

When She Stops Playing Nice by Hale Saxon

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In reality, Harry hadn't been very suspicious of Gina's identity. However, wouldn't Gabriel have known about it if Gina had been Dr. Genevieve?

it was all over!" His plans would all be disrupted. He knew he had to get

Harry pondered, 'Could it have been that Gina had already treated Gabriel? If so, it w

rid of Gina, but the fact remained that she was tough to deal with

Ashley still couldn't accept it-how could Gina be Dr. Genevieve? Harry took a deep breath and decided to calm down for now. After all, Ashley's health was the priority. He comforted himself with the thought that perhaps not killing Gina earlier had been a good thing. If Gina had died, what would have happened to Ashley? But then, Harry reconsidered: if Gina had died earlier, maybe none of this would be happening now.

Thinking it over, Harry felt an intense headache. With a cold expression, he said to Gina, "We rushed back from Mosnioca without stopping once. Who said we didn't want a consultation? Since you are Dr. Genevieve, then go ahead."

Gina responded calmly, "Before the consultation, you must apologize to Cathy first."

Harry was stunned. Although he had a bad feeling about it, the condition Gina sot was too much. "You want us to apologize to the person who caused Ashley's miscarriage? Gina Miller, are you insane?"

Ashley snarled. "I knew it! You have a deep connection with Cathy Fowler. You instructed her to cause my miscarriage, and now you want me to apologize to her? Gina Miller, if you want to drive me to death, say it!"

"You're going too far!" Harry was on the verge of exploding. He suspected that Gina deliberately waited until they were there to make this demand. After all, if Gina had mentioned it earlier, wouldn't it have exposed her identity?

*Then you can leave, but the consultation fee won't be refunded," Gina said casually.

Harry couldn't bear it anymore. With nothing else to throw, he hurled his phone at Gina, who effortlessly dodged it

"It seems like you don't want the consultation anymore. Get out," Gina said, not bothering to waste any more words with them. Then she pressed the internal door switch to let them out.

Fuming with humiliation, Harry wanted to drag Gina over and forcefully demand that she examine Ashley. But just as the door opened, Gabriel stood there. Thinking Harry was about to lay hands on Gina, he swiftly stepped forward and pushed Harry away. Gabriel's force caught Harry off guard, almost causing him to fall. Ashley, weakened, managed to support Harry before he fell.

Ashley looked at Gabriel and said, "Gabriel, what are you doing? My dad is getting older, he can't handle being shoved like that. What would we do if he had gotten seriously hurt from falling?" Ashley accused.

"Then I will take care of his medical expenses," Gabriel said coldly, positioning himself protectively in front of Gina.

Harry and Ashley were infuriated by Gabriel's words. It was an outrageous betrayal. Harry felt that if he continued to be angry, he might even have a brain hemorrhage. "What's the matter with you? Why did you push me?" he asked. "I just wanted Gina to examine my daughter. Why are you so nervous? Am I some monster who would devour her?"

"Ask Gina to examine your daughter. But with your hands instead of your mouth?" Gabriel asked coldly. How could he not see through Harry's ill intentions?

In a fit of anger, Ashley felt a sharp pain in her stomach, causing her to double over and unable to speak. Seeing this, Harry felt immense concern for Ashley and immediately compromised. "I apologize I'll apologize to Cathy Fowler. Gina Miller, please, quickly examine her!"

Gina nodded. "Alright, apologize first. We won't waste any time."

Gina took out her phone and dialed Cathy's number, initiating a video call. Cathy looked surprised when she received the call from Gina. "Miss Miller, what's going on?" she asked.

Gina said, "Someone wants to apologize to you." With that, she turned the phone towards Harry and Ashley. Even though Cathy could only see them through the screen, she feared them. Gina had anticipated this concern, so she didn't demand they apologize in person.

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While eagerly supporting Ashley, Harry reluctantly apologizes to Cathy, saying, "I'm sorry, Miss Fowler, I misunderstood you before and retaliated against you. I am truly sorry."

Despite the pain in her abdomen, Ashley said, "Cathy Fowler, I was wrong before. I'm sorry. Can you forgive us?"

It was not easy to receive an apology. Cathy, wanting to avoid causing trouble for Gina, said, "Yes, we can let bygones be bygones."

Relieved by Cathy's response, Ashley breathed a sigh of relief. She was in so much pain she could barely bear it. "Gina Miller, we've apologized. Could your please examine me? I'm begging you. I'm hurting." Ashley said, on the verge of tears.

Gina wasted no time and ended the video call, gesturing to Ashley.

"Sit down," she said.

Harry hurriedly helped Ashley sit down, feeling her grip tighten on his arm. "Dad, my stomach hurts

trembling.

It's so painful, Dad..." Ashley said, her voice

Ashley knew that calling for her dad wouldn't change anything, but she just wanted some emotional comfort. Seeing Ashley in pain, Harry's hatred and resentment towards Gina grew even more vital. He thought, 'That d a m n e d Gina Miller had been playing us all along, causing Ashley to suffer like this from all the stress and exhaustion!'

Gina prepared to administer an injection to Ashley as a therapy. Ashley felt a wave of fear upon seeing the inch-long injection needle. Her lips pale, she said, "Gina, please don't take revenge on me. I really can't bear the pain anymore. If you use the needle on me again, I won't be able to handle it!"

"Shut up," Gina said coldly, her slightly impatient reprimand leaving Ashley feeling stifled. After administering two jabs on Ashley's arm, Ashley could sense that Gina wasn't seeking revenge. It seemed Gina's technique was effective, or perhaps the pain in her stomach had drawn away all her attention. During the therapy, she didn't feel any

pain. In fact, after a minute, Ashley no longer felt any pain in her stomach. Finally, she could breathe a sigh of

relict.

Harry was very nervous. "Ashley, how do you feel now?" he asked.

Ashley's complexion improved significantly. "Dad, I'm fine now. The pain is gone," she said.

"That's good, that's good," Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He couldn't help but admit that Gina was indeed capable. Feeling Gina's medical expertise, Ashley was eager to ask her some questions.

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"Will I be able to get pregnant in the future? Or, can your treatment help me return to my previous state?" Ashley felt she had lowered her standards, hoping Gina could answer her satisfactorily.

Gina checked Ashley's pulse. "Whether you can or not depends on your recovery. I'll prescribe you some medicine first," Gina said, "But you'll need to pay for the medication upfront," she continued.

"Medication costs, too?" Harry felt like Gina was playing them. He couldn't help but interject, "Isn't it the 100 million dollars supposed to cover everything, including medication?" "Gina seemed a bit too greedy, didn't she?" Harry thought..

Gina said calmly, "Some people are all inclusive, while others are not. What? Mr. Harry, can't bear to spend money to buy medicine for your daughter?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Harry immediately retorted, becoming agitated. He cherished Ashley so much; how could he be unwilling to spend money on her? The reason was he didn't want Gina to profit from it

"Then pay up," Gina said, extending her hand.

"How much?" Harry asked, his face grim.

"100 million dollars, Gina replied.

Harry felt like he was about to cough up blood. Gabriel added insult to injury with a smirk. "Harry, if you're short on cash, I can lend you the 100 million

dollars first

Harry's expression darkened even further. "No need," he said, then wrote a check directly to Gina,

After receiving the check, Gina wrote out the prescription. She then called Dylan to prepare the herbs. Since Cathy was injured and unable to do so, she had to rely on Dylan, another person she trusted.

"Go home and rest. The herbs will be delivered to you," Gina said.

