

Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 281 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 281

Chapter 281

Over at the Gaskell residence, Jake rushed into the living room.

"Mr. Gaskell, Mrs. Gaskell, this is horrible!" he exclaimed, still panting.

"What is it? Calm down!" Queenie hissed, angry at him for being so panicky.

"Ms. Gaskell has been arrested by the police," said Jake.

"Our men at the police station said that she confessed to everything and is waiting for the court to deliver the death sentence."

Terence's face fell upon hearing the news, whereas the annoyance on Queenie's face faded away.

"Got it," she said.

"You may leave."

"Aren't we going to bail her out?" Jake asked weakly.

"Shut up! Don't tell us what to do!" Queenie roared.

"Also, don't tell Zyler about this."

Nothing needed to be said further. They wouldn't be bailing Amelia out.

"Okay," Jake mumbled as he bent over in a bow and left.

He'd been a butler at the Gaskell residence for over 20 years and had looked after Amelia as she grew up.

He knew that Queenie had always favored Zyler over Amelia. Nevertheless, Amelia was still Queenie's daughter.

Even animals wouldn't kill their young so simply. As someone who had watched Amelia grow up, Jake, even as a butler, felt some attachment to her.

He wondered how could Queenie, Amelia's biological mother, be so ruthless and cold-hearted.

"Do we really have to sacrifice Amelia?" Terence asked miserably as he lit the cigar in his mouth.

"Is there really no other way out of this?"

He knew about Queenie's plan.

"What's wrong? Can't let her go, can you?" Queenie asked, glancing sideways at him.

In a firm and forceful tone, she said, "I'm doing this for our family! If we don't sacrifice something, we won't be able to achieve our goal!"

She added, "Amelia is sacrificing herself for the sake of our family. We should just be grateful and remember her sacrifices in the future." Terence wanted to tell Queenie that it wasn't right, but the words were stuck in his throat. He didn't dare say them aloud.

In the eyes of the public, he was the honorable and respectable Mr. Gaskell. In truth, Queenie had always had a hold on him like an iron fist. He always had to listen to her and do whatever she wanted him to.

Content belongs

Moreover, there was no denying that things at the company improved greatly after Queenie was released from detainment and started working.

"It's pretty much what I expected. Tell the media they can publish the drafts prepared beforehand," Queenie told him.

"Our next step is to take advantage of the Everett family's situation during the annual meeting to rise from the ashes!"

Queenie was full of confidence when she said that. She regretted not wiping out the Everett family back then, as it gave Hera the chance to create trouble for Queenie.

That was why, this time, Queenie would make the entire Everett family pay for what Hera had done.

That night, news regarding the involvement of the Gaskell family's daughter in a murder made the headlines on all the major news broadcasting channels.

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The news about Isabella and her mother's disappearance resurfaced. Even the lesser-known channels in Southburrow reported the news and concluded that the perpetrator was none other than Amelia.

At the same time, many social media accounts appeared to help Queenie rid herself of the

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accusations of being the suspect. Some even commented that she was too kind of a mother to have pampered her children, which led to Amelia committing the sin. Content belongs

Some posts explained that Queenie became a suspect only because she wanted to give Amelia a chance to redeem herself.

In the Everett family's car, Hera sat in the backseat. She was on her phone, scrolling through the news regarding Amelia.

Just then, she received a call from Stephen from the police department.

"Ms. Youngworth, Nate's landed himself into some trouble," Stephen informed her.

"The cases he was in charge of were all transferred and assigned to a colleague. The colleague arrested Amelia, and she confessed to abducting you and also the murder of Isabella and her mother. The case is now closed, and Amelia's waiting for the court to sentence her." Content belongs

"I saw it on the news," said Hera calmly.

"What happened to Nate?"

"He got injured during a drug bust. The drug dealers even injected him with some drugs," Stephen explained, his tone weary and upset.

"He's not doing well and is receiving treatment in isolation."

Hera narrowed her eyes. A shadow fell over her face, making it hard to discern her expression.

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"Got it. I'll visit Nate when he's better," said Hera.

Sensing her lack of interest in the case, Stephen tried to comfort her.

"Don't worry. Nate's always been in tip-top condition. He'll recover very quickly," he said.

Hera hummed in response.

If Stephen hadn't met Hera in person before this and felt how cold and distant she was as a person, he'd assumed that she was way too indifferent and calm after receiving such news.

However, since she had no questions about the case, Stephen said nothing more after that.

Before hanging up, he simply told her, "That's all. Bye."

Hera stared at her phone screen, which showed her the news page about Amelia. A mischievous glint formed in her eyes.

"Ms. Youngworth, we're here," said the chauffeur as he parked the car in front of the gates of the Everett residence.

After thanking the chauffeur, Hera exited the car and pressed the doorbell. As she waited for the gates to open, she received several WhatsApp messages from Bernard.

"Are you home?"

"What should I do? We've only just parted, and yet I'm starting to miss you again. When will you come to Skyview Heights again? I'm so pitiable." The corners of Hera's mouth lifted into a smile.

She responded to his messages with two simple words: "We'll see."

"Did you win a jackpot? Why are you so happy?" Gino asked jokingly as he stood in the doorway after opening the door.

Hera appeared to be in a pretty good mood, which didn't happen every day.

Hera pocketed her phone. Glancing up, she noticed that Gino hadn't even put on his jacket before leaving the house to welcome her. "You must miss me a lot," she said.

The moment she finished saying that, she realized that it must've been Bernard's influence that prompted her to say something like that. The door at the Everett residence was automatic. Yet, Gino rushed over to open the door when he knew that she had returned.

At her words, he suddenly thought that he was too childish for running out to open the door for her.

"You think? Well, then, I'll admit that I miss you a little bit," said Gino with his head held high.

Hera was speechless.

Later, when they entered the house, she saw Lilith and Mildred having dinner in the dining room. Gideon and James weren't there.

The Everetts would usually have dinner at around seven. They don't usually have supper.

It was already ten o'clock, and yet Lilith and Mildred were only having their dinner at this time. Hera found it strange.

"You're back, Hera. Are you hungry?" Lilith asked.

"Do you want to eat some more?"

Setting her fork and spoon down, Lilith stood up to go to the kitchen and grab Hera a set of cutlery.

Hera didn't feel like eating, so she asked, "Why are you having dinner this late today?"

"We wanted to wait for your dad and Gideon, but they still haven't returned home," explained Lilith.

"That's why we're having dinner now."

Hera sensed something behind Lilith's words.

"Did something happen at Gideon's company?" © 2024.

Not wanting to let Hera worry, Lilith tried to devise an excuse. But she could speak, Mildred's Defore voice filled the air. Content belongs

"It's all because of the Gaskells!" she seethed.

"That bitch called Queenie... Why didn't she get a death sentence?"

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She continued, "After she was released, she started giving us trouble. Not only did she have someone stop a new, important client from signing a contract with Gideon, but she also robbed us of the venue he reserved for the annual meeting. She even set her meeting date so it falls on the same day as ours! Content belongs

"So what if the Gaskells are wealthier than us? They think they're the supreme lords here in Norburgh They're a bunch of conceited fools who look down on our family. I'm

so pissed! Hera, hurry up and catt Bernard. Ask him to teach them a lesson!" Content belongs

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The longer Mildred spoke, the more furious she became. She slapped the cutlery onto the table with a resounding thud.

"Calm down, Mom," Lilith told her.

"You'll fall sick if you get too angry."

But Mildred wasn't going to calm down just like that.

She shoved Lilith's hand away and huffed, "I'm still pretty solid, okay? Judy, bring me some water. I still have the energy to curse the Gaskells for another half an hour!"

Hera was speechless at Mildred's behavior.

Soon, Judy returned with a warm glass of water.

"Don't worry, madam," she said.

Then, she told Lilith, "Ever since the madam took the pills Ms. Hera gave her, she started feeling much better than before."

"Speaking of which, I feel much better after taking the pills you gave me, too," said Lilith, changing the topic.

"James' stomach problem seems to have improved a lot too. He didn't complain to me about any discomfort for the past few days." "That's great," said Hera.

Just then, they heard a ruckus from the yard. It was most likely James and Gideon returning home.

Judy headed outside to check if the two men were back. A moment later, Gideon and his assistant walked through the door.

