

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 111

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 111-No Longer Affiliated With The Chalkers +10 pearls If she had not slandered Cordelia, that Shadow Garden assassin would not have appeared. If the assassin had not appeared, she would not have been bitten by the seven-colored centipede. If she had not been bitten by the seven-colored centipede, Wilfred would not have died so quickly.

In other words, even if Wilfred was fated to die from the seven-colored centipede eventually, he could have led the Chalker family to expand their influence to the cities neighboring Jadeborough while he was alive.

Essentially, they saw Angelina as the reason for the Chalker family's downfall.

When Angelina saw their angry gazes, she paled drastically.

That was not the worst.

The worst was that Emrys was already on his way toward her. The terrifying pressure in the air around him was suffocating her.

"Angelina, didn't I tell you not to cross me? Why did you have to play with fire?" Emrys' voice was like the devil's.

Thump!

Frightened, Angelina felt her knees buckling, and she collapsed to the ground.

The bottom of her skirt was damp.

As Emrys apathetically looked at her, he said, "I don't know what gave you the confidence to compare yourself to Delia. If Delia is the brilliant moon in the sky, then you, Angelina, are just a glowworm on the ground. Who do you think you are to act so arrogantly?" One mistake would lead to more mistakes down the road.

If Angelina had not made things even tougher for Cordelia Group back when Cordelia Group was in a crisis, then she would not be in this situation at that moment.

If she had not chosen to marry into the Chalker family and had not chosen to take revenge on Cordelia, then with her beauty, she would have led a comfortable life.

Alas, of all the choices to make, she chose the worst path to take.

One could only say that her jealousy was incredibly terrifying, but it was also her downfall.

“Please! Please don’t say anymore...” Angelina gripped her head in despair as tears fell from her eyes. Her makeup was running, and she looked like a mess.

No Longer... +10 pearls Right then, Gerald suddenly said in an icy tone, “Mr. Lund, everything happened because of this woman. From now on, this woman is no longer affiliated with the Chalker family. It’s up to you to decide what you want to do with her, Mr. Lund.” No longer affiliated with the Chalker family?

A shudder wracked Angelina as she snapped her head upward in disbelief.

Then, she raked her tearful gaze across the Chalkers, including Gerald, Tyson, and her husband, Joseph.

Yet, everyone was looking at her in a cold manner. Some even had disgust in their eyes. It was clear that they were drawing a line between her and them.

Is this how ruthless the rich can be?

Only despair and desolation could be used to describe what Angelina felt at that moment.

Her husband’s attitude especially hurt her. When the two of them were making love to each other the night before, Joseph had even said that he was going to make her dance on cloud nine with his oral techniques.

Who would have known that Joseph would act so differently in less than a day?

He now seemed like a stranger to her.

That revelation struck her harder than Emrys’ words.

“Hahaha! Yes, everything is my fault. I’m the clown! Ha... Hic...” Angelina sobbed miserably, her laughter dissolving into sobs before transforming into chuckles. In the end, no one could tell whether she was laughing or crying.

Angelina had lost her mind.

When Emrys watched her run out of the house like a madwoman, he sighed..

If only she had known that this would happen.

“Now that my son is dead and Angelina is mad, are you satisfied? Why are you still here?” Tyson hoarsely said as he shot an icy look at Osmond and the others.

Osmond and the rest did not speak, however. Instead, they quietly turned to face Emrys.

A moment later, Emrys finally said. "The score for today is settled, but dear Chalkers, have you forgotten about what happened fifteen years ago?" A score from fifteen years ago?

The Chalkers were confused.

After taking a deep breath, Emrys uttered, "Gerald Chalker, do you have nothing to say about the fire at Sunshine Children's Home?"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 112-2 Settling The Score Now As Emrys spoke, he glared at Gerald.

+10 pearls Emrys had wanted to settle this score with the Chalkers during Tyson's sixtieth birthday, but too many things had happened lately. The Chalkers seemed to be eager to court death, so Emrys had no choice but to bring his plan forward.

Gerald's b*dy shook. "What is Sunshine Children's Home to you?" "I was a member of the orphanage fifteen years ago, and I nearly died in the fire. So, what do you think the orphanage is to me?"

The color drained out of the Chalkers' faces when they heard that.

As it turned out, even without Angelina stirring up a mess, the frightening young man would have come after the Chalker family too. It was just a matter of time.