"I can go home now? Ashley asked, somewhat incredulous. It hadn't even been half an hour since they arrived, and they had gone through all the trouble of navigating from the airport to here. There was a faster route, so why did Gina have them take the long way around?

Ashley couldn't help but ask, "Are you telling the truth? Did you deliberately lead us to detour to play a prank on us?"

"I'm not that bored. I just wanted to avoid anyone following you," Gina explained. After all, her appearance on the anonymous website had caused quite a stir. Some people would try to track her down through Harry and Ashley. She didn't want her true identity exposed.

Ashley didn't believe it, but she was exhausted and just wanted to go home to rest. "Dad, I'm tired, Let's go home," she said, reaching out. Harry Immediately took Ashley's hand. "Okay," he said. Harry quickly led Ashley away.

Gina then turned to Gabriel, who had followed them for quite some time. "Don't you have a meeting at the company? Why are you here?" Gina asked.

Gabriel replied, "The meeting ended early, and there's no business to attend to for now, so I came to accompany you." In truth, Gabriel was also a bit worried. Even though he know Gina wouldn't be bullied, he still wanted to stand by her if Harry mistreated her.

"But I'm not done yet," Gina said. Just then, Dylan called again. "Let me take this call," she said.

"Gina, the results of the research on the comb you asked me to look into for over a week..." Dylan hesitated as he organized his words. "One of the beeth on the comb has a small hole, and when you comb your hair, a small amount of liquid comes out. We analyzed the liquid, but its components are unclear..." Even though the components were unclear, Gina and Dylan were sure it wasn't anything good.

“if we continue to research it, there might not be any results..” Dylan paused. “The research team asked me to apologize on their behalf. They couldn’t figure out the details due to their limited medical expertise.”

Gina responded calmly, “No need to apologize, I understand. I go to the laboratory and take a look.”

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“Alright,” Dylan said.

Hanging up the phone, Gabriel asked Gina, “Are you going to the laboratory now?”

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Gina nodded. “After all, it’s related to Mrs. Emily’s real cause of death,” she said. Subconsciously, Gina wanted to resolve this issue as quickly as possible. wanting to help Gabriel alleviate hi worries.

Gabriel was deeply moved. “Gina, thank you for always working hard for my mother’s sake,” he said.

“You’re my beloved, so it’s only right for me to help you,” Gina said earnestly.

Gabriel was pleased. He leaned down and kissed Gina on the cheek. “I’ll accompany you. Do you need to conduct experiments? Can I assist you?”

Gina thought for a moment. “Well, then, maybe just tidying up would be helpful. I don’t think Mr. Jackson is particularly skilled at being an assistant.”

Gabriel agreed that he was not exceptionally skilled in medical matters. “Helping with tidying up should be fine.” He tightly held Gina’s hand.

The two arrived at Prover Hospital. Gina wore a professional protective suit and goggles, fully dressed and prepared before entering the laboratory. Gabriel also wanted to accompany her, similarly equipped, but to avoid disturbing Gina’s research, he quietly sat aside.

An hour later, Gina was concerned that Gabriel might feel too hot and uncomfortable in the protective gear, mainly since he wasn’t accustomed to suddenly wearing such heavy equipment. She glanced at him and said, “Why don’t you go outside and get some fresh air? Also, take care of the trash. You can remove the suit outside, but keep the gloves on when handling the garbage.”

“Alright.” Gabriel felt a bit stifled. He would want to step outside for fresh air and return, taking the medical waste with him as instructed. After removing the protective suit outside, he took a deep breath and noticed the strong scent of disinfectant in the hospital. Well, it seemed the air outside wasn’t much fresher either. Gabriel carried the medical waste and left.

In the hallway, Cathy bumped into Gabriel Meeting face to face, Cathy felt awkward and greeted him, “Mr. Jackson,”

Gabriel glanced at Cathy, responding in a chilly tone, “Yes.”

Having heard from Dylan that Gina was busy at the hospital, Cathy wanted to offer her help. She felt deeply grateful to Gina for her intervention, realizing that without her, she might never have received the apology from Harry and Ashley, Cathy was grateful and sought an opportunity to repay Gina’s kindness however she could. However, since Dylan didn’t specify Gina’s location before getting busy, Cathy hesitated to disturb her and decided to search independently. To her surprise, she bumped into Gabriel along the hallway.

“Mr. Jackson!” Cathy gathered her courage and called out to Gabriel. “Where is Miss Miller right now?”

Gabriel paused in his steps, his tone calm. “What do you need?”

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“Dr. Thomas told me Miss Miller was busy with something at the hospital. I wanted to come and see if there’s anything I can help with Cathy said truthfully.

“No need,” Gabriel declined straightforwardly. He preferred to assist Gina alone. Another presence, like Cathy’s, might disrupt theme together, even if it was just the two of them in the laboratory. As long as he was with Gina, he felt contented. He didn’t want anyone to disturb their peaceful happiness.

Feeling rebuffed, Cathy felt a bit awkward. She glanced at the medical waste in Gabriel’s hands and offered, “Mr. Jackson, let me handle that.”

Gabriel disagreed, saying, “No need.” However, his phone rang then, and he had to set down the medical waste, remove his gloves, and answer the call David called about company matters, and Gabriel’s furrowed brow indicated it might take a while.

Cathy stepped forward and said, "Mr. Jackson, go ahead and attend to your business. I'll take care of this trash"

Gabriel nodded. "Sorry to trouble you."

Cathy put on her gloves and picked up the trash bin. She felt a bit shocked that someone as important as Gabriel would allow her to help, giving her a surreal feeling. "It's no trouble at all," she said,

Cathy carried the medical waste to the dumpster to await centralized disposal. After opening the door, she took out the garbage bags filled with medical waste from the trash can and disposed of it. Cathy then intended to clean the trash can. However, she wasn't paying much attention during the cleaning process, causing the water used to clean the trash can to flow back into her gloves. Cathy didn't pay much attention to it initially, but the water made her gloves damp and uncomfortable, so Cathy took them off. Then, she proceeded to disinfect the trash can.

On the other hand, Gabriel returned to the laboratory to accompany Gina in continuing their experiments. Gina was focused on her work, but her furrowed brows indicated her growing frustration. Nearly two hours had passed, and she had yet to progress in her research, which was starting to give her a headache.

"Ashley, don't worry. You'll get better," Jasmine reassured Ashley as she visited her, sitting by her bedside and engaging her in conversation.

Jaban had not allowed her to leave the house for nearly half a month, especially when Gina and Gabriel were about to get engaged. It took a lot of persuasion for her to be allowed to visit Ashley. However, even when she was allowed out, Jabari arranged for bodyguards to accompany her, and she had to return home immediately after two hours. Any mischief was strictly forbidden. Jasmine was on the verge of being furious. She couldn't shake the feeling that Jabari might be Gina's brother, given how he always seemed to oppose her at every turn. She was seething with hatred.

Ashley had taken the medicine Gina prescribed and was feeling much better. However, when the medicine was delivered as promised, they were unexpectedly asked to pay for the delivery fee. Ashley was angry and felt a tightness in her chest. Although she had the energy to chat with Jasmine, her mood was soured, causing her to speak abruptly, "I know I'll get better."

Jasmine hesitated momentarily before responding, "Ashley, I heard you found a miraculous doctor. What does Dr. Genevieve look like?" she was curious.

Ashley fell silent momentarily, not particularly inclined to mention Gina's name.

Jasmine began to speculate, "Perhaps a person with gray hair and a long flowing beard, giving off an air of wisdom and spirituality, doesn't he?" Ashley chuckled at Jasmine's

speculation, "You're overthinking it. Genevieve is a woman. Oh, by the way, you know her too; it's Gina Miller."

