

When She Stops Playing Nice by Hale Saxon

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The force was harsh, sending Cathy sprawling to the ground. Looking down at her, Ashley sneered, "I feel like hitting you, **so** I will. And you'll have to take it!"

With a malicious glint in her eyes, Ashley even considered kicking Cathy in the stomach. She dared to act without restraint, viewing Cathy as a mere nurse. If she couldn't handle Gina, **could** she handle any nurse in the hospital?

"What's going on here, Miss Jackson?" Dylan approached, his tone stern. He had called Cathy from Neurology to assist with an urgent matter. When Cathy didn't show up, he checked on her, only to witness Ashley bullying her.

"The nurses in this hospital must be blind as bats," Ashley taunted. "How can they bump into me on such a wide path? I'm just giving them a bit of a lesson."

With a twisted grin, Ashley continued, "Well, Dr. Thomas, you might want to speak with Miss Miller. Can patients truly feel safe in your hospital with such rude and careless nurses on staff?"

Dylan could see Ashley was deliberately stirring trouble. "I've got to ask, Miss Jackson, about your upbringing. Even if she accidentally bumped into you, was it necessary to resort to such violence? Your manners leave much to be desired."

"You!" Ashley's face flushed a deeper shade of green with anger. **Then** she remembered the doctor's advice about staying calm for the sake of her unborn child. Ashley clenched her jaw, deciding to put pressure on Cathy instead. "So what if I gave you a good smack? Do you expect an apology from me?"

Ashley had **made** up her mind. If this bold nurse dared to demand an apology, she'd have someone deal with her.

Cathy, naturally, didn't dare to demand an apology from Ashley. I'm fine... Miss Jackson. I'm truly sorry. Please, simmer down, Cathy muttered, swallowing her pride.

She **was** just an ordinary person. What else could she do but take the hit?

Cathy's response satisfied Ashley. With a sardonic grin, she glanced at Dylan. "Well, at least someone knows their **place**."

Dylan understood that Cathy didn't dare to cross Ashley. It wasn't worth getting all tangled up in this trivial matter, especially when he had other business. He motioned for Cathy to follow him. "Let's go."

As they walked, Dylan asked, "You still planning to head to the medicine land later to assist Gina with herbs?"

Cathy shook her head. "Miss Miller said it isn't necessary for now."

"Alright then." Dylan didn't press further. His concern was whether Cathy could stay on for overtime.

Their conversation caught Ashley's attention.

Was this nurse directly under Gina's command?

Ashley's curiosity was sparked.

Suddenly, she wondered, could that nurse have deliberately bumped into her earlier?

The thought reignited Ashley's anger.

Could it be that Gina intentionally placed this nurse in the hospital to cause trouble for her?

After all, Gina knew she was conducting IVF experiments at Prover Hospital.

Well, well... these two schemers!

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She wouldn't let any of them off the hook.

The following day, Ashley returned to the hospital with one purpose in mind—to find Cathy. She casually wandered the corridors until she unexpectedly stumbled upon Cathy. "Hold it right there!"

Cathy hadn't anticipated encountering Ashley, and her presence sent a shiver down her spine. Reluctantly, she complied with Ashley's demand.

The latter instinctively retreated as Ashley drew closer to Cathy, putting some space between them.

Amused by Cathy's apparent fear, Ashley couldn't help but chuckle. "What's got you so rattled? You think I'm going to devour you?"

Cathy stood frozen in place, uncertain of Ashley's intentions.

Without beating around the bush, Ashley got straight to the point. "What's your connection to Gina?"

Cathy was caught off guard. "We don't have any connection. Miss Miller is my boss. She hired me to work as a nurse at the hospital."

"Is that **so**? Besides that, have you been running any other errands for her?" Ashley pressed further.

Perplexed, **Cathy** wondered what else she could have done for Miss Miller.

"No, I haven't."

She responded truthfully.

Ashley smirked thoughtfully. "Really? If I catch you lying, there will be consequences."

Ashley firmly believed that Cathy was **acting** on Gina's orders with ill intentions toward her unborn **child**.

Cathy felt unnerved **and** frustrated by Ashley's persistent threats.

However, she couldn't confront Ashley directly, so she replied weakly, "Alright, **Miss** Jackson, you go ahead and investigate. I've got work to do and can't linger."

Just as Cathy was about to leave, Ashley stopped her. "Hold on. I need a favor from you."

Cathy hesitated, fearing it might be something unpleasant, but she couldn't refuse Ashley.

The next moment, Ashley casually said, "Could you grab me a bottle of water from the nearby store?"

Cathy was surprised by the unexpected request.

Ashley handed over 20 dollars. There you go. What're you standing around for?"

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Cathy accepted the money and headed toward the hospital entrance. Ashley trailed behind, intending to get Cathy out of Prover Hospital before any confrontation or surveillance caught them.

Entering the convenience store, Cathy grabbed the most expensive bottle of water for Ashley. Glancing back at the hospital entrance, she spotted Ashley waiting. Assuming Ashley was waiting for the water, Cathy hastened toward the hospital.

But as Cathy exited the store, she heard hurried footsteps behind her. Turning around, she was startled to see Mrs. Taylor, messy and dirty, rushing toward her.

Cathy jumped in fright, knowing Mrs. Taylor would bug her again. She hadn't anticipated Mrs. Taylor lurking outside

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the hospital. Cathy **had** assumed Prover Hospital was safe, but stepping outside meant facing a new threat.

In a flurry, Cathy dropped the water, leaving it behind as she dashed toward the Prover Hospital's entrance.

Watching from a distance, Ashley was surprised by the scene. Was this sudden appearance of the older woman some local beggar?

Why was Cathy so terrified of a beggar? To the extent of dropping the water she had bought for her?

Ashley's expression darkened.

But seeing Cathy in such a panicked state, Ashley grew concerned. What if Cathy, in her frantic rush, collided with her? Though Ashley didn't show signs of pregnancy yet, she already regarded herself as pregnant.

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Ashley positioned herself a distance away from the entrance.

Cathy's hands trembled as **she** swiped her access card, hastening into the hospital. Successfully keeping Mrs. Taylor outside the door, Cathy felt **as** though she had just dodged a bullet. Mrs. Taylor, blocked by the security system, **glared** at her menacingly. Cathy breathed a sigh of relief, grateful for her quick escape.

Outside, Mrs. Taylor fumed helplessly. "You wretched girl! Come out here! I'll skin you alive!"

Naturally, Cathy couldn't comply. She firmly decided not to venture outside the hospital from that day onward.

"I asked you to fetch me some water. How could you mess that up?" Ashley's stern words snapped Cathy back to reality.

"How did you allow **that** lunatic to intimidate you? Retrieve my water at once!"

When Cathy refused to comply, it escalated into a life-or-death situation. She couldn't back down now; stepping outside would mean risking her life at the hands of Mrs. Taylor.

She pulled 20 dollars from her wallet and thrust it into Ashley's hand. "Take your money back. You can fetch it yourself."

Ashley's eyes widened. How did Cathy suddenly muster such courage? Did she realize her powerlessness within the confines of Prover Hospital?

Without another word, Cathy turned **away** and strode off.

Ashley seethed with anger. Clenching her fists and gritting her teeth, she couldn't believe Cathy would dare to play games with her.

As she turned to leave, she was startled to find Mrs. Taylor standing at the entrance. Ashley thumped her chest, her rage boiling over. "What are you staring at? Look again, **and** I'll gouge your eyes out!"

