

Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 391 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 391

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Geoffrey had been fine two days ago but couldn't move at all that day.

While Geoffrey had faith in Catherine's medical skills, Nicholas harbored a grudge against her after what happened to his mother.

As such, Nicholas sought Camille's help. She promised to treat Geoffrey on one condition-that it was agreed that she did not cause Geoffrey's condition and that they should pin the liability on Catherine instead.

Nicholas then used the company as leverage against Geoffrey, who had no choice but to play along with his son's act.

Hera frowned after taking Geoffrey's pulse.

"Has Camille Chime treated you before?"

"How did you know?"

Nicholas was shocked. He never told Hera about Camille.

Geoffrey looked at Nicholas questioningly.

"Didn't you tell her?"

"No!" Nicholas answered.

Both father and son turned their gaze to Hera.

"Did you look into our history?"

Hera was momentarily speechless before she explained, "I can tell from your condition."

Geoffrey's body was exhibiting signs of having undergone Camille's treatment. Camille's go-to treatment was using steroids to suppress the patient's symptoms with little to no regard for the side effects.

Geoffrey stared at Hera with admiration after she deciphered his medical history from a simple pulse reading. At this point, he wouldn't be surprised if she were a miracle doctor.

"Did she give you pills?" Hera asked.

"Did my pulse tell you that, too?"

Geoffrey looked even more impressed as he nodded.

"I only took those pills once. I stopped when I realized I felt even worse after taking them."

Hera narrowed her eyes slightly. It seemed her guess was correct.

When she did not respond, Nicholas probed, "What's the problem here? Camille is Dr. Shadow. There's no way she made a mistake. Dr. Miracle is the quack responsible for my dad's condition."

"Camille is not Dr. Shadow. Get your facts straight," Hera bit out coldly.

Nicholas caught her icy gaze, and his arrogance went slack.

"What do you mean?"

Geoffrey was the first to take in Hera's words.

"Ms. Chime isn't Dr. Shadow?"

"Yeah, right!"

Nicholas was disbelieving.

"You're telling me that she's been going around treating patients under a false alias? Spare me that bullshit! What are you going to do about my father's condition?"

Hera's face was grave as she ordered, "Take off your father's shirt and flip him over."

Nicholas bristled at her commanding tone and pointed at himself.

"Don't you fucking dare boss me around!"

"Stop whining and do as she says!" Geoffrey barked.

"Fine!"

Nicholas pointed at Hera.

"I'll let you go this once."

He begrudgingly did as he was told and eased Geoffrey's shirt off before flipping him over.

While being flipped, Geoffrey asked hesitatingly, "You're not going to prick the soles of my feet with that ten-inch needle, are you?"

"Keep quiet, Dad. It's embarrassing for a grown man like you to be afraid of needles," Nicholas pointed out gruffly.

"Shut it! You're not the one whose feet are getting stabbed!" Geoffrey snapped.

Rendered speechless by their

banter, Hera took a small needle and ran her finger down Geoffrey's spine in search of the correct pressure point. When she found it, she shoved the needle in.

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Nicholas stared at Hera's stunning side profile as she treated Geoffrey. He had always had a thing for women like her-cold and distant types that brought out a man's competitive side.

He had dated many women who were aloof like Hera, but none of them were as beautiful as her.

Hera was always composed and wore her arrogance like a second skin. Nothing could ruffle her feathers or diminish her confidence. It was as if the sky could be falling, and she would only find it a minor inconvenience.

The more she looked down her nose at Nicholas, the more intrigued he was. He licked his lips and tried to picture her writhing and begging under him in bed.

Sensing his gaze, Hera glared at him as she pulled a needle from Geoffrey's back.

Nicholas felt a chill race down his spine when he caught the icy look in her eyes that matched the gleaming point of the silver needle.

Half an hour later, Hera extracted all the needles from Geoffrey's back. Nicholas was surprised to see Geoffrey flipping onto his side without assistance.

Geoffrey's movements did not stop there.

He was delighted when he eased himself upright in bed and exclaimed, "I can finally move again! Thank you, young lady! How should we address you? Are you and Dr. Miracle related, by any chance?"

"I'm Hera. Dr. Miracle is my grandmother," Hera said.

