

Under the Heiress' Facade #Chapter 81 - Read Under the Heiress' Facade Chapter 81

Chapter 81

"But Grandpa..." Zylar hesitated to speak.

"Don't worry, I've already arranged for Camille to see Grandpa. I heard she's Dr. Shadow, the top doctor everyone's searching for on the Divine Forum," remarked Amelia, the eldest daughter of the Gaskell family, as she strolled in wearing her six-inch high heels.

"Seriously?" Zylar's eyes brightened. "That's fantastic! Grandpa can be saved!"

The top doctor on the Divine Forum, known as Dr. Shadow, was highly sought after by elite families. With people prone to illness, having such a doctor guaranteed peace of mind for all ages.

Yet, Dr. Shadow was even more mysterious than Dr. Miracle, making their discovery challenging.

Sometimes, luck came effortlessly. To their surprise, the mysterious Dr. Shadow turned out to be Amelia's good friend, Camille Chime. She was the eldest daughter of the Chime family, one of the four influential families.

The Chime family had been practicing medicine for centuries, and Camille had shown extraordinary talent in medicine since young. Amelia met her at a prestigious school, and the two became close friends during their school years.

"Come on, let's head to the hospital," Queenie said, relieved.

Even without Dr. Miracle, the family could still rely on Dr. Shadow.

Dr. Miracle was an alternative medicine practitioner from a rural village. Did she think that she could truly challenge the Gaskell family's foundation?

At Pineview Hospital, Lennon, who was previously comatose, woke up after Camille's successful treatment in the ICU.

"Camille, thank you so much! You truly deserve the title of a great doctor," the Gaskell family expressed heartfelt gratitude. It was worth noting that even the country's top doctors were unable to help Lennon, and they issued a dire prognosis.

Yet, Camille managed to wake him, if only briefly. Still, she helped Lennon through the most critical period.

"You're welcome. It's the least I can do. Mr. Gaskell Senior has always been kind to me, and I'm happy to help him," Camille said with a warm, natural smile.

"You're very kind, Camille. Amelia told me you're the sought-after Dr. Shadow of the elite families. With you here, I'm confident Lennon will recover soon," Queenie flattered while holding Camille's hands.

Yet when Camille heard the name "Dr. Shadow," her eyes flickered momentarily. She smiled and said, "Mr. Gaskell Senior's cardiovascular disease is quite complex, but I'll do my best to treat him."

Queenie was even more impressed with her gentle demeanor. As the eldest daughter of the Chime family, Camille was humble, well-mannered, and highly skilled in medicine.

To have her as a daughter-in-law would elevate the Gaskell family's status. Unfortunately, Zylar was young and still head over heels for the fake heiress from the Everett family.

But Queenie soon thought of a way of building a connection between Camille and the Killian family.

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Later that night, after seeing off Camille, Queenie returned home to learn that the company's firewall had almost been breached.

Her frustration grew. After reprimanding the employees and issuing a stern warning, she declared, "Don't bother showing up tomorrow if you guys can't find a solution!"

Amelia reassured, "Mom, don't worry. I've reached out to people, and there's word in the hacker community that Raven, the top domestic hacker, has reappeared. We can pay top dollar to hire him."

"Hire him now! Spare no expense to bring him here!" Queenie asserted. She wanted everyone to know that the Gaskell family was a force to be reckoned with!

...

At Skyview Heights, Hera leaned against the headboard with Tiramisu in her hands while watching a medical documentary.

Suddenly, she received a message from an unknown number: "Boss, why aren't you replying to my messages?"

Hera deleted the message and opened WhatsApp to unblock Piglet.

Piglet: "Boss, I've got intel on the Eclipse Stone.

"In the Astral Nova auction next Saturday at 8:00 pm, the Eclipse Stone will be the grand finale."

Raven: "Got it."

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Piglet: "But to gain entry to the Astral Nova auction, you need to bet something as your entry ticket."

The Astral Nova auction was a haven for the world's most exquisite treasures. While everyone dreamed of snagging something, only a privileged few could step through its doors as the organizers were meticulous in screening their participants.

It was aimed to be an affair only for the elites.

Raven's response was concise: "A life."

Piglet was concerned and cautioned: "Boss, calm down! Don't act rashly. You can get in easily by taking a task as Raven for free. No need to gamble with your life. And hey, how will I earn my cut if you're not around?"