What sins have we Chalkers committed?

With a look of terror, Gerald kneeled before Emrys and pleaded, "Mr. Lund, please have mercy on us! I did set the fire, but this has nothing to do with the Chalker family. Please spare them!" Gerald saw no point in trying to deny his deed.

After all, Emrys had to have secured evidence of the perpetrator's identity if he said that. There were no words Gerald could say to get himself out of the hot water.

Furthermore, Emrys was cunning. The young man definitely had ways to get the truth out of him. Lying would only speed up his death. In contrast, honesty might earn him the chance to save the other Chalkers.

"Is that all?" Emrys frowned.

Osmond once said that the land at North River District was more than enough for the Chalker family—that there was no need for them to come to South River District to set the fire.

Hence, there had to be more to the fire.

Gerald's b*dy shuddered again when he heard Emrys' question.

Hah! So there really is more to the fire.

As Emrys' gaze turned glacial, a murderous look crept onto his face. He snapped, "If you don't want the Chalker family to be obliterated, then spill everything you know about what happened fifteen years ago right now." "Have mercy on us, Mr. Lund!" Gerald slammed his head onto the ground as he prostrated before Emrys. In a shaky voice, he went on, "Yes, I was the one who set the fire fifteen years ago, but it Settling The... +10 pearls wasn't my plan. Someone else... told me to do it." "I knew there was something fishy about this. Who's the one behind you? Spit it out!" Emrys roared.

Gerald was as pale as a sheet, but he shook his head and said, "I don't know..." Livid, Emrys kicked Gerald's head. "I can't believe you're trying to cover for the mastermind even though the grim reaper is right by your side! It looks like you don't care about the Chalkers at all." The force of Emrys' kick made Gerald roll on the ground, but still, he cried out desperately, "Please don't be mad, Mr. Lund! I don't mean to cover for them; I really don't know who they are!" Bam!

Emrys kicked Gerald's b*dy this time, the murderous intent in his eyes intensifying. "How dare you try to fool me? How can you not know who they are? Why did you help them burn the orphanage? Do you think I'll drop the case so easily?" "It's not that, Mr. Lund. It's because... It's because they're a martial artist too. I wouldn't dare to go against them." Another martial artist?

Emrys froze.

All of a sudden, a vague memory in Emrys' mind abruptly became clearer.

He finally remembered what happened.

Back then, he had a chance to escape from the fire, but as if trapped by a mysterious force, he was rooted to his spot.

Yes, that was what happened.

The more he remembered, the surer Emrys became about how he was the target of the fire.

But it's odd. If someone wants to kill me, why don't they just do it directly? Why go through the trouble of setting the orphanage on fire instead? Moreover, why did I forget about this until today?

Emrys mulled over the questions for a long time. He did not know the answer to the first or second one, but he could deduce the answer to the third question.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 113-The Missing Friar The one who sealed away his memories should have been the old friar.

+10 pearls The art Emrys trained in was Nameless Divine Art. As a beginner, his mind had to be clear. If he was consumed by revenge, he would never be able to master it.

Maybe the friar knows something about the identity of the mastermind.

However, Emrys could not reach the friar.

When he first returned from the battlefield, he had visited the monastery, but he found no traces of the friar there.

Moreover, the friar was always secretive. Emrys could never find out anything about the friar's whereabouts even if he used his Seventy-two Shadow Forces' network.

It was frustrating.

Right then, Gerald said, "I don't know who that person is, but I vaguely remember something they said. They said they were from Jipsdale." "Jipsdale?" Emrys narrowed his eyes. A long while later, he let out a heavy sigh and said, "Even though you were not the mastermind behind the fire, you were the one who set it. Thus, I don't think it'll be outrageous for me to cripple you, right?" With that said, Emrys swiftly pressed down on Gerald's knees.

Crack!

His kneecaps were shattered.

Gerald screamed in pain.

Even so, he did not dare to utter a word in protest, for it was a kind punishment for him. At the very least, he was emerging out of it alive.

Once Gerald was dealt with, Emrys went to the courtyard and gazed at the faraway horizon.

"A martial artist of Jipsdale, huh? Things are getting more and more interesting.

I'm going to dive right into this matter." After what seemed like an eternity, he looked away and left the Chalker residence with the seven-colored centipede's b*dy.

His mind was already in a state of tranquility.

Once I'm in Jipsdale, I'll have the chance to continue looking into this matter.