"I see. Thank you so much for doing this. I'll have someone pay my medical bill at the clinic later," Geoffrey said pleasantly, smiling.

"As repayment for saving my life, you can come to me for anything you need help with in the future."

Hera disinfected every silver needle she had used on Geoffrey before storing them in the pouch.

She said flatly, "I didn't save your life. The wrong treatment and medication aggravated the bone spurs along your spine.

"The bone spurs ended up compressing your nerves and hindered your ability to move your limbs.

"My grandmother had already done half the work by performing acupuncture on you. If you had continued going to the clinic and taking your medication as instructed, you wouldn't have ended up like this."

The tips of Geoffrey's ears turned red when he heard this.

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He had felt better after receiving Catherine's treatment, but in his laziness, he failed to take his medication as prescribed in the following two days. He didn't think the consequences would be this serious.

"Yes, I understand. I'll take my medication on time from now on," he conceded, shamefaced as he nodded.

He then snapped at his son, "See? I told you Dr. Miracle is better than Dr. Sha-I mean, Camille! Apologize to Ms. Youngworth right now!"

He was more cautious after Hera had berated them earlier for confusing Camille with Dr. Shadow.

He also knew Hera had specifically mentioned this for a reason. She wanted him to investigate Camille's impersonation of Dr. Shadow.

Nicholas scoffed as he said arrogantly, "I suppose you're worth your salt, but I'm not in the wrong here! This is her job, and curing you is the bare minimum."

"You punk! How dare you speak to her this way after she saved my life?" Geoffrey barked, picking up a pillow and hurling it at Nicholas. Nicholas dodged the pillow. He

hadn't seen his father so lively for a while, and this alone spoke enough about Hera's medical prowess. "Okay, okay. I'm sorry," Nicholas drawled, not at all sincere about it.

He licked his lips and added, "I was planning to fool around with you before, maybe knock you up so that you could be entitled to part of the Sandersons' family fortune.

"But seeing as you saved my dad's life, I could consider making an honest woman out of you. What do you say? Pretty moving proposal, huh?" Hera was quiet as she kept her pouch.

She shot Nicholas a deadly look and asked dryly, "Do you know what happened to the last man who talked down to me like that?" "Oh, feisty! I dig that," Nicholas said with a grin.

He had already looked into Hera's background before he caused a scene at Catherine's clinic. While Catherine was not exactly influential, many important guests showed up when her clinic opened for business.

The news reached the front page and circulated through the upper-crust society. Everyone

believed Catherine was either a

well-connected to have such

an

influential people as her patients or that these people only dropped by her clinic to get on Bernard's good side.

There were also rumors that Bernard often visited Catherine's clinic at late hours. This brought on speculation that he had gone to meet a secret lover instead of getting his health checked out.

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After seeing Hera, Nicholas thought the answer was pretty obvious.

He said lazily, "I'm assuming you don't know that Mr. Killian is engaged to Ms. Chime. Even if you got together with him, you'd be his side chick at best.

"If you were with me, you could at least be the mistress of the Sanderson household. We might not be as rich as the Killians, but you could do worse

Geoffrey got out of bed and made to kick Nicholas, cutting him off.

"Shut up, you buffoon!"

Nicholas dodged the kick.

"It's true. Everyone knows the Killians and the Chimes are allied through an engagement. Besides, Bernard isn't exactly a saint. He stormed a bar in the middle of the night to steal someone else's girlfriend. A friend of mine sent me the video!"

As he said this, he pulled up the video on his phone and showed it to Hera. The moment he hit "play", an angry woman slurred, "Let go of me, you prick! Where are you taking me? I have a boyfriend—"

Hera clicked out of the video before it was done playing, cringing.

Nicholas did not notice Hera's grimace and said, "Trust me. You're better off hooking up with me than with him-hey! Where are you going?"

Hera ignored him and turned to leave after getting Geoffrey's number.

Nicholas caught up to her and growled, "Where are you rushing off to?"

"My grandmother told me stupidity is catching," Hera replied curtly.

He gaped at her speechlessly.

Upon returning to the clinic, Hera saw that everything had been put back in its place. Catherine was consulting patients as usual, and Everly was in the north wing preparing medicine.

"Hera, you're finally back. Are you all right? Did they hurt you?" Wayne asked anxiously when he spotted Hera.