The two of them supported James as he stumbled into the house in his drunken stupor.

"Why did he drink so much? Quick, bring him upstairs. We don't want him to catch a cold," Mildred said.

"Judy, go and prepare something for his hangover."

Then, Gideon and his assistant took James back to his bedroom. Lilith hurriedly followed them from behind.

When Gideon came downstairs sometime later, he asked his assistant to return home before sinking into the couch.

He reeked of alcohol. Although Mildred pestered him about what happened before he and James returned, Gideon wouldn't say a single word.

After all, he didn't want to bring work-related problems home. He just didn't want anyone in the family to worry.

Meanwhile, Hera followed the assistant out of the house.

"What's wrong?" she asked him.

Since she was a part of the Everett family, and the assistant was still pissed off about what happened earlier, he told her everything about it.

Apparently, Gideon was about to sign a contract with a public limited company, but Queenie found the company's general manager before the contract was set in stone.

She proposed to earn less so that the company would earn more and even had someone spread false information about the Everett family. The contract between Gideon's company and the public limited company was put on hold.

Gideon initially planned to tell all his staff about the good news after signing the contract. But now, his plan was ruined.

Later on, the Imperial Hotel's staff informed Gideon that the site he'd booked for the company's annual meeting at the Imperial Hotel was canceled because the Gaskell family paid more to rent the place. The staff asked him to look for another venue to rent for the event. Content

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Imperial Hotel was one of the many hotels Killian Corporation owned. It was well-known in Norburgh and was popular with the affluent.

It was usually challenging to make a reservation there. After much effort, Gideon finally made one.

Logically speaking, a luxury hotel like Imperial Hotel would value its honor and credibility. Hotels like these held the concept of first come, first served in high regard.

They wouldn't cancel a reservation simply because another party was willing to pay a higher price since doing so would ruin their reputation and undermine their authority as a premium hotel.

But the current manager of Imperial Hotel was a distant relative of Queenie's. Queenie also had quite some influence among the Killians. With the power in her hands, she could order others around rather easily.

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The most concerning thing was that the reservation was canceled when the annual meeting was just around the corner. To make things worse for Gideon, it was the end of the year, making it extremely difficult to make a reservation at any other hotel since most luxury hotels were fully booked at this time of the year. It'd be humiliating to book a venue at the very last minute. Content

belongs

The Gaskell family had provoked James before this, and he'd been miserable for quite some time. After so long, he'd finally gotten back on his feet, but Queenie appeared and wreaked all this trouble for him and Gideon.

Naturally, James wasn't pleased with it. He met with Imperial Hotel's manager, thinking of using persuasion to handle this problem.

Who knew that he'd end up so drunk that he was almost unconscious? Still, the manager refused to change his mind.

"There's nothing Mr. Gideon can do now," said Gideon's assistant with a sigh.

"Does the hotel's manager have the final say in this?" Hera asked.

"Yes. We can't do anything unless the managing director interferes," said the assistant.

"But the managing director is also a member of the Killian family."

He sighed again, helpless at how power can influence just about anything in this world.

Hera understood it all now.

"I see. Drive safe," she said.

Gino wiped Gideon's face with a towel in the living room while Mildred stood beside them, ranting incessantly.

When she saw Hera return to the house, she said, "Have you called Bernard? Queenie's not even that significant of a person in the Killian family, and yet she's so full of herself! Our Bernard will be

Killian family heir in the fut the

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you don't see us being that proud of ourselves!" Content belongs

Hera fell silent.

A moment later, Gino broke the silence.

"Since when was he a part of our family?"

Gino never agreed to it!

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"He'll be a part of our family sooner or later! Don't interrupt me. I'm talking to Hera, not you, Gino," Mildred chided.

She turned to Hera and asked, "Do you hear me?"

Hera kept her silence.

After a while, Gideon said, "Alright. Stop nagging, Grandma. I'll find a way to resolve this, so stop worrying about it. Go and get some rest." He didn't want his family to worry about anything related to the company, and he wasn't fond of the idea of having Hera ask Bernard for help.

If there really was no other way to solve this dilemma, Gideon could simply change the venue for the annual meeting.

Queenie wouldn't be able to reserve all the rooms and event sites at every luxury hotel in Norburgh, anyway.

Finally, Hera broke her silence.

"Leave the problem of finding a venue to me," she told him.

Before this, she'd been waiting for a chance to repay Queenie's "kindness" for abducting her.

Now that the chance had arisen, Hera wouldn't let it slip past her fingers.

Gideon straightened his back when he heard that.

He objected without hesitation, "No way. Don't meddle in this. Just focus on your studies."

Hera then asked, "Am I not considered a part of this family?"

Gideon froze when he heard that.

"Of course you are!"

"Well then, as a family member, it's only natural that I contribute to the family, right?" she questioned.

Gideon felt warm inside upon hearing her words. He'd been trying really hard to make her feel included at home, but things weren't that easy since they'd stayed apart for 17 years.

Even though they were biologically related, they were like distant strangers who knew little about each other. It was impossible for Hera to be close to and intimate with all the Everetts so suddenly.

Therefore, there was still an unseen gap between Hera and the Everetts in their subconscious.

But now, after hearing what Hera said, Gideon felt as if the gap had suddenly become smaller.

Even Mildred herself was startled.

After snapping out of her daze, she

urged, "Then hurry up and call Bernard! Ask him to help us teach them a lesson. I want those Gaskells broke so that they'll never rise up again!" Content belongs

Once again, Hera was at a loss for words. She wanted to tell Mildred to stop reading all those cliché novels.

"Don't force yourself into doing it if you don't like him, okay? It's always hard to repay someone for their kindness," said Gideon.

Once again, Hera fell silent. Who said she was going to find Bernard for help?

"I have a way to deal with it. You should get some rest. I'm going back to my room," she told him and headed upstairs.

After having breakfast the next day, Hera asked Gideon for a ride to Imperial Hotel.

Gideon didn't know what she was

going to do. But since she asked him to send her to the hotel, it could only

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that she wouldn't ask Bernard . Content belongs to

The hotel was lively and merry when they arrived. People milled about. Even finding an empty parking space to park their car was hard.

So, Hera simply told Gideon to drop her off at the entrance. She'd enter the hotel alone.

She'd only just gotten out of the car when she bumped into Queenie, who was leaving the hotel.

Queenie naturally saw Hera and Gideon. She purposely walked over to them.

With a sneer, she said, "Mr. Gideon, you're still not giving up, huh? The manager has signed a contract with me already. You two should leave and find yourselves another Spot for your event." Content belongs

Gideon's face fell when he caught a glimpse of a corner of the contract sticking out of her bag.

"Don't listen to her," Hera told him.

"Wait for me."

That said, she walked past Queenie and entered the building.

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"You're a good-for-nothing who fails at everything!" Queenie hissed as she watched Hera walk past her.

Gideon himself couldn't even change the manager's mind. What made Hera think she could get him to sign a contract with the Everetts?

Queenie thought Hera was too full of herself. Even if she asked Douglas for help, she couldn't change anything at all.

An ugly smile crept onto Queenie's face as she said, "The manager's a righteous person. He wouldn't change his mind even if Hera stood before him naked."

"Watch your tongue!" Gideon warned, his face dark.

He was fine with Queenie insulting him but would not let anyone insult Hera.

Smiling nonchalantly, Queenie clucked her tongue and said, "Hera's got a sharper tongue than me, you know. Do as you please if you feel like wasting your time here."

After all, she was sure that neither Gideon nor Hera could make the hotel manager change his mind.

Then, Queenie extracted an invitation card from her bag and tossed it into Gideon's car through the open window.

She said haughtily and conceitedly, "Don't forget to attend the Gaskell family's annual banquet."

Gideon's grip on the steering wheel tightened as he watched her walk away with her head held high.

Back then, when Giselle was still Zylar's fiancée, the Gaskells would invite the Everetts to their banquet yearly. This year, though, the two families were at odds.

Queenie wasn't sincere in inviting Gideon to attend the banquet. She intentionally did so to embarrass him and his family.

She was flaunting the fact that the event hall was hers now. It was a provocation, and she did nothing to hide it.

It was a shame that Gideon wasn't powerful enough to go against the Gaskell family yet. And although he had no idea what Hera would do, he believed she wouldn't give up her chastity like what Queenie had said.