Meanwhile, Osmond quietly glanced at Gerald and Tyson before sneering. “Do you know who that is?” Tyson was gritting his teeth in silence as he glared at Osmond.

However, Osmond did not give him the answer. Instead, he left the Chalker residence with Thomas and the rest.

A while later, a deep voice came from the outside of the house.

“Tyson, have you ever heard of the highest-ranking man in Chanaea, the Empyrean Lord?” Revelation struck the Chalkers like a bolt from the blue.

The Empyrean Lord? He’s the Empyrean Lord? The guardian of Chanaea?

Everyone in the Chalker family was quivering when realization dawned upon them, and they could not recompose themselves for a long time.

“Ah!” Too frightened, Tyson screamed and vomited a mouthful of blood on the red coffin.

That night, the Chalkers removed all the defamation articles and cleared things up using the Jadeborough News. They pinned all blame on Angelina, saying that her jealousy was what drove her to spread the rumors.

In no time, the citizens started insulting the evil Angelina instead of cursing at Cordelia.

The next day, the Chalker family held a press conference. Tyson and Gerald attended it in person and clarified the incident with the media before apologizing.

At the same time, the Chalkers announced their retreat from Jadeborough in the next two weeks and auctioned off all their businesses at a low price.

The second the news was released, the entire Jadeborough was stunned.

The Chalker family was the top dog of North River District, and they were thriving and growing. How could they possibly let go of everything they owned to someone else?

Alas, no one knew the answer to that, for those who knew about what happened that evening did not dare to reveal the truth for fear of dying.

The only conclusion the citizens could come to was that the Chalker family had to have offended someone far more powerful than Osmond.

That made the people even more curious about the man behind Cordelia Group.

They wondered who was capable of instilling such fear in the Chalker family.

Rumors formed and died about the incident, but everyone knew that, from then on, Jadeborough belonged to Cordelia Group.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 114-Raging River At the southern bank of Jolhurst River, Benedict was in a wheelchair, watching the raging river with a sense of wistfulness.

The river would never stop flowing for anyone, and that was the same for time.

The surging waves would wear down those who dared to oppose them.

Back then, the Chalkers left a trail of blood behind them at Jolhurst River on their journey to glory. Eventually, they fell from grace.

This river had seen the rise and fall of the Chalker family, and it had witnessed the change of power in Jadeborough.

They were in cruel times where only the strongest were kings.

Benedict was in a trance as he fixed his gaze on Jolhurst River. Finally, he sighed and said, "It's a new era in Jadeborough, and in this revolution, our family has finally found its footing." As he said that, a relieved smile grew on his face.

Behind him, Kane agreed. "Dad, the Sheldon family has finally made the right bet." Benedict smiled. "Bring me back. We have a tough battle to fight soon, and that will affect the situation at Jadeborough for the following decades, maybe even the century." "Of course." Kane nodded.

The death of a whale would birth an ecosystem for hundreds of others.

The Chalker family had been a giant who ruled over the North River District.

South River District's forces, including Osmond, had to work together to hold their ground against them. Now, the collapse of the Chalker family had brought endless opportunities to the other wealthy families—a profiting market.

Everyone wished to win more power in the corporate battle.

Perhaps it was time for Osmond to change his title from South River King to Jadeborough King.

At the Sunderland residence, the willful Charlotte had skipped her cram school classes and was giggling as she looked at her phone on the couch.

"I knew it! I knew that Mr. Lund wasn't a sugar baby." In the meantime, Franklin was troubled. He was at a loss with the stubborn girl.

Yet, he could not help but feel worried as he watched his granddaughter giggle on the couch.

It looks like the silly girl has fallen head over heels for him.

Before the Chalkers' incident, Franklin would have been glad to have his granddaughter get together with Emrys. In fact, he would have even created opportunities for them to be alone with each other.

However, after that day, Franklin realized that thought of his was unrealistic.

Like Thomas, he initially thought that Emrys was just Empyrean Lord's brother-in-law who grew up in Jadeborough, but as it turned out, Emrys was the Empyrean Lord himself.

That could only mean one thing.

Emrys was someone who had seen the world. He was a man standing on the top of the pyramid, so he could have any outstanding woman he wanted.

On the other hand, his granddaughter was unruly and disliked studying. Even though she was cute, she was not developing quickly enough in certain areas.

She did not have an upper hand over the others.

Franklin grew morose.

