

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life

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## Chapter 891

The crowd knocked Rhea to the ground. Her forehead slammed into a chair—everything went blurry. Jace grabbed her, furious. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

A man sneered, “You quacks killed my daughter! She’d still be alive if it weren’t for you!”

But Jace’s attention was on Rhea. Blood trickled from her temple as she groaned in pain. He scooped her up, ignoring the mob. “You’ve crossed a line. Back off, or you’ll lose more than a lawsuit.”

His icy glare made the crowd step back. He carried Rhea into the clinic.

She stirred as they entered, eyes fluttering open. “Dean... I didn’t do it. Please believe me...”

Her voice was faint but desperate.

Jace clenched his jaw. “You’re injured, and that’s still what you’re worried about?”

“I’m sorry... so sorry,” she whispered.

Something in him softened. He’d seen her potential, and then her betrayal. But now, after she’d just taken a hit for him—was she really who he thought she was?

“Enough,” he said more gently. “Let’s get you checked out.”

The diagnosis came back: mild concussion. Bandaged up, she sat silently while Jace hovered over her.

“Look at me,” he said firmly. “Don’t you owe me an explanation?”

She kept her eyes on the floor, ashamed. His voice sharpened. “This is your one shot. Stay quiet now, and I won’t listen later. You’ll lose your job.”

Her heart pounded. No second chances.

“I’ll talk!” she blurted.

Shaking, she told him everything—about the intern, the blackmail, the drug. Saying it out loud felt like breaking free.

Jace's expression darkened. When she finished, she whispered, "If you want to sue me, I won't fight it."

She had confessed partly to protect herself—but mostly because he deserved the truth.

He was angry. Who wouldn't be, after being drugged and photographed? But her guilt felt real.

"Where's the intern?" he asked.

Rhea blinked, surprised. "What?"

"Who set you up?" he pressed. "We're going after the real culprit."

She told him it was someone named Shen—the WhatsApp contact she'd given him. A new intern.

Jace nodded. "I remember her. I remember everyone here."

Rhea stared. He knew every face?

He checked the WhatsApp account. It was a blank profile—a burner. "Premeditated," he muttered.

Rhea misread his reaction. "I'm sorry, Dean. I needed the money. Just call the police—I'll turn myself in."

He turned to look at her. She was near tears. No one knew her grit better than him.

## **Chapter 892**

Rhea looked fragile, but Jace had always known her strength. She stayed late when others left, worked harder than anyone. He'd respected that—wanted to help her grow.

Now, seeing her red, swollen eyes hit him harder than any accusation. She'd held it together through everything—but *his* disappointment shattered her.

"I know I messed up," she said quietly. "I'll resign tomorrow. If you won't call the police, I'll confess."

"Who said you're quitting?" Jace snapped.

They both froze. Rhea hadn't expected that. Honestly, neither had he.

But she hadn't orchestrated the scheme—she was a pawn.

He let out a breath. “I’m not firing you. You’ve got real skill. I need an assistant, and you’re the best I’ve got.”

Her eyes widened, stunned.

“Stop moping,” he added. “We’re catching that intern.”

She tried to stand, wincing at the pain. The concussion was mild, but her bruises weren’t.

Jace gently pushed her back down. “You’re a doctor—act like it. Rest.”

“But the patient’s family—”

“I can handle them. You think I can’t?”

She stayed quiet. Trusted him. During her two days off, she organized patient records to lighten his load. Around the hospital, people whispered that she was now “Jace’s assistant.”

But the intern had disappeared.

“She was here two days ago,” Rhea said, confused.

A nurse shrugged, glancing at Jace. “Said there was a family emergency. Left in a rush.”

Rhea’s stomach twisted. It was too convenient. She’d run to avoid being exposed.

Jace wasn’t surprised. “Expected that,” he said. “Thanks for checking.”

Another nurse teased, “Dr. Neufeld, when did you and the dean get so close? Word is he’s grooming you to be second-in-command.”

Rhea flushed. “I wouldn’t say that...”

She slipped away and spotted Jace in the corridor—hands in his pockets, calm amid the chaos. It almost looked like he was waiting.

She approached slowly. He turned to her. “Get someone to trace her. The name’s not fake.”

She nodded, realizing he meant the intern. But then—

“Quack, stop right there!”