After that outburst, Ashley thought, 'Could this madwoman even comprehend her words?'

Feeling unsettled, Ashley hesitated to step out of the hospital. She decided to make a **call**, summoning the bodyguard waiting in the garage to escort her safely back to her car.

Ashley reached for her phone and heard Mrs. Taylor say, "Miss Jackson, it seems Cathy is quite scared of you. offend you?"

Did she

"I always knew this wretched woman was trouble. She's only good for stirring up mischief or getting herself into trouble!" Mrs. Taylor spat venomously.

Ashley was puzzled. "Are you out of your mind?"

Mrs. Taylor shook her head. "Miss Jackson, I'm not crazy. I'm simply Cathy's adversary. She killed **my** son. I want revenge. I want to make her pay!"

"Why didn't you tell me this before," Ashley retorted.

Mrs. Taylor **was** caught off guard. How could she have explained **sooner?**

"Miss **Jackson**, I can assist you in dealing with Cathy as long as you help me lure her out!" Mrs. Taylor declared with determination.

Isn't that convenient? Ashley inquired, "Will you remain here the entire time?"

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"Yes," Mrs. Taylor's **eyes glinted** with malice. "I'm determined to end that woman's life. Miss Jackson, please, I implore you, lend me your aid. I'm just a grieving mother who has lost her son!"

Ashley felt little sympathy for Mrs. Taylor's tragic plight. "I **can** assist you, but it will **have** to wait a few days."

For the next **week** or **so**, she needed to await good news, anticipating word of her pregnancy. She had to focus on nurturing herself at home rather than constantly visiting the hospital, which was rife with germs.

Moreover, it was evident that persuading Cathy to leave Prover Hospital was out of the question, even for a moment. She'd have to wait for another opportunity.

"**Alright**, Miss Jackson. I'll be at the hospital entrance, not moving an inch!" Mrs. Taylor declared, her excitement evident.

Ashley nodded in **response**, not overly concerned with Mrs. **Taylor's** proclamation. She abandoned any thought of summoning bodyguards and exited Prover Hospital. As she stepped outside, a flicker of worry crossed Ashley's mind that Mrs. Taylor might snap and attack her, prompting her to shoot a stern glance in Mrs. Taylor's direction.

Mrs. Taylor remained composed and didn't make sudden movements, which eased Ashley's apprehension.

Nevertheless, Ashley hastened her pace involuntarily.

Upon arriving at **Gina's apartment** after work, Gabriel found her asleep on the couch, her sketches for the engagement ring displayed on the coffee table.

A glance revealed the ingenuity of Quaria's chief designer in the sketches. However, Gabriel wasn't inclined to admire Gina's work leisurely. Recalling the last time he visited Gina, finding her also "asleep" on the couch and coughing up blood, he **couldn't shake** the worry. Although she wasn't coughing blood this time, Gabriel couldn't ignore his concern for her well-being. He reached out to touch her forehead, surprised to find it burning hot!

Gabriel's thoughts raced as he hurried to the medicine cabinet, grabbing a fever patch for Gina. **First**, he applied it to her forehead, then, concerned she might **not** sleep well on the couch, he gently lifted her and placed her in bed. Afterward, he hurried to prepare some fever-reducing medication for her.

"Gina?" Gabriel whispered, gently rousing her from sleep.

Gina opened her eyes to see Gabriel's worried expression. "I..."

As

s soon as Gina spoke, she noticed her voice was hoarse.

Gabriel apologized immediately, "I'm sorry, did designing the engagement ring tire you out too much? I underestimated the **strain** of being the chief. I shouldn't have insisted on having the Quaria's chief design our wedding **ring**."

Gina smiled faintly. It only took me half an hour to sketch the design."

For her, it was hardly a strain at all.

"Have you been feeling unwell lately?" Gabriel's concern deepened. Gina was Dr. Genevieve. If she couldn't heal **herself, who** else in this world could help her?

Moreover, **Gabriel** was confident **Gina's** condition wasn't just a common cold or fever. **She** typically **took** great care **of** her health and wasn't susceptible to minor illnesses. It had to be related to the virus she had encountered before.

Damn it, he didn't know what virus it was or who was trying to harm her. If he **did**, he would tear apart the mastermind behind infecting Gina!

Gina drank the fever-reducing medicine Gabriel had prepared. I'm fine, Gabriel. I know my body well enough. Don't

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worry.”

Gabriel’s expression turned serious, his eyes welling up. “I…”

He choked up suddenly, unable to continue.

Gina was surprised. “What’s wrong? Why do you look like you’re about to cry?”

“I… I can’t help but feel guilty, unable to share your burden,” Gabriel took a deep breath, feeling immense pity and guilt for Gina.

He hadn’t protected her well enough, allowing someone to inject her with an unknown virus. [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

“How can you blame yourself for this?” Gina embraced Gabriel. “You don’t need to blame yourself. Your task now is to take care of me, okay?”

Gina teased.

“Of course!” Gabriel calmed down. “Are you hungry?”

“I’m a bit hungry, but I don’t feel like going out for a big meal right now. Just something light would be fine,” Gina said, uncomfortable but willing to endure. However, she felt like moving only a little.

“I’ll whip you up some chowder,” Gabriel declared as he stood up.

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Gina desired seafood chowder, so Gabriel promptly prepared a batch.

Before indulging, she administered a few injections, breaking out into a sweat. But she felt much better afterward, especially when she caught a whiff of the tantalizing aroma of the seafood chowder.

“Your culinary skills are impressive. When did you learn?” Gina asked, her curiosity piqued. She realized she hadn’t discussed this with Gabriel before.

“Emily taught me.” Gabriel replied, his voice tinged with nostalgia. He remembered **when** Emily fell ill and couldn’t eat anything. Gabriel would experiment with various recipes daily to make delicious meals for her. Emily inherited **his** culinary skills, and the dishes he prepared closely resembled hers and suited her palate the best. Emily could manage to eat a bit more with his cooking, but unfortunately, she still passed away in the end

Gabriel furrowed his brows **tightly**, lost in thought for a long while.

Gina placed her hand on Gabriel’s back, her touch warm and comforting. It brought Gabriel **back** to the **present**. “Are you thinking of Emily!”

Gabriel nodded, grasping **Gina’s** hand. “I can’t bear to experience it again. To lose my dearest loved one unnaturally. As long as you’re safe, I will pay any price.”

“Don’t worry, I’m fine. But... Gina paused, deciding to continue with the sensitive topic. “Because the virus in my body is unknown, I don’t know **how** it will **further** affect my health. I can’t predict what will happen next. I can only take it **one** step **at** a time. If my medical skills **can’t handle** it, it simply **means** my medical skills are **not** proficient enough.”

Gina smiled gently, her demeanor showing an inner strength despite the specter of death.

But now, there was someone she couldn’t bear to leave behind.

So, with the possibility of her impending death, Gina wanted to express some final sentiments.

“If I die, promise me you’ll keep living,” **she** said.

Gabriel shook his head immediately. “No, life wouldn’t hold the same meaning without you.”

“But what about Neil? He still needs you, doesn’t he?”

“In that case, I’ll wait until the day he’s gone, **and** then I’ll depart with you,” Gabriel continued after reflection. “Perhaps we’ll reunite with our loved ones in another realm.”

Gina found Gabriel’s words both poignant and strangely comforting.

“I can imagine Emily feeling lonely over **there**,” Gabriel sighed. “But I’m determined to **find whoever** caused her death and bring them to justice.”

