

Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 151 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 151

Chapter 151

If Christopher had a tail, it would be wagging vigorously, much like a Husky excitedly greeting its owner returning home, a stark contrast to his previous stern demeanor when warning Zylar and Lily.

Zylar couldn't help but wonder who had claimed that Hera was flirting with Christopher. The evidence clearly showed otherwise.

"Sorry!" Zylar said harshly to Hera before storming off in a mix of fury and embarrassment, feeling unjust by Christopher's different treatment toward him and Hera.

Despite Christopher's displeasure with Zylar's attitude, he let him leave nonetheless. Hera was puzzled by Zylar's sudden apology, though.

"Hera, I'm Cindy Fry, the class monitor of Class A," Cindy approached Hera, extending her hand as a friendly gesture.

"I'd like to apologize for my previous attitude. You've proven yourself to be a worthy opponent, after all. I look forward to seeing you in Class A next semester," she stated sincerely.

Cindy's straightforwardness reminded Hera of Samantha Steele, and she admired people like them.

"Nice to meet you." Hera shook Cindy's hand.

"Also, a quick word of advice—keep an eye on Lily Bourne," Cindy reminded her. Having witnessed Lily's two-face demeanor, Cindy was convinced that Lily would seek payback for what happened earlier.

"Oh. Who's Lily Bourne?" Hera asked indifferently.

Dumbfounded by Hera's response, Cindy explained, "The one who danced the bunny dance?"

"Is she a badass?" Hera inquired.

"Not as badass as you!" Christopher quickly interjected.

Cindy was left speechless by his comment.

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After the contest, Hera decided to head to Skyview Heights to check out Tiramisu. She had been avoiding going there because she thought Bernard might be there.

Suddenly, a yellow Ferrari pulled up beside her. Rolling down the window, Christopher called out from the car, "Need a ride, Hera? I can give you a lift."

Accepting his offer, Hera slid into the back seat and provided the address for Skyview Heights.

Ten minutes later, Christopher pulled up to the west gate of Skyview Heights.

"Which unit are you in? Do you want me to drop you off?" Christopher asked, glancing at the security booth's barrier, trying to discern Hera's home address.

"I'll walk from here, thank you," Hera replied as she stepped out of the car.

Christopher swiftly unbuckled his seatbelt, grabbed the bouquet from the passenger seat, and exited the car. "You forgot your bouquet, Hera."

Glancing nonchalantly at the bouquet, Hera recognized it as the one she had received from the girl during her speech. She had left it in the prep room and hadn't expected Christopher to bring it over for her.

"Thank you," Hera said as she took the bouquet.

Bernard, who happened to be nearby, witnessed everything—a man sending Hera home in a sports car and even presenting her with a bouquet!

He couldn't believe that Hera was already seeing another man while he had only been away on a mission.

"Hera!" Bernard called out, his tone seething with anger.

Hera turned around and saw him in a wheelchair, dressed casually in gray, his expression pale. Momentarily taken aback, she frowned as she approached him.

"Why have you come back?" she asked in puzzlement.

Bernard scoffed, thinking that Hera might have already run off with someone else if he hadn't returned sooner.

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"You left in a hurry, claiming you were coming back to check on Tiramisu. Yet here you are, meeting that guy?" Bernard questioned, his expression souring.

Glancing at Christopher, whom he recognized as Aaron's cousin, Bernard scoffed again. He was clearly physically superior to Christopher, so he couldn't fathom why Hera would accept Christopher's bouquet.

Bernard had thought Tiramisu was his only competition, but apparently, there was this guy too!

"That's none of your concern," Hera replied, remembering he hadn't explained himself either when he was alone with other women.

"You're underage, so I forbid you to date!" Bernard retorted.

"I also forbade you from moving around, and yet you're here," Hera stated, her displeasure evident as she stared at him in the wheelchair.

Despite the biting winter cold, Bernard was clad only in thin casual attire, his hands on the armrest turning ashen from the chill.

Hera wondered why he was there alone in such weather. Judging by the red stain near his left thigh on his pants, Hera assumed his wound had been reopened.

"Do you really want to spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair?" Hera asked, her brows furrowed.

Even though the surgery was successful, his wound still required time to fully heal. Hera couldn't help but question whether Bernard truly cared about his health.

Sensing her anger, Bernard lowered his gaze to his legs and said, "Aaron needs to go on a mission, so he decided to send me back."

He then raised his head and looked into Hera's eyes, his eyes tinged with innocence. "He didn't even have the time to send me back to my unit, leaving me here alone."

Hera quietly observed him, amazed at his skill at playing the victim.

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Meanwhile, as Aaron drove away from Skyview Heights, he suddenly sneezed. Glancing at the rearview mirror, he noticed a black coat in the backseat. He cursed. When did Bernard take off his coat and leave it here?

...

Back at the entrance of Skyview Heights, Hera questioned Bernard again, "Where's Douglas then?"

"He's on vacation," Bernard replied without hesitation.

Hera gazed at him in silence.

Meanwhile, Douglas, who was sent to buy some bottled water near Skyview Heights, suddenly received a message from Bernard. The message read, "Don't come back. You're on vacation."

Douglas was left puzzled by the message.

Speechless, Hera handed Bernard the bouquet and pushed his wheelchair toward his unit.