Upon hearing Gina's name, Jasmine abruptly stood up, her pupils trembling with disbelief. "She's Dr. Genevieve? How is that possible?" Jasmine's reaction mirrored Ashley's disbelief; she couldn't accept it. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"She is," Ashley replied tersely, taking a sip of warm water, unwilling to delve into further explanations.

Jasmine felt like she was suffocating. Gina's excellence triggered intense jealousy in her. According to Jasmine's perspective, Gina should be inferior in every aspect. A child abandoned since young should not have risen to success but instead lived a life of poverty and toil, marrying early and struggling forever. That, in Jasmine's eyes, was the fate Gina deserved.

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Jasmine clenched her fists tighter. What was even more devastating was realizing her incompetence compared to Gina. Her once proud jewelry designs seemed insignificant in front of Gina, who was now the chairman of QR, the company Jasmine had dreamt of joining. Most importantly, Gina had stolen her beloved Gabriel. Gina was a thief in Jasmine's eyes!

"Jasmine?" Ashley looked at Jasmine, who had been standing in a daze for a long while without saying anything. Feeling strange, she called out to Jasmine with some concern.

Jasmine snapped out of her daze as if waking from a dream. "Yes? What's wrong?" she asked.

Ashley sensed that Jasmine's demeanor was quite strange. She felt a bit uneasy, even though she had previously thought Jasmine was a suitable companion compared to Gina, and now it seemed Jasmine might not be the right fit either. However, she didn't have the energy to care about Gabriel's wedding anymore. Gabriel was about to sever ties with her, and Ashley was in no mood to deal with it while dealing with postpartum recovery. At that moment, she just wanted to let everything go and not bother with anything anymore.

The phone rang, and Ashley answered it. "Miss Ashley, Mrs. Taylor has been caught," came the voice on the other end. Upon hearing this, Ashley's eyes turned sharp, and she tightened her grip on the phone. She thought, "That b**h managed to hide well, but after all this time, she had finally been found." Ashley was determined to punish Susan personally.

“Jasmine, thank you for coming to visit me. I’m fine now, but I have some matters to attend to, so I can’t accompany you any longer,” Ashley said.

“Okay, Ashley. I’ll come to see you again next time,” Jasmine said, checking the time. It had been almost two hours, and she couldn’t stay much longer. Jabari would probably call her to go home soon. Jasmine left Ashley’s room,

In the hallway, Jasmine crossed paths with the s e r v a n t on their way to the kitchen to prepare medicine for Ashley. The s e r v a n t greeted Jasmine with a nod, saying, “Miss Bush.”

Lost in her thoughts, Jasmine was brought back to reality by the s e r v a n t’s voice. She halted the s e r v a n t, asking, “Wait, are you going to prepare medicine for Ashley?”

The s e r v a n t hesitated momentarily, wondering why Jasmine asked such an obvious question, but still, she responded politely, “Yes, I am.”

“Alright, you can go ahead and attend to your duties,” Jasmine replied. The s e r v a n t then quickened her pace.

Jasmine continued to follow the bodyguard Jabari sent to monitor her. Halfway there, Jasmine suddenly said, “Hold on, I’m returning to the restroom. Wait for me here.”

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The bodyguard couldn’t help but ask, “Miss Bush, are you that urgent?”

Jasmine glared at him, “Am I a criminal? You won’t even let me use the restroom?”

The bodyguard quickly waved his hands. “No, Miss Bush, you’ve got it wrong...”

“Then

hen keep your mouth shut!” Jasmine snapped angrily.

Being just an employee, the bodyguard didn’t dare to say more. He stayed quietly in place, knowing that as long as Jasmine didn’t leave the villa, there was no need to worry about where she might run off.

Jasmine didn't go to the restroom but headed to the kitchen, She saw the s e r a n t keeping a close eye on the medicine jar and bit her lip. Then, an opportunity presented itself. The s e r v n t suddenly rushed off to the restroom. Jasmine thought, it's the perfect timing!"

She entered the kitchen, intending to tamper with the tonic in the medicine jar. However, she opened the jar and realized she hadn't brought anything. What now? Jasmine wanted to sabotage the tonic so that Ashley would believe Gina had done it and seek revenge on her. Jasmine glanced toward the restroom, worried the s r a n t might return suddenly, leaving her no time to act.

Jasmine anxiously looked around. Her gaze landed on a bottle of detergent.

Without hesitating, she grabbed the detergent and poured some into the medicine jar. Just then, Jasmine heard approaching footsteps. Panicking, she quickly left the kitchen. The ser

v a n t, engrossed in her phone, nearly bumped into Jasmine as she walked in.

Jasmine seized the initiative and said, "Watch where you're going!"

The s r a n t was startled and dropped her phone. "Sorry, Miss Bush, I di
d n't mean to," she hastily apologized.

Jasmine tried to mask her guilt. "Where's the restroom?"

The s r v a n t was stunned. "Oh? It's over there, Miss Bush. Shall I show you?"

"No need," Jasmine replied impatiently.

Speechless, the s va muttered once Jasmine had walked away, "What's wrong with her?"

The bodyguard brought Susan to Ashley's side. Ashley, who was no longer lying in bed, grabbed a glass from the bedside table and smashed it onto Susan's head. Susan, already messy and dirty, immediately began bleeding from her head, screaming as she collapsed to the ground.

Ashley hadn't calmed down yet. "You b**h! You caused me to miscarry. Even if I beat you to death, I won't find solace."

Susan pleaded incessantly, "Miss Jackson, I didn't mean to, I wanted to hit Cathy Fowler, not you. Spare me, please, spare me!"

Ashley, tired of hitting, instructed the bodyguard to continue instead. She didn't want to hear Susan's screams anymore and signaled for the bodyguard to take her away to continue the beating. "Just leave her broathing." Ashley ordered.

Aher a while, the s r a n t brought the brewed tonic to Ashley. "Miss Jackson, here's your tonic," she said

Ashley took the tonic and found it strange; she asked, "Why is there so much foam?"

The s r v a n t, not understanding either, replied, "Maybe, perhaps, this is how the tonic is supposed to be. I followed the instructions to brew t

Ashley didn't dwell on it too much. Perhaps the tonic was supposed to have feam? She assumed Gina wouldn't have tampered with it, so she drank it directly.

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Shortly after, the bodyguard walked in. "Miss Jackson, she's unconscious.

"Get her out," Ashley said.

"Okay."

"Where's Gina Miller?" Harry kicked Dylan's office door open directly.

Dylan, who was reviewing medical records, was startled by the loud noise behind him.

Harry was furious. He strode forward and swept everything off Dylan's desk. "I know you're Gina Miller's right-hand man at this hospital, so I demand you bring her to me. That b**h took 200 million dollars in consultation fees from me, and what did she give my daughter? Some worthless herbs landed her in the hospital, getting her gastric lavage. Get her here!" Harry knew that if he contacted Gina directly, she wouldn't respond, and Gabriel would cover for her. So, he had to come to Dylan instead.

Dylan calmly looked at the s c a t t e r e d files on the floor. "Mr. Jackson, please calm down first. There's no way the medicine prescribed by Gina could be at

fault."

Harry, consumed by concern for his daughter, exploded instantly. "What do you mean? Are you suggesting that we would fabricate stories and joke about my daughter's health just to blackmail you? Is that what you're implying?"

"I didn't mean that. I want you to calm down," Dylan replied.

"I don't give a d a m n about being calm! It's my daughter who's in trouble!" Harry exploded, throwing a punch at Dylan's face. "Are you still calm now? You're Gina Miller's lackey; see if I'll kill you!" Harry vented his anger, pinning Dylan to the ground. "I told you to bring Gina Miller here; why are you talking so much nonsense?"

