a short rib hairway to her mouth, her gaze drifting to the list of schools. They were all high schools in Norburgh, varying from mid-tier to high-tier.

Giselle set down her utensils and suggested, “Dad, heard Hera did quite well at her school in the countryside. Why not just enroll her at Cavenridge International Academy? I could even help her out while she’s there.”

Her expression seemed concerned as if she truly cared about Hera’s future. But it was no secret that the academic standards at a rural school couldn’t compare to those of an International institution.

James glanced at Hera and said, “Cavenridge International Academy teaches entirely in Terranish. Can you even understand that?”

Hera had changed into a fitted black dress that made her fair skin shine. With her refined manners at the dinner table, no one would guess she came from a humble rural background.

James found himself less judgmental of her as he observed her appealing appearance.

Hera’s attractiveness surpassed Giselle’s, and her beauty could pave the way for a marriage that would benefit the Everett family once she grew older.

After savoring a piece of short rib, Hera casually said, “I’ve decided to go to Cavenridge International Academy.”

Her announcement left everyone at the table stunned.

Without seeming bothered, Hera grabbed another short rib.

James stared his hand on the table in frustration. “What are you thinking? That school of yours up in the mountains doesn’t even have a good Terranish teacher,

“How do you expect to cope with Cavenridge? Do you want to bring shame to the Everetts by doing poorly on the SATs?”

The Everetts had looked into Hera’s previous academic records. She ranked as the highest-performing student in her school, which catered specifically to underprivileged students.

Only a few teachers were assigned to run the school each year, and they often juggled multiple responsibilities. Many of them would resign within six months due to the challenging conditions.

Given this situation, even though Hera excelled academically, some might doubt the real significance of her achievements.

Sitting at the head of the dining table, Mildred sneered and tanted, "With grades like yours, attending Centidge would be embarrassing! If you're capable, aim for Norburgh High School instead.

"Strive to be one of the top ten students in your grade. Actually, even being in the top ten of your class would be enough. Then, you can use Gino's study"

Norburgh High School served as the local public school in Norburgh. It prided itself on sending a considerable number of students to prestigious universities like Bradbury University and Quantford University every year. This content provided by N(o)velDrama].[Org.

Yet, its teaching standards lagged behind those of Cavenridge International Academy.

Cavenridge International Academy, founded by the Ludden family, one of the four influential families in the area, had been a prestigious institution for over a century.

It was focused on preparing students for renowned universities worldwide. Even if someone didn't meet the SAT requirements for these universities, en rolling directly into Cavenridge's undergraduate programs ensured a promising future with respectable job prospects in society.

"Hera, what do you think?" Lilith asked.

Chapter 8

Hera stayed quiet and savored her meal at a leisurely pace.

Mildred wasn't feeling very hungry. She barely picked at her food and put down her utensils soon after starting.

As Hera enthusiastically devoured her meal, leaving not a morsel behind, Mildred couldn't help but express her disdain. "Be careful not to stuff yourself to death."

"Grandma, Hera never had the opportunity to enjoy such delicious food when she lived in the mountains. It's her first experience with it, so it's natural if she indulges a bit. A walk later can help balance things out," Giselle explained.

While Giselle's words seemed to defend Hera, a subtle undertone implying Hera's rustic upbringing and lack of sophistication lay underneath.

James had briefly entertained positive thoughts about Hera due to her good looks. However, any such sentiments had now faded away. He openly displayed his disdain as he cast his gaze upon her.

"Alright, your school matters are sorted," James stated as he rose from his seat. He was about to head to the study.

Hera took the final bite of her meal and placed her utensils down. With a graceful motion, she dabbed the corners of her mouth with a napkin and remarked, "I never waste food."

James halted in his steps.

The Everetts began their company with newfound wealth, but their business was struggling to stay afloat. It had been operating at a loss for some time.

They eventually started making a profit. However, after a few years, competition in their industry intensified, squeezing their earnings.

The Everetts wouldn't have been able to sustain their lavish lifestyle without business support from the Gaskells in recent years.