Glancing at the bouquet, Bernard scoffed in disdain at those 30 pink roses.

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When Hera and Bernard arrived at Block 8, Hera heard a noise from the nearby trash can as she reached for the elevator button.

She turned around, only to see a big bouquet forcefully thrown into the non-recyclable trash bin, with a few pink rose petals scattered on the ground.

Recognizing it was her bouquet, Hera stared at Bernard.

"My leg was hurting, so I couldn't hold onto it. It just slipped out of my grasp. I'll buy you another one," Bernard replied casually, already searching for nearby florists on his phone.

While Hera was left speechless, Bernard's response deeply impressed a man standing next to the elevator.

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Arriving on the top floor, Hera was greeted by Tiramisu as soon as she opened the door.

It had been a while since Tiramisu had seen Hera, so it enthusiastically rubbed against her feet, its tail wagging joyfully.

"I missed you so much, Tiramisu!" Hera exclaimed, lifting the little pig in one hand while guiding Bernard's wheelchair with the other.

Setting Tiramisu on the couch, Hera turned on the heater and fetched a blanket to cover Bernard before making him a cup of tea.

After completing her tasks, Hera cradled Tiramisu and casually remarked, "Take off your pants once you've warmed up. I'll take a look at your wound."

Feeling a bit self-conscious about her words, she turned to Bernard, who sat motionless in his wheelchair, his smile bearing a hint of mystery.

"My leg hurts. I can't move. Can you please help me take them off?" Bernard pleaded affectionately, his tone laced with laziness.

Hera quietly looked at his thigh. Due to the urgency of the surgery, she hadn't paid much attention to the wound's exact location.

Now, without the sterile cloth obstructing her view, she finally realized the wound was quite close to his groin. If the bullet had deviated a little more, Bernard might have lost his manhood.

"Hold on," Hera said, feeling a twinge of sympathy for Bernard as she contemplated the potential severity of his injury. Setting Tiramisu down, she turned to fetch her medical kit.

Bernard smiled victoriously at Tiramisu, suddenly finding it adorable. However, his smile didn't last long.

Hera, holding a medical kit in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other, approached him. Without hesitation, she began to cut down his pants. Her demeanor appeared somewhat inappropriate to bystanders.

With a few snips, Hera swiftly cut a large hole around the bloodstain on Bernard's trousers, revealing the wound beneath. As she had anticipated, the wound had reopened, and blood was seeping out.

Removing the bandage, Hera retrieved a few silver needles from her kit and used them to stem the bleeding. After cleaning the wound, she applied a fresh bandage.

As Hera knelt between Bernard's legs, meticulously tending to his wound, his gaze fixated on her fair nape, feeling an inexplicable dryness in his throat. Whenever her fingers brushed against his thigh, he felt a surge of sensation coursing through him.

"All done. Now, go lie down in bed and stay put," Hera instructed, snipping the bandages.

Raising her head, she noticed Bernard's expression seemed somewhat uneasy. She couldn't help but wonder if his wound hurt—which was odd because she was sure she had administered pain relief with her needles before tending his wound.

"Okay," Bernard responded, obediently wheeling himself to his room.

Feeling worried, Hera casually tidied up the medical kit before following him to the room.

As Bernard struggled to rise from the wheelchair, Hera rushed to assist him, fearing his wound might reopen. However, she accidentally stumbled over Tiramisu, who suddenly darted out from nowhere.

"Oof!" With Tiramisu's squeal, Hera fell into a solid embrace.

Bernard winced at the pain from his thigh wound, emitting a soft grunt as they both tumbled onto the bed.

"Are you okay?" Hera scrambled to get up.

"Don't move!" Bernard said, his voice hoarse.

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Bernard had always prided himself on his self-discipline. No matter how seductive the women he encountered during his missions, he never lost his composure. However, Hera effortlessly shattered his self-discipline.

Propping his right leg, Bernard tried to conceal his awkward reaction from Hera. Assuming she might have touched his wound, Hera remained still as he instructed, lying on his sturdy chest and enveloped by his faint tobacco scent.

Sensing the warmth, Hera could feel the firmness of his chest and abdomen muscles beneath his shirt. Recalling the photo Bernard had mistakenly sent her last time, she suddenly felt the desire to trace his muscular lines.

However, she quickly brushed aside such an inappropriate thought, feeling the flush on her cheeks and the confusion in her mind.

As their breaths intertwined, Hera could hear their heartbeats loud and clear, unable to distinguish her heartbeat from his. It felt like the temperature in the room had risen.

After a long pause, Bernard broke the silence. "I think I need a shower." A cold shower, to be exact.

Hera promptly got up and cleared her throat before saying, "No, your wound can't get wet."

However, knowing Bernard's hygienic habits, she presumed he wouldn't be able to sleep without a shower. Reluctantly, she said, "If you insist, you can opt to wipe your body..."

She could offer to wash the towel for him, though.

"It's alright then," Bernard gently declined.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, breaking the awkwardness in the air.

Hera hurried out, washing her face with cold water before answering the door.

A delivery man was at the door, holding a large bouquet of champagne roses.

"Hi, this is for Ms. Youngworth. Please sign here," he said.

