

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 1051

Adriana returned downstairs, and after about fifteen minutes, she brought up a steaming plate of pasta.

These pasta were made especially for Neera back when she had first taken her abroad, fearing that Neera might not be accustomed to foreign cuisine.

During that time, Neera often ate these pasta. Although the cooking skills were not top-notch, she found them delicious, comforting, and heartwarming.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, she reluctantly ate about half a plate and then put down her fork.

"Aren't you eating anymore? Have a bit more," Adriana said, concerned about her health.

Neera shook her head. "I can't eat anymore."

Then, she suddenly changed the subject and said, "Aunt Adriana, let's return to Essley tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, everyone was taken aback.

Adriana, being understanding, agreed, "Okay, whatever you say. We'll leave tomorrow."

Neera nodded silently, lowering her head without saying anything more, seemingly lost in her own world.

Everyone could see that her emotions were extremely fragile, and something was not quite right with her.

However, they didn't know what to say or do to console her, so they remained silent, feeling deeply troubled.

Adriana didn't dare to slack off. As soon as she left Neera's room, she instructed Chad to prepare everything for their return. Then, she went to her room to pack.

Nadine and Jeremiah went home to prepare to leave the country.

Isabella kept Neera company, feeling anxious and worried about her condition.

Suddenly, she remembered their first encounter many years ago.

At that time, both of them were studying abroad. It was pouring rain, and she had forgotten her umbrella. Neera had lent her one and escorted her back to the apartment.

From then on, they became the best of friends who could talk about anything and everything.

Although they claimed to share everything, initially, it was mostly Isabella doing the talking while Neera listened.

During that time, Neera was already pregnant, and she faced constant gossip and judgment from others at school.

She often remained silent and seemed to struggle with depression, much like her current state.

Now, her worst fears had come true.

Isabella regretted ever letting her know about what had happened back then, as it had led to the current situation.

Due to their worry for Neera, the elderly couple from the Park family decided not to leave and stayed behind.

Isabella, unable to shake her concern for Neera, chose to remain by her side and offered to sleep in the same room. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Neera didn't refuse this time.

The three little ones didn't want to leave her either and stayed close, as if afraid that their mother would stop loving them.

Neera could tell that they were still anxious. To ease their minds, she tamped down her emotions and gently touched their little faces.

"Don't worry, Mommy is really okay. Do you guys want to take a bath? It's almost time for bed."

Penny nodded. Tugging at the corner of her clothes, she asked timidly, "Mommy, can you help us wash?"

They could wash themselves, but they just wanted to spend more time with Neera.

Neera understood and smiled as she agreed, "Sure, let's go. I will help you take a bath."

Seeing Neera regain some spirit, Isabella felt a bit relieved and offered, "I'll help too."

No one dared to mention Jean or the events of the past.

After they had bathed, Neera helped the children put on their pajamas, blow-dried their hair, and gave each of them a goodnight kiss like usual.

The three little ones finally started to smile and looked at her expectantly.

"Mommy, you're not angry with us anymore, right?"

Neera gently stroked their little faces, knowing that she had frightened them earlier. She patiently reassured them, "I'm not angry with you. I have never been angry with you. You're my most precious treasures. How could I ever stay angry with you? Be good and don't overthink things. I will always love you."

Their anxious hearts finally found solace, and they cried tears of relief.

"That's great! We thought you wouldn't want to talk to us anymore."

They were truly terrified. As they spoke, tears began to flow, and they choked out a torrent of words.

"We're sorry, Mommy. It was our fault. We know we were wrong."

Neera's heart ached as she hugged them, gently patting their backs and apologizing repeatedly.

"You didn't do anything wrong. I should be the one apologizing. It's my fault for scaring you. I won't do that again, and I won't ignore you."

After comforting them for a while, the three little ones finally stopped crying.

Perhaps they were exhausted from crying so much, or perhaps the tension they had been holding in all day was finally released, but they soon fell into a deep and peaceful sleep.

Neera stared at their adorable sleeping faces for a long time, lost in thought.

It was only when Isabella began to worry again, wondering what to say to get her attention, that she suddenly spoke in a soft voice, asking, "Bell, do you think I'm being a bit overdramatic?"

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Chapter 1052

Isabella was taken aback for a moment and asked, somewhat surprised, "Why would you say that?"

Neera lowered her gaze, her eyes filled with inner turmoil.

"I know I love him deeply, and I've already decided that I want to spend the rest of my life with him. But because of what happened in the past, I can't let go of my resentment. Now, we're in this situation, and I can't help but wonder if my emotions are too extreme, if I've gone too far."

Isabella didn't want her to blame herself, and she felt concerned about Neera's inner struggle.

She sighed heavily and pulled her closer. Sitting face to face with her, she offered comforting words.

"It's not being overdramatic. If this had happened to anyone, they wouldn't handle it any better than you are now. I understand how much pain the past has caused you, and I see the unfairness and sadness you've endured. I know how you overcame your struggles, and I understand your hardship. You struggled with depression before, and your classmates in school didn't treat you well. Aunt Adriana knew about our friendship and was thrilled. She even spoke to me privately and asked me to take care of you. That was when I realized the immense suffering you were going through. In this day and age, some people have committed suicide due to online harassment. You managed to come out of it and reach where you are now; that's already remarkable. You've endured so much pain, and your current emotions are entirely justified. It's human nature."

Perhaps Isabella felt her words were inadequate, so she hugged Neera, providing the latter with comfort and support.

"In this matter, you are the victim, and there's nothing wrong with how you're treating Jean. He owes you this, so giving him some form of punishment is only fair. Besides, I have a feeling he thinks the same way. That's why there are still many people criticizing him online, and he hasn't responded. Most likely, he believes he deserves the criticism."

Neera was stunned for a moment, looking at Isabella with a complex expression. She whispered, "Hadn't this incident been taken care of?"

"They have been handled, but only in your favor," Isabella replied honestly. "Negative comments about you have been blocked and restricted. The official Beauvort Group account even issued a statement to clarify your innocence and brought forward some witnesses from the past to testify on your behalf. Everyone now knows the truth, and

there's no more blame on you. However, the negative comments about him are still there and have been escalating."

She then shifted the conversation, "But he deserves it. Don't feel sorry for him. After all, he should experience what you went through back then. Your current emotions are justified. Please don't think otherwise."

Isabella understood that her words might be a bit biased, but even if she knew that Jean didn't intend to hurt Neera back then, she still wanted to support her friend and help her cope with the situation.

Neera listened quietly, her thoughts distant.

After a while, she finally spoke in a hoarse voice. "I haven't figured out how to face him yet..."

Isabella gently smoothed Neera's hair and said, "Then don't think about it for now. Get some rest. Tomorrow morning, we're heading back to Essley, and you can leave all this behind. Okay?"

Neera nodded silently, feeling a heavy burden on her heart.

After Neera lay down, Isabella stayed with her for a while to chat with her before finally leaving.

However, she didn't return to her room. Instead, she knocked on the neighboring door.

Ian answered the door, "Ms. Lopez, what can I do for you?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Isabella's tone was cool as she said, "Where's Jean? I need to talk to him."

Ian hesitated for a moment before inviting her in.

At this moment, Jean wasn't asleep at all. When he saw her, he asked in a deep voice, "How is she?"

Isabella didn't beat around the bush and got straight to the point. "She's asleep now. Tomorrow, she's going back to Essley."

She then watched Jean closely for his reaction, but he appeared unsurprised, as if he had anticipated this outcome.

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Chapter 1053

After a few seconds, he nodded faintly. "Mm, got it."

This calm response left Isabella somewhat puzzled. Surprised, she asked, "Why are you so composed? She's about to leave, so shouldn't you be anxious?"

Jean leaned back on the couch and massaged his temples.

"I know her well. She may seem strong like she can conquer anything, but deep down, she's sensitive and fragile. When faced with things she doesn't want to confront, she might subconsciously want to escape."

He was right.

Isabella's direct response was, "I'm glad you know that she can't face you."

Jean remained silent, his gaze somewhat dim, lost in thought.

Observing his demeanor, Isabella remembered how distraught Neera had been earlier, and she sighed.

"Jean, I wasn't originally planning to help you. I came here just to convey her decision. But I can see that you genuinely love Neera, and I know that she can't be without you. I don't want her to spend the rest of her life unhappy. Since both of you have each other in your hearts and no one else, I think there are some things I should say to you." [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

She proceeded to tell him the words Neera had shared with her earlier.

"I'm not afraid to admit that I said a lot of negative things about you in front of her just now. I believe that the current situation is something you should bear, and I don't think I said anything wrong. I also don't want Neera to put additional pressure on herself. The reason I'm telling you now isn't to help you, but to help her."

After a pause, she described Neera's state when they first met.

"Back then, Neera was going through a tough time. She got pregnant out of wedlock, so you can imagine how people talked about her. Her depression and her pain ultimately resulted from the unfortunate circumstances you brought upon her. She suffered so much and endured so much pain because of you, and you can't even begin to imagine it. So, I hope you can be patient and give her more time. Her temporary avoidance doesn't mean she wants to stay away from you. I hope you won't give up just like that."

Jean listened, his heart feeling both sore and swollen, like being submerged in the depths of the ocean. He felt suffocated.

He rarely bowed to anyone in his life, but at this moment, he sincerely thanked Isabella. "Ms. Lopez, thank you for telling me these things. You can rest assured, I can never give up on Neera. Even if she tries to avoid me, I will do everything in my power to make amends and win her back. Whether it takes ten years, twenty years, or even a lifetime, I have that patience."

With these words, Isabella felt reassured.

"That's good. Their flight is at eight in the morning tomorrow. You should decide whether you want to see her off."

Having achieved her purpose, she left quickly.

Next door, in the dark bedroom, Neera hadn't actually fallen asleep.

Whenever she closed her eyes, all she could think about were the words Isabella had spoken.

"He owes you this, so giving him some form of punishment is only fair. Besides, I have a feeling he thinks the same way. That's why there are still many people criticizing him online, and he hasn't responded. Most likely, he believes he deserves the criticism."

Neera tossed and turned, and in the end, she couldn't resist picking up her phone.

As she pressed the screen to wake it up, her heart tightened, and she put it down again.

She repeated this several times but didn't have the courage to unlock her phone.

Finally, in the early hours of the morning, she mustered the courage to open Twitter.

As expected, just like Isabella had mentioned, it was full of abusive comments about Jean.

One comment read: Jean is really disgusting, playing around like this and still pretending to be a celibate man. Have some shame!

Another read: What a sudden downfall. I thought he was a good man, but I didn't expect him to be so despicable. He's so sick he can't even control his own body; he deserves to die soon!

One read: He's one way in public and another way in private, messing around with women. Why hasn't he died from his illness yet?

Because of this incident, Beauvort Group's stock had been fluctuating, and many people were reveling in their misfortune.

Even the small group of diehard fans of Kyra saw this as an opportunity to come out and dance on the grave.

One fan commented: Serves him right! Beauvort Group should go bankrupt quickly. What a load of nonsense about being the number one elite family!

Another fan remarked: Jean used to market himself as the pride of the heavens and the dragon among men. It seemed like Beauvort Group couldn't do without him. How's it going now? Beauvort Group has suffered heavy losses because of him. Haha, it's truly a delight!

One comment was particularly harsh: Jean is just a heartless machine. He treats family businesses with ruthless tactics. Now, he's facing karma!

The criticism was loud and harsh, and various rumors had even sprung up.

One post claimed: The Beauvort family has been covering up a lot of things, blocking news about the various industries they've destroyed. It's all Jean's fault. People can't do bad things. Now, karma is getting back at him.

Another chimed in: Exactly! I remember a few years ago, Cloud Group went bankrupt, and the chairman jumped off a building. It was all Jean's doing. And people still praise this kind of man? Have they lost their minds?

Another read: Jean is just a capitalist, making money by any means necessary. There must be a reason why he's so sick. Now it seems that his luck has run out, and he's about to die. It's so satisfying.

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Chapter 1054

Various hurtful comments kept coming one after another.

Neera browsed through them one by one, finding them glaringly harsh, far from feeling any relief.

The curses and malice she encountered made her heart race as she felt a mix of fear and deep sadness. Tears streamed down her face, wetting her pillow.

That night, she tossed and turned, unable to sleep at all.

Jean was going through a similar ordeal.

Both of their wounded hearts were thinking of the other, lost in their own melancholy.

The next morning, the whole family woke up early and went upstairs to knock on Neera's door.

Seeing Neera's red eyes, they felt extremely uncomfortable but didn't dare to bring up the topic, fearing it would only sadden her further.

"Neera, if you're awake, please get up and freshen up. Breakfast will be ready soon. Once you're ready, come down to eat. After that, we'll head to the airport."

Neera nodded without saying much.

After coming downstairs, she noticed that Auntie Zuniga had prepared a table full of her favorite dishes, which warmed her heart slightly.

"Auntie Zuniga, thank you for preparing all of this. You must have woken up early. I appreciate your effort."

Auntie Zuniga waved her hand, looking at her tired eyes with concern.

"It didn't take me much effort. I'm already used to it. As long as you eat more, I'm happy."

Neera managed a faint smile and remembered something. She said to Auntie Zuniga, "After we leave, I'll need you to take care of the house. But you don't have to come every day. Just come once a week to tidy up. Don't worry, for I'll pay you the usual salary. I appreciate your help during this time."

"Oh, there's no need to stand on formalities. Taking care of the house is nothing, as long as you trust me. You don't need to pay me any extra as I haven't done anything special."

Neera squeezed her hand and said, "Taking care of the house isn't that simple. Please don't refuse me. Besides, your children are still in school, and your husband hasn't found work yet, right?"

Seeing her determination, Auntie Zuniga felt grateful and nodded repeatedly. "Sure. Ms. Garcia, you can count on me. I'll take care of things here. If you need anything, just call me anytime."

After the two agreed, Neera sat down to eat.

After settling that, Neera sat down to eat. During the meal, apart from Mariah occasionally talking to her, everyone else remained silent.

They could see how exhausted Neera was and didn't want to burden her with conversation.

After breakfast, the driver and Zephyr helped with the luggage.

At that moment, Jean showed up.

When Neera's gaze landed on the familiar figure, her whole body trembled, and she instinctively looked away.

Jean had spent the entire night on the living room sofa, staying awake until morning. His shirt was wrinkled, and he looked physically and mentally drained.

Throughout the night, he had replayed the words Isabella had told him over and over again, unable to stop himself from imagining the kind of life Neera had led while abroad.

The more he thought about it, the more it tore at his heart.

He had asked her about those years in Essley before, but she had only mentioned the good parts, completely omitting the painful memories.

As Isabella had said, all the grievances and suffering were a result of him.

He wanted to punish himself severely for it.

Now, seeing the slender and fragile figure of the woman he loved, as well as her exhausted face, he wished he could rush forward and embrace her immediately.

Alas, he knew that he had no right at this moment.

Seeing him, Elmer scowled.

Adriana and Chad, influenced by their relationship with Neera, maintained a deliberately cold attitude and didn't acknowledge him.

Even the three kids, though worried, didn't dare to approach him.

Edward went over to ask, "Why are you here?" [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean replied in a calm voice, "I heard that you're leaving the country today, so I came to see you off."

Saying that, he naturally took the initiative to pick up their suitcases and placed them in the car's trunk.

Seeing this, Ian quickly joined in.

After the luggage was placed in the car, Jean spoke again. "You all have a lot of people, so I'll have Ian drive you to the airport."

Hearing this, everyone looked cautiously at Neera, uncertain about how she would react.

Neera pursed her lips and remained silent.

Finally, it was Adriana who nodded with a lukewarm attitude. "That's thoughtful of you."

Soon, all the luggage was stowed away, and the elderly couple were helped into the car.

Nadine and Jeremiah followed suit.

Adriana and Chad, their gazes wavering between Jean and Neera, said nothing and got into the car.

Finally, only Neera and the three kids were left.

Finally, only Neera and the three kids were left. The three little ones were incredibly reluctant but also hesitant to say goodbye to their father.

Their cautious demeanor was heart-wrenching to watch.

Jean's heart ached as well. He gently patted their little heads.

"Be good when you get back, and listen to Mommy."

The three children nodded obediently, although they didn't want to be separated from their father. The situation didn't leave them much choice.

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Chapter 1055

From beginning to end, Neera did not say a word.

She tried her best not to look at him. As she paced toward the car, she brushed past him.

However, just as she was about to get into the car, Jean grabbed the hem of her dress.

If possible, he wanted to hold her hand just like he used to embrace her in his arms as he wished.

Yet, he was worried that she might resist him, so he restrained himself and did not touch her.

Jean's protruding Adam's apple bobbed as he stared intently at Neera's stiffened body. "Take good care of yourself after you go back. Remember to eat on time and rest early. Don't push yourself too hard..." he reminded her in a lov voice.

Neera's eyes gleamed like ripples in a shallow pool. Tumultuous emotions were raging within her.

Nevertheless, she bit her lip hard, remaining silent like before, and stubbornly refused to look at him. [SEAR*ch the FindNøvel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean knew Neera would not respond. Disappointment was apparent in his eyes, but he still let go of her hand.

"You can go now. Safe travels," he uttered.

With her back toward the man, Neera got into the car without turning back.

Before long, several cars sped off one after another and were soon nowhere to be seen.

Jean stood frozen on the spot, gazing distantly in a trance, unable to retract his gaze for a long time.

