

# **Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 121 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 121**

Chapter 121

Christopher paused his studying, looked up, and said, "Didn't you say these contests were boring?"

"Yeah. But I can't accept that country bumpkin Hera taking first place while I'm in second," Zylar replied.

"Wait... Hera joined?"

Christopher immediately put his pen down and opened the forum on his phone.

On the girls' voting page, he saw Hera leading by a wide margin. Then, on the boys' side, he found himself in first place, with Zylar in second. Zylar was only 49 votes behind.

Christopher decided that if Hera participated, so would he. He wanted to perform alongside Hera.

Christopher quickly cast a vote for himself.

"Wait..."

Zylar tried to intervene, but Christopher's screen had already shown a successful vote.

After voting for himself, Christopher shared the voting page in the class group chat and within his social circle to campaign.

Zylar was shocked.

"Didn't you also say it was a waste of time?"

He wondered why Christopher suddenly changed his mind and voted for himself.

Christopher replied earnestly, "This is an academy-organized event. As a member of the academy and heir of the Ludden family, I should actively participate."

Zylar was left speechless.

He watched as Christopher finished sharing the voting page and returned to cast another vote for Hera.

"Why are you voting for—"

Zyler began.

"Have you cast your vote for the female candidate? If you haven't, vote for Hera," Christopher interrupted.

Zyler refused, "That country bumpkin doesn't deserve my vote!"

Christopher frowned at Zyler's reference to Hera, saying, "Zee, don't speak of Hera like that."

Zyler felt an indescribable discomfort seeing Christopher defend Hera so adamantly.

"Am I wrong? She's just a girl from the mountains. Even if she's leading in the polls, she'll still be brushed aside in the speech contest. Why waste public resources?" Zyler argued.

"But she won't fail!" Christopher insisted.

During the entrance exams, Christopher only mentioned the plagiarism incident involving Hera on the forum. The matter was misunderstood, and the school didn't take any action.

Hence, everyone thought the academy was lenient and that Hera was just a country girl who relied on her connections.

But in reality, Hera was a true academic genius. If it weren't for Christopher and his family's reputation, his father wouldn't have asked her to overlook the subject, and people wouldn't judge her as they currently do.

Thinking of this, Christopher felt guilty and vowed to treat Hera better and study harder in the future.

"You'll see what she's capable of at the speech contest!"

At the sight of Christopher's firm belief, Zyler couldn't help but doubt if Hera had also seduced Christopher.

He thought Hera had a bad personality despite a good outward appearance.

Zyler couldn't let his good friend be deceived.

He would expose her on the day of the speech contest.

...

The Belle and Hunk election had been going on fiercely for a week. The top ten male and female candidates would be chosen on Friday night.

Meanwhile, Hera was busy in the lab, separating the Eclipse Stones and developing medications. She paid no attention to the election.

She occasionally glanced at her phone while having lunch in the cafeteria on Friday afternoon.

It had been a week since the auction, but Bernard hadn't contacted her.

She wondered if he no longer wanted her to cure him.

She considered that he may have heard that the Eclipse Stone had fallen into someone else's hands and had given up on treatment.

## Chapter 122

"What are you thinking about, Hera? I've called you several times, but you didn't respond," someone suddenly tapped her shoulder and asked.

Hera snapped out of her thoughts and saw Kerry standing there.

"Ms. Lane, what's up?" she asked.

With a canvas bag hanging on her shoulder and hands on her baby bump, Kerry seemed to have approached her on purpose.

"I finally found you! Here. These are a few speech drafts I selected for you. Take a look and see which one you prefer," Kerry said, taking out a stack of papers from her bag.

The drafts were in both Jadonish and Terranish with many annotations on them. Kerry's meticulous preparation was evident in every detail.

Hera pushed her lunchbox aside and glanced at the papers in confusion.

"The top ten Belles will be revealed tonight. You're currently one of the top contenders in Class K. You're definitely securing a spot in the top ten," Kerry cheered enthusiastically.