Gina had previously assisted in the investigation into Emily's demise. Though they had initial leads suggesting foul play, their progress had stalled. Gina felt a pang of **regret** about it.

"Let's not let the chowder go cold," Gabriel changed the subject.

After **finishing** the chowder, Gina felt considerably better. "Let's head to the old mansion tonight."

Gina's suggestion to visit the old mansion caught Gabriel off **guard**. "Alright!"

Neil had already drifted off to sleep when they arrived, and Gina motioned for Gabriel not to disturb him. The two of them then made their way to the media room.

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Previously, Isaac had escorted Gina to the media room once before. It was adorned with numerous photographs of Emily. Gabriel longed for Emily, and **sensing his** sentiment, Gina suggested they visit the media room.

Gabriel picked up a framed photo of himself with Emily and found it challenging to let go.

"I'm sorry, Emily. I **haven't** avenged you yet..."

Gina was about to offer some words of comfort to Gabriel when suddenly, a large family portrait hanging on the wall came crashing down. The frame, showing signs of age, shattered upon impact with the floor, scattering glass shards everywhere.

Gina raised her gaze to the wall. "Looks like the screws holding it in place have come loose."

Gabriel furrowed his brow. "I'll have someone come to clean it up."

Gina nodded as Gabriel turned to leave the media room. However, **as** Gina approached the shattered glass, she noticed something glinting beneath the shards—a golden object partially obscured by the broken glass.

Bending down, she retrieved it—an old key.

A servant entered the room, noticing Gina picking up objects amidst the glass shards. "Miss Miller, please be careful not to injure yourself. Let me assist you!"

Gina shook her head, her attention on the key in her hand. The servant, still somewhat concerned, set down the broom. "Miss Miller, are you alright?"

“I’m fine.”

“What’s going **on**?”

Gabriel stepped into the room, hearing the servant’s exclamation and growing equally concerned.

“Gabriel, there’s a key hidden inside the picture frame!” Gina showed him the key, and he glanced at it, puzzled. He had no idea what it unlocked or who had hidden it inside the frame so discreetly. Was it meant to evade detection by those who shouldn’t find it?

Gabriel accepted the key, momentarily unsure of its owner.

After a pause, Gina spoke again. “There might be fingerprints on it. I’ll have it examined, and we’ll find out.”

But Gina checked the time and realized it was late. It would have to wait until tomorrow morning to disturb Dylan. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

“Alright.”

Gina made sure no one else touched the key. Instead, she instructed a servant to fetch a sealed bag and carefully store the key inside.

The following day, Gabriel headed to the office bright and early, leaving Gina behind at the old mansion to keep Neil company. Neil was thrilled, though a hint of worry lingered in his joy. “Gina, are you too caught up in work? After all, you have your bustling career. If you’re busy, you needn’t stay with me.”

‘I’d like to take a day off today,’ Gina said with a smile.

Neil treated her well, and she was happy to spend time with him. In old age, companionship was paramount.

“Alright, then.”

Neil was over **the** moon, mainly since he **got along** well with Gina. She played chess like a pro; he wouldn’t have stood

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a chance if she hadn't gone easy on him. Neil chuckled helplessly. "**Gina**, you're always giving me a leg up. It's downright unfair! Well, let's call it quits on the chess. I want to do some painting now. **You** don't have to keep me company if you find it dull."

"No, I find it quite fascinating." **Gina** was quite intrigued by painting.

In the study, Neil began to paint, gesturing for Gina to join him. After she wrote a character, Neil glanced at it, shocked. His brush fell from his **hand**. "Gina, the style of your brushwork... Why does it remind me **so much** of Ms.

Gena's?"

As an avid collector of Ms. Gena's works, Neil was intimately familiar with her artistry.

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"It's not like that, Neil, **Gina** said calmly. "In truth, I'm **Gena**."

Neil wasn't too surprised. He remembered six months ago when Gina first visited the Jackson family. During his birthday banquet, she'd exposed the fake painting Olivia had gifted him, supposedly by Ms. **Gena**.

And Gina's certainty back then, asserting Ms. Gena hadn't produced any new works in a year. Even though Gina later reached out to another painting master to conceal her identity as Ms. Gena, Neil now understood.

Who would know better than Ms. Gena herself that she hadn't created anything **in a year**?

Moreover, Gina was exceptionally talented. Having an alter ego was quite normal.

"Gina, you've kept it well hidden. Gabriel sure knows how to pick them. He is not one for romance, but once he **does**, it's with a **woman as** remarkable as you. The Jackson family is truly blessed."

Gina couldn't help but feel a pang hearing the word "blessed." After all, how could she, a girl who'd been abandoned, unloved by her parents, and almost killed after being recognized, be considered a blessing?

But she was now, hearing Neil say that the Jackson family and Gabriel were blessed to have her warmed her heart.

“Neil, you can take as many of my pieces for your collection as you want from **now** on. I’ll be ready to paint anytime,”

Gina said.

“Fantastic, fantastic!” Neil exclaimed with a wide grin.

“Neil, do you **have** any particular requests for me to paint now.

inquired.

Neil pondered for a moment. “Let me think.”

But before **he** could dwell on it further, there was a knock on the study door. Before Neil could invite the the door **swung** open.

The audacious intruder turned out to be none other than Harry.

person in,

Noticing Gina’s presence in the room, Harry’s expression darkened. However, knowing that he couldn’t easily challenge Gina, especially since Neil was protective of his future daughter—**in**—law. Instead, he casually remarked, “Miss Miller, you’re here too?”

Preferring not to engage in any friction with Harry, Gina responded calmly, “Hmm.”

Seeing Harry refraining from causing trouble, Neil felt relieved. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Neil continued to paint as he gestured for Harry to take a seat. “So, what brings you here so early today?”

Harry sat down and shared, “I have some good news I wanted to share with you.”

“Really? Go on,” Neil prompted, intrigued.

“In ten months, you’ll be able to hold Ashley’s child in your arms.”

“Ashley underwent in vitro fertilization. She’s always yearned for a child, and now her wish has come true.”

“Ah, indeed, that’s good news! Well, I eagerly anticipate holding Ashley’s child,” Neil said with a smile.

“Harry glanced at Gina and noticed her apparent indifference to the matter. Wasn’t she the one who arranged for someone to cause Ashley to miscarry deliberately? Even though her plan failed, Ashley had confided in him about it.

Unfortunately, Ashley lacked any evidence to support her claims. Otherwise, he would have confronted Neil and

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accused Gina of being **a malicious** woman. Having such a nasty woman in the Jackson family would disrupt their peace for years to come, if not for the rest of their lives.

Harry engaged in idle conversation with Neil, his mind preoccupied with thoughts of Gina’s schemes.

Their conversation was abruptly interrupted by the ringing of Gina’s phone. She gestured apologetically to Neil. “Excuse **me**, Neil, I need **to** take this **call**.”

“Of course,” Neil nodded.

Gina stepped out, closing the study door behind her. It was Dylan on the line. “**Gina**, I’m at the Jackson mansion’s entrance. The fingerprint test for the key is done. Besides yours and Mr. Jackson’s, Mrs. Emily’s prints are on it. Seems like it belonged to her.”

Gina paused briefly. “Understood.”

“I’ll head out to grab the key

After receiving the key, Gina returned to the study, holding the sealed item. She intended to inform Neil that it was Emily’s

“Neil, this was found last **night in** the media room,” Gina explained, referring to the dropped picture frame.

“It’s Mrs. Emily’s,” Gina continued, and Neil’s brush slipped from **his** hand, hitting the floor. “From Emily?”