Making money was tough, and even though James hadn't urged his family to pinch pennies, he'd stressed the importance of being careful with spending.

And now, Hera seemed to be implying that they were wasteful.

"Well, that's an admirable quality," Giselle remarked with a sugary smile.

Internally, though, she found Hera's attitude rather fake. Giselle wondered just how deep Hera's act could go.

Ignoring Giselle's sarcasm, Hera stood up.

"I'm going to Cavenridge. If you can't make it happen, don't bother planning anything else for me," Hera declared before retreating to her guest room.

"Can't you grasp what I'm saying?" James grumbled as she walked away.

Giselle hurried to soothe James. "Dad, please don't be upset. Maybe Hera just wants to go to the same school as me."

"Who does she think she is? Does she believe she can simply enroll in Cavenridge whenever she pleases? Coming from a rural village with average grades, does she even stand a chance of passing Cavenridge's entrance exam? Isn't she deliberately trying to embarrass the Everetts?" James roared.

"But if Hera doesn't give it a shot, how will she ever know if she's capable?" Giselle's tone was gentle as if she was sincerely advocating for Hera.

Mildred nodded in agreement. "Giselle's right. She won't grasp how awful she is unless we give her the chance to try. If she's set on attending Cavenridge, then we should allow her.

"Even though we've disclosed to outsiders that Hera's adopted, we should treat every child equally. Let's grant her request.

"However, whether she secures admission to Cavenridge rests entirely on her shoulders." James found Mildred's words convincing.

Even if Hera failed to gain acceptance to Cavenridge, the Everetts could still assert that they didn't mind her rural background and had chosen the best school for her as she had requested.

The only problem was her incapability to secure acceptance. Nonetheless, the Everetts would continue enrolling her at Norburgh High School without hassle.

"Giselle, you're truly sensible and thoughtful," James complimented. He patted her shoulder and felt satisfied.

"You should keep up the good relationship with the Gaskells. And when you tie the knot, I'll make sure you have a hefty wedding gift to ensure you marry well."

"Thanks, Dad," Giselle replied sweetly.

Glancing toward the guest room door where Hera was staying, Giselle smirked to herself.

What did Hera's biological connection to the Everetts even matter? Giselle considered herself a genuine member of the Everett family!

Hera returned to her guest room and opened WhatsApp, specifically looking for someone she dubbed "Mr. Annoying."

Andrew Ludden was the dean of Cavenridge International Academy, and Hera had given him this nickname because she found him bothersome.

She clicked into their chat. Next to his nickname was a symbol showing that his messages were set to "Do not disturb."

Hera scrolled up in their chat history, which stretched back two years.

Mr. Annoying: "Hera, considering the limited educational resources in the mountains, would you like to consider changing schools? How about coming to Cavenridge

International Academy?"

Hera: "I refuse."

Mr. Annoying: "Could you kindly explain the reason? Is it because our education resources

at Cavenridge International Academy aren't good? Or?"

He attached a pitiful emoji.

Hera: "No reason. I'm too lazy to make up a reason."

Andrew sent an emoji that looked sad and hurt.

Three months later, Andrew reached out to Hera once more.

Mr. Annoying: "Hera, it's almost September, the start of the fall enrollment season. Have you considered applying to Cavenridge International Academy?"

"If you haven't, I'll check back with you tomorrow to ask again."

The following day, Andrew messaged Hera again.

Mr. Annoying: "Hera, the September enrollment season is here. Have you given any thought

to Cavenridge International Academy?"

"If not, I'll check back in two days."

Their chat history overflowed with similar invitations spanning two years.

Hera's fingers flitted across the screen, and she finally responded to Andrew with a single

word.

Hera: "Okay."

As soon as the message was sent, Andrew replied without delay.

Mr. Annoying: "Awesome! I've been waiting for this for two years, and you've finally agreed.

I'll arrange a car to pick you up on the first day of school! "Wait, scratch that! I'll personally come to pick you up!"

Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Soon, school was about to begin. The Everetts had already arranged for each of their children to have a car and a dower for getting to and from school. During breakfast, Lilith proposed to James that Hera should also have her own driver and car.

However, Mildred was the first to disagree with her suggestion. "We don't even know the results of her entrance exam yet. Why rush into it?"

Lilith was rendered speechless by her sharp response. Seeming crestfallen, she stole glances at James in the hope that he would come to her defense.

Yet, James pretended not to notice. He sided with Mildred's viewpoint.

Believing that He was destined to fail her entrance exam, James saw no reason to arrange a driver for her. Doing so would only attract ridicule from others and embarrass the

Everetts.

"Hera, you can ride with me if you want," Giselle said kindly.

"No, thanks. already have a ride." Hera declined

Her cold rejection left Giselle stunned. Nevertheless, Giselle attempted to uphold her image. She retrieved a folder and handed it to Hera

"These are some previous test papers that Chris completed. He's always been one of the best students at Cavenridge. You can check them out. They could be useful for your entrance exam," Giselle said.

Her gesture seemed considerate and kind to those around her.

Hera placed her cutlery down and stood up to leave. She didn't even glance at the folder Giselle was holding

"What's with the attitude? As I expected, people from rural mountain areas lack manners!" Mildred exclaimed, slamming the table in disapproval.

"Hera, don't be upset. You can ride in my car. You don't have to take a cab," Giselle said

She quickly set down her cutlery and hurried to catch up with Hera before Lilith could. Giselle portrayed herself vividly and thoroughly as a person who was sensible, considerate, and thoughtful toward others.

As Giselle rushed outside, she spotted Hera getting into a sleek black limousine.

Giselle noticed that the emblem on the car was from Lincoln, but before she could catch a glimpse of the license plate, the car vanished around the corner.

The Everetts were considered aristocratic in Norburgh, though they were only on the fringes of the true aristocracy. The cars they provided their children were merely BMWs, each valued at several hundred thousand dollars.

Giselle couldn't fathom how Hera could afford such a high-class vehicle. She was certain that the car Hera had left in was one she had booked online.

Otherwise, how could someone like Hera, who had recently arrived from the mountains, possibly have connections in Norburgh with people who owned luxury vehicles? Giselle hadn't ever been in a Lincoln stretch limo herself.

Could Hera have gotten involved with a rich man and become his mistress? If that were true, it would be just right!

As Giselle contemplated various scenarios, a flashy red Ferrari pulled up in front of her.

After the car door swung open, a man stepped out. He was dressed sharply in a white suit and matching leather shoes. He had a youthful appearance

"Excuse me, Miss Has a young lady come by your place recently?"

Giselle's attention snapped back to the present. She was taken aback when she recognized the man before her. "Mr. Ludden?"

"You know me?" Aaron looked surprised

Having enlisted in the army at just 16, Aaron was seldom in Norburgh. He couldn't recall meeting Giselle. He thought that Giselle must be the person who rescued Bernard that day. "Yeah, I've seen you." Giselle nodded

Aaron was the oldest son of the Ludden family, one of the four influential families. She had come across photos of Aaron before.

"You've got sharp eyes. Not everyone would recognize me with my face all painted up like that on that day," Aaron remarked.

He remembered the day he got off the helicopter and saw a woman's back in the distance. From the silhouette, she looked just like Giselle.

Even though Giselle didn't stand out in looks, Aaron thought she could still somehow measure up to Bernard, who was incredibly handsome. Aaron had a gut feeling that the person before him was Hera.

Giselle was flustered. "That day?"

She quickly realized that Aaron had mistaken her for someone else, but she maintained a pleasant smile and chose not to comment. "Thank you for rescuing my boss. Her requested me to return this to you," Aaron stated, presenting Giselle with the cleaned strip of fabric.

The person Aaron referred to as "Boss" could only be associated with the Killians, the most prominent among the four influential families.

(CAMAN 10

Chapter to

"It's my pleasure. Anything else he wanted to say?" Giselle

She was reaching for her face, but she managed to keep a sweet smile on her face.

