

Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 191 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 191

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Hera got out of the car while yawning tiredly. The moment she walked through the school gate, she attracted countless students' attention. Gossip began to break out among the crowd.

"Hera Youngworth, you actually escaped from prison! To think you even have the guts to come to the academy!"

Lily appeared out of nowhere and blocked Hera's way.

Ever since she made a fool out of herself in the auditorium last Friday, she had applied for one week's leave from the academy. She planned on returning to the academy only after everyone had forgotten about her humiliating incident.

However, Lily had been seeing threads featuring rumors about Hera committing a crime and getting taken away by the police on the academy forum yesterday. Hence, she voided her official leave and resumed her classes at the academy just to listen to more juicy gossip.

She didn't expect to bump into Hera so soon.

Meanwhile, Hera was jolted awake, thanks to the embarrassing dream she had. Because of that, she had quite a volatile temper. "Get lost."

But Lily refused to step out of Hera's way. "What makes you think you can order me to leave? You don't own this path!"

"Boss!" Katie had caught sight of Hera from far away. She wasted no time in rushing over to Hera's side.

When she noticed Lily standing in Hera's way, she jeered, "Oh? It seems that you haven't had your fill in performing the bunny dance last Friday, huh? Are you planning to perform it again?"

"You!" Lily's anger was stoked.

"You should go ahead and dance in the sports field if that's what you want to do. Don't block my boss' way, you hear?"

Katie shoved Lily away roughly before saying to Hera, "This way please, Boss."

Lily was so furious that she almost had an aneurysm on the spot.

The reason why she resumed her classes at Cavenridge was that the gossip threads featuring Hera had overtaken the threads which primarily mocked her bunny dance. She didn't expect Katie to bring up that stupid dance again.

Lily gnashed her teeth together while glaring at Hera's silhouette. Finally, she decided to look for Zylar in Class A in the junior year's classroom block. While surfing the forum and reading the gossip last night, Lily found out that Zylar was tied to the reason behind Hera's arrest. It turned out that Zylar had applied for leave today, so he wouldn't be attending classes at all.

Coincidentally, Christopher took charge of clearing Hera's name on the forum around the same time. He told everyone not to make malicious speculations about the incident.

On the other hand, Katie started spamming custom-made stickers featuring Lily's bunny dance as a warning for troublemakers who dared to voice out malicious speculations on the forum.

Lily was so pissed that she barely focused on her classes throughout the morning. During lunch break, she sought out her homeroom teacher and got pardoned from classes for the day before rushing to the Gaskell residence.

Meanwhile, things at the Gaskell residence were a huge mess because of Queenie's arrest.

"I've bought the photos snapped by

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the paparazzi. Also, I've placed a lockdown on the mass media's news regarding this incident. But this isn't a long-term solution. We need to find a way to bail Mom out of prison," Amelia said.

"Deputy Chief Hobbs has been taken away by the prosecutors. They won't let me bail Queenie out," Terence said with a sigh.

He and his lawyer had gone over to Norburgh Police Department early in the morning just to bail Queenie out, but Kane had rejected him on the spot. "Let's go to Jedburgh and ask Aurora for help," Zylar suggested.

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The reason why Kane refused to let the Gaskells bail Queenie out was because of Shaun's influence. Of course, the Gaskells were nothing before the Thompsons. But things would be different if the Killians were to act on the Gaskells behalf.

Terence nodded in response. "That seems to be the only way."

He summoned the family driver and told him to get the car ready.

At that moment, a maid led Lily into the living room. "Sir, Ms. Lily is here to see you."

Ever since Zyler witnessed Lily's idiotic moment last Friday, he no longer liked being with her. He led her to the backyard before asking sullenly, "What are you doing here?"

"Zyler, Hera went to school today. That's why I came over to visit you."

As Lily spoke, she noticed Zyler's hand. "Is your hand alright?"

Zyler was enraged when he heard Hera's name being mentioned. It was all thanks to her that the Gaskells were in hot soup right now.

How audacious of Hera to go to school as if nothing happened!

"What are you trying to say?" he asked.

"Hera really has gone over the line this time! Not only did she humiliate me in public, but she also treated you like this! Your hands are meant to play the piano!"

Lily continued angrily, "As long as she doesn't leave the academy, we won't be able to enjoy our school lives in peace! Not to mention, you still need to take your SATS next year!"

Zyler got even angrier at the mention of the SATS. His spot on Vardhar University's guaranteed admission list was definitely a goner now.

"You got a solution for that?" he asked suspiciously.

"It's the registration phase for the preliminary round of the national informatics competition right now. We can draft her into the competition.

"The date of the preliminary round

just so happens to coincide with the day of the academy anniversary celebration. We'll only inform her on the day itself. Let's see which event she choose to attend," Lily O suggested darkly.

It didn't matter which event Hera chose to attend on that day. As long as she missed out on the other event, she'd end up breaking the rules. That misconduct alone was enough for the academy to expel her permanently.

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The thing was, Lily intended to make Hera skip out on both events.

Meanwhile, Zylar felt that Lily's plan was quite childish and nonsensical. Besides, Hera might not get expelled by the academy for her absence because of Christopher, who was her lapdog.