It was the same angry family from before—two older adults and a younger man—charging with bricks and sticks.

Rhea’s heart pounded. “Dean, we need to go!”

Jace stepped in front of her. “You go. Call the cops.”

“No way I’m leaving you!” she shouted. “You stood by me—I owe you.”

Her words were raw and honest. No one had ever stood up for him like that. Not even Norah.

A strange warmth spread through his chest.

Then a stick swung down.

“Watch out!” Rhea screamed, shoving him aside.

### **Chapter 893**

The young man swung the stick, fury in his eyes. Jace didn’t hesitate—he stepped in front of Rhea, taking the blow straight across his back. The pain hit hard and deep.

Rhea gasped and grabbed his arm. “Dean, are you okay? Why’d you take that for me?”

Jace clenched his jaw and straightened up. “It wasn’t for you. It was for me.” His voice was tight, and his eyes darkened as he glanced at his back. The hit had been brutal, but as Pharaoh’s former medic, he’d lived through worse. Pain was nothing new.

Still, anger simmered beneath his calm. His cold stare fixed on the attacker, making the man flinch.

But the rage didn’t fade. The man shouted, “You quack! My sister was only 19! If it weren’t for you and your damn hospital, she’d still be alive! You should’ve died instead!”

Rhea stepped forward, sharp and firm. “You can’t just blame us! We save lives—how is that wrong?”

His mother, crying, added, “Who else *is* to blame? Raven had liver problems. You said the transplant would happen later, but then you rushed it when she got worse.”

Jace frowned, thinking back. To the crowd, he looked like he was at fault.

But Rhea knew he wasn’t. She believed in him. Something didn’t add up.

“We scraped together everything for that surgery,” the mother sobbed. “She went into the operating room fine. That night, she had a fever—then she died!”

She collapsed in tears, and her husband and son held her, both glaring.

Rhea’s throat tightened. “Didn’t the hospital do anything?”

The mother turned her grief into rage. “*You!*” She pointed at Jace. “They said only *you* could save her. But you weren’t there! It’s your fault!”

Jace’s face cleared. He remembered now. That surgery wasn’t supposed to be that day. “I had an emergency. I left Dr. Lemire in charge. I told him to call me if anything changed. He didn’t.”

The mother froze. “You’re just making excuses. That was her *life!*”

The men tensed, ready to explode again. Rhea tugged Jace’s sleeve. “Dean, let’s go. Let the police handle this.”

She glanced at his back, already imagining the bruise. Another hit could be worse.

But Jace didn’t move. He brushed her hand—small, warm, delicate in his palm. A strange feeling stirred in him. Then he pulled away. “No need.”

Rhea noticed the edge of his phone peeking from his pocket. He had already called the police. That explained his calm.

Soon, officers arrived, cleared the crowd, and took the grieving family into custody. Jace and Rhea had to give statements, but first, his injury needed treatment.

At the clinic, Jace tried treating himself but couldn’t reach the wound. He fumbled with the ointment, frustrated.

A knock. “Dean?” Rhea’s voice was soft. “Need help with the medicine?”

Silence. She hesitated, palms sweaty. “Actually, never mind—”

“Come in,” Jace said, voice low but steady.

She stepped in, heart pounding. Jace sat on the lounge chair, shirt halfway off, collarbone and part of his chest exposed. Her eyes darted away, face flushed, as she grabbed the ointment.

Then she saw the bruise—huge, swollen, purple against his pale skin. Her fingers hovered. “Does it hurt?”

He looked at her worried face, her brows furrowed like she felt the pain herself. “Yeah,” he said. “But I can handle it.”

Her hands trembled as she applied the medicine. Her chest ached with anger and sorrow.

## **Chapter 894**

Jace’s back was unusually pale, making the deep bruise stand out even more. Rhea focused on the task, unaware of the effect she had on him.

Her uneven breath brushed his skin. Her trembling fingers barely touched his back, yet they sparked something in him. He clenched his fists, fighting the reaction.

Then she blew gently on the wound and murmured, “This might help.”

His muscles tightened. He grabbed his shirt and pulled it on, then threw on his coat. “That’s enough.”

Rhea froze, suddenly aware they were alone. Her face flushed. “Sorry, Dean... I didn’t mean—”

“Enough,” he said again, not meeting her eyes. He wanted to forget the moment, unsure why it shook him. “Let’s go.”