"How did you know there was something else he wanted me to tell you?" Aaron happily reached for an elegant cake box from the passenger seat and handed it to her along with the

striped box.

"My boss sent this cake as a special gift for meeting you," Aaron explained.

Giselle typically steered clear of desserts, particularly cakes, to keep her weight in check. However, her resolve softened when she noticed the logo on the cake packaging—Blisstad.

The brand, "Blisstad bites" was highly esteemed among elite social circles. Their cakes were expensive and highly sought after due to their limited availability.

"Thank you, I love cakes from this brand the most," Giselle said happily as she accepted the cake.

Aaron's expression turned serious as he said, "My boss wanted me to ask if you'd be willing to keep in touch."

a bold and

It was only then she discovered a small white card with gold edges resting atop the cake box: Upon opening it, she found a handwritten phone number, signed with an

elegant "Killian."

Her heart raced when she saw the name. Was the person a kill from the renowned Killian family? This family held the highest prestige among the four most influential families.

Regardless of whom Aaten was telerting to as his boss from the Killian family, the person's power and states surpassed even that of the Gaskell.

"Sure," Giselle replied shyly with a smile, feeling elated

"Okay, I'll pass it on to my boss. I won't keep you any longer," Aaron said before hopping into his car and driving off.

Giselle peered at the cake box in her hand, feeling ecstatic. She glanced at the strip of fabric in her other hand. The embroidered design seemed vaguely familiar, but she couldn't place it.

Without hesitation, she tossed it into the trash. Whose fabric it was didn't

« didn't matter to her. After all, the mysterious benefactor now owed his life to her, Giselle

After leaving the Everett residence, Aaron promptly dialed Bernard's number. "Boss, just like you asked, I handed her the strip of fabric and the cake."

"How did she react?" Bernard asked,

"She was thrilled. She mentioned she loved Blissful Bites' cakes the most. She even said she'd keep in touch," Aaron responded.

Then, he jokingly added, "Boss, you might want to relax a bit since she still looks under the weather."

On the other end of the phone, Bernard frowned slightly when he heard the words 'she was thrilled.'

Memories of Hera's shocked reaction and her hasty departure when he called her name on the mountain flooded back.

Her intense response made Bernard wary of approaching her directly, opting instead to send Aaron to gather information first. He hadn't anticipated anyone being so willing to put herself in harm's way.

"You must be mistaken," Bernard asserted firmly

His black Audi drove up to the entrance of Cavenridge International Academy, making its way toward the faculty building. Parked nearby was a Lincoln stretch limo.

Aaron, who had been happily teasing Bernard moments before, was suddenly stunned. "What? That doesn't make sense. She claimed she saw me on the mountain that day... Damn!"

Reflecting on his conversation with Giselle, Aaron realized he had been too hasty and hadn't noticed something was wrong.

"TU head back there now," Aaron said.

As he was about to find a spot to turn his car around, Bernard interrupted, "It's fine."

Once Bernard ended the call, his attention shifted to the young woman stepping out of the backseat of the Lincoln

She wore a snug white dress, her long hair braided into a single plait. Her serene prodile showed no emotion, and she emanated an air of key detachment.

Bernard's assistant, Douglas Copley, pulled up and stopped the car. Glancing over his shoulder, he addressed Bernard, who was sitting in the back seat, "Bernard, we've arrived."

No response came from the back.

Douglas exited the car and respectfully opened the rear door, but Bemard remained unresponsive.

Perplexed, Douglas bent down to check on him, only to find Bernard gazing intently out the opposite window.

Through the glass, Douglas spotted the main entrance of the faculty building, where a man in a suit was escorting a woman in a snug dress inside.

A woman?

Douglas' eyes widened in disbelief

Was Bernard actually noticing a wornan?

Chapter 10

chapter 10

Douglas had known Bernard for right years. He noticed that Bernard hardly looked at women unless it was directly related to his work.

In fact, Douglas and three other assistants had privately joked about whether Bernard might prefer men over women.

Fortunately, Bernard had finally shown interest in a woman! This was a relief for Douglas and the other assistants as they would no longer have to worry about their safety.