"Charlotte, I have some things I want to tell you, but you need to prepare yourself mentally before hearing them." "What?" Charlotte shot upright on the couch. When she took in Franklin's solemn expression, she said, "Grandpa, you're not going to tell me that you have cancer and don't have long to live, right?" That has to be it. Why else is Grandpa suddenly so serious? He's even asking me to mentally prepare myself for his words.

"Grandpa, don't die! I don't want you to die!" Charlotte began bawling as she threw herself at Franklin, wrapping her arms around her grandfather's neck.

"Shoo!" Franklin's expression darkened. "I'm as healthy as a horse! Are you hoping that I cancer?" "That's how shows tend to go..." Charlotte mumbled.

"I told you to stop watching those soap operas, but you wouldn't listen to me. It looks like I'll have to confiscate your phone from now on." "No! My phone's my life!" Charlotte protested as she gripped her phone tightly and looked at her grandfather with hostility.

Franklin sighed in exasperation. "If your phone is your life, then what about Mr.

Lund?"

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 115-Fine Powder At the mention of Emrys, Charlotte flushed. "Weren't we talking about the phone, Grandpa? Why are we suddenly talking about Mr. Lund? I... I'm not quite there with him!" In her discomfort, she traced the ground with her foot in a coy manner.

Franklin grew even more morose. What a state we're in!

He sighed once more.

"Do you think Mr. Lund exceptional, Charlotte?" Franklin asked sternly.

"Of course! He's the best. Handsome, learned, and his bike goes faster than an Audi. My friends in cram class didn't believe me when I told them this." Charlotte became chatty at the prospect of talking about Emrys, but she stopped herself when she noticed her grandfather's odd expression. "What were you going to say to me, Grandpa?" Franklin hesitated. "Since you know what a good man he is, how are you going to be worthy of him if you don't buck up?" Charlotte froze, speechless.

What does Grandpa mean by that? Does Mr. Lund think I'm not good enough and had Grandpa tell me? Oh, how hurtful!

Charlotte's young, naïve heart felt as if it were breaking.

We haven't even begun dating yet, but it's already over. Oh, my heart! It hurts.

Charlotte's eyes filled with tears. She looked as if she was going to cry, so Franklin hastened to comfort her. "It's not that Mr. Lund thinks you're not good enough. He just thinks it would be even better if you could improve." "That's basically saying I'm not good enough!" Unable to hold back the floodgates any longer, Charlotte wept.

Franklin could not bear to see her cry, so he concocted a lie. "Actually, Mr. Lund told me he would be with you if you manage to get into Snowywoods University." "Really?"

"Yes, really." "You'd better not lie." In a damp, dark cave on a river bank crawling with snakes and scorpions, an emaciated old man was sitting cross-legged with a gigantic gray python wrapped around his b*dy. Its head rested on the old man's shoulder while its scarlet tongue flickered in the air.

The old man's eyes were shut.

With a sudden grunt, he spat out a mouthful of blood, his face contorting in agony.

“Who slayed my seven-colored centipede?” Three men ran in, their faces pale, and fell to their knees in terror “What happened, Master?” “Wilfred is dead!” “What? He’s dead?” The trio swayed on the spot.

The skeletal old man nodded. “I lost connection with the seven-colored centipede at a place called Jadeborough in Jazona. Go there at once and bring back Wilfred’s killer. I will cut him into pieces and feed him to the snake!” “At once, Master.” The thin old man scowled after the three pale men left. His strange eyes were no different from the vertical pupils of the giant python on his shoulders.

“How dare he kill my seven-colored centipede, which I have cultivated with so much care! I will skin you alive when I catch you!” the old man, Skorprios, roared.

It was not Wilfred’s death he lamented but the seven-colored centipede’s.

If not because he was close to a breakthrough, he would have gone to Jadeborough personally to deal with the offender.

In the meantime, Emrys had grounded the seven-colored centipede into medicinal powder, divided it into batches, and made it into tonic soup.

Centipede powder, with its properties to allay wind and spasms, detoxify the b*dy, and dispel stagnation, was a valuable medicinal ingredient.

Given the seven-colored centipede’s power, it made a potent medicine indeed.

Emrys needed only one-tenth of the powder to extract almost all of the venom within Yelena.