"I'm all right. I sorted it out," Hera answered.

When he gave her a skeptical look, she added, "Remember to add the mahogany chairs to the bill when the Sandersons make their payment." Only then did Wayne believe she was okay.

He looked at her admiringly and said, "Got it."

He had panicked when Hera was taken from the clinic. He blamed himself for being too weak to defend her or do anything to help her. He'd considered calling Bernard but didn't have the man's number.

In the end, he resorted to asking Catherine for help.

"Grandma, are you feeling better?" Hera asked as she entered the consultation room.

Catherine had just wrapped up the consultation and asked the nurse to see the patient out. She took Hera by the arm and assessed the latter from head to toe. When she was sure Hera was unhurt, she heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm all right. I was down with a cold, but a few pricks here and there, and I'm right as rain again," Catherine said.

"As for you, how could you do something so reckless? Call the cops the next time something like this happens!"

"I doubt the cops could do anything about it," Hera countered.

Catherine was about to dive into a lecture when Hera cut her off.

"Okay. I promise I'll be more careful next time."

"You'd better..."

Catherine was exasperated.

"Have you eaten? I made you lamb stew. Eat up."

"Okay."

Hera brought her lunch box to the west wing. After her meal, she logged onto Shadow's account clicked on her conversation with the Grandmaster of Astral Nova.

She was about to text him when Isla Carter, the nurse, popped in and said, "Hera, there's a man outside who wants to see you."

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The moment Hera clicked on her conversation with the Grandmaster of Astral Nova, she found herself picturing Tyler's pretty face.

Tyler was waiting for her outside the clinic.

He was dressed in a champagne-colored suit and carried a massive bouquet of blue roses. Passersby couldn't help glancing his way as he leaned lazily against the blue Bugatti parked in front of the clinic entrance.

"Hey, baby. Long time no see. Did you miss me?" Tyler asked, winking at Hera as soon as he spotted her.

Hera hadn't expected him to show up just as she was about to text him.

"Let's go somewhere we can talk," she said as she approached the car.

She opened the passenger side door and got into the vehicle.

Tyler was surprised that she was being so cooperative. He opened the door on the driver's side and handed her the bouquet of roses. When she didn't take it, he shrugged and put the bouquet in the backseat.

He closed the door and locked it, asking, "You're just going to get in my car like that, no questions asked? Aren't you worried that I might spirit you away?"

Tyler reached past the driver's seat and eyed Hera with amusement. However, his hand froze in midair before touching her, and he slowly withdrew it. Hera was holding a needle to his jaw in a silent warning. If he came any closer to her, she would stab him. She certainly moved fast.

"Mr. Presgrave, you'll have to make an appointment if you want us to treat your hyperactivity," Hera pointed out wryly as she kept the needle.

In other words, she wouldn't hesitate to stab him to the point of paralysis if he tried to touch her again.

Tyler smiled at this prickly side of her and wisely left her alone.

He prompted, "Put on your seatbelt."

After that, he started the car and stepped on the gas. The car zipped down the road and whooshed past the other vehicles.

20 minutes later, the Bugatti Veyron pulled up outside a bar that featured grunge-inspired elements. Hera noted it was a quiet drinking joint as she watched Tyler open shop and make himself a drink at the bar.

"Here you go, a Bloody Mary for your ruthless, bloodthirsty soul," Tyler drawled as he placed the red cocktail before Hera.

She thought about her embarrassing behavior the last time she got drunk and pushed the cocktail away.

"I'd like a juice, please."

"What? Are you worried I spiked your drink?"

Tyler raised his eyebrows. As if to prove his innocence, he raised the glass and sipped the cocktail.

Hera gave him a withering look and lied, "I'm allergic to alcohol."

"Fine," he said acceptingly.

He grabbed a bottle of orange juice from the refrigerator and poured her a glass.

Hera's fingers wrapped around the glass, but did not drink the juice. She wondered how she should broach the topic of Astral Nova when Tyler brought it up first.

"You could stand to be a little more grateful after I lured security away that night," Tyler said.

"But you didn't even try to help me. They chased me down about a few dozen blocks. I could have collapsed!"

She glanced at his left hand and

noticed that the thumb ring he had

worn the other night was gone. An odd feeling rose in her chest.

