

## Read Novel I'm Someone Else Chapter 91-100

### I'm Someone Else Chapter 91

After dealing with the Pearsons all these years, Olivia came to realize one thing. Thank goodness my mother came from a prominent family too, or otherwise, Grandpa Harrison's words would've fallen on deaf ears!

Olivia shook her head. "I'm tired, Ophelie. I'm going to sleep."

She lay down in bed and covered her head with the blanket.

"Sigh..."

Ophelie sighed. She wanted to get Olivia to change her mind so that they could move in with Harrison. Their lives here would only get worse once Gavin was back. However, Olivia's mind was made up. She was determined to stay, so what could Ophelie do? She wasn't going to leave her sister here and move in with her maternal grandfather alone.

She knew that Norman would be warier with her around, but if Olivia was alone in this house, Norman and Yukine would abuse her. There's also Gavin...

Ugh. Fine. I'll just stay here with Olivia and see what happens. No matter what happens, if anyone hurts Olivia, I'll rip them to pieces! I don't care who it is!

What Ophelie didn't know was that Olivia wasn't asleep. She was crying under the covers.

What on earth should I do? If we move in with Grandpa Harrison, it'll only start a conflict between him and the Pearsons. Regardless of how the Pearsons treat me, I'm still part of the family. Things aren't looking too good for the Pearsons right now. I can't cause even more trouble for them at a time like this. But... if we don't move in with Grandpa Harrison... I know what Gavin's like. Will there even be a place for us in this family?

Although Norman was a little wary of Ophelie, Gavin was always an obnoxious person who submitted to nothing and no one. There's no way Ophelie can scare him!

Right now, Olivia fervently wished she had a house of her own. That way, she could flee to her own house and ignore all of these frustrating matters!

Unfortunately, she didn't have one. Her father had taken away the apartment she was staying in previously.

Meanwhile, the three hitmen that the Xalmars hired arrived at Prescott Hospital. They located Adam's room. According to the information the butler had given them, Chloe spent her evening waiting on her father until late at night.

However, Adam's room was empty. There was no living thing in sight, not even a fly!

"Where is she?" one of the men piped up in puzzlement.

"There's no rush. She couldn't have escaped! We just need to wait!"

The man in charge closed the door to the room and sat on the bench in the hallway to wait in silence.

Even after an hour, there was still no sign of Adam and Chloe. The leader of the three didn't think they could wait around any longer. Their orders had been to haul Chloe's body back within two hours, but half their time had been used up, and there was still no sign of Chloe. He was beginning to fret.

"Call the butler. Don't tell me they've left the hospital without us knowing."

One of the men immediately called the butler.

"The butler said the woman's sickly father hasn't been discharged from the hospital. He told us to carry on looking for her, and that if we don't bring her body back to the house, we'll have to bring our own

instead..."

The leader froze. They had no choice but to look for Chloe. After checking with the nurse at the desk, they found out that Adam was indeed still in the hospital. They were absent from the room because Adam was doing one final check-up before leaving the hospital tomorrow!

The leader exhaled in relief. It didn't matter where their target was as long as she was still under their noses. They could just head over to wherever she was and kill her right away!

Having made up their minds, the three men ran toward the examination room.

Outside the examination room, Chloe was leaning against the wall. She looked weak and pale.

I need to stay strong! Dad hasn't been discharged from the hospital yet. Chloe felt another dizzy spell coming over her and her body trembled. She chuckled bitterly. I wonder how things are between Thomas and that Molly woman now. He's the only man I've ever fallen in love with. I can't bear to part with him. Will he be sad if I die?

I wonder how Zachary's doing in Africa. When can he come home? Zachary, when I'm gone, you'll have to take care of Dad. You need to be kind and patient with him. He worked hard to raise us. It wasn't easy for him.

Amid her wild thoughts, she began to feel an intense pain in her chest.

"Cough!" She started coughing, and every cough made her feel as if her chest was being ripped apart.

In the end, her frail body couldn't take it anymore. Everything turned black and she slumped to the ground.

The hospital was full of people, many of whom exclaimed when Chloe fainted outside the examination room.

"Someone fainted!"

"Quick! Call the nurse!"

"Doc! Over here, doc! There's an unconscious person over here!"

The noise could be heard inside the examination room too. Adam, who was done with this check-up, heard the noise and felt an inexplicable sense of panic. He rushed out of the room to see what was going on.

True enough, it was his daughter who was lying unconscious on the floor.

“Chloe!” Adam rushed over and grabbed her shoulders before he started to shake her. “Wake up, Chloe! Don’t scare me!”

No matter how loudly he screamed, Chloe showed no sign of stirring.

At last, he was reminded of something. Chloe had been taking care of him all this while and though his condition showed steady improvement, she started looking sicker and paler with each passing day. He often asked her if she felt alright and she would always say she was just a little tired, but why would she faint if that were all?

Chloe has to be sick! That has to be the reason why! Adam panicked. “Doctor! Come quick, doctor!”

“What’s the matter?” Quincy had been inside the examination room taking a look at Adam’s medical report. It was a simple check-up that didn’t require the presence of the hospital director, but he knew that Adam was Thomas’ friend. He was certain that Thomas would be grateful if he took good care of

Adam. He didn’t plan on telling Thomas about it either. That way, once Thomas found out for himself, he would feel even more grateful.

However, he was only halfway through the report when he heard Adam’s shouts and rushed out.

Quincy saw Adam cradling Chloe in his arms. He went over and put his finger beneath Chloe’s nostrils, and his expression turned extremely grim

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At that moment, Chloe’s breaths were so frail and shallow that they were barely audible above a whisper.

“Quick! Bring her to the emergency operating theater now!” Quincy made a snap decision and called for a nurse to rush Chloe to the room.

“Doctor, how is my daughter?” In Adam’s eyes, Quincy was now his daughter’s last hope, and he asked in a frenzy of panic.

In response, Quincy shook his head. “It doesn’t look good. Please wait outside.” Following that, he dashed into the operating theater, completely disregarding Adam.

Meanwhile, chaos reigned in the operating room as Chloe was hooked up to various machines and equipment. Then, he frowned as he read the multiple indicators on the monitor screen. “She’s in the last stages of cancer! Darn, this girl! It is impossible that she does not know about it. Why didn’t she say anything? She could have gone for treatment and possibly lived longer!” As he observed her decreasing heart rate on the monitor, he knew she was dying.

“Aah...”

Poor girl. Her father is about to be discharged from the hospital, but she is on her deathbed. No! I must keep her alive! Perhaps, Thomas can figure out a way to save her. At that thought, Quincy pulled out the needle he carried with him all the time.

Swoosh! He swiftly sealed off eight of Chloe’s major acupuncture points. After instructing a nurse to attach her to the oxygen system, he pulled out his phone and called Thomas.

Meanwhile, the leader of the three men hired by the Xalmars found himself in a predicament. They had watched her collapse before being wheeled into an operating theater. “What do we do? Quincy has

sent Chloe into the operating theater,” he exclaimed.

Everyone knew Quincy, one of the best doctors in Irieson. No one had the nerve to make an enemy of him without just cause, not even the Xalmars. If it had been anyone else, the trio would have charged into the operating theater to kill the woman off. However, they could not do that now because Quincy was in there. If he got mad at them for doing their jobs, the Xalmars would not be happy with them either.