Seeing the man acting that way, Isabella felt a sting in her heart and stomped her feet in frustration.

"Why did you let her go just like that? Why didn't you do anything? What on earth were you thinking?"

Only then did Jean slowly withdraw his gaze. A grim look flitted past his eyes.

"The best approach right now is not to get her to stay but to give her space and time to figure things out."

Isabella looked at him with a face full of suspicion. "Doesn't that mean that you did nothing? Are you thinking of giving up? Didn't you say last night that you won't give up?"

Jean glanced at her, his icy face undeniably resolute.

"I didn't say I'm giving up, neither will I. I'm not making her stay because I'll also be heading to Essley to find her and win her back."

Realization dawned on Isabella. "So that's how it is. That's more like it!"

...

Neera had just left, but Jean was already feeling as though a piece of his heart was missing. He felt an empty void, and reluctance was overflowing.

Unfortunately, the company was still in a huge mess and needed him to handle it. Without any choice, he had to pull himself together, freshen up, get changed, and prepare to head to the office.

Just as he was about to leave, he saw Zuniga walk over with a box in her hands.

"What is this?"

He fixed his gaze on the box as he asked, seemingly as though he had a hunch.

Zuniga handed him the box. "I found this while cleaning Ms. Garcia's room. Ms. Lopez says it seems like it's medicine for you."

Jean's heart trembled. He hastily grabbed the box and opened it.

Sure enough, the box contained medicines that were all beneficial for his health and recovery.

"Thank you very much."

A small flame ignited within him as he spoke.

Zuniga still seemed somewhat downhearted.

"Mr. Beauvort, Ms. Garcia still cares about you. She chose to leave because you've hurt her this time. I hope you understand and don't give up. You have to win her back and cherish her..."

A warm feeling surged within Jean, and he gave a solemn nod. "I will."

After putting the medicine aside, he headed to the company with Ian to deal with some tricky matters.

Two hours later, a trending topic suddenly appeared on the internet.

The official account of Star Entertainment Media had posted something on Twitter.

The gist of the post was: The incident between Mr. Beauvort and Ms. Garcia back then was purely an accident. Mr. Beauvort had been in poor health several years ago, and not only did he have to rest in bed for long-term periods, but he also frequently fell ill. There was no way he had the energy to have fun with women, and there was definitely no such thing as him being unable to control his desire or constantly changing female partners. It was because of his illness and mental confusion back then that led to him making that grave mistake. However, fate, with its countless twists and turns, still brought the two of them together. Unbeknownst to both, they developed genuine feelings for each other. Over the years, Ms. Garcia has been Mr. Beauvort's only woman, and she'll also be his only one ever. And after his health gradually improved, he has only dated Ms. Garcia. He has never let anyone down, and that will continue to be the case in the future.

That Twitter post garnered widespread attention within a short time.

And those opinions that were unfavorable to Jean previously had now swayed.

"Given Mr. Beauvort's poor health, I also think he wouldn't act recklessly. If that's the case, he's not extremely wicked either."

"Regardless, it's not cool to curse others for their illness. As far as I can tell, apart from this controversial issue, there hasn't been any other negative news about Mr. Beauvort, right?"

"Can't the internet police arrest those who spread baseless rumors? Cloud Group's downfall was clearly due to poor management and the chairman's gambling debts, which led to bankruptcy and his subsequent suicide. What does this have to do with Beauvort Group? This is clearly all smack-talk."

"If that's the case, why do I feel like... there's actually some chemistry between those two?"

"Oh my... his only one ever. That's so sweet!"

In the comments that followed, more than half were expressing their fondness for Jean and Neera as a couple.

"I've been shipping the two of them for a while now. I can't believe it's actually real, and all the more so, I never expected things to be so dramatic. They're meant to be, aren't they?"

"Back then, Ms. Garcia was tricked while Mr. Beauvort was not in the right mind because of his illness. It was an unintended mistake and truly an accident. But unexpectedly, the two of them, while being unaware, fell in love with each other. Well, fate really loves to play tricks on people..."

In no time, the comments on the internet were focused on the two's relationship.

"Mr. Beauvort is so romantic! What a perfect man he is!"

"Ms. Garcia deserves that. If everything is true, I wish them both a blissful marriage!"

"Gah... Ms. Garcia has already suffered once. I hope it's real this time. Can we please not torment my goddess anymore?"

"Since fate has planned things this way, I hope Mr. Beauvort will treat our goddess well. I'm pleading..."

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Chapter 1056

Despite learning about the situation online, Jean did not feel relieved or delighted. Instead, his expression grew even more unpleasant.

He called Ian over, flung his phone onto his desk, and snarled, "Who gave you the permission to act on your own accord and clarify things on my behalf?"

Unsure about what was going on, Ian shivered with fear and hastily explained, "That's not it, Mr. Beauvort. I didn't do that. How would I dare? I have no idea why things are like this either..."

Recognizing that Ian did not seem to be lying, Jean furrowed his brows, his eyes filled with displeasure. "Give Larry a call and ask him!"

Not daring to waste any second, Ian tremblingly pulled out his phone and switched his phone to speaker mode. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

As soon as the call was connected, he gritted his teeth and asked in exasperation, "Larry, are you the one who released the clarification statement without permission?"

Larry spilled everything upon being questioned.

"Um, Mr. Ian, hear me out. Yes, I was the one who refined some parts of the clarification statement, but it was actually Ms. Garcia's instruction to release the contents."

Jean and Ian were stunned when they heard those words.

Jean rose to his feet, leaned over the desk, and spoke into the phone, "When did this happen?"

Hearing that voice, Larry almost jumped in fright.

"M-Mr. Beauvort!" he stuttered.

"Just half an hour ago. Ms. Garcia even reminded me to release it as soon as possible without giving you a heads-up, so I refined it and released it the moment I received the draft," he answered truthfully without dilly-dallying.

Jean glanced at the time. That probably happened before Neera boarded the plane.

In an instant, an indescribable feeling thoroughly filled him.

Likewise, Ian was so touched he almost burst into tears of joy.

"Mr. Beauvort, it seems like Mrs. Beauvort still can't bear to see you get scolded. Even though she's angry, she prioritizes you above everything else!"

Jean was overwhelmed with emotions, but at the same time, he felt his heart ached terribly.

Why is she so silly? She's been through so much pain and sorrow, yet she's still thinking of me before she leaves, worrying that my illness will act up and helping me to clarify things. Neera, I owe you too much. I won't be able to make it up to you in this lifetime...

On the other end of the phone, Larry was still uneasy and softly queried, "Mr. Beauvort, did I overdo the embellishments?"

Sasha taught him to respond that way.

Seeing Jean lost in a whirlwind of emotions, Ian Morrison responded on behalf, "It's fine. You did a great job, and what you said is right. That's indeed the case."

Mr. Beauvort has set his heart on Mrs. Beauvort for the rest of his life. There's absolutely nothing wrong with that!

At the same time, Neera was already on the plane.

She did not sleep a wink the night before and had thus been utterly exhausted for the whole day.

As the plane took off, she was so tired she leaned back against her seat and shut her eyes groggily.

Yet, no matter what, she could not fall asleep because her mind was fully occupied with images of Jean.

She couldn't bear to see him getting scolded or cursed by others and worried that his illness would flare up while she was not around.

That was why she had prepared those.

At this point, she could not stop thinking about the situation online. I wonder if anyone is still criticizing him on the internet...

A moment later, she lightly knocked her head. Why am I so useless? Why can't I stop thinking of him after just a short while?

Eventually, she was totally jaded that she finally drifted off into deep slumber.

Over ten hours later, the plane safely landed at Essley.

Having received news prior, Ulric arrived an hour ahead of time to wait.

After getting into the car, Neera, still experiencing lightheadedness, lazily whipped out her phone.

As soon as she turned it on, a vibration sound rang out.

It was a text message from Isabella asking Neera if she had safely arrived.

Other than that, there were a few more messages, all of which were from Jean. Judging by the timestamp, he had sent those messages at the right time.

I've seen the medicine you left for me. Rest assured, I will take it on time and take good care of my health. Don't worry.

I've also learned about that clarification matter. Thank you for everything that you've done for me. I'm sorry for letting you down. I owe you for the rest of my life.

By this time, the plane should have landed, right? Have a good night's sleep once you reach home. You look really worn out...

As Neera read through every message, she felt a mix of feelings raging in her heart. In the end, she turned off the screen without replying.

When she reached home, Adriana held her hand and earnestly advised, "Now that you're back, don't dwell on what happened there. What you need most now is sleep. Go rest; I'll call you when it's time to eat."

Neera nodded. After heading upstairs, she took a quick shower, and still tired, she flopped down on the bed and fell asleep.

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Chapter 1057

Back in the country, Jean looked at the message he had sent. He did not receive a response, but he did not seem to mind.

He didn't mind Neera's indifference. All he wished for was to make her feel his presence at any time, even when he was not by her side.

In the evening, Jean's parents had invited him for dinner at the Beauvort residence.

His older brother, Joseph, had also made an appearance.

The recent upheaval within Beauvort Group had been appeased due to this morning's clarifying statement. Everything was soon back on track.

Therefore, the elders of the Beauvort family did not pay much attention to this matter, given that their focus was entirely on Jean's affairs with Neera.

At the dinner table, the two of them kept questioning Jean.

"Did Neera really go abroad? What's going on between you two now? Is it really over just like that? What about the children? Where are our three precious grandchildren?"

Jean was quite composed, calmly saying, "The children have all gone to Essley."

Wrenn was extremely anxious. "How can you still be so calm? Hurry up and go after them!"

Prior to this, Wrenn was concerned that Jean and Neera were going to become too involved with each other.

Now, she was actually worried that they were not involved enough.

This was truly heart-wrenching.

Jean glanced at her and calmly replied, "The company's affairs are not completely settled yet. There are some loose ends that need to be tied up."

Wrenn was already exhausted. "Why are you still worrying about the company at this time?" she asked bitterly. "Do they really need your presence? Your father is here, and so is your elder brother. Can't they wrap things up for you?"

Before this, after Karl's misdeeds were exposed, his powers were significantly reduced.

Later on, many of the company's affairs were delegated to Joseph, making him responsible for them.

When Jean went to Essley, Joseph and his father were the most influential figures at the headquarters in Jean's absence.

Harris was also very anxious. "What on earth is going on now? Has Neera really decided to ignore you? Wasn't the incident in the past just a misunderstanding? If you explain it to her properly and make everything clear, I doubt she behave unreasonably. She doesn't seem like that kind of person. If you convince her properly, she should be able to forgive you. Why are things so tense now?"

Jean plated some food for the elders, his expression calm. Nobody could fathom his thoughts right now.

"Even though it was a misunderstanding, the incident is indeed my fault. Although I was unaware of it afterward, I still caused her so much distress. The pain and suffering she had to endure over the years is not something that can be brushed aside with a few casual explanations from me. Even if she refuses to accept me, I cannot force her," replied Jean.

Upon hearing these words, the two elders were at a loss for what to say.

Wrenn was so regretful that she felt sick to her stomach. Her eyes turned red immediately.

"If I had known it would turn out like this, I wouldn't have been so stubborn in the first place. I shouldn't have let my prejudice about social status tear you two apart. It's all my fault. I thought too highly of myself, always misunderstanding her, causing you to break off your engagement," said Wrenn.

If it weren't for this, even if she ran away, she wouldn't have gone too far because they would have been wed. How could I have been so foolish back then, believing everyone else but refusing to believe her?

"On top of that, there's Kyra to contend with. I never imagined her to have such a wicked heart! What on earth have I done?"

Wrenn blamed herself, regretting just how utterly wrong she had been in the past.

Joseph comforted her and said, "You can't blame yourself for this. Don't take everything upon yourself. What's done is done. The most important thing now is the present."

After Joseph finished speaking, he turned to Jean. "Jean, do you really plan on giving up just like that? I heard that Neera helped you word this morning's clarification statement. She must still have feelings for you, right? Don't give up so quickly! Go and win her back." [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Jean replied helplessly, "I don't intend to give up. I just want to give Neera some time and space to calm down. In a few days, once things here are sorted out, I'll head to Essley."

Upon hearing these words, the few of them finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Wrenn nodded repeatedly. "That's good. After all, we were the ones who were in the wrong from the beginning. No matter how angry she is, you should be tolerant. You have to win her back no matter what. If you've done something wrong, you must properly make amends. Treat her well in the future, and don't let her be sad again."

Jean nodded and said, "I understand."

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Read Chapter 1058

Chapter 1058

After taking a night off to rest, Neera managed to overcome the jet lag. Finally, her sleep schedule was back on track, and her mood had significantly improved.

In the morning, she helped her grandparents downstairs, asking them with concern, "Are you getting used to it here? If you feel uncomfortable at any point, please let me know."

Upon seeing her condition improve, the two elders felt a sense of relief. With a warm smile, they gently patted her hand.

"Don't worry, there's nothing we're not accustomed to. The environment here is great! The air is fresh, and it's quiet. We're very comfortable staying here."

The old lady also nodded in agreement. "Indeed, as long as our beloved granddaughter is with us, we'll be happy anywhere."

Neera smiled faintly and replied, "As long as you guys are happy, that's all that matters."

After descending the stairs, Nadine dragged Neera out so they could explore.

"I think your pallor looks much better than it did yesterday. How are you feeling now? Are you any better?"

Neera felt very touched to be so cared for like this.

"I'm all right now. I apologize for causing a scare over the last few days," said Neera.

"Regardless, as long as it can lift your spirits, it's better than nothing," replied Nadine.

Once the family had settled down, Neera began to discuss her plans.

"I need to pull myself together. There's still a lot to be done. First and foremost, I have to cure Avery and Mr. Saunders of the wug poison that is still in their bodies."

Adriana served her a bowl of oatmeal, looking at her worriedly. "You've just returned, and you're already going to be kept busy? You shouldn't rush it."

"Don't push yourself too hard," said Chad. "Take a couple more days off. Their condition has temporarily stabilized, so there's no rush if it's just a day or two."

Neera shook her head. "Don't worry, I'm feeling quite rejuvenated right now. The sooner their illnesses are treated, the sooner I can rest easy."

After breakfast, she made a trip to the office and took care of all important business matters that had piled up of late.

In the afternoon, she took some time to visit Avery.

It had been a while since they last met, and Avery's pallor had improved significantly. His recovery was going well, and he was now able to get out of bed and take walks.

Neera suddenly recalled the promise she'd made when she saw him.

"I apologize. I've been swamped with so much work since I returned home that I completely forgot to bring you the coffee powder you asked for. I'm truly sorry."

Avery chuckled and brushed it aside. "It's all right. I won't blame you this time. But next time, I hope you'll consider my feelings and think of me often."

As he spoke, his eyes were filled with profound meaning. He looked at the person before him and said, "You've lost weight. You look much more haggard than before you left."

Neera was taken aback, feeling somewhat uneasy.

So much had happened this time that Neera no longer had the mental capacity to care about others.

What Avery said was somewhat ambiguous, regardless of how one chose to interpret it.

At that moment, she averted her gaze, not responding to his comment, and changed the subject instead.

"If you really fancy that coffee, I can go back and get some from Uncle Chad. He should have quite a collection. Otherwise, I could have my friend send some over."

Avery smiled slightly. "There's no need for that. I only want to drink something you have brought for me personally."

Neera was rendered speechless.

Can't he tell that I'm discreetly steering the conversation away from this?

Helplessly, Neera cleared her throat and decided to change the subject, opting to ask about his health instead.

Avery's mood had evidently improved because of this meeting. With a smile as warm as a spring breeze, he replied, "I've been following your medical advice strictly all this while, and I've recovered quite well. If you don't believe me, why don't you see for yourself?"

Neera took his pulse and examined his wound again, finding it had indeed improved a lot. She nodded in satisfaction.

"Just persevere. It won't be long before you recover. After some time, we'll be able to remove the wug from your body."

Avery nodded. "All right. I'll leave it all to you."

After assessing his condition, Neera was ready to head back.

Avery's eyes sparkled slightly as he took the initiative to ask her to stay.

"If you're not busy, why don't you stay for a meal? I've been meaning to thank you properly for the help you've given me, but I was ill and didn't get the chance. I thought about giving you something, but it seems like you lack nothing. After much thought, considering your deep interest in medical research, I decided to gather some rare medicinal materials. I think you might find them interesting," said Avery.

Neera was actually not in high spirits and intentionally kept her distance from Avery.

So, without a second thought, she quickly came up with an excuse to politely decline the offer.

"Sorry, maybe next time. I just got back and I'm still struggling with jet lag."

Unfortunately, Avery was not going to let the opportunity go to waste.

"I know you can get your hands on most medicinal herbs, but I'm not sure if you have June Snow. I've heard this herb is quite precious, so I thought of giving it to you as a token of my gratitude." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Upon hearing this, Neera was instantly taken aback.

This medicinal herb was a rare medicinal material mentioned in ancient medical texts. It was extremely hard to find and seemed to be as scarce as seven-hundred-year-old snowleaf.

Most importantly, this medicine could be beneficial for Jean's condition.

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Chapter 1059

After some thorough research, she made an astonishing discovery: there was a potential cure for Jean's illness, but it required exceptionally high-quality medicinal materials, including a rare herb called June Snow.

This perennial plant grew deep within glaciers and possessed remarkable properties for repairing damaged tendons and meridians while offering significant pain relief.

In the current market, even the shadowy realms of the grey market rarely held such a treasure, making it a valuable yet elusive find.