She wondered why the security guards would go after him if he were the Grandmaster of Astral Nova.

She then questioned why he would have the thumb ring if he were not the grandmaster. She pondered if it was purely a coincidence.

"Thankfully, I shook them off with my stamina and speed," Tyler continued.

He raised a brow.

"Pretty impressive, huh?"

Hera eyed him dubiously before humoring him, "Sure."

"Glad you agree. Are you going to start hanging out with me, then?" Tyler asked, grinning.

He had a

a pretty face and bedroom

eyes, his gaze dark and fathomless.

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about his disarming smile, too.

"By 'hanging out', do you mean joining Astral Nova?" Hera inquired.

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Tyler answered, "Yeah."

Hera narrowed her eyes.

"You're the Grandmaster of Astral Nova?"

He put a finger to his lips to shush her and said cryptically, "That's a dangerous question to ask. It could get us into deadly trouble."

She frowned. She knew Astral Nova was a powerful and mysterious organization, but she never thought it would be so dangerous that she would run into deadly trouble if she asked about it.

Then again, Tyler might not be lying if Astral Nova was so powerful that even the four influential families would bow to it.

And to think, Hera had unknowingly flirted with death when she repeatedly attacked Astral Nova's firewall the last time.

"The organization's inner workings can be highly political at times, but you can dig up any information you want through itswork within minutes. So, how about it?" Tyler probed.

He was still smiling, his gaze beguiling and full of lethal charm. With a face like his, he could make anyone say yes.

Hera stared at him and asked, "So this is the third condition?"

Confusion briefly flashed across Tyler's eyes, but Hera saw it anyway. She knew at once that he was not the Grandmaster of Astral Nova.

However, he might be a member of the organization if he had so blatantly invited her to join it. He could also be playing her for a fool and trying to trick her into giving up personal information.

Thankfully, her wits came in the nick of time.

Tyler was not as simple as his personal file had made him out to be. He was more than an illegitimate son who had been adopted by the Presgrave family to be trained and appointed as heir.

"No, thanks. You said it yourself, I could get killed just for asking the wrong questions," Hera said flippantly.

"How will a weak and helpless damsel like me fend for myself if I were to join such a dangerous organization? It's too much for a coward like me to handle."

The corner of Tyler's lips twitched at the mention of her being weak and helpless. He had been threatened at needlepoint by her not hours ago. And no coward would infiltrate Astral Nova's system and wreak havoc.

He was starting to think she might need a lesson on vocabulary.

"Don't turn down the offer just yet. Go home and sleep on it," Tyler said.

He took out his phone.

"Here. Give me your number, and we'll talk on WhatsApp."

Hera was about to double down on her rejection when he added, sides, you should have a backup plan in case Bernard has been lying to you."

She stiffened and looked up at the roguish man before her. She wondered about his identity and how he knew so much about her. When Tyler's phone screen dimmed from inactivity, he tapped on it.

As it lit up he grinned at Hera and prompted, "Come on, give me your number. Maybe one of these days, you'll learn that Bernard has been lying to you. You're welcome to join me if that happens."

Hera unlocked her phone and exchanged numbers with Tyler.

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Meanwhile, at Celestial Gardens, Bernard was reviewing the worksheet on his computer in his study room at Ursa Major.

At that moment, Samson knocked on the door and entered.

"Bernard, we just got word that Tyler sought out Ms. Youngworth at the clinic. They went to his bar and stayed there for about an hour."

Bernard's eyes narrowed as his gaze darkened.

"Got it. Keep an eye on them."

"Yes, sir."

After Samson left, Bernard picked up his phone and made a call.

He warned icily, "Stay away from her."

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Tyler's car was idling outside Youngworth Miracle Clinic.

He watched Hera enter the clinic, his phone pressed to his ear as Bernard's icy voice sounded from the other line, "Stay away from her!"

"And what if I don't want to? What are you going to do about it?"

Tyler smirked as he said defiantly, "She's not your property. Besides, she never belonged to you in the first place. You just got a head start, that's all." "You'll regret this!" Bernard growled.

"Oh, my, I'm shaking-" Tyler was cut off by a beeping sound when Bernard hung up on him.

He stared at the dimmed phone screen, his smile slipping. He was just as good as Bernard. The latter had no right to act superior.