“Let’s go. We’ll explain everything clearly. I’m sure the butler and Mr. Xalmar would understand our dilemma,” the trio leader spoke calmly because he knew that Quincy was someone Kirk had to treat with respect. Hence, a nobody like him did not have to deliberate over what to do. After all, there was no way they could afford to offend Quincy!

In the meantime, Thomas has just left Rose’s home. He had spent thirty minutes there for a few quick bites of the food and then hurriedly excused himself. His urgency resulted from a sudden, unexplainable panic, as though something crucial was about to happen. Although not superstitious, he put a lot of stock in his gut, repeatedly saving him from death on the battlefield.

Hence, he was so taken aback by Quincy's call that he didn't even notice when he dropped his phone. How is that possible? I live under the same roof as Chloe; she has been in perfect health the entire time. So, why is she suddenly diagnosed with late-stage cancer? At that moment, he felt as if his mind had exploded. Without a second's thought, he hurriedly jumped into his car, floored the gas pedal, and sped like a lunatic toward the hospital.

While driving, Thomas realized that while he lived with her, he would only come home late at night. Most of the time, he would get home after she had already gone to bed, and she would have to leave bright and early to bring her father his breakfast in the hospital. As a result, they hadn't seen each other in an awfully long time. In addition, he had never suspected that she was ill, and even if he had noticed something, he would not have paid attention.

Soon, he finally arrived at the hospital and stormed straight into the operating theater, not even bothering to lock his car.

Afterward, Quincy glanced at Thomas and explained slowly, "I have just conducted a few tests on Chloe. The cancer must have started spreading about a year ago. I've looked into her medical history. She passed out in this hospital not too long ago, and the doctors on duty attended to her at the time. This means that she was aware of her cancer diagnosis back then. However, no treatment was mentioned in her medical record. I don't believe any treatment could help her now, as it would only prolong her suffering. Honestly, I can't do anything about her condition. Although I am the hospital's director, you are a much better doctor than I am." His last sentence was said from the bottom of his heart. When his son told him how Thomas could seal off two of Olivia's acupuncture points with a hairpin, he knew Thomas completely outclassed him. "You can see if there's anything you can do. I've sealed off the eight major points to keep her alive. Still, she can't hold on for long. She'll likely die tonight unless you have a trick up your sleeve."

After hearing that, Thomas stared at Chloe's feeble form on the bed, and his eyes turned red as he realized how close she was to death.

Before he passed away, Zachary enlisted Thomas' help in caring for Adam and Chloe. Hence, no matter what Thomas needed to do, Chloe had to stay alive! If she died right now, he would be unable to look Zachary in the eye when he meets him in the underworld, and what right would he have to say he was Zachary's friend?

After that, he glanced at the other people in the room. "Tell them to leave."

Meanwhile, Quincy's eyes lit up with delight when he heard that. So, Thomas does have a way to save Chloe; otherwise, why would he want the room cleared out? Moreover, he has only asked him to get the other medical staff out of the operating theater except for me. This opportunity is once in a lifetime!

It would be fantastic if I could take advantage of this opportunity to observe and learn from him. "Go on. Leave. Do not distract Mr. Clifford from his patient!" he said.

After hearing that, the other medical staff exchanged glances, curious about who Thomas was. Who is this guy? He storms in and demands that the doctors and nurses leave the room immediately. We clearly overheard Dr. Hofstead admits that this unknown young man was a better doctor than him. Is this some kind of joke?

"Hurry up!" Thomas barked coldly as he lost his patience after noticing they were dragging their feet.

Suddenly, the entire operating theater was permeated by a murderous rage that made everyone feel even colder. It made the medical staff too terrified to linger, so they left the room immediately.

In the meantime, Thomas walked over to the bed and picked up a sterilized scalpel from a nearby tray. There was not even a flicker of an eyebrow as he stabbed the scalpel into his wrist. Instantaneously, his blood spurted out from the wound.

"What are you doing? You..." Quincy went pale with shock. Is he going to commit suicide? That reaction is way too drastic

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Thomas reached out and squished Chloe's cheek to open her mouth. Then, he let the bright red blood trickle from his slashed wrist into her mouth.

On the other hand, Quincy was dumbstruck by the sight and gaped in horror. "Blood of the Blazing Sun!" That phrase consumed his entire train of thought because he had not anticipated Thomas having that blood type.

It was a legendary blood type only known from the tattered remains of ancient books. Apparently, the blood has mystical properties, and one drop would be

enough to bring the patient back to life as long as they were still alive. All the wealth in the world couldn't buy even a single drop of that blood.

He always dismissed the story as another fabricated legend, but on this day, he witnessed the miraculous healing power of the Blood of the Blazing Sun firsthand.

Meanwhile, Thomas had no idea how to treat Chloe's illness. If he had known sooner, he could have devised a recipe to aid in her recovery. Unfortunately, he learned of it too late, and she was already clinging to life too weakly to benefit from anything he could offer her. He knew when death was imminent, only his blood could make a difference.

One of his greatest secrets was Blood of the Blazing Sun. The crazy old man who raised him told him that his blood was unique as it had the power to heal and save lives, but warned him that if word got out, he would be killed.

At this point, Thomas was too distraught to care; he might as well be killed now, as Chloe's life was more important than his own. Since he had been unaware of Zachary's illness, he had been plagued by guilt. He had often thought that the Hahns might have avoided tragedy if he had been more thoughtful and spared Zachary's life in the event of mission failure. Still, he had no choice because he wanted to give Zachary a painless death; a bullet was the best way to do so.

As the minutes passed, he felt weaker and paler as he fed her blood without knowing how much he had given her.

Cough! Cough! She started coughing violently, which racked her entire body, signaling she was finally reacting to the blood.

When Thomas noticed this, he quickly pulled his hand away to clean and dress his wound because his blood was a valuable commodity. If Chloe had remained unresponsive, he would have died from blood loss before she could wake up. Following that, dark spots appeared in his vision as he was overcome by nausea. Therefore, he closed his eyes and stood still.

In the meantime, Quincy did not dare disturb him because he knew Thomas was struggling to overcome the dizziness brought on by blood loss.

Two minutes later, Thomas finally opened his eyes and said, "Hand me your needles."



“Okay.” Quincy did not hesitate before pulling out his acupuncture needles and handing them to him.

Swish! Swoosh! Thomas’ movements were lightning-fast, and Chloe’s entire body was pierced with needles in the blink of an eye.

Bleugh! As soon as she opened her mouth, she vomited a mouthful of blackened blood.

Meanwhile, Quincy stared at the scene before him, dumbfounded and utterly in awe of Thomas’ godlike skills. Previously, he had only known Thomas was good because of what his son had said, but today he realized just how great Thomas truly was. He noticed not only that Thomas had such blood but also that the man had acted so quickly and with such precision that he knew Thomas’ abilities were far superior to his.

Crash! Once Thomas was done, his legs gave out under the weight of his body, and he fell to the ground.