Gideon turned the steering wheel and continued to find a place to park his car. After securing a spot to park, he contacted some other hotels to ask about their event halls as he waited for Hera to come out of the hotel.

Half an hour later, Hera found him in the parking lot.

She opened the passenger side door, got into the seat, and said, "It's settled."

"It's settled?"

Gideon was taken by surprise. He checked the time. She'd only been gone for just half an hour.

"Yeah. Hall 5, at ten in the morning," she said.

"The time and place remains unchanged."

Gideon couldn't help but ask, "How did you do it?"

He wondered if she had more influence over others here in Norburgh than he did.

"I played a trick," she said.

"You didn't seduce the manager, right?" Gideon asked, Queenie's words suddenly appearing in his mind.

A speechless Hera stared at him for some time before responding, "He's bald."

Gideon was even more confused now. He'd seen the manager before.

The man was about 30 years old, yet he suffered from severe hair loss Working at Killian Corporation. probably stressed him out too much. He was almost completely bald at his young age. Content belongs

"I'm shallow. I don't like bald men," said Hera.

Gideon was dumbstruck. So what if she didn't like men who were bald? There was no connection between bald men and solving the problem regarding the venue. Content belongs

When Gideon saw the hotel manager sometime later, the manager's head was no longer bald. He now had thick, glossy hair. Only then did it dawn on Gideon what Hera did to secure the venue for him. Content belongs

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"But you must keep this a secret for now," Hera reminded him.

"There'll be an excellent show on the day of the meeting."

"Okay," said Gideon.

He still had no clue what she was planning, but he was happy enough to listen to her since she'd significantly helped him.

On the other side of the city, the Gaskells and their company's staff were busy handing out their invitation cards.

The Gaskell family's company had been in trouble for some time, so Terence wanted to make a comeback at the banquet with Queenie's help.

He even went to the extent of personally handing the invitation card to the Ludden family.

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The eldest son of the Luddens was not in Norburgh. Only Andrew, his wife, their other son, Christopher, and Andrew's mother stayed there. Terence shamelessly said, "Dean Ludden, Mrs. Ludden, Christopher, you must attend the Gaskells' annual banquet at Imperial Hotel on the fifth." They would send an invitation to the Luddens each year, but only Christopher, who had a good relationship with Zyler, would attend. However, things were different this year. Christopher had a falling out with Zyler, so they were worried that even Christopher wouldn't show up.

Queenie had found out about Bernard's whereabouts. She heard that he was going to an event that day, so she followed closely behind him as soon as he arrived.

"Bernard... Mr. Killian."

She remembered how Terence had told her about Bernard publicly not acknowledging him, so she quickly changed her address.

"The Gaskells' annual banquet is on the fifth and will be held at Imperial Hotel. We're looking forward to your presence."

Queenie offered the invitation with both hands as she spoke.

She had always been wary of Bernard in the past, especially when she knew of the Killians' shares he was set to inherit. So, no matter how arrogant she usually was, she would humble herself before him.

Bernard glanced sideways at her and the invitation. However, he did not accept it. He simply strode away, bypassing her.

"Mr. Killian will decide whether to attend based on his schedule," Douglas said as he took the invitation and hurried after Bernard.

Queenie stood frozen, her smile stiff.

Bernard had never attended the Gaskells' annual banquet before. She used to think it was because she hadn't delivered the invitation personally and hadn't been sincere enough. Now, she realized it wasn't about that at all. He simply disliked the Gaskells.

In the elevator, Douglas said while looking at the invitation, "The Gaskells' annual banquet is at the same time and place as the Everetts. Did Queenie do this on purpose?"

Bernard narrowed his eyes as a mocking smile appeared on his face.

"Really? Then let's prepare a big gift for the Everetts."

Hearing this, Douglas could only silently pray for the Gaskells.

Soon, it was the day of the banquet.

Light music played in the background in the banquet hall on the Imperial Hotel's third floor, where distinguished guests mingled around a lavish feast. Queenie and Terence moved through the bustling scene with champagne in hand, greeting guests. Their faces were glowing with happiness.

At that moment, their assistant approached and reminded them, "Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, Dean Ludden's family of three has arrived."

They wondered if Andrew and his family were representing the Luddens since all three of them showed up.

It was a significant honor for the Gaskells that the Luddens, one of the four influential families, attended the annual banquet.

Terence and Queenie hurried to the elevator to personally greet them, not forgetting to call the media for photos.

When the elevator door opened, a

waiter held it as Andrew and his wife stepped out, arm in arm. Christopher followed behind them. The family of three was dressed elegantly and carried themselves with grace. Content belongs

"Dean Ludden, Mrs. Ludden, Christopher, what an honor to have you here."

Terence stepped forward with a smile.

"Mrs. Ludden seems to be getting younger, and Christopher is also growing more handsome. Come Let's head inside." Queenie said with a smile as she led them into the banquet hall. Content belongs

Other guests soon noticed the commotion.

"It's impressive that they could invite the second son of the Luddens."

"Indeed. The Luddens only appear at important events and rarely attend private banquets."

"I'm glad I came today. I must chat with them later."

These murmurs reached Queenie

and Terence leaving them with a sense of pride. The arrival of Andrew's family of three had

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ensured the banquet's success. The Gaskells' status in Norburgh was secured. Content belongs

"Didn't you say this was the Everetts' banquet?" Andrew turned to ask Christopher.

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Andrew came solely because Christopher said it was the Everetts' annual banquet and that Hera had invited them.

But when they saw Terence and Queenie with such an attitude and speaking like the hosts, they figured that they must have gotten the wrong venue.

Christopher was also confused. He launched his WhatsApp to check the invitation Hera had sent him earlier. The indicated time and place were correct.

This was the first time Hera invited him to a banquet, yet he somehow got it wrong. He had even asked his parents to accompany him. He wondered why the Gaskells were the ones greeting them.

He considered if they were there to curry favor with Zyler's father, seeing that he had a falling out with Zyler.

"Chris, I knew you'd come! We're still brothers, right?" Zyler said happily as he approached.

Christopher's face briefly showed his displeasure before solemnly saying, "Sorry, but we've already broken off our friendship. Please don't make me repeat this again."

Zyler's expression instantly froze. He pondered why Christopher was present if it wasn't to see him.

Queenie and Terence also felt a little embarrassed. They hadn't expected Christopher to be so blunt and inconsiderate of the occasion.

On the contrary, the guests' and media reporters' eyes lit up. They found it to be significant news.

Everyone in Norburgh knew that Zyler and Christopher were best friends, and the Gaskells often boasted about this relationship. Now, with their friendship broken, could the rumors from Cavenridge be true? Had they fallen out over a woman?

"So, that's why we haven't seen Zyler with you recently. You've broken off your friendship," Alice York, Andrew's wife, said gracefully.

Then, she turned to Christopher and asked, "Then why did you ask us to come to this banquet? You even made it so mysterious and said you wanted to introduce someone to me."

"Oh, Mrs. Ludden, young people's friendship can have their ups and downs. They must have had some misunderstanding and are currently at odds. Once the misunderstanding is cleared up, everything will be fine. Content belongs

"Come. Let's head in," Queenie said smilingly, cleverly downplaying the situation as a minor tiff between friends.

Christopher didn't like her hypocrisy.

Although she knew perfectly well that he and Zyler had severed their friendship, she clung to him like a leech that was impossible to shake off. Content belongs

"Isn't this supposed to be the Everetts' annual banquet?" he asked sullenly.

Queenie and Terence's expressions changed at the mention of the Everetts.

Were they here for the Everetts' annual banquet? How could that be?

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At its peak, the Everetts were no more than social climbers. They were far from being a prestigious family. How could they possibly invite Andrew and his family? Content belongs

Queenie and Terence figured that the Luddens must have made a mistake.

After all, Queenie had stolen the venue from Gideon. She reckoned that the previous information from the Everetts hadn't been updated.

"The Everetts tried to book this venue but couldn't afford it and switched locations. I rented it afterward," Queenie explained.

"Oh, is that so? Then we're in the wrong place," Christopher said, turning to leave.

He wondered why Hera didn't inform him about the changes.

Queenie and Terence were rendered speechless.

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Had the Luddens shown up at the wrong venue? Were they really here to attend the Everetts' annual banquet?