Caylie brought some tonic soup over to the bed. “Come, Clumsy. Take your medicine.” Yelena glared at the other woman. “Look at the state I’m in, Caylie! How could you make fun of me?” “All right, I won’t tease you anymore.” Uncharacteristically cheeky, Caylie chastised Yelena as she fed the latter, “I’m not picking on you, Lena, but you’re too old to be getting bitten by centipedes like that. I’m confused. Could it have been a centipede spirit?” Standing in the corner, Emrys could not stifle a laugh.

You’re right, Caylie. It is a centipede spirit.

The women were not there when Emrys grounded the centipede into powder.

He thought Caylie might not joke around so if she had seen how big the creature was.

Feeling guilty, Yelena did not share the truth with them.

After helping Yelena finish her medicine, Caylie sighed. “For some reason, plenty of awful things have been happening. First, it was the Chalker family slandering Caylie and

Emrys, then the centipede biting Lena. Good thing the Chalker family has owned up and apologized. By the way, what is their purpose for going through all that trouble?" Caylie racked her brains but could not figure out why.

Yelena, on the other hand, gazed quietly at Emrys with a thoughtful expression.

Though she had no evidence, her intuition told her Emrys was responsible for that.

It appears that Emrys is not only skilled at fighting and medicine. His secret identity is also something to behold!

Five minutes later, Emrys announced, "The medicine should be kicking in soon.

I'll begin administering acupuncture, Lena." "Mmm." Yelena's voice was soft. She nodded lightly, and her cheeks tinged pink, making her look vivacious.

Caylie was a little jealous, but she exited the room nonetheless.

She knew that Emrys was going to administer the needles to Yelena's chest, which was dangerous territory. As it was close to the heart, the slightest lapse in vigilance could have catastrophic consequences.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 116-The Procedure Caylie wasn't skilled enough currently to be administering needles to the patient's chest, or she would have volunteered to do it herself.

After all, he's a guy and she's a girl.

Worried that her presence would affect Emrys' concentration, she exited the room.

Only the two of them were left in the room.

Emrys was nervous. It felt completely different from the first time he administered acupuncture to Yelena.

At the time, Emrys was extremely focused as his only concern was for her life.

Besides, Yelena had not felt a thing because she had been unconscious.

This time, however, the beautiful, seductive woman was lying before him and gazing up at him with misty, imploring eyes.

"Face the other way, Lena." "Mmm." Yelena hummed in assent. Her ears, snow-white like the neck of a swan, flushed pink.

Though she was fond of teasing Emrys, it was usually in jest. Furthermore, it was through two layers of clothing. Now, however... Yelena became abashed.

Steadying himself, Emrys undid her buttons and gripped the first needle.

Twenty minutes later, he was done. Mopping his sweaty brows, he said, "Thankfully, yours are au naturel, Lena, or these needles would have punctured them." The beads of sweat on his brows were not of exertion but of nerves.

Thus, he cracked a joke to ease the uncomfortable atmosphere.

Chuckling, Yelena flicked his forehead. "Of course. I have self-respect, you know." "Is that so? Would you like to compare sizes, Lena?" As she had remained on the other side of the door eavesdropping, Caylie heard everything. Aware that the process was complete, she pushed open the door and shot Yelena a challenging look upon entering the room.

Yelena pulled a face. "I'm not going to compete with you. You're a monster." "How dare you! Say that again, Yelena!" Emrys went for a shower after administering the needles on Yelena, firstly to wash his sweat away and secondly to calm himself.

Cherished By Seven Sisters Whoosh!

The icy cold water gushed forth.

However, it did nothing.

It even cast Emrys' mind back to his first night at Verdant Estate and seeing Cordelia coming out of the shower before falling over.

How could that happen?

Emrys immersed himself a little longer, yet the heat within him could not be dispelled. Having no other choice, he began reciting Vipassana, and only then did he manage to calm down with great difficulty.

I don't even know when I'll see progress in Nameless Divine Art. If this goes on, I may just explode before I can complete it.

With a bitter laugh, he emerged shirtless from the bathroom.

The sight that greeted him in the living room caused him to freeze, flabbergasted.

Aside from Caylie and Yelena, Cordelia was there—she had returned. That, however, was not the surprising part: there was a woman he had never seen before sitting beside Cordelia.

Eh? What is going on?

All of them were caught off guard.

