

Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 361 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 361

Chapter 361

Wayne earned a living by helping villagers with transportation using an old truck, and he had selflessly financed Everly's education.

Wayne and Everly lived modestly, so Hera was deeply moved when they offered their hard-earned savings.

She gently rejected the money.

"Thank you, but there's no need. Don't worry about the money. I can handle it. You two should head back and rest."

They both knew about Hera being taken away by wealthy city dwellers last year. But five million dollars was beyond their grasp. They couldn't fathom a family wealthy enough to casually come up with such a sum.

However, Hera was so resolute that Wayne had no choice but to pocket the money again.

After a sleepless night at the hospital and a morning of borrowing money, Wayne decided to return home to rest, while Everly insisted on staying to help.

Everly and Hera were of the same age. Everly had studied medicine with Catherine since childhood. Although less adept in medical skills, she excelled in preparing medicinal meals.

After Hera administered acupuncture to Catherine to disperse the blood clot, she prescribed an herbal formula and sent Everly to the pharmacy to purchase the necessary herbs.

Afterward, Everly borrowed the kitchen to brew the medicine.

By evening, Catherine woke up, looking much better after drinking the herbal concoction Hera had prescribed.

However, Hera was still worried and insisted Catherine stay in the hospital for observation another day before allowing her to return home the following day.

Early the next morning, Wayne drove over to pick them up.

Upon arriving home, Catherine asked before Hera could exit the vehicle, "Wayne, could you take Hera to the airport?"

The deadline set by loan sharks was that day, and Catherine didn't want Hera involved in this matter.

Those loan sharks were clearly sent by someone, and their true aim was not money but Catherine's life.

Hera's face immediately fell when she understood Catherine's intention.

But Wayne was oblivious to their tense exchange.

"Oh? Is it that urgent? Can't we have lunch together before you go?"

"Yeah, it's New Year's. Let's have a meal together. I'll start cooking now," Everly chimed in.

Everly understood Catherine's

motives, but she thought it would be

best for Hera to stay. She had always admired Hera's wisdom since she was young and believed she could handle the situation.

"I'm not leaving!"

Hera got out of the car and walked straight into the yard. She casually retrieved the key hidden under the flowerpot by the gate and unlocked the door.

Inside, the living room was still a

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mess from the loan sharks' recent visit in attempting to collect the

debts. Catherine hadn't had

a

chance to tidy up. Content belongs

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Catherine couldn't stop Hera in time, so she said sternly, "What are you staying here for? This isn't the place for you. Go back to the Everetts!"

"Where's Giselle?"

Hera turned sharply. Her expression was cold as she looked at Catherine.

Catherine pursed her lips, and the two locked gazes tensely.

"That's none of your concern," Catherine replied, righting an overturned chair and sitting on it with her back to Hera.

At the sight of Catherine's weathered figure, Hera suddenly felt a mix of bitterness and affection.

When Hera was young and upset

with Catherine, Catherine could never bring herself to scold her. She would always turn away as she was doing at that moment and be angry with herself.

Hera walked up and hugged her from behind.

"Giselle's life may not be my business, but she hurt you, and I can't ignore that!"

Catherine shivered, and her eyes grew slightly moist.

"Hera, you never listen!"

Suddenly, a loud noise reverberated from outside, and several men in black rushed into the yard, brandishing knives.

Catherine quickly pushed Hera away when she spotted them.

"Quick! Hide!"

A burly man entered the living room.

"And where do you think you're going to hide?"

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Six burly thugs, armed with long machetes and baseball bats, blocked the entrance to the hall. They wore menacing expressions. "Bruce, it looks like we've got a beauty here," one of the goons said as he eyed Hera.

"I don't need you to state the obvious! I'm not blind!" Bruce Wallace, the leader, snapped while his gaze remained fixed on Hera.

He spat.

"I'm here for the money. Her looks won't change that."

Bruce's eyes lingered on Hera's smooth, flawless skin, but his focus remained on his mission. He was here to collect a debt. It would be a miserable New Year for everyone if he didn't.