Emily–Gabriel’s **mother’s name**.

Harry, initially preoccupied, suddenly focused on hearing Emily’s name and her possession. His eyes widened in thought. “What’s she playing **at**? Why conceal a key in a picture frame? What does it open?”

Lost in memories, Neil was consumed by grief, paying no attention to Harry's question. Gina, too, brushed off **his** inquiry. Harry's expression stiffened, **revealing** his dissatisfaction, but he remained silent.

Tears welled in Neil's eyes, choking his words. He reached out toward **Gina**, his hand trembling. "I... 1..."

Understanding his silent plea, Gina approached and handed him the key. Neil accepted it, tears streaming down his face. "Emily..."

The key held memories of Emily, once carefully preserved by Neil in a room where he could spend days in solitude. **The year** Emily passed **away**, he remained in that room, consumed by grief. He had even contemplated joining her, but Gabriel's marriage intervened. Yet, a fire swept through the room, consuming everything within. Neil blamed himself; he had fallen asleep while smoking, and the lit cigarette sparked the blaze. So now, even the sight of a key stirred intense emotions within him.

Neil held the key tightly, his tears flowing freely. Gina gently patted his **back**. "Neil... Take all the time you need to grieve."

Harry glanced at the key, his expression darkening. What **could** Emily have intended to leave this key behind?

Neil **made** an effort to compose himself through the sorrow. "Gina, thank you. This is Emily's... I will keep it **safe**."

After a moment of hesitation, Gina spoke. "Neil, I can't give you **this** key **just** yet. It serves a purpose, and Gabriel and I want to know why Emily left it. Perhaps she left us a message.

Neil nodded in agreement. "Alright, I understand."

After hearing this, Harry couldn't help but tighten his grip on the armrest. What was Emily's plan? Despite his **calculations**, he never expected her to leave a key behind. **And** what infuriated him more was that Gina had found it.

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Gina persisted in her quest to uncover the origin and ownership of the key.

Harry felt a gnawing unease. If Neil caught wind of his involvement in Emily's demise, it would spell endless trouble

for him!

Harry gritted his teeth. Since Gina entered his life, he hadn't had a single day of peace.

He had to devise a plan to prevent any discoveries. Harry was plagued by unprecedented anxiety over his past misdeeds.

After Gina securely stowed away the items again, Neil regained his composure. "Gina, I need your help with drafting a

letter."

Understanding Neil's request, Gina nodded. "Of course."

Neil recited a verse, "Like those birds in the grove, finding solace in each other's song. Like those fish in the brook, parting ways with every glance."

Upon finishing the letter, Neil glanced at it approvingly. "Excellent work, Gina. Emily held your creations in high

don't mind?" regard. That's why I'd like to present her with this piece you've personally crafted. I trust you

"Not at all," Gina replied earnestly, shaking her head.

Neil managed a faint smile. "If Emily were still with us, knowing that her favorite artist, Ms. **Gena**, is about to become her daughter-in-law, she'd be overjoyed..."

Neil took a deep breath, steadying his emotions and regaining his composure. His earlier excitement had unsettled him, causing some discomfort in his heart.

Feeling better now, Neil addressed Gina, "I'm feeling a bit weary. I'll head off for some rest. You don't have to accompany me anymore."

"Alright, Neil. Rest well... Take care of yourself and try to balance your emotions," Gina advised instinctively, speaking from her medical background.

"Alright," Neil nodded, then instructed Isaac to escort him to his room.

Gina then prepared to depart. Harry's gaze, shaded with suspicion, remained locked on her, never wavering from her form. Gina glanced his way before he finally withdrew his unfriendly stare.

Without paying Harry more attention, Gina departed from the Jackson family and headed straight to the Jackson Group. She navigated smoothly to Gabriel's office.

"You mean, this key belonged to Emily?" Gabriel exclaimed, surprise and excitement evident in his voice. He once **thought** that no souvenirs were left of Emily due to Neil's carelessness.

"That's right. Now, we need to investigate what this key is for. Gabriel, do you have any memories related to this key?" Gina inquired.

Gabriel shook his head in response.

Gina pondered another possibility. "Did Mrs. Emily entrust anything to you for safekeeping before she passed away? Or perhaps she may have entrusted something to someone outside the Jackson family."

If it hadn't been entrusted to any member of the Jackson family, including Mrs. Emily's son and husband, it must **have** been entrusted to someone else.

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This speculation offered Gina a new avenue of investigation.

Gabriel followed Gina's line of thought. "Before Emily's passing... Besides family, she only saw the medical staff." Gina nodded in understanding. "Let's track down the caregivers who tended to Mrs. Emily back then or any friends."

After a day and night of searching and **reaching** out, they finally connected with all the medical staff who had cared for or interacted with Mrs. Emily. After discussions, a female doctor revealed that Mrs. Emily had entrusted a box to her. Gabriel and Gina then visited the doctor's residence. [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

The female doctor, now retired, saw Gabriel produce a golden key and retrieved the box.

The key indeed unlocked the box, revealing a valuable horn comb inside.

Gabriel immediately recognized the familiar comb. "This was Emily's favorite during her lifetime."

Even in the later stages, when Emily lost her hair due to chemotherapy, she would still use this comb, even with a **wig**. until she was too weak to do so. When Gabriel was sorting through Emily's belongings, he didn't come across this comb and thought it had been accidentally lost. At that time, deeply immersed in grief, he didn't pay much attention to it.

Gabriel looked at the comb in the box and instinctively reached for it, but the female doctor immediately stopped him and closed the box. "Mr. Jackson, don't touch it. When Mrs. Emily entrusted this comb to me before she passed away, she explicitly said **that** I must never touch it, even though I don't know what's wrong with it. But Mrs. Emily insisted that no one should touch it lightly."

"Mrs. Emily also mentioned that if the person holding the key wasn't one of her kin, husband, or son, she advised me against handing over the box to them."

It seemed evident that there was a significant issue with this comb.

Gina closed the box **and** took it with her.

"Thank you for keeping it safe." Gabriel didn't hesitate to produce a bank card **as** a token of gratitude. "Here's 200 thousand dollars."

The female doctor was taken aback. "Mr. Jackson, there's no **need** for such generosity. 200 thousand dollars is too much. I'm not deserving of it. I kept Mrs. Emily's belongings for three years and feel uncomfortable accepting your

money.

"You deserve it, Ma'am. You helped Emily keep this comb. You never know. It might have put you at risk as well. Take the money and take care of yourself," Gabriel said earnestly.

The female doctor pondered. Emily never mentioned the purpose of the comb; she just asked her to keep it. She had worried and feared being entangled in the feuds of the wealthy family. However, Mrs. Emily, weakened at the time, earnestly pleaded with her, saying she trusted no one else but her. Reluctantly, the female doctor agreed to help.

Despite her reluctance, Gabriel insisted on giving her the money, and the female doctor didn't continue to refuse. "You're **too** kind, Mr. Jackson."

"**You're** being **too** modest."

Gabriel leaned back, stating, "Well, 200 thousand dollars **is** just a drop in the bucket for **me**."

Before departing, Gina advised the **female** doctor, "Ma'am, it might be best to find yourself **a** new place to **stay**."

The female stayed silent, understanding the implications. "Sure thing, Miss Miller. I appreciate your concern."

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Gina sensed they were getting closer to the truth behind Mrs. Emily's passing. Worried about potential retaliation against the female doctor, Gina urged caution.

Afterward, the two left the female **doctor's** residence.