Hera was speechless. The last line must have been the main point!

Raven clarified: "I meant I'll save a life. As long as they're breathing, I can bring them back."

Piglet was relieved and also surprised. He replied: "You nearly gave me a heart attack! Wait, you still practice medicine? Wow, Boss, you're incredible. How can the others survive with you around?"

"So, are you after the Eclipse Stone to help cure someone else, not because you're sick?"

Piglet bombarded Hera with several more messages. Once again, she blocked him before resuming watching her documentary. It wasn't until she finished the two-hour documentary that she unblocked Piglet and resumed their conversation.

Piglet: "Boss, did you block me again? Sob, sob.

"Alright, I'll cut to the chase. Someone just offered ten times the price for you to take on a task. Are you in or out?"

"Ten times! Ten times! What do you say?"

Raven: "Let me see the details of the client."

Piglet quickly sent a brief summary of the client's task.

Amelia Gaskell, the Gaskell family...

Hera closed the file expressionlessly. There was still no word from the police on Isabella. All she could do was wait.

Coincidentally, she needed funds for the auction next week... With a sudden vision, she tapped on her phone. "This task is a bit tough. It'll cost a hundred times the usual price."

On the other end of the chat, a teenager with gray hair was sipping coffee. Upon reading the message, he accidentally spat out his drink onto the computer screen. Hastily, he grabbed a tissue to clean up the mess.

Piglet: "You're saying that it's tough? Even someone at Level 5 like me can see it's not that hard for you! You obviously don't want to take it!"

"No! You're deliberately trying to squeeze more money from this! You want to trap her without options! Asking for a hundred times the price means no one in the country will take this job."

In reality, people naturally gravitate toward power and influence, and it was no different in the hacker community.

It was a task that could have been worth a six-figure sum. But when the top-ranked person demanded a hundredfold increase, everyone else would follow suit.

Raven: "Pigs are indeed wise."

Piglet: "..."

Hera gently stroked Tiramisu who was sleeping on her lap and got up to return it to its bed. As she stepped out, she collided with Bernard coming out of the study.

Chapter 83

"Why are you still here?" Hera exclaimed.

Ever since she returned from the Everett residence that day, Bernard had been spending the night here with his health as an excuse.

This morning, she gave him acupuncture treatment and though he left after that, only to find out he was still here.

"This is my house," Bernard replied.

Hera remained silent before responding, "Didn't we agree you wouldn't stay often?"

"But my health condition depends on you," Bernard said, his profound eyes fixed on her. His deep voice gave the illusion that he was coaxing her.

Hera was rendered speechless by his charm and was momentarily unable to respond.

Bernard's gaze inadvertently moved down from her exquisite face. Hera was wearing a light beige silk slip dress. Below her fair, slender collarbone, her voluptuous figure was subtly seen.

Feeling a dryness in his throat, Bernard suddenly found the sleeping Tiramisu in Hera's arms somewhat bothersome.

He approached closer and brushed aside a strand of hair on her cheek. Then, his knuckles traced down her slender neck. Finally, he gently lifted Tiramisu from her arms.

"Don't spoil it like this."

Hera took a moment to notice his gaze, and her cheeks flushed red. With a thud, she turned away with embarrassment and closed the door.

Tiramisu, suddenly awakened, looked around in confusion at the closed door, then at Bernard, who frowned slightly. It had been in Hera's arms just a moment ago, so how did things change?

"Stop taking advantage of her from now on!" Bernard pointed at Tiramisu's head.

Tiramisu gazed at Bernard in confusion. .

Hera leaned against the door inside her room with her heart racing. She was used to living alone, so she wore casual clothing. She hadn't expected Bernard to still be here.

His earlier words had already left her at a loss, so she could only pretend to be calm. Now, facing this embarrassing situation, her heart raced uncontrollably.

Hera pressed her chest and reminded herself not to be fooled by his appearance.

She couldn't easily trust anyone from the Killian family until she avenged Daphne's death and cleared Lucius' name. She would leave here once she acquired the Eclipse Stone and helped him cure his illness!

...

Outside the room, Bernard had just finished taking a cold shower and was glancing at Hera's closed door with a slight frown. Countless women were obsessed with his looks, yet Hera continued to keep her distance from him.