Then again, the idea of pissing Hera off was enough to convince Zylar to join Lily's plan.

That afternoon, Hera happened to be napping in Class K of the junior year classroom block. Her phone, which was tucked away in her drawer, suddenly vibrated, which jolted her awake.

She grabbed her phone, clearly annoyed by the disruption. There, she saw a text message from a phone number that wasn't saved in her contacts list.

"Boss, hurry up and look at WhatsApp! I think your ID number got leaked!"

Hera deleted the message before switching accounts on WhatsApp.

Piglet: "Look at the image, boss! Did you register for the national informatics competition for teens?"

Piglet: "This can't be, right? Boss, just how shameless are you to bully a group of teenagers? They are still naïve and innocent!"

Piglet: "Hold on, something's not right. The phone number which had submitted your registration details isn't yours! Did you really register for the competition?"

Piglet: "Your contact information must have gotten leaked, right?"

Piglet: "Where are you?"

Hera tapped on the image sent by Piglet and glanced at it. Then, she typed out a message which only consisted of two words.

Raven: "Got it."

After that, Hera switched to another app, which divided the screen into halves. The top half was a black backdrop, while the bottom half was an input interface. Her thumbs began dancing above her keypad swiftly. Soon, strings of white code fleeted across the top half of the screen in rows.

Sometime later, Hera stopped typing on her phone. As she gazed at the information being projected on the screen, she muttered coldly, "How childish."

She tapped on her phone quickly for a short while before clicking it shut. Then, she tossed it back into her drawer and continued napping.

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Sunday came in the blink of an eye.

The moment Hera descended the stairs after she was done washing up in the bathroom, she saw Douglas ordering a bodyguard to drag a big piece of baggage out of the apartment. Content belongs to

Bernard, who was clad in a white suit, sat on the couch while reading the news on his tablet. When he saw Hera, he said, "Ah, you're awake."

"Are you going out?" Hera glanced at the baggage that the bodyguard was currently dragging. Then, she picked up Tiramisu, which was nuzzling her leg at the moment.

"We are going out," Bernard corrected. "You did promise me that we'll be taking photos today."

He put down his tablet before rising to his feet. Then, he slowly made his way to the dining room.

His injuries were healing well. Last night, Hera had removed his stitches, so he could cover short distances without any problems.

Upon noticing Bernard heading to the dining room, Douglas went to the kitchen to serve him and Hera breakfast.

On the other hand, Hera was flabbergasted.

Was this Bernard's so-called preparations? Wasn't she supposed to take ten random photos of Bernard at home? "Where are you planning to have your photos taken?" Hera asked while walking into the dining room. "Lumiville," Bernard replied.

For a moment, Hera thought she was hearing things. "That far?"

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Lumiville was a city located at the southernmost point of Humerton. It was always hot and humid there, making it the best vacation spot during winter.

All Hera had to do was take ten photos of Bernard. Was it really necessary for them to travel that far?

Bernard just smiled faintly. "It's not far. This is your first time taking photos of me. I'd like to make it a special occasion."

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After breakfast, Hera dabbed the corner of her mouth with a napkin. "How many days are we spending in Lumiville? I need to pack myself a bag too." Bernard must have been bored out of his mind, seeing as he was confined at home during the past week just to recuperate. It was a good idea to spend the day traveling.

"I've already packed a bag for you," Bernard replied. "We might return tomorrow night. If you want to spend a few extra days in Lumiville, we can always delay our return."

Hera was quite surprised, to say the least. Did Bernard pack her underwear for her as well?

When it was time for Hera and Bernard to leave, Tiramisu stood guard at the door. Once the front door opened, it shot out of the apartment happily. It slowed down to a stop at the elevator before turning around to look at Hera with its huge, dark eyes. At the same time, it kept wagging its curly tail as though it was begging her to take it along.

Bernard strolled over to Tiramisu before picking it up with one hand. Then, he started walking back to the apartment.

Having realized what Bernard was planning to do, Tiramisu wiggled out of his grasp while grunting angrily. Upon landing on the ground, it dashed back to Hera's feet before snorting coquettishly at her.

"If Tiramisu isn't scared of the outside world, I suppose it can come with us." Hera picked Tiramisu up and stroked its head lovingly.

Tiramisu narrowed its eyes joyfully. It then nestled in Hera's arms while snorting in content.

"Is Tiramisu getting lonely? Why else would it want to interrupt our private time together?"

Bernard just shot Tiramisu a cold glare.

Hera didn't know what to say in return.

The group soon descended to the first floor. The bodyguard had already loaded the trunk with everyone's baggage. Upon noticing their arrival, he opened the car door for them.

Half an hour later, the group reached a huge airport. A plane was already waiting for them on the tarmac. All preparations were done, so it could take off anytime.

Hera cradled Tiramisu in her arms as she scanned around her surroundings. The plane was parked extremely far from the terminal. Clearly, it was a private plane.

The plane was actually a modified version of Boeing 474. The interior furnishings made it look like a portable hotel in air—a cluster of rooms such as the bedroom, dining room, living room, study, bathroom, as well as kitchen were fitted into the plane itself. Needless to say, the facilities were pretty well-rounded on the plane.