“Thomas!” Quincy hurried forward and helped him over to a chair. “Are you okay?” He had never seen Thomas look so frail before, and he knew Thomas didn’t appear this bad even when he crawled back to life after the explosion.

Thomas shook his head in response and uttered, “Please, Dr. Hofstead. Could you help me prepare something? I’ll give you the recipe now.”

“Of course.” After jotting down the recipe with a pen and a piece of paper, Quincy hastily strode out of the operating theater.

However, Thomas remained seated on the chair and lit a cigarette. As he took a puff, he felt a deep appreciation for his unique body, without which he surely would have died after losing so much blood. He was also grateful for Quincy’s efforts in sealing off Chloe’s major acupuncture points before she passed away. He could have bled himself dry before she was even saved if she hadn’t had those few moments of life left in her. It was a debt he would never forget, so he decided to teach Quincy something exceptional in exchange. Moreover, he was not a fool, and he knew Quincy was only being friendly because he wanted to learn something from him, so he might as well grant Quincy his wish.

After snuffing out and discarding the cigarette, he checked Chloe's pulse and noticed it was calm and steady. He was confident she would recover after drinking his concoction.

A few minutes later, Quincy returned with a bowl. Then, Thomas slowly spooned the concoction from the bowl to her.

In the meantime, she was assigned to a VIP ward under the direction of Quincy. At that moment, Adam's eyes welled up with tears as Quincy explained that his daughter would be dead by now if it weren't for Thomas.

"Thank you, sir! Thank you so much!" Adam even moved to kneel before Thomas.

Thomas was startled by the old man's actions and said, "Please! It's fine." Then, he grabbed Adam's hands and continued, "You might not recognize me, but Zachary and I were brothers in arms. Since Chloe is like a sister to me, it's my responsibility to save her."

"You're... Zachary's friend?" Adam asked.

Thomas had once visited Adam, but he was so frail at the time that he was constantly asleep. As such, this was technically their first meeting.

After that, he nodded to Adam before leading Quincy to a secluded corner of the hospital.

"I have something for you, Dr. Hofstead. Before I do so, I ask that you kneel and swear on your life that you would not let anyone know about this without my permission," Thomas stated with a serious look.

"Kneel?" Quincy was shocked by what he had just heard. I am the hospital's director, the best of the best in Irieson. Does he believe I am the type of man who will kneel simply because I am asked to?

Thomas silently stares back at Quincy. What I am about to hand over to him is too crucial to bypass this step. The person who knows I have the Blood of the Blazing Sun will be killed as soon as the word gets out.

After two minutes of deliberation, Quincy finally got on his knees. "I, Quincy Hofstead, solemnly swear that without the permission of Thomas Clifford, I will

never tell anyone about what he is about to hand to me. Otherwise, may the gods strike me down where I stand.”

With a nod of satisfaction, Thomas helped Quincy to his feet before pulling a rather old book from his pocket. The pages of the book were yellowed from the passage of time. “This is ‘The Imperial

Acupuncture,’ a compilation of the great Shian’s decades of experience. It is now yours. As for how much you can learn from it, that is up to you

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“The Great Shian?” Quincy’s eyes were as wide as saucers. He had disbelief written all over his face.

Shian was a name he knew well as the former was the mythical founder of acupuncture in Droycore. He also knew of “The Imperial Acupuncture”. After all, that was the famous text known to hold all of Shian’s secrets. As for why this book would require an oath to keep it secret?

It was because the book had been destroyed, or so the historians said. Who knew that it would appear in Thomas’ possession?

Thomas handed the book over to Quincy. Then, ignoring Quincy’s shocked stare, he walked over to the bench by the hallway window, sat down, and lit up a cigarette.

Quincy was no longer in a state where he could think about Thomas’ actions as he carefully held ‘The Imperial Acupuncture’ close to his chest and jogged back to his office so that he could read it. If one took a close look at him, one would realize that his hands were shaking in excitement.

Naturally, he knew what he was holding in his arms. Even if he only learned the simplest of all techniques and none of the important skills recorded in the book, he would still be renowned worldwide. In fact, he would be one of the greatest doctors in the entire country!

While he technically was already one of the greatest doctors, his quest for knowledge would never end.

Meanwhile, Chloe finally stirred awake at around 3.00AM.

“Water... Water, please...” she cried out with a cough.

Adam, who had been sitting by her bed the whole night, hurriedly poured her a glass of water.

The entire glass was emptied in two gulps.

It was only then that she looked up. Her face grew paler when she saw her father standing there.

“Dad, w-why are you here? Wait. You got better, right?”

Chloe thought she was dead. She knew that when she was still “alive”, her father was almost done recovering from his illness. She had passed away the evening before he was due to be discharged. Why was he standing here in the same room? Evidently, that meant he had “died” as well. Why would she not be shocked?

The panic on her face made him sigh. “Where else would I be? Your brother’s not around, so we’re the only ones left here. That means I’m the only one who can come and take care of you when you’re sick.”

She looked around the room. “We’re... at the hospital.”

“Yes. Really, child, why didn’t you say you were sick? You worried me to death! All right. I won’t say anything. You focus on your recovery first. I’ll call for a doctor to check you over and make sure you’re not suffering from any side effects.”

He then walked out of the room.

Chloe was confused. Why was she in the hospital ward? Logically speaking, she should be dead. Did she not die? That was impossible. She knew her diagnosis was terminal cancer. There was no cure for that.

She carefully examined herself. The exhaustion and pain that constantly plagued her had vanished. She felt much better now.

What on earth was going on? Was she dreaming?

Creak.

The door was pushed open, and Quincy walked in with a few nurses trailing behind him.

Quincy had instructed the nurses to notify him as soon as there was an update on Chloe's condition.

"You're awake! You really gave us all a fright," Dr. Hofstead teased with a playful grin on his face. He did not act like someone who was in charge of the entire hospital.

As Chloe was still lost in her thoughts, she did not hear what he said.

He did not mind it, however. Instead, he began instructing his team to bring her to be tested and scanned so that he could personally oversee her checks.

On one hand, she was important enough that Thomas would save her using the Blood of the Blazing Sun. Thus, they must be close. That meant Quincy needed to ensure Chloe was completely fine. On the other hand, Quincy himself was curious about just how powerful the mystical blood type truly was. Could it cure someone of their terminal cancer and give them a normal life?

The tests went on for over an hour before Chloe was finally returned to her ward. Quincy was in the room as well, flipping through a clipboard of test results a nurse had handed to him.

"How is my daughter, doctor?" Adam asked.

"Well!"

While Quincy had been mentally ready for the results, he could not suppress his excitement. "You're cured. You're really cured. Congratulations, Miss. The tests show that you are as healthy as a human can be. You can be discharged along with your father in the morning. Go enjoy your life out there."

"What?!"

Chloe blinked hard. "I'm cured?"

"Yes!" Quincy replied.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you, doctor!" Adam cried out.

"Help me up, Dad!"

With a nod, Adam helped Chloe to her feet and the two moved to thank Quincy.

“No, no! It’s fine!” Quincy hurriedly said, stopping them.

“Thank you so very much! Otherwise, I’ll be burying my daughter today,” Adam blurted out.