Snorting, Tyler steered the car away from the clinic and drove back to the Presgrave residence. He was halfway there when he received a call from his assistant.

"Mr. Presgrave, the grandmaster wants you to leave for the mission in Astenia by today."

"Wasn't that mission assigned to the Tenth Elder?" Tyler asked, frowning.

No one in their right mind would volunteer for a mission in Astenia. Only the Tenth Elder, who ranked last among the Elders, would have no choice but to take up a mission in that godforsaken place.

"I heard one of the Elders recommended you for the mission, so the grandmaster changed his mind and assigned it to you instead," Tyler's assistant explained.

Tyler swore under his breath. Bernard was behind this. He knew Bernard was one of the Ten Elders, but he wasn't sure of the latter's ranking.

He cursed Bernard for his pettiness. He vowed to uncover Bernard's true identity in Astral Nova when he returned from Astenia.

That night, Hera sat at the desk while Bernard sat in the armchair. They were each reading a book on computer programming, but that was only on the surface. In truth, they had their phones propped up between the pages. Content belongs

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Hera had only just gone through the information on Camille's special medication, which was about to hit the market. She logged onto Shadow's account and clicked on her conversation with the Grandmaster of Astral Nova.

She typed, "What are the requirements for joining Astral Nova?"

Bernard saw Shadow's message a second after he exited the news feed. He glanced in Hera's direction curiously, wondering why she was asking such a random question and whether Tyler had anything to do with it.

As the Grandmaster of Astral Nova, he replied, "The organization isn't looking to recruit anyone for now."

An odd look flickered across Hera's

face when she read the

grandmaster's brutal rejection. Was Astral Nova so secretive that she couldn't even know the joining criteria? Did she not meet the recruitment threshold despite her identity as Dr. Shadow?

But if that were the case, why would Astral Nova pay her to secure the auction rights for the special medication previously?

Judging by the organization's contradictory response, Hera was inclined to believe that they wanted her.

However, she thought about what Tyler had said at the bar. He wanted her to sleep on her decision, and he had sounded like he meant it.

She couldn't help feeling that Tyler and Astral Nova were connected, but the organization had always been mysterious.

Hera was not interested in analyzing

these details right now. She had only

wanted to ascertain whether Astral

Nova was on the Killians' side. At

this rate, she would have to set

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aside these questions. Her current priority was punishing Camille for ruining her reputation by giving out the wrong medications to their patients.

She typed, "Oh, well, then. Shall we talk about the dates for the auction of the special medication?"

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Hera was still typing when she felt, rather than saw, Bernard approaching her and surreptitiously hid her phone. "You look so serious. What's on your mind?"

Bernard stopped next to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Nothing," she lied.

"I'm reading."

"You're holding the book upside down," he pointed out with faint amusement.

She glanced at the book and realized he was right. Sheer pride kept her lying through her teeth.

"I was practicing reading upside down!"

Bernard raised a brow.

He took the book from her and asked, "So, did anything interesting happen today that I should know about?"

Hera was suddenly reminded of what Tyler had told her earlier that day.

Indeed, how would she know if Bernard wasn't lying to her? Even without Tyler's prompting, she had already sensed that Bernard was keeping secrets from her. Then again, she kept secrets from him, too, so they were even.

However, she had no idea what secrets Bernard kept from her. Because of that, she agreed to exchange numbers with Tyler but archived his contact information. From there, she would let nature take its course.

"Nothing I couldn't handle," Hera answered breezily.

A sudden thought crossed her mind.

She flashed Bernard a bemused smile as she asked, "I did come across an interesting piece of information, though. Word on the street is that your engagement with Ms. Chime has become viral news in the upper-crust society.

"How would you feel if I revealed Ms. Chime's true colors to the public? Would you feel sad or guilty?"

The Chime family started the rumor of Bernard's alleged engagement to Camille. They did not put it in the papers, but the ladies of leisure had taken it upon themselves to spread the word. There was nothing Bernard could do to suppress the rumor.

He held Hera's hand and squeezed it comfortingly.

"How are you planning to reveal her true colors? I could do it for you so you won't have to get your hands dirty."

Hera laughed.

"Nah, I'd like to be hands-on with something like this."