As long as the plane had enough fuel, Hera had no doubt that they could live permanently in the sky.

After taking a tour of the plane, Hera was completely baffled by how luxurious the plane was. She sought out an air stewardess and entrusted Tiramisu to her.

Once she was sure that Tiramisu was comfortable in its spot, Hera proceeded to go to the living room. She plopped down on the armchair next to Bernard's couch.

"Bernard, I thought you told me you led a difficult life in the Killian residence."

Hera turned to look at Bernard. She wondered how he could explain his way out of this.

Bernard replied coolly, "I rented this plane."

Hera shot a look at the logo stitched on the napkin before her. It belonged to XS Corporation.

She vaguely remembered what XS Corporation was like.

Two years ago, XS Corporation had

stolen a major project from the Killians. That was how it rose to success in an instant. In just two years, it was able to join the ranks of the top ten corporations in Jadonia.

The president of XS Corporation was Theo Smith. He was a self-made entrepreneur as well.

Two years after XS Corporation was founded, Theo was able to purchase a customized private plane that cost at least 500 million Terranian dollars to build. Clearly, the profits he made from the project he had stolen from the Killians were very lucrative.

The head of the Killian family must hate XS Corporation's guts a lot. In that case, how was it possible for Bernard to rent a plane from XS Corporation?

Hera replied, "You really don't care about the consequences, huh?"

Bernard chose not to respond to Hera at all.

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Sometime after the plane took off, Hera took off her seatbelt once the plane was stabilized. She went to check on Tiramisu right away.

It was Tiramisu's first time on a

plane. It must have been terrified by the loud roars of the plane's engines during take-off, for it cowered in the corner of the cage while trembling in fright.

Hera opened the cage door and began stroking Tiramisu. Her heart throbbed for the poor pig.

"Is it okay?" Bernard strolled over with a camera at that moment.

"It's frightened." Hera gently scooped Tiramisu out of the cage.

Bernard shot Tiramisu a glance. "If it does, we can always make a meal out of it," he commented casually.

Tiramisu shuddered before grunting at Bernard unhappily, as though it was cursing at him.

"See? It can still fight back. That means it won't die, so don't worry about it," Bernard said to Hera.

Both Tiramisu and Hera fell silent.

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It was unknown whether Hera's comforting embrace or Bernard's aggravating words were the ones working wonders, for Tiramisu looked a lot better after a while. Not only did it stop shivering, but it also jumped to the floor and began sniffing around the plane, as though it was exploring a brand new territory.

Bernard told Douglas to keep an eye on Tiramisu before taking Hera back to the bedroom. "You can take a few photos of me here for now."

Hera accepted the camera mutely. She began to tinker with the camera to find out how to use it.

The moment she raised her head, Bernard had already taken off his jacket and shirt, revealing his sculpted and scarred body.

Needless to say, Hera was rendered speechless.

Based on how quickly Bernard had stripped, it seemed that he was pretty used to stripping in front of others.

Hera lifted the camera and took a photo of Bernard to gauge her skills. After navigating to the album and selecting the photo, she glanced at it before quietly passing the camera to Bernard.

"Should the photo look like this?"

Bernard accepted the camera and looked at the photo. He was so stunned that he couldn't utter a word.

"Um... I guess that's a no?" Hera let out an awkward cough once she noticed how silent Bernard was. She knew the answer to her question, yet she still chose to ask it.

Hera rarely took photos, let alone selfies. It was only natural for her to be bad at taking photos.

Bernard was still stunned by the photo. There was a running joke on the Inte claiming that the photos taken by boyfriends often depicted their girlfriends from the worst angle. It turned out that Hera somehow possessed the same talent.

The only reason why the photo looked fine was all thanks to Bernard's gorgeous looks.

"You can take good photos after some practice," Bernard said comfortingly.

Hera didn't say anything in response.

"I'll teach you."

Bernard moved to stand next to Hera before swapping the camera back to the photo-taking mode. He pointed the camera at various objects in the room and began explaining the photo-taking techniques that were commonly used by photographers to her.

Hera practiced diligently the whole time. She'd take photos of Bernard from time to time in order to hone her skill.

Three hours later, the plane landed safely at Lumiville Airport. At that time, Hera was finally able to snap decent photos of Bernard.

They got into a car outside the airport and went on a half-hour-long trip. After that, they took a yacht, which brought them to an island.

The island was covered in a thick,

lush forest. The scenery there was breathtakingly beautiful. There were a few villas spread out in the forest. Even the sea there was azure blue, though there was no one to be seen on the vast beach.

"A filming crew has been filming on the island over the past two days, so the entire island was cleared out in advance," Douglas explained.

Hera wasn't sure if she truly believed Douglas' excuse.

Soon, the group arrived at a private villa. They rested right after having a nice lunch.

5:00 pm was the time when the sun's rays weren't that strong anymore. That was when Hera decided to change into her swimsuit and have fun on the beach.

But when she opened the baggage Bernard had prepared for her, she saw a colorful assortment of sundresses and underwear. There was even a wide-brimmed hat and extra pairs of sandals stowed away in the baggage. The swimsuit was the only thing missing from the pile.