Hera stared at the bouquet in disbelief. She hadn't expected Bernard to actually buy her another bouquet. Moreover, she was incredibly fond of the color of these roses.

Once Hera returned to the house with the bouquet, she promptly snapped a picture and sent it to Samantha.

Shortly after, Samantha initiated a voice call to Hera. Instead of answering immediately, Hera retreated to her room upstairs before picking up.

"So, who gifted you those champagne roses?" Samantha asked anxiously once the call connected, her beautiful face enlarged on the screen.

"Bernie bought them," Hera decided it was more appropriate to use "bought" than "gifted".

"Ooh, Bernie, huh?" Samantha sensed something juicy was brewing, remembering Hera had addressed him as Bernard the last time they met.

Upon realizing she had instinctively addressed Bernard by his nickname, Hera quickly became aware of her own unusual behavior.

Despite her usual composure, Hera didn't seem to be herself whenever she was around Bernard.

"We're not blood-related, so I can't keep calling him Uncle Bernard. That would boost his ego," Hera explained, trying to convince herself at the same time.

Samantha smiled mischievously. "Oh, yes. I definitely see your point there! So, did you say yes to his proposal?"

"Stop teasing me, or I'll hang up now," Hera protested shyly.

"Darling, don't you know? Champagne roses are not to be given lightly. They represent 'the one and only,' meaning 'you're the love of my life'. In other words, he's proposing to you! Oh, dear. You're making me jealous..."

Hera was stunned by Samantha's remark, her cheeks burning. She couldn't help but wonder if Bernard had chosen those roses on purpose.

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Meanwhile, Douglas was busy packing his luggage, planning to visit his parents in his hometown since Bernard had told him to take a vacation.

However, just as he finished booking his flight, Douglas received a call from Bernard.

"Come to Skyview Heights now," Bernard urged over the phone.

Douglas was stunned, puzzled by Bernard's sudden change of mind.

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Douglas reminded Bernard, "But Bernard, you said that I could go on a vacation..."

"I'm canceling it."

Douglas fell silent at the order.

Was Bernard toying around with him on purpose?

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Hera was woken up by her phone's loud ringtone the following day. It was Nathan who was in charge of Isabella's case. He requested Hera to drop by the police station at 2:00 pm.

Nathan didn't bring up any details regarding the case. All he said was that he'd explain everything to Hera once he got back to the police station.

Hera had a bad feeling about the meeting.

After washing up in the bathroom, she had just descended the stairs when she heard the doorbell ring.

The moment Hera opened the door, she saw a man clad in a uniform belonging to the Imperial Hotel. He carried a wooden engraved lunch box with him.

"Hello. This is the meal that Mr. Killian has ordered."

"Thank you."

Hera accepted the lunch box. When she returned to the living room, she glanced in the direction of Bernard's room.

Did he wake up early in the morning?

Hera recalled the events that had occurred last night and the bouquet of flowers. She shook her head to get rid of all unnecessary thoughts. It was best if she pretended that nothing happened last night.

Then, Hera opened the lid of the lunch box, revealing an assortment of food. Most of the food items happened to be her absolute favorite, with the remaining food items being pastries and consommé.

She took a seat at the table and ate some of the food. After that, she arranged the rest of the food on a tray so that she could bring them over to Bernard.

Meanwhile, Bernard leaned against the bed frame in his room with a pair of Bluetooth earbuds stuck in his ears. He raised his right knee in order to balance his laptop on top of it.

He maintained a poker face as his fingers flew over the keyboard swiftly. Strings of white codes quickly streaked across the dark screen with every key he typed.

Theo's voice continued filling Bernard's eardrums via the earbuds. "There's a traitor in the hospital. Someone has leaked the news of your incident. That's why they have the guts to act so outrageously."

"Hmph! To think they're already this bold when I'm still alive! If I were dead, their heads would be extremely inflated from their ego!"

Bernard chuckled coldly in a deep tone. His gaze was extremely icy at that time.

Theo could sense Bernard's fury from the other end of the line. He asked, "Are we still keeping them around?"

"What for?" Bernard snapped icily.

At that moment, he heard someone knocking on his door.

Bernard's hands paused in their typing momentarily. Then, he typed even faster on the keyboard. 30 seconds later, the screen was switched back to the desktop.

"Strike them at their most vulnerable moments. Get rid of everyone once and for all," Bernard commanded in a low tone.

After that, he hung up on Theo and removed his earbuds before closing his laptop. Then, he placed everything on the nightstand.

"Come in," he called out.

When the door swung open from the outside, Bernard quickly lay back down on the bed. He made sure to plaster on a sickly expression as well.

Hera carried a small table into Bernard's room a second later. She noticed Bernard lying on the bed. It was apparent that he had gotten out of bed earlier, seeing as he had changed into a pair of black silken pajamas. Not to mention, he didn't slip under the covers as well.

After setting up the table on the bed, Hera brought breakfast into the room.

"Has Douglas used up his annual leave?" she asked.

"Why do you ask?" Bernard replied with a question of his own.

"I saw him coming over last night," Hera explained.

In fact, Douglas had left pretty late last night.

The memory of last night's incident made Bernard cough awkwardly. "He had to drop by at the last minute to deliver something."