The guests looked at each other in confusion. Queenie's confidence made everyone question whether they were attending the right event.

The elevator door opened once again. This time, Hera and her family of six stepped out.

Christopher, who was about to leave with his parents, spotted Hera. His eyes immediately lit up, and he went to greet her.

"Hi, Ms. Youngworth."

At the sight of Christopher beaming at Hera, Alice instantly understood who Christopher wanted to introduce them to. She then looked at Hera. Hera had a delicate face with a cold expression, fair skin, and braided dark hair. She wore a pale gold base-color evening gown that made her look tall and slender. The fluffy white fur collar made her skin look even fairer, and her demeanor exuded elegance and sophistication.

Her appearance and temperament were both excellent, meeting Alice's standard for a daughter-in-law. Just as she was about to see how Andrew would react, she saw him step forward, politely greeting Hera before shaking hands with James and Gideon.

"Mr. Everett, Mr. Gideon, I've heard so much about you."

"You're too kind, Dean Ludden. It's my pleasure to meet you," James replied, feeling flattered.

Gideon was also surprised. He didn't expect the Luddens to show up here, and from their attitude, it seemed they were invited by Hera. He thought that Hera's influence was indeed impressive.

But when Gideon gave it another thought, he concluded that it was impossible for Andrew to dislike Hera. After all, she was a top student that dozens of world-renowned colleges coveted. She was Cavenridge's star. With this in mind, Gideon's face beamed with pride.

"Mrs. Everett, Madam Barker, this must be Mr. Gino. He's adorable," Alice said smilingly as she greeted Lilith and the others.

Then, she turned to Hera.

"Ms. Everett?"

She then looked at Christopher teasingly.

"Is this the mysterious person you want to introduce to me?"

Christopher didn't expect his mother to see through him in an instant. He blushed slightly and nodded shyly.

"Yes. Her name is Hera Youngworth. Hera, this is my mother."

Hearing that introduction, Alice exclaimed softly, "Hera Youngworth? You are Cavenridge's top student and the school belle!" "Hello, Mrs. Ludden."

Hera politely extended her right hand.

"Hello, Hera. Christopher often talks about you. You're even more beautiful than I expected. There's no need to call me Mrs. Ludden-that's too formal. Just call me Alice," Alice said jiving Hera even more for her politeness. Content belongs

Alice found Hera to be beautiful, academically outstanding, and well-mannered. She thought Hera was truly a rare gem for a

daughter-in-law. The implications of Alice's words were clear. They were hinting at an alliance between the families through marriage. Content

belongs

Reporters who followed the gossip were overjoyed with the unexpected scoop.

The Gaskells had called off the

engagement with the Everetts

because they thought Hera, who just returned from the countryside, was a country bumpkin. But it turned out that not only was Hera a beautiful young lady who excelled academically, but she was also sought after by dozens of top

no

universities. Content belongs to

Even the Luddens were eager to form an alliance through marriage.

This was a huge slap in the face for the Gaskells.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ludden. I'll visit you when I have time. Let's go in and chat," Lilith said pridefully.

As everyone chatted away joyfully, the Gaskells, who tried to persuade the Luddens to stay but were ignored, appeared very awkward.

Just a moment ago, they didn't believe that Christopher's family was there to attend the Everetts' banquet. Now, they had to. Queenie's face darkened. Reporters were nearby, and the guests were watching. How could they let the Everetts steal the limelight?

With a forced smile, she quickly stepped forward and said, "Mr. Gideon brought his whole family." "Everyone present is our guest. Since they're here, just have the waiter add more seats."

Terence immediately understood the meaning behind Queenie's words and chimed in.

Chapter 289

Attending such grand banquets was all about business and mutual benefit.

Invited guests would usually send a representative unless they were from a prestigious family like the Luddens. With the family of three present, it signified respect and honor for the host.

Looking at the Everetts, whose status in Norburgh was far lower than that of the Gaskells, the whole family, including the elders and children, had shown up at the banquet.

If people hadn't known better, they would have thought that the Everetts must have gone bankrupt and couldn't afford to eat, forcing them to freeload at other people's banquets.

People thought the Everetts didn't understand the basic etiquette and manners required to attend someone else's banquet. They felt that the Everetts didn't deserve to cozy up to the Luddens. They figured that the Everetts were just waiting to be the entire city's laughingstock.

"The number of people attending the Everetts' annual banquet has nothing to do with the Gaskells, right? Mrs. Gaskell, aren't you overstepping your boundaries?" Hera asked while wearing a faint smile.

Queenie sneered at the mention of the Everett's annual banquet.

"Are you still half asleep and confused? This is the Gaskells' annual banquet!"

"I think you're the one confused, Mrs. Gaskell," Hera said, glancing at the sign at the hall entrance.

"If you can't read the words clearly, you might want to wear your reading glasses and take a good look."

Everyone turned to look at the sign with "Sedna's Annual Banquet" written in large characters.

Sedna was Gideon's subsidiary company in the country.

Queenie and Terence's expressions changed dramatically. They had been busy greeting guests and hadn't noticed the sign. At this point, they couldn't tell if the sign had been swapped or if it had always been there.

If the sign had been there all along and everyone present saw it...

Queenie's face darkened. Making such a basic mistake was incredibly embarrassing.

"Oh dear, the words are so large. Can't you see them, Mrs. Gaskell? Even an old lady like me can clearly see the words 'Sedna's Annual Banquet' from here. Are you sure your eyes are okay? Do you need to see a doctor?" Mildred asked exaggeratedly.

"Grandma, my teacher says pointing out others' shortcomings in public is rude. It will make them feel embarrassed. It's enough that we know she has poor eyesight, there's no need to say it out loud," Gino earnestly reminded.

"Good. You learned well from your teacher. I'll give you extra pocket money this month," Gideon said, rubbing Gino's head and praising him.

Hera thought, "This is just a little bit of fun. Why are you all so happy?"

Christopher felt slightly pleased

dout

when he saw the sign. It turned that

Withera didn't change the venue

without informing him. Content belongs

"Didn't you say this venue was booked by the Gaskells?"

He glared coldly at Queenie, speaking bluntly. He had to speak up for Hera.

"So, we didn't get the venue wrong. How could Mrs. Gaskell say that?"

Alice also supported her son.

After that, she gave Hera a reassuring look, implying that they had her back.

"This is ridiculous!"

Even Andrew spoke up.

Hera suddenly found them endearing.

"I was just wondering why the Gaskells were behaving like hosts at the Everetts' banquet."

"I thought the Gaskells had fallen so low they had to become the Everetts' servants."

"Queenie had just said that the venue was hers. This is so embarrassing."

"I heard Queenie and Mr. Gideon were competing for this venue.

When she couldn't get it, she fel

took over." Content belongs

"How arrogant."

to

"She's been overbearing in Norburgh for a long time. It's a pity that the Everetts had to deal with her."

"Isn't there anyone to put her in her place?"

Guests in the banquet hall whispered and discussed among themselves.

This public embarrassment made Terence wish he could find a hole to crawl into. He couldn't understand how Queenie, who usually did things perfectly, could make such a basic mistake. Content belongs

Chapter 290

"What have you done?"

Terence couldn't help but blame Queenie.

Her face darkened visibly. Even Terence was questioning her capabilities. This made her furious.

She snapped, "What the hell is going on here? Who switched the sign? Was it a prank?"

Seeing her grow angry, her assistant was also bewildered and immediately called the lobby manager to inquire about the situation.

"This... The sign was here all along, right? There's no mistake. This is the Everetts' annual banquet. Is there a problem, Mrs. Gaskell?"

The lobby manager looked equally confused.

The notice he received had indicated it was the Everetts' annual banquet.

"There definitely is a huge problem! I had booked this venue with your manager. Are you all idiots? How do you work without knowing that the main client has changed?" Queenie raged on.

"Get your manager down here!"

She couldn't let her perfectly planned annual gathering be ruined.

"I'm sorry, but the manager is currently entertaining important guests and cannot see you," the lobby manager replied.

Queenie's face grew even darker.

"I dare you to say that again!"

Sensing that the timing was right, Hera finally spoke up.

"Saying it multiple times won't change the fact that you didn't secure the venue."

She then gave Gideon a look, who understood her meaning.