At the police station, talks went nowhere. The family refused to settle down, yelling insults even after warnings.

The father pointed at Jace. “He killed my daughter! He should pay with his life!”

The officer sighed, fed up with the drama. Rhea snapped, “You don’t get to decide that. The law does. And this wasn’t the dean’s fault!”

The shouting grew louder. Rhea tried to defend Jace, but he stopped her. “I’ll explain.”

He spoke clearly, firmly. “I wasn’t there, but I left Dr. Lemire in charge. He didn’t call me. If you want answers, start with him. I’m not running from anything.”

The son growled, “You did the surgery! Why’d she die right after?”

Jace met his gaze. “There are no guarantees. Transplants are risky. Even with a match, the body can reject the organ.”

He believed Raven’s body had rejected the liver. A tragic, rare event. But the family didn’t want explanations—they wanted someone to blame.

Jace stayed silent as they hurled insults. In the car, Rhea noticed blood on his palm—his nails had dug into his skin.

“Dean!” she cried, grabbing his hand. She wiped the blood and slapped a Band-Aid on it. “Why didn’t you say anything?”

He pulled his hand back. Under the streetlights, his tired eyes shimmered. “It’s nothing. It’ll heal.”

“Still!” she said, gently holding his hand.

Jace looked at her, emotions tangled—gratitude, confusion, and something deeper. For a second, he let the warmth stay.

The next day, they met Dr. Lemire—a respected internist who had barely lost the dean position to Jace. Lemire was cold. “Prove it was me. Her body failed. It wasn’t my fault.”

“You didn’t even call the dean!” Rhea fired back.

He shrugged. “I forgot.”

Rhea’s anger exploded. She slapped him. “You don’t deserve to be a doctor!”

Lemire grabbed her wrist. “You think you can hit me? You’re nothing—just clinging to Jace’s title!”

Before Rhea could react, Lemire cried out. Jace had twisted his arm, his eyes like ice. “I know you switched the liver source.”

Lemire froze. “You... you couldn’t have known!”

He’d slipped—and everyone heard. Jace had bluffed, and Lemire confessed. His career was over.

## **Chapter 895**

Dr. Lemire was arrested. He’d switched Raven’s liver, causing the fatal rejection. The hospital paid a huge settlement, but no amount could erase the loss.

Cleared of blame, Jace gave Rhea a major research assignment, despite complaints from senior staff. “She’s my choice,” he said. “I’ll vouch for her.”

Rhea dove into the work, growing more skilled every day. Grateful, she took a breath and knocked on his office door. “Dean, got a minute?”

“Come in.”

She walked in, confident now. Jace noticed—she wasn’t the timid girl he first met. A glimmer of pride lit his eyes. “What’s up?”

“You’ve helped me so much,” she said. “Can I treat you to dinner? Tomorrow?”

He almost said no. People asked him all the time, and he always refused. His heart still lived in Norah’s shadow. But Rhea’s offer felt different—genuine.

She started to leave, a little disappointed.

“...Okay,” he said.

She turned back, eyes bright. It caught him off guard. He looked away, unsettled.

“Tomorrow, then,” she said, smiling as she left.

Jace sat at his desk, tapping his fingers, heart unsteady. Why had he agreed?

Meanwhile, Rhea was excited, already stressing over what to wear. Then her phone rang.

Phillip.

“You’ve got some nerve ignoring me!” he snapped. “You think I won’t go public with your past?”

Her heart sank. “What do you want?”

“Two hundred grand. I need a new wheelchair.”

“You just bought one,” she said sharply. “You’re wasting everything.”

“Pay up or I’ll ruin you,” he growled.

Regret clawed at her. If only she hadn’t gone to that party... hadn’t gotten in that car... hadn’t survived. Maybe then she’d be free.

“I don’t have it,” she said. “Do whatever you want.”

She hung up, blocked him, and sank onto the couch. Her joy faded. She stared blankly at the ceiling.

Then her phone buzzed—Jace.

“You ready? I’m downstairs.”

“Almost!” she said, quickly pulling herself together.

Outside, she saw his sleek Audi 911. Jace looked up from his phone, eyes catching on her champagne dress.