Caylie was the first to regain her composure. Pushing Emrys hurriedly into his room, she chastised, "What are you doing, Emrys? It's bad enough that you go about like that around us, but- we have a guest today! Put something on!" Emrys protested innocently, "I didn't know Cordelia would be coming home today, and with a woman too, no less! Who is she?" "Her name is Penny Moore, and she's Delia's classmate from university. I heard she married into a rich family not long after graduation and is now living the life of a rich man's wife. You'd better put something on. Don't make a fool of yourself," Caylie said.

"Who would take me, the Empyrean Lord, as a fool?" Emrys mumbled those words, so Caylie did not hear them. Instead, she was helping him look for something breezy to wear.

"Stop fidgeting. I'll help you put it on."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 117-Caylie helped Emrys put on a shirt, even smoothing it out for him.

Emrys sighed. "You're so thoughtful, Caylie. Your future husband is a lucky man." "What are you talking about? I still have some ways to go." Caylie's cheeks flushed slightly pink before she smacked his waist hard.

Compared to Yelena, Caylie was sweet and reserved. When Emrys began teasing her, she would flush pink in a manner he found adorable.

If he were honest, he found Cordelia like that, too.

However, Cordelia was more likely to disguise her true nature with her frigidness. Emrys did not dare tease her, for she might smack him in the head.

A moment later, the pair returned to the living room.

Penny scrutinized Emrys and turned to Cordelia. "I never knew you were living with a guy, Delia." "This is Emrys. He's my younger brother." "Brother? We've been dorm mates for four years, and you never mentioned you have such a good-looking younger brother! You kept that quiet, eh?" Smiling, Cordelia explained, "Emrys was with us in the orphanage. Though we're not related by blood, we are closer than most actual siblings." "You're not related?" Penny froze. Suddenly, she leaned into Cordelia's ear and whispered, "I'm not saying anything, Delia, but though you are siblings, you are not biologically related. What if he perves on you one day? It might be dangerous for you girls." "I know Rys. I trust him." "I wouldn't be so sure. Some people can hide it very well. Men, in particular, often think with their lower half. It'll be too late for remorse if

something does happen.” “Enough, Penny.” Cordelia’s expression darkened. It was plain she did not wish to continue discussing that subject.

Penny gave an uncomfortable laugh and changed the topic abruptly. “You misunderstood me, Delia. I meant to say you could... count me in.” “What?” Cordelia widened her eyes and gaped with disbelief.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 118-Ulterior Motives Penny patted the back of her hand. “I was joking. What a fright that gave you!” “You’ve always been a joker, Penny.” Cordelia heaved a sigh of relief.

However, Emrys did not think so.

He could sense the lust in Penny’s gaze at him. Fiery and carnal, she looked like she wanted him all to her own.

Emrys was not thinking highly of himself. That was simply a particular proclivity of many rich women.

It appears that having an in done it and caught someone’s eye.

b*dy isn’t all good. I shouldn’t have come out barely dressed. Now I’ve Cordelia and Penny remained chatting in the living room a little longer.

One of the things they talked about was Penny’s boyfriend back in university.

Deeply in love and as thick as thieves, they had even decided to get married after graduating.

Cordelia asked her why they ended up separating.

After hesitating for a long time, Penny only managed a sigh without elaborating.

Cordelia did not think it strange, as she had only asked it out of curiosity. When Penny did not seem eager to talk about it, she did not press on.

As it was getting late, Penny rose. Before leaving, she gave Emrys another meaningful gaze.

The way she looked at him plainly conveyed her desire to swallow him whole.

Emrys shuddered.

After Penny left, Emrys asked, “What was she doing here, Delia?” “What?” Cordelia snapped. “You failed to dress decently, and you’re blaming her for taking an interest in you?” Emrys gave an awkward laugh. He knew Cordelia must have misunderstood him.

After a pause, she explained, “Penny’s husband owns a large company in Summerbank with business dealings with Gage Group, so she offered to set me up for a meeting with the owner of Gage Group.” “I see.” Emrys nodded. He did not tell her what he was really thinking—that Penny had an ulterior motive in mind.

The night went by.

Emrys arrived at Apricot Hall the following day. “How goes the practice on the Needle of Ninth Revival, Mr. Rodriguez?” he asked Duncan.

Duncan rose to his feet respectfully. “I’m almost there, Master Lund. Another week at the most, and I’ll attain full mastery.” “Well done. After you master the Needle of Ninth Revival, I will teach you the Seven Stings from Hell.” Duncan trembled. “Thank you, Master Lund!” The way the pair addressed one another was interesting: Emrys called Duncan “Mr. Rodriguez,” while Duncan called him “Master Lund.” Each was known to the other in a bizarre juxtaposition.