"Hey, old hag, are you even listening? Stop wasting our time. Do you have the money or not?" growled a scruffy man who was gesturing aggressively toward Catherine with his baseball bat.

Hera stepped forward to shield Catherine. With a swift kick, she knocked the bat aside.

"Don't point that thing at her!"

Caught off guard by Hera's audacity, the scruffy man fumbled his bat and eventually dropped it.

Meanwhile, the other thugs quickly surrounded Hera, brandishing their weapons. One pressed a gleaming machete against her neck.

Catherine was intimidated by the sight of the blade and pleaded nervously, "Let her go. This has nothing to do with her."

Bruce couldn't help but admire Hera's calm demeanor amidst the danger. Nevertheless, letting her go wasn't an option.

"Where's the money?" Bruce demanded.

"Show me the IOU first," Hera replied.

She subtly twitched her fingers to retrieve a silver needle.

When she noticed Hera's gesture, Catherine grabbed Hera's arm tightly to silently warn her against making any rash moves.

Bruce took out an IOU for a three-million-dollar loan with two million dollars in interest. The borrower's ID information was indeed Catherine's. However, the signature was forged, though the fingerprint matched hers.

Catherine realized that Giselle had borrowed the money using her ID and had taken her fingerprint as she slept.

"Hands off!"

Wayne barged in, wielding a kitchen knife, with Everly close behind, gripping a frying pan.

Upon seeing the machete at Hera's neck, Wayne's anger dissipated.

Worried for her safety, he's

pulled a wad of cash from

his

pocket. Now

"Don't hurt them! Here's the money!"

He tossed the cash to Bruce.

Bruce caught it, weighed it, and threw it back at Wayne.

"I need five million dollars, not this fucking pocket change! Don't play a hero if you can't pay up. Get lost!"

The cash was scattered across the

floor.

His veins bulged with rage at Bruce. Content

he gripped the knife,

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With no hope of police assistance in this remote location, fighting seemed inevitable.

Everly shrieked as a thug seized her by the neck.

"Move, and she dies!"

Wayne halted immediately. With his eyes bloodshot in anger, he held the knife and stood in front of them.

Hera was dumbfounded. She couldn't help but wonder if Everly and Wayne were there to offer themselves as sacrifices.

Tension escalated. Hera initially

with Catherine, but now, with Everly to protect and Wayne outnumbered, brute force wouldn't suffice.

might have handled things alone et

She needed to come up with a strategy.

"Wayne, stay calm," Hera cautioned as she kept the silver needle.

She pulled a bank card from her pocket, pressed it against the machete, and handed it to Bruce.

"Give me the IOU. There's five million on this card."

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Bruce glanced at the bank card and scoffed.

"How do I know if this card has five million? I want cash!"

Hera replied, "You guys can go check."

"It takes at least an hour to get to town and another hour back. By the time we return, who knows where you'll have run off to?" sneered one of the thugs, a rat-faced man.

Hera stayed silent.

"Can't you send one person while the rest wait here?" Everly suggested.

"No way. Besides Bruce, none of us have a driver's license."

Hera silently questioned why they suddenly cared about obeying the law.

"What do you want?" Hera asked coldly, her eyes locked on Bruce.

She knew they were just stalling.

"The deadline's passed, and you haven't got the cash. I'll have to take something from her to settle the score."

Bruce pointed his machete threateningly at Catherine. The blade glinted menacingly.

"You!"

Wayne tightened his grip on his kitchen knife.

Hera's gaze darkened.

"So, you're not here to collect a debt. You're here to kill somebody, aren't you?"

"Enough bullshit. Hand over that old hag!" Bruce bellowed.

He swung his machete, turning the standoff into a direct confrontation.

Suddenly, a hole appeared in the ceiling with a loud crash, and a black-clad figure dropped from above. In an instant, he pinned Bruce to the ground.

At the same time, a group of bodyguards in black suits and sunglasses burst in, swiftly subduing the remaining thugs.

Hera shielded Catherine and moved her to the side. With his kitchen knife at the ready, Wayne stood guard in front of Everly, who was now free.