The commotion in the office caught the attention of passersby. Someone peeked in and screamed, "There's a fight! Someone's getting attacked!"

Gina arrived at Ashley's ward. Ashley weakened from the gastric lavage, looked at Gina with resentment. "You want to harm me. What did you put in those herbs?"

Gina remained calm. "I couldn't have added anything. Doing so would contaminate my herbs, which are very precious to me. I wouldn't do such a thing. I'm not here to visit you but to tell you that your father intentionally assaulted Dr. Thomas, resulting in a broken nose. The police have been notified. Even if your father apologizes, Dr. Thomas refuses to settle, so your father will likely be detained."

Ashley looked bewildered. She did not know about this incident. She thought Harry had only gone to bring Gina, not expecting that he had also assaulted someone and that the other party refused to settle. Has everyone gone insane?

Ashley thought, "Dylan Thomas dared to have my father detained? Do they think the Jackson family is easy to mess with?"

However, Ashley couldn't deal with this matter at the moment. She needed first to clarify the issue of Gina's alleged tampering with her herbs. "Gina Miller put this matter aside for now, and don't bring up these irrelevant things. What you did is poisoning, and let me tell you, I can also call the police and sue you!" Ashley's voice grew louder as she spoke, feeling increasingly dizzy and exhausted. She truly hated Gina. Ashley felt that everything was falling apart because of her. Ashley had been in good health, but now it was ruined because of Gina. Gina must be cursed, bringing misfortune to everyone around her. She was indeed a disaster, causing great harm.

The doctor who analyzed the medicine residue walked in. "Miss Jackson, we've identified the unusual component in the medicine residue. It's a large amount of detergent." Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Detergent? Ashley was utterly shocked. No wonder she felt so much foarn when she drank the tonic. She felt nauseous, even imagining that she might vomit bubbles.

Upon hearing the test results, Gina scoffed. "If I truly wanted to poison you, I wouldn't use detergent." She considered it beneath her to use such a low grade substance that wasn't even poisonous. If she wanted to harm someone covertly, she knew many more effective methods. However, she wasn't one to harm innocent people indiscriminately. Those who deserved punishment according to the law were her priority.

Ashley gripped the blanket tightly. Detergent could only have been added during the brewing process. Did their servant have the audacity to tamper with her tonic? Or was it accidentally mixed in?

After Gina informed Ashley about Harry's detention, she left immediately. Ashley promptly summoned the household servant to the hospital. As soon as the servant arrived, Ashley didn't hesitate to slap them. "You b**h"

The two was startled by Ashley's anger and covered their face, looking aggrieved. "Miss Jackson, what's wrong? What did I do wrong? I don't

understand. Please, tell me."

"You dare to add detergent to my tonic? Or maybe you handled my herbs without properly washing your hands, causing me to get gastric lavage. How dare you say you don't know what you did wrong!"

The servant looked particularly aggrieved. "Miss Jackson, I didn't do that. I washed my hands thoroughly and wore gloves while handling the herbs. How could detergent have ended up in there? Isn't there surveillance in the kitchen? Let's check the footage. Then we'll know what happened, right!"

Right, there's surveillance in the kitchen! Ashley had been so angry that she had forgotten about it. She immediately took out her phone to check the footage. The surveillance footage showed Jasmine holding a detergent bottle and hastily pouring it into the medicine jar.

Ashley's eyes widened as she watched the scene. She couldn't believe that Jasmine, whom she had once considered as a sister-in-law, would do something so outrageous. She felt betrayed Ashley was furious. She had to go to the Bush family immediately to demand an explanation from Jasmine. Ashley headed straight to the Bush family, changing into fresh clothes

Jabari was sitting in the living room when he saw Ashley arrive, looking somewhat surprised. "Ashley, what brings you here?"

Ashley's face turned ashen. "What, can't I come?"

Jabari felt a bit awkward. He didn't understand why Ashley seemed so furious. "Of course not, please have a seat."

"No need. Where's Jasmine? Bring her out to see me," Ashley demanded.

Given their previously good relationship, Jabari still thought Ashley was here to visit Jasmine. "She's in her room. Let me call her for you," Jabari offered.

Jabari went upstairs and unlocked Jasmine's room, Jasmine was surprised to see the door open and glanced at Jabari. Irritated, she asked, "What's going on? I thought I was supposed to be confined here until Gina and Gabriel's engagement banquet was over."

Jabari couldn't be bothered with explanations. "Ashley is here to see you. Come down and talk to her," he said curtly. Deep down, Jabari was also concerned that keeping Jasmine confined in her room might lead to problems. Occasionally, it was necessary to let her out for a walk.

At this moment, Jasmine had a bad feeling. She didn't want to meet Ashley. "No, please tell Ashley I'm not feeling well and can't chat with her," she said, pretending to lie on the bed.

Jabari felt that Jasmine was acting strangely. "Are you not feeling well? The doctor came yesterday and checked on you. He said everything was fine. Why are you suddenly unwell?"

Jasmine became impatient. "I just suddenly feel unwell, is that not allowed? Didn't you want me to stay in my room, be quiet, and behave myself, not going anywhere? Now that I'm obedient, are you still not satisfied? Jabari Bush, what exactly do you want from me? Are you trying to drive me crazy? Are you even my brother anymore?"

After being confronted by Jasmine, Jabar suddenly found himself at a loss for words. After silence, he continued, "if you're not feeling well, I'll have a

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doctor come to check on you."

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"I don't need to; there's no need. Anyway, I don't want to live anymore. Just let me stay here quietly and let fate take its course!" Jasmine became increasingly distressed as she spoke. These were her true feelings. Being confined to her room, she couldn't sleep through the night. Whenever she thought about Gabriel getting engaged to Gina soon, she couldn't focus on anything else. She sat on her bed crying until late at night, feeling like she was crying her eyes out!

Jabari looked at Jasmine's helpless appearance and couldn't help but feel frustrated. "Jasmine, can't you have some dignity? Are you going to be so desperate over a man?"

"Gabriel isn't just any man. He's exceptional, one of a kind. There's no one else like Gabriel Jackson in this world!"

Jabari was tired of arguing with Jasmine, knowing he couldn't convince her "Do whatever you want," he said resignedly. He then planned to lock the door again and leave.

However, Jabari turned around and saw Ashley coming up. "Ashley, I'm sorry, Jasmine isn't feeling well, she..." Jabari's words were interrupted by Ashley. "Not feeling well?" She scoffed. "It's me who's not feeling well, not her!"

After saying that, Ashley barged into Jasmine's room without hesitation. Startled, Jasmine greeted her with a hint of guilt. "Ashley, you're here. I'm sorry. I'm feeling a bit dizzy and can't keep you company. Can we reschedule another time?"

Without a word, Ashley slapped Jasmine as soon as she approached, causing Jasmine to fall onto the bed. Despite knowing that Ashley likely discovered her tampering with the tonic, Jasmine still pretended to be innocent. "Ashley, what are you doing?"

Seeing his sister being hit shocked Jabari, but he quickly regained his composure and stepped forward, shielding Jasmine behind him. Despite Jasmine's misguided actions and flawed character due to infatuation, she was still his sister. No one dared to lay a hand on her in their family, and Jabari wouldn't allow Ashley to do so either. "Ashley, what are you doing?! Everything was fine. Why are you hitting her?"