“It’s been a while, Mr. Rodriguez!” Suddenly, a middle-aged man with slicked-back hair entered through the door as he greeted Duncan with a friendly smile.

“It’s you, Mr. Balford,” Duncan replied warmly. “Come in. Have a seat.” The man with the slicked-back hair was Roger Balford, a member of the Balford family of Jazona. He had warm relations with Duncan.

“Weren’t you retired, Mr. Rodriguez? Why are you running the practice?” Roger asked.

“It’s at my master’s request. Only after running the practice for a while did I begin to recall how providing medical assistance is meaningful work. Staying at home for too long seemed to have welded my bones together,” Duncan said with a laugh.

Master?

Roger mulled over the salutation. Mr. Rodriguez’s master must be a venerable old gentleman.

Without pursuing the thought, Roger said, “I have come today with an illness, Mr. Rodriguez, and I would like your opinion on it.” “I see. Tell me your symptoms.” “I seem to have trouble urinating, and very little of it comes out each time.

What’s more, it’s always exceptionally yellow,” Roger recounted.

“Does it hurt when you urinate?” Duncan asked as he took Roger’s pulse.

“No.” “Any other discomfort?” “Other than a little bloating, not much else,” Roger said after a moment’s thought.

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 119-Lifting The Lid Duncan nodded and said, "You have a condition called damp-heat accumulation. That's why you are experiencing bloating in your lower abdomen and difficulty urinating. It's not a serious issue. I'll prescribe you Eight Cavity Powder to alleviate your symptoms." "Thank you, Mr. Rodriguez." While Duncan was writing the prescription, Emrys had just finished administering acupuncture to another patient. When the latter saw the prescription, he suggested, "You can also include two herbs known for their lung-clearing properties, such as platycodon and almond."

"Who is this apprentice? How dare you question Mr. Rodriguez's prescription?" Roger bellowed.

His outburst drew curious gazes from the other patients in the vicinity.

Duncan's expression turned solemn, and he said tersely, "Mr. Balford, please show respect to my esteemed teacher!" "Your teacher?" Roger was taken aback by his response.

The surrounding patients couldn't help but mock, "How dare you say Dr. Lund is an apprentice? Sir, are you out of your mind?" "Haha, he must be an outsider. Who in Jadeborough doesn't know that the miracle doctor, Dr. Lund is Mr. Rodriguez's teacher? You should consider yourself lucky to receive guidance from Dr. Lund!" Another patient commented, "That's right! We hardly ever get to see Dr. Lund in person. Today is a rare occasion. How dare you call him an apprentice? It's truly laughable." Roger was dumbfounded when he listened to the mocking from the other patients.

Miracle doctor? Dr. Lund is Mr. Rodriguez's teacher? Are they serious?

He had assumed Duncan's teacher would be an elderly and highly respected figure. To his surprise, it was an incredibly young man!

However, when he saw Duncan's solemn expression, he knew that the patients were not joking. He quickly stood up and apologized, "I'm sorry, Dr. Lund. I didn't know your identity; I shouldn't have offended you." Luckily, Emrys casually waved his hand and said, "No harm done. You weren't aware of my identity." Roger finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Duncan then asked Emrys earnestly, "Is there any specific reason for your suggestion to add lung-clearing herbs to the Eight Cavity Powder?" The latter nodded and explained, "It's called the 'Lifting the Lid' method." "Lifting the Lid?" "Yes. The human body is like a teapot. If you tilt it slightly, the tea will pour out.

But if you want the tea to pour out faster, you just need to lift the lid." "I understand." Duncan slapped his forehead and continued, "The lungs are positioned above all the other organs in the body, much like the lid of a teapot.

By utilizing the lung-clearing ingredients, it's as if we're lifting the lid, thereby enhancing the diuretic effect." "This is brilliant! Why didn't I think of this method before? You're truly remarkable, Master Lund," Duncan exclaimed, his eyes gleaming with admiration for Emrys.

He had initially believed that his teacher's expertise was limited to acupuncture, but now he realized that Emrys possessed an equally impressive knowledge of pharmacology.

At that moment, Duncan felt an overwhelming urge to call his teacher a genius and kneel before him to express his profound respect.