Neera hadn't expected Avery to locate it.

With this medicine, I could proceed further with Jean's treatment, and his health would greatly improve... [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

At that thought, a hint of melancholy flickered in her eyes.

Why am I still so preoccupied with Jean's situation? Besides, June Snow is exceedingly rare, and I would feel somewhat awkward just accepting it from Avery.

Sitting across from her, Avery noticed her inner struggle, a sharp gleam passing through his deep eyes.

While he was unaware of June Snow's benefits for Jean, he had heard about Neera and Jean's history back in their home country.

He chose not to broach the topic for now, not wanting to delve into her painful memories.

However, this didn't stop him from seizing the moment to act.

Even if he knew his methods weren't entirely honorable, what did it matter when pursuing an individual one cared for? Why concern oneself with propriety if it ultimately yielded the desired results, even if through unconventional means?

Moreover, Avery prided himself on not being a straightforward gentleman, often opting for less conventional approaches.

"It'll only take the time for a meal; it won't be too much of an imposition on your time. After we eat, I'll arrange for someone to take you back. Does that sound okay?" he persisted.

After some hesitation, Neera agreed.

Avery chuckled and immediately instructed the kitchen to prepare more of Neera's favorite dishes.

Neera was taken aback. "How did you know... that I enjoy these dishes?"

Avery curved his lips into a smile and replied, "I inquired with Mr. Gordon beforehand. Since it's a gesture of gratitude, I want to put my heart into it."

Neera fell silent for a moment before softly expressing her gratitude, "Thank you; you've gone to great lengths."

The man smiled faintly. "Don't mention it. If it means paying more attention to you, I'm more than willing."

Neera found herself at a loss for words. She felt a strange weariness in her heart, unsure of how to respond, so she chose to remain silent.

Thankfully, dinner was swiftly prepared.

A lavishly laid table adorned with an array of dishes awaited only three diners: Neera, Avery, and Violet.

Given the rarity of such occasions, Neera decided to initiate a conversation. She turned to Violet and inquired, "By the way, I just realized I don't know your real name."

Violet, with her cheeks slightly puffed as she ate, resembled a cute hamster. She chewed and swallowed her food before answering, "My name is Melissa Cox."

Neera was somewhat taken aback. "Are you also a member of the Cox family?"

"No." Violet shook her head. "I don't know what my surname or given name is. This name was given to me by Satan, but no one else calls me that except for him."

Curiosity piqued, Neera glanced at Avery.

Avery didn't hide any details. "When this girl was just a baby, she was abandoned. I found her and she's been with me ever since. I adopted her as my sister."

"I see," Neera said with a hint of apology, "I shouldn't have brought it up."

Violet, however, seemed unperturbed, happily munching on a large drumstick. "It's okay. Even though I'm an orphan, I've had a carefree and relaxed life these years. In your words, I'm as happy as a clam!"

Neera couldn't help but be charmed by her adorable demeanor.

Avery chuckled. "She's always like this, carefree and untroubled. You'll get used to it."

"That shows you treat her very well," Neera remarked.

Indeed, such treatment was essential to heal the wounds in the little girl's heart.

Violet playfully responded, "Well, he treats me fine, though he can be quite stingy at times, not willing to give me more candy!"

Avery jokingly tapped her on the head, saying, "Have you no conscience? I'm worried that eating so much candy will ruin your teeth early. At this rate, you won't even make it to your seventies or eighties before losing all your teeth."

Violet pouted in mock annoyance, ignoring him, and continued to serve Neera some food.

"Ms. Garcia, please eat more. Our chef's cooking skills are quite exceptional," Violet urged.

Neera expressed her gratitude with a smile.

Avery, not one to be left out, raised an eyebrow and asked, "And what about me?"

Violet merely rolled her eyes at him. "Serve yourself."

Avery feigned a stern expression. "When I say you're heartless, you truly are heartless."

Neera couldn't help but chuckle, her mood considerably lightened.

After dinner, Irwin arrived with a few of his subordinates, each carrying two or three brocade boxes. Avery explained, "The medicinal materials have arrived. Take a look."

Neera nodded and began to examine the contents. She was left in awe of the grand gesture. The brocade boxes contained rare medicinal ingredients that were seldom seen.

The herbs emitted a potent fragrance, and upon closer inspection, Neera realized that all of them were mentioned in ancient medical texts, leaving her utterly astonished.

In Irwin's hands, he held June Snow, a sight that filled Neera with excitement and anticipation.

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Chapter 1060

Avery couldn't help but laugh as he observed Neera's admiration of the medicinal materials. "It seems you really like them. All the effort I put into finding them feels worthwhile now."

Blushing slightly, Neera carefully closed the lids of each brocade box. "I won't deny it; I really need these medicinal materials."

Avery was more than willing to provide what she needed, and his only concern was her refusal. He responded promptly, "It looks like my efforts have paid off. If you like them, take them all. After all, I've collected them specifically for you. They're of no use to me."

However, Neera hesitated to accept everything as it was. "There's no need for so much. These medicinal ingredients are extremely valuable. If I could take just one or two types, I'd be very grateful."

"No matter how valuable these medicinal herbs are, they can't compare to the help you've given me. You've been treating me and going out of your way without ever asking for treatment fees. Consider these gifts as a small token of my gratitude. You don't need to take it to heart; don't be so formal with me. Please accept them," Avery insisted.

Although Neera felt that something wasn't quite right, Avery was insistent, and she reluctantly accepted all the medicinal herbs, saying, "Thank you very much."

Avery smiled warmly. "No need for formalities; we're practically family now. I'll be counting on your care and support in the future."

On the surface, their conversation seemed ordinary, but Neera had a lingering suspicion that there was a deeper meaning behind Avery's words.

However, since he chose not to clarify further, she decided to play along, pretending not to notice any underlying intentions. She wouldn't be the one to talk things out.

After taking stock of the medicinal herbs, she realized it was getting late and decided to take her leave.

"Please take good care of yourself. Even though your condition has improved significantly, your chest injury hasn't fully healed. Rest and avoid strenuous activities for too long."

Avery acknowledged her advice with a nod. He was indeed feeling exhausted and knew he couldn't push himself much further. Neera's words resonated with his own thoughts.

"You should head home now. I'll have my driver take you. We'll meet again another day," he said.

"All right, until next time."

Shortly afterward, Neera arrived home.

Chad was in the living room, engrossed in watching financial news, and he noticed her return. Concerned, he inquired, "How is Avery doing now?"

Neera relayed the truth, and Chad found relief in the news. "That's wonderful. Your medical skills are remarkable. With your treatment, Avery's health should be in good hands."

Adriana, upon seeing the brocade boxes brought in by Ulric, couldn't contain her curiosity. She asked, "What are all these?"

"They're all medicinal materials." Neera smiled. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Medicinal materials? Where did they come from? And why are there so many?"

"Avery, to show his gratitude, helped me find some rare medicinal herbs, including 'June Snow'," Neera shared with excitement. However, she held back some words that almost escaped her lips.

Adriana, not familiar with these medicinal herbs, asked, "What's so special about June Snow?"

Neera's smile wavered slightly as she replied, "Oh, it's nothing. Just that it's very precious and quite rare."

"I see." Adriana nodded. "Avery is indeed considerate."

However, the triplets, overhearing the conversation, were filled with concern. Mommy and Daddy just had a fight, and now Mr. Cox is sending gifts. Could he be taking advantage of the situation?

The children were growing increasingly worried, but they hesitated to contact their father directly, fearing it might upset their mother.

Harvey, displaying quick thinking, came up with a plan. "Let's send a message to Godmother!"

Sammy was initially puzzled but quickly caught on, his eyes lighting up. "Yes, that's a great idea!"

Isabella soon received a flood of WhatsApp messages from the triplets.

Godmother, Mr. Cox gave Mommy a gift today. It seems like he's interested in her and wants to pursue her. What should we do? We're really worried.

Mommy and Daddy are still at odds with each other, and we can't remind Daddy about it. It's so distressing.

It seems like Mr. Cox is making a strong move. What if he takes advantage of the situation? Will we end up changing fathers?

Should we let Daddy know about this? If he doesn't come to reconcile with Mommy soon, will he really miss his chance...

The messages, both overt and subtle, hinted at Isabella, urging her to convey the message to Jean. Upon seeing this, Isabella didn't hesitate and immediately sent a screenshot of the messages to the triplets' father.

After he read the messages, Jean's expression darkened significantly. He lit two cigarettes one after the other, struggling to contain his inner turmoil, jealousy, and displeasure.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed aside his personal emotions and threw himself into his work. That night, he decided to stay in the office, with only one goal in mind: to resolve this situation quickly and rush to Essley to win his wife back!

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Chapter 1061

Deep into the night, after the bedtime story had been told, the three little ones were already in a deep slumber.

Sammy, usually restless, had turned over in his sleep, inadvertently trapping the blanket beneath him. Unconsciously, he scratched his leg but continued to sleep soundly.

Neera couldn't help but chuckle as she gently tucked them in with the quilt. She tenderly kissed each of their little faces before quietly leaving the room.

On her way back to her own room, she found herself pausing inexplicably in front of the room where Jean had once stayed. Her gaze lingered on the tightly closed door, and her heart was stirred with complex emotions.

Even though we've only been apart for a few days, it feels like an eternity...

She hesitated for a moment before pushing the door open. The room remained just as it was when Jean had occupied it before.

His clothes, neatly hung in the wardrobe, included both casual wear and sleepwear, all impeccably clean.

The bed was meticulously made, not a single wrinkle in the sheets, a reflection of his neatness.

On the bedside table sat a framed photo of her with the children, a poignant reminder of the past.

Her heart ached as if it were being squeezed, and her emotions were a turbulent mix, difficult to calm.

Neera picked up the photo frame and stared at it for a long while until her vision blurred with tears. Reluctantly, she set it down. She felt drained and exhausted as if all her energy had been sapped.

She gave up on rational thought and wearily sat on the edge of the bed, eventually lying down. But the moment her head touched the pillow, she could almost smell his lingering scent, inescapable and persistent, burrowing into her heart.

Suddenly, sleep eluded her. Her heart ached unbearably, her thoughts consumed by the image of that man. What is he doing at this very moment back in the country?

Logic told her she should get up, leave, and stop pining for him. But emotions held her captive. Her body felt heavy, and she had no desire to move, allowing her mind to be lost in turmoil. Eventually, she drifted off to sleep without even realizing it.

The next morning, Neera was awakened by the sunlight streaming into the room. For a moment, she was disoriented before recalling her surroundings.

Looking at the empty space beside her in the bed, she felt a sense of loss. Gathering herself, she tidied up and prepared to leave.

As she stepped out of the room, she encountered Adriana, who was on her way downstairs. "Why did you come out of this room?" Adriana inquired with surprise.

Neera bit her lower lip, whispering awkwardly, "I came here last night... tidied up a bit, and then... accidentally fell asleep."

Upon hearing this, Adriana immediately understood and sighed inwardly. This girl, she just can't let him go...

"I'm going to my room to freshen up."

Neera had been worried about touching on a sensitive topic, so she found a convenient excuse to excuse herself from the situation.

Adriana, understanding her niece's emotional turmoil, didn't press the matter further and simply nodded, saying, "All right, come downstairs for breakfast once you've freshened up."

After Neera had freshened up and tidied herself, she descended the stairs. She immediately spotted the three little ones in the courtyard, engaged in exercises with Elmer.

Their adorable and determined efforts brought a smile to her face, lightening the gloom in her heart.

Following breakfast, the three children expressed their desire to go outside and play with Nadine and the two elders. Mariah, however, clung to Neera, unwilling to leave her side.

"Sweetie, come with us. You still seem a bit down. Join us for a change of scenery; it might lift your spirits," Mariah suggested.

Neera preferred to stay indoors, so she politely declined, saying, "I won't be going. There are some matters at the company that I want to check on."

Adriana chimed in, encouraging Neera, "With Neil handling the company affairs, there's nothing too pressing. You should take a break and clear your mind. Listen to your elders, dear."

Recognizing that her niece often kept her emotions bottled up, Adriana hoped that some relaxation would help Neera ease her feelings.

Feeling somewhat compelled, Neera reluctantly agreed to accompany them. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Before long, the group set out for their outing.

They leisurely explored various attractions, chatting and laughing along the way.

Mariah, in particular, was in high spirits.

Nadine remarked, "It's been a while since I've seen Mom so happy. It's truly heartwarming..."

However, by the afternoon, Mariah's complexion suddenly worsened, and she vomited everything she had eaten at noon, causing great concern to everyone.

Neera promptly assisted Mariah to a shaded spot to sit down and checked the latter's pulse. After confirming the pulse pattern, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"There doesn't seem to be anything seriously wrong. It's likely a result of the long journey and the fact that her health isn't the best. She might not have adjusted well to the new environment."

This assessment eased the anxiety of those present. Their interest in continuing their leisure activities waned, and they decided it was best to send everyone back to rest.

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Chapter 1062

Once back home, Neera's concern for Mariah led her to administer needling treatment to the elderly lady.

After half an hour, Mariah had fallen asleep following the treatment. Seizing this opportunity, Neera excused herself and headed to the research center.

While Mariah's condition wasn't severe, medication could help, especially considering her mental health issues.

Upon arrival, Neera decided to also get in touch with Willard.

"Ms. Garcia, you're back?" Leila was pleasantly surprised when she received Neera's call.

"Yes, I am. How's your grandfather doing now? Is it convenient for you to come over? I have some time today, and I can assist him with a treatment session."

"All right, my grandpa is in good shape at the moment. I'll bring him over right away!"

Half an hour later, Leila arrived with her grandfather.

Neera personally greeted them, offering a warm welcome. "Ms. Saunders, Mr. Saunders, welcome! Please, come in."

Upon seeing her, Willard expressed his delight, "Neera, I've been looking forward to your return like one waits for the stars and the moon. Finally, you're back."

Willard's eyes still held a spark of vitality despite his advanced age, and he noticed that something was different about Neera.

Despite her best efforts to appear composed, Willard sensed something amiss. Concerned, he inquired, "You... Why do you look so weary after returning from your trip home? Did something happen?"

Neera had tried to mask her feelings, but Willard saw through her façade. She offered a vague explanation, "It's nothing, just jet lag from the trip."

Willard had his suspicions but chose not to press further. "Well, make sure to get some rest."

After offering some advice, he couldn't help but chastise her, "You're quite the eager beaver, aren't you? You could have called me over in a few days; there was no need to rush like this."

Neera smiled and replied, "Don't worry, let's proceed. I'll take you to the treatment room."

Without delay, Neera conducted the treatment session. This was the third dry needling session, and although Willard's reaction was somewhat milder than before, it was still far from comfortable.

After the session, Leila expressed her concerns, "Ms. Garcia, when will the wug in my grandfather's body be completely eliminated?"

Neera carefully put away her equipment and explained the situation to Leila. "We need to conduct a few more treatments at the very least before we can be certain. Right now, our primary goal is to drive the wug pest away from the heart vessels. Once it's no longer a threat, subsequent treatments will be much easier."

Leila nodded, still filled with worry. "I understand..."

Neera attempted to console her, saying, "You needn't fret too much. Your grandfather's condition is steadily improving, and we can continue with the treatment without any issues."

Neera's words offered some comfort to Leila, who began to smile with joy upon hearing that her grandfather's condition was improving. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Willard, once he felt strong enough, didn't want to impose further on Neera's time and prepared to leave.

However, Neera had another question for him. "Mr. Saunders, there's something I'd like to ask you."

The elderly man paused to look at her. "What is it?"

"Mr. Saunders, may I inquire if you are familiar with the Norton family?"

The mention of the "Norton family" momentarily surprised Willard, but he responded, "What would you like to know?"

"For example, in the past, was this family primarily known for legitimate medical practices, or did they dabble in other, less reputable endeavors?"

Neera didn't explicitly state her concerns but alluded to them.

Willard, understanding the implications of her question, didn't hesitate to share his knowledge.

"The Norton family did indeed originate as a family of medical practitioners. However, there was a medical prodigy among them who took a different path. Instead of following the righteous path, this individual delved into the development of various forbidden drugs and harmful concoctions."

He continued, "There was a major scandal associated with their actions that resulted in the deaths of many people. This brought about a wave of retribution, and the Norton family, unable to bear the consequences, eventually had to expel this person from their ranks. Afterward, this individual vanished without a trace."

Willard paused, a sense of confusion in his eyes as he continued, "What's peculiar is that, ever since that incident, the Norton family began to thrive and gained significant reputation and status among ancient medical practitioners..."

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Chapter 1063

After hearing this, Neera was quite surprised. Unexpectedly, there were such past events in the Norton family.

However, if that person was expelled from the family, why would the prescription he developed still be preserved to this day, and even circulate on the black market? Could it be that the so-called expulsion years ago was just a show put on for outsiders? In reality, wasn't it less of a banishment and more of a case of hiding away that medical prodigy, continuing to utilize him for the family's benefit?

The more Neera pondered this, the more it seemed possible.

After all, throughout history, drugs like these had always been lucrative. It was likely that forces similar to the black market existed during the time when the Norton family gained power.

After understanding the situation, Neera didn't press for more details. "Thank you very much." She nodded appreciatively.

Willard waved his hand dismissively. "No need for thanks; it was just idle chatter. But your sudden interest in the Norton family, is there something more to it? If you require my assistance, don't hesitate to ask."