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Ashley chuckled coldly. "For no reason? You have no clue what your sweet sister has been up to, de

"Jasmine Bush, I genuinely treated you like a sister-in-law before. Is this how you repay me? Putting detergent in my tonic, are you trying to kill me? Don't you know I just had a miscarriage? Even if I were to slap you, it would be too light!"

Therefore, Ashley intended to land a second slap, but Jabari restrained her wrist. “Ashley, what’s going on here? Please calm down first. Let’s sit down and talk this through, is there some misunderstanding?”

Ashley struggled and shook off Jabari’s hand. “Misunderstanding? What misunderstanding could there possibly be?”

Jasmine replied weakly, “Ashley, I don’t know what you’re talking about. I don’t know anything about any tonic. Didn’t you say Gina gave you the medicine that day? Shouldn’t you talk to her if there’s a problem?”

After hearing Jasmine’s response, Ashley finally realized that Jasmine was trying to shift the blame onto Gina and have her deal with it. She sat back and watched the scene unfold without lifting a finger. This realization infuriated Ashley even more; Jasmine had used her!

“The kitchen surveillance captured you pouring detergent into my medicine jar. How can you still have the nerve to argue?”

Jasmine’s pupils suddenly constricted. She hadn’t anticipated that there would be surveillance in Ashley’s kitchen, and Ashley had already brought out the footage. Jasmine had no way to argue her way out of this.

Seeing the surveillance footage, Jabari felt frustration and speechless anger. He reprimanded, “Jasmine Bush, what foolishness have you gotten yourself into?”

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Feeling like she had nothing to lose, Jasmine said, “Ashley, I didn’t mean to do it I couldn’t accept that Gina Miller could marry into the Jackson family. I was confused for a moment, I did something wrong, I’m sorry. I know I was wrong, please don’t be angry with me, okay? I’m sorry, I’m sorry! It’s just that I love Gabriel too much!”

Ashley felt like Jasmine was acting somewhat delusional as if her mind was clouded. “So you love Gabriel so much that you don’t want Gina to marry into the Jackson family? Do you think poisoning me would successfully prevent that? I bet you only thought of putting detergent in my tonic on a whim Should I be thanking you? If you had planned it earlier and used actual poison on me, considering my weakened state, your poisoning could have killed me by now!”

Jasmine lowered her head, feeling a pang of guilt as Ashley’s words hit home. She realized only now that there was surveillance in the kitchen. Despite her remorse, she felt a sense of relief that she hadn’t prepared the poison in advance. Harry wouldn’t have spared her if anything had happened to Ashley.

Ashley was still not calm and wanted to hit Jasmine, but Jabari intervened, “Ashley, I understand you’re angry, but violence won’t solve anything. Jasmine made a mistake, but hitting her that won’t do. Let’s talk about how to compensate you.”

“Compensation?” Ashley scoffed. “Do you think something is lacking in my life that needs compensation from you? What does the Bush family have to offer me? I’m quite curious!”

Jabari was momentarily at a loss for words, but he still chose to protect Jasmine. “In any case, I won’t let you hit my sister,” he declared

After exerting all her strength in those two slaps to Jasmine, Ashley felt like she had used up all the energy in her body. She now felt a sense of oxygen deprivation, weakness throughout her body, and dizziness. Ashley could barely stand and needed to find something to lean on, compounded by the headache from her anger. Ashley realized she couldn’t handle Jabari alone. So, she decided to retreat for now. Pointing at Jabari, she said, “Mark my words; this isn’t over between us!” Following that, Ashley left.

After Ashley left, Jabari spoke with a heavy heart. “I thought you were just going to visit Ashley, not stir up trouble. I never imagined, I truly never imagined, that you would come up with such a foolish plan to frame Gina, Jasmine, our Bush family, will eventually be ruined because of your

Listening to Jabari’s accusation, Jasmine broke down emotionally. “Can you blame me for all of this? It’s all Gina Miller’s fault. If Gina Miller hadn’t seduced Gabriel, if she hadn’t stolen my Gabriel away, would all these things have happened? It’s that d**n Gina Miller. Instead of blaming me, you should have realized earlier that she is the root of all this trouble. Please help me eliminate Gina Miller; all the problems will disappear. De vou

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understand?”

Jabari felt a wave of anguish. He closed his eyes and sighed. “Jasmine Bush, you’re beyond redemption.” Without another word to Jasmine, Jabari turned and left. As he was about to walk out the door, he uttered, “From today onward, don’t even think about stepping outside this room!”

“No, don’t!” Jasmine protested vehemently, but her response was met only with Jabari’s resounding door slam.

In the dead of night, Gina was awakened by her phone ringing. Groggily, she fumbled around and found her phone on the bedside table, answering it with a sleepy, “Hello?”

“Gina, it’s me. Cathy is in trouble.”

Gina’s first thought was whether Ashley had retaliated against Cathy again. It sobered her up a bit, and she immediately sat up straight, asking, “What happened?”

“I’m not sure. It happened suddenly. Cathy was fine in the afternoon. The nurse caring for her said Cathy started feeling sleepy in the evening. Initially, they thought she was tired and falling asleep, but she had a high fever. Despite receiving injections and IV fluids, her fever didn’t go down. Then they ran some tests and found signs of o**n failure in her.”

“O**n failure?” Gina found it hard to believe. It couldn’t be happening. Cathy had only been beaten up; she was injured, but it shouldn’t have led to o**n failure. There must be something else going on! She couldn’t shake off the suspicion that Ashley had retaliated against Cathy again, possibly by poisoning her food. After all, Ashley had mentioned tampering with the herbs earlier, Gina harbored resentment towards Ashley, but Ashley didn’t dare to retaliate directly against her, so she might have targeted Cathy instead. However, these were all just Gina’s speculations for now.

Unable to sleep, Gina immediately got up, changed her clothes, and left. She hurried to Prover Hospital as fast as she could. The rescue operation for Cathy ended, but she remained in the ICU.

With his nose wrapped in gauze due to the broken nose, Dylan approached Gina. “Gina, the results from the lab are out. There’s nothing wrong with what Cathy ate, drank, or was given intravenously. No one tampered with anything. However, Cathy’s sudden o**n failure is extremely unusual”

Gina frowned, gazing through the window at the barely conscious Cathy lying in the ICU. Lost in thought, she turned to Dylan and said, “Bring me protective gear, I’m going in to see her.”

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“Okay.” Dylan nodded and immediately went to prepare the protective gear.

Gina donned the protective gear and entered the ICU.

Currently, Cathy's fever has not subsided, reaching 107.6°F. With her fever persisting at such a high level, even without any other symptoms, Cathy was at risk of dying from the fever alone. Moreover, considering her existing injuries, her weakened resistance made her even more vulnerable.

With such a severe virus, it was fortunate that she came in time, Gina checked Cathy's pulse and was astonished that she exhibited symptoms identical to those she experienced during her viral outbreak. Gina was shocked; she pondered, "How could this be? How did Cathy come into contact with such an unknown virus? Did someone poison her? Who could it be? Ashley? Gina found it entirely plausible; Ashley had the financial means.

Gina's expression turned solemn. If Ashley could contact the seller of the virus, she might be able to trace the source through Ashley and find the person behind it. This virus had to be destroyed; otherwise, it could be used by countless malicious individuals for invisible murders. Gina couldn't fathom the potential harm caused by a virus of unknown origin. What's more, finding the source might lead to discovering who bought this virus and caused the death of Emily three years ago. It had been three years; the virus might have evolved and become even more potent.

After collecting herself, Gina immediately administered treatment to Cathy, Fifteen minutes later, she emerged from the ICU. Glancing at Dylan, who worked despite his injuries, Gina said, "It's late at night, and you're still here. You've worked hard. Go back and rest as soon as you can."