"Now, let's gear up for the final speech contest and memorize your speech beforehand. Aim for that Belle title, and let's showcase the best of Class K at the academy's anniversary celebration!"

Hera wanted to clarify that she hadn't signed up. But when she checked the school forum, she saw her photo and name listed as the first among the nominated girls.

"Thank you, Kerry," Hera reluctantly accepted the speech drafts.

"You're welcome. Take them back and have a look. Drop by my office after school. I'll teach you Terranish recitation. I can also give you extra tutoring over the weekend. Let's polish your speaking skills before next week's speech contest!" Kerry said confidently.

"No need. Actually, I—"

"Hey, are you Gino's sister?"

Just as Hera was about to decline, she was interrupted by a young boy.

The boy looked to be about seven or eight years old. He was wearing the Cavenridge Elementary School uniform. He was sweating profusely, out of breath from running.

"What's the matter, my dear? Don't be in a hurry. Take your time."

Kerry hurriedly took out a tissue to wipe his sweat and helped him catch his breath.

"Thank you, Ms. Lane."

After thanking Kerry, the boy turned to Hera and said urgently, "I'm Gino's classmate. Gino got into a fight with a third-grader and was sent to the school clinic. The teacher has called the parents, but no one has arrived yet. Please come and check on him."

Hera frowned. She remembered that Gino was only in the first grade. She wondered how he could possibly get into a fight with a third-grader.

"Is it serious? Hera, go and check on him quickly," Kerry urged.

"Okay."

Hera nodded slightly.

"Thank you for the information. You don't need to worry about tutoring me. Take care of yourself and your baby. I'll get going now."

Kerry wanted to persuade her to reconsider tutoring, but Hera had already turned around and followed the boy to the clinic.

"Kerry, I think you should take an early maternity leave and go home. These students are hopeless. They're just trying to graduate from a prestigious school by any means necessary. It's not worth putting in so much effort for them," Esme Jeanne, who had witnessed the scene earlier, walked over and said.

She was the homeroom teacher for Class B in the second year and also taught Terranish from classes A to E.

She had also heard about the Belle election.

Kerry might try to make Hera shine, but Esme doubted that Hera could win the final speech contest with her poor Terranish proficiency.

Esme thought it all seemed futile.

"Esme, that's not true. Every student has their strengths and shining moments. Anyone can shine with a little effort," Kerry argued.

Esme chuckled, "A rotten wood can't be carved. Be careful not to get too worked up and let it affect your pregnancy."

## Chapter 123

Hera followed the young boy to the door of the school clinic, where the sounds of a boy's sobs and a woman's sharp scolding could be heard from inside.

"What's going on? It's been almost an hour. Why haven't his parents arrived yet? Some parents just don't care about their children," Eugene Ergol's mother, Yana Harrington, exclaimed angrily.

"Mrs. Ergol, please calm down. Mr. Everett is stuck in traffic," Violet Woodwick, Gino's homeroom teacher, tried to pacify her.

"When I came, there wasn't any traffic. It's just an excuse. I'm convinced he's intentionally avoiding responsibility," Yana retorted angrily.

"This brat injured my son. If I don't get an explanation today, I'll sue you all for negligence!"

Upon hearing this, Eugene's homeroom teacher, Quincey Ballard, became anxious and urged, "Ms. Woodwick, are you sure he's really on his way? Maybe you should call him again to hurry him up."

At that moment, the door was knocked and then pushed slightly open. Hera walked in.

Her gaze swept coldly across the room, where Gino stood by the window like a punished student. His school uniform was dirty and torn, and though his face was bruised and swollen, he stubbornly held his head high as he looked out the window.

Sitting across from Gino was Eugene, who appeared rather chubby. He looked to weigh around 95 pounds based on a visual estimate. His skin was dark, his face dotted with

acne, and his dirty school uniform showed no other visible injuries besides a white bandage on his forehead.

He sat on a stretcher bed, sobbing, while Yana, the school doctor, and teachers surrounded him.

In contrast to Eugene, Gino, though beaten, did not cry.

"Your anger makes it sound like your son was beaten to death," Hera quipped.