Neera's heart warmed at his offer, and she replied with a smile, "It's nothing, just curiosity. If I ever need your help, I won't hesitate to reach out."

After bidding each other farewell, Willard departed with his granddaughter. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera chose to stay in the research room, working tirelessly into the late hours. It wasn't until the three little ones reminded her to go home that she realized it was already nighttime.

"All right, I'm heading back now." She felt touched by the children's reminders. After hanging up the phone, she packed up her belongings and prepared to leave.

For some unknown reason, on her way home, her right eyelid kept twitching. Although it could be explained scientifically as a result of fatigue, Neera had an unsettling sense of foreboding, as if something unfortunate was about to

occur.

Meanwhile, back in the country, after Jean had finished dealing with important official matters, he was preparing to travel abroad.

However, just as he arrived at the airport, he received an unexpected call from Wrenn. "Mom, what's wrong?"

Standing near the airport's security checkpoint, he checked the time on his luxury watch.

Wrenn's voice came through the phone, filled with frantic and helpless sobs. "Jean, your... your father, he's been in an accident!"

Jean was taken aback for a moment, his expression turning significantly more serious. "What happened?"

"Your father... he had a car accident on his way home. He's been taken to the hospital. Where are you? What are we going to do..."

When he received this distressing news, Jean's expression turned gravely serious.

He inquired about the hospital's location, reluctantly abandoned his plans to travel abroad, and rushed out of the airport immediately, heading straight for the hospital.

Upon his arrival, his father was undergoing resuscitation efforts.

Wrenn, consumed by fear and despair, had swollen eyes from crying and sat in a daze on a corridor chair, her gaze fixed on the floor.

Joseph had also arrived and greeted him, saying, "Jean, you're here."

Jean nodded and promptly asked, "Who is the attending doctor for the patient inside?"

"It's Isabella Lopez, the director of this hospital," Joseph replied. "Dad's car accident occurred closest to this place, so they brought him here immediately."

Jean nodded solemnly, his gaze heavy as he glanced at the tightly shut doors leading to the operating room. Then, he turned his attention to Wrenn, who appeared to have lost her sense of self.

"Mom, don't worry. Dad will be all right."

Unable to bear seeing his mother in such distress, Jean walked over and gently consoled her.

It took a moment for Wrenn to register his words. She looked up at him, tears once again streaming down her cheeks, and clung to Jean's hand, her vulnerability resembling that of a child.

"Jean, your father has to be all right. If anything happens to him, I don't know how I could go on..."

Jean was at a loss for words, so he gently patted her back, offering comfort while anxiously awaiting the surgery results.

During this time, the nurse came out of the operating room three times, each time issuing a critical condition notice to Frederic's family.

Frederic, being of advanced age, would find this tragedy particularly difficult to bear, and his chances of recovery appeared increasingly slim.

Jean's expression grew increasingly solemn, and Wrenn was overwhelmed to the point of fainting.

After investigating the car accident, Ian rushed to report, saying, "The police are still investigating the incident. It's unclear whether it was a genuine accident or if someone had malicious intentions."

Jean's eyes darkened, a hint of frustration crossing his face. He issued a stern order, "Keep a close watch on the situation."

Ian immediately acknowledged, "Yes, and, sir, I believe this matter may become public soon..."

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Chapter 1064

With a determined expression, Jean instructed, "No matter what, we must suppress the news. Not a word of it should leak out."

Although Frederic was no longer actively managing the Beauvort Group, his stature in the business world remained legendary. If news of his current condition were to spread, the Beauvort Group would undoubtedly be thrown into chaos.

Understanding Jean's motives, Ian quickly set out to execute his instructions.

Jean silently returned to his mother's side, providing her with silent support as they anxiously waited.

The hallway was thick with tension and a heavy, oppressive atmosphere.

After more than three hours, the lights in the operating room finally dimmed. Isabella emerged, her face showing signs of exhaustion.

Jean's expression turned serious as he approached her, asking, "How is my father now? Was he saved?"

Isabella removed her mask, wiped away sweat from her forehead, and caught her breath before nodding. "He has been saved."

Joseph let out a sigh of relief and nodded vigorously, saying, "That's a relief..."

However, Jean was not entirely reassured by the news.

As expected, Isabella continued, "Don't celebrate just yet. Although we saved him, he's still in critical condition and will need to be closely monitored in the intensive care unit. If he doesn't wake up within the next forty-eight hours, I'm afraid... But if he does wake up, it means he's out of danger."

Jean took a deep breath and said, "In any case, I'll need your assistance."

Isabella waved it off, saying, "It's my job." Search the FindNøvel.NET website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She noticed a suitcase leaning against the wall behind Jean and asked, "What's this?"

Jean followed her gaze, a hint of helplessness in his eyes. "I had originally planned to go to Essley, but given the current situation, I won't be able to go now."

He remembered something and entrusted it to Isabella. "Please don't discuss this matter with Neera. Although I'm not sure if she would worry about it, it's better to keep it from her just in case, to prevent her from overthinking."

Isabella hesitated briefly before asking, "Aren't you concerned that she'll misunderstand you if you don't explain, and deliberately avoid seeking her out?"

Jean fell silent for a moment and then replied softly, "Once my dad is in the clear, I'll explain everything to her."

Isabella recognized that it wasn't her place to interfere in this matter, so she refrained from saying more. She simply nodded and departed.

Jean stood still for a while, his brows furrowing as he seemed lost in thought.

After some time, he lifted his hand to rub his temples before finally making his way to see Wrenn.

Wrenn hadn't fainted for long. When she regained consciousness, her first question was, "Where is your father? How is he? He's okay, isn't he?"

Jean gently held her hand, speaking softly to reassure her. "Rest assured, he has been saved, but he's still in critical condition. He needs to be observed in the intensive care unit for the next forty-eight hours. If he wakes up within that time and there are no major issues, he will be out of danger."

Upon hearing this, Wrenn initially sighed in relief, but her anxiety resurfaced. Tears flowed from her eyes like a river, continuously streaming down. "Why did this car accident happen..."

She felt a mixture of distress and anxiety, crying bitterly. "Your father has spent his whole life doing so much charity work, saving countless lives. How could something like this happen to him? It must be my fault..."

As she cried, she began blaming herself, burdened by regret as if her insides were turning green. "It's all my fault. I acted hastily, pushed Neera and the children away, allowed myself to be influenced by others, and misunderstood her. That's why heaven is punishing me, subjecting me to retribution. But... if it's my fault, why doesn't the retribution come directly to me!"

Seeing her growing increasingly agitated, Jean was concerned about her health and the possibility of her fainting again. He sat down and patiently comforted her.

"Mom, this isn't retribution; it's just an accident. Don't blame yourself, take care of your health. When Dad wakes up, he would be heartbroken to see you like this."

Wrenn rarely witnessed such gentle treatment from her son. Tears blurred her vision as she leaned on his shoulder, sobbing with choked emotion.

"I... I'm just so worried. Your father has been so good to me, and I've grown accustomed to having him by my side. If anything were to happen to him, I don't know what I would do.

Jean also felt uneasy inside. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders, gently patting her back. "Don't worry, he will be fine..."

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Chapter 1065

That night, Jean stayed at the hospital.

Seeing him resting with his eyes closed on a chair in the corridor, Isabella couldn't bear it and used her authority to arrange for him to have access to a staff lounge.

Jean expressed his gratitude, but Isabella seemed uninterested. "I'm doing this for Neera's sake. I understand your current situation, and you may not have much time for her right now. However, I still hope you can communicate with her more. If you still want to win her back, put in more effort. Don't let her heart grow cold."

After delivering her message, she departed.

Jean entered the room and lay down, his arm covering his eyes.

A frown creased his forehead as he thought of his father still in a coma and Neera's distressed appearance before he left.

In the quiet of the night, he remained awake. He pulled out his phone and began scrolling through photos in his album.

Among the images were pictures of Neera and the triplets.

Jean gazed at them intently, his eyes filled with longing. His fingertips gently traced the cheerful faces in the photographs, his heart filled with regret.

"Sorry, I'll be a little late in seeing you. Please wait for me a little longer..."

Back at home, Neera had a restless night, struggling to find peaceful sleep.

She tossed and turned, unable to rest properly. Eventually, she reached for her phone on the bedside table, opened Twitter, and started browsing local news.

However, she found nothing related to Jean.

The previous buzz about her and the man had quieted down.

Reluctantly, she tried to calm her mind and force herself back to sleep.

After much effort, she managed to fall asleep but was plagued by a nightmare.

The dream was filled with scenes of blood and injury, yet the person in distress remained obscure. No matter how hard she tried to get a clear look, the face remained hidden.

In the early morning, Neera woke up in a daze, her head throbbing slightly, and her mental state far from optimal.

Upon observing Neera's deteriorating condition, Adriana became increasingly worried. However, she refrained from addressing it directly in front of Neera, fearing that it might touch upon the painful topic of her relationship with Jean.

Instead, she decided to discuss her concerns privately with Chad. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Adriana confided, "What should we do? I can see that Neera's condition is getting worse day by day. Even her laughter seems forced. If this continues, her body will definitely not be able to hold up..."

Chad pondered for a moment and came up with a plan. "Our best course of action right now is to distract her, occupy her time, so she won't have the opportunity to dwell on Jean."

Adriana agreed, "That sounds like a good idea, but... what can we use as a distraction?"

Later that afternoon, Chad invited Neera to the yard alone, and she couldn't help but ask, "Uncle Chad, what's going on? Why all the secrecy?"

Chad glanced toward the mansion and whispered to her, "Neera, didn't you mention earlier that you'd help me prepare for the proposal? We can't delay any longer now that we're back. Your aunt's birthday is approaching, and if we don't start preparing, we might run out of time."

Neera recalled the proposal ceremony she had agreed to help with.

Simultaneously, memories of Jean's proposal resurfaced, causing a subtle pang of heartache.

However, she didn't want her family to notice her inner turmoil, so she suppressed her sadness, mustered a smile, and nodded.

"Of course, don't worry. I don't have any urgent matters right now, so I can fully concentrate on helping you prepare. But I'm not sure where you plan to hold the proposal ceremony. Do you have a location in mind?"

Chad chuckled. "You haven't really delved into the company's business since announcing that you're the future heir of F.A Group, have you? Let's take this opportunity for me to explain it to you, including the origin of the name F.A."

Neera was intrigued. "The origin of F.A? Wasn't it always called that? Is there a story behind it?"

"Absolutely," Chad replied with a smile, "Before it became F.A, it was known as Gordon Corporation. I changed its name after I took over."

He changed its name?

Neera's mind started to work as she pieced together the information. She pondered for a moment, connecting the dots and formulating her own speculations.

"F.A... does it stand for... Forever Adriana?"

Chad's eyes twinkled with amusement as he confirmed, "Indeed."

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Chapter 1066

Neera had never imagined that to be the case. She turned to Chad with genuine gratitude in her eyes and said, "Uncle Chad, your love for my Aunt Adriana is truly deep. I appreciate how much you cherish her. Knowing that you're by her side gives me peace of mind."

Chad responded with a faint smile, his eyes showing a touch of tenderness.

"Gordon Group originally started in the luxury goods and diamond industry. Over time, it expanded into various sectors. After I took over, I ventured into the tourism industry. Your aunt has always loved traveling, so now, F.A. has vacation properties all around the world. I hope to take her on a world tour after we get married."

His smile radiated happiness, and he continued, "For the proposal, I plan to arrange it on a vacation island in Essley."

"A vacation island?"

"Yes, it's a beautiful place, and I've prepared it meticulously. It's not far from here, considering your aunt's health. I chose it to be convenient. The island is named 'ANXIN Island'," Chad explained.

Neera made the connection, "Isn't that the name of ANXIN Group?"

Chad confirmed, "That's right."

Neera couldn't help but express her admiration, "The bond between you and Aunt Adriana is like a fairytale. It's as if you two were meant to be together."

Touched by her words, Chad said, "After all these years, reuniting with your aunt is a blessing. All I want is to spend the rest of our lives together in peace and happiness."

"Uncle Chad, thank you," Neera responded with heartfelt appreciation. "I will definitely help you with this proposal."

Neera chuckled at Chad's response, "You're quite the romantic, Uncle Chad. In fact, you don't need my help at all. The gift you've prepared for her is already the most romantic gift in the world."

Chad's eyes sparkled with affection as he replied, "She deserves nothing but the best."

Hearing this, Neera teased him, "You're making me blush with all this sweetness, Uncle Chad."

Seeing her uplifted spirits, Chad felt relieved. He said, "Enough of that. You're in charge of the arrangements now. I've hired a team to set up the venue, and you can share your ideas with them whenever you like. They'll handle everything."

"All right. It's settled then," Neera agreed, and her mood significantly improved as she immersed herself in the proposal planning.

Adriana couldn't help but be intrigued by the change in Neera's mood. She pulled Chad aside and whispered into his ear, "How did you do that? Just a brief conversation with you, and her spirits lifted."

He refused to divulge the details when she had asked him about it previously. Observing the situation now, Adriana felt even more perplexed.

Chad didn't reveal his secret, as it would spoil the surprise. He simply replied, "I gave her a heads-up about your upcoming birthday. She's probably planning a surprise for you. After all, you're her dearest family member, so she's putting a lot of effort into it."

Adriana had forgotten about her own birthday, and she chuckled delightfully. "I can't believe it was that simple. I was wracking my brains over it this morning."

Chad lovingly pinched her cheek and assured her, "Don't worry, I've got it all under control. You don't need to stress about a thing."

Neera, engrossed in the proposal preparations, found herself too occupied to dwell on other matters. As time passed, night descended.

However, Neera's sleep was once again disturbed by the recurring nightmare. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

This time, it was even more vivid. She drew closer to the injured person in the dream, and as she got nearer, she finally saw their face it was Jean!

Startled, Neera woke up abruptly, her heart racing and her breathing rapid.

After a while, she managed to calm herself, but sleep eluded her. In the end, she decided to call Isabella for a late-night conversation.

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Chapter 1067

In the country, Isabella was currently discussing the condition of Frederic with Jean.

"There's still no sign of your father waking up. However, you can rest assured that all his vital signs are normal-" Just as she was speaking, her phone suddenly rang.

Upon taking a look, she noticed the name that appeared on the mobile phone screen was Neera's.

She paused for a moment, instinctively turning to look at Jean, only to find that he had already noticed and was staring at her screen.

"I need to take a call. Can you wait for me?" Isabella proposed, after a moment of hesitation.

Having said that, she turned around to walk a bit further to take the call.

"Wait," Jean called out to her. "At this hour, it's the middle of the night abroad. She should be sleeping, so if she's calling you now, there may be something important. Could you please take the call here? I want to hear her voice. I'm worried she may have run into some trouble..."

Isabella glanced at him, then at her phone, and finally nodded, answering the call in front of him. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Neera, why aren't you asleep? Is something wrong?" She asked first.

Soon, the voice of Neera came through from the other end of the phone, heavy with exhaustion. "Are you busy right now?"

"Not at all. What's the matter?"

"I... I had a nightmare. I haven't been sleeping well these past couple of days, and I just woke up in a panic, feeling like something bad is about to happen. That's why I wanted to ask you... Have there been any changes I'm unaware of on your side?"

Isabella didn't expect Neera to be so sensitive. She was taken aback and didn't respond immediately. Instead, she looked up at Jean.

The look in his eyes was deep as he shook his head slightly.

With a sigh in her heart, Isabella feigned as if nothing had happened. "No, not at all. How could anything bad possibly happen out of the blue? If you're worried about those previous news stories about you, you can rest assured. They've completely disappeared now. No one will criticize you and your children anymore."

Neera murmured under her breath. "I see, but that's not what I meant..."

Isabella feigned confusion. "If it's not about this, then there's nothing else. You're definitely overthinking it. There's nothing going on. Stop imagining things."

"Is that so? That's good, then." Neera suddenly understood, then fell into silence.

For some reason, even though she received that answer, which should have put her at ease, she still felt uneasy.

Jean was staring at the phone, seemingly lost in thought.

As an observer, Isabella felt an indescribable sensation in her heart as she observed the couple's reaction.

Clearly, they both had feelings for each other, yet things had turned out that way.

However, she also understood that Neera's inner turmoil wasn't something that could be resolved in a short amount of time.

After a long pause, she took the initiative to ask, "What you really want to ask about is Mr. Beauvort, isn't it? If you're so worried about him, why don't you call him yourself?" suggested Isabella.

Neera chose not to respond, remaining silent.

After a good while, just when Jean thought she wouldn't answer the question, she suddenly gave a response. "I can't contact him yet... I know it's quite melodramatic of me. Despite caring about him so much, to the point where I can't eat or sleep well, with my mind filled with nothing but him, I just can't let go. Yet, we continue to torment each other like this, causing him pain and putting myself through agony. This hurdle in my heart... I just can't get over it. I really want to act as if nothing happened and move on, but I just can't..."

Isabella could hear Neera's pain and sighed. "I know, I understand everything. No matter what you do, I'll support you. As for him, I think he should understand your feelings too. However, how long will you two continue like this? There has to be a resolution, right? You can't possibly avoid contacting him for the rest of your life, can you?"

Neera held her phone in one hand and clutched the blanket tightly with the other, her mind a whirlwind of complex emotions. "I really don't know. Even if I see him, I may not be able to control myself and end up giving him a cold shoulder. I don't want to be like this, nor do I want to hurt him in this way. Thus, the only option I have is to avoid him for now."

"Don't you miss him?" Isabella asked.