Dylan nodded. "Not at all. It's what I should do." He wouldn't have disturbed Gina in the middle of the night if it weren't for Cathy's situation, which he

couldn't handle alone.

"Cathy won't be in immediate danger for now. Go rest," Gina urged once more. Then she added, "if anything happens to Cathy tomorrow, contact me immediately." They couldn't afford any delay; Cathy's life could be at risk at any moment

"Understood." Dylan nodded in response.

As Gina turned to leave, Dylan suddenly called out to her. Seeing Gina in such a hurry, it seemed she didn't intend to rest just yet. "Gina, do you still have things to attend to! Is there anything I can help with?" Dylan felt guilty about his family causing obstacles for Gina in assembling the medical team for the artificial seed palace project, wasting her time. He wanted to help as much as he could.

* "Thank you, but there's nothing you can do," Gina replied before leaving She got into her car and drove straight to Ashley's house.

The doorbell rang in the dead of the night, waking up Ashley. Furious, she called the nanny, "Who the hell is mad enough to ring the doorbell in the middle of the night and disturb my sleep? Do they want to die?"

The nanny stuttered under the scolding as she had the speakerphone on. "Miss Jackson, it's Miss Miller who's here."

"Gina Miller?" Ashley suddenly snapped awake, It was bizarre for Gina to knock in the middle of the night Ashley thought, "Was she here to conduct a health check?' Ashley wasn't entirely sure, but at this point, Gina was the only one who could treat her. Ashley couldn't turn her away no matter what Gina came for at this late hour.

Ashley softened her tone. "Let her in." Ashley considered welcoming Gina, but then she thought better of it. In terms of seniority, she was older than Gina. Considering her current health condition, she was the patient. Logically, Gina should be the one visiting her. Should she go down to greet her? Besides, it was the middle of the night! Even if Gina wanted to see her, she shouldn't be coming at this hour. It was impolite. Yet, that "rural girl" from her childhood grew up to be Dr. Genevieve, the Director of Prover Hospital and the President of Quaria Group. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ashley grew increasingly annoyed the more she thought about it. The more she pondered, the more she felt justified. She decided to stay put in bed and wait for Gina. The nanny escorted Gina to Ashley's room. Ashley propped herself in bed and said, "Gina Miller, what brings you here at this hour?"

"There is something," Gina replied vaguely without elaborating further.

Ashley seemed to understand and dismissed the nanny. "Can you tell me what's going on now?" she asked.

Ashley watched as Gina approached, her expression icy. "Ashley Jackson, did you inject Cathy with the virus? She almost died. Tell me truthfully, where did you get the virus?"

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Ashley looked bewildered by Gina's interrogation. "What are you talking about? What virus?" she asked, genuinely puzzled. "Gina Miller, let me tell you, even though you're my doctor, my dad has been pulling pranks on you. I have a terrible headache and feel very tired right now. If you don't have anything urgent, could you please leave?" Ashley's tone was relatively calm, much better than before.

Gina felt that even if she asked, Ashley wouldn't admit it. She needed to use some tactics. So, Gina took out a syringe. "Tell the truth," she demanded.

Ashley felt a bit scared seeing the long, thin needle, but she didn't understand what Gina was up to. Feeling threatened, Ashley grangry. "Are you threatening me now? I may have had someone beat up Cathy Fowler, but I didn't inject her with any virus. Don't falsely accuse me!"

Gina ignored Ashley's explanation and continued, "This syringe is contaminated with the same virus found in Cathy's body. If you don't tell me the truth now, I will inject it into your body. Your fate will be the same as hers." Gina's tone was stern.

In reality, there was no virus on the syringe. Gina just used it to scare Ashley. However, Ashley was genuinely frightened. She felt like Gina might be using this as an excuse to retaliate against her for past grievances.

She stared at the gleaming needle, feeling fear wash over her. "W-what are you going to do? Are you trying to kill me? Gina Miller, have you gone mad?" Ashley was terrified, even contemplating calling the police.

"I just want you to tell the truth." Gina pressed on again.

"I swear, I don't know anything about any virus. What happened to Cathy Fowler?" Ashley cried in fear.

Now Gina could be sure that Ashley was indeed telling the truth. Ashley asked again, "What happened to Cathy Fowler? I had someone beat her up, but what's wrong with her now? I'll cover all the medical expenses, whatever it takes!" Ashley was trembling with fear now, regretting ever letting Gina into

her house.

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Having retrieved the syringe, Gina said, "Since it wasn't you, there's no issue." With that, she turned and left.

Left alone in disarray, Ashley wondered if Gina had left without any plans for retaliation. Wasn't she going to take advantage of Ashley's illness to exact some revenge? But

once she was sure that Gina had left, Ashley breathed a sigh of relief. She immediately called out loudly for the Anny, who hurried in, asking. "Miss Jackson, what's wrong?"

"Lock the doors light, and don't open for anyone! Ashley exclaimed in agitation.

"Alright, alright." the nanny nodded frantically.

The next day, Gina arrived at Cathy's ward. After another round of treatment, Cathy was out of danger and transferred to a regular ward. She had also regained consciousness

"So you're saying that you accidentally came into contact with the waste fluid in the medical garbage that day, and that's how it happened?" Gina asked.

"Yes, Mr. Jackson was busy on the phone then, and I offered to help. It was my carelessness," Cathy said. She attributed it to her misfortune.

Gina nodded. "Don't worry, I'll ensure you're well again," she reassured Cathy.

Cathy felt a wave of despair wash over her. Despite Gina's comforting words, she couldn't shake the feeling of hopelessness. If even the excellent medical facilities at Prover Hospital couldn't identify the virus ravaging her body, how could she expect to be cured? Gina's kindness was appreciated, but Cathy knew deep down that her condition was likely terminal. As she reflected on her tumultuous life, filled with mistakes and heartbreak, Cathy couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by the unfairness of it all.

Cathy couldn't hold back her tears as she spoke, her voice trembling. "Okay, Miss Miller. But how much will the treatment cost? if it's too much, I won't be able to afford it. M-Maybe I should give up on treatment. Her words choked with emotion.

Gina understood Cathy's concerns well. "Don't worry about the cost. Just focus on getting better. Helping you is helping myself, too. You're not a burden to me."

Cathy was taken aback and asked, "Miss Miller, what do you mean?"

"I've been infected with the same virus as you," Gina explained.

Cathy was surprised and sat up straight, although her body felt uncomfortable, causing her to cough violently. She scrutinized Gina and asked, "Miss Miller, are you okay then?"

"I'm fine for now. The extent of how this virus might affect me in the long run is unclear, so further observation is needed. But I'm not too worried about it, Gina assured. She was confident she could manage the virus.

Miss Miller, if there's any need for testing medication, you can go ahead and try it on me, Cathy offered, feeling relieved after Gina's reassurance. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Gina looked at Cathy in surprise. "Do you know what you're saying? Testing medication on you sounds like I'm treating you as an experimental subject. That's illegal. Besides, as I mentioned, I'll treat you and not use you as an experimental subject. We'll both be taking the medication and if you experience any adverse reactions, you need to inform me immediately. Our bodies may react differently to the virus due to our physiological differences, so the symptoms of the virus may also vary between us."

Cathy realized she had misspoken and hurried to explain, "Miss Miller, I'm sorry. That's not what I meant at all. I didn't mean to suggest you treat me like an experimental subject. I feel like I owe you so much, and if there's any way I can repay you, I'm willing to do whatever it takes."