He watched with wary eyes as the bodyguards took control of the situation.

"Ms. Youngworth, we apologize for being late."

The lead bodyguard approached Hera and removed his sunglasses as he addressed her respectfully. Hera recognized him as one of Bernard's bodyguards.

She nodded and glanced at the subdued thugs.

"Take them away and find out who's behind this."

"Yes, Ms. Youngworth."

The thugs were swiftly taken away, leaving the living room in peace. Everly and Wayne began tidying up the room while Hera helped

Catherine, who was shaken up, back to her room to rest. Content belongs

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The room was in disarray, so Hera cleared the bed and helped Catherine lay down. She then boiled some herbal supplements and brought them to her.

Catherine felt much better after drinking it.

She said, "I'm fine now. You should go."

"You're coming with me," Hera insisted.

When Catherine opened her mouth to protest, Hera interrupted, "Hear me out. I'm planning to open a medicinal clinic in Jedburgh, and I need your help."

Catherine's initial refusal got caught in her throat.

Hera knew Catherine well and

understood that a simple request to move to Jedburgh would be met with resistance. However, framing it as a request for help would make it harder for Catherine to refuse.

Catherine didn't agree to it immediately.

Instead, she asked, "You're still not going to give up, are you?"

Hera nodded.

"Yes."

"Oh, you're such a stubborn child."

Catherine sighed helplessly.

Through tears and sweat, she had raised Hera. Their bond was unbreakable. Catherine would have agreed to go if Hera was merely opening a clinic. But if it was for revenge...

"I won't go with you!"

Catherine sat up and resolutely said, "Forget about all this. Stay with the Everetts, and embrace your role as a heiress. Stop meddling in their affairs. You have nothing to do with the Killian family anymore!"

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"I'll never forget that!"

Hera's gaze was cold and resolute.

Catherine knew Hera was stubborn. Once her mind was set, there was no changing it.

Hera lowered her eyes and continued, "And it's not just that. I'm in a relationship with Bernard now."

"What?"

Catherine was first shocked, then furious.

"Why on earth would you get involved with him?"

Although Catherine hadn't interacted much with Bernard, she knew enough about him. When he first returned to the Killian family, he had stabbed four housekeepers within a month.

He was filled with hostility and suspicion, but his menacing presence still evoked sympathy. The last time she saw him was at the Everett residence.

He was grown up, but his cold, intimidating air remained. With his powerful position and ruthless nature, a person like him was dangerous to provoke. "He seduced me first," Hera said.

Catherine was bewildered. She pictured Bernard's icy face. She couldn't deny that Hera was stunningly beautiful, like a fairy descended to earth. She also couldn't deny her own age, but she wasn't senile.

That cold, unapproachable man had seduced someone first? Impossible.

"You see, without you by my side, I couldn't resist the temptation," Hera added.

"Don't try to fool me!" Catherine snapped, not believing a word.

She was sure Hera was making up stories just to get her to travel to Jedburgh.

Hera remained silent.

"I'm not going anywhere. I will stay here, so stop trying to persuade me."

Hera said, unfazed, "Giselle betrayed you this time. What about next time? How many lives do you have to lose?"

After a long silence, Catherine replied, "There won't be a next time. She now knows her father is the sixth son of the Killian family."

Hera dwelled on her thoughts. She knew Catherine couldn't keep this secret from Giselle forever. She just hadn't expected Giselle to find out so soon.

Recalling the loan sharks, Hera

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understood that it wasn't just debt they were after but blood. She felt it was impossible for her to leave Catherine alone now.

"Since Giselle now knows the truth

the Killian family will soon kuth

you're still alive. Whether you want to leave or not, you have to unless you want to die!"

Hera continued, "You have two choices. You can pack up and come with me, or I'll pack for you and take you back."

In other words, Hera would force her if necessary.

Catherine knew Hera wouldn't harm her, but she also knew Hera was serious about taking her back if left with no other option. She understood Hera's point. Giselle had been digging for information about her parents and was bound to go to the Killian family to claim kinship.