However, Quincy would not dare take credit for something he had not done. He swiftly replied with an explanation, “I’m not amazing. It is Thomas Clifford who saved the young lady’s life.”

He was not a fool. He knew what would happen to Thomas if word of Thomas’ blood spread. Thus, he could only gloss over the process by simply saying Thomas had saved Chloe.

“Thomas?” Chloe was stunned.

She never imagined Thomas could possibly be skilled in that way.

Adam slapped himself on the forehead. Quincy had told him earlier that day outside the operating theater that Chloe’s savior was actually Thomas Clifford. He had been so overwhelmed by her recovery that he had forgotten about that information.

Just then, Thomas walked into the room.

He strode over to Chloe and asked, “Why didn’t you tell me you were sick?”

“I... It was a terminal illness. You’ll only worry about nothing even if I had told you. After all... the only outcome is death. That’s why I...”

She was stammering out of guilt.

He shook his head. “Silly girl. No one can take your life away without my permission, not even the grim reaper himself! Alright. Rest well. I’ll drive you home in the morning. Remember. No matter what problems you face in the future, tell me. Got it?”

His last sentences had fallen on deaf ears. All she could think about was his declaration. Not even the grim reaper could steal her away from him...

In her mind, Thomas was like a god; strong and powerful beyond understanding.

“You and Chloe should sleep, sir. I’ll be outside, smoking,” Thomas eventually said to Adam.

As Thomas walked out of the room, Chloe stared after him with tears streaming from her beautiful eyes.

Thomas looked so much like Zachary just then.

“Thank you, brother

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Dawn broke at 6.30AM.

As Quincy was the head of the hospital, Chloe’s discharge papers were easily sorted in a few minutes. Her medical fees were also waived, which made things much less troublesome for Thomas.

Then again, ‘The Imperial Acupuncture’ was a priceless artifact. Those fees were nothing in comparison.

He then drove Adam and Chloe back to the rental house. He had even cleaned and prepared a room for Adam. All Adam needed to do now was to move in.

Adam had slaved away his entire life at his work, so he was trembling with excitement at the idea of moving in. After all, he had never lived in a place this big and beautiful before. “Oh, this place is huge! The lighting here is amazing. The rooms are well-designed. It’s great. Just great...” he exclaimed.

Thomas shook his head with a smile. How was this great? This was a normal unit with three bedrooms and one living room. It was even located in a rather old district. It did not deserve to be called great.

“Thomas, did you buy or rent this place?” Adam asked.

“I rented it.”

“Oh, how nice it would be if we had bought it.” Adam sighed.

"This is nothing. I'll buy you a mansion in the future. We can all live there," Thomas said.

It was time for him to consider the mansion Sean and William gave him. Those two would constantly ask him when he planned on fully accepting their gift. If he kept refusing their offer, he would have made a mockery of their efforts.

When they moved into that mansion, Adam would be even happier, right?

"A-A mansion?" Adam shot Thomas a strange look.

Thomas had seemed like a good man before, so why did he suddenly act like one of those people who only cared about looks? He could only afford to rent right now, so why was he claiming that he wanted to buy a mansion? Why? Was he just boasting?

Despite those thoughts, Adam did not say a word. Thomas had saved Chloe and was Zachary's brother-in-arms. It would not do to embarrass Thomas. Still, it was not good for young men to be overly ambitious. It seemed like Adam would have to teach Thomas to be more mature and more grounded in reality.

Thomas knew what Adam was thinking with just one glance. "Chloe, you haven't touched the ATM card I gave you the other time, have you?"

"No," she replied.

Her heart started racing at the mere mention of that card. There was so much money in the account! She had checked on the account balance once at the ATM. She nearly fainted when she saw that long line of zeros. Thus, she had hidden the card away in her bedroom so that it could never be lost.

"Bring it out. Use it to buy whatever you want. Don't be shy. From now on, your expenses are mine. Now, I have to go. I have something to do."

After saying that, Thomas walked out of the room.

In the meantime, Olivia had Thomas pick her up at six. It was now well past 7.00AM, yet he was still in his apartment.



Nevertheless, the man had no choice. He had to pick up Adam from the hospital.

“That boy is out of his mind. A mansion? Paying for our expenses? Just how rich is he? No way. I have to tell him off later. He’s still young. He can’t act like this,” Adam grumbled in a disappointed voice.

“Dad.” Chloe explained, “He’s really not shooting his mouth off. Can you guess how much money there is in the ATM card he gave me? There are at least three million in there!”

“What?!” His eyes went wide. It seemed like he had underestimated Thomas. With that much money alongside the skills he had, it was no wonder that Thomas sounded arrogant at times.

“I’m still working as well. I’m a secretary at the Pearson Group where I earn five thousand a month. Thomas was the one who found the job for me. As for you, just stay at home and enjoy a carefree life,” she continued.

He nodded. He had thought of going back to work once he felt better. That way, Chloe wouldn’t be under so much financial pressure. From the look of things, that was no longer necessary. Her salary was also quite high. It was about time for him to rest after a lifetime of working hard.

When Thomas pulled to a stop before the Pearson Residence, the place was different. There were luxury cars of all brands parked by the front with more people constantly getting out and walking into the mansion.

It was 7.30AM. Was a party going on already?

Why were these people here? Were they bothering the Pearsons?

Hang on. Everyone was smiling and laughing. They did not look like they were here to cause trouble.

Thomas pulled out his phone and called Olivia.

The phone rang and rang before she finally answered. “Go home, Thomas. I won’t be working today, so you can take a day off as well.”

She sounded rather down over the phone.

“A day off? Okay.”

He was confused. She was a workaholic, so why would she suddenly take a day off for no reason?

Perhaps she was entertaining a guest.

Thomas glanced at the rows of cars parked before the gate and drove off without another moment of hesitation.

He should seize this chance to kill off Pontius of the Minacia Oito while he had the time to do so. After all, it was easier to kill Pontius off when fewer people were involved. Once that was done, he would come back to deliver Olivia her medicine.

Speaking of Pontius, Thomas could not help but admire how lucky that man was. He would have killed Pontius two days ago, but life had been so eventful that he did not have the time to even think about Pontius. That was the only reason Pontius was still alive.

Meanwhile, in the living room of the mansion, Olivia and Ophelie scowled at the young man on the couch.

“This mansion is big, but the furniture’s so old. Look! This couch must be at least three years old. There’s even a television; it’s so tiny! Olivia, does Dad not like you? Is that why he doesn’t give you any allowance?” he rambled on, laughing as he did so.

This man was Gavin Pearson, Norman’s blood-related son.

“Your place is so shabby, Gavin. My place is so much better.”

“The Pearson Family is super rich, right? Why do you use such subpar furniture?”

“That’s right!”

Sitting next to Gavin was a group of around eight young men that were around the same age as him. Every outfit and accessory they wore was from a luxury brand. One after the other, they criticized everything they saw in the mansion. One look at them and the only thing missing from the image was a caption labeling them as “good-for-nothing rich kids”.

Olivia coldly glared at Gavin and huffed. "I don't live here. I'm only here today because Dad called me back."

"Oh?" Gavin laughed. "He only called you back yesterday? That must be because I'm back in the country."