The next day, Bernard woke Hera and made her read for a whole hour. After he left for work, she burrowed back under the covers to catch up on sleep, only to be woken up by the commotion in the clinic.

She put on a change of clothes and checked out the commotion.

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The patients stood in scattered huddles in the yard, and the south wing was in a mess. Leon was pinning a maniacal patient on the ground at the moment. One of the nurses sported a bump on the forehead, and Everly held a pack of ice to soothe it while another nurse hid in the corner.

The patient's family was a burly young man who was currently pointing a finger at Catherine and snapping, "You call yourself a miracle doctor when you can't even cure her?"

Catherine argued patiently, "There's nothing I can do about her condition. She needs to go to a rehabilitation facility."

The young man snarled, "She's not on drugs! She's just sick! If you call her a drug addict one more time, I'll punch your teeth out!"

As he said this, he wielded his fist and made to punch Catherine's face. He was stopped by a slender hand that wrapped around his wrist.

His gaze trailed from the hand to the person's face, only to see a pretty young lady standing before him.

"Who are you? Let go of me!" he barked, raising his other fist.

Seeing this, Hera quickly jabbed the pressure point on his wrist. His arm went numb at once, and he could not summon any strength to it. Hera dropped his arm and glanced at the woman Leon had pinned on the ground. She was pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes. Her gaze was hollow as she mumbled, "Give me pills... Pills..."

She indeed looked like a drug addict.

Hera asked Isla, "Does she have an appointment?"

"No," Isla replied with a shake of her head.

Hera nodded and cast a frigid gaze at the young man.

He shifted his feet but feigned bravado as he said, "What's wrong with not having an appointment? Can't I just take a number?"

"You can either leave now or be escorted off the premises by the cops," Hera said.

The young man swallowed at the

mention of the cops. He was paid to

cause a ruckus here, and things

would get messy for him if he were

detained by the cops. As such, he scurried off with the woman who was still moaning about pills.

After the commotion died down, the nurses comforted the other patients. Catherine returned to consulting her patients as usual, and the janitors straightened out the trashed lobby.

"What's going on today? We've already gotten a few patients who didn't have an appointment," Everly said.

Hera yawned and perched on the armchair.

"Yeah, don't worry about it. I have a feeling we'll have more of them."

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Everly asked worriedly, "You mean, these incidents are planned?"

Hera hummed in response.

"Then what do we do?" Everly pressed anxiously.

"The best thing we can do is nothing, which will drive our enemy crazy," Hera said reassuringly.

"As long as we have things under control, the authorities won't be alerted. Don't worry. I know what to do."

Everly nodded. She trusted Hera. After that, she returned to cooking medicine for the patients.

Leon was cleaning up when Hera asked, "Leon, has Nicholas paid the bill yet?"

Nicholas' haughty drawl sounded from the entrance at that moment, "Miss me already? We just saw each other yesterday!"

He swaggered into the clinic in his leather boots and jacket. His shades perched atop his nose bridge.

Anticipating another scuffle, Leon frowned and blocked Nicholas' way before he could approach Hera.

"We just didn't want to write you off as a bad debt, Mr. Sanderson. Since you're here, would you mind settling your father's bill first?" "That kind of money is nothing to me!"

Nicholas scoffed, took a check made out for 50 thousand dollars, and slapped it on the table.

"Here you go! Keep the change."

Leon verified that it was not a false check and pointed out, "You still owe us the damages for those two mahogany chairs."

Nicholas stared at Leon grimly.

"It's fine," Hera interjected.

"Call your ruffian buddies over and have them guard the clinic entrance, and we'll call it even."

"You want me to play guard dog even though all I did was trash two chairs?" Nicholas snapped. Hera shrugged.

"Far be it from me to stop you from achieving your dreams of becoming a canine, Nicholas."

Leon couldn't help sputtering.

"Shut up! What are you laughing at? You're the dog here, not me!"

Nicholas glared at Leon. He would have kicked another chair out of anger if Leon hadn't stopped him.

"Kick that chair, and you'll find yourself playing guard dog for a few extra hours, Mr. Sanderson."

Nicholas was about to swear when Hera asked, "So, will you help me out or not?"

He froze.

"Are you actually asking for my help?"

He licked his lips as he considered this.

"I'll say yes, but on one condition."