Whether she succeeded or not, their being alive would be exposed. Hera and Catherine had been hiding for over a decade, but they couldn't hide forever.

Reluctantly, Catherine agreed.

"Fine. I'll go back with you. But you must promise me that no matter what happens, you won't confront the Killian family directly."

The Killian family was immensely influential. With Daphne dead and Lucius wrongfully imprisoned, she didn't want anything to happen to Hera. Hera breathed a sigh of relief when Catherine agreed.

"Okay."

Hera then helped Catherine lay to rest and left her to straighten out the living room.

Everly brought in the prepared meal, and everyone gathered for dinner as usual. After dinner, the bodyguards reported their findings.

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"Giselle borrowed the money using Mrs. Jones' ID, but the one who ordered the attack was their boss, Logan Knight. He's the local thug in Glintshire, dealing in loan sharking and other shady activities," a bodyguard reported.

"Alright. Release them, but keep an eye on them," Hera said, nodding.

She figured that Giselle wouldn't have the power to command a thug like Logan unless she had already reunited with the Killian family.

"Understood," the bodyguard replied, then asked, "Ms. Youngworth, when are you planning to return? I'll get the car ready."

Hera knew this was Bernard's idea.

"Prepare the car. We'll leave once we've finished packing."

"Yes."

Just then, a faint noise came from inside the house.

Hera immediately followed the sound to Catherine's room. She found Catherine frantically searching through drawers and cupboards.

The mattress was flipped, and a small hidden compartment under the wooden bed frame was open but empty.

"What's wrong?" Hera asked.

"The things I kept in the hidden compartment are gone!" Catherine exclaimed.

"What things?"

"Some jewelry that Daphne gave me, old documents, and some photos," Catherine replied.

This hidden compartment was so discreet that even the loan sharks didn't find it. Catherine had never told Hera about it-only she knew about its existence. However, she had opened it once when Giselle pestered her about her parents.

Catherine's face fell at the thought of Giselle. She figured it had to be Giselle, as a thief wouldn't take documents and photos.

Hera had already guessed the culprit but was more concerned about the contents.

"What kind of documents?"

Catherine tried to recall.

"I'm not sure. There are some design drafts and an unfinished necklace. It was something Daphne left behind when she brought you back." Daphne was a jewelry designer, so it could have been her unfinished work.

Hera said, "We'll ask her for it next time."

With the valuables gone, there

wasn't much left for Catherine to pack. She quickly packed a few sets of clothes. When they stepped outside, the bodyguard had the car ready.

Everly and Wayne were waiting in the yard.

Seeing them emerge, Everly asked reluctantly, "Mrs. Jones, Hera, are you leaving?"

"Yes. Hera's opening a medical clinic at Jedburgh, so I'm going to help out," Catherine said while holding Everly's hand.

She was also reluctant to leave them.

Everly and Wayne had lost their parents at a young age, and they had become orphans in the village. Catherine had taken care of them, and they had long considered her their grandmother.

Everly looked at Wayne, her lips trembling.

Wayne was heartbroken, too. Out of everyone in the village, the Pierce siblings had the deepest bond with Catherine. Her departure left them with no one else to care for.

Moreover, Everly was only 18 and struggled with her studies. If she didn't leave the mountains, her future would likely involve early marriage and childbirth.

Wayne didn't want himself and Everly to be stuck in the mountains for life, so he mustered the courage to ask Hera, "Hera, could you take us with you?"

"Everly has knowledge about herbal

medicine and can help you, and I can be your driver. Just give us a place to stay for a while, and we'll live

off our own abilities later."

Worried that Hera wouldn't agree, Everly quickly added, "We can eat less, share a room, and do more work..."

Hera had also been considering this. Once the clinic opened, she would need help, and she thought the Pierce siblings could be very useful.

She had been worried they would not want to leave their hometown, but their decision resolved her concern.

"Alright," Hera agreed.

The Pierce siblings beamed with joy. Fearing that she might change her mind, they rushed home to fetch their packed belongings.