His eyes flashed as he scanned her up and down. Olivia had truly turned into a swan. She looked so beautiful that his blood was rushing just from looking at her. Once he had the chance, he would

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Her mother's long dead anyway, and since Dad spoils me, he will never punish me because of her, so what's there for me to be afraid of?

The fate of the Pearson Family has changed. Mom will soon become the matriarch of the family, whereas I have solidified my position, even more so, as the heir to the patriarchy this return and be the one to make the calls from now on!

As for Olivia... She's my older sister, eh? Huh, as if that ever mattered! She has never regarded me as her brother anyway. Besides, she was born from that b\*tch. Sure, we're half-siblings, but who cares? She's just a new toy to play with. Even if I don't use her, she'll end up being another man's plaything anyway.

Gavin was truly a monster in human skin.

"You..." Olivia trembled in anger upon hearing Gavin's words. I'm his older sister, for heaven's sake! What did he just say? That I've been summoned here to serve him in bed?! Would any decent human say that?!

On the other hand, Ophelie silently sauntered up to Gavin and pulled an icy smile.

"Why are you looking at me like this, Ophelie?"

Smack!

The next second, she delivered a resounding slap to his face.

That's what you get for running your foul mouth. I shall teach you a lesson on behalf of Norman, that old b\*stard!

“You f\*cking b\*tch! How dare you hit Gavin?!”

“You’ll pay for it, b\*tch!”

“Come on, guys. Teach this b\*tch a lesson, and we’ll see if she still dares to act cocky!”

Gavin’s gang of friends roared in anger after seeing Gavin getting hit.

“Stop!” Gavin waved his hand to stop the restless crowd. “She’s my little sister! This is our family matter, so don’t interfere!”

With that, he looked at Ophelie with a wicked grin. She’s also a fine one, this girl. She’s not as sexy and captivating as her sister, but she has her unique charm. If these two were to lie together on my bed... My, my, it would be like living the life of an emperor!

He rubbed his hot cheek, showing no signs of anger as he licked his lips and said, “A feisty one, eh? I do love a feisty girl. I wonder if you’re just as fiery in bed!”

As if Ophelie, who was already hot-tempered, could bear this insult, she raised her hand, intending to continue beating the b\*stard!

Ophelie aside, even Olivia fought back her raging anger. What in the world is Father thinking, completely obsessed with handing over the family patriarchy to this shameless swine? Unbelievable.

Just then, a woman’s voice came from the front door. “Gavin, Mom’s here!”

Two women walked in. The older one was dressed elegantly, wearing sparkling jewelry on her neck and hands. She exuded an aura of elegance, especially with her beautiful face that retained its charm despite the passing years.

She was Lilith Young, Gavin’s birth mother, and next to her was Yukine.

The young woman, who usually kept her distance from others, now held Lilith’s arm warmly with a smile, appearing exceptionally obedient and sensible.

When she saw Olivia and Ophelie, she even rolled her eyes threateningly. How dare you two still show up here? Haven’t I already told you yesterday

that Gavin's coming back?! Are you waiting to get kicked out?! Have you forgotten who Gavin is? He's the future patriarch of the family! You're nothing next to him! You're now but a temporary CEO of the Pearson Group. You'll have to obediently give up your post to him eventually! Huh, don't actually think you're somebody!

Olivia shook her head helplessly and pulled her sister, walking upstairs. This is getting ridiculous.

"Olivia, Ophelie!" Lilith called out to the two girls. "Your father is very happy today, so he's made a lunch reservation at the hotel to welcome Gavin home and also have a family get-together. We'll all go there at noon."

At that, Olivia sneered. "No thanks. Ophelie and I won't rain on your little family gathering."

A family get-together? Huh, what a joke. It might be a reunion for you three, but it's a farewell lunch for Ophelie and me, is it not? Imagine the position Ophelie and I will end up in when that son of a b\*stard can harass his half-sisters as soon as he comes home!

Also, do you expect the two of us to welcome him home when he's disgraced us? More like for him to continue insulting us!

"Don't be ungrateful, Olivia Pearson!" Yukine scolded. As if anyone will continue to let you put on airs as the CEO at this point!

However, Olivia couldn't care less about her and only dragged her dear little sister to her bedroom.

At that, a sinister glint flashed across Yukine's eyes. How dare you ignore me, Olivia? Very well, I'll have Gavin teach you a lesson. Just wait and see!

"Mom, that sister of mine is pretty fierce," said Gavin as his gaze latched onto Olivia's retreating figure. He wanted nothing more than to follow the two girls to their bedroom and f\*ck them senseless. A welcome home party? Family reunion? As if any of that is better than f\*cking women!

"Forget it. Ignore her. Let's check out the new house after lunch."

"The new house?"

“Yeah, your father just bought you a new villa. I checked it out with him just now. It’s pretty sweet, and I’m sure you’ll love it.”

“Haha! Where’s Dad?” Gavin asked excitedly. Dad is still the best! Not only did he get me an estate abroad, but he’s also gotten me a new villa now that I’m back!

“He’s parking the car outside. He’ll come in soon.”

On the other hand, Gavin’s gang of friends exchanged glances before turning to Lilith, saying respectfully, “We shan’t disturb you further, Mrs. Pearson. See you.”

“So soon?” Lilith smiled. “Stay and have lunch with us.”

“No, thanks, Mrs. Pearson. We still have things to do at home.”

They all had warm smiles on their faces, nowhere near the domineering and arrogant demeanor from earlier. The Oscar sure owed them an award!

“Alright, stay safe!”

“Will do. See you, Mrs. Pearson. Bye, Gav.”

At that, Gavin stood up and waved them goodbye. “We’ll gather another time.”

Not long after that, Norman came in and hugged Gavin without a word, his eyes filled with unadulterated adoration.

The father and son had finally reunited after so long

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“I’ve missed you so much, son!” Norman’s eyes welled up with tears, feeling guilty toward his son.

Eira Denver, Olivia’s birth mother, was still alive when Gavin was young, and Norman was fearful of her. After all, she was of the prominent Denver Family. Plus, the Denvers supported him in many ways during his campaign to become the patriarchy of the Pearson Family. Though Eira never forbade him from being with other women, he still feared upsetting her. Hence, he could only send Gavin and Lilith abroad.

However, just when Eira finally passed, her father, Harrison, stepped forward and forbade him from bringing Gavin into the Pearson Family. Helpless, Norman had to let his son continue living overseas.

Over the years, Norman would dream about his beloved son almost every night and longed for a reunion. When it became too much to bear, he would go overseas to visit them on the pretext of a business trip. However, that was not a long-term solution.

This time, Terrence finally convinced his father-in-law, and he could finally openly welcome them back as a mother and son. As such, how could Norman not be excited?

“Dad, what is up with you?” Gavin was rather perplexed and turned to his mother for help.

Lilith quickly came to her precious son’s rescue. “What is up with you, Norman? Why are you crying? Is this how the patriarch of the Pearson Family should behave? It would be quite a joke if this got out!”

“You don’t understand...” Norman shook his head.

“Alright, that’s enough. It’s our reunion today. Don’t spoil the mood by crying,” said Lilith with a smile before handing Norman a tissue. “Wipe your tears away. We should be celebrating.”