"I didn't expect that the beach would be cleared out, so I didn't prepare a swimsuit for you," Bernard explained from the doorway.

By then, he had already changed into a white tank top and a pair of vibrant beach shorts.

Hera didn't know what to say.

In other words, Bernard didn't prepare swimwear for her on purpose.

But she really wanted to go swimming...

"I'll definitely prepare swimwear for you the next time we visit a place without anyone else around," Bernard added.

The truth was that swimsuits were included in the apparel list provided by the branded outlets. Bernard had glanced at the swimsuits, only to realize that they were too skimpy and revealing. He thought that there might be creeps lurking on the beach, so he decided not to bring any of them.

Once again, Hera remained quiet.

In the end, she dug out a pale yellow sundress with cute prints on it. Then, she closed the door and changed into it.

The moment Hera reached the living room, she caught sight of Douglas speaking with a young man with dyed silver-gray hair, who stood outside the front door.

"We don't have that. You'll have to take him to the hospital."

The young man looked relatively disappointed. He thanked Douglas and was about to leave when he saw Hera, causing his eyes to sparkle happily.

"Boss!"

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"Boss!" the young man called out excitedly.

Hera gazed at him in surprise. "Piglet?"

"That's me!" Piglet nodded happily. "Wow! You look prettier than your ID photo!"

"Piglet" was the young man's codename. His actual name was Leon Kirkland. Hera thought it was a huge coincidence for her to bump into Leon in this place.

Bernard, who was scrolling through his phone on the couch, could sense that something was off in the conversation. He turned around to look at Leon.

Leon stood over five feet and seven inches tall. He was a looker, that was for sure. At first glance, Bernard could tell that Leon had just turned 20 years old. His dyed silver-gray hair was quite eye-catching.

Piglet?

Bernard rose to his feet, a slight frown gracing his features.

At first, Douglas wanted to chase Leon out of the premises. But since Hera and Leon knew each other, he decided not to do anything.

"What's the matter?" Hera asked.

She remembered vaguely overhearing that Leon was searching for medicine.

"My friend ingested spoiled food, causing his gastroenteritis to act up. But he didn't bring medicine along, so I came here to ask if you guys have any medicine that can treat gut health," Leon explained with a frown.

He knew Hera was skilled in treating illnesses, so he added, "Can you take a look at him? Our location's quite close to yours. It's barely 300 feet away."

"Can't you just call the emergency hotline and send your friend to the hospital?" Bernard asked coldly as he moved to stand in front of Hera.

He made sure to angle himself so that he was blocking her from Leon's line of sight. It was as though he was announcing to Leon that Hera was his. Leon made eye contact with Bernard at that moment. Suddenly, the former felt a strong and intimidating bearing shrouding him.

What a domineering man.

Based on how possessive Bernard was over Hera, Leon could tell that they shared an unusual relationship.

"He's a celebrity, and he's still in the midst of filming, so it's inconvenient for him to go to the hospital," Leon explained.

"Isn't there a doctor in the filming crew?"

"He happened to be on leave..."

"What a coincidence." Bernard obviously didn't believe Leon's words.

Leon didn't know what to say.

Meanwhile, Hera shot Bernard a look of surprise. It was rare for him to engage in a conversation with a stranger for that long.

"I'll go with you to take a look at him," Hera said to Leon.

"Will this be a hassle for you?" Leon snuck a glance in Bernard's direction.

He had a feeling that Bernard was a man he should never offend no matter what.

"Yes."

"No."

Both Bernard and Hera gave their answers at the same time. Then, they went eerily silent.

Hera returned to her room to grab her acupuncture kit. After that, she took off the camera, which was slung around her neck, before passing it to Bernard.

"Bernard, I'll go take a look at the patient. You can go ahead and have fun without me. I'll go find you later. Lead the way."

The last sentence was directed at Leon.

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Leon had a feeling that Bernard's demeanor became icier the moment Hera's words fell. Right now, Bernard was glaring at Leon as though he wanted to skin him alive.

"No way. I want to go with you," Bernard said immediately.

Hera didn't know what to say in response.

"Thank you." Leon gulped nervously before leading the way.

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He and Hera walked in front of Bernard. The wound on Bernard's thigh had just finished recovering, his pace was slower. Also, the ground was quite uneven, so it only made sense for him to be a couple of steps behind Hera and Leon.

"Boss, I can't believe you're actually in a relationship at such a young age! Your beau looks pretty scary,

toon whispered to Hera after

glancing behind him.

"I'll dock your commission if you keep making ridiculous guesses," Hera shot back coldly.

Leon widened his eyes in response. "How could you dock my commission? I'm only entitled to 1% right now! If you dock it, I won't have anything left!"

Hera just responded by glancing at Leon, who covered his mouth immediately.

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"Call me Hera. Remember to abide by the NDA's clauses," Hera reminded Leon.

Leon nodded in response.

Bernard, who lagged behind the pair, watched as they spoke in hushed tones without bothering to wait for him. An icy expression could be seen on his face.

He had just warned Christopher a few days ago. Now, another love rival came into the fray.

Why did Hera have so many admirers?