He walked into the banquet hall, saying, "Sorry for keeping everyone waiting.

"This performance by the Gaskell family was the opening act to our annual banquet. Everyone, please be seated. Sedna's Annual Banquet is officially starting "

"How can it start when not everyone has arrived?"

A low, maic voice suddenly interrupted Gideon.

Hera's eyelashes fluttered slightly at the familiar voice.

It came from the elevator. Everyone turned to look and saw that the elevator door had opened again.

A handsome man with an air of nobility walked out with steady steps.

Hera watched him approach, a faint smile played on his lips.

Several female guests gasped, "It's Mr. Killian!"

"Even Mr. Killian is here."

"Was he invited?"

"What a significant honor!"

Queenie saw Bernand's arrival as a lifeline. And that lifeline was accompanied by Imperial Hotel's manager, Benjamin Burton.

Instinctively, she felt that Bernard was there to support her.

She happily stepped forward.

"Mr. Killian, Mr. Burton..."

"Stop!"

Before she could get close, a group of uniformed police officers suddenly rushed out from the

stairwell, quickly apprehending Queenie. They pressed her to the ground and handcuffed her. Content belongs

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Queenie said as she struggled.

"Queenie Killian, you are suspected of inciting others to commit murder, kidnapping, and attempting to harm someone's life. Please come with us, the lead officer said.
Content belongs

"Terence Gaskell, the annual report disclosed by Gaskell Corporation contains false and misleading information: Gaskell Corporation's stock has been forcibly delisted by the exchange securities, with a permanent ban from re-listing in the stock market. Please come with us to the station and cooperate with the investigation." Content belongs

Another officer showed Terence his badge and waved his hand as a signal to two other police officers to handcuff Terence immediately.

Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 291 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 291

Chapter 291

Everyone present was speechless at the announcement by the police officer.

A company's stock being forcibly delisted from the stock market with no chance of relisting was worse than bankruptcy. It meant that the company was being completely blacklisted. Gaskell Corporation was finished.

Terence's mind went blank. He knew there were problems with the company's financial statements.

It was caused by Queenie's deal with Raven, which transferred 1.05 billion dollars from the company's account. This budget overrun was significant, and since Queenie didn't finalize the cooperation with Raven, he knew that the major shareholders wouldn't accept this loss.

Thus, he had to create the falsified financial statements. He never expected this to be discovered, though.

That night's banquet was supposed to be the Gaskells' comeback to reclaim their status in Norburgh. Instead, they fell into a deep abyss before reaching the peak.

"That's impossible! How could it happen? Gaskell Corporation's finances can't be having problems! Let me go! I need to see the stock market securities in person," Queenie angrily shouted while struggling.

The police continued to hold her down.

"Don't move! We will show you the evidence of your crime."

The implication was clear. The falsified financial statements were just a minor issue. She had much more severe crimes to answer to.

Everyone's interest was piqued.

The news of Amelia going to prison a couple of days ago was still fresh in everyone's mind. Now, with the trouble at Gaskell Corporation and Queenie possibly being the main culprit, many who had been bullied by her started to anticipate her downfall.

It seemed like the universe was finally done with Queenie and the Gaskells.

"What evidence do you have? You have no right to touch me without a warrant!"

Queenie continued to struggle when a familiar voice, amplified by the speakers, interrupted her.

"I was ordered by Queenie Killian."

The large screen in the banquet hall, which had been playing Gaskell Corporation's promotional video, suddenly switched to show Amelia.

Everyone turned over to look at the screen after hearing the voice.

On the screen, Amelia was sitting behind bars in a prison uniform, looking haggard with a reddened nose and eyes.

"When Isabella and her mom came

et

to my house looking for my mom, she told me to send them away. I arranged for them to go abroad on her orders. I didn't know that they were imprisoned later. I just found out that they were dead only recently. Content belongs

"It was Queenie who told me they had escaped and asked me to check the place where they were being imprisoned. That was when b realized I had been deceived..." Content belongs

Queenie stared at the screen in disbelief. She had even forgotten to struggle against the police. She

wondered how there could be amet

interrogation video of Amelia. The authorities never mentioned this to her. Content belongs

swn

"Who made this? It's a fake video! Turn it off now!" she shouted.

However, no one paid attention to her except for those reporters who were livestreaming the event. They were still aiming their cameras at her. The video continued to play.

"Later, when I went back to question her, she told me not to worry and just to proceed. She and..."

Amelia's voice faltered at that point.

"She and who?"

The interrogator's voice could be heard asking in the video.

Amelia seemed reluctant to reveal the identity of the other person. She then changed her response.

"She said she would bail me out."

Queenie's eyes widened in shock. Amelia was revealing everything!

She would be doomed if this continued.

Chapter 292

"What evidence do you have to prove that what you're saying is true?" the interrogating officer asked Amelia again.

"I have an audio recording recovered from a phone's memory card..."

Queenie became speechless.

She suddenly broke free from the officers holding her and rushed toward the control panel, trying to stop the video from playing. However, with her hands bound behind her back, she was clumsy and stepped on the hem of her long dress.

She fell to the ground, knocking over a pyramid of wine glasses.

The guests quickly moved away as the wine glasses toppled onto Queenie with a loud crash.

"Mom!"

Zyler wanted to rush over but was stopped by a police officer.

Amidst the broken glass and spilled wine, Queenie seemed oblivious to the pain as she continued to crawl toward the control panel.

Her hair was disheveled, wet, and clinging to her face. Meanwhile, her dress was soaked in wine. The broken glasses cut her exposed skin, and one of her heels had gone missing, making her limp. She looked nothing like her usual arrogant self.

Before she could reach the control panel, two police officers grabbed her again and dragged her away. Many guests recorded her pitiful state and uploaded it online as the media continued with their live broadcasts.

"Shocking! Queenie Killian was arrested again at Gaskell Corporation's annual banquet, and the scene looked like a mess." "According to insiders, this isn't Gaskell Corporation's banquet but the annual banquet of Sedna, Gideon Everett's company."

"The tide has turned. Not long ago, Queenie Killian bankrupted the Everetts, now the Gaskell Corporation's stocks have been forcibly delisted."

"Karma is real! This is so satisfying! Someone finally put Queenie Killian in her place."

"Queenie Killian is too disgusting. She used her daughter's imprisonment to promote her image as a loving mother, and now she's being exposed." "Thank goodness I sold my Gaskell Corporation's stocks early."

...

That night, the top news headlines were all about what happened at the banquet.

"Sedna's Annual Banquet: The Gaskell's Forced Delisting."

"Gaskell Corporation Forcibly Delisted."

"Gaskell Corporation Permanently Banned from the Stock Market."

"Are Your Gaskell Corporation's Stocks Frozen?"

"Queenie Killian Arrested Again."

"Want to Know All of Queenie Killian's Crimes?"

Meanwhile, at Imperial Hotel, Zyler could only watch helplessly as his parents were taken away by the police.

Queenie kept shouting, "Zyler, you have to avenge us!"

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He clenched his fists and glared at Hera and her family, eyes red with anger. He glared at them

murderous intent. Content

"Mr. Zyler, something terrible happened! Mr. Gaskell Senior saw the live broadcast and fainted. He's in the emergency room now. The doctor says he's in critical condition," Jake reported hurriedly. Content belongs

"What? Grandpa!"

Zyler rushed into the elevator and descended to the lobby.

When he ran out of Imperial Hotel's lobby, he completely missed the oncoming traffic.

A large truck hit him with a loud bang. The truck couldn't stop in time. Its heavy wheels ran over Zyler's arm.

The scene was gruesome, with blood everywhere and his arm crushed into a pulp.

Queenie, who was being put into the police car, witnessed the accident and completely broke down. "Zyler!"

et

She struggled desperately, but the officers did not let her succeed in escaping. They pushed her into the police car, locked the doors, and drove away. Content belongs

That night, there was another headline on the Gaskells.

"The Gaskells are Ruined."

Chapter 293

Some people were happy and some were sad over the events.

The waiters at the Imperial Hotel's banquet hall cleaned up the broken glasses and spilled wine.

The guests' spirit, which was already lifted with Bernard's arrival, soared even higher after witnessing the Gaskells' drama unfold.