While in the car, Gina suggested, "Let's bring the comb to my hospital for testing to see if there's anything peculiar about it. **And** for now, let's keep Neil in the **dark** about our discovery."

Gina worried Neil might be tempted to touch the comb out of longing for Emily.

"Sounds like a plan, Gabriel agreed.

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In the blink of an eye, a week had passed. Ashley awaited the results of her visit to Prover Hospital, her heart filled with anticipation of the news she had hoped for.

Her hopes were fulfilled as the test confirmed her expectations—she was indeed expecting

Radiant with joy, Ashley exited the hospital, eager to return home and nurture the life growing within her.

Just as she reached the doorstep, a figure emerged from the nearby bushes. Mrs. Taylor's disheveled appearance, with her oily hair and dirty clothes, startled Ashley

Seeing Mrs. Taylor burst from the bushes reminded Ashley of the sudden appearance of a giant rat. Clutching her chest, Ashley **cursed**, "Who are you aiming to scare to death?"

The figure, known only as Mrs. Taylor, appeared distressed. "Miss Jackson, I've been waiting for you **for a** week! You promised to help me with Cathy. I've been here, unable to leave, unable to reach you. I've been counting on you to come and help me give Cathy what she deserves!"

The unpleasant odor from Mrs. Taylor made Ashley recoil, stepping back to put some distance between them.

Ashley hadn't forgotten about Cathy. She wasn't trying to assist Mrs. Taylor but merely using her as a pawn.

Ashley suspected Cathy's involvement **was** orchestrated by someone cunning, someone like Gina, who played dirty. Ashley resolved to play dirty, too, but discreetly.

She couldn't afford a confrontation with Gina right now; that would have to wait for a more opportune moment!

Priority one was dealing with Cathy.

And what was Mrs. Taylor thinking, demanding her contact details? She was nothing but trouble, not worth the hassle!

Ashley rolled her eyes and said, "Fine, I can bring that wretched Cathy out now, but you have to promise to make her pay dearly."

"Absolutely!" Mrs. Taylor gritted her teeth. "I'd love nothing more than to see her get what's coming to

her

Satisfied with Mrs. Taylor's response, Ashley immediately placed a call, summoning the bodyguard waiting in the garage. She ordered him to go inside and fetch Cathy, even if it required force.

The bodyguard nodded and obeyed.

Soon enough, he dragged Cathy **out**.

As Cathy was pulled out of Prover Hospital, she saw Mrs. Taylor glaring at her with resentment and malice. She struggled desperately to break free but couldn't match the bodyguard's strength.

Confronted by Mrs. Taylor, Cathy was immediately seized by her **hair**.

Cathy resisted, and the two women erupted into a fierce struggle.

Ashley stopped back from the scene, finding a strange fascination in the brutal exchange between the two women. It was like witnessing a primal struggle reminiscent of insects locked in combat.

“You cursed jinal Andy’s not coming back now. He’s my only child! Give him back to me!” Mrs. Taylor’s voice was filled with desperation as she fought on, visibly exhausted after her week-long vigil at the hospital entrance, barely sleeping or eating

Finally, Cathy found the strength to stand up against Mrs. Taylor.

As Mrs. Taylor faltered and Cathy managed to break free, she attempted to seek refuge back inside Prover Hospital.

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Ashley frowned. She had yet to anticipate Mrs. Taylor to be so ineffective, allowing Gina to slip away.

She signaled to the bodyguard to intervene.

The bodyguard stepped forward, seizing Cathy and forcefully returning her to Mrs. Taylor’s grip. Mrs. Taylor clutched Cathy’s collar, her mind racing as she remembered the stones by the bushes.

In that moment, Mrs. Taylor’s thirst for vengeance flared. Andy had been robbed of a **kidney** due to unpaid gambling debts, forced to sell blood, and endure unimaginable torment.

That scheming Cathy masterminded all this, demanding an outrageous 180 thousand dollars engagement gift.

Mrs. Taylor wouldn’t hesitate to see Cathy buried alongside Andy if she could. She cared beyond about prison or death; she had nothing to lose.

Ashley observed Mrs. **Taylor’s** actions with bewilderment. Was this madwoman indeed planning to drag Cathy into a corner to brawit

Perhaps she was concerned about attracting unwanted attention by fighting at the entrance?

That seemed plausible.

Ashley grew weary, surprised by Cathy’s stoicism amidst the **pain**, Little did she know that Cathy’s silence was a tactical move to conserve energy when dealing with Mrs. Taylor.

“Let’s get out of **here**,” Ashley declared, losing interest. It had become too tedious. She signaled for the bodyguard **to** depart.

They headed toward the garage.

Ashley barely noticed **as** Cathy broke free from Mrs. Taylor and emerged from the bushes. Cathy appeared disoriented, initially running toward Ashley before realizing she needed to return to the hospital. She swiftly changed direction.

But as Mrs. Taylor emerged sudden change in direction, Mrs. Taylor watched in horror as the stone struck Ashley's back.

From the bushes alongside Cathy, wielding **a** stone, she didn't hesitate to hurl it at her target. Caught off guard by Cathy's

Ashley stumbled, falling heavily to the ground, and landing with a jolt on her abdomen. Everything unfolded too swiftly. The bodyguard, too stunned to react, could only call out, "Miss Jackson! Miss Jackson!"

Rushing to Ashley's side, the **bodyguard** found her gripping her stomach in fear. "No, no!" she pleaded.

Feeling warmth seeping from her body, Ashley screamed at the sight of blood, clutching the bodyguard's hand tightly. "Quick, get me to the hospital! My child, my child, it must be safe!!!"

The bodyguard nodded with determination. "Understood!"

He swiftly scooped Ashley into his arms and dashed toward the hospital. Meanwhile, Cathy hurried into Prover Hospital, leaving Mrs. Taylor in a state of

panic.

Ashley wouldn't let her off the hook, but she hadn't dealt with Cathy yet. Since Cathy had entered Prover Hospital, Mrs. Taylor was **at** a loss. What was

her next move?

Amidst her panic, Mrs. Taylor realized her only option was to flee and seek refuge!

She turned and bolted, intending to run as far as she could.

Ashley was rushed into the operating room, her abdomen throbbing relentlessly. Gripping the doctor's hand tightly, she pleaded, "Please, please save my child. My child must be safe!"

Her difficulty in conceiving heightened her anxiety. If she miscarried now, Ashley feared she might never have another chance to become a mother, **No**,

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this was unthinkable; **she** yearned to be a mother!

The doctor looked troubled, unable to offer Ashley any reassurance. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

With Ashley losing copious amounts of blood, the situation grew increasingly dire.

Thirty minutes later, the rescue efforts concluded.

Despite the doctor's valiant efforts, they couldn't save Ashley's child.

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Ashley was wheeled out of the operating room, her complexion drained of color.

Harry paced anxiously at the door. Seeing his daughter's weakened state, he felt a pang of heartache. "Ashley!"

Still in a daze, Ashley didn't fully regain her senses until she reached the VIP room.

Her first words were about her child.

"Miss Jackson, I regret to inform you that the child didn't make it... and your reproductive organs have suffered severe damage. Having children in the future will be very difficult, the doctor explained truthfully.

Ashley couldn't accept it. She grew agitated, her stomach throbbing with pain.

"Incompetent doctors, all of you! You couldn't even save my child!"

The doctor felt helpless. They had done their best!

Given the circumstances, and knowing this was Gina's hospital, Harry couldn't exert any authority. Otherwise, he would have already lashed out at the doctors.