Upon hearing her voice, Gino immediately turned around and looked at Hera with a puzzled expression.

"Who are you talking back to? Have you no manners?" Yana scolded.

With short, curly hair dyed wine red, clad in designer attire, adorned with oversized gold earrings and chains around her neck, she exuded a nouveau riche vibe.

"You're hurling curses left and right, yet you're lecturing me about manners?" Hera retorted.

Yana was momentarily speechless at Hera's words.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Gino's sister," Hera replied, motioning for Gino to come over.

"Come here."

With just those simple words, Gino was stunned. He instinctively walked toward her.

He was already standing in front of her when he realized what he was doing.

"Hey, I remember the Everett family went bankrupt, but no one died, right? That cowardly James doesn't dare to show himself, so he sends his country bumpkin daughter instead," Yana said sarcastically.

The news of the Everett family's bankruptcy was widespread across Norburgh. Yana had even rejoiced for days, as it meant one less business competitor for the Ergol family.

She had originally planned to use this incident to embarrass James when he arrived, but she hadn't expected his daughter to show up instead.

Hera ignored Yana.

She looked at Gino and asked, "What happened?"

Judging by his bruised appearance, it was clear that the beating he took had been severe.

"You don't need to worry about it," Gino replied.

He turned his head away, unwilling to speak.

Quicey immediately explained, "It's like this. Gino and Eugene got into a fight due to a disagreement. Gino started it and even hit Eugene on the head with a stone. You are responsible for the consequences."

Chapter 124

"I didn't use a stone on him. He hit his head on his own!" Gino defended himself.

However, Hera's focus was elsewhere.

"So it was you who started the fight? And you lost?"

Gino remained silent.

"How embarrassing," Hera remarked.

"Go back and ask Mommy to enroll you in a martial arts class."

Gino's head snapped up in surprise as if he couldn't believe what he had just heard.

Not only Gino but Violet and Quincey were also astonished by Hera's approach to educating him.

They couldn't believe that Hera was encouraging him to make mistakes without learning from them, even supporting him to learn martial arts. It was as if she were preparing him for another fight next time.

"Oh my! Kids from the poor countryside are so barbaric! Are they planning to get into another fight?"

Yana exaggeratedly remarked, "Ms. Woodwick, I think students who stir up trouble like this should be expelled!"

"Well..." Violet was somewhat conflicted.

Gino was in first-grade Class A, while Eugene was in third-grade Class K. Their futures were clearly different.

Moreover, Violet had heard that Eugene often caused trouble at school. The fact that they engaged in violence together implied it wasn't a one-sided conflict, and it wasn't certain who had suffered worse injuries.

However, Gino and Hera's influence was weaker than the Ergols with the Everett family's bankruptcy. However, the stubborn Gino turned a situation that could have been resolved amicably into this mess.

"Why should I be expelled? If anyone should be expelled, it's this fatso!"

Gino was anxious at the thought of being expelled.

"I got in here on my own merit, not through connections like you—"

"Shut up!" Hera interrupted him coldly.

Gino glared at her with reddened eyes, wondering if she was on his side or theirs.

But when he saw Hera's cold gaze, he clenched his fists and remained silent.

"How do you want to handle this? Do you want it to be settled formally or privately?"

Hera turned her gaze toward Yana.

Yana, thinking they were backing down, sneered and boasted, "We can settle this privately if you want. First, ask your useless brother to kneel and apologize to my son! Then we'll consider a private settlement."

Then, she deliberately stepped aside as if making room for them.

Gino exploded at her suggestion.

"Dream on! I did nothing wrong! It was this fatso who started spewing nonsense first! I won't apologize to him! If anyone should apologize, it's him!"

Hera raised her hand and pulled Gino behind her.

"When you make a mistake, you should apologize," she said firmly.

Gino widened his eyes at her. Just as he was about to explode again, Hera pressed down on his head with one hand to signal him to calm down.

"What are you waiting for? Kneel and apologize!" Yana crossed her arms and sneered arrogantly.