“That suits you,” he said.

Her heart jumped. “Thanks.”

As she got in, he leaned over. His scent hit her. Her breath caught—then click. He fastened her seatbelt and leaned back.

“You forgot this,” he said calmly.

Relief and disappointment swirled in her chest.



Meanwhile, at the Seguin house, Phillip slammed his phone. “She blocked me! Thinks she’s better than us now!”

His mother picked up the broken phone. “Maybe she’s just busy at the hospital...”

“Busy?” he sneered. “She’s ashamed of my legs. Of all of us. Who made me like this?”

He grabbed the phone again and called a contact. “I’ve got dirt on Rhea. Expose everything.”

If she wouldn’t pay, he’d destroy her.

## Chapter 896

Rhea slid the menu to Jace. “Anything you don’t eat?”

Jace glanced at it. “Nope.”

She pulled it back, carefully choosing dishes within her tight budget. “This work for you?”

He gave it a quick look, face unreadable. Rhea’s cheeks burned with embarrassment. She’d invited him out, said she’d treat him—but she could barely afford the cheapest things. He probably thought it was pathetic.

Just as she braced for judgment, Jace looked up and said, “Looks good. You didn’t need to worry about me. Just order what you want.”

He’d noticed she picked things for him. Her face grew even hotter, caught off guard by how observant he was.

The food came fast. Rhea picked up chopsticks with ease. “You grab these yourself at the counter. Don’t worry—they’re sanitized.”

Jace’s expression softened as he took them. Like most doctors, he had a thing about germs. “You thought of that,” he said with a note of respect. “Impressive.”

Rhea shrugged, settling in. “I’m a doctor too. We’ve all got our quirks.”

Jace gave a small smile.

Then he spotted someone across the room, and his expression shifted. “Norah?”

The woman turned. Rhea looked up, surprised.

Norah, holding a young boy’s hand, lit up. “What are you doing here? I thought the hospital had you chained to your desk.”

Her eyes moved to Rhea, and a knowing smile appeared. “Out with a new girl?”

“No!” Rhea’s hands shot up, face flushed. “It’s not like that. I invited him, but just to say thanks. He’s helped me a lot.”

Norah grinned, eyeing Jace—who looked away, something Rhea had never seen him do before.

Norah’s smile deepened, like she’d figured something out. The little boy tugged her hand. “Is this like on TV? When someone’s chasing someone else?”

Norah laughed, ruffling his hair. “Careful, kid. Don’t spill all the tea.”

Rhea squirmed, too nervous to look at Jace. What if he thought it was all a joke?

Then Jace spoke, his voice cool. “It’s not like that. Stop the nonsense.”

Rhea’s heart sank.

Norah gave her a quick glance, then looked back at Jace’s closed-off expression. She apologized and left with Cooper.

Rhea stared after them, wanting to say how stunning Norah was, but Jace’s unreadable eyes stopped her. The way he looked at Norah... it was subtle, but different. Real.

“Sorry, Dean,” she said softly. “Did I mess things up for you?”

Jace looked at her, paused, then said, “Stop calling me Dean.”

“Then what—Jace?”

“My name.”

He sliced into his steak with calm precision, his dark eyes steady. Rhea grinned. “Alright. Dean at the hospital, Jace in private.”

When she said his name, he paused briefly, then muttered, “Whatever you want.”

Rhea enjoyed the meal more than she expected. For a moment, all the hospital pressure and family drama faded. Holding the medical records Jace gave her, she felt a little stronger.

But whispers started spreading at work. At first, it was just about Jace helping her get the job. She brushed it off. He told her not to worry.

Then it got worse.

During her shift, she overheard nurses talking.

“How does someone like her land a job here? This isn’t some small-town clinic—it’s the best hospital in the city.”

“Back door, obviously. She’s tight with the dean. Probably some shady favor.”

“You don’t mean...”

Rhea’s grip tightened. “What are you saying?”

The nurses froze. “Oh, Dr. Neufeld, we didn’t say anything. You must’ve misheard.”

One tried to leave. “Patient in 301 needs an IV.”

“Hold on.” Rhea stepped in front of her. “Say what you want about me—I can take it. But don’t drag the dean into it. His reputation is spotless. How dare you smear him?”