"Get out, you're useless," Harry growled.

The doctor looked innocent but didn't want to deal with this family's volatile temperament. He immediately left the room.

Harry sat beside Ashley's bed, offering solace. "There, there, Ashley. Don't cry now. Take a moment to gather yourself. Rest up, and once you're discharged, I'll take you abroad for a change of scenery,"

"I reckon Gina's Prover Hospital is nothing but a sham! They claim to have top-notch medical resources, yet they couldn't even save my grandchild!" Harry scoffed.

Ashley winced with each breath, trying to steady herself before nodding. "Alright, Harry. But for now, I'll ensure that those responsible for losing my child face the consequences"

Harry's expression darkened. "That's a promise. Let me handle this. You focus on getting better."

Ashley nodded, tears welling in her eyes.

Once Ashley drifted off to sleep, Harry's summoned Cathy.

Seated outside the ward, Harry's demeanor hardened as he addressed Cathy. "You're the reason Ashley lost her child."

Cathy protested vehemently. "That's riot true! There's surveillance footage at the entrance. It was that crazy woman who tried to throw a stone at me, but it hit Ashley instead, causing her miscarriage! I'm innocent."

Harry brushed off Cathy's explanation. Nevertheless, she couldn't evade responsibility for Ashley's miscarriage. He signaled to Ashley's bodyguard, who promptly escorted Cathy to a secluded area away from the surveillance cameras.

Cathy struggled against the bodyguard's grip.

"Hold on," Harry interjected abruptly.

The bodyguard halted, and Harry stood, advancing toward Cathy, His tone was menacing. "Tell me, were you sent by Gina to the hospital to deliberately cause Ashley's miscarriage?"

Cathy froze, puzzled by Harry's accusation, mainly since Ashley had inexplicably targeted her. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Speak up!" Harry's impatience grew as Cathy remained silent.

lime but ended up miscarrying. It's just..."

It was just what she deserved.

But before Cathy could finish her sentence, Harry slapped her for speaking words he didn't want to hear.

Pointing at Cathy, Harry continued, "Still not admitting it? Don't think I don't know about the secrets between you and Gina."

Cathy refused to back down, Miss Miller had been kind to her, and she wouldn't falsely incriminate her to avoid being hit.

Enraged and humiliated, Harry slapped Cathy again and asked, "Are you going to admit it?"

"As long as you admit it, I can spare you."

"It has nothing to do with Miss Miller"

Cathy stuck to her original statement.

Harry's patience wore thin. He never hesitated to deal with those who ignored his warnings.

With a dismissive gesture, the bodyguard continued leading Cathy away.

Two hours later, the janitor who had finished cleaning the restroom on that floor returned to retrieve her cleaning supplies and found Cathy lying unconscious in the storeroom, covered in bruises and wounds.

Gina received a call from Dylan. "Gina, I was hesitant to tell you at first, but considering you might need Cathy to oversee the medicine land anytime soon, I thought I should inform you. Cathy has been assaulted and badly injured."

Gina's expression turned grim. "Who's responsible?"

She immediately ruled out Mrs. Taylor as a suspect since Mrs. Taylor couldn't enter Prover Hospital.

"It was Harry," Dylan replied.

Gina's expression turned steely. "What provoked his violence?"

In her domain, any act of aggression fell under her jurisdiction.

“They’re claiming it was Cathy who caused Ashley’s miscarriage.”

“That’s hard to believe.” Cathy had a good heart despite her romantic tendencies and wouldn’t resort to harming others. Besides, there was no known conflict between Cathy and Ashley.

Why would Cathy do such a thing?

“Did you report the incident to the authorities? And what was the outcome?” Gina inquired.

“We did report it.”

Dylan replied. Initially, Cathy hesitated to involve the authorities, believing it would only solve a little. However, after some persuasion from Dylan, she eventually agreed to report the incident.

However, the outcome wasn’t favorable. The surveillance footage only captured Harry slapping Cathy twice, while the bodyguards’ assault on Cathy went unnoticed. Harry refused to apologize and offered a settlement of 100 thousand dollars.

Ultimately, Cathy accepted the settlement, not because Harry’s offer was generous, but because she felt powerless against him, Accepting compensation

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was better than receiving nothing at all.

Gina nodded. “Understood. I’ll go check on her,”

“Alright,” Dylan said before ending the call.

Upon

on Gina’s arrival at the hospital room, she immediately approached Cathy. Taking aback by Gina’s presence, Cathy tried to rise from her bed as a sign of respect despite the pain. “Miss Miller,” she greeted.

“Stay lying down,” Gina directed firmly.

Reluctantly, Cathy complied, easing herself back onto the bed. Though her injuries weren’t severe enough to warrant legal action for assault, Cathy wondered if she could have made more of a fuss if the bodyguards had caused more serious harm to her.

Miss Miller's unexpected visit left Cathy puzzled. What had prompted Gina's concern? Could it be because of Miss Jackson, the sister of Miss Miller's

fiancé?

"Dr. Thomas informed me of your situation, Gina explained, sensing Cathy's confusion.

"I'm fine. The matter has been resolved. However, her compensation of 100 thousand dollars didn't bring her joy. It may take time to process the incident. For now, she found solace in the fact that she had received compensation. In the face of absolute power, one's dignity could easily be compromised.

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So, she no longer wished to engage in futile resistance.

"Dylan already briefed me on the situation. Ashley **had** you taken out of the hospital, intending for Mrs. Taylor to punish you. But due to a twist of fate, Ashley suffered a miscarriage instead. However, I'm curious: why would Ashley target you for no apparent reason?"

"Why would she assist Mrs. Taylor? Just because Cathy accidentally bumped into her before? Ashley's grudge seems excessive."

Cathy pursed her lips. "Ashley and Harry believe that you arranged for me to be in the hospital intentionally to harm her. And they even wanted me to confess under duress."

That made sense.

Gina frowned. "I've implicated you."

Miss Miller, don't

Cathy shook her head hastily. "No, Miss Miller, don't **say** that. You've been kind to me, and it's not your fault. They're just malicious."

Gina responded calmly, "Objectively speaking, I have implicated you. But rest assured, I'll make them apologize to you"

Worried that Gina might face consequences, Cathy hurriedly said, "Miss Miller, I'm fine, I don't need an apology. Compensation is enough for me."

"You deserve both compensation and an apology. Don't worry, I'll make sure they apologize to you willingly." Gina said lightly.

Cathy wanted to say more but was interrupted by Gina. "Do you doubt my abilities?"

"Not a chance," Cathy shook her head once more.

"Then you just wait for my good news," Gina said.

Cathy could only nod in response.

Afterward, Gina left Cathy's room **and** approached Dylan, who was waiting at the door. "Where's Ashley's **ward**?"

Dylan replied, "They checked out two hours ago."

Gina nodded understandingly. "You go ahead and attend to your tasks."

"Alright," Dylan said before turning away.

As Gina headed toward the hospital's exit, she dialed Gabriel instead of contacting Ashley and her family directly.

Seeing Gina's call, Gabriel momentarily set aside his current duties and **answered** the phone. "Gina?"

Gabriel's voice carried a cheerful tone.

"Could you find out where Ashley is? I've got some business to settle with them," Gina requested.

"Sure thing." Gabriel agreed, though reluctant to end the call so soon after **speaking** briefly with Gina. Nevertheless, he had to hang up to fulfill her request. He then dialed **Ashley's** number.