"Before that, your son insulted my brother first, prompting him into action! Shouldn't your son kneel and apologize first?" Hera countered coldly.

On her way to the clinic, Hera had already learned the gist of the situation from the young boy who led her.

During lunchtime, on the way to the cafeteria, Gino happened to overhear Eugene and his classmates discussing the top ten candidates for the school Belle and Hunk election.

It was a hot topic during school breaks, which was nothing out of the ordinary.

However, the precocious and lecherous Eugene had made inappropriate remarks about Hera, making Gino extremely uncomfortable.

## Chapter 125

Gino, like anyone else, was naturally disgusted when several boys made lewd comments about Hera's photo, especially considering those remarks were directed at his own sister.

Therefore, Gino publicly warned Eugene not to insult Hera.

Eugene wasn't one to hold back. He felt embarrassed at being warned by a first-grader in public, so he continued with his lewd remarks, which further escalated the situation.

In response, Gino shoved him, igniting the conflict.

"Lies! My son didn't insult anyone! Son, tell her!" Yana demanded, looking to Eugene for confirmation.

But to her dismay, Eugene was staring at Hera with a lewd expression and a silly grin on his face.

She pinched his arm in frustration, "Tell her!"

Feeling the pain, Eugene snapped out of it.

Although he was unsure about what Yana had just said, he nodded and mumbled, "Yes, yes."

"Do you hear that? My son didn't insult anyone! You have no evidence, so stop slandering people here, or I'll sue you for defamation!" Yana threatened.

Yana knew about Eugene's flirtatious nature. But Hera lacked evidence to take action without their admission and surveillance at the scene.

"Hera, why don't you apologize to them? Escalating this won't benefit anyone."

Eugene's homeroom teacher, Quincey, had previously dealt with Yana's stubbornness. He tried to persuade Hera.

With the Ergol family's wealth and the Everetts' bankruptcy, Quincey felt that Gino couldn't win against them even if Eugene was at fault.

"Then let's handle it formally and call the police," Hera calmly suggested.

"Sure, go ahead! We're not afraid!" Yana retorted.

Quincey quickly intervened, "There's no need to escalate this. Calling the police won't benefit anyone."

Hera then addressed Violet.

"Ms. Woodwick, considering that Eugene has harmed my brother, indicating a potential for violence, shouldn't the school prioritize student safety and possibly consider expulsion for such students?"

Violet paused for a moment, then nodded in understanding.

"Yes," she replied.

"What? It was clearly your brother who struck first. He even used a stone to hit my son, causing the injury on his forehead!" Yana exclaimed.

Hera chuckled lightly.

"Do you have any evidence to prove that my brother struck first?"

Dealing with such a bully required being even more ruthless and obstinate.

"You!"

Yana was momentarily silenced by Hera's words.

"And besides, the bump on your son's head has no cuts. It's just bruising, suggesting a flat impact, not from a stone," Hera continued.

"Nonsense! It was from your brother using a stone! Even the school doctor didn't deny it. You don't know what you're talking about!" Yana argued cunningly.

The school doctor muttered beside them, "I never said it was caused by a stone. That's what you said!"

Yana immediately shot a glare at the school doctor, who promptly fell silent. She was just an employee and didn't dare to offend such an obnoxious outburst of wealth.

"Would you like to see what a wound caused by a stone looks like?"

Hera spotted two lead balls beside the desk, went over, and picked one up.

"Since there's no stone, let's use a lead ball instead to demonstrate," she said.

Then, she raised the lead ball in her hand, her gaze fixed on Eugene's head.

## Chapter 126

Violet, Quincey, and the school doctor were shocked.

Eugene, who had been staring blankly at Hera, suddenly felt his scalp tingle and his body tremble as he saw her pick up the lead ball.

"Don't hurt my son!"

Yana feared Hera would really throw the lead ball, so she hurriedly shielded her son with her hands. It could be fatal if it hit his head.

However, the stretcher couldn't withstand the weight of both of them and tilted to one side.

With a loud bang, accompanied by the screams of Eugene and Yana, they toppled over with the stretcher, creating a rather comical scene.