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Hera arrived in Jedburgh with Catherine and the Pierce siblings late that night, so they checked into a hotel first.

The next day, she called Leon to ask for help finding a rental near the courtyard house.

After hearing her request, Leon said, "I actually have a place near Jedburgh's suburbs. It's been empty for over a year. I'll send you the address and gate code. Check it out and see if it works for you."

"Okay," Hera replied.

She then casually asked, "Why do you have a place in Jedburgh?"

She remembered that Leon was from the south.

"Don't be jealous. Damian insisted I take it when he was pursuing me," Leon boasted, then teased, "You're already moving to Jedburgh. Didn't Mr. Killian find a place for you?"

"I'm not jealous at all. I received a courtyard house recently," Hera said.

Leon was speechless. He inwardly cursed. She didn't miss the chance to boast.

He asked, "Then why are you looking for a rental?"

"I'm planning to open a medical clinic in the courtyard house and need another place for my grandma and my friends to stay," Hera explained briefly.

At the mention of the clinic, Leon recalled the medicine Hera had given him last time.

"By the way, boss, the medicine you gave me really helped my godson. It greatly reduced his post-surgery rejection. His doctor was amazed and asked about the miracle doctor who made it."

"Oh," Hera responded nonchalantly.

She was used to such reactions.

"My godson's dad wanted to ask if you have a reward in mind," Leon said.

"Don't be shy. He's the head of the Hubbard family. You can ask for anything."

Hera found that title familiar. Wasn't he the one who had Shaun beaten by his grandfather?

When she had looked into Leon's godson's condition, she hadn't paid attention to the child's father.

"Just have him leave a good review and send patients my way when my clinic opens," Hera replied.

"Got it!" Leon agreed.

After hanging up, Hera took Catherine and the Pierce siblings for breakfast, then called a cab and headed to the address Leon had sent.

The house was perfect. It was

located in a neighborhood next to

the courtyard house, about a

half-mile walk away. The

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neighborhood had good greenery, and the house had four bedrooms, a living room, and a dining room.

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Hera rented it from Leon right away. That same day, she paid extra for a cleaning service to tidy the house. She also converted the original study and small home theater into bedrooms and added new furniture and essentials.

Three days later, Hera moved everyone from the hotel to the house once it was ready.

Four bedrooms were just enough for everyone to have their own room.

"It's so pretty. Is this my room?"

Everly stood at the door of a pink-decorated bedroom as she looked at Hera with gratitude.

Hera nodded.

"Time was tight, so the renovation was slightly simple. Make do for now. You can add more things gradually as needed."

Everly quickly shook her head.

"It's perfect. You didn't have to spend so much on us. Wayne and I could have shared a room with bunk beds."

Wayne agreed, "Yeah, Jedburgh's real estate is expensive. Renting such a big place is too much. You've done enough for us already."

They had seen the prices in the area.

Even the cheapest ones are over tens of thousands of dollars per square foot. Renting such a large floor plan would cost over one thousand dollars a month. Content

They didn't want to separate from Catherine initially, so they came to the city to make a living with her. However, they had overlooked the high living costs.

Hera raised her hand to stop them.

"Enough of that. If you feel bad, just work hard and take good care of Grandma."

Although she had kept a room for herself here, she wouldn't always stay there. Knowing the Pierce siblings would take care of Catherine reassured her.

"Sure. We will."

Everly nodded.

She knew Hera didn't like unnecessary fuss, so she decided to repay her with actions rather than words.

Once they were settled, Hera assigned tasks to the Pierce siblings.

Everly was to buy equipment for making medicinal meals, while Wayne was asked to familiarize himself with Jedburgh's transportation routes. With that, they started preparing for the clinic's opening.

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During this period, Hera returned to Norburgh to bring Tiramisu over.

After a busy day, she lay in bed at night, cuddling Tiramisu while video-calling Bernard.

In the video call, Bernard sat in the back seat of a car. His face showed a hint of weariness, indicating he had just finished a busy day and was on his way back.

"I brought your son over. Do you want to see him? Tiramisu, say hi to your dad," Hera said as she switched to the rear camera.