"Oh. Tell him to come over later. I'm going back to the Everett residence once you're done with breakfast. Something came up, and I have to deal with it," Hera said.

She had promised Lilith last week that she'd accompany her to visit Mildred at the hospital on Sunday, which was today.

Since Hera was planning to return to the Everett residence, there was no telling whether or not she'd go home at night.

Bernard, ever so shameless, stated, "Douglas is still on his annual leave. He returned to his hometown early in the morning."

"What about Johnson?" Hera asked.

Once she was done with the visit, she'd have to drop by the police station. That meant she wouldn't be back so soon.

Hera would feel a lot at ease if someone was here to take care of Bernard on her behalf.

"He returned to the Chime residence for a family banquet," Bernard responded.

"Well, do you have any other assistants or friends who can help take care of you?"

"Nope."

Bernard's answer came out swift and decisive. There was no hesitation at all.

Of course, Hera was rendered speechless.

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"You should eat up. After breakfast, make sure to take your meds. I'll try to be back as soon as I can," Hera said, albeit helplessly.

Only then did Bernard slowly sit up on his bed. His dark eyes were still fixed on her face.

"It hurts. Feed me..."

Hera shot a glance at the laptop, which was sitting on the nightstand. She reminded Bernard, "Mr. Killian, you injured your leg, not your hands."

"My leg hurts so much that my hands have gone weak from the pain. If you don't feed me, I won't eat anything."

Bernard moved to lie back down as he spoke.

Hera was speechless once again. She could tell that Bernard was pretending to be in pain just to gain her sympathy.

As Hera remained unmoved, Bernard added, "It's not like I'm going to die of starvation just by skipping one meal..."

Hera remained silent the whole time.

She glanced at the time, knowing that if she were to continue wasting her time on Bernard, she wouldn't be able to leave anytime soon. Hence, she picked up the bowl and started feeding him spoonfuls of consommé.

Bernard spent 40 minutes eating his breakfast by dilly-dallying a lot.

Before Hera left, Bernard said to her, "I've already arranged a car for you. The driver's waiting for you in the foyer right now. He'll be in charge of driving you everywhere today. Come back soon, okay? I'll wait for you at home."

Hera fell silent at his words. She had a feeling that she was stuck with a man-child instead of a husband.

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Hera and Lilith met up at the entrance of Pineview Hospital. Gino had tagged along as well.

When Gino saw Hera, he immediately plastered a resentful expression on his face.

"Why did you leave without me yesterday? You didn't even go home as well! I even bought you a cake just to celebrate your birthday with you, you know!"

Having spotted Gino's miffed expression, Hera fished out two pieces of chocolate from her pocket and passed them to him.

"Be a good boy now, Gino. No tantrums, you hear?"

The reason why Hera had chocolate lying around in her pocket was because she had to use it as an incentive to coax Bernard into taking his medicine. She ended up carrying the spare chocolate around in her pocket after that.

"Can you bring me better gifts next time? You always treat me like a child!"

Gino might be chastising Hera for her actions, but it was clear that he was happy about the chocolate. In fact, he even snapped a photo of the chocolate before posting it on his Instagram.

The photo's caption read, "I've decided to forgive her, seeing as she has specifically brought me a gift."

Soon, the trio reached Mildred's ward.

Mildred stayed in a VIP ward all by herself. She even hired a caretaker, Mariah Foster, to care for her.

Typically speaking, Lilith and Mariah took turns caring for Mildred daily. Based on the current time, Mariah had just gotten off work, as she worked night shifts.

"Mom, Hera and Gino are here to visit you," Lilith announced the moment she stepped into the ward. She placed the thermal flask containing the broth on the table at the same time.

"Gino, let me take a good look at you. Have you grown taller? I missed you so much."

Mildred reclined against the bedframe as she smiled and beckoned for Gino to approach her.

"Grandma!" Gino approached Mildred immediately.

After they chatted for a bit, Mildred turned to look at Lilith stonily. "Why did you bring Gino to the hospital? There are germs everywhere in this place! You should know that Gino has a weak immune system! What if his rhinitis acts up again?"

Lilith pouted in response. She didn't intend to bring Gino to the hospital in the first place. He was the one who insisted on tagging along the moment he found out that Hera would be coming too.

"Grandma, this isn't Mom's fault. I was the one who wanted to visit you in the first place. Besides, I've already made a full recovery from my rhinitis," Gino explained.

"Really?" Mildred asked doubtfully.

Gino was born prematurely, so his immune system was quite weak from a young age. He was also diagnosed with chronic rhinitis.

Over the years, he had visited countless doctors in hopes of treating his illness. Unfortunately, his illness kept relapsing as well. There wasn't a definitive cure for his illness at all.

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That meant a miracle doctor must have cured Gino's illness!

"Yup! My older sister was the one who cured me!" Gino exclaimed confidently.

He then shot Hera a proud look. "She's here to treat your illness today!"

Ever since Hera administered acupuncture to Gino in the school infirmary, he was pleased to find out that the bruises on his face had disappeared. Not only that, his rhinitis was also cured once and for all.

That was why he had absolute faith in Hera's medical skills.

"Your 'older sister,' you say?"

Mildred acted as though she finally noticed Hera for the first time. She continued in a passive-aggressive tone, "Oh? It's rare to see you here today."