Everyone realized that the Everetts were no longer what they used to be. They had climbed to a higher status. Many guests tried to strengthen their ties with the Everetts.

Gideon and James mingled with the crowd, busily greeting everyone.

"Mr. Gideon, may I have a word?"

Ethan Lynch, an executive in a government-owned company who had previously delayed their collaboration, approached Gideon with a glass of wine in hand.

"Mr. Lynch."

Gideon clinked glasses with him and took a sip before saying, "What do you want to discuss?"

After what had just happened, many of those present discreetly inquired about the relationship between the Everetts and Bernard. They were hoping to collaborate with the latter as well. Gideon understood Ethan's intentions perfectly.

Ethan realized that Gideon was playing dumb. He had believed Queenie's words previously and stopped the collaboration with Gideon. His superiors wanted him to approach Gideon for another discussion.

So, he could only smile and say, "I've reviewed the new contract you sent over. When can we find the time to sign it?"

"Well..."

Gideon pretended to ponder.

Seeing this, Ethan added, "I've managed to secure an additional 5% profit for you from my superiors."

Ethan's superiors initiated this extra profit to secure the collaboration with the Everetts. Acknowledging the generous offer, Gideon decided to accept it.

"Since you are so sincere, Mr. Lynch, let's find some time tomorrow to sign the contract."

After chatting for a bit more, Gideon

excused himself to find Bernard. His

presence had significantly

et

contributed to the success of the banquet. Gideon knew Bernard was there because of Hera. Nevertheless, he felt the need to thank him personally. Content belongs to

However, after looking through the entire hall, he couldn't find Bernard or Hera, so he asked his assistant.

"Mr. Gideon, Mr. Killian and Ms. Hera left about half an hour ago."

If they left 30 minutes ago, it meant that they left just as the banquet was starting.

Gideon was at a loss for words.

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He knew Bernard had shown up because of Hera and had done them a huge favor, but felt that his actions crossed a line. Each time, he would just appear and take Hera away. Content belongs

At that moment, he received a message on his phone.

He glanced at it and saw that it was from an unknown number.

"Are you satisfied with the opening act of the banquet?"

Gideon wondered who it was when another message came through.

"My brother-in-law."

He immediately knew who it was from.

...

Meanwhile, at the police station, Hera and Bernard were watching Queenie's police interrogation from the surveillance room.

After two hours, the news of Zylar's accident crushed Queenie's spirit, making the interrogation much smoother than before. She confessed to almost everything.

The cause of Isabella and her mom's death was almost the same as Hera had suspected.

Queenie had imprisoned them, and

e

they were killed by Eric during an escape attempt. After that, their bodies were thrown into a reservoir to make it look like an accident. Content belongs

Chapter 294

As for the memory card, Queenie claimed she had no knowledge of it.

Someone sent it to her on Christmas, saying it was the evidence that Isabella had buried in the oak forest. She immediately listened to the recording and discovered that Robin had indeed recorded their conversation back then.

However, the crucial parts of the recording had been deliberately damaged, leaving only the incomplete conversation between the two of them. Listening to this fragment alone, one would undoubtedly suspect Queenie.

But in reality, another person was at the scene back then, even though that person's voice was removed from the recording.

"Who was it?" the interrogating officer asked.

Queenie suddenly fell silent. She seemed to be deep in thought, her eyes losing focus.

After a long pause, she snapped out of her reverie and said, "I was the one who told Robin to do it. I asked him to kill Daphne Jones and make it look like an accident."

Daphne Jones was Hera's adoptive mother.

Hera watched Queenie coldly through the one-way glass. She knew that Queenie was lying to protect the real culprit.

"Why did you want to kill Daphne?" the officer continued to ask.

"Because I couldn't stand her," Queenie replied.

This flimsy excuse seemed consistent with her past arrogant and domineering behavior.

However, 11 years ago, she was a nobody in the Killians and couldn't pose a threat to anyone in Albert's family.

Moreover, Queenie was a perfectionist who cared about her image. Therefore, she wouldn't easily involve herself in a murder unless absolutely necessary or if it benefited her.

Even so, she was likely just a pawn. Even if she were arrested and sentenced, the true culprit would remain free.

No matter how much the police interrogated Queenie after that, she refused to reveal the real mastermind behind everything.

In the surveillance room, Hera turned to Bernard and called out to him.

"Bernard."

He looked into her dark, clear eyes gazing at him and suddenly felt dry in his throat.

"Hmm?"

"Did you learn any effective interrogation techniques in the military?" Hera asked.

Bernard understood her meaning and raised an eyebrow.

"And?"

She pointed at the interrogation room through the glass and said, "They're being inefficient. If you have any tricks up your sleeve, could you show them?"

She had finally found evidence and captured someone. Just as the name of her adoptive mother's killer was about to be revealed, Queenie clammed up. She was running out of patience and wanted to get Queenie to talk quickly. Content belongs

Seeing her anxious and troubled, Bernard decided to tease her.

"Beg me."

Kane, who was also in the surveillance room, almost spat out his water.

He could have accepted it if the words had been from Shaun. He had thought that Bernard was supposed to be indifferent to women. He wondered what Bernard was doing by flirting in public now.

"Please."

Hera could only beg.

Her voice was cold and different from her usual tone. It was mixed with a touch of obedience and sounded softer, which made Bernard's throat feel even drier.

"Alright. I'll show you some tricks."

Bernard ruffled her hair and turned to leave.

However, as soon as he left the surveillance room, there was a sudden commotion in the interrogation room.

Pushed to the brink, Queenie

realized that even if she confessed to everything, she would still face the death penalty. She was

|

desperate to find out about Zylar, so she bit her tongue in an attempt to commit suicide. Content belongs

The two interrogating officers immediately stood up to stop her.

By the time Hera arrived in the interrogation room, Queenie was already bleeding from her mouth. The police were escorting her out of the interrogation room to send her to the hospital for treatment. Content belongs

Chapter 295

Hera wanted to follow them to the hospital, but Bernard suddenly pulled her back when she reached the main entrance.

A bullet swiftly came from the rooftop of the opposite building, hitting Queenie right in the forehead. The gunshot resulted in an instant kill, with brain matter splattered everywhere.

People who were gathered in the lobby to report cases screamed in terror. They ducked and ran in all directions, creating a scene of chaos.

Bernard raised his hand to shield Hera's eyes, not wanting her to witness the gruesome scene. Then, he looked in the direction from which the bullet had been fired.

Hera pushed his hand away and looked in the same direction. A shadow could be seen on the rooftop of the opposite building, but it quickly disappeared.

The police swiftly responded, sealing off the opposite building and conducting a thorough search for the sniper.

Firearms were banned in the country, so using a gun and brazenly killing someone at the entrance of the police station was a blatant provocation against the judicial system.

Queenie lay flat in the lobby, unmoving. Her eyes were wide open in a state of shock, and her pupils were dilated.

Hera approached and checked the pulse on Queenie's neck but couldn't find it.

If Bernard hadn't pulled Hera back that time, the bullet might have hit her instead.

She wondered if someone was trying to assassinate her or if they intended to silence Queenie instead.

With the name of the real mastermind on the verge of being revealed, Queenie's death seemed more like an effort to stop any further investigation. Hera clenched her fists, her gaze cold and determined.

A moment of grim determination flashed across Bernard's eyes as well. He signaled to Douglas, who immediately understood his meaning and stepped out to make a phone call.

"Let's go back and wait for the police's findings," Bernard said, taking Hera's hand and wiping it with a wet tissue.

He was removing the traces of blood from her contact with Queenie.

The police station was in chaos. So, Hera could only nod and leave with him.

As soon as they stepped outside, reporters swarmed them, and cameras clicked away, making Hera frown in displeasure.

"Douglas," Bernard called out.

Douglas, who had just ended his call, immediately approached and demanded the reporters to delete the photos. He warned them not to report anything about Bernard and Hera.

This was why the media covered the

Everetts' annual banquet and the

downfall of the Gaskells but did not mention Bernard and Hera's

UT

presence. Manyizens believed it was the Everetts who retaliated against the Gaskells.
Content belongs

Hera went to Skyview Heights. She hadn't returned there for a while now. Tiramisu approached her and rubbed itself against her legs while grunting.

She sat on the couch, holding Tiramisu in her lap with one hand while checking her phone with the other.