Hera chuckled lightly and released her grip. The lead ball dropped to the ground with a thud, causing Eugene and his mother to tremble in fear.

Immediately, an unpleasant urine smell began to spread slowly.

At the sight of the previously arrogant Yana trembling in fear and Eugene wetting himself, Gino looked at Hera with admiration in his eyes.

He couldn't help but marvel at Hera's decisive actions. Despite their differences, her intervention had earned his forgiveness, and he resolved not to sever ties with her.

"How dare you threaten us! I'll sue you! And I'll have Dean Ludden expel you!"

Yana quickly stood and pulled Eugene up.

"What's going on?"

Suddenly, a stern voice rang out.

Everyone turned around, only to see Andrew standing at the door of the school clinic, accompanied by his assistant.

"Dean Ludden."

The two teachers and the school doctor were completely taken aback by Andrew's appearance. They quickly greeted him respectfully.

Yana had never met Andrew before.

Upon seeing the respectful demeanor of the two teachers, her eyes lit up, and she immediately complained, "Dean Ludden, you arrived just in time. One of them hit my son, and the other threatened us. You must expel them."

Andrew first nodded lightly and greeted Hera with a smile, much to the shock of the two teachers, who widened their eyes in disbelief. They found it quite unusual, as Andrew was typically known for his stern demeanor.

Hera's indifferent nod made it seem as if she were the one in charge and Andrew was her subordinate.

"Who inflicted these injuries?"

Andrew's gaze shifted to the bruised Gino, his brow furrowing slightly. It was evident that he hadn't immediately accepted Yana's accusation.

"It was him," Hera said, pointing at Eugene.

Andrew followed her gesture and glanced at Eugene before turning to the two teachers beside him.

"Is that so?" he inquired.

"Yes," the two teachers replied in unison.

It was true that Eugene had inflicted Gino's injuries. But something felt off.

Realizing the situation wasn't going her way, Yana hastily interjected, "Dean Ludden, you can't just listen to her one-sided account. He was the one who started it!"

"Lucas, take them to verify their class and proceed with disciplinary action. This is a place for learning, not for brawling," Andrew instructed his assistant before turning away.

"Alright, Mr. Ludden," his assistant, Lucas Dock, replied.

Yana's mind buzzed at the mention of disciplinary action. She knew they were in trouble.

"Dean Ludden, please listen to my explanation..."

She dropped to her knees before Andrew.

Eugene also panicked.

He tugged at his mother's arm and pleaded, "Mom, I don't want to leave Cavenridge. My classmates will mock me. Please, give Dean Ludden money to let me stay! If not, just—"

"Shut up!" Yana immediately interrupted him.

Andrew's expression darkened instantly.

Violet noticed the shift in Andrew's demeanor and promptly cautioned Yana, "Mrs. Ergol, pleading with Dean Ludden won't be effective. You should seek clarification from Mr. Dock."

Feeling desperate, Yana hastily stood up and pulled Eugene along to catch up with Lucas.

Not wanting to face Andrew's wrath, the two teachers quickly made their excuses and slipped away.

With everyone gone, the school clinic finally returned to peace.

Chapter 127

The school doctor was startled upon encountering the Dean for the first time. Uncertain of what to do, she hesitated between tidying up the room or attending to Gino's wound first.

"What are you standing there for? Hurry up and attend to Gino," Andrew admonished.

"Yes, of course," the school doctor hurried to fetch the medical kit.

"I'll handle it," Hera intervened, taking the medical kit from her and instructing Gino to lie on the stretcher.

Then, she calmly retrieved some gauze and a small cloth pouch from her pocket.

Upon opening the pouch, various lengths of silver needles were revealed.

"You know acupuncture?" the school doctor exclaimed in surprise.

Since Hera carried silver needles with her, it indicated that she was not just proficient in acupuncture but also an experienced practitioner.

Hera calmly nodded and picked up a silver needle.

As Gino saw that gleaming silver needle approaching, he felt his scalp tingle.

He swallowed nervously and asked, "Are you sure about this?"