Bernard looked down at the stones on the path. He kicked one of the stones on purpose, causing it to smash into another stone loudly.

Hera turned around to look at Bernard once she heard the odd sound. He could be seen standing in front of a bigger stone while gazing back at her. "Sweetie, my leg hurts."

Hera was rendered speechless as a result.

Bernard shouldn't have followed her and Leon to the set location if his injury was acting up.

The thing was, Hera had a feeling that Bernard did it on purpose. But she couldn't just ignore his plight like a cold-blooded monster. So, she could only approach him and steady him as he walked.

Now that his little plan worked, Bernard shot another icy glance in Leon's direction.

Of course, Leon was flabbergasted when he noticed the glance.

Bernard was sly. Leon had to give him that.

After traveling for another hundred feet, the group could see a group filming something on the beach from a distance away.

Behind the set location, there was a large parasol in place. Four assistants could be seen tending to a man who was reclining on a chaise lounge chair.

They served him water, dabbed sweat off his face, and even fanned him continuously. It was as though they were serving a king instead of a movie star.

Leon led Hera and Bernard to the assistants. One of them spotted him and quickly greeted him before making way for him.

The man reclining on the chaise lounge chair had biracial roots. When he heard Leon's name being called out, he opened his beautiful ocean-blue eyes immediately.

Hera could recognize the man. It was Damian Slate, a famous movie star. Advertisements and billboards featuring him were plastered everywhere in Norburgh.

"Babe, where did you go just now?" Damian reached out to take Leon's hand.

"I found you a doctor." Leon shook Damian's hand off before stepping to the side.

Damian looked at the pair standing behind Leon. The man emitted a cold and regal-like bearing, whereas the girl looked like a cold and aloof fairy. Based on appearances alone, neither of them seemed like doctors.

Bernard was sizing Damian up as well. He was secretly relieved that Hera wasn't interested in celebrities and movie stars.

But based on Leon and Damian's interactions, Bernard had a feeling that those two weren't just regular friends. He secretly heaved a sigh of relief at the discovery.

Since Leon wasn't Hera's admirer, Bernard lowered his guard around him.

Hera glanced at Damian. The light makeup on his face did little to conceal the deep-rooted exhaustion.

She took a step forward before saying, "Take off your shirt."

It took Bernard a full second to realize what Hera had just said.

"Hang on." A burly assistant stopped Hera immediately. "Do you have a medical license?"

That girl was still a minor, right?

Damian's health was very precious. How could anyone just waltz in and offer to treat him? If something were to happen to Damian, no one in the crew could afford to take the responsibility.

Leon mumbled something into Damian's ear, who then said, "Weston, step aside."

After that, Damian took off his shirt without caring about the people looking at him at the moment. His tanned and toned upper body was instantly revealed.

Weston Allum, on the other hand, was a little hesitant. But since Damian had already issued his order, he could only do what he was told.

Hera approached Damian before

crouching down to spread out her acupuncture kit on the beach. She withdrew a silver needle and dug out a lighter before running the flame under the needle for a few

moments. After that, she inserted it into Damian's diaphragm point.

Weston frowned deeply when he saw the treatment.

The beach was an insanely filthy place; to think that the female doctor was bold enough to place her kit on the ground right away.

Also, didn't she need to sanitize the needles with alcohol before issuing the treatment?

What if the needle carried some sort of disease? After all, it was plunged right into Damian's body without alcohol sterilization!

Weston grew anxious as he watched the girl administering the treatment. However, he dared not say anything because he could feel a strong bearing coming from the side.

He snuck a glance in that particular direction. It turned out that the man who came along with the doctor was the one emitting such a powerful air.

Bernard watched as Hera pressed

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down on Damian's body multiple times to search for a suitable acupuncture point. After that, she plunged another needle into said point. The process was then repeated a few times.

The frown on his face was so deep that one might think he was born with it.

No matter how displeased he was, he made no move to stop Hera.

15 minutes later, Hera removed the silver needles. By then, Damian looked a lot better than before.

"Bo-Hera, thank you so much! Let me treat you guys to dinner tonight!" Leon gushed happily.

"There's no need for that," Bernard replied coldly.

Then, he showed Damian his bank account number. "That'll be a million dollars. Please pay up."

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"Isn't a million dollars supposed to be chump change for you, Mr. Killian?"

Right from the start, Damian felt that Bernard looked quite familiar. Now, he finally recalled the latter's identity.

Bernard was the seventh son of the Killian family. He was Albert's favorite son.

Unfortunately, his status as a bastard child was an eyesore to Chad, the current head of the Killian family, after Albert's passing. Hence, he was dumped to the military army for training.

Then again, the amount of stocks Bernard possessed was second to Chad's, making him a rather important figure in the Killian family.

"Don't think you'll get a freebie just because you know my name. There's no such thing as a free treatment," Bernard said coldly.

Both Hera and Leon fell silent at the weird conversation.

"Don't worry. I won't take advantage of you." Damian picked up his phone and transferred two million dollars to Bernard's account. "Here's a million dollars for the diagnosis, and another million dollars for the treatment."