At that, Norman let go and took the tissue to wipe his tears. “You’re right. What an idiot I am to cry on such a joyous day, haha! The sun is finally shining on us!”

Afterward, the family of three lounged in the living room and chatted idly.

“By the way, where are Olivia and Ophelie? Are they home?” Norman finally remembered that he not only had a son but also two daughters—how nice of him.

At the mention of the two daughters, Lilith turned grim. “Oh, they’re home, alright. However, they went straight to their bedrooms when they saw me.”

“I see.” Norman nodded. “Don’t mind them. They just don’t know you well. I’m sure they won’t be so distant anymore after you guys spend some quality time together.”

However, Lilith disagreed, quirking her lips disdainfully. “Well, I’m afraid your two precious daughters don’t see it that way...”

Judging from Lilith’s behavior, Norman knew at once that his two daughters had pissed his dear wife off. At that, he promised, “Don’t worry, I’ll make sure they apologize to you during the reunion lunch later.”

“Reunion lunch? Are you hearing yourself, Norman? Do you really think those two girls are so considerate? I told them about the reunion lunch earlier, and guess what they did? They turned me down right off the bat! Do you think they’d apologize to me? Huh! You’re too naive.”

“I, um...” Awkwardness quickly overcame Norman. He had to admit that it was something Olivia and Ophelie could possibly do. They were like their late mother—assertive and obstinate.

Sigh! Norman sighed. “Whatever. If they don’t want to go, so be it. Trouble will only arise if they attend.”

“Very well.” Lilith was delighted that the girls refused to attend the lunch. They don’t like me, and I can’t be bothered to care about them either. Let them do whatever they want. After all, I’m the future matriarch of the Pearson Family. As if those two brats can cause any substantial trouble!

However, Gavin had other thoughts. “Don’t, Dad! I think you should still try and convince them. Unless they don’t consider themselves as a Pearson, how can they not be there when it’s a family reunion lunch? Besides, I’m hoping to build a good relationship with them over lunch.”

Norman gazed gratifyingly at his precious son. That’s my boy! He had been worried that the three of them wouldn’t get along, but who’d have thought Gavin would take the initiative to improve their relationship?! He was truly his son, showing great leadership qualities.

“Alright, I’ll go talk to them right away!”

Norman opened the bedroom door without knocking to find Olivia and Ophelie sitting in front of the computer, watching a movie.

“Stop whatever you’re doing and come downstairs to chat with everyone. We still have a family reunion lunch later.”



“You guys should go ahead. Don’t mind us,” Ophelie replied stiffly. Just the thought of Gavin already upset her, yet her father expected her to join them for lunch! As if!

“Why not?” Rage began boiling within Norman. “Lilith is to become your mother, and Gavin is your half- brother! It’s the more reason you two should be closer to them! Besides, they’ve finally returned after wandering overseas for so many years. Don’t ruin the fun!”

Alas, the mention of Gavin only infuriated Ophelie further. “Can you stop nagging?! I already said we’re not going!”

Wandering overseas? Huh, more like living a grand life there! I bet you sent them a ton of money every month! Wandering, my foot! Also, I’m sure she’s nowhere decent when her son is so pathetic! Also, is she going to become my mother? Huh, don’t make me puke!

“Ophelie Pearson!” Norman lost his temper and instinctively raised his arm.

“What are you doing?!” Olivia questioned at once. “Was hitting me yesterday not enough for you, so you want to hit Ophelie too?!”

Ophelie was the only person in this family who treated Olivia genuinely well. Hence, she would never allow her little sister to be harmed.

Guilt hit Norman at once, and he quickly put his arm down. “Please, girls. If you don’t go, it’ll be hard for me as a father. Also, Gavin said he wants to be closer to you. You—”

“As if I’d want to be closer to that swine!” Ophelie barked before Norman could even finish his words. Everything Gavin said was still ringing in her ears. What sicko flirts with their sisters?! Be closer to Olivia and me? Huh, I’d be an idiot to believe that’s what he wants.

“How dare you!” Norman could no longer withhold his anger anymore and slapped Ophelie across the face

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What does that make him if his own son was called a swine? Won’t it also make him a swine?! How dare she speak like that, especially when Gavin is also her half-brother?!

“Norman Pearson!” Olivia stepped forward and bore into her father. She couldn’t believe he would actually hit Ophelie. What is the meaning of this?! Has he gotten a kick out of hitting people now? First me, and now Ophelie. Do we mean nothing to him at all?! What are Ophelie and I to him? Punching bags?!

“How dare you hit me, Norman Pearson!” Ophelie raged, pointing at Norman. “Very well. Remember this. You’ll rue this day!”

She no longer felt any father-daughter affection toward Norman, only hatred!

“I...” Norman wanted to speak up, but Olivia gave him no further chances, pointing at the bedroom door and demanding, “Please leave my room now!”

At that, he took a deep breath. This was his own home, yet he was ordered to leave by his own daughters.

“If you don’t want to leave, fine. Ophelie and I will!”

Norman shook his head at once and left the bedroom.

After the commotion, the sisters didn’t feel like continuing the movie anymore. They sat on the bed and cried in each other’s arms.

Father, what a ridiculous term. Norman Pearson doesn’t deserve to be called our father! Who is he to hit us?! Just because we called Gavin a swine? Were we wrong to call a man who could even harass his own sisters a swine?!

Does he ever stop to think that there’s no reason for us to call Gavin a swine if he doesn’t behave like one?! Is it so hard to ask what happened? Maybe it really is challenging for that b\*stard of a father. Very well, have him protect his precious boy. After all, we mean nothing to him anymore when he has a son to baby.

The sisters sat silently like that all morning, making no other noises other than muffled sobs.

At 2.00PM, their stomachs growled with hunger, and it was then that they finally grabbed the phone and ordered takeout.

Just as the two were having their lunch, Gavin returned, barging into Olivia’s room without knocking.

“My, look at you two, rather eating takeout than joining the reunion lunch.” Gavin didn’t mince his words as he sat on the couch, speaking sarcastically.

These two sure are weirdos, choosing to eat takeout at home than enjoy a scrumptious feast at a nice five-star hotel. Well, aren’t they just vile? That said, they’re a fine pair, these two. Word is that their deceased mother was a great beauty when she was young and sure enough, these two inherited their mother’s excellent genes, especially Olivia. This woman is simply a bewitching creature, causing chaos and calamity! I haven’t thought about anything else but her all day since seeing her this morning!

On the other hand, Olivia and Ophelie lost their appetite when they saw Gavin. They put down their food containers and stared at him coldly.

“Oh, you’re done eating? Perfect, I have something to discuss with you two.”

“Sorry, we’re not interested in talking to you.” Olivia didn’t hesitate to speak bluntly. “Please leave. This is my bedroom.”

“Tsk!” Gavin sneered in response. Leave? Huh, as if! Who am I? The next patriarch of the Pearson Family, the one to make the calls in the future! Even this villa is mine, yet you dare chase me away? Preposterous!

“Come on, don’t be so mean. I brought you gifts. You can make your decision after seeing them.” At that, he tossed the plastic bag in his hand to Olivia.