As Hera administered the needle to his BL 1 acupoint, Gino immediately shut his eyes in fear.

He realized he was being used as a guinea pig by Hera.

After a while, the expected pain did not come.

Oddly enough, Gino found it didn't hurt at all. He waited for a while longer and felt slight sensations on his face as if bitten by dozens of mosquitoes.

Just as he was about to open his eyes, Hera cautioned, "Stay still," as she quickly covered his face with a piece of gauze.

After 20 minutes, the school doctor exclaimed, "Oh my!" upon seeing the white gauze on Gino's face turn a dark red.

Unable to suppress her concern, she asked, "Is he alright?"

Hera removed the gauze, revealing that Gino's previously bruised and swollen face had miraculously subsided.

While not completely healed, the noticeable bruises had faded, and the swelling had reduced.

It usually took between three to five days for bruises to heal, but Hera managed to do it in less than half an hour.

"I haven't been disfigured, have I?"

Gino heard the school doctor's astonished exclamation and immediately opened his eyes wide.

Hera remained silent.

"No, your face looks better!"

The school doctor hurriedly handed him a mirror.

Gino looked and was surprised to see the swelling had gone down.

He looked at Hera with an unmistakable gleam of admiration in his eyes. He was surprised to discover that Hera had such impressive skills, even in alternative medicine.

"Hera..." he couldn't help but call out.

Hera stopped arranging the silver needles.

She looked at him and advised, "It's better not to rush into things if you're not sure you'll win. Ending up like this is quite embarrassing."

Gino fell silent.

Andrew stood by, looking at Hera with surprise.

Although he wasn't an alternative medicine practitioner, he had read many books on the subject. Hera's needling technique was skilled, her acupoint accuracy was impressive and on par with seasoned practitioners of alternative medicine.

He was increasingly convinced that having Hera at Cavenridge was a stroke of luck.

As Hera put away the needles, Andrew asked, "Hera, may I have a word?"

Hera nodded. Just as she was about to follow him, Gino stopped her.

"Your bead bracelet," Gino said as he picked up a handcrafted bracelet from the bed.

Hera glanced back. It was a gift that came with the purchase of the small cloth bag, which she initially thought was unnecessary and had declined.

"It's for you," she said casually, then turned and left.

Chapter 128

"What's this junk? Do I look like a garbage disposal?"

Despite grumbling discontentedly, Gino obediently slipped the bead bracelet onto his left wrist.

It fit perfectly, almost as if it was custom-made for him.

He admired it momentarily, then extended his hand toward the school doctor.

"Does it look good?" he inquired.

The school doctor hesitated before replying, "It's quite nice."

The school doctor was surprised by his sudden change of attitude. Wasn't he just disdainful of it a moment ago?

"Of course. It's a gift from my sister," Gino boasted, retracting his hand and admiring the bracelet again.

He couldn't help but find it pleasing to the eye.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door of the school clinic, and Gideon hurried in.

"May I ask who you are?" the school doctor inquired as she stepped out.

"I'm Gino's brother. What's going on?"

Gideon looked around and spotted Gino sitting on the stretcher, examining his wrist.

"Gideon? Why are you here? Where's Dad?"

Gino was surprised to see him.

"He was caught in an accident on the way here. The road is blocked. He called me, and I happened to be nearby. What happened?"

Gideon approached, pinching Gino's chin and inspecting his face.

He felt that something was off about Gino's face.

Annoyed, Gino swatted away his hand.

"It's fine, Hera has taken care of it."

"Well, you see..."

The school doctor blushed slightly, marveling at the genetic fortune of the Everett family.

She briefly recounted the recent events.

Gideon listened, feeling somewhat surprised and pleased.



First, there was Bernard and Aaron, and now Andrew stepped in to help. Hera was indeed not as simple as everyone perceived her to be.

"Did you just refer to Hera as your sister?" he raised an eyebrow at Gino.

Gino would previously address Hera with a mix of informal and formal terms, calling her a country bumpkin one moment and then switching to a more respectful address the next. He even arrogantly stated that he would only call her his sister if she called him her brother first.