The gossip reminded her of Dr. Kong, always slinging dirt. Jace had done nothing wrong. He gave her a second chance—even after knowing her past.

She grabbed the nurse’s arm. “Come with me. Apologize to him.”

The nurse looked at her like she was crazy. “Are you serious? I’m not going!”

No one had the guts to say anything to Jace’s face. That would risk their jobs. But to them, Rhea was the unreasonable one.

“We were just chatting. You’re the one who secretly took pictures of the dean. Compared to that, we’re innocent.”

## Chapter 897

Rhea’s hands dropped. Her eyes widened. “What did you just say?”

How did they know about the photos? The intern who knew was long gone.

The nurse smirked. “Haven’t you seen? Check online. Your secrets are out.”

Rhea stumbled back, color draining from her face. Her fingers trembled as she opened her phone. Notifications flooded in. “Secretly filmed” burned into her vision. Her knees nearly buckled.

The nurse scoffed. “If anyone has the dean’s favor, it’s you. And you sold him out. Ungrateful.”

Rhea’s nails dug into her palms, but she felt numb. Their voices blurred with the memory of Jace’s disgust when he found out she’d drugged him. In her mind, their words turned into his voice.

“I gave you everything. And this is how you repay me?”

“If I’d known, I never would’ve helped you.”

“Get out. Don’t stand in my way.”

Then a sharp voice broke through.

“What’s going on?”

“Dean, it’s not us—it’s her. Rhea’s stirring up drama.”

“Rhea?”

Jace’s eyes landed on her. The spark he usually had when he looked at her was gone. She looked drained, like a flower wilting. She didn’t even look up.

Jace’s brow furrowed. Why was he noticing this?

His voice hardened as he turned to the nurses. “Leaving your posts during a shift? You’ll be dealt with.”

They scattered.

Rhea didn’t move. Jace waited for her usual confident voice, but nothing came. Then he saw her red, watery eyes.

His chest tightened. His tone softened without him realizing. “Crying over gossip? If this breaks you, how are you going to stand up in a lecture hall and debate with top doctors?”

“It’s not that…” Rhea mumbled.

“Then dry your eyes. The Rhea I know doesn’t fall apart over this.”

She wiped her face, still red-eyed. To Jace, she looked like a wounded rabbit.

“It’s not about what they said,” she whispered. “It’s something else.”

She didn’t explain, but he already knew. He’d seen the posts—photos of her working part-time, supporting the Seguins, videos, rumors that she got the job through him.

No one else at the hospital knew her backstory. Only him. Which meant someone from her family leaked it.

Pity flickered in his eyes. She’d sacrificed so much for them, and they used her, then threw her away.

"You don't have to care about that noise," he said. "Focus on your work. And if you're worried about what I think—I don't. This isn't your fault."

Rhea stared at him, her nose stinging again. "Really?"

"Yeah." He sighed. One sentence, and she was ready to cry again? Just how rough had her life been?

Her vulnerability stirred something in him. Memories of his own time under the Pharaoh, treated like a lab animal. Just wanting someone to understand.

His eyes darkened, voice turning cold. Rhea froze. "Dean... what's wrong?"

"Nothing." He blinked, shaking it off.

They were quiet. Then both spoke at once. Rhea let him go first.

"What's your plan?" he asked, surprising even himself. Why did he care?

Maybe because he saw part of himself in her.

"I'm going back to the Seguin family," she said.

Jace raised an eyebrow. "After all this?"

She gave a bitter smile. "I need to know why. Why they turned on me. What I did wrong. Phillip didn't do this alone—someone helped him. I want to find out who."

## Chapter 898

Jace thought for a second. "I'm going with you. Don't argue. Last time, you barely got out. If I hadn't shown up..."

She remembered Phillip's anger. "Thanks, Dean."

He smiled faintly.

He drove her there that day. At the door, she paused. "Wait here. If things get ugly, come in."

He nodded, glancing at her phone. "Keep that on you."

She showed him—his number was already listed as her emergency contact.

With a deep breath, Rhea unlocked the door.

Mr. Seguin's face twisted. "You've got nerve, showing up. Phillip said you ghosted him and refused to send money. Got a fancy job now, so you think you're better than us?"

“That’s not why I’m here,” she said calmly. “Where’s Phillip?”