Tiramisu had been neglected for a few days at the Everett residence. Finally brought back to Hera's side, it was now snuggling on her and making cute noises, completely ignoring Bernard.

Bernard replied, "I don't want to see a pig. I want to see you."

Just as Hera switched back to the front camera, Tiramisu immediately raised its head and climbed onto Hera's arm. It almost stuck its pig nose into the camera, blocking Hera's face.

Hera couldn't help but laugh at its antics.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, and Wayne's voice could be heard from outside.

"Hera, can you open the door?"

Frowning, he asked in a somewhat displeased tone, "Who is it?"

Hera got up, saying, "It's Wayne. Let me open the door. I'll call you—"

"Don't you dare hang up," Bernard interrupted her abruptly.

He knew Hera hadn't just brought Catherine back from the mountains this time but also a pair of siblings. She said they had grown up together since childhood.

He wasn't concerned about the woman. He silently questioned if that man was considered to have known Hera longer than him.

He didn't think a man knocking on the door in the middle of the night could have anything good in mind.

Hera was rendered speechless. She placed her phone on the desk and went to open the door.

"Hera."

Wayne stood at the door, holding a stack of cash. When Hera opened the door, he scratched the back of his head shyly and handed her the money.

"Expenses at home are high. I can't let you pay for everything. This is all my savings. Although it's not much, please take it and use it. When you earn more in the future, I'll support everyone."

Hera glanced at the cash in his hand, estimating it to be around one thousand dollars. She then looked

behind him at Everly, who was wearing pajamas and looking at her intently.

She sighed softly.

It seemed like she had to accept the money to put the Pierce siblings at ease.

"Okay."

Hera took the money.

The Pierce siblings smiled in relief.

"Sorry to disturb your rest. Good night," Wayne said.

"Good night."

After closing the door, Hera picked up her phone and saw that Bernard had ended the video call.

Suddenly, her notification bar was flooded with PayPal alerts.

"You've received 520.00 dollars.

"You've received 666.66 dollars.

"You've received 888.88 dollars.

"You've received 999.99 dollars.

"You've received 1314.00 dollars."

Hera was completely stunned.

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The PayPal alert continued.

"You've received 11111.11 dollars.

"You've received 22222.22 dollars.

"You've received 33333.33 dollars."

Hera texted Bernard, "Has your PayPal been hacked?"

The transfers kept coming in, and the amounts were growing more significant.

She immediately called him.

"What are you doing?"

"Are you short on cash?" Bernard asked nonchalantly.

"Not really."

Hera didn't detect the hidden meaning in his words.

She used to be quite short on cash, but she wasn't worried about money now since she received a 30-million-dollar check from the Ludden family before the New Year and over five million dollars of pocket money from Bernard.

"Then why did you take money from another man?"

There was a hint of jealousy in Bernard's voice.

Hera glanced at the stack of cash on the table and finally caught on.

It turned out that Bernard was jealous.

"Hah! He'll earn money to support all of you? Are you with me just because you think I'm hot?"

As she listened to his sarcastic words, Hera suddenly wondered if Bernard had been a drama queen in a past life.

She considered his looks and physique and thought that he was indeed tempting for a looks-oriented woman like her. Playing along with him, she asked, "What kind of explanation do you want?"

"I want to know why you're not using the card I gave you but are instead spending other men's money."

Hera had no comeback.

She didn't expect Bernard to hold a grudge for so long. She had refused the limitless gold card he had given her earlier.

She wondered if using his card would mean letting him know where she spent the money.

"Do you know what you sound like right now?" she suddenly asked.

"What?"

"Like a jealous drama queen causing a scene for no reason."

Bernard was speechless for a moment.

"So, how will you make it up to me?"

Hera ended the call, opened WhatsApp, and sent him a string of numbers and a location.

"I've sent you the address and gate code."

Bernard's jealousy instantly dissipated. He chuckled softly.

"Wait for me."

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The next day, Bernard emerged from Hera's room just as Catherine and Everly returned from grocery shopping.