"What's the matter?"

Gino proudly lifted his chin.

"Did Hera call you her brother first?"

Gideon was somewhat surprised.

He remembered Hera's cold demeanor. It didn't seem like she would initiate such terms.

Recalling that Hera referred to him as her brother earlier, Gino nodded in agreement.

"That's right."

Then, he lifted his left hand, rolled up his sleeve, and revealed the bead bracelet.

"How does it look?"

Gideon glanced at it. It was just a standard red bead bracelet. There was nothing remarkable about it, and it looked rather tacky.

"How can men wear bead bracelets? It's so effeminate," he scoffed.

Unperturbed, Gino smirked.

"I can see you're jealous. It's a gift from my sister, something you don't have."

Upon hearing this, Gideon glanced at the bead bracelet again.

"Childish. Who cares about a bead bracelet?"

With that, he turned around, opened WhatsApp, and sent a message to Hera.

...

Hera lounged on the sofa in the Dean's office, legs crossed lazily. She leaned back against the sofa, idly playing with her phone.

Suddenly, a message popped up on WhatsApp.

It was a message from Gideon, along with a sad face emoji.

"Where's my present?" he asked.

Confused about what he meant, Hera replied with a question mark.

"You gave Gino a present. What about me?" came his reply.

Hera was puzzled. Then, it suddenly dawned on her that she had casually given Gino the bead bracelet when leaving the school clinic.

## Chapter 129

Hera stayed silent, considering if the bead bracelet counted as a gift.

However, since Gideon had asked for it, she would check if there were any left.

"Here, Hera, have some tea," Andrew said as he prepared tea and poured her a cup.

"Thank you," Hera said as she took a sip of it.

"If it's about joining the Everett Group, then let's not talk about it."

"It's not. I noticed your proficiency in acupuncture. Would you like to consider using your skills to earn money? I have a friend who is looking for alternative medicine practitioners," Andrew suggested.

Having owed Hera a favor from his time teaching in the mountains and another due to Christopher, Andrew wanted to repay her kindness and perhaps recruit her into the influential circle of the Ludden family.

When the news of the Everett family's bankruptcy broke, he swiftly contacted Hera to offer his assistance via WhatsApp. However, she coldly rebuffed his request.

After being rejected, he regretted his impulsive actions. Knowing Hera's character, he realized she wouldn't accept a favor without a valid reason.

"I'm not interested in minor ailments. They're not challenging enough. But I might consider difficult and complex cases," Hera replied calmly.

Upon hearing this, Andrew couldn't help but admire her even more. He felt that her medical skills must be profound to instill such confidence in her.

"My mother has had rheumatism for decades. She can't get out of bed lately. Could you take a look at her?" he asked.

Hera glanced at him indifferently as if suspecting that his initial suggestion was merely an excuse and this was his true intention. However, considering that he had helped with Gino's matter in the school clinic earlier, she nodded in agreement.

...

At Pineview Hospital, Amelia sat by Lennon's bedside. At that moment, Queenie entered the room.

"Is he awake?" she asked.

Amelia shook her head.

"Not yet."

Since Camille left last time, Lennon had fallen into a deep sleep and hadn't woken up since.

During this period, she delicately inquired of Camille why he hadn't awakened yet. However, Camille simply reassured her, urging her not to fret, and then proceeded to attend to other matters.

Seeing how busy she was, Amelia felt embarrassed to ask further. After all, she was the one asking for favors.

"It's been so many days, and you still haven't contacted Camille to come and see him!" Queenie scolded angrily.

"Camille has been very busy lately..."

"How busy can she be even to schedule an appointment?" Queenie snapped.

Since the incident with Raven last time, she had been looking at Amelia with disdain.

She wondered why others' daughters were outstanding and perfect while hers seemed useless.

Amelia tried to explain, but she gave up when she thought about how inferior she was to her brother and Camille in Queenie's eyes. Then, she turned around and left the ward with her phone in hand.

Just as she was about to call Camille, she happened to see Camille chatting and laughing with an elegant lady.

"Camille!"