In reality, Gina didn't feel like Cathy owed her anything. Instead, she felt guilty that Cathy got caught in the crossfire of Ashley's retaliation against her. Gina continued, "Don't worry, I won't hesitate to ask if I need your help with anything. But for now, your priority is to take care of your health and to follow my instructions, understood?"

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"Understood!" Cathy nodded. Then, with a tinge of frustration, she added, "Miss Miller, it's all my fault. Nothing would have happened if I had been more careful that day." She realized she had caused trouble for Gina again.

"It's not your fault. No one could have anticipated such an unexpected turn of events." Gina shook her head reassuringly.

Seven days later, Harry was finally released from the detention center, walking out with a sad expression. Ashley was waiting at the entrance to greet

him.

"Dad!" Ashley hurriedly greeted him, offering to welcome Harry back home and help him shake off any bad luck.

"Ashley, how have you been while I was away?" Harry asked, embracing Ashley and looking somewhat relieved.

"Nothing to worry about. I've been doing well," Ashley replied. Then she asked, "Dad, how was it for you inside? You weren't mistreated or anything, were you?"

He wasn't mistreated, but Harry couldn't believe he'd been detained at this stage! He pondered, "Dylan Thomas, what a b**d! How dare he refuse to settle? Just wait! I won't

let him off the h**k! Harry couldn't shake the feeling that Gina might have persuaded Dylan to refuse the settlement, to see him detained and humiliated.

"By the way, Ashley, did Gina Miller come to see you for a check-up these past few days?" Harry didn't want to dwell on the infuriating issues that could drive him crazy. His priority was Ashley's health. During the seven days in detention, the only thing he couldn't shake off was concern for Ashley's weak

health.

However, today, Ashley's complexion was much better than seven days ago. Gina's medical skills seem somewhat effective. If they weren't, he wouldn't let Gina off the h**k! He paid her 200 million dollars, so there would be consequences if it didn't work!

Ashley shook her head. "No."

Harry's face darkened as he pondered, 'I'd spent 200 million dollars on Gina Miller's consultation, and she only checked Ashley once? D**n it, what's with this so-called "Dr. Genevieve"? She's nothing but a crooked doctor!"

Ashley paused before speaking, "Dad, Gina Miller didn't come to visit me, but a few nights ago, she showed up at my door unexpectedly and threatened

'mel"

bling with fear then, unsure of whom to turn to for protection. Harry was in the detention center, and reporting Gina to the authorities Ashley was trembling seemed futile since she hadn't caused substantial harm. Seeking help from Gabriel or her uncle seemed pointless, as they supported Gina. Fortunately, Gina didn't show up the following days, easing Ashley's fears.

Harry was taken aback. "What did you say? Did she threaten you? How did she threaten you?" Harry thought, 'How could that b**h dare to threaten my daughter!'

"She asked if I inject some virus into that b**h Cathy Fowler? Moreover, She's dying. Diddo something like that?' I didn't do anything like that!" Ashley

said.

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Ashley vented. "That bitch just wants an excuse to mess with me!"

"Virus? What virus?" Harry suddenly tensed up.

"I have no idea. Gina Miller came to threaten me that day and then left. Later, I had someone check on Cathy Fowler. She ended up in the ICU. I had someone rough her up, but it wasn't supposed to be that serious, was it?" Ashley explained, feeling puzzled.

"Did Gina Miller do anything to you?" Harry asked again, his unease growing.

"Nothing" Ashley replied.

After confirming once more, Harry's expression turned serious. "Let's go home."

"Mr. Jackson, here's your coffee." Ibrahim offered, pouring a cup for Harry.

Harry looked at the coffee and clicked his tongue in disapproval. He stated firmly, "Gina Miller must die immediately."

Ibrahim paused for a moment, then slowly sat down. "She is not so easy to deal with," he said.

"I know that!" Harry erupted. "But Gina Miller is digging into how Emily Jackson died! If she finds out, we're all finished, do you understand?" None of his dirty deeds, not one, worried Harry, except this. He couldn't let Gina uncover it. He wasn't afraid of death, but Ashley couldn't be in danger. He feared her getting implicated.

"I think of a way to make Gina Miller disappear without a trace, without raising any suspicions," Ibrahim said solemnly.

"Do you even still need to think about it? Emily Jackson is the perfect example," Harry said bitterly, his frustration evident.

Ibrahim hesitated and said, "But the person who helped us buy the virus before is no longer available."

The person who assisted them before had been silenced. Now, they need a new intermediary. However, this intermediary cannot be just anyone, as the seller won't provide what they need to an ordinary person. After all, this kind of transaction involves their lives.

Harry's gaze landed on Ibrahim, whose expression stiffened. "Mr. Jackson..." Ibrahim's smile was forced. "Are you suggesting that I'm the one to buy the virus?" Buying the virus directly from the Bames family would mean having potential leverage held against him by them. Having such deadly leverage in someone else's hands was uncomfortable.

“Otherwise, what? Anyway, Gina Miller can’t stay a day longer. If you’re still alive today, you should be thankful for the life-saving favor I’ve done for you, right?” Harry countered.

Ibrahim took a deep breath. “Mr. Jackson, you’re right. Don’t worry, and I’ll make sure to get the virus. I’ll fulfill your wish,” he said.

At the KING Bar. “Mr. Barnes, let me toast to you,” Colin settled into the booth, basking in the attention of those around him.

“Excuse me.” Olivia pushed through the crowd and squeezed in.

Colin glanced at Olivia and didn’t pay much attention.

“Mr. Barnes, I need to talk to you,” Oliver said.

“If you

you have something to tell me, does that mean I must be available? Olivia Miller, you’ve got quite the nerve, right?” Colin said casually

Olivia forced a smile, summoning her courage. She leaned close to Colin and whispered, “Mr. Barnes, I want to buy Ash

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Colin initially wanted to push Olivia away, not only because he disliked her getting too close but also because he detested the cheap scent of her perfume. However, when he heard Olivia mention “Ash,” his expression changed. He turned to glare at Olivia and thought, ‘How did she know about that? She wasn’t qualified for it at all!

Colin’s face darkened, and he instructed the people around him, “Get out, all of you.” The flatterers who were flattering him moments ago were stunned and dispersed.

With a fierce gaze, Colin said, “Follow me.” Olivia followed Colin into the private room. She thought she should close the door for privacy, but as she turned around, Colin unexpectedly slapped her. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The force of the slap made Olivia’s nose start bleeding, instantly frightened, she slipped to her knees. “Mr. Barnes, what’s wrong? What did I do?” she asked in fear.

Grasping Olivia’s hair firmly, Colin demanded, “Ash. Who told you about Ash? Speak up.”

Olivia stammered, “I-I don’t know. My boss just commissioned me to buy something from you.”

“What is Ash? Tell me,” Colin said.

Olivia broke down. “I don’t know, I don’t know. All I know is a code name.”

Colin let go of his grip. “Let your boss come if they want to buy. What business do you have here? Are you qualified?”

Olivia immediately admitted, saying, “I’m not qualified, but Mr. Barnes, I’m just a messenger. My boss sent me, and I couldn’t refuse, could I?”

Colin smiled. “Alright, you can go now.”

Olivia felt confused. She had come all this way only to be beaten and achieve nothing. Now that Colin had kicked her out, she couldn’t help but feel frustrated. Nonetheless, getting away from Colin was a relief for her.

Olivia nodded hastily, quickly straightened her hair, and hurriedly opened the door, stumbling out in a fluster

Colin sat down in his chair, his phone ringing. He answered, and one of his subordinates spoke up on the other end: “Mr. Barnes, there’s a new high-value purchase on the anonymous website. The post says they want to buy a virus that can kill without a trace. It seems like they’re referring to our Ash. Maybe it’s a previous buyer looking to reconnect with us, hinting at it indirectly?”