"Why is the girl who used to be so close to me now keeping her distance?" Bernard typed the question into his browser, but the search results were unsatisfactory.

Just then, his phone rang. It was Aaron calling. "Bernard, come out and have fun at the Imperial Hotel," Aaron suggested.

Bernard checked the time. It was already 11:00 pm, so he rejected Aaron's invitation.

"The Casanova, Shaun Thompson is back. Come and learn something from him," Aaron suggested again.

Bernard's gaze shifted toward Hera's door. "I'll be there in 20 minutes."

...

On the fourth floor of the Imperial Hotel, the atmosphere in a certain private room was lively with colorful lights, intoxicating music, and glasses clinking.

Bernard, in a black shirt, sat on the couch while swirling the ice in his glass. The lights accentuated his facial features, making him look unduly handsome.

With his appearance, he attracted a few provocatively dressed women, but they did not dare to approach him as they were deterred by his intimidating demeanor.

Chapter 84

"Hey, Bernard, I heard from the guys you've got yourself a girlfriend. How come you didn't bring her out to show us?" Shaun Thompson approached with a provocatively dressed woman on one side and an innocent-looking college girl on the other.

Shaun was from one of the four influential families, the heir of the Thompson family. He was well-known as a playboy in their circle as he had a revolving door of partners.

He was once thrown into the military by Alex Thompson for training, but he emerged into the business world after three years. He and Bernard crossed paths back then.

"Stay away from me. You smell awful." Bernard frowned lightly. He didn't like the cheap perfume scent on the women.

Shaun, aware of Bernard's clean freak tendencies, clicked his tongue unhappily. "You're still so picky. What kind of perfect girlfriend did you find?" He then waved the two women away, dismissing them.

"He hasn't got her yet!" Aaron leaned in to whisper.

"Huh?" Shaun raised an eyebrow. With a cigar in hand, he arrogantly asked, "Is there a woman in this world Bernard can't charm?"

Bernard was speechless. Shaun continued, "Have you given her yachts, houses, luxury cars, diamonds?"

"...No," Bernard answered. If he couldn't even convince Hera to stay at Skyview Heights willingly, would he scare her off by directly buying her all those? He wasn't too sure.

"Well, that won't do. Women are all materialistic. First, you have to buy her diamonds, luxury cars, and houses. If that's not enough, buy her a star in the sky and name it after her."

Shaun took a deep drag of his cigar, slowly exhaling as he continued, "There's no woman you can't get as long as the money's right." .

"That's something new!" Aaron couldn't help but give a thumbs-up. "Bernard, should we follow this method tomorrow?"

"She's not that superficial." Bernard glanced at him, his eyes full of disdain. Why did he come to consult such a shallow playboy? It was useless.

Aaron recalled Hera's cold beauty, the aloof air she unknowingly exuded, and her calm demeanor even after being attacked. Hera was indeed an extraordinary woman.

"But how will you know if you don't try? If you never try, you'll never know!" he shouted after Bernard's retreating figure.

The response was the sound of the door closing.

...

Bernard walked out of the Imperial Hotel, and Douglas happened to pull up alongside him.

"Bernard, the Astral Nova has found the Eclipse Stone! It'll be on auction next Saturday night at eight." Douglas opened the back door for him.

Bernard nodded. "Go get ready."

Douglas responded, "Got it. Then, will you still be meeting Ms. Chime tomorrow?"

The head of the Killian family, Chad, who usually ignored Bernard, suddenly became concerned about his health in the past few days. He even arranged a doctor for Bernard.

This doctor was Camille from the Chime family.

Chad also specifically reminded Bernard that Camille was single, and it would be a great benefit for Bernard if the Killians and Chimes could arrange a marriage of convenience.

Chad's newfound concern for Bernard's health and marriage was clearly aimed to win Bernard over for the Killian Corporation shares in his hands.

Bernard's gaze lowered slightly as he answered, "Yes."

Douglas was slightly surprised. "How about Ms. Youngworth..."

"We'll bring her along."

Douglas was puzzled at Bernard's decision.

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Amelia was enraged as she received a message from Raven's assistant early in the morning. It was to request a price increase.

Ten times the price was already her maximum budget, yet now he wanted a hundred times the price!

Chapter 85

"A hundred times the price? That's over 300 million dollars! Who does he think he is to ask for such an outrageous amount?"