Weakened **and** on the verge of boarding her flight, Ashley was taken aback by Gabriel's unexpected call. She thought, Was it possible that Gabriel had learned about her miscarriage and was offering condolences? **But** she hadn't confided in Neil about it. Could Gabriel have found out from Harry instead?"

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As the phone rang, about to disconnect, Ashley finally returned to attention and answered, "Gabriel?"

"it's unusual for **you** to call," Ashley remarked.

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Getting straight to the point, Gabriel said, "You and Harry stirred up trouble at Gina's hospital. So, I'm calling to ask, **where are** you all now?"

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Ashley was caught off **guard**. She hadn't expected Gabriel's call to be an interrogation. Filled with a sudden surge of anger, she retorted, "That Cathy is as stubborn as they come. She won't admit she was acting under Gina's orders to cause my miscarriage. If she wasn't Gina's pawn, why would Gina be so quick to have you come to demand an explanation for her pawn?"

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Gabriel, do you know what Gina has done to me this time? She's ruined my life, Gabriel. I might never have a chance to be a mother. Are you still going

to stand up for **Gina**?"

Ashley's voice quivered with emotion as tears streaked down her face. Harry gently took her phone from her hand, unable to **see** Ashley in distress.

"Gabriel, if **you're** not calling to check on Ashley, then we have nothing more to discuss. The matter is **resolved**. It's proven that Cathy indirectly caused Ashley's miscarriage. Yes, I hit her, but I compensated her with a hefty sum of 100 thousand dollars! Isn't that enough? Does Cathy think she's worth 4 million dollars just because I slapped her twice?"

Harry purposely mentioned Cathy's name in front of Ashley, fearing that Gabriel might misunderstand and think he insulted Gina. Although he did harbor ill feelings toward Gina, he also dreaded the possibility of Gabriel confronting him and forcing him out of the circle of shareholders.

“And now, we’re boarding a flight to Mosnica. The hospital where Gina is is giving us some concerning news. It appears Ashley may face challenges conceiving in the future. So, I’m taking Ashley to seek out the most specialized and top-notch medical treatment.”

“That’s all!” With that, Harry promptly ended the call and powered down Ashley’s phone, **as well** as his own, to prevent Gabriel from reaching them.

As boarding time approached, Ashley sat in a wheelchair, and Harry personally wheeled her onto the plane.

Though Gabriel immediately dispatched David to the airport to locate them, he was too late; the plane had already departed.

Gabriel called Gina to inform her that Harry **had** taken Ashley out of the country. Upon hearing the news, Gina remained composed. “It’s fine. They’ll

come back to me.”

Upon reaching Mosnioca, Ashley, and Harry, they spared no expense in consulting Jett **Dawson**, a renowned fertility specialist

After thorough examinations at the hospital where Jett served, his expression turned grave. “Mr. Jackson, I’m truly sorry, Ashley’s uterus is severely damaged. I’m powerless to heal it.”

Harry, receiving the same grim news, instinctively clenched his fists. However, being in a foreign land, he restrained himself from acting out. With a gloomy expression, he asked, “Mr. Dawson, **as a** leading specialist in fertility, do you truly have no solution?”

Jett, equally frustrated, responded, “Mr. Jackson, even if you think I’m incompetent, if you don’t trust me, you’re free to seek other experts for Ashley’s treatment. But if they claim to **have** a solution, I’ll retire from the medical field!”

Harry was speechless. He suddenly felt lost, wondering if bringing Ashley to Mosniaca had any meaning at **all**

“However,” Jett continued, “if Miss Jackson is determined to become a mother, there are still possibilities...”

Ashley cut in abruptly, her tone resolute. “You’re not suggesting surrogacy, are you?”

Ashley couldn’t bear **the** thought of having a child born from someone else’s womb, even if it shared her genetic material

Jett's expression turned grave. "No, Miss Jackson, you misunderstand me. I do not support surrogacy." Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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"Wright, what's the plan then? Spit it

it out," Ashley urged, her voice a mist of weakness and excitement.

Jett hesitated briefly. "I've been fortunate enough to be involved in a project concerning an artificial seed palace. By the way, Miss Jackson, your cousin Gabriel is invested in it, too. It seems like Mr. Jackson's girlfriend is leading the project. But it's still in the early stages of planning. I thought you should know, considering the family connection."

The artificial seed palace project under Gina's name?

At the mention of Gina, Ashley's heart sank. "This project's just getting off the ground. But I want a child now. How long do I have to wait? And what if you never succeed in developing it? Right now, this new project feels like a mere fantasy to me."

Jett nodded, understanding her frustration, "Alright, Miss Jackson, let's pretend I never brought it up. But I do have another suggestion."

"If you could find Dr. Genevieve, maybe there's a way," Jett hinted cautiously. He knew Gina was Dr. Genevieve, but revealing that wasn't his call. Gina's true identity was not something he could casually disclose.

The mention of Dr. Genevieve sparked hope in Ashley's heart. Yes, seeking her out might hold the key. But Dr. Genevieve's whereabouts were unknown, adding to the uncertainty.

Yet, even a glimmer of hope was better than none. Ashley found solace in that.

Harry reassured Ashley, "Ashley, don't worry, I will find Dr. Genevieve for you."

Ashley nodded, showing her faith in Harry.

Since Jett, the renowned fertility specialist, couldn't find a solution for Ashley's issue, Harry decided to leave with Ashley right away.

Back at their residence, Harry immediately dispatched people to search in all directions for Dr. Genevieve's whereabouts.

Additionally, he posted a hefty reward on the anonymous website, offering a staggering sum of 100 million dollars to find and enlist Dr. Genevieve for Ashley's treatment

Harry anticipated that his offer might take a while to elicit a response.

To his astonishment, within just half an hour, an account named "Genevieve" replied, "I can take the job."

Instantly, the comments section beneath the reward exploded with activity as everyone gathered to witness this response from Dr. Genevieve's

In an

account

Despite the prompt reply, Harry remained cautious. Could an account named Genevieve truly belong to Dr. Genevieve?

As he scrolled through the comments below, he found an explanation. "Dr. Genevieve does have a presence on the anonymous website, albeit hidden. It's rare for anyone other than Dr. Genevieve herself to use the account. The fact that she's active on her account today is a rarity indeed."

Reading the clarifications in the comments, Harry felt some of his doubts dissipate. He responded to the account under the name Genevieve, "Having the healer aid my daughter would be ideal, but if you're pretending well, you'll regret deceiving me."

Harry's reply to the supposed Dr. Genevieve sparked immediate backlash,

*Are you serious? The explanation in the first comment was crystal clear. This is Dr. Genevieve's account. And who would dare to toy with Dr. Genevieve's name on the anonymous website?"

"How dare you threaten Dr. Genevieve? If she's willing to take on your case, it's a blessing. Keep it up, and you'll regret it. Apologize to Dr. Genevieve, or she might refuse to help your daughter. Then, you'll be in real trouble."

Harry refrained from specifying that he sought Dr. Genevieve's aid for Ashley's fertility issues; he mentioned "treatment."

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As Harry read the responses, anger surged within him. It seemed the respondent was cursing Ashley.

Yet, he couldn't continue the argument in this virtual realm. Anxiety crept in as he pondered the repercussions if Dr. Genevieve took offense and turned down Ashley's treatment.

After much deliberation, Harry replied to Genevieve, "Dr., my apologies for my earlier outburst. Please forgive my words."

After sending the message, Harry was filled with unease. When had he ever stooped so low?

But all of this was for Ashley's sake. There was no other option.