They had been constantly on edge, fearing that Bernard might try to take advantage of them.

In the hallway outside the Dean of Students' office, Andrew's driver, Nigel Bathur, said, "Ms. Youngworth, I'm sorry, but Dean Cadden has a last-minute meeting with a very important person. I need you. This content provided by N(o)velDrama.[Org.

"The Dean of Students will help you with your transfer."

Hera nodded and calmly replied, "Thank you."

Hera's face showed a distant demeanor that made her seem unapproachable.

Miguel found himself pondering Hera's connection with Andrew. It was curious that Andrew had consistently needed to treat her with exceptional care.

The two reached the Dean of Students' office.

Robert Lakin, a man with thick square glasses and a balding head, sat at his desk. In front of him stood Melanie Miller, a teacher of mixed race and Terra Berge.

"Ms. Miller, this transfer student will join your class," Robert said, handing her a document.

Melanie was the homeroom teacher for the junior-year students in Class A.

Cavendish's high school division had 11 classes for each grade level. After each semester, students were assigned to classes based on their cumulative exam scores.

Class A was reserved for the top 50 students.

Melanie accepted the document. Her expression soured as she glanced over the student's educational history.

Corenridge International Academy was known for its commitment to teaching excellence. Admission was granted after passing an

an entrance exam and receiving an acceptance

letter

Why was this student from a rural area being placed in class immediately? She hadn't even taken the entrance exam!—

Just then, a knock echoed through the office Nigel heard, accompanied by Hera, who was dressed in a fitted white dress

“Mr. Larkin, this is the transfer student assigned by Dean Ludden. She's under your care now,” Nerisid

“Hera Youngworth, welcome. Take a seat,” Robert greeted warmly. He rose from his chair with a welcoming smile as he gestured for Hera to sit on the couch

The previous evening. Andrew had called Robert personally and emphasized to ensure everything was arranged properly for Hera

The fact that Andrew held Hera in such high regard suggested a significant connection between them

Robert couldn't let this chance slip by. Impressing Andrew was key to his hopes for a promotion and a raise.

“It's fine,” Hera replied with a hint of disinterest. “What do I need to do next?”

“I'll take care of your enrollment process shortly. But before we get into that, let me introduce you to someone. This is Melanie Miller, the homeroom teacher for the junior—year students in CSA”

Then, turning to Melanie, Robert continued, “Ms. Miller, meet Hera Youngworth. She's under your wing now. Could you please show her to the classroom?”

Melanie studied Hera closely. Hera possessed delicate features, a slender figure, and was elegantly dressed in a long dress. Yet, she gave off a cold, distant vibe that didn't

with Melanie

Moreover, their previous conversation had revealed Hera's close ties to Andrew, Melanie detested such favoritism, especially when it came from students who seemed unaware of their academic strengths.

Melanie was determined not to let a student like Hera undermine her stellar teaching reputation, especially since she was someone who read on connections than penuine

“Welcome to Cosmidge International Academy, but don’t expect a warm welcome to junior year Class A Melmie said in plain Terrania

Then, pretending she had made a mistake, she swiftly switched to Jadonish. “Oops, you probably don’t speak Ternanish, do you? What I meant was –

“Ms. Miller, what do you mean by this” Robert looked awkward

*Imem exactly what I said,” Melanie replied as she ward the document “How can the follow the lectures if she hasn’t even passed the basic burth level at Terrarish How well she munerexams?

“Allowing her into Class A will only lower the standards for the top 50 students and hurt Coenridge’s admission ratel Melanie steed tim

Meanwhile, Robert’s discomfort grew more evident.

hadn’t passed any Terranish levels, and her grades didn’title’s admission criteria

Yet, the point wain ther a sleme performance. It was that she was a student specifically placed by Andrew!

Meleur interrogred hani sharply. “Mi Larkin, Here’s in need for further

entrance exam. let her join the class appropriate for bet–dank-

terrill through alternate

na.cmprising only those tankest at the lowest to the war