Amelia conveyed this message to Queenie.

"Why doesn't he just go rob a bank!" Queenie cursed.

"These hackers may sound fancy, but they're nothing but uncultured nerds. They're so greedy. The tenfold increase you offered has only fueled their greed, hence the skyrocketing prices," Queenie criticized Amelia's approach.

"I've looked into it. Someone offered three times the price before, but he turned it down. We offered ten times the price, so I thought he was sure to be tempted," Amelia explained.

She strategized with Queenie, hoping to impress her. Amelia wanted to prove to Queenie that she could be more valuable than Queenie's favorite, Zylar. That was why she spared no expense to hire the hacker when a problem arose.

Amelia hadn't expected Raven to be so arrogant!

"But now, both our home and company security systems are under close surveillance. We're facing the constant threat of being hacked. Since it's urgent, why don't we triple the price—"

"No! Just stick to ten times the price. If he refuses, find someone else! If we can't find anyone locally, we'll search abroad! I don't believe that our family can't afford a meek hacker," Queenie declared.

Queenie had just mentioned that she would hire him at any cost, but when it came down to actually spending over 300 million dollars, she felt the deal wasn't worth it. After all, businesspeople prioritized profit.

"Okay." Amelia nodded.

She also believed that the price they were offering was enough to find someone comparable to Raven!

...

After finishing her morning routine at Skyview Heights, Hera happened to see Bernard coming out of the kitchen with a glass of hot milk.

"Morning," he greeted.

He was dressed in a black silk loungewear robe with a gray apron tied around the front. It accentuated his tall and well-built figure. Despite his elegance, he had a touch of earthly charm.

On the dining table laid a sumptuous breakfast spread that Hera loved, including fried shrimp, bacon, French sausages, and steak.

Hera was surprised. "Did you make all this? You can cook?"

In the Killian family, women were expected to be versatile, excelling in both their careers and housework. Men, however, were groomed for management and finance, with the notion that they should stay out of the kitchen.

"Yeah, I didn't do so well with the Killian family, so I had to fend for myself," Bernard said with a hint of self-pity.

Hera eyed him suspiciously. Had this been a few days ago, she might have believed him. But she was no longer so gullible ever since the incident at the Everett residence. Even Aaron Ludden, the eldest son of one of the four influential families, followed Bernard's lead without question.

"Try some." Bernard pulled out a chair for her and looked at her expectantly.

Without hesitation, Hera cut a piece of the steak and tasted it. Instantly, her eyes lit up. The steak was perfectly seared, tender, and delicious.

Seeing her enjoying the food, Bernard reached out and took the steak from in front of her as she was about to go for another bite.

Hera looked up, only to see Bernard's faint smile as he asked, "How is it?"

"Perfectly seared on the outside, tender on the inside. It's a perfect steak," Hera praised him without hesitation.

"Do you want more, then?" Bernard's tone sounded like he was tempting a child.

Chapter 86

Hera had barely tasted the dish, so she obediently nodded. "Yeah."

"Say Please, Bernie' then," Bernard requested. As he finished his words, he braced himself, expecting Hera to meet his request with a chilly response

Yet, the temptation of delicious food was too strong for Hera to resist. Without hesitation, she called out, "Please, Bemie."

With that, Bernard's hand twitched imperceptibly, and his throat tightened. His spur-of-the-moment decision to have Hera address him differently suddenly felt weighty.

It wasn't the first time people had called him "Bernie," but hearing it from Hera felt different

As Hera spoke, her mind felt foggy, as if the food had clouded her thoughts. She couldn't believe she fell for his charm. Despite her racing heart, she accepted the steak calmly and continued eating.

The steak was delightful, as was the bacon. Hera convinced herself she was only complying for the sake of the food. Yeah, that was it!

They sat facing each other, lost in their thoughts during breakfast. Yet, the atmosphere remained surprisingly harmonious.

After breakfast, Hera took the initiative to clean up, but Bernard stopped her. "Leave it. The maid will handle it. Tonight, come with me to meet someone."

"Who?" Hera inquired, still preoccupied as she kept an eye out for Tiramisu trying to snatch leftovers. "Camille Chime," Bernard said, deliberately observing Hera's reaction.

Hera paused and then glanced up as she asked, "Why do you want me to meet her?"