Mrs. Seguin shuffled in from the kitchen, eyes uneasy. One look from her husband made her go silent.

“He’s in his room,” she said nervously. “He’s... been moody. Don’t blame him. You know how he is.”

Rhea let out a cold laugh. “He’s 23. When’s he going to grow out of it?”

Mrs. Seguin just looked away.

Even though she’d prepared herself, the sting still hit. She’d always been second in this family. It was worse since the accident.

“I want to talk to him. Call him out.”

Mr. Seguin muttered under his breath.

Mrs. Seguin knocked on the door. “Phillip, come out.”

“I’m not eating! Leave me alone!” he shouted.

She stepped back. “See? Maybe he’ll talk to you.”

Rhea didn’t correct her. Phillip didn’t care about her—just her money.

“Forget it,” she said, stepping forward. “Phillip, it’s me.”

The door flew open. Phillip rolled out in his wheelchair, glaring. “You’ve got guts showing up.”

She didn’t respond.

“Oh, I get it. You’re here because of that mess online.”

He smirked. Her fists clenched.

“What do you get out of this?” she asked. “Why ruin me like this?”

To her, family meant loyalty. Rise and fall together. That’s why she held on after the accident.

Phillip didn’t care. “What do I get? You’re back, aren’t you? Bet you regret not giving me 200K. This wouldn’t have happened if you had.”

“You—” she trembled.

He cut her off. “Want that post gone? 500K. Now.”

“What?” she stammered. “It was 200 before!”

“Prices change. Pay up, or I leak more.”

Her heart pounded. This was her family—who’d bled her dry for over 20 years and still wanted more.

She thought of happy families. Loving parents. Good kids. Why was hers like this?

“I’m not paying,” she said, voice steady. “Keep the post up. I’ll take you to court and make you repay every cent.”

She wasn’t weak. Even the softest heart has a limit. She’d hit hers.

**Crash!** Mr. Seguin hurled a cup. It shattered at her feet, cutting her leg.

She hissed but stood tall. “Watch me walk out.”

“You dare!” he roared.

Rhea turned, but Mrs. Seguin grabbed her arm.

“Mom, you too?”

Mrs. Seguin looked away. “He’ll get worse if you leave. Just give him the money. It’s only 500,000.”

Only?

Rhea’s heart froze. “Do you know how I got that money before? I starved myself. Ate once a day. Scraped every penny to give it to you!”

Chapter 899

Rhea stormed out, her heart pounding, her mind reeling from what had just happened. With nowhere else to go, she headed to the hospital and picked up a night shift.

The hallways were quiet, filled only with the soft beeping of machines. She made her rounds like usual, checking on patients.

Suddenly, someone came stumbling toward her—Phillip, barely upright on crutches.

She recoiled at the sharp stench of alcohol that hit her as he got closer. His eyes were bloodshot, unfocused. He looked completely out of control.

“Rhea...” he slurred, grabbing her wrist tightly.

She flinched and yanked her arm back. "Phillip, you're drunk! What are you doing here? Let go!"

But he held on, drunk and bold. He yanked her closer and reached for her face, trying to kiss her. Rhea jerked away, panic and disgust rising. "You've lost it! Try that again and I'm calling security!"

He sneered, his breath hot and foul. "Security? You think they'll get here before I'm done? You're mine, Rhea. You can't run."

His words sent a chill through her. She thrashed, desperate to escape, and slammed her knee into his groin. He grunted, loosening his grip.

Rhea bolted toward the nurses' station, knowing help—and a phone—were there. But Phillip, driven by rage, charged after her, crutches crashing with every step.

He grabbed her from behind and clamped a hand over her mouth. She kicked and struggled, trying to scream, but he was too strong. He dragged her toward the stairwell, her muffled cries trapped in her throat.

At the top of the stairs, he slammed her against the wall. Pain shot through her back.

Gasping, she shouted, "Phillip, what the hell do you want? This is assault!"

Phillip just laughed, eyes wild. "You ruined me, Rhea. You think I'll let you walk away?"

Rhea's eyes darted around. Then she saw it—a fire extinguisher on the wall. Just as he lunged, she grabbed it and threw it at him.

It hit his shoulder hard. He stumbled back, yelling in pain. She dashed for the door, but Phillip recovered quickly and chased after her.