Damian could clearly feel that his stomach didn't hurt anymore. The relief came a lot faster than the times he got treated with injections and pills. Once again, Hera and Leon were flabbergasted by how things were progressing.

Bernard put away his phone while maintaining a cold expression. Then, he turned to leave.

Meanwhile, Hera had Leon pass her a pen and a piece of paper so that she could scribble a list for Damian.

"Get the medicinal ingredients on this list and brew them into a concoction. Take it three times per day for one week straight."

After that, Hera packed up her kit and went after Bernard, who had already walked a considerable distance at that time.

Didn't he claim that his leg hurt? How was he able to walk that quickly?

Was he mad at her?

Hera couldn't really understand why Bernard was angry at her. She followed him all the way to the beach, where he stopped in his tracks. Finally, she was able to join him by his side.

"Is your leg not hurting anymore?"

Since Hera took such a long time to catch up to him, Bernard felt that she didn't care much about him.

"It hurts."

"In that case, why did you walk so quickly?"

Bernard didn't want to respond to Hera anymore. Instead, he took his shirt off and tossed it to the ground, followed by his phone. Finally, he passed the camera to Hera.

"Take some photos of me."

After that, Bernard walked toward the sea and began swimming.

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Hera wanted to go after him, but she happened to be wearing a long dress at the moment. It'd be inconvenient for her to dive into the sea in this attire. So, she could only stand on the shore.

The waves lapped at her feet, cooling her down.

It was almost dusk. The sun hung low above the horizon, scattering a sheen of golden foil above the sea's blue surface. The scenery was breathtaking, to say the least.

Hera turned on the camera and took a few photos of the scenery. Then, she tried to locate Bernard while peering through the camera scope. He happened to be swimming in the sea. At times, his head would break out of the surface.

Hera was a little puzzled. She didn't know why Bernard wanted her to take photos of him swimming.

At that moment, Douglas led

Tiramisu to the beach via a leash. Hera decided to ignore Bernard for the time being. She passed the camera to Douglas before she started playing with Tiramisu.

As for Bernard, he spent the next half hour or so swimming in the sea. Once he finally calmed down, he swam back to the shore. The first thing he saw was Hera and Tiramisu digging small pits together on the beach. Obviously, they were having a lot of fun together. Meanwhile, Douglas was the one carrying the camera this time. He strolled around the beach while taking photos of different subjects. Bernard didn't know what to feel. He just combed his wet hair backward before approaching Hera.

Hera raised her head to see a pair of long, slender legs. Her vision slowly traveled upward. The water beads hanging off Bernard's body emitted a soft golden glow thanks to the setting sun's rays, making him look unusually attractive.

Hera was definitely enthralled by the sight.

Bernard and Hera just stared into each other's eyes. Their shadows were cast into long strips by the setting sun's glow.

Douglas aimed his camera at the pair before clicking the shutter button.

"Whose figure is better? Mine or his?" Bernard asked all of a sudden.

That question snapped Hera out of her trance. She wore a look of confusion as she asked, "What?"

"Is that movie star's figure better than mine? Or is my figure better than his?" Bernard crouched down before repeating his question.

"I didn't pay attention to that," Hera replied.

Bernard frowned slightly at the answer. "But you were feeling him up and down!"

"I was trying to insert my needles into his acupuncture points," Hera explained. "There's no such thing as gender in front of a doctor."

"Do you feel the same way whenever you treat me?" Bernard's eyes continued to bore into Hera's.

Hera's gaze subconsciously drifted to Bernard's chest pecs, but she was able to regain her senses soon enough. She quickly shifted her gaze downward while saying, "Yes."

Chapter 198

Bernard noticed Hera's subconscious action. "Whenever you lied in the past, you'd never look someone in the eye. Instead, you'd look down at your feet."

Hera didn't know what to say. She felt a mixture of anger and embarrassment now that Bernard exposed her.

"So? What are you trying to say?"

"Haven't you realized that I got jealous earlier?"

This time, both Douglas and Hera fell silent.

Douglas could only secretly lament. Why couldn't Bernard be more tactful when he brought that issue up? Why must he be so blunt and straightforward?

"You have to coax me," Bernard added.

Honestly speaking, Hera didn't know how to react. This was her first time seeing someone who would acknowledge his jealousy outright. Seriously, what should she do?

She had never coaxed anyone in her entire life. Even when she was a child, she was always the one being coaxed.

Besides, Hera felt that she didn't do anything outrageous. All she did was follow the regular treatment process. Why was Bernard still jealous of her? "Why don't you swim for another half an hour to calm down?" Hera pointed at the sea.

Bernard fell silent at the answer.

Hera was definitely a heartless girl.

"Don't you feel distressed for me? At least tell me what's your actual relationship with that silver-haired guy from earlier."

Bernard plopped onto the beach this time. He began digging at the sand at irregular intervals.

Hera glanced at him. As expected, he did bring up her relationship with Leon. It was a good thing she had alerted Leon earlier. "We're just inte friends," she replied.

"Would you send your own photo to an inte friend?"

Was the passport-sized photo on the ID considered an actual photograph?

Hera could predict what Bernard wanted to say next.

"You never sent me any of your photos!"

She knew it.

"It was a mistake." Hera came up with an excuse.