This was Hera's first time visiting Mildred at the hospital since the latter got hospitalized. Mildred's resentment toward Hera had been building up all this time.

That was why she decided to ignore Hera right after Hera stepped into her ward. She merely wanted to act all high and mighty around Hera in order to teach her a lesson.

However, Hera didn't seem to care about Mildred's demeanor. She dragged the only chair in the ward to the side and plopped down on it. With one leg crossed over the other, she began playing a game on her phone.

Based on her demeanor, it was clear that Hera didn't mind waiting for the other Everetts to wrap up their conversations.

She was a girl of her word. It was due to the promise she had made to Lilith that she decided to drop by the ward. If not, she would never visit a nasty old woman like Mildred in the first place.

Of course, Mildred was pissed off at the sight of Hera's nonchalance.

"What the hell is with that attitude of yours? I knew it! Those who come from the countryside are extremely rude!"

"Mom, don't be like that. Hera came all the way here just to visit you. She's also here to treat your illness," Lilith hurriedly explained.

"Treat my illness? As if that country bumpkin and her useless remedies can do that! From the way I see it, she's planning to poison me with those remedies! Tell her to get lost right now! Just the sight of her makes my head throb!" Mildred shrieked angrily.

After that, she glanced at the door. "Where's Giselle? Why hasn't she visited me after so long?"

Gino was quite displeased with Mildred's demeanor toward Hera, so he shot back, "Don't you know what happened, Grandma? Giselle made our family go bankrupt! She has already returned to the countryside, where she actually belongs!"

"Gino!" Lilith wanted to cut Gino off, but she was too late.

"What did you just say? When did that happen? Why didn't anyone tell me about it?" Mildred exclaimed in shock.

She seemed to have thought of something, for she turned to glare at Lilith with cloudy eyes.

"Lilith, what else have you been hiding from me?"

"Mom, please don't get mad. I was worried that the news might affect your recuperation, so I didn't tell you anything," Lilith quickly explained.

The Everetts might have filed for bankruptcy, but thankfully, Gideon was still around to save the day.

His business, which was based in another country, was doing quite well. Thanks to that, he was able to clear most of the Everetts' debts using his profits. James would deal with what was left of the pile.

Gideon was also the one footing Mildred's medical bills. This was the sole reason she could still stay in the VIP ward. Otherwise, the hospital would've kicked her out a long time ago.

Lilith was worried that news of the Everetts' bankruptcy would affect Mildred's recovery rate, thus her decision to not tell Mildred anything.

As for Mildred, she wasn't one who read the news or paid attention to the news channel on the television. She spent her days strolling around the hospital's courtyard with a fellow patient from next door after mealtimes. In fact, her days at the hospital were as relaxing as her days at home.

The moment Mildred heard about the Everetts' bankruptcy, the first thing she thought was that her luxurious life was gone. The emotional damage inflicted on her was even greater than the one she had sustained when she had received news of Hera cheating in her exams.

Mildred could barely breathe afterward. Her eyes rolled backward before she collapsed back on her bed in a dead faint.

"Mom? Mom!" Alarm washed over Lilith's senses at that moment. She wasted no time in punching the emergency call button above the bedframe.

"Grandma?"

Gino shook Mildred as well. Fear began setting in when he realized she wouldn't respond to him.

"Hera, hurry up and take a look at Grandma's condition!"

Hera clicked her tongue, seemingly annoyed by Gino's exclaims. "She'll live."

Then, she put away her phone casually and rose from the chair before walking toward Mildred's bed. Lilith quickly scooted to the side to make way for her.

Hera pulled out her acupuncture kit from her bag and opened it up so that she could spread it across the bed. She plucked a needle daintily from the kit, her eyes roaming around Mildred's form as she searched for a proper acupuncture point to target.

"What's going on here?"

A nurse, Eileen Hedgewick, rushed into the ward after noticing the emergency button lighting up in the nurse's station. The moment Eileen flung the door open, she noticed Hera about to stab Mildred with a needle.

She exclaimed in shock, "What are you doing to the patient?"

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"Who are you? Are you going to use that needle on that patient?"

Eileen rushed over in an attempt to pull Hera away from Mildred's bed.

"My sister is treating Grandma at the moment! Don't disturb her!" Gino dashed forth to stop Eileen.

When Eileen heard his reason, she looked even more anxious. "Is she a doctor? Does she have a medical license?"

Eileen tried to sidestep Gino to stop Hera. Mildred was her patient, after all. She wouldn't be able to bear the responsibility should anything happen to Mildred under her care.

"You don't have to care about that! Everything's fine as long as she can save my grandma!"

Gino hugged Eileen's leg right away just to stop her from moving.

Eileen was alarmed, to say the least. Unfortunately for her, Gino was quite strong for his age, so she couldn't move an inch, thanks to his interference.

She exclaimed to Lilith, "You're the patient's family member, aren't you? Hurry up and stop her!"

Lilith was hesitant to let Hera treat Mildred earlier. But seeing as Hera had already begun treating Mildred, Lilith didn't waver any longer.

She walked over to stop Eileen as well while saying, "Just let her try it out."

"You've gone crazy! Absolutely nuts, I'm telling you! I can't believe you're willing to resort to alternative methods just to cure the patient!"