Amelia immediately greeted her.

Camille noticed her and nodded with a smile.

"Amy."

"Camille, my grandfather still hasn't woken up. Could you please look at him again?" Amelia held Camille's hand and pleaded.

As Camille glanced at the hospital room door behind her, her gaze momentarily drifted. However, she quickly refocused and smiled kindly.

"Of course. Just wait a moment. Let me finish up with Mrs. Ludwig's family first, then I'll come find you."

"Thank you."

Amelia nodded gratefully.

"Ms. Chime, you truly live up to your reputation as a miracle doctor with your compassion and skill," the elegant lady complimented.

Camille smiled and accompanied her to another hospital room.

An hour later, Camille arrived at Lennon's hospital room.

She frowned at the vegetative old man in the hospital bed, unable to figure out where the problem lay.

But she decided to try that method at the sight of Queenie and Amelia's expectant looks.

Chapter 130

Camille opened her medical kit and administered a dose of medicine to Lennon. After a series of swift and practiced maneuvers, Lennon finally woke up.

"Grandpa," Amelia exclaimed as she rushed to Lennon's bedside.

"What happened to me?" Lennon asked, glancing around in confusion.

"Dad, you've finally awakened. You passed out earlier and wouldn't wake up. Thank goodness for Camille," Queenie said gently.

She tactfully avoided any mention of the family scandal that had caused him to faint.

"Thank you, Camille," Lennon said to her.

"You're welcome, Mr. Gaskell Senior. It's my duty. You must be hungry after sleeping for so long."

Camille smiled, then turned to Amelia.

"Amelia, could you ask the maid to prepare some nourishing soup for Mr. Gaskell Senior?"

"Of course. I'll go now," Amelia said.

This time, Camille didn't rush off. She stayed in the room, ensuring that Lennon had something to eat and chatting with him. She prepared to leave once she made sure he was okay and had fallen asleep again.

"Camille, you truly are a miracle doctor. We owe you a debt of gratitude," Queenie said, taking Camille's hand and personally escorting her out of the room.

They seemed so close, as if they were best friends, leaving Amelia trailing behind them unnecessarily.

"Mrs. Gaskell, it's a doctor's duty to save lives. You're too kind," Camille replied with a smile.

Queenie remembered something and asked, "By the way, have you met Bernard?"

"I have."

Camille recalled their last encounter and felt a moment of awkwardness.

Queenie could tell things hadn't gone smoothly. Even she found Bernard intimidating.

Over a decade had passed, but she still couldn't forget the chilling look in his eyes.

Bernard, merely eight years old at the time, stood beside a figure drenched in blood, gripping a knife. His face and hands were smeared with blood, his eyes burning with a malevolence that seemed to have spawned from the depths of hell.

The day after Bernard was brought back to the Killian family, he attacked the maid who was taking care of him with a knife. Within just a month of returning to the Killian family, he had stabbed four other maids.

No one dared to approach him easily, and no maid was willing to risk their lives to care for him.

Only when Lucius and Daphne intervened and offered to look after him did things begin to improve.

Although their exact methods remained uncertain, they gradually softened Bernard's menacing demeanor.

"It's alright. Just spend more time together," Queenie regained her composure and comforted.

"By the way, I heard Bernard is searching for an anonymous healer. You could take advantage of this opportunity..."

"Well, isn't that a bit inappropriate?"

Camille hesitated.

She had heard about Johnson assisting Bernard in finding the anonymous miracle doctor. However, they hadn't contacted her yet, so she was waiting for their call.

"Bernard is also my cousin. Considering our close relationship, it's only fitting for me to arrange this for you," Queenie reassured, patting Camille's hand.

If she could arrange a meeting between Camille and Bernard, Bernard's position could be secured. With that, Camille would surely remember her kindness and support her in the Killian family.

"Ms. Chime, there you are," Julie Ludwig, the elegant woman Camille was with before interrupted. She rushed over with a woman in her 40s.

"That settles it then," Queenie concluded, no longer wanting to disturb them, and returned with Amelia to Lennon's room.