"Name it," Hera said.

"You'll have to buy me a meal," Nicholas said.

That didn't sound like much.

Hera agreed, "Deal."

"I get to choose the time and place," he added.

"All right," she acquiesced.

Only then did Nicholas call his ruffian buddies over.

Within moments, a few young men with dyed hair and ear studs gathered in front of the clinic. When the troublemakers who had been paid to cause a scene at the clinic saw Nicholas and his crew of ruffians standing guard outside, they abandoned their plans and turned around to leave.

However, Nicholas wouldn't let them get away that easily. He and his men went up to these troublemakers, slinging their arms over the

troublemakers' shoulders and

interrogating them.

Only hooligans could put these troublemakers in their places.

Camille was wearing a white lab coat as she helped Aurora out of the obstetrics examination room at Reinland Hospital.

"Good news, Aurora. The ultrasound

shows that the blastocyst is doing

well in the uterus. Your baby is growing just fine," Camille explained, smilingly.

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Aurora beamed as she gripped Camille's hands tightly.

"They don't call you Dr. Shadow for nothing, Camille! Thank you for helping me become a mother."

"Don't mention it," Camille said warmly.

"I'm just doing my job."

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Camille took out a small bottle from her coat pocket and handed it to Aurora.

"This is a new special medication I formulated. A pill a day could help keep your baby healthy."

Aurora hesitated at the words "special medication". Word had it that Camille's special medication was dangerously addictive. It would have turned into a massive scandal had the Chimes not paid to cover up the rumors.

However, Aurora also heard that the rumors were started by someone jealous of Camille's success just before the special medication hit the market. There was no confirmation on either rumor just yet.

Aurora thought about her successful conception following Camille's treatment. To that end, Camille's medical skills spoke for themselves.

"Thank you, Camille. Once the baby is born, I want you to be its godmother," Aurora said after she snapped out of her daze.

"I think I'd prefer to be the baby's aunt," Camille countered jokingly, implying her desire to marry Bernard.

Aurora laughed.

"I'll keep my promise. Don't worry."

Camille took out an invitation from her other pocket and handed it to Aurora.

"Before I forget, I'm throwing a party this Sunday, and I'd love for you to attend. It'd be great if you could convince Mr. Killian to come, too." "Of course," Aurora said.

After seeing Aurora out, Camille returned to her office to find Julia and Wilson waiting for her.

"Camille, the patients have been directed to Youngworth Miracle Clinic," Julia informed.

"Good."

Camille added, "From now on, refer any patient with similar symptoms to Dr. Miracle's clinic. She's a respectable senior of mine, and I bet her newly opened clinic could use the business."

"A large space like that must come with a hefty rental, and I wouldn't want a fellow doctor to struggle with paying it. I should help her in whatever way I can."

Julia gave Camille a look of admiration.

"I understand, Camille. You're a kind person."

Wilson agreed, "Despite being rivals, you've never seen Dr. Miracle and Hera as your competitors. Instead, you choose to help them by directing business to their establishment. You're practically a saint!"

"It's too bad they don't appreciate your good deeds. Hera even tried to seduce Mr. Killian even though she knew you two were engaged!" Julia grumbled.

Camille smiled.

"All right. That's enough. We're all doctors and aim to help the sick and injured. There's no need to antagonize her for matters outside of our profession."

Julia nodded. She knew she had made the right choice in working for Camille.

Wilson nodded as well. He was determined to stay on Camille's good side, knowing that the Chime family would prosper with her at the helm. "So, are we inviting the Youngworths to the party this Sunday?" Julia asked.

Camille nodded.

"Of course."

She planned to announce the launch

of the special medication at the

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party on Sunday as well as her engagement to Bernard. She wanted Hera there to show the latter just how different they were.

Meanwhile, Hera was gaming in the armchair at Youngworth Miracle Clinic. She had been waiting for Camille's lackeys to show up the entire day, and they finally did in the evening.

"Is Dr. Miracle around?" Julia asked as soon as she stepped into the hall.

"Oh, you're here. Just put the invitation down and leave," Hera said plainly without looking up from her video game.

Julia had felt odd from the moment she spotted Nicholas and his ruffians outside the clinic. Now, she felt even more uneasy after hearing Hera's words.