Hera vaguely remembered Camille. They had briefly crossed paths at an international medical conference before. She knew Camille had earned a reputation as a medical prodigy in the country since her teens.

Bernard paused and then offered a reasonable explanation. To assess her medical expertise."

Hera felt somewhat displeased. "Don't you believe that I'll be able to cure your illness?"

"I do, but Chad doesn't know that and arranged someone else for me." Bernard explained, his tone carrying a hint of resentment as he portrayed himself as a victim.

"I refuse," Hera said firmly, her tone cold and detached. It was a stark contrast from her earlier compliance. At that moment, she seemed like a fair-weather partner, disengaging now that they'd each gotten what they wanted.

"Actually, I'm not keen on going either. As a weakling' in the Killian family, I'm isolated and defenseless. I have no choice but to follow Chad's orders if I want to survive," Bernard added.

As Bernard spoke, a sudden commotion erupted at the entrance. They turned to see the door wide open. Douglas was sprawled on the floor amidst scattered fruit and broken vase fragments.

Douglas had come to pick up Bernard. He had the keys to this place as he often came to take care of Tiramisu when Hera wasn't around.

Accustomed to using the keys directly, he didn't expect to overhear Bernard's conversation.

But a misstep led to his fall--a painful reminder that this was reality, not a dream. He wasn't hallucinating! He had heard Bernard's smooth talk to Hera, along with his self-pitying act.

Chapter 87

Lost in thought, Douglas mulled over Bernard's words. A supposed weakling capable of executing enemies in special ops? Vulnerable and isolated within the Killian family?

Wasn't he the one who disregarded family ties and intentionally seized control of the family business to undermine the Killian family? Yet he said he was forced to go along with Chad's demands?

"Boss, it's a real shame you're not an actor!" Douglas thought.

As he got up, Douglas noticed all eyes on him, including Tiramisu's. What was with Bernard's death stare?

"I didn't hear a thing. Carry on, you two," Douglas quipped.

Hera and Bernard were speechless.

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At nightfall, on the top floor of the Luxent Hotel, Camille stood by the floor-to-ceiling window in a champagne-colored feathered gown. She gazed out at the city's night view.

Behind her, a setup of flowers, fine wine, candlelight, and glasses awaited.

"Camille, congratulations! You finally get to go on a date with your dream guy," Amelia said, handing her a glass of champagne.

"Amy, quit teasing me." Camille smiled gracefully, taking the champagne and clinking glasses.

After they finished their champagne, Amelia handed Camille a card. "Make the most of this date, and here's to becoming Mrs. Killian soon."

Camille glanced at the card, realizing it was a room key card. She playfully protested, "Amy!"

"My dear, you can't hold back when you want a man. You've waited for him for six years. Do you want to wait another six? Seize this opportunity." Amelia helped adjust Camille's hair, revealing her cleavage.

Camille hesitated for a moment but accepted the card in the end.

Camille had been deeply in love with Bernard ever since she laid eyes on him on a cruise ship six years ago.

It took her a long time to discover that he was Bernard from the Killian family, but he had always been in the army. By the time Bernard was discharged, she had already gone abroad for further studies, and the two lost touch.

Six years of waiting had led to this moment. Of course, she had to make the most of it. But her upbringing taught her to be reserved and maintain the family's dignity.

"Okay, it's about time. I'll leave you to it. Good luck on your date." Amelia checked the time and left.

Camille felt hesitant looking at the room key card in her hand. But what outweighed her hesitation was the excitement bubbling up from within.

She kept the room key card and went to touch up her makeup in the bathroom.

Just then, a waiter came and said, "Mr. Killian has arrived and is on his way up."

"Okay, thank you." Camille tipped the waiter before letting him leave. She then took the emergency exit, descended a level, and took the elevator back up.

The doors to two elevators opened one after the other.

The elevator on Camille's side was slightly late, and she happened to see Bernard stepping out of the adjacent elevator.

"Mr. Killian, what a coincidence. I've just arrived too." Camille stepped out of the elevator with an elegant smile.

Bernard paused, eyeing her like a stranger.

"I'm Camille Chime, introduced by Mr. Chad. Please, call me Camille." She extended her hand elegantly. .

"Ms. Chime, hello." Bernard politely shook her hand. His formality made Camille feel awkward.

"Are you here for a blind date or an interview?" At that moment, a cold female voice chimed in.