There was another bout of silence from the other end, and after a moment, a sorrowful voice came through. "I do, so much so that I feel like I'm going insane..."

Upon hearing those words, Jean felt as if his heart was being stabbed, one cut at a time.

He wished he could fly to Neera's side right that instant.

However, his rationality told him that it wasn't the right time yet, so he had no choice but to hold back.

Isabella noticed his restraint and, unable to bear it in her heart, she still spoke up for him. "Right, I understand. He must feel the same way as you do. If you can't do this yet, fearing that it may hurt him and you, then it's best to take some time to calm down first. I

believe things will get better between you two. After all, in this lifetime, his heart only has room for you and yours for him. Isn't that right?"

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Chapter 1068

Those words struck a chord in Neera's heart, almost bringing her to tears.

She took a deep breath, holding back the sourness in her heart. Not wanting her best friend to worry, she put on a facade of nonchalance and continued their conversation.

A moment later, the two hung up the phone.

Jean stood still, not uttering a single word. The look in his eyes was filled with a mix of emotions.

Isabella sighed. "Are you okay?"

A few seconds later, Jean seemed to return to his senses, shook his head, and said hoarsely, "I'm fine."

Isabella comforted him, "You don't need to be too upset. It's not much use to meet or talk now. Once you've dealt with your family matters, fly to Essley and explain everything in person. Woo her if you need to, chase her if you must. Resolve your differences as soon as possible so your family can reunite sooner."

Jean nodded. "I understand, thank you."

Isabella waved her hand. "No need to thank me. I'm not really helping you, but Neera. The main reason I spoke up for you is because of your genuine feelings for Neera. Otherwise, I wouldn't have helped. After all, Neera was deeply hurt before."

As she spoke, she paused, her tone taking on a touch of seriousness. "To be honest, before I knew that man was you, I had the urge to strangle him. Fate sure loves to play tricks on people..."

Everything that needed to be said had been said. There was nothing else left, so she left.

On the other side, after Neera finished her call with Isabella, she lay back down on the bed but still couldn't fall asleep.

In the darkness of the night, with her eyes wide open, she pondered many things. Without exception, they all revolved around Jean.

She remembered, from the moment she returned to the country and met him, they gradually grew closer, bit by bit, until...

At last, she drifted off to sleep, lost in a sea of memories.

The next day, she still seemed to be in a bad state.

Her family was terribly worried. They all understood why, yet no one dared to utter a word about it.

Later on, Neera stepped out of the house.

Elmer couldn't hold back anymore. He banged the table twice, fuming. "What's the deal with that Beauvort guy? Didn't he keep saying that he'll only love Neera in this lifetime? Neera has been in Essley for a few days now, so why hasn't he chased after her yet? I think he's just all talk, using those sweet words to deceive us!"

Jeremiah and Nadine both harbored resentment toward Jean, nodding in agreement. "I bet he had given up because the things have been exposed! Such a man is unreliable. Indeed, we cannot entrust Neera to someone like this!"

Watching their furious expressions, Adriana remained quite calm. "I've known Jean for some time now, and he's not the type to act this way. His feelings for Neera are genuine. If he hasn't shown up yet, it's probably because something has held him back or delayed him."

Elmer snorted coldly, utterly dissatisfied with Jean. "No matter the reason, he is still in the wrong for making Neera feel aggrieved!"

Adriana felt somewhat helpless.

She also knew that her niece had suffered many injustices in the past.

However, in reality, neither Neera nor Jean were true to their feelings at the beginning. Jean's situation could be considered somewhat understandable.

It wasn't intentional harm, and there were feelings between the couple. As such, Adriana still hoped that those two could reunite.

However, no matter what she thought, it was useless because she had to let Neera figure it out by herself. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera would rather go to the office in the morning, using work to numb herself.

In the afternoon, after finishing up her tasks, she made a trip to the research center to treat Willard.

After the treatment was over, Willard couldn't help but express his concern again upon seeing that her complexion hadn't improved. "Neera, are you really okay? Your condition seems to be getting worse day by day."

Neera paused momentarily in her needlework, then resumed as if nothing had happened.

Once she finished, she no longer hid anything but didn't go into detail either. "It's due to personal matters, but it's not a big deal."

Willard sighed and began to comfort her. "Even though I'm not sure what has caused you to be like this, remember that life is short. There's no hurdle that can't be overcome. If you dwell too much on certain things, you'll only rob yourself of happiness. Rather than tormenting yourself and dwelling in your sorry, why not think about the things that are worth being happy about?"

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Chapter 1069

Neera understood the concern that Willard had for her, and she knew that his words made sense.

However, some things could only be resolved by finding peace within oneself.

No matter how much rationality one possessed, it could never outweigh emotion.

At that moment, she didn't comment on the topic at hand. Instead, she started joking around with him. "The thing that brings me the most joy right now is visiting your café, where I can enjoy an unlimited supply of pastries."

"So that's why you've been waiting for me all along." Willard was amused.

On the side, Leila readily agreed. "That's easy. From now on, whenever Neera wants to come, she can eat as much as she wants!"

After spending some time together, Leila and Neera had become quite familiar with each other.

Leila felt both gratitude and admiration toward Neera. Thus, her attitude toward Neera became increasingly friendly and affectionate.

Neera laughed as she high-fived Leila. "All right, it's settled then! No backing out!"

Seeing her cheerful demeanor, Willard couldn't quite gauge her thoughts. He didn't say much more, simply hoping that she had a plan in mind. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After seeing Willard off, Neera planned to find some time to visit Avery and see how he was doing.

Sure enough, before she could leave the research center, she ran into Gerald's family.

Gerald was still in his patient's uniform, clearly full of energy.

He had just returned from a stroll in the garden with reddened cheeks, one hand holding his father's, the other his mother's.

Upon seeing Neera, the boy's eyes lit up. He ran towards her, taking the initiative to greet her. "Neera, you're here!"

Neera gazed at this radiant smile. As if infected, she also smiled while ruffling his hair.

"Yeah, I'm here. Long time no see, Ged." As she spoke, she straightened up and greeted Gerald's parents, saying, "Since we've run into each other, let me take Ged for a check-up."

Naturally, his parents had no objections. "Thank you."

After checking the boy, Neera happily informed the couple about the situation. "Ged is doing great. His recovery is going very well. The residual poison in his body has been almost completely cleared. He should be able to return home for recuperation soon."

"Really? That's great!" Gerald's parents were overjoyed and couldn't contain their excitement.

The boy was also very excited, happily shaking Neera's hand as he held onto it.

"Neera, it's all thanks to you that I could recover. I really can't thank you enough!" After he finished speaking, he started to act coy again. "It's been a long time since I've seen Sammy and Harvey. Neera, may I visit your home and play with them?"

That boy had been plagued by illness since childhood. Apart from his parents, his daily companions were various medicinal soups. He had no friends at all.

Ever since he went there for treatment, he gradually became familiar with the triplets, and they had a great time together.

Neera smiled. Naturally, she wouldn't refuse. "Sounds good. Let's have the final treatment tomorrow, and then we can head straight there. I'll make sure Harvey and the others take good care of you."

"Yay!" Gerald jumped up excitedly. "Thank you, Neera!"

Peter felt a surge of gratitude in his heart and expressed his thanks once again. "During that period, I've really caused you a lot of trouble. I truly appreciate your"

Neera laughed heartily. "Please, no need for such formalities. I'm just doing what I should. Seeing Ged getting better brings me joy.'

Peter nodded enthusiastically, patting Gerald's little head. "We'll visit your home tomorrow. Then we'll prepare to return to our country."

Neera had no objections. "Sure. You've been away for quite some time. There must be a lot of things at home that need your attention. You must be eager to get back, right?"

She only asked casually, but Peter replied, "No, it's not that. Mr. Frederic has had a serious car accident. We need to go back and check on him."

Upon hearing that, Neera was taken aback. "He was in a car accident? When did this happen?"

Seeing her surprised expression, Peter was taken aback. "You didn't know about this? I thought you were aware. It was why Jean didn't come over with you."

Neera didn't have the energy to explain or know how to start. She simply skipped the topic and anxiously asked, "How is Mr. Frederic doing now? What's the specific situation? Nothing serious, right?"

Peter patiently answered all her questions one by one.

After listening, Neera had no mood to chat about anything else. She immediately made a phone call to Isabella!

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Chapter 1070

"Neera, what's the matter?" At that moment, Isabella was still unclear about the situation. [Search The FindNøvel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera didn't feel like making small talk with her. She went straight to the point and asked, "I heard that Mr. Frederic had a car accident. What happened?"

Isabella was taken aback by the question. She hadn't expected her friend to know.

After a brief pause, she realized she couldn't keep that a secret any longer. She had no choice but to reveal the truth. "Don't panic just yet. It's true that Mr. Frederic had a car accident. Since it happened close to my location, he was brought here. I was the one who performed the surgery on him. Although the procedure was a bit risky, and we had to issue several critical condition notices, we saved his life in the end. He is still in the intensive care unit right now, but all the vital signs are stable. We're just waiting for them to wake up. Don't worry too much, I'm here. Nothing will go wrong."

After listening to it all, Neera hesitated for a moment but still decided to ask about Jean. "What about Jean? How is he doing now?"

Isabella responded truthfully, "He's fine. You should know him well enough. He can always keep his cool in the face of any major event, let alone now when the huge Beauvort family needs him to hold the fort. After Mr. Frederic was saved, the situation wasn't too bad, either. Actually, on the day of the incident, he was already at the airport with his suitcase, ready to go abroad to find you. Unfortunately, he received news of Mr. Frederic's car accident. This forced him to abandon his trip to Essley to find you. These past few days, he's been staying at the hospital, keeping an eye on the situation here. He hasn't had much rest." After speaking, she remembered something and quickly clarified. "Please understand. I didn't intend to hide this from you. It was Jean who asked me to keep it a secret. He was afraid that you would worry if you knew, so he didn't allow me to tell you. Please, don't be angry..."

Neera was not angry, though she did feel her heart twisting. Such a major incident occurred in the Beauvort family, yet Jean was still afraid of worrying me and keeping it a secret from me...

Whenever she couldn't see Jean, she always felt uneasy.

Seeing Neera silent for quite a while, Isabella guessed that the former was feeling heartbroken. "Don't worry. Out of respect for you, I've arranged a lounge for him these past few days. He's not having a hard time, so you don't need to feel so sorry for him. After all, he bullied you so much in the past. It's only right that he faces some hardship now."

Neera didn't pay attention to those words. Her mind was filled with the image of that man, leaving a bitter taste in her heart.

After hanging up the phone, she seemed somewhat distracted. She sat in her office for a long while before she finally mustered the energy to go to Avery's place.

After examining Avery's condition, Neera took her time to pack things up.

Avery walked over and, upon seeing the situation, couldn't help but show concern. "What's wrong with you? Are you feeling down? Did something happen?"

Neera shook her head. Her mind was still in a mess, so she didn't feel like saying much.

Avery didn't insist. Instead, he changed his approach, hoping to help lift her mood. "The flowers in the backyard are quite beautiful. Would you like to go see them together?"

Neera wasn't in the mood to appreciate it, so she quietly declined. "Let's do it another day. I have some things to take care of today, so I'll be heading back now."

After she finished speaking, she reminded him of the things he needed to be careful about regarding his health at that stage. Then, she prepared to leave.

Avery did not insist, nodding. "All right, I've taken note of it. You should go back and rest now. Be careful on the way back."

Right as he sent her out, but before he could even reach the main entrance, he saw the two elders rushing back in haste.

"Ms. Garcia is also here?!" First, they greeted Neera, then turned their gaze to Avery, their expressions slightly solemn. "Mr. Cox, we have important matters to report."

Upon hearing that, Neera guessed it probably had something to do with the Cox family. She promptly said, "You guys carry on with your conversation. I'll be leaving now."

To her surprise, the two elders actually stopped her. "Ms. Garcia, please wait a moment. You should listen to this as well. After all, this matter is somewhat related to the Gordon family. As the successor of the Gordon family, it would be beneficial for you to know about this in advance."

Not wanting to think about the matters concerning the Gordon family inside, Neera hesitated for a moment. However, she still nodded in agreement.

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Chapter 1071

Before long, the group entered the mansion and sat down facing each other.

The two elders of the Cox family began to report. "The election for district president at Phison is about to begin. The Cox family has been invited as one of the Eight Elders of Bartitsu Guild. As the Gordon family is also a major family in Phison, they are naturally invited as well."

That was the first time Neera had heard the name "Phison".

She didn't quite understand and asked with confusion, "What is the election for district president?"

The elders hesitated for a moment and looked at each other, unsure of how to explain.

At that moment, Avery began to speak, answering her questions and clearing her doubts.

"Let me explain," he said. "Neera, you probably haven't heard of Phison before, have you?"

Neera willingly nodded in confusion. "What place is that?"

"Phison, as the name suggests, is a city that has emerged independently, apart from the existing Great Five Cities. There are also entities like countries within them, but in Phison, they are referred to as districts. Within Phison, one of the most influential powers is the lord of Phison. The other is Bartitsu Guild. Those two entities balance each other out, holding the most sway in discussions. Yet, they are incompatible and are considered rivals across generations. On Bartitsu Guild's side, there are Eight Elders, and the Cox family is one of them. There are seven major families under the Lord of Phison. Below those seven, there are numerous smaller families separated into various categories. There are twenty-five districts in Phison, which you can also consider as twenty-five countries. The Lord of Phison and Bartitsu Guild each control ten districts. The remaining five districts are lands of chaos. Those who frequent such places are ruthless individuals. However, over the years, the Lord of Phison and Bartitsu Guild have been engaged in a strategic game. They each have plans to take control of the remaining five districts. Therefore, the forces under their command often find themselves clashing against each other. Decades ago, both parties made an agreement to select a powerful force to rule those five districts, with a change in leadership every five years."

Upon ending his sentence, he turned to look at Neera, his gaze somewhat profound. "During the previous election, the Gordon family was also on the candidate list. However, Mr. Gordon wasn't interested, so he decisively withdrew. Unfortunately, the Gordon family has been selected again this time."

Neera was puzzled. It took a moment before she gradually digested what Avery had said.

Meeting Avery's gaze, she was somewhat taken aback, not expecting things to be so complicated.

"Uncle Chad doesn't want to do it, and neither do I. Perhaps the Gordon family should withdraw this time as well." Neera couldn't even figure out her own affairs at that moment, and she was already exhausted every day. She simply didn't have the energy or inclination to deal with something like the election.

However, the two elders vetoed her idea. "A few years ago, that may have been acceptable, but this time, we may be at a disadvantage. It's said that the Lord of Phison hasn't been seen for nearly five or six years. Many people speculate that he might have had an accident. Therefore, Bartitsu Guild has issued a strict order that the Gordon family must participate in the election this time!"

Avery apologized. "The Gordon family and the Cox family have always been close. In a way, they are under the Cox family."

He advised earnestly, "I know you aren't interested in this, but it's best not to offend Bartitsu Guild. If things go wrong, it may lead to the downfall of the Gordon family!" [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Upon hearing that, Neera couldn't help but frown. She hadn't expected the situation to be that serious.

Seeing her serious expression, Avery began to laugh elegantly. "You don't have to be so nervous. Nothing is absolute. If you really don't want to, I can help you. I can talk to the president on your behalf."

As soon as those words were spoken, the two elders exchanged glances, both wanting to say something.

It was true that the Cox family was one of the Eight Elders and had a certain degree of influence. However, in reality, the competition among the Eight Elders was fierce, with many of them being rivals of the Cox family.

In other words, if Avery acted like that, it might invite some serious trouble to the Cox family.

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Chapter 1072

After a brief moment of contemplation, Neera shook her head and politely declined, "Thank you for your kindness, but it's not necessary."

Although she still didn't understand the specific situation regarding Phison, she wasn't a fool either.

One could easily tell the election for district president was definitely not that simple.

"I'll discuss this matter with Uncle Chad when I get back. If the Gordon family really can't back out, then we may as well participate. It's not like it's something we can't do," said Neera.

Seeing her say that, Avery said very naturally with a glimmer in his eyes. "Don't be afraid. If you're going to participate, you can attend with me. Rest assured. With me around, no one will dare to harm you or even think about it."

Who would dare to lay a finger on him, given his status as the head of the Cox family?

Upon hearing those words, Neera was slightly taken aback.

A feeling of discomfort surfaced within her heart.

She had a vague feeling that those words were a bit too intimate.

As such, she responded with a light cough and a distant tone. "Thank you." [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Avery smiled. "There's no need to be so formal with me."

Neera would rather not dwell on that topic. Clearing her throat, she turned to ask the elders questions. "When is this election taking place? When should I go?"

"You'll have to set off at the beginning of next month," said one of the elders.

"I see." Neera nodded thoughtfully.

The two elders were deeply worried and asked, "Ms. Garcia, is Mr. Cox's current health condition suitable for travel? Will it be too much for him? What about the wug inside him? Can it be dealt with before we set off?"

They were worried that Avery's body wouldn't be able to hold up.

Phison was an extremely ruthless place where might was right.

The Cox family had many adversaries. It was inevitable that mishaps would occur.

Neera was full of confidence. "Don't worry, there won't be any issues. Once the wug leaves the body, it will quickly perish without a host. His body will suffer some damage, but I will prepare the right medicine for his recovery. While he may not be able to regain his original state immediately, he will still be able to move freely without any problems. No one will be able to tell anything."