Now that two people were actively blocking Eileen, she knew that she couldn't get to Hera. Hence, she spun on her heel and walked away.

Gino used the opportunity to slam the door shut and lock it.

Soon, Eileen returned with Alan Pittson, Mildred's primary doctor. The head nurse and two security guards followed them closely as well.

That was when they realized that the ward door was locked.

"This is outrageous! Open up right now!" Alan roared while slapping a hand on the door.

After that, he turned to bark an order at Eileen. "Quick, look for the ward's key!"

"I'm not opening the door for you! My grandma has stayed here for over two months, yet you can't even cure her! You're such a trashy doctor!"

Gino folded his arms in front of his chest while standing behind the door. He kept making faces at the small window on the door.

Then, Alan spotted Hera plunging needles into the unconscious Mildred's body. He ordered, "The patient's life is at stake here! We can't let them do whatever they want! We have to bust down the door right now!"

At the same time, Hera was done inserting the final needle. She said, "Open the door."

The security guards rolled up their sleeves and backed away from the door. Then, they rushed forward simultaneously in hopes of busting the door down.

However, the door was opened from the inside at that moment, resulting in the guards rushing through thin air. Both of them ended up tripping and falling to the floor.

Shocked, the head nurse quickly moved to help them up.

"Pfft!" Gino couldn't help but giggle.

Alan flashed him a glare before striding into the ward furiously.

"Who gave you permission to do whatever you want here?" he growled out while attempting to push Hera away.

But Hera was quick to glance at him. "Use your words, not your fists."

Her gaze was extremely icy. For some reason, Alan had a feeling that she was silently warning him to back off.

"You little..."

At that moment, Mildred, who was supposed to be unconscious, inhaled sharply. Her eyes flew open in the next second, signifying that she was awake.

The first thing she saw was Hera and the silver needle she happened to be toying with. That was when Mildred noticed the erect needles poking out of her body and arms, which pissed her off greatly.

"You brat! How dare you stab me with needles! You must really have a death wish!"

Mildred turned the air blue with curses as she attempted to get out of bed.

"Mom, calm down! You fainted just now! Hera was the one who woke you up!" Lilith quickly appeased Mildred.

"Mrs. Everett Senior, there are still needles sticking out of your body. Don't move around, lest you hurt yourself."

Alan quickly held Mildred down as well. "Don't get angry just yet. Are you feeling unwell anywhere?"

As he spoke, he tried to remove one of the needles. Suddenly, a slender hand shot out to grab his wrist. It was so strong that he found it difficult to free his wrist from its grip.

Alan turned to see Hera's gorgeous face. At the moment, she looked cold and aloof.

"The needles need to stay where they are for half an hour," she stated.

Hera sounded so firm that Alan wondered if she truly knew acupuncture.

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Alan's forte lay within internal medicine, so he didn't know much about acupuncture. As he looked at the points where the needles were inserted, he felt that Hera had pinpointed every needle correctly. Hence, he began to wonder about Hera's identity.

"Ouch! It hurts so much! She woke me up, you say? Well, she certainly did that by stabbing me!"

Mildred shoved Lilith away before plucking a needle out of her body.

Hera didn't say anything, nor did she stop Mildred.

"Oh, my God! Dr. Pittson, please give me a check-up right now! I feel so dizzy, and my heart palpitations are above the charts! Is that brat planning to kill me with her needles?" Mildred moaned in pain.

When Alan heard Mildred's laments, all speculations about Hera's medical skills vanished immediately.

To him, saving Mildred's life took priority.

He yanked his wrist from Hera's grip forcefully before removing all of the needles from Mildred's body. In fact, he worked so fast that Lilith only managed to regain her senses a while later. By then, it was already too late for her to stop the doctor.

"Hera, will your grandma be alright?" Lilith gazed at Hera worriedly.

Hera hated it the most whenever her patients refused to cooperate with the treatment process. She put her silver needles away before snapping coldly, "She's doomed. You'd better start making arrangements for her funeral soon."

"Huh?" Lilith was so frightened that her hands began trembling. "Is... Is she really doomed?"

Hera fell silent at the question.

She was just cracking a joke. Why did Lilith take her seriously?

Then again, it was true that Mildred wouldn't be able to live for long if things were to go on like this.

"She'll be a goner sooner or later," Hera explained.

"Just listen to that brat, Dr. Pittson! She's clearly here to murder me! That's murder, you know! Hurry up and perform a full body check-up on me! I need you to check whether or not she's poisoned me!"

Alan was worried that Mildred's life was in danger, so he and the head nurse quickly moved Mildred from the hospital bed to a nearby wheelchair. Then, they wheeled her to another room so that they could perform a complete body check-up on her.

Before they left, Alan instructed the security guards to watch Hera.

"Don't let her leave! If anything happens to the patient, she'll have to be held responsible!"

After that, he said to Lilith, "You're the patient's family member, so you must come along as well!"

Hera fell silent at Alan's words.

Sometime later, the check-up's results were out. Mildred was doing fine, and her data showed that her condition had significantly improved compared to yesterday's check-up results.

It was common for elderly people to suffer from clogged arteries. Yet, Mildred's severely clogged artery was completely unblocked.