A woman in a black-knitted dress emerged from the elevator behind Bernard. She had delicate features, a beautiful face, and a chilly demeanor. Douglas followed behind her.

When did Bernard have a woman by his side?

Chapter 88

Alarm bells were going off in Camille's mind, but she flashed a smile and asked, "And who might this be?"

"I'm his secretary," Hera replied casually.

"What's your last name? You look young, like a 17 or 18-year-old teenager," Camille probed further.

"You don't have to know." Hera felt irritated as she glanced at their hands. Was this just a handshake or were they holding hands?

Taken aback by Hera's response, Camille remained silent.

Bernard was caught off guard by Hera's proactive disclosure of her identity, though her tone carried a hint of displeasure. Was she jealous? He smirked and deliberately prolonged the handshake.

"Mr. Killian, you've got quite an interesting secretary," Camille remarked with a faint smile. She attempted to withdraw her hand, but Bernard's grip lingered.

The faint smile on Bernard's lips sparked excitement in Camille's heart. Was Bernard into her too?

Seizing the moment, Camille linked arms with Bernard and led him into the private room.

Bernard shot a disdainful look at their hands but refrained from shaking Camille off rudely. Instead, he glanced at Hera, who was following behind.

Hera's expression was unreadable.

Unbeknownst to him, Hera was feeling irritated. But at the same time, she was unwilling to leave them alone in the room.

She followed them into the private room, where she saw a long table set with flowers, wine, and candlelight, with a chair on each side. Was this for medical consultation or romantic matchmaking?

Hera's frustration grew. Spotting a lounge area, she pulled out a chair and seated herself at the table's center.

"You two chat. I'll be here," she said as she put on earphones and immersed herself in Flip-and- Match.

Bernard remained silent as he observed Hera.

Camille mirrored his silence, her thoughts racing as she struggled to comprehend the situation. How could his secretary be so audacious? And shouldn't a secretary like her be outside to assist Douglas rather than intruding into their private meeting like this?

But Bernard didn't express his opinion, and Camille was at a loss for words. Whether it was her imagination or not, Bernard seemed oddly attentive to his secretary. He was occasionally stealing glances her way.

If it were anyone else, they would have immediately asked the waiter to kick out such an unprofessional employee. But Camille's upbringing didn't allow her to do so. She signaled the waiter to bring another set of cutlery for Hera.

Thus, Camille's anticipated romantic date was shattered by the unwelcome presence of this third wheel.

Hera's peripheral vision occasionally caught glimpses of Camille and Bernard chatting leisurely. Meanwhile, her phone screen displayed an alarming 50% error rate in her game.

Her irritation grew stronger, and she felt conflicted. She wouldn't fully trust Bernard until she had avenged her family. But seeing him cozying up to another woman made her uneasy.

He had spoken of marrying into the Everett family, yet here he was, flirting with someone else.

"Scumbag," she thought.

Just as she was getting annoyed, a notification popped up on her screen.

Piglet: "Boss, it's been a day since you asked the Gaskell family to raise the price."

Raven: "Have they agreed?"

Piglet: "No, they're recruiting other hackers at the mission hall. But no one dares to accept it because I commented the price you set. Aren't I smart? Quick, praise me!"

Raven: "Pigs are indeed clever."

Chapter 89

Hera switched off her phone, feeling a bit relieved at last. She'd leave once she got the Eclipse Stone next week and cured Bernard's illness. That way, she wouldn't even have to care about Bernard meeting other women.

"Mr. Killian; sounds a bit distant. Can I call you 'Bernie' instead?" Camille asked Bernard with sincerity.

Hera remained silent overhearing their conversation.

"As long as you like it," Bernard replied casually, his gaze returning to Hera. She sipped her tomato cream soup, seemingly unfazed by Camille's presence.

Bernard was perplexed. Was his tactic of playing hard to get failing miserably? Was Hera only interested in food and games?

She used to say she liked him the most when she was younger. How had she changed so much?

"Bernie, you're so kind." Camille smiled shyly. He was indeed the man she fell in love with at first sight. He was noble, gentlemanly, and soft-spoken.

If not for Hera's presence, Camille would almost believe he genuinely liked her, judging from their encounter at the door and Bernard's gentlemanly behavior.

But as Bernard's gaze fell on Hera once again, his eyes softened in a way that didn't belong to her. She then realized everything she had done had prepared the way for someone else's happiness.