She wondered how Hera knew she had come to deliver the invitation.

She dismissed all her doubts when she noticed the empty waiting hall. Camille was right. Youngworth e Miracle Clinic peaked during its first few weeks of opening, but business was slow now that the public had stopped raving about it.

At any rate, they must be waiting for Camille to step in and help them.

Julia sneered, "I bet this ratty clinic would have closed down if Camille hadn't referred all those patients here."

Hera looked up at her.

"Oh, so you admit that you referred those problematic patients here?"

"Be grateful that we did," Julia said scornfully, tossing the invitation card on the table and leaving.

Hera glanced at the invitation card and smirked. Camille had made her bed, and it was time to make her lie in it.

Chapter 400

Sunday came in the blink of an eye. At ten in the morning, Leon drove out of the residential area and dropped Hera and Catherine off at Imperial Hotel. Hera was clad in an ivory satin gown, while Catherine wore a simple teal dress.

The opulent banquet hall was teemed with a crowd dressed to the nines. Everyone was mingling, as refined society did at events like this one. When Hera and Catherine showed up, they immediately earned questioning looks from the other guests.

The party guests hailed from affluent backgrounds. They had pulled up to the hotel in style, with their flashy rides, designer clothes, and fancy jewelry. As such, they were stunned when Hera and Catherine arrived in a modest car. While their dresses were of fine make and cutting, the lack of designer tags drew criticism from the high-balling crowd.

They were subjected to the nouveau riche's scorn when they stepped out of the modest sedan.

"Please tell me those two hobos came to the wrong place," one of them remarked.

"Isn't that Dr. Miracle? Her clinic was all anyone could talk about when it opened not too long ago. I heard many important people showed up for the opening," someone else mentioned.

"You'd expect her to dress a little better for an occasion like this."

"They've probably never attended an event like this. I bet they didn't get the memo to dress up for fine society."

"They were sequestered in the mountains before this and only recently set up business in the city. They've probably never been to a party."

The guests chattered among themselves, judging Hera and Catherine's less-than-impressive entrance.

Hera and Catherine ignored the event hosts and did not bother mingling with the crowd. Instead, they made a beeline for the food and began indulging themselves. At the sight of this, the condescending discussion around them grew louder.

"You'd think they'd been starved before this!"

"I mean, they might as well eat while they're here. It's not like they can have food prepared by Imperial Hotel anytime they fancy."

"I doubt they would ever make it through the doors of Imperial Hotel if Ms. Chime hadn't invited them."

"True. Riff-raff isn't allowed inside Imperial Hotel. The Killians would never allow an unseemly crowd to besmirch their hotel chain's good name."

Camille wore a figure-hugging red

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dress with a matching cape. Her long dark hair cascaded past one shoulder. She was holding a champagne flute while exchanging pleasantries with the guests she passed by.

Contempt flashed in her eyes when she noticed the crowd pointing and commenting on Hera, who was helping herself to the buffet.

Such was the difference between them. Where Camille was lauded by refined society, Hera was condemned by them.

Snorting, Camille kept her chin up and squared her shoulders as she greeted the guests who filed into the hall. She basked in their praises, glowing with every compliment.

At that moment, Julia entered and informed her that the honored guests had arrived. Camille beamed and immediately went to usher them in.

"Welcome to the party, Mr. Killian, Aurora, Mr. Winston, Mr. Dane, Mr. Bloom, Mr. Peterson, and Mr. Jacobs."

Once again, Camille became the center of attention when the honored guests arrived.

Rhett and Aurora hailed from two of

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the most influential families in Jedburgh. They were accompanied by the mayor of Jedburgh, Eddy Winston, the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration Vincent Dane, the president of the Alternative Medicine Association, Oscar Bloom, the president of the Modern Medicine Association, Carl Peterson, and the head of the Health Department, Francis Jacobs.

These guests were esteemed in their own right. They held influential positions and were the authority of the country's medical world.

Behind them were well-dressed

female attendants holding up

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banners on which were written things like "An angel who brings light into the medical world", "A healer whose kindness and altru have become a legacy", "A saint who

watches over the sick and injured", and "With every silver needle, she weaves miracles into the lives of many".

Each praise was an affirmation of Camille's medical skills. With each banner that passed, the party guests grew even more excited.