Piglet sent her a photo with the caption, "Is this trending enough?"

The photo showed the top ten trending news that night, eight of which were related to the Gaskells. This was all thanks to Leon, who got Damian to use some entertainment media accounts to spread the news of the Gaskells' downfall nationwide. Content belongs

Hera replied using Raven's account.

"Not bad, thanks."

"No problem. The fee will be deducted from the task list."

Piglet added a grinning emoji at the back of his sentence.

"How's the surveillance footage from the Twin Towers?" Hera asked.

The Twin Towers were the buildings opposite the police station. On the way back to Skyview, Hera couldn't check the footage herself because Bernard was with her. So, she asked Leon to handle it.

"It's been checked. But the surveillance was turned off from noon, claiming system maintenance, and resumed only at four. I found nothing unusual." Leon's text reply came quickly.

Hera's eyes narrowed slightly. She wondered if this was a coincidence.

"However, when I was hacking their system, I encountered someone from Astral Nova-Aries."

Aries was ranked in the top 20 of the

country's hackers and was part of Astral Nova. It was rumored that Astral Nova had an organization that consisted of 12 members named after the zodiac signs. Each member worked for Astral Nova using different skills. Content belongs

Hera stared at the words Astral Nova and wondered if they were also involved.

Chapter 296

Hera recalled the last time she tried to hack a website. It was for Shuttle Ventures, a small subsidiary under Killian Corporation. She had to find time to uncover the true identity of Grandmaster of Astral Nova.

There was another incoming message from Leon.

"Aries also hacked into the Twin Towers' surveillance system, but I didn't have time to trace him before he got away."

Hera replied, "Are you sure you couldn't trace him not because of your lack of skill?"

"You hurt me!"

Meanwhile, Bernard was about to cook steak in the kitchen when his phone rang. It was Samson.

He answered the call and said in a deep voice, "Speak."

"Bernard, the Twin Towers's surveillance was down for maintenance from noon, so we couldn't identify any suspicious individuals," Samson reported.

"However, Aries encountered Piglet while hacking into the system. He seemed to be checking the surveillance footage as well."

It was well-known in the hacking world that Piglet was Raven's assistant. He helped Raven in all the missions.

Raven's personal information was kept very confidential. It was so secretive that when Bernard tried to investigate him previously, he turned up empty.

"Got it. Continue tracking Raven's location," Bernard instructed.

Raven appeared when Hera had an accident last time, and now his assistant appeared. He didn't think it was a coincidence.

"Understood," Samson replied.

After that, Bernard hung up and resumed his cooking.

Five minutes later, he walked into the living room and saw Hera playing with Tiramisu absentmindedly on the couch.

"Sweetie, I made steak for you. Come and eat."

Hera got up and went to the kitchen

to wash her hands. She was

distracted by thoughts of what had happened at the police station,. which caused her to lose her appetite despite the delicious-looking steak. Content

novel.

belongs

Bernard noticed that and asked, "Are you still thinking about the incident at the police station?"

"Yeah."

"Don't worry. They'll notify us as soon as they have the results," he reassured her.

"Okay."

Seeing her still distracted, he added, "Do you want me to feed you?"

"Yeah."

Hera replied absentmindedly, but she soon snapped out of her reverie. She did a double-take on Bernard's suggestion. Bernard's lips curved into a helpless smile. He cut a piece of the steak and brought it to her mouth.

"Open your mouth."

Early in the morning the next day, Hera received an update from the police.

They only found the rifle marks left by the sniper on the rooftop, along with some ash. The bullet casing and cigarette butt had been cleaned up. The police had also checked everyone in the building but found no suspects. Content belongs S

The appearance of the sniper was

way

to be considered a

coin They were clear

well-prepared to silence Queenie. Content belongs

Her enemies were well-hidden. Each time there was a breakthrough, the trail would go cold, which frustrated Hera. However, the mastermind's desperation to silence Queenie showed they were feeling the pressure-a positive sign. Thus, Hera needed to stay calm.

As for Terence's interrogation, he firmly denied any knowledge when asked about Queenie and Isabella's family's matters.

Chapter 297

As for Amelia, she was Queenie's accomplice.

Previously, when Amelia had just been imprisoned, Queenie couldn't wait to announce it to the world and blamed everything on her. This completely broke her heart, leading her to reveal the truth.

This time, the police offered her a reduced sentence, incentivizing her to confess about the other person Queenie mentioned. She cooperated, but the information she provided was of little to no use.

"According to Amelia's statement, Queenie was close to Aurora Killian but had no concrete evidence of her involvement. It was only Amelia's suspicions. That's all we managed to gather from the interrogation in the past two days," the person on the other end of the call said.

"Okay. Thank you," Hera replied and hung up.

Then, she softly repeated the name, "Aurora Killian."

She turned and sat in front of her computer, accessing a website. This was a private storage space she had developed herself. She searched and pulled up information on Aurora.

When Hera was still with the Killians, Aurora was studying abroad, so they didn't interact much.

Hera remembered her as a well-mannered young lady of the house. The information showed that Aurora fell in love with a poor artist after returning from abroad and brought him back to the Killians as a live-in son-in-law.

They were married for ten years but had no children. Eventually, they adopted a son and named him Roman Killian.

Rumor had it that Aurora couldn't have children, but she desperately wanted one of her own. So, she sought help from various doctors.

Hera's eyes narrowed slightly. It turned out that Aurora was consulting doctors, which Hera was one.

She thought it was time to reclaim the identity that Camille had stolen from her.

She logged into Divine Forum and wrote an academic paper on specialized drugs for various diseases based on the data from the drug test she conducted on her family last night. Then, she immediately published the paper.

Within a minute of publication, the paper had thousands of views and over five thousand shares.

"This is so exciting! Dr. Shadow has finally published a paper!"

"I'm saving this immediately. Will read it thoroughly today!"

"Oh my goodness! I thought I was seeing things until I saw everyone in the group sharing this. This is legit."

"Dr. Shadow, my goddess, I'll always love you!"

"Does this specialized drug use the Eclipse Stone? Where can I get it? I want to buy it!"

"I want it too!"

"Me too! This is my ID."

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Within three minutes of publication, the paper was reported by major media outlets and became the number one trending topic.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, followed by Bernard's voice.

"Sweetie, it's time to get up, or you'll be late."

Hera glanced at the time. It was already seven forty. She almost forgot she was still a student who had to attend school.

She didn't know what to say at that realization.

She closed the website and cleared the browsing history before turning off the computer. Then, she walked over and opened the door.

Bernard was wearing a fitted white shirt and black trousers. He had a gray apron tied in the front. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, revealing his well-toned arms. His whole appearance gave off a mix of efficiency and a homely vibe.

Content belongs

"Have you washed up? I made you a sandwich," Bernard said as he leaned on the doorframe and looked at Hera.

Hera sometimes thought that

Bernard was quite suited to be a house-husband. He had definitely won over her stomach with all the food he made. But what was going on now? Content belongs to

He was blocking her way, and the mischievous look in his eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses clearly implied that he was up to something. "Did you just make it for me but not intend to let me eat it?"

Hera looked up at him.

"Good morning. At this moment, shouldn't you give me a morning kiss?" Bernard said while tilting his face slightly.

His eyes were full of anticipation.

Hera looked at the handsome face before her. Ever since she left the Killians, she had become somewhat aloof. So, sometimes, she couldn't understand how Bernard could be so shameless. Content belongs

It was one thing to ask for gifts, but how could he ask for a kiss so naturally?

Hera wondered if it was because of the glasses.

Chapter 298

Hera stood on her tiptoes and slowly leaned toward Bernard.

As their breaths mingled, Bernard watched her beautiful face grow closer. Just when he thought she was going to kiss him, she removed his glasses.

"It's just as I thought. These are just plain glasses," Hera said as she examined the glasses and put them on herself.

"You've learned to trick me," he said, rubbing her hair.

Hera smiled and said, "Well, I learned that from you!"

Bernard chuckled. Then, he held her head and kissed her forehead.

Hera immediately pushed him away and said, "I'm still a minor!"

Her words and tone sounded familiar to him. It was precisely what he had said to her when he was worried about her getting close to Christopher. He suddenly felt like he had shot himself in the foot.