Dr. Genevieve didn't respond to his attitude but replied, "I'm currently in Shyran."

"We'll provide you with the specific address once we arrive in Shyran."

Harry was stunned. Dr. Genevieve was in Shyran. Then why had they come to Mosnioca?

*Wright, I'll book the earliest flight for tomorrow."

After responding, Harry immediately started preparing for their return journey.

The next day, Harry and Ashley boarded the plane heading back home.

During the flight, Ashley's emotions were a mix of hope and fear. "Harry, do you think Dr. Genevieve can heal me?"

Dr. Genevieve was her only hope. If Dr. Genevieve also admitted defeat in treating her, she'd genuinely lose all hope.

And to make matters worse, Mrs. Taylor, who had attacked her with a stone, had escaped and still hadn't been caught.

The thought of this filled Ashley with intense anger

Harry naturally sought to foster hope in Ashley. "Ashley, rest assured. Dr. Genevieve is renowned as a healer with extraordinary abilities. Perhaps she holds the key to our prayers? If everyone claims she's a miracle worker, let's lean into that belief."

After all, if a miracle worker couldn't deliver, could they indeed be called one?

Harry thought, 'If Dr. Genevieve dared to admit defeat in treating Ashley, I vowed to ensure her reputation suffered greatly. However, I had another concern. We must not let Gabriel know about Dr. Genevieve's whereabouts... Gabriel probably still believed that, apart from Neil, nobody knew about his impending or a n failure before he turned thirty, right? Harry smirked. In my younger days, Emily had shared this secret with me. I also knew Gabriel had been on a relentless hunt for Dr. Genevieve. I couldn't risk Gabriel tracking her down'

"Harry? Harry?" Ashley's voice broke Harry's thoughts, pulling him back to the present.

Harry returned to reality and whispered to Ashley, "Ashley, we must keep our meeting with Dr. Genevieve a secret from everyone." SEAR*ch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Ashley couldn't quite grasp it. Was there something scandalous about theeting with Dr. Genevieve?

"Harry, why?" Ashley inquired.

Harry couldn't reveal the valid reason to Ashley.

He fabricated a pretext, "If word got out and people thought we were acquainted with Dr. Genevieve, they might start leaning on us to reach out to her in the future, which could stir up unnecessary trouble."

Ashley didn't press further. Her primary concern was her health, so she let the matter drop.

Back in Shyran, Harry promptly dialed the contact information left by Dr. Genevieve. He assumed that although he hadn't met the doctor in person yet.. he would soon hear her voice, giving him a preliminary insight into her character-whether she was young or old, male or female.

However, Harry felt that Dr. Genevieve was unlikely to be young. They must be well into their fifties, he suspected.

Harry's thoughts drifted off if Gabriel were to uncover the whereabouts of Dr. Genevieve in Shyran, then Harry would have no choice but to...

Deal with Dr. Genevieve directly, ending any future troubles and ensuring Gabriel's chances of recovery are eliminated. Then Harry could finally have peace of mind.

But the voice on the other end of the phone wasn't human. It was a cold, robotic prompt.

Mr. Jackson, please proceed to...

A mechanical female voice provided Harry with an address.

Without hesitation, Harry ushered Ashley into the car.

During the drive, Ashley's emotions fluctuated. Despite her recent misfortune, she considered herself somewhat fortunate. The elusive Dr. Genevieve had been absent for years and had unexpectedly been contacted. Perhaps she could soon regain her health and even conceive a child under Dr. Genevieve's care. Ashley took a deep breath, feeling a sense of relief. Gently caressing her abdomen, she reassured herself that everything would be alright

After a while, another notification buzzed on the phone, directing them to a new destination with the mechanical female voice. Harry couldn't quite grasp Dr. Genevieve's intentions. Was she playing some mysterious game?

Nevertheless, he patiently followed the instructions to the new location. After nearly circling half of Norwood, Harry finally received the last address: the Imperial Gardens.

Harry felt a growing headache with each car turn while Ashley dozed off in the passenger seat.

Upon arriving at the mansion, Harry gently roused Ashley. "Wake up, Ashley. It's time to see the doctor."

Ashley slowly opened her eyes.

Hearing Harry's tender voice, she felt she was transported back to her childhood when Harry would comfort her when she was sick. That was before her parents' separation..

Feeling a pang of sadness, Ashley pushed aside her thoughts and stepped out of the vehicle.

"Be careful" Harry said, concern evident in his voice. Even with the bodyguards around, he wanted to ensure her safety, extending a hand to guide her

toward the mansion.

Upon entering the VIP suite, Harry stepped into a room where a figure sat behind an unfolded screen. It was a woman bearing a strikingly familiar aura, yet her face remained hidden by the screen.

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23:38 Wed, 12 Jun

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As Harry pondered whether he had encountered this mysterious healer before, he couldn't shake the urgency of the situation concerning Ashley's treatment. With a measured tone, he addressed the woman, "Ma'am, are you Dr. Genevieve? Is there a particular reason for concealing your identity?"

Despite his inner turmoil, Harry exercised restraint, recognizing that Ashley's fate rested solely in this woman's hands.

Yet.

there was

was only silence from behind the screen.

Observing the lingering presence of his bodyguards, Harry gestured for them to depart discreetly. As they exited and closed the door behind them, Harry couldn't help but feel a growing impatience. He wondered why Dr. Genevieve maintained such an air of mystery, especially if she was the renowned healer they sought.

"Dr. Genevieve, now that we're alone, can you attend to my daughter?" Harry's patience wore thin as he spoke. He had invested a lifetime of patience into this encounter with Dr. Genevieve.

As the figure behind the screen rose and stepped forward, Ashley couldn't shake the feeling that Dr. Genevieve might be mute. The silence lingered, making her wonder if they hadn't shown enough respect. However, when Ashley caught sight of Dr. Genevieve's true face, shock overtook her. It felt like the ground was giving way beneath her feet, for Dr. Genevieve was none other than Gina!

Ashley struggled to believe it, instinctively wanting to step back. Meanwhile, Harry, equally taken aback, reached out to steady Ashley as she seemed on the verge of faltering.

With an indifferent expression, Gina greeted them, "Hello."

Harry grappled with the situation. “Gina, you... are you Dr. Genevieve? No, that’s impossible. How could you? You dare to impersonate Dr. Genevieve and play games with us! Don’t think Gabriel’s protection will shield you from crossing our boundaries like this!”

Ashley was on the verge of collapse. Unconcerned about how Gina might report her outburst to Gabriel, she erupted, dragging her weakened body forward. “Gina, you’re despicable! Do you find it amusing to play these games with us? Leading us on a wild goose chase with that AI voice to toy with our emotions? My body is fragile now, and you want my life, don’t you? You wicked woman! Let me tell you, if I die because of you, I’ll haunt you to the ends of the earth!”

“And you know what? I believe it was your scheming that caused the miscarriage of my child. Gina, we’re sworn enemies for life!”

Ashley was emotionally shattered-her only desire was to confront Gina and tear her apart, to release the immense anger in her heart.

Gina remained composed. “I am not Dr. Genevieve. Then who is? Feel free to search for another Dr. Genevieve in this world if you wish.”

“And by the way, if you don’t want treatment, you can leave. But the consultation fee won’t be refunded; consider it my appearance fee”

Gina chuckled. Her appearance fee was indeed substantial.

Harry almost had a heart attack. They had paid a consultation fee of 100 million dollars before coming here. While he didn’t mind spending money on Ashley’s health, giving it away for nothing to Gina? That was something he couldn’t accept.

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