Upon hearing that, the two elders were overjoyed and repeatedly expressed their gratitude. "Ms. Garcia, you truly are a miracle doctor! Mr. Cox is truly fortunate to have your assistance in treatment. We are immensely grateful to you. Thank you so much. Mr. Cox owes you a debt of gratitude."

Listening to the two elderly people addressing her respectfully, Neera felt somewhat embarrassed.

"Please, there's no need for such formality. You both are too kind. I am a doctor, and it's my duty to heal and save lives. Besides, the Cox and Gordon families have been close for generations. Mr. Cox and Uncle Chad are good friends. In fact, Uncle Chad has repeatedly urged me to do my utmost to cure Mr. Cox. How could I not give it my all? Thankfully, the treatment has been effective, and I can report good news to Uncle Chad," Neera said with a smile.

Avery had been staring at her, and his smile was gradually fading.

How could he not understand the meaning behind those words?

Neera clarified that her dedicated treatment toward him was due to the relationship between the two families and Chad's request.

As for her, she had no thoughts about him whatsoever.

She was so clever. Though she seemed to be chatting with the elders, she was saying that for Avery.

The joy in his heart subtly faded, and his eyes dimmed slightly, revealing a complex and indecipherable expression.

Neera didn't notice, nor did she have the mind to pay attention.

She hoped that Avery's thoughts would end there. Then, she returned return after resolving the matters at hand.

After dinner, she called Chad and her aunt into the study, informing them about her plans to travel to Phison.

Upon hearing the news, Adriana was overwhelmed with worry.

She just couldn't feel at ease about the matter, regardless if Chad or Neera was the one who went.

Chad pondered for a moment, then asked for Neera's opinion.

"Let me do it." Neera had already made up her mind.

"Firstly, since I am the successor of Gordon Group, I should shoulder some responsibilities rather than avoiding them. Secondly, I also need to consider Avery's health condition. At present, he hasn't fully recovered and still needs some time. As his chief physician, it'll be better for me to accompany him. This way, I can prevent any unexpected situations." After a pause, she held Adriana's hand and smiled. "Thirdly, and most importantly, I don't want you to go through any more trouble. I know that if Uncle Chad goes, you'll definitely follow. Thus, it's better that I go. You've finally found happiness, and I hope you can stay with Uncle Chad, always happy, never apart, and without any worries. Just live your life peacefully."

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Chapter 1073

"You little rascal..." Adriana was touched, yet she remained uneasy. "You worry about me, and I worry about you too. Look at you. Ever since you returned from Essley, you've been dealing with all sorts of things without taking a proper rest. You've only been back for a few days and haven't had a moment's peace, and now this big issue has popped up..."

Neera lowered her eyes with a gentle smile. "I'm fine, you know. Being young is all about endless hustle and bustle. Don't worry about me, Aunt Adriana."

"Exactly." Chad respected Neera's decision and also saw it as a great opportunity for growth. "Adriana, listen to Neera. And Neera, you can rest assured. When you arrive at the venue, I will arrange for trustworthy people to protect you. I absolutely won't let anything happen to you."

"All right, Uncle Chad. I have complete faith in your people. I can rest easy."

Adriana still felt quite worried, always having a sense of unease. "Will the Gordon family members take action against Neera? Or perhaps they may seize the opportunity to trip her up, set traps, and such. After all, many people are dissatisfied with her being the successor. Who knows, they may even harbor resentment towards Neera..."

Neera gently patted her aunt's hand, soothing her with a warm voice.

"Aunt Adriana, don't worry. It's okay. I can handle it. The infighting in such a large family is inevitable. I have to face it sooner or later. Besides, I'll have Uncle Chad's protection. Even if they bear grudges against me, they have to think twice before doing anything to me. At most, they will just try to make things difficult for me." She lifted her chin confidently, then shot Chad a meaningful glance.

The latter chuckled, pulling out an antiquated, bronze-colored token. "That's right. If anyone dares to disobey you, show them this token. Seeing this token is as good as seeing me. It can fully represent my orders. If there are still those who do not comply, don't hesitate to deal with them directly according to the family rules. When the time comes, Zephyr and Charles will be with you. Charles will know what to do."

Neera took the token, smiling. "This token is quite heavy. With it in my hand, things will be much more convenient for me. Aunt Adriana, you can finally rest easy now, can't you?"

Naturally, Adriana still couldn't put her mind at ease.

However, she knew her persuasion would be futile, so she sighed and said no more.

Thus, the matter was settled just like that.

At Kingsview, after being unconscious for two days, Frederic finally came around.

If he could wake up, it meant he was safe.

Before long, he was transferred to the VIP ward.

After checking on Frederic, Isabella discussed the situation with Jean.

Wrenn, listening at the side, was so emotional that she couldn't help but cry. "Thank goodness he's all right..."

Isabella glanced at her. "Although Mr. Frederic has woken up, he is still very weak and needs rest. He may not stay awake for long and will likely fall asleep again. This is normal, so there's no need for you to worry. You can go and see him now."

Wrenn couldn't wait any longer. Upon hearing that, she hurriedly entered the ward.

Jean followed closely behind. As soon as he entered, he saw his mother holding Frederic's hand, chokingly asking questions. [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"How are you feeling now? Do you feel dizzy? Is there any part of your body that hurts? Do you feel like eating anything? If so, I can go back and cook something for you," she said.

Frederic patted her hand, smiling resignedly. "Don't worry, I'm fine. A couple of days of rest and I'll be back to normal. Stop fussing. I don't have an appetite right now."

Wrenn's eyes were filled with tears, her nose turning red from crying. "You scared me to death. Have you ever thought about what I would do if something happened to you? You must get better. You just have to..."

Frederic was both heartbroken and soft-hearted. He wanted to wipe away her tears, but he lacked the strength. All he could do was to comfort her in a soft voice. "All right, I'm sure I'll get better. Don't cry anymore. Be good, okay?"

In the midst of the conversation, he saw Jean, who smiled at him. "I scared you, didn't I? Don't worry, I'm fine. I'll be better soon."

Looking at his usually robust father, who was comforting him despite weakly lying in the ward, Jean was at a loss for words for a moment.

After a few seconds, he finally managed to utter a soft, "Mhm."

Later, Joseph arrived.

After greeting Frederic, he patted Jean's shoulder. "Leave this to me. You should go back and get some rest. You've been here for two days, so you must not have slept well. Your body won't be able to take it."

At that point, Wrenn's emotions had stabilized, and she also began to persuade.

"Yes, Joseph is right," she said. "You haven't rested for the past two days. You must be exhausted, so you need to take care of yourself. Go home, have a good meal, and get some rest."

Jean's heart sank, but he agreed.

On the way back, Ian finally found the opportunity to report on the situation in Phison.

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Chapter 1074

Upon hearing that there was to be an election for the district president over there, Jean raised an eyebrow.

"During the last election, you declined due to health issues. This time, Bartitsu Guild is making frequent moves, likely harboring inappropriate intentions... They may even be coveting the tenth district that we control," said Ian.

Jean sneered. The streetlight filtering through the car window illuminated half of his stern face, making him appear even more cold and austere.

"They're coveting my district? They'd need to have the ability to pull that off first."

Ian glanced at the rearview mirror, tentatively asking, "What's your plan?"

Jean glanced at his phone and calmly said, "Once my father's health improves, I need to make a trip to Essley first."

There was a red light ahead, so Ian stopped the car and promptly reported. "By the way, I've been meaning to discuss the matter with you. For this upcoming election, the Gordon family has also been invited. Well... Mrs. Beauvort has to represent the Gordon family and go to Phison. She is now the successor of the Gordon family and is likely to shoulder this responsibility."

Upon hearing that news, Jean furrowed his eyebrows. She's still a thorn in many's side after becoming the successor. Won't it be dangerous if she goes? Then again, there's nothing wrong with her doing so. She may have even taken the initiative to participate. It seems that Chad will also be willing to let her go out and gain some experience as the successor of the Gordon family. Besides, it's not like I can stop it.

When his train of thought ended there, he felt somewhat agitated. More than that, he was worried.

He issued the order immediately, his voice chilling. "Tell our men to protect her in secret if they encounter her. If anyone dares to lay a finger on her, kill them!"

Accepting the task, Ian saw the green light and stepped on the gas. Before long, he arrived at Imperial Gardens.

Jean hadn't had a good rest for several days. When he got home, he took a shower and went straight to sleep as soon as he lay down.

Meanwhile, Isabella glanced at the time and sent a message to Neera: Mr. Frederic is out of danger now, so don't worry. Also... Jean hadn't had a good rest for the past few days because of this. He looks more haggard than before. I'm not sure if his body can hold up.

After reading it, Neera was silent for a long time.

She stared at the text, reading them over and over again, her heart filled with worry and discomfort.

Jean's health is already not great. How can he be well doing this? He even looks more haggard... I wonder how he's doing. I did leave him some medicine before I left, though. If he feels unwell, taking it should help alleviate his discomfort. Hopefully, he didn't forget about that. She tried to console herself but could never truly find peace, unable to resist overthinking things. What if things don't go well? It's been a while since Jean had an episode. If this matter triggers his illness, then he'll be in for a tough time.

After much thought, she couldn't stop thinking about it. Despite her hesitation, she decided to send a message to Isabella: Jean's body hasn't fully recovered yet. He can't overexert himself, or it can potentially worsen his condition. Bell, could you please keep an eye on him? If Frederic insists he's fine, persuade Jean to rest more.

Isabella sighed, realizing that Neera still couldn't let go of Jean, feeling somewhat helpless. Why are these two people making things so hard for themselves?

Then, she typed: Don't worry, he has gone home to rest tonight. I'll keep a close eye on things, so try not to worry too much.

Jean had slept for a long time, and when he woke up, it was already the afternoon of the next day.

Sitting up in bed, he felt a throbbing in his temples, a slight dizziness in his head, and an overall discomfort throughout his body.

Massaging his brow, he sat up to take the medicine that Neera had left for him, then descended the stairs.

Ian noticed that Jean's complexion was a bit off, which made him somewhat worried. "Mr. Beauvort, are you all right? Are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine." Jean lightly shook his head.

Despite what he said, when dinner time came around, his condition didn't improve. On the contrary, it got worse and worse.

A long-absent wave of pain swept over Jean's entire body, making it hard for him to stand. He leaned uncomfortably against the couch, his eyebrows furrowed and his face etched with agony.

Ian was terrified, momentarily at a loss for what to do.

Neera wasn't around, so he didn't even know who to look for at that moment!

After giving it some thought, he realized that the only person he could rely on was Isabella, so he immediately contacted her.

After explaining Jean's condition, he asked anxiously, "Do you have any solutions for this situation? Mr. Beauvort is in great pain. He can't hold on much longer!"

Isabella didn't expect it to really happen, so she hurried over in the middle of the night.

When she arrived, Jean was in so much pain that he was on the verge of passing out. [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Seeing the situation, Isabella didn't dare to treat him casually, she could only call Neera.

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Chapter 1075

Upon hearing that Jean's illness was acting up, Neera immediately stood up, her face turning deathly pale. So, it really did happen. How is he now? He must be feeling terrible...

Images of the man's past suffering involuntarily flashed through her mind, throwing her heart into chaos. [S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Neera? Neera? Are you listening?" On the other end of the phone, Isabella didn't hear Neera's voice and called out to the latter twice more.

Gritting her teeth, Neera took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down. "Bell, do as I say. Help him by applying dry needling to relieve his pain."

Isabella studied modern medicine. Although she understood dry needling, she rarely practiced it.

Upon hearing that, she was instantly startled, instinctively rejecting it. "I can't do it. I rarely use this method for treatment—"

Neera interrupted, "You can do it, Bell. I will explain everything to you. You have to believe in yourself. You can do it. Please, right now, you're the only one who can help him. Can you do it for me, please?" Seeing the agonizing pain etched on Jean's face, Isabella hesitated for a moment before reluctantly agreeing. "All right, all right, I'll give it a try, but I can't promise that I'll be able to alleviate his situation."

As she spoke, an idea came to her, and she took the initiative to suggest it. "How about this? Let's switch to a video call so you can guide me whenever necessary. That seems more reliable."

"All right, let's do it this way," said Neera.

Soon, Isabella switched to a video call, asking Ian to hold up the phone with the camera directly facing Jean.

After not seeing Jean for several days, Neera stared intently at the man on the screen, momentarily stunned and unable to recover.

Jean was in bad shape. His complexion was terribly off, and he had noticeably lost weight.

As Isabella said, he looked considerably worn out.

Neera's heart ached intensely.

She had always thought that she was deeply mired in torment every day, yet she failed to notice that Jean wasn't faring much better.

It seemed that the pain he had endured those past few days was no less than her own.

On top of that, with Frederic hospitalized due to injuries, Jean had been tirelessly keeping vigil for two days, barely resting. Consequently, Jean fell ill all of a sudden...

Just as Neera was feeling upset, Isabella had already fetched the silver needle, ready to begin.

Time waited for no one. Rather than bear to see Jean tormented by illness again, Neera reluctantly regained her composure. Then, she began to guide Isabella on the specific meridian points for the needle insertion.

Isabella dared not slack off even the slightest bit. She mustered all her concentration, fearing to make even a single careless mistake.

Perhaps due to her nervousness, a layer of fine, cold sweat broke out on her forehead during the process of inserting the needle. She clenched her hand into a fist several times just to keep it from shaking.

Fortunately, the treatment went smoothly.

Once all the needles were properly inserted, Isabella straightened up, sinking wearily into the chair and letting out a long sigh. "All right, how much longer do we have to wait?"

Neera spoke hoarsely. "The needles can be removed in an hour."

A sour feeling welled up in her heart. She couldn't bear to continue watching. After speaking, she wanted to hang up the phone.

Isabella stopped her. "Wait, don't hang up yet. Keep watching. I lack experience, and I'm afraid something may go wrong. Keep an eye on him so you can spot any issues and advise me in time."

Reluctantly, Neera agreed.

Thus, she maintained that angle, her gaze unwavering. She silently stared at the man in the picture, focused and without blinking.

It was as though she couldn't get enough of him.

The more she stared, the deeper her longing became.

Roughly half an hour later, Jean suddenly woke up.

He opened his eyes, his gaze meeting squarely with Neera's eyes on the screen.

On the other end of the phone, Neera froze, caught off guard by that unexpected eye contact. It took her several seconds to regain her composure.

Her gaze suddenly had nowhere to rest. Thus, she shifted her eyes away, her heart pounding relentlessly. She didn't even know what she was trying to avoid.

Perhaps it was due to the pain, but Jean didn't react, just staring blankly at the screen on his phone.

Upon seeing the situation, Ian hurriedly explained, "Mr. Beauvort, when you were unconscious earlier, it was Mrs. Beauvort who verbally guided Ms. Lopez to treat you. She was extremely worried when she heard that your illness had flared up. Even now, she's still concerned about you!"

After hearing that, Jean felt as if something was tearing open in his heart. The pain was cast to the back of his mind, and he lifted his eyebrow.

He gazed tenderly at the petite woman on the screen, his voice filled with longing. "Neera, I miss you so much..."

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Chapter 1076

After so many days, when Neera heard his voice again, it felt like a blast from a distant past.

Neera's eyelashes fluttered, and her heart was in utter chaos. She was unable to think clearly, unsure of how to face him.

She dared not lift her gaze, fearing that the sight of his eyes would cause her emotions to spill out.

However, she was still worried about his health. Her lips moved slightly as if she wanted to say something.

For a moment, she remained silent, not uttering a single word. With a heavy heart, she abruptly ended the video call.

Upon seeing the darkened screen of his phone, Jean lowered his head, and the look in his eyes dimmed. A hint of disappointment settled in his heart. She still refuses to talk to me...

Seeing him in that state, Isabella and Ian couldn't help but sigh deeply.

"Don't be disheartened. She still cares about you. When she heard you were ill, she was the most worried. Even after I finished giving you the injection, she wasn't reassured. She's been watching over you for an hour now. I guess she hung up the phone because she was momentarily flustered." Isabella couldn't bear it, so she gave him a few words of advice.

Jean understood and nodded slightly.

"How are you feeling now? Are you still uncomfortable?"

"I'm feeling much better now." Jean sat up, stretching his muscles a bit, and felt considerably more relaxed.

Isabella finally breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good. It seems Neera's method worked after all. I'm glad you're okay. Otherwise, she would definitely be worried."

Jean lightly touched the corner of his lips, softly expressing his gratitude. "Thank you for your efforts this time."

"It's all right, no need to be so formal." Isabella waved her hand. "Since you're fine, you should get some rest early."

"All right, it's getting late. I'll have my driver take you home."

After some thought, Isabella said, "I think I'll stay next door, in Neera's room. Given your situation, someone can call for me if anything unexpected happens in the middle of the night. I'll be able to help."

Jean fell silent for a moment, then nodded and said, "All right, thank you very much."

"As I've said, no need for formalities. I'll head over to the next room to rest now."

After Isabella left, Ian stepped forward and asked, "Mr. Beauvort, would you like me to assist you upstairs to rest?"

Jean didn't respond. He leaned against the couch, pondered for a moment, then picked up his own phone and began to send messages to Neera. "Don't worry, I'm fine. I'll be back on my feet in no time."

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After sending the message, he waited for two minutes. Seeing no response, he couldn't help but continue: I really miss you, and I want to see you, even if it's just a glimpse. However, there's something going on at the company that needs my attention. I can't get away at the moment. Once I'm done, I'll find you. Is that okay?