But Camille wouldn't easily give up on the man she loved. Camille ignored it, continuing, "Speaking of which, Bernie, we have a deep connection.

"Six years ago, you saved me during the pirate hijacking on the high seas. If it weren't for the urgent dispatch of special forces, thousands of people on the entire cruise ship would've perished..."

Hera listened quietly while drinking her soup. No wonder Camille was so enthusiastic. She wanted to repay her gratitude by marrying Bernard.

Lost in her thoughts, Hera suddenly felt a touch on her foot. She was caught off guard but instantly realized whose foot it was.

Hera choked on the soup and coughed. She looked at Bernard in shock. What was he trying to do?

"Take your time. There's no need to rush. We can leave once you're full," Bernard said mischievously, handing her a napkin.

Hera said, "Mr. Killian, should I remind you of the purpose of tonight's agenda? You should let Ms. Chime check your illness."

Hera smiled, her gaze shifting between them. The message in her eyes seemed to say, "Mr. Killian, as a man, you should be a gentleman and come over to Dr. Chime's side."

Bernard remained silent. Hera glared at him discreetly, and she saw a mischievous smile on his lips. It was as if he was asking whether Hera had admitted defeat.

Camille was at a loss for words. She had passionately recounted their first encounter to share how they were fated and how well-suited they were for each other. But it seemed like background noise to these two.

Not only that, but they were openly exchanging flirtatious glances in front of her!

Camille's upbringing taught her to endure. As the future Mrs. Killian, she wouldn't give up easily. She didn't deserve to like Bernard if she let herself be defeated so easily.

At that moment, the waiter brought in another dish.

"You shouldn't starve even if you're in a hurry for the treatment," Camille said with an elegant smile. "Bernie, their foie gras is good. You should try some."

"I don't eat foie gras," Bernard declined.

Chapter 90

Camille wasn't fazed. "So you're not into foie gras. Got it. They also serve nice steak. Maybe you'll like that."

"I'll pass on that too. I don't eat steak," Bernard added.

Hera glanced at him. They just had steak for breakfast together this morning, hadn't they?

Camille understood the message from them exchanging glances. It wasn't that Bernard didn't eat those things, he simply didn't want to.

"Alright then. Let's head to the lounge. I'll give you a check-up," Camille said, grabbing the nearby medical kit.

The lounge she mentioned was the same small room Hera had gone to earlier to fetch a chair. It had everything—a bed, a couch, even a bathroom. It was quite the deluxe lounge.

It was hard to tell if they were going for a check-up or something else entirely.

Bernard couldn't be that clueless, could he?

But to her surprise, Bernard stood up and followed Camille into the lounge.

Hera was flustered. S was right! Men were all alike!

...

When they got in the lounge, Camille shut the door before turning to Bernard. As she gazed fondly at his tall figure, her heart fluttered, and she felt a strong urge to hug him.

"Why did Chad send you?" Bernard turned around, his cold demeanor sobering Camille instantly.

"He mentioned you were feeling off and asked me to check on you," she responded. In truth, Chad suspected Bernard might be seriously ill and tasked her with investigating.

"Is that so? Then tell Chad I'm sorry to have disappointed him. I'm perfectly fine," Bernard said. His illness was a secret. It would be disastrous if the Killian family were to find out about it.

Camille's expression stiffened. Bernard made it crystal clear he didn't need her examination. So, he came in here just to make that clear?

As Bernard moved to leave, Camille blocked his path. "You're into her, aren't you?"

Bernard looked at her in surprise. If even outsiders could see his feelings for Hera, why couldn't Hera herself see it?

Camille's heart skipped a beat at his gaze. But it also confirmed Bernard's genuine affection for Hera.

"I can help you win her over," she offered again.

"What's the catch?" Bernard asked.

"You!" Camille thought.

She maintained a smile and said, "Nothing, I don't need anything from you. We're friends, and if you're happy, I'm happy."

"Let's not have these talks in the future." Bernard sidestepped her.

Camille was stunned. "Why?"

"I don't like pick-me girls," Bernard said, opening the door and leaving.

Camille stood there in disbelief, her cheeks flushing red as if she'd been slapped twice. Bernard's labeling of her as a pick-me girl shattered her meticulously crafted image as one of Norburgh's elite.