They are carefully selected by moi, your future patriarch. Hope you like them.

Olivia and her sister instinctively glanced at the plastic bag, which seemingly contained clothes. However, they questioned whether Gavin would actually be decent enough to get them clothes.

“What is this?” Ophelie pulled the clothes out of the plastic bag, only for the two girls to flush crimson at once.

“Gavin Pearson!” The two glared daggers at the young man at once, wanting to skin him alive.

“So? You two love it, don’t you? Haha! Come on, try them on. There might still be a place for you two in this family if I’m pleased with your service. Hurry up, my patience is limited!”

Gavin had toyed with many women during his years abroad, but how could those mediocre women compare to Olivia and Ophelie? It was only the three of them in the villa now, and he couldn't contain his excitement any longer!

Olivia grabbed her sister, who was ready to fight, and walked out of the bedroom. Since Gavin refused to leave, well, they would leave instead.

"You f\*cking disrespectful b\*tches!" Her actions infuriated Gavin. I've made it very clear, yet they still want to leave? How disrespectful of them!

Enraged, Gavin charged behind Olivia and kicked her in the lower back.

"Ah!" Olivia screamed and fell to the ground.

"Olivia! Gavin Pearson, you son of a b\*tch!" Ophelie's eyes were filled with flames of anger as she turned around and charged at Gavin.

Smack!

Having seen it coming, Gavin naturally wouldn't let Ophelie hit him again. Instead, he gave her a solid slap, causing her to drop to the ground.

At that, Gavin approached Olivia, who was lying on the ground, and cursed angrily, "You wretched woman! You should be grateful that I took an interest in you. This is your last chance to think about whether you want to willingly serve me or be kicked out of the Pearson Family! Do you f\*cking think your influential mother is still alive?"

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Gavin, who had always been pampered, had never encountered a woman who disrespected him to this extent. The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. He lifted his foot and booted Olivia several times with great force.

Crack!

Olivia blanched instantly, knowing full well that Gavin had broken her ribs.

"What a buzzkill!" He spat at the sisters and waltzed out of the villa. Since it was no fun here, he would look for other entertainment elsewhere.

"Olivia!" Ophelie regained her senses and quickly took out her phone, dialing emergency services

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"Olivia, Olivia! Are you okay? Don't scare me!" Ophelie tried to help Olivia, but the latter stopped her from doing so.

"I... I think my ribs are broken. It hurts so much!" Olivia was well aware that her injuries would only worsen if she was lifted up abruptly right then.

"That b\*stard! Gavin is really nothing but a swine!" Ophelie snarled, loathing her so-called half-brother to the core, wanting nothing more than to skin him alive.

Tears rolled down her cheeks one after another like beads of a broken string. This was the second time in her life that she felt such helplessness. The first was when their mother passed away.

Soon, an ambulance arrived, and a group of medical staff sent the Pearson sisters to the hospital.

On the ride to the hospital, Ophelie had called Quincy, a close family friend. She could tell her dear sister was gravely injured, and she couldn't rest assured unless this influential figure in the medical field of Irieson personally intervened.

Fortunately, Quincy was still in his office. He was reading 'The Imperial Acupuncture,' the book Thomas had given him. The more he read it, the more he understood the profound and vast mysteries of acupuncture. So much so that he had reached the point of neglecting sleep and food.

"Ophelie! What happened?" asked Quincy, who had been waiting at the hospital entrance, as he directed the nurses to take Olivia to the emergency room.

Ophelie, who had already stopped crying, burst into tears again upon hearing the hospital director's question, choking with sobs as she briefly recounted the event.

Quincy turned grimly in response, never expecting Norman, his longtime good friend, to be such a person. Spoil your son, whatever, but you can't ignore your daughter's life, can you?! What, you allow

your son to belabor your daughter right as he returns?! What father does this?!

“Alright, come with me. Let me see how serious Olivia’s injuries are.”

Coincidentally, the results of Olivia’s examination came out. Quincy quickly picked up the X-ray and scrutinized them.

Hiss! Quincy took a sharp breath. Olivia’s injuries were even more severe than he had imagined.

“Dr. Hofstead... What should we do next?” A senior orthopedic doctor accompanied Quincy, his task being to assist the director during Olivia’s treatment.

He was glad that he was just an assistant because, honestly speaking, he couldn’t handle Olivia’s injuries. It was clear to him from the moment he saw the X-ray.

Quincy locked his brows into a tight furrow as he instructed, “Give Olivia some painkillers first to alleviate her suffering.”

With that, he stepped aside and pulled his phone out.

“Haha! Hey, Quincy, what’s up? I was just about to ask you to join me for a few drinks!”

Some noises came from Norman’s end, and from his tone, one could tell he had been drinking quite a bit.

“Drink? To think you’re still in the mood to drink!” Quincy sneered. “Norman Pearson, you get your \*ss to my hospital right away! I can’t believe you’re still in the mood to drink when your daughter’s life is hanging by a thread! Do you even have a f\*cking shred of humanity in you?!”

Quincy was no benign man. While others might not dare to offend the patriarch of the Pearson Family, he dared!

“What are you talking about, Quincy? My daughter’s life is hanging by a thread? Both of my daughters are at home just fine!” Norman became upset. He couldn’t believe his friend would curse him like that.

“You think I’m talking nonsense?! Well, f\*ck you!” Quincy was so enraged that his words turned vulgar. Why would I, the esteemed director of Prescott Hospital, a figure renowned in the medical community of Droycore, joke about this with you? I, for one, find this embarrassing if you don’t!

He ended the call at once and couldn’t care less about Norman anymore. Plus, the pressing matter was to figure out a countermeasure at once.

Gavin, oh Gavin, you’ve really done it this time. This is your blood sister. How can you be so ruthless?

“Sir, one of Miss Pearson’s broken ribs is positioned near her heart. If we treat her recklessly, it could be life-threatening,” the orthopedic doctor said solemnly.

Well, I have reached the limit of my abilities. Let’s hope the director can come up with something effective.

Quincy sighed. He knew the severity of Olivia’s condition, and that was the problem. He didn’t have a good solution either. If only he fully understood ‘The Imperial Acupuncture,’ he might be able to use acupuncture to stimulate certain acupoints to protect Olivia’s heart meridian and proceed with the next steps of treatment. However, he didn’t have such advanced acupuncture skills.

“Shoot! How could I have forgotten about him!” Quincy slapped his thigh, suddenly remembering Thomas. He might not be able to do it, but Thomas certainly could! Plus, he had a good relationship with Olivia. He would surely help!

“You keep an eye on Olivia and make sure she doesn’t move around!” Quincy instructed, walking out of the emergency room and dialing Thomas’ number.

Meanwhile, Thomas was still waiting for Pontius of the Minacia Oito Irieson to appear. It had been a whole day, yet there was no sign of Pontius.

Just as he was considering whether to come back and check later in the evening, he received a call from Quincy. “Thomas, come to the hospital quickly. Olivia’s ribs are broken, and one of the bones is pressing against her heart! No one else can treat her properly other than you!”

“What?” Thomas exclaimed and quickly hung up, rushing to the hospital.