Stunned, Catherine assessed him instinctively.

He wore a tailored white shirt and black trousers, with his shirt collar open. Despite wearing slippers, he exuded an air of refinement mixed with casualness. It didn't seem like he had just arrived.

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Suddenly, Catherine remembered Hera mentioning she was dating Bernard. Her whole body tensed.

Everly was also started by the sudden presence of a stranger in the house.

"W-Who are you? What are you doing here?"

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She was about to accuse him of being a thief, but he was so outrageously good-looking and had

that

such an extraordinary pred

he

didn't look like a thief at all.

Bernard gave Everly a cool glance, which caused her to shiver. She immediately lowered her gaze, not daring to meet his eyes.

It was a primal fear in the face of strength.

Bernard's gaze finally settled on Catherine. He nodded in greeting then walked straight toward kitchen fridge as if he owned the place.

"Mrs. Jones, who..."

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Everly's voice brought Catherine back to her senses.

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"Go back to your room," Catherine told Everly.

After setting down the items she was carrying, Catherine headed straight for the master bedroom.

Everly couldn't help but sneak another glance at Bernard in the kitchen. She thought he was truly good-looking-hotter than any TV star. Yet, he exuded a dangerous vibe that kept people at bay.

She wondered what his relationship with Hera was.

Not daring to linger in the living room, Everly obediently returned to her own room.

Inside the master bedroom, Hera had just finished showering when she heard a knock on the door.

Thinking it was Bernard, she casually called out, "Come in."

Unexpectedly, Catherine entered.

"Hera, what is he doing here?" she asked with widened eyes.

She found the entire situation to be wild.

Hera went over to help her sit in a chair.

"Do you believe me now? He was the one who approached me first."

Catherine stared at Hera in disbelief. She was too shocked to find words immediately.

Finally gathering her thoughts, she asked seriously, "You're not doing this on purpose to seek revenge for Daphne, are you?"

She had seen plenty of secret escorts before.

Hera was rendered speechless.

She asked wryly, "Grandma, do you really think I'm that kind of person?"

"No," Catherine immediately denied.

When she rescued Hera from traffickers years ago, Hera had fallen seriously ill. Upon recovering, Hera's personality had changed.

From a lively, cheerful lady who loved to laugh, she became quiet, reserved, and no longer easily trusting.

At first, Catherine thought Hera's hardships and experience of being on the run had affected her, but later, she realized that the death of Daphne had deeply scarred her.

Since then, Hera seemed to have

grown overnight. She diligently

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studied alternative medicine, computers, languages, and everything else. She even showed

remarkable intelligence. Content

Hera was smart, independent, and disciplined. Except for occasional stubbornness, there was nothing to fault with her.

It was Catherine herself who seemed to be growing senile for comparing her brilliant granddaughter to escorts.

"I simply fear you might act hastily and make a mistake," Catherine explained.

"A man like Bernard isn't easy to disentangle yourself from. And behind him is the superficial Killian family. You really need to think this through."

"I know. I'm serious about him," Hera said.

At least for the moment.

Catherine truly hoped Hera wouldn't become entangled with the Killian family again, but she also knew she couldn't dissuade Hera, so she stopped trying.

She figured it was fine as long as Hera wasn't with Bernard out of revenge and wasn't selling her body.

Despite Bernard's questionable past reputation, Catherine considered that if he truly loved Hera, he could protect her.

Her only fear was that Bernard might have ulterior motives for being with Hera.

At that moment, there were two knocks on the door before the door was pushed open from the outside.

"Sweetie, breakfast's ready. Come out and eat," Bernard said.

Upon hearing this, Catherine was astonished. The men of the Killian family were known to keep their distance from the kitchen, and yet here was this man, making O breakfast for Hera!

She quickly got up to see.

Hera emerged after changing, only to find two plates of pancakes the table. One was in front of

el?

Bernard, and one was placed beside

him, obviously for her. Content

Catherine also noticed that no breakfast had been prepared for her. Feeling awkward, she returned to her room.

"Why did you only make two servings? Grandma and Everly haven't eaten yet," Hera said.