Hera was pleased to see him finally at a loss. She sidestepped him, still wearing his glasses, and headed downstairs.

She reminded him, "You look more handsome without them."

Bernard smiled helplessly before going downstairs as well.

Meanwhile, Camille was in her lab in a suburban area of Norburgh, following the instructions in Lucifuge's Acupuncture Manual for the hundredth time on her assistant.

During a medical exchange conference, Oscar had asked her about the Lucifuge's Manual. But she had excused herself then by saying she had something urgent and that they could discuss it another time.

Upon returning from the conference, she hurriedly searched through various medical history books before she finally found the manual.

After inserting needles into several acupoints, she waited for a while before removing them.

Then, she asked, "How do you feel?"

Her assistant moved her neck and nodded.

"It feels much better! The pain is gone. Camille, you're amazing!"

"That's good."

Camille smiled and turned to record the acupoints she had just used.

She had attempted this 21 times and finally succeeded in solving the neck problem.

However, she still had a long way to go compared to Dr. Shadow, who could solve such issues with a single treatment.

She pulled out some papers she had

printed from Divine Forum. These were the papers published by Dr.

Shadow on the Lucifuge's

Acupuncture Manual. She reach

repeatedly while correcting her own mistakes. Content belongs to

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"Ms. Camille, Ms. Amelia Gaskell is here to see you," a lab assistant reported after knocking on the door.

Camille frowned slightly.

"Why is she here?"

Wasn't Amelia arrested by the police?

The media had been reporting on the downfall of the Gaskells, and she had seen the news. Camille wondered why Amelia would show up before her now. She considered if it was because Amelia wanted to ask her to save Zylar now that Lennon was dead. Content belongs

"She's been released. The Gaskells assets have been confiscated, so she probably has nowhere else to go and is seeking refuge with you," the lab assistant explained. Content belongs

Camille remembered that Queenie had promised to help her get closer to Bernard, but she had failed and had died. Disdain flashed in her eyes briefly.

She smiled and said, "I'm busy with my studies now and not seeing anyone."

"Understood."

The lab assistant turned and left.

Camille continued to study the papers when her assistant exclaimed while looking at her phone.

"Camille, was your Dr. Shadow account hacked? The media is reporting that you just published a new paper!"

Chapter 299

Camille immediately took her assistant's phone and glanced at it.

The number one trending topic was "Dr. Shadow published a new academic paper".

She felt a bit guilty but maintained a gentle smile on her face.

"No," she said before calmly returning the phone to her assistant.

Her assistant, Cory, was puzzled.

"Your account's not hacked? Did you publish it? I thought someone maliciously used your account to publish some random academic papers since you've been concentrating on Lucifuge's Manual lately."

Camille had indeed been so engrossed in studying the Lucifuge's Manual that she barely had time for anything else. She had even started to lose hair from working day and night.

But no one knew she wasn't Dr. Shadow, not even her parents. So, she couldn't let it slip.

"I researched the medicines at night."

Camille smiled.

"You're so amazing!"

Cory's face was full of admiration.

"You could rely on your looks but choose to rely on your skills. And even though you've become a miracle doctor, you still work so hard. You're truly an angel."

Camille could only reply with a smile.

"Alright now. We're done for today. Go rest."

"Thank you, Camille. You should rest, too."

Once Cory left, Camille quickly logged into Divine Forum to check the new paper published by Dr. Shadow. She printed it out and read everything carefully.

She considered herself a genius in the medical field, but she felt inferior when compared to Dr. Shadow.

Dr. Shadow was skilled in both modern and alternative medicine, and she could make such rare and effective drugs. Camille was still far behind her.

After reading the paper, Camille

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immediately cross-referenced the mentioned medicinal materials and sent someone to find them. She planned to research medicine at night and acupuncture during the day. Content belongs

UMS

She believed that with enough effort, she would one day be on par with Dr. Shadow or even surpass her.

Douglas stopped the car at Cavenridge's school gate and addressed the person in the back seat.

"Ms. Youngworth, we've arrived at school."

Hera put her phone away and was about to open the car door when Bernard pressed her shoulder.

She turned back and saw his handsome face suddenly approaching her. She froze for a moment, thinking he would kiss her again. So, she instinctively lowered her head slightly.

But the expected kiss didn't come. Instead, his long, slender fingers removed the glasses she had put on in the morning and hadn't taken off. Bernard saw her slightly disappointed expression and gently brushed his lips against her forehead as if to satisfy her.

"Good luck with your exam. I'll pick you up after school," he said maically.

Hera thought he was doing this on purpose to get back at her for teasing him that morning. Unwitting to back down, she grabbed his collar and pulled him toward her. Then, she planted a kiss on his cheek. Content belongs

Bernard was stunned for a moment. Then, a fire seemed to ignite within him when he looked into her eyes. One of his large hands gripped her slender waist, preventing her from escaping. He lifted her chin with his other hand and gently brushed her rosy lips. Content belongs

"You're not allowed to date, right?"

Douglas witnessed this scene through the rearview mirror and immediately looked away. He felt he could skip lunch since he was full from watching their interactions.

Hera felt his warm breath on her face, causing her to blush hard. His gaze was so intense it seemed like he would devour her the next moment.

Chapter 300

Hera suddenly remembered what Bernard said earlier and quickly pushed him away.

"Yes. It's not right to start dating at my age! Professor Killian, you should be a role model."

After saying that, Hera opened the car door and quickly got out. She knew she couldn't win this game. If she continued, she would only get herself burned.

Bernard could only watch her retreating figure in the car, a smile playing on his lips.

As soon as Hera entered the classroom, Katie pulled her aside to complain, "Boss, you're finally in school! I thought you wouldn't come anymore. Since you got that admission, you've changed. You don't even attend school anymore.

"You're just like those scumbags who show their true colors after winning over their target."

Hera was speechless.

"I still need to take the final exam, graduate, and complete the paperwork for next year's enrollment," Hera said as she sat down at the desk. The New Year's holiday was approaching. The school curriculum had been completed, so it was also time for the final exams.

In shock, Katie followed her and asked, "You're doing that now? Are you not returning to school after the New Year?"

Hera hummed in confirmation.

"No! Does this mean that this is the last time I'll see you? I'll never see you again after this?" Katie cried as she realized the implications. "I'm going to miss you so much. What will I do without you?"

Hera pushed Katie's face away with one hand.

"If you choose either Bradbury or Quantford for your college entrance exams, we might still have a chance to attend the same university." Katie immediately stopped crying.

"I guess I better start getting used to not having you around."

Then, she turned around and sat properly at her own desk.

Hera could only look at her silently.

Three minutes later, Katie turned to look at Hera expectantly and said, "Boss, can you give me a gift? I'd like something that I can look at when I miss you."

Hera, who had been asked for gifts countless times, was stunned.

"Why do you all like to ask me for gifts? Do my things have some kind of magic?" she asked.

Speaking of gifts, Hera had been

quite broke recently and was even

wanted

the International Police. It

had been hard for her to take on

jobs through Leon too.

Content belongs

"Because if I don't ask, you won't give me anything yourself!" Katie said.

"Hey, wait a minute. You just said 'you all'? Who else is asking for gifts shamelessly?"

There were quite a few of them.

Just then, Hera saw the High School Entrance Exam Simulation book in her drawer.

She handed it to Katie casually and

said, "Take this. You're welcome. If you need more, I'll compile a set of key materials for the college

entrance exam tonight and send it to your email." Content belongs

"Thanks, I guess."

Katie suddenly thought of something and said, "I think this is more suitable for Christopher. After the exam, let's have lunch with him and give it to him."

"He's been pretending to pass by a lot lately, checking if you've come to school. It seems like he wants to talk to you about something."

"I'll look for him."

Hera didn't mind about it much. However, she recalled that Andrew had previously wanted her to treat his mother. At that time, she had to leave quickly because of Bernard's incident, and she hadn't heard anything about it since. Content belongs

She wondered if the old lady's illness had been cured.

"Now? But the exam is about to start!"

Just as Katie finished speaking, the class bell rang.

Then, she remembered a harsh reality. After being in Class K for so long, she almost forgot that Hera was a genius.

Hera had meant what she said. Ten minutes into the exam, before Katie even finished reading the questions, Hera had already handed in her paper and left.

Although that didn't affect Katie, the implied insult was immense.