Neera still didn't reply.

Jean didn't mind at all. He patiently continued to send more messages to her: I'm not by your side, so you must take good care of yourself. Even when you're helping others heal, don't overwork yourself. Remember to eat on time and don't stay up too late...

Back in Essley, Neera's phone keeps ringing incessantly.

She felt mixed feelings as she read his caring messages.

Gradually, she felt a hint of sweetness amidst the bitterness.

She stared at those few messages, reading them over and over again. After a while, she could no longer hold back, and she replied: After the treatment, you know what to do without me telling you. If you need to take a dipping bath, take it. If you need to take medicine, take it.

Though the tone of her message was stiff, Jean still couldn't help but feel delighted upon reading it.

He grinned and typed: All right. I'll listen to you.

Upon reading those words, Neera felt a pang of sorrow in her heart. In the past, he always loved to say that...

She took a deep breath and put down her phone, forcing herself not to think about it anymore or respond.

Meanwhile, Jean waited for a moment. He didn't receive any more messages from her, but he wasn't disappointed either.

He felt that the pain in his body had mostly subsided. He obediently went upstairs to soak in a dipping bath. After taking his medicine, he went to sleep.

That night, he didn't have another episode.

The next day, he had regained quite a bit of energy.

After learning about it, Neera felt her mood improved. Search The FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Everyone at her home could tell it probably had something to do with Jean, even though they didn't know what happened.

Everyone tacitly agreed not to speak of it, leaving the matter for the couple to handle on their own.

As long as she was doing better, they could rest easy.

After being busy for nearly half a month, Neera was preparing for Adriana's birthday banquet.

During that period, Neera managed to find some time to treat Willard.

As the month was drawing to a close, the wug pest inside the old man no longer relied on flesh and blood and could finally be drawn out.

After discussing with Leila, Neera decided to deal with that matter tomorrow.

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Chapter 1077

Early the next morning, Leila took Willard to the research center.

The treatment was extremely crucial and somewhat tricky, requiring assistance.

Thus, Neera called for Osbert, thinking it would be a good opportunity for him to gain some practical experience.

"Mr. Saunders, there's no need to be nervous, just relax. Once this treatment is over, the wug pest in your body will be gone," said Neera.

Willard lay on the sickbed, giving her a kindly smile. "My heart is at ease, Neera. With you taking care of me, I have a hundred reasons to be reassured."

With a smile, Neera gave Osbert some instructions about what to pay attention to during the treatment process and then began to work.

After sterilizing the silver needles with alcohol, she initiated the dry needling.

That process was grueling. The demand for Neera's skills was extremely high. Not even halfway through, a layer of sweat had already formed on her forehead.

Willard was also in unbearable pain, his brows furrowed tightly, his face turning purple from the agony.

The pain caused by the wug pest continued to persist.

Most importantly, Willard must not lose consciousness. It was crucial for him to stay alert.

Otherwise, Neera would have knocked him out with anesthesia.

Willard was in so much pain that he could grind his teeth to dust. As she watched his reaction, she continued her actions while simultaneously offering him encouragement. "Just hang in there a little longer. It's almost through. Once you get past this ordeal, the pain won't be as intense..."

It was hard to tell if Willard heard that or not as he tightly shut his eyes, crying out in pain.

Roughly an hour later, the wug pest, as expected, was finally lured to his wrist.

Through the thin skin of Willard's wrist, Osbert could clearly see something moving beneath Willard's veins. It was a sight that was utterly terrifying!

Neera also noticed it and made a quick decision, grabbing the scalpel. "Osbert, in a while, I'll be cutting open his finger to let the blood out. The wug pest will crawl out, and you should put it into this glass jar."

Osbert nodded, then asked with confusion, "Neera, can't we just kill this wug pest directly? Why do we need to keep it?"

"We have to." Wiping the sweat from her forehead, Neera said, "This wug pest must be used as a medicinal ingredient for his treatment. There can be absolutely no mistakes."

Osbert understood. "All right, I got it."

He was ready, holding the glass jar, his eyes fixed intently on Willard's hand.

Neera watched the wug pest still wriggling under Willard's skin. Gritting her teeth, she used a sharp blade to slice open his finger.

Soon, dark red blood began to flow from the wound.

In no time, a thin, light red worm wriggled its way out of the wound.

Osbert felt a chill run down his spine. He felt uncomfortable and even a little disgusted staring at the bug.

However, he steeled himself, gripping the wug pest with tweezers as if he were handling a landmine. Then, he quickly tossed it into the glass jar and securely sealed the lid.

After smoothly finishing all his tasks, he sighed deeply, then looked disdainfully at the wug pest in the jar. "So this is what a wug pest looks like. To think such a small thing is capable of causing such immense harm to the human body. If you hadn't told me it's a wug pest, I would have underestimated it!"

Instead of wasting time chatting with him at the moment, she quickly attended to Willard's bleeding. She bandaged his wound, and then meticulously removed the needles one by one.

Willard was in so much pain that he was on the verge of losing consciousness.

Yet upon hearing Osbert's voice, he forced his weary eyes open, tilting his head to look toward the glass jar.

He stared at the terrifying wug pest, asking weakly. "So... This is the bug... that's inside me?"

Neera carefully threaded the needle, taking the time to respond to him. "Indeed. Rest assured. It has now been forced out of your body and will no longer pose any threat to you. You can be at ease from now on. If you feel tired, sleep. The treatment is over. There's no need to stay awake."

After taking several deep breaths, Willard felt the pain had lessened considerably. "All right, I am a bit tired..."

After he finished speaking, he closed his eyes heavily, as if he had let go of all the strength in his body. His whole body seemed to soften, and his grip loosened.

After checking his pulse and finding no abnormalities, Neera felt a bit more at ease. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Chapter 1078

Once everything was taken care of, Neera finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She administered the nutrient solution she had prepared in advance to Willard. After adjusting the flow rate, she noticed that he had already drifted off to sleep.

Knowing that Willard was exhausted, she didn't disturb him. She called for Osbert, and together, they left the consultation room.

In the corridor outside, Leila was anxiously waiting.

Seeing Neera come out, she quickly approached and asked, "Neera, how is my grandfather doing? Is the treatment going smoothly?"

Neera nodded. "The treatment went smoothly this time, and the wug pest has been drawn out from your grandfather's body. As for your grandfather, he has fallen asleep due to exhaustion from the treatment process. You don't need to worry. I've hooked him up to an IV drip. When he wakes up, he will feel much better."

With a sense of relief akin to surviving a catastrophe, Leila patted her chest, finally able to relax.

"Thank goodness Grandpa is all right..." She murmured to herself, then noticed the glass jar in Osbert's hand.

Upon seeing the pale red worm inside still blindly wriggling, she was covered in goosebumps. "So, this thing has been hiding inside my grandfather's body all along?"

"Yep, and don't worry. Once it leaves the human body, it's pretty much half-dead," answered Neera.

It was not that Leila was scared. She just felt a bit nauseous.

She shifted her gaze away momentarily and then expressed her heartfelt thanks. "Neera, thank you. I'm so grateful to have met you. Thanks to you, my grandfather's illness, which has troubled him for so many years, has finally been treated. I don't even know how to express my gratitude..."

Neera smiled wryly, shaking her head. "There's no need for such formalities. Your grandfather once helped me. I'm just repaying the favor. As long as I can assist him, that's all that matters."

Worried that the medicinal properties of the wug pest might diminish if it stayed out of the human body for too long, she decided to end the conversation. "Don't worry. Let Mr. Saunders rest well. I'm going to prepare a remedy to restore his physical strength."

Leila didn't dare to delay Neera, nodding repeatedly. "All right. Go ahead, then. I'll stay here and wait for my grandfather to wake up. Thanks for your help."

Soon, Neera headed to the laboratory, with Osbert closely following behind. "Neera, you mentioned before about using this wug pest for medicine. Can it really serve that purpose?"

"Yes. Only the essence of this wug pest can completely resolve the issue within Mr. Saunders' body," answered Neera.

"Ah... what should we do then?"

Neera put on a white lab coat, wore a mask, and answered, "We need to turn this wug pest itself into a pill for Mr. Saunders to consume."

The moment those words were spoken, Osbert instantly felt a tingling sensation all over his body. He gulped, unable to resist glancing at the still wriggling wug pest. As he did, a wave of nausea washed over him. "No way. We need to turn this into an edible pill? That's just terrifying..."

Neera ignored him, directly taking the glass jar from his hand, and proceeded to work on it with great urgency.

It took roughly two hours to develop the antidote, which was immediately given to Willard to consume.

That afternoon, Willard indeed seemed to have recovered a bit.

His illness had lasted for so long, and the treatment process had drained him of so much energy that he still felt somewhat weak. S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mr. Saunders, all you need to do is go home and rest well for a while, and you should be able to recover about eighty to ninety percent. The rest will just require some recuperation," said Neera.

The Saunders family naturally had no issues with that, considering they had a medicinal background.

At that moment, Willard expressed his gratitude repeatedly. "I owe you my life, Neera. Meeting you is indeed my blessing."

Neera smiled. "Please, don't say that. You're giving me too much credit. If you're not busy, why don't you let Leila take you home to rest?"

"All right, I'll take Grandpa home now. Once he's feeling better, I'll bring him over for a visit!" Leila was immensely grateful, and after a short while, she left with Willard.

After seeing off the two, Neera chose not to leave. Instead, she stayed to continue her research on that peculiar wug pest.

Osbert was quite intrigued and, thus, engaged in a discussion with her.

As he was speaking, he suddenly remembered something. "By the way, Neera, you probably don't know yet. Thora has recently moved out, planning to start her own business."

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Chapter 1079

Neera felt repulsed as soon as he heard the name Thora. "What's up with her now? What's she going to kick up a fuss about this time?"

Osbert was quite speechless. "After her plot against you was exposed last time, she had a big fallout with the teachers. I really can't stand her. She did such a terrible thing, yet she can still brazenly refuse to admit her mistake. What kind of thinking is that? She has absolutely no sense of right and wrong! Mr. Hanson and Mrs. Hanson are such good people. How could they have a daughter who can't tell right from wrong?"

Neera frowned, feeling that Thora was truly beyond help.

She couldn't be bothered to care about anything else. The only thing that mattered to her was the condition of her teacher and his wife. "How are they doing now? Do they have any plans?"

"I'm not sure if they have any plans, but if Thora is determined to cause a scene, they probably can't do much about it."

Osbert sighed deeply, expressing his concern. "Mr. Hanson hasn't been to the research center for the past couple of days. He seems to be in a terrible mood. I guess his wife must be feeling quite upset as well."

Anyone would be upset if they encountered such a frustrating situation.

Neera's brow furrowed before she finally spoke. "Let's go visit them later."

Osbert naturally had no objections. "Sure, I was planning on doing this, anyway."

After finishing their tasks, the two of them bought some gifts on the way to Obadiah's house.

As expected, Thora was nowhere to be found there. Only Obadiah and Marie were present.

Seeing Neera and Osbert, the married couple perked up and greeted their guests, even inviting them to stay for a meal. The couple instructed the housekeepers to prepare a few more dishes.

After taking a seat, Obadiah got straight to the point. "Neera, you're here because of Thora's matter, aren't you?"

Neera hesitated for a moment, then nodded truthfully. "Yes, Osbert told me that Thora is planning to strike out on her own."

After some thought, she decided it would be best to apologize. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hanson, Mrs. Hanson. I've caused you quite a bit of trouble recently and made you upset."

Marie was taken aback. "Why on earth are you apologizing to us, you silly girl?"

"I feel somewhat guilty toward both of you. After all, Thora's situation is, in part, due to my actions." Neera didn't feel that she had done anything wrong, nor did she think that Thora's issue had anything to do with her.

She just felt guilty for her teacher.

Fortunately, Obadiah and Marie were both reasonable people, and they tried to comfort her instead. "Please, don't blame everything on yourself. This matter has nothing to do with you. It's Thora's own issue. That girl can't distinguish right from wrong. She's been spoiled and acts recklessly without any boundaries. Even if there's blame to be placed, it should be on us for not educating her properly. How could it possibly fall on you? You mustn't think like that. Besides, this situation may not necessarily be a bad thing. Thora,

that girl, has been living too comfortably before, always having this safe harbor at home, which is why she became so spoiled. It's good that she's gone out now. Perhaps experiencing some hardships will help her grow. If she finds it too tough, she'll come back on her own."

Neera thought the same way.

For people who never encountered hardships, any deviation from their expectations could throw them off course.

If one ventured out, one might encounter numerous challenges, but those could lead to many enlightening experiences.

At that moment, Neera nodded, not bringing up the matter again.

In the evening, she and Osbert joined Obadiah and Marie for dinner.

During the meal, Obadiah surprisingly started showing concern for Neera's matters. "How have you been since you went back? Have there been a lot of things happening back home? I hope there hasn't been any trouble."

Neera was more than happy to chat with them. She had nothing to hide and casually mentioned that she had recognized her maternal family.

Obadiah and Marie, upon hearing the news, were both very happy for her. "I always knew you were a lucky girl. Now you've recognized so many relatives, gaining more support and connections. Your life is bound to get better and better." [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera smiled faintly, "With them around, I feel much happier..."

After dinner, Osbert and Neera went home.

As soon as Neera returned home, Adriana stood up to greet her. "I was just about to call you. Why are you only getting back now?"

"Sorry, Aunt Adriana. I forgot to tell you that I went to Mr. Hanson's house." Neera took her aunt by the arm and roughly explained Thora's situation.

Adriana sighed. "Your teacher and his wife must be having a hard time having such a troublesome daughter. They must be so worried..."

Neera nodded in agreement, chatted with her aunt for a while, then went upstairs to check on the triplets.

When she entered the room, she saw the triplets were huddled together, staring at the computer.

Upon seeing their mom enter, the triplets were startled and hurriedly closed their laptop.

Although Neera only caught a glimpse, she clearly saw the WhatsApp page on the screen.

The person they were chatting with was Jean.

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Chapter 1080

That pitch-black profile picture had to be him.

She didn't want her issues with Jean to affect the children, so she pretended not to notice.

"What are you guys doing? Are you guys playing games again?" she asked.

Seeing her acting as usual, the triplets breathed a sigh of relief, pretending as if nothing had happened. They nodded and replied, "Yes. We're pretty bored, so we're playing some games to pass the time."

Neera gently rubbed Sammy's little head, educating him softly. "Even if you're bored, you can't always be glued to the computer. You spend enough time with King on a regular basis. You need to rest more. If you really have nothing to do, practice your handwriting or read a book."

"Okay!"

The triplets were very well-behaved, responding adorably, "We will."

In fact, their current level of knowledge had already surpassed what an elementary school student would master.

That was exactly why Neera wasn't in a hurry to send them off to school.

Harvey held her hand, showing genuine concern when he said, "Mommy, you don't need to worry about us. I will take good care of my younger brother and sister. As for you, please don't work too hard."

Neera smiled slightly, warmly saying, "Good."

After chatting with the triplets for over an hour, Neera finally urged them to bathe and get ready for bed.

When she returned to her room, she unexpectedly received a call from Amanda.

Amanda had been touring around the world, leaving her with no time to take care of Penny.

When she had some free time, she found her thoughts occupied by Penny, her extraordinarily gifted student. She decided to stick to the original plan and reached out to Neera at the first opportunity.

The call connected, and she exchanged pleasantries with a warm smile, then promptly got to the point. "Ms. Garcia, I simply can't bear to let go of such a promising talent as Penny. Therefore, I'm planning to establish a dance division here in our country. When the time comes, I hope you will definitely send Penny to learn to dance."

Neera had initially thought that after the last time, that matter would be put to rest. Unexpectedly, she was still preoccupied with Penny.

However, fate loved to play tricks. When they wanted to return to their homeland, their family had just moved here.

At that moment, she apologized, "I'm really sorry, but due to certain circumstances, we are no longer in the country."

Amanda was taken aback. "If you're not in the country, may I ask where are you and the children now?"

"Currently, we are in Essley, and we plan to settle here for a while, probably for a year or two."

Upon hearing that, Amanda was first taken aback, then she became excited. "Essley is so much better! I'm here in Essley right now, and this is perfect. I don't even need to go back and set up any dance branch. I might as well just stay here and teach Penny!"

Neera didn't expect such a coincidence. Hesitating for a moment, she tactfully said, "Wouldn't this be too accommodating, Ms. Amanda? Actually, you don't have to go to such lengths..."

Amanda laughed nonchalantly. "It's fine. Anyway, I have work in Essley for the foreseeable future. I reckon I'll be living here for a year or two. Plus, I have my own dance center here. Isn't it better to take this opportunity to personally guide Penny?"

Neera understood naturally that those words were just spoken to avoid feeling embarrassed.

Given the other party's enthusiasm, it was difficult for her to continue rejecting Amanda.

"All right. Thank you so much for your trouble. It's an honor for Penny to be taught by such a renowned teacher as you. If you have time tomorrow, I'll take her to the dance center you founded," Neera uttered.

Amanda was overjoyed. "All right. It's settled, then!"

The next morning, after having breakfast, Neera discussed the matter with Penny.

Penny had no objections to that. "I would love to learn to dance under Ms. Amanda's guidance."

Anyway, aside from following her two older brothers around and practicing calligraphy at home, she really didn't have much else to do.

So, in the morning, Neera took the little girl to Amanda's dance center.