Bernard replied, "A man of the Killian family only cooks for one person."

Hera didn't know what to say.

Just as she was about to go to the kitchen to make pancakes for Catherine and the others, the doorbell rang.

When she opened the door, a chef and maid stood before her.

Chapter 370

After the long holiday, Hera gradually resumed work.

With Catherine's approval, she registered a business name under her identity as Dr. Miracle, calling it Youngworth Miracle Clinic. She then began handling the clinic's opening procedures.

Catherine had dedicated her life to alternative medicine. Back in the day, her title as Dr. Miracle was renowned.

If not for the upheaval by the Killian family that forced her into mountain seclusion, she would have opened her own clinic long ago and become a respected figure in alternative medicine.

Hera not only realized Catherine's unfulfilled wish but also directly challenged the Killian family by using Catherine's name to register the clinic. The most dangerous place was often the safest.

If they continued hiding like this, the Killians could assassinate them without anyone knowing. At least by being in the open now, the Killians would have to consider their reputation before taking action.

A month later, Youngworth Miracle Clinic had its grand opening.

Hera had initially planned for a low-key launch. After all, the clinic wasn't about making a quick buck but about providing intensive care.

She didn't want Catherine to overexert herself, so she stipulated only ten patients a day by appointment only.

However, on opening day, prominent figures from the four influential families-Bernard, Ralph, Shaun, and Johnson-gathered, along with the head of the Hubbard family, Damian, and Samantha. This gave the clinic instant media attention.

At the Chime residence, Priscilla peered at the article on her tablet through her reading glasses and exclaimed in surprise, "Dr. Youngworth is actually alive!"

Augustus, sipping on the tea delivered by Camille, immediately set down his teacup at the mention of Dr. Youngworth.

"What? Let me see."

He hurriedly got up, not setting the cup down properly. The moment he got up, it fell and shattered.

It was a set of ceramic cups gifted by his eldest grandson, Daryl Chime. Each of them was engraved with a word from the phrase "joyful life, everlasting happiness". Priscilla cherished them dearly.

Now, the cup with the word "life" was broken. Priscilla's face immediately darkened.

"What's with all this excitement? Can't you be calmer at your age?"

Augustus felt displeased at being reprimanded before Camille.

He said sharply, "It's just a cup. If one breaks, we'll buy another. Why make such a fuss?"

"If it weren't for your excitement over hearing the name of your old lover, would this cup be broken?"

"Old lover again! It has been so long since I've seen her, yet you keep going on about it."

Sensing that her grandparents were about to argue, Camille quickly intervened to soothe them.

"Grandma, I'll have Daryl order you another set of teacups. Don't be upset."

Then she gently advised Augustus, "Grandpa, maybe speak less. Grandma's just upset about the teacup."

Augustus turned and walked away.

Seeing this, Priscilla became even more furious.

"You get mad every time we talk about this. Fine. If you leave, don't ever come back!"

"Grandma, Grandpa just doesn't want to argue with you," Camille softly reasoned.

She then glanced at the article on the tablet and saw a photo of the ribbon-cutting ceremony at Youngworth Miracle Clinic's entrance.

Camille caught sight of Hera in the photo and said, "It's her."

She grabbed the tablet at once. After reading the article, she

Hera was Catherine's inter

since they bore the same surname.

"Do you know her?" Priscilla asked when she noticed Camille's reaction.

Camille nodded.

"I've met her before. She said she was Bernie's secretary. Bernie hasn't been seeing me lately because of her."

Priscilla immediately understood.

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She knew about Camille's affection for Bernard. Most importantly, the Chime and Killian families were considering a union. They were simply waiting for sparks between Bernard and Camille.

She held Camille's hand and comforted her, "Silly, you should take the initiative if he doesn't look for you. If you don't look for him won't you be giving that bitch a chance?"

"Don't worry. Back then, her grandmother couldn't compete with me. She surely can't compete with you now. Don't forget. You're Dr. Shadow."

Camille parted her lips as if to explain but ultimately remained silent.