

Apocalypse? I Prefer the Beast World Real Estate Market

Novel Chapter 8 - Chapter 8

Share

Chapter 8 The Carter Family of Ravenshire After leaving Blackwood Mountains, Lilian followed her mentor's instructions and made her way to the Carter family estate in Ravenshire. The Carter family held a prestigious position among Ravenshire's elite. Their influence was such that even the slightest move could send tremors through the upper echelons of society. The current head of the family, Simon, had held high office for many years but was known for his unusually low profile. What truly made people envy him, though, was his deep devotion to his wife.

Their love story had become the stuff of legend. It was said that Simon spent all his spare time with his wife, turning down countless social invitations. No matter how many sought to win his favor, he simply wasn't interested. The gate to the Carter Residence was made of ornately carved wood-lavish, yet tasteful. At the sight, Lilian couldn't help but silently admire their sense of style. She followed the butler through the gates and into the courtyard, which was laid out in an elegant, balanced fashion.

Even in the smallest details, Lilian could see thoughtful touches clearly made with the lady of the house in mind. Inside the main residence, Simon awaited them. He wore a gentle smile and gave off an air of kindness, though a trace of authority lingered between his brows-the quiet dignity of someone long accustomed to power. Simon was familiar with Leonard's medical prowess, and he had also heard whispers of Lilian's rising reputation over the past few years. Still, this was the first time he'd met her in person.

When she walked in, poised and calm, her eyes as clear and still as a lake, Simon found himself impressed. "Ms. Harrington, at last, you're here." "Mr. Simon. Sorry to keep you waiting." Lilian gave him a polite nod, her smile measured and professional. Without wasting words, she got straight to the point. "Let's skip the pleasantries-take me to see Madam Elena." Simon was momentarily stunned, then burst into hearty laughter. "You're a lot like Leonard." He genuinely admired her directness. After being surrounded for years by sycophants and flatterers, Lilian's frankness was refreshing.

At his signal, a servant wheeled out Madam Elena-and Lilian couldn't help but be taken aback. Even seated in a wheelchair, and despite being past forty, Madam Elena had a quiet brilliance in her eyes, a serene detachment from the world that commanded respect. "You must be Miss Lilian," Madam Elena said with a soft, apologetic smile. "I'm sorry you had to come all this way for my useless legs." Although surprised by Lilian's youth, Elena trusted her husband's judgment and voiced no doubts. "No need to be so formal," Lilian replied. "Treating patients is my duty."

It's no trouble at all." She stepped forward and took Elena's pulse. In moments, her diagnosis was clear. Just as Simon opened his mouth to ask about it, the butler returned, looking slightly awkward. He leaned in and whispered, "Sir, Mr. James has arrived... and brought a guest. Looks like a doctor." Lilian had sharp ears and heard every word-but she chose to wait and observe. Simon frowned, but before he could respond, the guests arrived. Lilian turned to see a stylishly dressed man walk in. Though not young, he had aged well. This must be Simon's younger brother-in-law.

Behind him was a refined-looking young man in glasses, carrying a medical kit. So that was the doctor. Lilian studied him a little more closely-he looked familiar. Then it hit her. Not long ago, while researching at the city library, she had seen an interview with him. He was a renowned neurology specialist from Kingston. "James, what brings you here? And this is...?" Simon's expression grew noticeably cooler as he noticed the guest. "Ah! This is Dr. Larry, Kingston's top neurology expert. He's also the private physician for the Whitmore family.

Every time I tried to invite him before, he was busy, but today I finally caught him after a seminar and convinced him to come." As James spoke, Larry merely nodded slightly, his eyes carrying a touch of arrogance. At the mention of Kingston and the Whitmore family, a flash of sharp awareness passed through Lilian's eyes. Kingston? The Whitmore family? This man... is he connected to Sebastian? admin

Ad-Free Reading Experience