Emrys smiled and replied, "You're a fast learner, Mr. Rodriguez. I simply offered a suggestion, yet you managed to grasp the concept so quickly." "It's all thanks to your guidance." "No, it's your own remarkable insight." "Of course not! You taught me well, Master Lund." Roger watched in astonishment as the duo engaged in a reciprocal exchange of admiration.

What an odd teacher-student dynamic! Have you both no sense of shame?

After receiving the medicine, Roger handed a gold-plated business card to Emrys and said, "Dr. Lund, I was ignorant and offended you earlier. This is my business card. If you ever visit Summerbank, please feel free to visit me. I will treat you well." Emrys took the business card and carefully examined Roger's face. He then said, "Normally, I wouldn't meddle with other's affairs. However, since you are so sincere, allow me to offer a word of advice. Pay close attention to those around you in the near future."

Cherished By Seven Sisters chapter 120-Demonic Energy Roger was taken aback. "Why do you say that, Dr. Lund?" "Because I sense demonic energy between your brows," Emrys replied.

"Demonic energy?" Roger exclaimed in shock, Emrys nodded and said no more. Instead, he gave Roger his phone number.

"If you ever feel something is amiss, feel free to call me anytime. However, whether I can answer the call is another matter altogether." "Thank you, Dr. Lund."

With that, Roger left Apricot Hall gratefully.

"Master Lund, what exactly is this demonic energy you mentioned earlier?" Duncan asked curiously.

As a seasoned traditional medicine practitioner, Duncan excelled in observation and diagnosis. When he examined Roger earlier, he didn't notice anything unusual except for mild swelling in the latter's eyelids.

Emrys glanced at him and said, "How should I explain it? Just consider it as bad luck."

Duncan exclaimed, "Master Lund, you know physiognomy too? That's amazing!" "You're not bad yourself." "No, no, you're the best, Master Lund." The next few days went by peacefully, and Emrys could find more time to treat the patients at Apricot Hall.

Needless to say, his greatest joy was teaching Caylie acupuncture techniques.

He had to admit that Caylie was surprisingly talented. Not only did she master the Needle of Ninth Revival and Seven Stings from Hell, but she also learned two new acupuncture techniques from Emrys.

Duncan couldn't help but feel jealous.

A few days later, Cordelia approached Emrys and said, "Penny called to inform that she's holding dinner at The Gathering in Summerbank tomorrow at noon.

She wants me to bring you along." "She wants you to bring me along?" Although Emrys had already planned to accompany Cordelia to Summerbank, hearing those words still made him feel a little uncomfortable.

Oh, Penny, your intentions are too obvious. Do you think I will be interested in an unsophisticated woman like you?

Emrys arrogantly flicked his head and said, "Fine, I'll go. I'm curious to see what that woman is up to." Smack!

Cordelia slapped his head and snapped, "What nonsense are you spouting?" The next morning, Emrys drove his Bugatti Veyron and parked it in the courtyard.

Cordelia asked curiously, "Are we taking your car today?" "No. You drive your Porsche, while I drive my car." "What's wrong with you?" Cordelia muttered. Just then, she saw Emrys emerge from the house, shouldering a vintage bicycle. He seemed determined to squeeze it into the backseat of his car.

Her expression darkened as she asked, "What are you doing?" "These sports cars have their trunks in the front, and they're too small to fit my bicycle," the man explained matter-of-factly.

"I'm asking why you're carrying a bicycle in the first place." Cordelia sighed. Ever since Penny's appearance, her younger brother had been acting strangely. She couldn't help but wonder if something was wrong with his brain.

"This vintage bicycle is my precious possession. I have to bring it along." He was resolute in avoiding a repeat of the previous incident.

If he had taken the bicycle with him when he and Cordelia last went to Summerbank, he could have returned earlier and resolved many troubles sooner.

It was Emrys' contingency plan.

"All right. Forget about your sports car. Just squeeze your bicycle into the backseat of my Porsche," Cordelia conceded, rubbing her temples in frustration.

The journey from Jadeborough to Summerbank would take no more than two hours if traveling by the highway.

They set off at nine in the morning and arrived at The Gathering around eleven— thirty, half an hour ahead of schedule.

Penny was already waiting for them.

When she saw their arrival, she greeted them warmly, "Delia, I booked a private room for us. Let the waiter escort you there first. I'll wait here at the entrance for Mr. Gage, as he should be arriving soon as well."