She couldn't just tell Bernard the truth, right? She gave Leon the photo back when they signed the NDA.

Bernard fell silent at the excuse.

"Leon likes men. In a way, we're like sisters," Hera added.

Bernard felt a lot better after hearing the latest answer. Still, his expression remained stony.

Hera was his and his only.

When Bernard noticed the size of

the pit that could fit a basketball, he picked Tiramisu up with one hand and placed it in the pit. Then, he began shoving sand onto the pig, imagining it as Leon.

Needless to say, Tiramisu was very confused.

Hera, on the other hand, was just speechless.

"Hera!" someone called out to Hera from far away at that moment.

Hera turned around to see Samantha bounding over to her joyfully. The moment she got up to her feet, Samantha rushed over and enveloped her in a bear hug.

"I missed you so much! I was filming just now when I saw you from far, far away! But when I said hi to you, you straight up ignored me!"

"I didn't see you just now."

At that time, Hera was busy treating Damian's illness.

When Bernard saw the girls hugging each other, he couldn't help but frown slightly.

If Hera and Leon were as close as sisters, would they have hugged each other like this?

Only after Samantha released Hera did she notice Bernard. Her breath was hitched in her throat. "He's so hot!"

Then, she dragged Hera to the side. Clearly, she was itching for gossip.

"Is he the uncle that you men ne

last time? Holy shit! He's so

gorgeous! Are you two dating right now? What's the progress? Oh, no. Did I interrupt your private time?"

"Stop!" Hera cut in hastily. "We're not dating. Stop making stupid guesses."

But Samantha just smiled mysteriously while nodding. "Yeah, yeah. I understand. You two are still figuring it out, right? Do you need my hel—" "No! Stop guessing already!"

Hera was worried that Bernard might overhear Samantha. If he did, there would be a huge misunderstanding. So, she chose to cover Samantha's mouth immediately.

"Samantha, stop fooling around! He's still mad at me!"

Samantha pried Hera's hand away. "Oh, I know what to do. Men are very easy to appease, you know. Why don't

t you two join me at the

barbecue party tonight? I'll teach you what to do."

Chapter 199

Hera was unsure if she should take Samantha's offer. Then again, Samantha was better at dealing with the opposite sex than her, so Hera agreed to meet later.

Night time soon came.

The villa the filming crew had rented for Samantha and the rest of the cast was brightly illuminated. The outdoor decorations made it seem like a party was going on.

Hera and a cold-faced Bernard soon arrived at the villa.

Damian had a few scenes that needed to be shot at night. There was a small crowd gathering in the courtyard, including Leon, two female celebrities, and a few assistants. They were grilling various food items while chatting and drinking happily. The atmosphere was very lively and boisterous.

"Hera! Over here!" Samantha waved at Hera from her spot at a grill. In fact, she had the grill all to herself.

"Mr. Killian, since you're not accustomed to grilling food, you can sit there and have a drink or two. Hera and I will bring the food over once we're done grilling it," Samantha said thoughtfully when she saw Bernard trailing behind Hera.

Bernard just shot an impassive look in the grill's direction.

Really? That was it?

When Bernard went through special training in the past, he was thrown into the wilderness with one requirement-to survive for three days and three nights. Not only did he have to survive on his own, but he also had to avoid getting ambushed by others.

The conditions in the wilderness were much worse than whatever this barbecue party offered. Miniscule tasks such as grilling meat were nothing to Bernard.

Then again, he wanted to taste Hera's cooking, so he sat at an unoccupied table and watched her from afar.

Hera knew that Samantha had said all those things just to distract Bernard. After washing her hands at a sink, she picked a few lamb skewers before returning to the grill. There, she began grilling the meat.

Back when Hera lived in the countryside, it was normal for her to go hunting with her neighbors' children behind Catherine's back. They used to grill the meat they hunted, so she was skilled at it.

A short while later, a mouth-watering scent filled the courtyard. Leon was deeply entranced by the scent.

He ran over to join Hera. "Boss, this smells amazing! I wanna have some!"

"Mr. Killian hasn't eaten anything yet, you know. Do you have the guts to eat the skewers Hera prepared before him?" Samantha said jokingly. Suddenly, Leon felt like someone was glaring daggers at him from behind. He shivered instinctively out of fright. "I think I'll just grill the meat myself." After that, he walked away to grab some food for himself.

"When you bring the food over to him later, don't just slap on that poker face of yours. You need to be friendlier and sweeter. It's best if you can act all cute and coquettish in front of him."

Samantha placed the lamb skewers that Hera had grilled on a plate. She also used the opportunity to put some grilled corn on the plate. After that, she drew a heart on the skewers with ketchup.

"Are you sure this method will work?" Hera gazed down at the heart suspiciously.

"Trust me. This will definitely work."

Samantha patted her chest

confidently, "Whenever men

throw

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tantrums, they aren't throwing tantrums for real. They just want your attention. They want to become the center of your world."

Was that really what Bernard wanted?

Hera still had her doubts, but she picked up the plate obediently. As she made her way back to Bernard, she started pondering how to act friendlier and sweeter to him.