How is this possible? She was perfectly fine this morning, wasn't she? Could it be the doing of the Hind Family again? But that doesn't make sense. Their primary target should be me. Who could it be, then? The Xalmar Family?

Thomas was beyond frustrated at his point. He was already restless because Pontius hadn't shown up, and now Olivia had an accident!

Inside the emergency room, Quincy was sweating with anxiety. The only thing he could do now was to continuously administer pain relief to Olivia, preventing her from moving due to severe pain.

It's going to be fine; it has to be fine. Everything will be taken care of once Thomas arrives.

Olivia had awakened from her unconscious state and was lying silently on the hospital bed, tears streaming down her face.

Quincy's heart twinged painfully. He watched the young woman grow up with his own eyes, and because of his close friendship with Norman, he had long regarded Olivia as his daughter. I will give you a piece of my mind when you show up, Norman!

Bang!

The doors of the emergency room flew open, and Norman strode in at the forefront. Behind him was a man with a head full of white hair—it was none other than Olivia's paternal grandfather, Terrence!

Terrence hadn't made a public appearance in a long time. To everyone's surprise, he showed up because of Olivia's injury.

Quincy nodded at Terrence as a greeting, acknowledging his elder status. Then, he questioned Norman, "Where is your precious son

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Norman was taken aback. "He's out with his friends. Why are you looking for Gavin, Quincy?"

He was also rather bewildered. Quincy is quite well-informed, isn't he? He's already gotten the news when Gavin has only been back for a few hours.



Then again, why would he be looking for Gavin when Olivia's injured and hospitalized?

Quincy nodded in exasperation. "Huh, impressive, very impressive. You two sure are father and son. What a heartless pair, both of you! One doesn't care about the well-being of his own daughter and goes out drinking and having fun, while the other injures his half-sister and still has the mood to go out and play!"

"What? You're saying Gavin injured Olivia? How is that possible?!"

"How is it not?!" Ophelie, whose cheek was still swollen from the slap, roared at her father. "The truth is already right in your face, yet you still refuse to believe it. You really truly only have eyes for your son!"

"I..." Norman frowned. "Surely there's a reason Gavin hit Olivia."

"That son of yours is nothing but a swine! Olivia and I were just minding our own business at home, and that b\*stard barged in with erotic lingerie, demanding that we change in front of him! When we refused, he booted Olivia and slapped me!"

Silence filled the entire emergency room as everyone stared wide-eyed at Ophelie. No one said a word; they were all shocked by her words.

Making your own sisters change into erotic lingerie right in front of you? Is Gavin Pearson out of his mind? Even if he's young, he's already an adult! How could he do such a thing? This is blatant harassment! What's more, to harass your blood siblings! This is already beyond a swine. He's a fiend!

"That's bullsh\*t!" Norman was the first to come to his senses. He knew his son well. Even if Gavin was a jerk, he couldn't possibly do something so outrageously despicable. Moreover, Gavin is so obedient and sensible! He even received higher education abroad. How could he lack such basic ethical knowledge? This must be a fabricated testimony between Ophelie and Olivia, conspiring to frame my precious son! It must be!

"Fine. Think of it as bullsh\*t! You just go on protecting your precious son!" Ophelie trembled subtly from anger, utterly disappointed in her father. "Either way, I've already told Grandpa Harrison about this. He'll be coming over soon. If you don't believe me, he definitely will!"

“How can you be so outrageous?! This is blatant defamation!” Norman was furious. He couldn’t believe Ophelie had made false accusations against Gavin to Harrison. How wicked of her to maliciously provoke a dispute between the Pearsons and Denvers!

Just then, Olivia spoke up. “Whether we’ve made false accusations or not, you’ll know once you ask him.”

“There’s no need for that!” Terrence glanced profoundly at Norman, who understood at once and nodded in agreement. “That’s right. I’m sure he will never do something so outrageous!”

“You’re nothing but a dumb\*ss! And your son is a despicable sc\*mbag!” Ophelie screamed hysterically.

“Shut up!” Norman raised his arm, intending to slap Ophelie. He thought she was becoming outrageous, even insulting him, her own father. But before he could lay a hand on Ophelie, Quincy clasped his arm.

“Where do you think this is, Norman?! I’m still standing here, and don’t you think you’re crossing the line?” Quincy turned grim, beyond livid. He might be getting old, but he was still sensible.

Both Olivia and Ophelie were young women. There was no reason for them to defame anyone using their innocence. Besides, if they were lying, how could their injuries be explained?! That they inflicted them on themselves? He couldn’t believe his good friend wouldn’t even ask—let alone interrogate—his son! This was a typical case of patriarchy!

“Don’t stop me, Quincy!” Norman was puzzled. What is up with Quincy today? It’s clearly off with the way he’s talking to me, and he’s never interfered with my family affairs!

“Norman, I know I shouldn’t interfere in your family affairs, but until he arrives, you are not allowed to lay a finger on the sisters!”

At that, Norman and Terrence exchanged a glance. It seemed that someone prominent was about to arrive. But who could it be?

At the same time, Quincy stood in front of the Pearson sisters, protecting them, clearly intending to stand up for them.

Olivia, on the other hand, was already in tears. The excruciating pain was already killing her, but what was happening before her eyes only made her suffer more than the physical pain she was feeling.

How did I end up being born into such a family? What sins had I committed in my previous life?!

Just then, the emergency door opened, and an elderly man strode in. It was Harrison Denver, Olivia and Ophelie's maternal grandfather, and the two gorgeous women behind him were their aunts, Bella and Hannah Denver.

"Shh, it's okay, Ophelie. Grandpa's here now," Harrison comforted his dear granddaughter before gazing icily at Norman and Terrence. The Pearson Family had gone too far, bullying his granddaughters like this! It was simply outrageous!

Meanwhile, Bella and Hannah crouched by the hospital bed, their faces filled with concern. "Olivia, how are you hanging?"

Olivia shook her head with difficulty, indicating that she was okay.

Terrence and Norman, on the other hand, remained silent. Though they weren't afraid of the Denver Family, they didn't want to sever ties with them either.

"Dr. Hofstead, is Olivia's condition serious?" Harrison turned to Quincy. "Don't worry. Name your price. I will get you the moon even if that's what you want. I just want Olivia to be okay."

At that, Quincy glanced disdainfully at Norman. Listen to Old Mr. Denver and look at yourselves! Have you done anything other than argue whether Gavin had hurt Olivia?! Look at how obvious the difference is! You people sure are heartless. To think Olivia is the eldest young lady of your family!

"Olivia's injuries are quite complicated. She has eight broken ribs, and one of them is dangerously close to her heart. If treated recklessly, it could cost her life. We need an expert in acupuncture to seal her meridians with silver needles and control the broken rib."

Harrison locked his brows into a deep furrow, pacing anxiously in the room before saying, "Samuel Peralta, the former patriarch of the Peralta Family, has

done extensive research on acupuncture. I will beg him to help. I hope he can lend a hand.”

“Actually, I—” Quincy had wanted to stop Harrison because Thomas was already on his way to the hospital. There was no need for Samuel’s aid when they had Thomas. However, Harrison had already left the emergency room with his phone, leaving Quincy with no choice but to shake his head and return to the bedside