Meanwhile, at the nurses' station, Oyan and Omin were chatting.

"Did you hear that patient in Ward C actually thanked the staff today?" Omin said. "Didn't think he had it in him."

Oyan smiled. "Our care must be working. But hey, where's Dr. Neufeld? She's been gone a while."

Omin shrugged. "Probably just checking on someone. You know how thorough she is."

"Still... this is too long. I've got a bad feeling," Oyan said.

"I'll go with you," Omin replied, sensing the shift.

They hadn't gone far when they heard frantic sounds from the stairwell.



“Dr. Neufeld!” Oyan called out.

“Help! Over here!” Rhea’s voice rang out in terror. She pushed Phillip away and ran toward them.

But before they could reach her, Phillip collapsed. His body convulsed violently, foam spilling from his mouth.

Rhea froze, staring in shock.

“I—I didn’t push him! He just collapsed!” she stammered.

The nurses didn’t respond. They rushed to check Phillip’s vitals. One checked his pulse, the other his pupils.

“Call the ER! We need a stretcher now!” one shouted into her radio.

Medics arrived moments later, rushing Phillip to emergency care.

## Chapter 900

Rhea tried to follow, but a nurse blocked her. “Dr. Neufeld, you can’t go. We need to investigate.”

“I didn’t hurt him! He collapsed on his own!” she cried, but the nurse wouldn’t budge.

Security came and escorted her to an office. She sat there alone, hugging herself, dread pressing down on her.

Soon, the hospital board stormed in, angry and harsh.

“Dr. Neufeld, how could you?” one snapped.  
“This goes against every code we follow!”  
“You’ve put our reputation at risk!”

Rhea tried to explain, but they talked over her. Her eyes burned as she lowered her head, overwhelmed.

Then the Seguin parents burst in.

Mrs. Seguin collapsed in sobs at the sight of Phillip. Mr. Seguin stormed into the office, his fist raised—stopped only by security.

“You destroyed my son! You’ll pay for this!” he yelled.

Mrs. Seguin wailed, clawing at the air. “You monster! What do we do now?”

"I didn't hurt him!" Rhea cried. "He just got sick!"

But Mr. Seguin wasn't listening.

"This happened because of you! We took you in, and this is how you repay us? You're marrying him and taking care of him forever, or we're done with you!"

He pulled a knife from his pocket, holding it to his wrist. Mrs. Seguin climbed onto the windowsill. "Agree, Rhea, or I'll jump! You'll have our deaths on your hands!"

Panic rippled through the room.

"Mrs. Seguin, please! Don't do anything rash!" the leaders begged.

They turned on Rhea. "Look what you've caused! Just agree, or are you really that heartless?"

Tears streamed down her face. "I'm innocent! I won't agree to something built on lies!"

Mr. Seguin shouted, "If you don't say yes, both my wife and son's lives are on you!"

Just then, Jace walked in, picking up files, and saw the chaos. His eyes narrowed.

He stepped toward Mrs. Seguin, calm but firm. "Ma'am, please come down. This is dangerous. I'm the dean, and I'll personally see to the investigation. Hurting yourself won't help anyone."

He motioned to security, who slowly approached.

Turning to Mr. Seguin, Jace's voice remained level. "You can't force Dr. Neufeld like this. We don't convict people without evidence."

Mr. Seguin snapped, "She hurt our son! We saw it!"

"I understand your pain," Jace replied, "but the truth matters. We'll let the police investigate. If Dr. Neufeld's guilty, she'll face justice. If not, she won't be scapegoated."

He turned to the board. "No jumping to conclusions. No blaming. Let the facts speak."

Mrs. Seguin finally stepped down. Mr. Seguin pulled back, still furious.

Rhea looked at Jace, tears streaking her cheeks. He gently patted her shoulder.

But the Seguins twisted it.

"No wonder you won't marry our son!" Mrs. Seguin spat. "You're sneaking around with the dean!"

“You two are plotting against my boy!” Mr. Seguin shouted.

Rhea shook her head desperately. “You’re wrong! Dean Jace is just doing what’s right!”

Jace’s face hardened. “That’s enough. I’m here to ensure fairness, not take sides. If she’s guilty, she’ll be punished. But until then, stop the lies.”

The Seguins didn’t listen, but Jace didn’t flinch.