At that moment, a figure in red moved to stand in front of Hera. She handed a plate of grilled meat to Bernard immediately.

Hera stopped in her tracks right away upon witnessing the figure.

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Meanwhile, Bernard was checking the messages on his phone. He was in the midst of replying to a text when he smelled a strong waft of perfume getting closer to him, No amount of grilled food could mask the scent. Content belongs

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The next thing he knew, he saw a plate of grilled food being offered to him.

Bernard raised his head to see an extremely beautiful woman in a short red dress with spaghetti straps. This elicited a frown from him as he despised strong perfume.

"Sir, you seem lonely. Why don't we eat together?"

Maya Dixon tucked a lock behind her ear while winking at Bernard.

When she had emerged from the bathroom earlier, she was pleased to see a man who was hotter and younger than Damian in the courtyard. Her heart skipped a beat at the sight, leading to her coming over just to flirt with him.

Maya was an actress who recently got her shot at fame. She was extremely confident in her looks and figure, thinking she could conquer every man in the entertainment industry.

Bernard's expression became icier at the sight of Maya. Before he could tell her to get lost, he caught sight of Hera, who stood behind Maya. Suddenly, he changed his mind.

He just said, "Alright."

Maya's smile became even more seductive upon hearing Bernard's answer. As expected, no man could resist her charms in this world.

"I grilled everything on this plate myself. Have a bite." She took a seat across from Bernard.

Maya took off her high heels under the table. Just as she was about to start playing footsie with Bernard, Hera walked over to their table.

She placed the plate on the table before flashing Bernard a smile. "Dad, here's your food."

Maya retracted her foot immediately. She was so shocked that she almost fell from her chair. Disbelief was evident in her eyes as they darted from Bernard to Hera repeatedly.

Chapter 200

Dad?

That man looked like he was in his 20s! How could he have a daughter this old?

Bernard turned to look at Hera lovingly. "Thank you, sweetie. Oh, there's even a heart on the meat! You really are thoughtful, sweetie."

Hera just smiled. "It's good that you like it."

Bernard picked up a lamb skewer and took a bite. He was so stunned that he couldn't speak.

The meat was so salty that he thought he was chewing on salt instead.

Wasn't the meat supposed to be delicious because of the mouth-watering smell filling the courtyard? Why did the texture seem so weird?

"Is it delicious?" Hera asked while smiling sweetly.

Bernard swallowed the meat, his expression still calm. "Yup."

"In that case, you should have more." Hera pushed the plate in Bernard's direction.

Then, she turned to look at Maya. "What about you, ma'am? Would you like some as well?"

Hera's sickly, sweet smile sent chills down Maya's spine.

Did that girl just call her "ma'am"?

Did she look that old?

When Maya turned her attention back to the plate, she was horrified to see the mound of ketchup and hot sauce piling up on top of the skewers. This meal was supposedly made with love.

She didn't know what to say.

Were those two really father and daughter? They had got to be lying, right?

"I-I'm sorry for disturbing you." Maya quickly wore her high heels and fled from the scene. She didn't want the paparazzi to brand her as the third wheel of a relationship.

Once Maya was gone, Hera's smile vanished instantly. She adopted her usual cold and aloof attitude.

"Sorry about that. Did I scare your fling away?" she said coolly.

"Yeah. What a shame." Bernard's tone didn't match with the things he said.

Hera gazed at him calmly for a few seconds before turning to leave.

Bernard seemed to be in a good mood just now. After all, he didn't mind that pretty lady's company. He didn't need coaxing at all. Hmph! Men were all big fat liars!

On the other hand, Bernard could only watch as Hera left the courtyard.

He cursed at himself-he overdid it this time.

Meanwhile, Samantha had just

stepped aside to take a call for a few minutes, Once she returned to the grill, she was surprised to see that the condiments were gone. Even the salt had vanished.

"Huh? It makes sense if the ketchup and the hot sauce are gone, but why is the salt missing too?"

After Hera left the courtyard, she finally realized that she had lost her composure. There weren't any streetlights on the island. As for the moon, it was covered by the clouds at the moment.

As a result, there was nothing but darkness in front of Hera.

The villa Hera and Bernard stayed in was located at least 100 feet away from this place. Hera couldn't see the villa's lights because of the forest covering it.

Soon, she slowed down to a crawl. She turned on her phone's flashlight app, feeling cold sweat beading on her forehead.

Ever since Hera went through the life-changing incident when she was six years old, she had always thought that she could always maintain a cold and aloof façade.

That was until she met Bernard again after so many years. She realized that she couldn't do that at all.

She'd always get into all sorts of scenarios because of him. For example, she ran out into the darkness because of what had just happened.

Hera was terrified of the dark. She

could overcome darkness only for a short period. But once time dragged on, she'd start trembling

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uncontrollably. Her heart would start racing as well, and her breathing would quicken.

She began walking forward briskly, only to trip over a stone and fall.

Because of that, Hera ended up losing her phone. Once again, she was plunged into darkness.

Hera could only remain slumped on the ground. The more anxious she became, the more difficult it was for her to see in the dark. In fact, she could even sense something approaching her.

Terrified, she huddled backward. Suddenly, a cold hand shot out to grab her hand.