Alan and the rest of the medical team had worked hard over the past two months, but the best they could do was manage to unblock one-third of Mildred's clogged artery. To think that it was completely unclogged today...

That was when Alan suddenly recalled the acupuncture session.

Did Hera really know how to treat patients with acupuncture? Was she the one who unclogged Mildred's artery?

But she looked like a minor!

"Mom, do you feel better now? Are you still unwell anywhere?"

Lilith heaved a sigh of relief after hearing Alan's words. She asked Mildred that question as she wheeled the latter back to the ward.

Mildred denied it immediately. "Nope! I still feel dizzy! My heart palpitations are still here! In fact, I feel very sick and lethargic!"

"But Mrs. Everett Senior, all the data on your check-up results shows that you're in a better condition than yesterday. Your artery is already unclogged, after all," Alan chimed in.

"That's impossible! Are you even a skilled doctor? Don't tell me that country bumpkin bribed you! The truth is, you want me dead as well, right?"

Mildred slammed a hand onto the arm of her wheelchair and forcefully applied the brakes to it. Now, she refused to budge an inch.

"I think you and that brat are ganging up on me! I don't want you as my primary doctor anymore!"

Then, Mildred barked an order at Lilith. "Go to the top floor and bring Dr. Shadow here! I want her to treat my illness!"

Mildred had heard from the other patients that Lennon received his treatment in this hospital as well. Dr. Shadow would always come over to treat him at regular intervals. Today was the day of his

follow-up treatment session.

Since Dr. Shadow had saved an impoverished young man who was severely ill without requesting any payment from him, Mildred was confident that the mysterious doctor would treat her too.

Lilith looked troubled. How was it possible for her to ask Dr. Shadow for help?

It was clear that Mildred was trying to make things difficult for her.

Also, Lilith brought Hera to the ward today because she wanted her to treat Mildred. If she were to change doctors suddenly, wouldn't that mean she didn't have faith in Hera's medical skills?

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"Even though Dr. Shadow has a collaborative deal going on with our hospital, she doesn't take any patients," Alan stated as a reminder for Mildred.

In fact, it'd be extremely difficult for Mildred to see Dr. Shadow in person, let alone get her illness treated by her.

"I don't care! I know you want me dead! I won't believe you! I don't want to get treated unless you're able to bring Dr. Shadow here! I'm not leaving this spot otherwise!"

Mildred firmly pressed the brake button on the wheelchair. She couldn't care less about her reputation and appearance at all, for she started throwing a massive fit in the corridor.

She did all she could to cause a ruckus, be it wailing or screaming at the top of her lungs. Lilith's words did little to appease her.

There were a lot of people walking down the corridor leading to the inpatient department. They shot weird looks in Mildred's direction. Some of them even muttered to each other about her tantrum.

When Gino heard the ruckus, he exited the ward to check on the situation. Needless to say, he was embarrassed to acknowledge Mildred as his grandmother.

"Hera, what should we do? Grandma demands to see Dr. Shadow right now!" he said to Hera as he turned around to look at her.

Hera had already put on her headphones at that time. She continued playing the game on her phone with one leg crossed over the other while sitting on the chair comfortably. Clearly, she didn't care about the situation at all.

"Hera?" Gino approached her, intending to take her headphones away. He was about to reach for the headphones when Hera slapped his hand away.

Hera didn't even bother looking up from her phone. "She'll be too tired to continue throwing the fit once she wears herself out."

Gino didn't know what to say. For a moment, he wondered if Hera truly was Mildred's biological granddaughter.

While Hera was perfectly capable of being calm and uncaring toward the ruckus, others found it difficult to do the same. Alan, in particular, was starting to get antsy.

Those who weren't in the loop might think Mildred's tantrum stemmed from her displeasure with the hospital's services and treatment. If this were to continue, the recuperation rate of other patients might be affected. Not only that, but it would definitely wreck the hospital's reputation.

In the end, everyone was left without a choice. Lilith had to yield to Mildred's unreasonable demand.

"Alright, Mom. I'll go get Dr. Shadow in a while. Can we go back to the ward first? Let's not affect others, okay?"

"I want you to go find Dr. Shadow now! Otherwise, I'm not going back to the ward!" Mildred insisted stubbornly.

"Alright, alright."

Lilith didn't want Mildred to continue throwing that fit of hers, so she asked Alan and the head nurse to take Mildred back to the ward. Then, she headed toward the top floor.

Only after Mildred witnessed Lilith walking into the elevator did she release the brake button on the wheelchair. After that, she followed Alan and the head nurse back to the ward.

The moment she saw Hera, she harrumphed loudly, as if to show how influential she was in this hospital.

Gino, Alan, and the head nurse fell silent at the sight.

"Since there aren't any problems with her, that means I can leave now, right?" Hera put away her phone and got up to her feet. After that, she glanced at Alan coolly.

"Sorry for the misunderstanding, miss."

When Alan recalled the data on the check-up results, he became even more respectful. "How did you unclog the artery so qui—"

"Bye."

Before Alan could finish his sentences, Hera said goodbye to Gino before leaving the ward. She didn't even bother sparing Alan a glance, even though he was a well-known doctor who specifically treated elderly patients in Norburgh.

To think that he'd get looked down on by a young girl...