“is that all you called to tell me?” Colin rolled his eyes.

“Yes, Mr. Barnes, didn’t you say that we need to pay close attention to any online information related to Ash?”

Colin was speechless. Later, he said, “Okay, I got it. There’s no need to bother with this.”

“Alright”

A man with brown hair and sunglasses entered the room, pushing the door open. “Mr. Barnes,” he greeted.

Colin narrowed his eyes. “Who are you?”

Ibrahim removed his sunglasses. “I’m the director of Blue Vale Hospital.”

“Come in.” Colin nodded, gesturing for him to enter

Ibrahim walked in, and Colin placed his legs on the table, casually saying, "It looks like you were waiting at the door, Are you letting Olivia Miller in to probe my intentions?"

Ibrahim sat and said, "The Barnes family has extensive business interests, and given the uncertainty regarding this particular business, I thought it best to come and inquire whether it falls under M. Barnes' purview"

"Since it's not my jurisdiction, who else would handle it? My sister?" Colin sneered, clarifying that he wouldn't let Elaine get sucked in the

"Now, tell me, who are you planning to use the Ash for? Since you've come to me, you should understand the rules of doing business with me," Colin said, pouring himself a glass of water.

"Intended for Gina Miller, Ibrahim said directly.

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Colin raised an eyebrow. "For Gina Miller? In that case, it's unnecessary," he said.

Ibrahim was surprised and decided to provoke Colin. "Really? Is there a business deal that Mr. Barnes is afraid to make?"

Colin sneered. "There's a business that I don't dare to do? Are you kidding me? it's just that someone used Ash on Gina Miller before you did."

Ibrahim was somewhat surprised. Could it be that someone had already bought the Ash for Gina! That would certainly save him a lot of trouble. Besides, Ash isn't cheap. Knowing this, Ibrahim felt quite pleased.

However, he had a question. "But Gina Miller, supposedly affected by the Ash, seems completely fine. Could the virus your research institute developed have degraded in quality?"

"Impossible. This virus has an incubation period. Gina Miller's good health is likely extending the incubation period," Colin said confidently.

Ibrahim looked somewhat puzzled. "Really? I think it might be because Gina Miller is the renowned Dr. Genevieve. That's why she's been fine for so long What do you think, Mr. Barnes?"

“What did you say? Gina Miller is Dr. Genevieve? Colin was shocked.

The drug manufacturer at the research institute had mentioned that Dr. Genevieve was probably the only person in the world who could potentially neutralize the meticulously extracted virus. If Gina had discovered a cure for Ash, it would not only have ruined his business, but if it had been exposed that he was involved in such morally reprehensible activities, he would have faced worldwide condemnation. That would spell the end for the Barnes family. At this moment, Colin deeply regretted having Gina injected with the Ash. But back then, he had no idea that Gina was Dr. Genevieve.

“Damn!” Colin angrily kicked the table, sending cups crashing to the floor and shattering into pieces.

Ibrahim calmly watched the furious Colin. “Mr. Barnes, calm down,” he said.

After ranting for a while, Colin suddenly declared, “Gina Miller must die, and she must not leave a trace!”

Ibrahim nodded in agreement. “It’s not just me, many others think the same way as you, Mr. Barnes.”

Colin chuckled upon hearing this. “Gina Miller has plenty of enemies, yet not one of them has been able to take her down?” “Just a woman. She was just a woman!” Colin thought bitterly and resentfully in his heart.

Ibrahim ignored Colin’s sarcasm. “I don’t have that capability. I’ll rely on you, Mr. Barnes. I can contribute financially and physically if you can find a use for me.” He hadn’t thought of a good plan yet, either.

“Get lost,” Colin said, his tone devoid of kindness.

With no business to conduct, Ibrahim saw no reason to linger and promptly left.

After venting his anger, Colin called the drug manufacturer at the research institute in Haylas. He said, “I’ve found Dr. Genevieve’s whereabouts.”

The person on the other end of the line became intrigued. “Oh?”

Olivia returned home, and Ella noticed that Olivia’s face was swollen. Concerned, she hurriedly approached and asked, “Olivia, what happened to your face?”

“I got hit,” Olivia replied impatiently. Was there’s need to ask? Couldn’t Ella see it with her own eyes? She was wondering if Ella had swapped her kidneys.

for a brain!

“Who hit you? Who? Gina Miller?” Ella’s immediate thought was Gina, the ungrateful child she had given birth to, who saw their Desh and blood as enemies!

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“Does it matter who hit me?” Olivia countered. Regardless of who it was, she and the Miller family currently lacked the means to retaliate. The Millar family was no longer the wealthiest in Norwood.

Ella fell silent for a moment, sighing. I’m useless as a mother; I couldn’t protect you.”

“I’m glad you know,” Olivia thought. But she said nicely: “Mom, let’s not talk about unpleasant things, okay? Anyway, I’m fine.” Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ella nodded in response. Noah Miller sighed as he walked into the living room. Sitting heavily on the sofa, he said, “is dinner ready? I’m starving”

“Not yet, I’ll go cook now,” Ella said.

“Mom, what are you doing? Your health isn’t good, and you shouldn’t strain yourself,” yourself,” Noah said. “Olivia, why don’t you go make dinner? I’m too tired,”

he added before slumping down.

Olivia suddenly felt a surge of anger. “How would I know how to cook?” she snapped.

“You can start learning now, Mom, you spoiled Olivia too much when she was younger, and now she doesn’t even know how to cook.” Noah sighed. “I’m just so tired today. Olivia, why can’t you help out with anything?” Noah lamented.

Olivia became increasingly enraged, jumping up from her seat. “What did you say?! I can’t help out with anything Are you kidding me, Noah Miller? Most of the expenses in this household are covered by me now.”

“Our brother died, and you got 4 million dollars from Ivan, saying you wanted to make a comeback. You said you’d invest it in business, but it’s been so long, and I haven’t seen any results. Are you tired? Don’t you think I’m tired too? Don’t I go out to work every day to earn money to support the family?” Noah said.

“Liam is currently unemployed. Jason has been shelved and still owes the company a breach of contract fee, yet all he thinks about is returning to the entertainment industry. How many fans has Jason left anyway? He locks himself in his room all day, doing

nothing but being a freeloader, Ivan always runs around without a trace; who knows what he's up to? There's Ronnie, too, I don't know what he's doing. With so much happening in the family, he hasn't shown his face once. Ronnie's living so carefree! And you, Noah Miller, how dare you say I haven't helped?" Olivia said.

Olivia regretted why she had gone to such lengths to return to the Miller family. She cursed her past naively. Now, Olivia couldn't get rid of these people. If it weren't for the fact that the obligations of these people still had some value, she would have left them long ago.

"I just said it casually, why are you so angry? Olivia Miller, I didn't realize you had such a fiery temper before. And what do you mean by saying you haven't seen any results from me? Are you implying that all my efforts to expand our network and attract investment are just a game? Do you look down on me? Do you think I'm incapable of making a comeback?" Noah retorted.

"How do we know if you have the ability or not unless you show it? Anyway, I haven't seen anything yet" Olivia sneered. She was genuinely being driven mad, turning into a shrew.

"I just asked you to learn how to cook, and you're making such a fuss. Even if you're unwilling to cook for the family, don't you need to cook for yourself?"

Seeing the argument escalating, Ella hurriedly intervened. "Alright, alright, let's not argue anymore. I'll make dinner. Noah, Mom's health may not be the best, but it won't worsen just from making a meal," she said.

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