Then again, Hera was extremely skilled in using acupuncture just to unclog Mildred's artery.

Once Alan returned to his office, he compared Mildred's latest check-up results with those obtained from her past check-ups. He couldn't help but marvel at Hera's medical skills in awe.

"Youngsters really are talented nowadays..."

The hospital director, Oscar Bloom, happened to walk into Alan's office at that time, so he overheard the monologue.

"Dr. Pittson, what are you marveling about?" he asked curiously.

"Ah, Dr. Bloom!" Alan rose to his feet immediately and greeted Oscar upon seeing the latter.

Oscar waved a hand airily with a chuckle. "Take a seat, Dr. Pittson. Tell me, what happened?"

Alan knew Oscar was very experienced and well-read. Not only was he kind and gracious, but he also cherished talented people. Hence, he told Oscar about Hera's acupuncture skills.

Oscar was shocked after hearing Alan's explanation. "Really? It's not rare to see doctors using acupuncture to unclog arteries. But the thing is, only a handful of doctors are capable of unclogging arteries immediately with their skills. Hurry, show me the security footage!"

In order for the medical staff to care for the VIP patients well, all of the VIP wards were equipped with security cameras of their own.

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Alan quickly got a technician over to pull up the security footage.

Oscar was shell-shocked upon noticing Hera's skillful needle placement in the footage. "That's the 13 Needles of Death technique!"

It had been more than 20 years since he last witnessed the 13 Needles of Death in action. Back then, a woman under the alias of Dr. Miracle was the one using it.

Dr. Miracle worked so skillfully that it had shocked Oscar to the core back then. Those who witnessed her at work would never be able to forget the sight.

Recently, news of the 13 Needles of Death resurfaced on the Divine Forum. Dr. Shadow, known as the best doctor on the forum, had brought it up in her medical dissertation on alternative medicine.

But Oscar had never seen Camille use that technique before. That was why he thought the technique didn't get passed down.

To think that he'd be able to see it getting replicated in the footage...

And it was used by a teenage girl, to boot!

"That's the legendary 13 Needles of Death?" Alan was shocked as well.

"Yes! Is she still in the ward? Quick, take me to her!" Oscar exclaimed, his face now lit up.

A talented doctor like Hera was extremely difficult to find nowadays.

"She has already left. Apparently, she's Mrs. Everett Senior's granddaughter," Alan replied.

"Take me to Mrs. Everett Senior, then!" Oscar urged.

...

Meanwhile, another conversation was going on in Mildred's ward.

"Did you really seek Dr. Shadow out?" Mildred gazed at Lilith suspiciously.

"Yes, I did. But the Gaskells' bodyguards stopped me from entering the ward."

Lilith recalled what had happened to her earlier when she was looking for Dr. Shadow. She didn't even get to open Lennon's ward door, let alone see the esteemed doctor in person. The Gaskells' bodyguard had wasted no time in stopping her.

When the bodyguards found out that Lilith was a member of the Everett family, they told her to get lost without even bothering to report to Lennon.

"Mom, our relationship with the Gaskells has completely soured thanks to Giselle. Our family has filed for bankruptcy as well. It only makes sense that the Gaskells refuse to see me at this time," Lilith said helplessly.

"So... the Everetts have gone into bankruptcy..."

Mildred still found it difficult to accept the truth. She placed a hand on her chest as she slumped on the bed. She spent some time mourning for the family before sitting up once again.

"This is all that brat's fault! She brings nothing but misfortune to the family! Ever since we brought her back and inducted her into our family, a series of unfortunate things happened to us right away! She's a curse to this family!"

"Grandma, can you just stop yapping for once? You're too loud! You'd still be lying on the bed motionlessly if it wasn't for Hera!" Gino grumbled in annoyance from his chair while he played a game on his phone.

His grumbles caught Mildred by surprise. A second later, she stared at him like he had been possessed.

"Gino, how dare you talk back to me just to defend that walking jinx!"

She began throwing another fit. "The end of the world is here! My granddaughter stabs me with needles, whereas my grandson dares to talk back to me! There's no place for me in this family anymore!"

At that moment, someone knocked on the door from the outside. Oscar and Alan then walked into the ward.

When Mildred spotted them, she stopped her fit immediately. She asked respectfully, "Dr. Bloom, what's the purpose of your visit?"

Both Gino and Lilith were speechless by Mildred's double-faced antics.

"Mrs. Everett Senior, Dr. Bloom specially came here to visit you. How are you feeling right now? Better, perhaps?" Alan explained.

Mildred couldn't help but feel smug and vain upon hearing Alan's words. After all, the director of the prestigious Pineview Hospital personally dropped by to visit her. Not many patients had the honor of being visited by Oscar.

Then, Mildred focused on feeling every part of her body. Ever since she woke up, her head no longer hurt, nor was her lower back constantly sore. In fact, she was filled with vigor and energy.

"I feel a lot better now. This is my first time feeling so energetic ever since I got hospitalized. Thank you for dropping by just to visit me, Dr. Bloom."

Once again, Gino was speechless.

No wonder Mildred was able to throw so many fits in one day.

Oscar chuckled before replying, "There's no need to thank me. You should be thanking your granddaughter instead."

"What?" Mildred was perplexed.