Amanda arrived early, eagerly awaiting the student she had been thinking about. Upon seeing Penny, her enthusiasm was palpable. "It's been a while, Penny. You seem to have grown taller, but you're still as beautiful and adorable as ever."

"Ms. Amanda, it's been a while, and you've become even more beautiful than before!" Penny, accustomed to praise, didn't let it go to her head. She greeted Amanda politely and graciously.

The little girl's sweet words made Amanda's heart bloom with joy, deepening her affection for Penny.

After exchanging pleasantries, Neera asked about the specific training schedule.

"Considering Penny is still young, there's no need for intense training every day. Coming three times a week, for an hour and a half each time, should be sufficient," Amanda said.

Neera felt that such an arrangement was fine and asked, "As for the fees, how will they be charged?"

Amanda waved her hand dismissively. "You don't need to worry about that. I never intended to charge a fee. I had already decided to teach Penny for free. Penny is such a talented and promising student so I'm more than happy to have her as my apprentice!"

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Chapter 1081

Neera felt that it was somewhat inappropriate. "Ms. Amanda, I know you're fond of Penny. I'm already grateful for your willingness to teach her. If you refuse to accept any payment, I would really feel quite uncomfortable."

It was clear that Amanda had made up her mind. She affectionately held Neera's hand and said, "Ms. Garcia, please don't be formal with me. Having the opportunity to meet an exceptional child like Penny is my good fortune. I genuinely want to nurture her, and I don't care about material things. If we continue to talk about this, it will create unnecessary distance between us."

Upon hearing that, Neera hesitated for a moment, sighing inwardly. She then lowered her head to look at Penny.

The little girl was very receptive, immediately calling out sweetly, "Ms. Amanda, from this day forward, I am your apprentice, and I will not let down your careful cultivation!"

Amanda was overjoyed. She squatted down happily and planted a kiss on her cheek. "Good child! From now on, follow me lead and learn diligently. With your talent, you're sure to become the most outstanding dancer in the future!"

After finalizing the arrangements for the dance lessons, it was almost noon.

Amanda had made up her mind about something she had been pondering, insisting on inviting Neera to have a meal together, no matter what.

Neera found it difficult to decline warm hospitality and didn't make any excuses. She agreed readily and straightforwardly.

Lunch went very smoothly. After some thought, Amanda took the initiative to make a suggestion.

"In the afternoon, let Penny follow me. I will make a detailed training plan specifically tailored to her situation."

Neera didn't refuse. "All right. Since Penny is now your apprentice, you naturally have the say in her dance training. Let her follow you, then."

After she finished speaking, she turned to Penny, gently reminding her, "You must behave and listen to Ms. Amanda. Don't cause any trouble for her, understand?"

"All right." Penny nodded obediently, her voice soft and cute. "I'll behave. Don't worry, Mommy."

With a smile, Neera said, "Ms. Amanda, I'm entrusting Penny to your care."

"All right, Ms. Garcia. You can rest assured. We will be seeing each other often in the future, so there's no need for such formality. Just call me Amanda."

Neera nodded with a smile. "All right."

After lunch, Neera chose to leave directly for the Cox residence.

Avery had been resting for a month, and the wound on his chest had already healed by about sixty to seventy percent.

After the inspection, the two elders asked with deep concern, "Ms. Garcia, when can the wug in Mr. Cox's body be cured?"

Neera took off her sterile gloves and said, "His condition has greatly improved now. I plan to start the treatment tomorrow to cure the wug inside his body."

After a long wait, the good news finally arrived, invigorating the two elders. However, they still harbored some worries.

"Um... Ms. Garcia, will there be any dangers during the treatment process?"

Neera answered truthfully, "There's no danger to his life. After all, we've been preparing for this for a long time, and I've already developed the necessary medicine. However, the wug pest has been in his body for too long. It's certain to have worn down his physical condition. However, there's no need for you to worry too much. Once the wug pests are removed, he'll be fine. Your family has so many precious medicinal materials. Gather more that can replenish energy and blood. Later, I'll prepare a list of Medicated Diets for you to nourish his body. Stick to it, and he should be fully recovered within a year."

Upon hearing that, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's great! That's great, Ms. Garcia. You truly are a miracle doctor!"

Neera preferred to be modest. "You flatter me. It was merely a simple task. I'm just fulfilling my duty as a doctor."

Afterward, she turned to Avery and said, "Take a good rest today, rejuvenate your spirit, and prepare for tomorrow's treatment. I'll be heading back now."

Avery nodded. Since his health had improved and he could move around freely, he took the opportunity to suggest, "Let me send you."

Neera declined and said, "No need. I can go back on my own." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

However, Avery insisted, "It's not just about giving you a ride. I've been lying at home for too long, and I want to get out and move around. This is a good opportunity to personally thank Mr. Gordon. After all, he has helped me a lot before and even invited you over to treat me. Moreover, I have some matters to discuss with him about Phison. It's better to do it sooner rather than later."

Hearing that, Neera found herself at a loss for words and could only agree.

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Chapter 1082

Therefore, the two of them left together. Violet followed Avery around like a shadow.

At home, several elders are present.

It was clear that Avery came prepared. After getting out of the car, he directly pulled out several gift boxes from the trunk, which, at first glance, were obviously of high value. Upon seeing those generous gifts, Neera was taken aback. "What are these?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Avery smiled, nodding toward the mansion's grand entrance. "This is my first time meeting your family, so it's only natural to observe the necessary courtesies. Let's go."

When Neera heard those words, she couldn't help but feel they were ambiguous.

Before she could react, Avery was already heading toward the main gate.

With a slight frown, she had no choice but to follow.

As soon as he entered the mansion, Avery greeted Elmer and his companions with the utmost respect and politeness.

"Mr. Park, Mrs. Park, greetings to you both. We meet for the first time. My name is Avery Cox. On this first encounter, I have brought along some modest gifts, hoping you both will kindly accept them." Avery didn't show the slightest bit of awkwardness that one might feel when meeting someone for the first time. Instead, he acted extremely naturally.

The Park family members looked at him with inexplicable expressions on their faces.

Mariah was even more confused. She asked perplexedly, "Baby girl, why did you change boyfriends again? This isn't the man you brought home previously, right?"

Neera was utterly embarrassed. She quickly denied, "No, Granny. This is just a friend—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Avery interrupted her with a smile and said, "Even though we're not in a boyfriend-girlfriend relationship, in reality, Neera and I are technically engaged."

His appearance had already surprised the Park family, but hearing his words made them even more dumbfounded. Didn't she say before that Jean was the fiancé? How is it that another fiancé with a marriage agreement has popped up?

Nadine was completely baffled. "Neera, what's going on?"

Neera never expected Avery to suddenly say such a thing, and for a moment, she didn't know how to respond.

Seeing her niece in a difficult situation, Adriana quickly stepped forward to help explain the situation.

"It's like this. Actually, there was a marriage agreement between the Gordon family and the Cox family. The successor of the Gordon family was to marry the head of the Cox family. However, Chad didn't fulfill it, so now it's Neera's turn. And Avery is the current head of the Cox family. Logically, they would have a marriage agreement, but as of now, nothing is set in stone."

The Park family finally understood what was going on.

Although nothing was set in stone yet, since the Gordon and Cox families had such a marriage agreement, their family was likely to form a marital alliance with the man before them.

Because of that, Elmer instantly became alert. He began to scrutinize Avery with a discerning gaze.

Seeing the situation, Neera felt like her head was going to explode.

Previously, Neera had used various languages to hint, creating a distance between them and expressing her own stance. It seems all that effort is in vain. I don't know if Avery genuinely couldn't understand my hints or if he did understand but was pretending not to. As for his actions today, I'm sure he's doing everything purposefully. However, given the current situation, I can't possibly chase him away now, can I? I'll

have to find an opportunity later to clarify this matter thoroughly. I need to make my stance clear. I have no such intentions toward him. To avoid any ongoing misunderstandings that might cause a rift between our families in the future, it's best to clear this up now.

While she was quietly contemplating how to have an open and honest conversation, Elmer had already started to treat Avery as a man who wanted to snatch Neera away. Elmer then began to interrogate Avery sternly, without any courtesy.

"The Cox family? Which Cox family? What do you do? Who's in your family?"

Elmer fired off a series of questions, clearly intent on getting to the bottom of things.

Avery responded calmly and smoothly, in one fluid motion.

Neera felt a headache coming on as she listened. Why does Granddad seem like he's interrogating someone?

To avoid any awkwardness, she cleared her throat and quickly interrupted, "Um, Mr. Cox, didn't you say you wanted to discuss something with Uncle Chad? Please, go ahead."

Avery looked at her deeply, his eyebrows slightly raised, seemingly unbothered. He nodded and followed Chad upstairs.

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Chapter 1083

Only after the person left for the study did Neera finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Later on, after Chad and Avery finished discussing matters about Phison, Chad invited Avery to stay for a meal.

The atmosphere at dinner was somewhat delicate.

Every time Avery looked her way, Neera would feel uncomfortable all over. She would lower her head, trying her best to avoid interacting with him.

Luckily, Chad helped her out, occasionally discussing official matters with Avery, which made her situation more bearable.

Dinner finally came to an end. Without further delay, Avery stood up and excused himself.

Chad expressed his concern by saying, "You've just recovered a bit. You need to rest well. You should go home early."

Next, he looked at Neera, "Neera, could you please send him off?"

Neera met Chad's gaze.

Chad wore a gentle smile, yet his eyes were filled with profound meaning. Is Uncle Chad doing this intentionally, creating an opportunity for me to speak? He can see I'm embarrassed!

Understanding immediately, Neera nodded and promptly left the door with Avery.

Upon reaching the courtyard, Neera took the opportunity to call out to him. "Mr. Cox, wait a moment. I have something I want to tell you."

Avery halted in his tracks, turning around to look at her. A glint of sharpness flashed through the depths of his eyes, fleeting yet profound. "What's wrong?"

Neera took a moment to gather her thoughts, carefully choosing her words. "I've been meaning to talk to you about our engagement," she said. "I just haven't found the right opportunity. I need to tell you that I—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Avery suddenly furrowed his brows, his face showing pain as he clutched his chest and let out a stifled groan.

Neera was startled and quickly supported him, asking, "What's wrong? What happened? Is your wound hurting again?"

Avery seemed to be in discomfort, pausing for a moment before answering softly, "I might not have fully recovered. I've been out for too long and suddenly, there's a feeling of tightness and pain in my chest." Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera was more concerned about his health, so she helped him to the nearby pavilion to sit down and take his pulse.

Judging from the pulse, there didn't seem to be anything unusual.

After making sure once more, Neera finally let go of his wrist.

"Don't worry. It's nothing serious. It could be due to your injuries not being fully healed yet, but it won't affect anything," she said.

Avery was still clutching his chest, his head slightly bowed, seemingly out of strength. He softly uttered, "Mmm."

Seeing him quickly turn into a wounded figure, Neera was forced to drop the subject, caring more about his physical condition.

"You should head back and rest now. You have another treatment tomorrow, and you need a good night's sleep tonight. Otherwise, you won't have the energy for it," Neera advised.

Avery nodded. "All right. I'll be going, then. See you tomorrow."

After saying goodbye, he slowed his pace, his face still showing a hint of pain, and got into the car.

After the car pulled away, he watched as the woman in the rearview mirror disappeared from sight. Suddenly, his expression changed as if nothing had happened.

Violet watched the entire scene, blinked her eyes, and asked him, "Why did you intentionally interrupt Ms. Garcia earlier? Clearly, you had no issues at all."

Avery's eyes darkened slightly as he said, "She wants to clear the air and deny our engagement."

Hearing that, Violet suddenly understood something. "So you pretended to be upset just to shut her up?"

After a moment of thought, she added, "Ms. Garcia seems to have deep feelings for that man with the surname Beauvort. It's understandable that she doesn't want to acknowledge her engagement with you. I can see that she's still not over him. Even so, do you still want to persist?"

Avery raised an eyebrow, clearly unbothered. "Why shouldn't I persevere? Even though her relationship with Jean was good in the past, they've had a falling out now. Even though she can't let go for the time being, it doesn't mean she won't be able to let go forever. Such a great opportunity is in front of me. Wouldn't it be a pity if I don't seize it?"

As he spoke, there was a flicker of light dancing in his eyes, flashing a hint of unwavering determination. "As long as she's with me, I won't let her suffer the slightest injustice."

After hearing that, Violet didn't have any objections. "All right, then. You'll have to step up your game. Ms. Garcia seems like a tough nut to crack, and I reckon that Beauvort guy is quite significant to her."

Avery nodded without saying a word.

Meanwhile, as Neera was ascending the stairs, she faintly sensed that something was amiss.

After some thought, she belatedly realized what she said earlier wasn't clearly expressed.

She was momentarily at a loss for words, and she couldn't help but suspect that Avery had intentionally interrupted her earlier, preventing her from speaking.

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Chapter 1084

Back in the country, in Kingsview, although the Beauvort family tried their best to suppress it, news of Frederic's car accident inevitably leaked out.

Early morning, news from various media outlets started to surface and quickly spread.

Those rivals who had long regarded the Beauvort family as a thorn in their side seized the opportunity to spread rumors such as members of the Beauvort family subtly had started fighting over the inheritance, the Beauvort family was already in chaos and on the verge of decline, and there were even more outrageous rumors claiming that Frederic was on his last legs.

That incident significantly impacted the Beauvort family, even causing some upheaval.

Ian was growing impatient, answering one phone call after another. Finally managing to free himself, he hurriedly sought out Jean to report the situation. "Mr. Beauvort, quite a few of our business partners called today. They are worried if there might be any impact on the Beauvort family."

Jean grew even more impatient, his face stern and not uttering a single word. Nowadays, with me at the helm, what can impact Beauvort Group? Dad has been the nominal chairman for years now, and he doesn't meddle in the company's affairs anymore. Even if one day Dad really passes away, nothing will change. Who in Beauvort Group would dare to challenge me for power and profit? However, the matters at hand still need to be dealt with. After Frederic woke up, his condition gradually began to improve.

Learning that his youngest son had been by his side all those days, even falling ill once, and was now busy handling the affairs of the group, his heart ached terribly.

So, despite Wrenn's dissuasion, Frederic insisted on recording a video to proactively clarify that he was in excellent health.

In the video, he also declared that Beauvort Group was securely under the control of Jean, free from worries. There would be no more incidents of division, let alone any turbulence.

That video was quickly picked up by the news reports.

When Jean saw it, he was about to tackle the current mess at hand.

In the video, Frederic appeared to be in good spirits, but Jean knew that his father was merely putting on a brave face. Jean's heart was filled with a mix of emotions.

"Mr. Beauvort!" Ian walked in with a tablet. "As soon as Mr. Frederic's video was released, public opinion immediately flipped. Those internet ghostwriters who were originally stirring up trouble have all quieted down, no longer making a fuss."

Jean showed no particular emotion. He nodded lightly. "Understood."

He wrapped up the matter and went straight to the hospital that night.

As soon as Frederic saw Jean, the former repeatedly exclaimed, "Jean, why are you here so late? You've just had an episode. You should go back and rest."

Jean shook his head. "I'm fine, Dad. It's you who should be resting. You've just woken up. It's important that you take it easy. Don't worry about the company. There's no need for you to get involved and exhaust yourself."

Frederic waved his hand, letting out a deep sigh. "Just showing up to clarify things won't take much effort. But for you, this incident has delayed your trip to Essley to find Neera, which is of utmost importance. We can't offer much help, and it's not right for us to always hold you back. Don't worry about the remaining trivial matters of the company, leave them to Joseph to handle. You just go back and rest, make the most of your time, and hurry to Essley to bring Neera back."

Wrenn shared the same mindset as him. "Yes, go ahead. When you return, bring back my three well-behaved grandchildren with you."

Deep down, Jean was also feeling anxious. Seeing his parents persuading him earnestly, he thought to himself that with Joseph around, there was nothing to worry about. So, he stopped resisting, nodded, and agreed. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"All right. I'll go in a few days."

Coincidentally, Adriana's birthday was in a few days. He could use that as an excuse to show up, which could help ease the tension.

Later on, he saw Frederic had gone to sleep and reminded his mother to rest early before he returned home.

After he had taken a shower and was about to go to bed, Ian urgently reported an issue. "Mr. Beauvort, during this unrest within the Beauvort family, many have taken the opportunity to stir up trouble and spread pessimism. Among them, a good number are the handiwork of the Marks family."

Upon hearing that, Jean furrowed his brows. "The Marks family? They can't stay in Kingsview anymore, and they're still stirring up trouble in secret?"

"Indeed, after all, Marks Group still has a market abroad, and it's not like they've completely lost their influence. If they want to pull some strings, they can still manage it."

A hint of ruthlessness surfaced in Jean's eyes, followed by a cold, mocking laugh. Previously, when Kyra revealed the events of the past, I was too concerned about Neera's feelings to find the time to settle things once and for all. So now they're rushing headlong into their demise? If that's the case, no matter where Marks Group is, they can forget about having a good time!

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Chapter 1085

Early the next morning, after finishing his breakfast, the first thing Jean did was deal with the Marks family.

Originally, he had planned to leave a lifeline for the Marks family. As long as they didn't bother him in Kingsview, they were free to thrive overseas.

However, whether it was domestically or abroad, there was no longer a need for the existence of Marks Group.

Sitting in the study, he took a sip of black coffee and asked indifferently, "How much of Marks Group's assets are left within the country?"

Ian replied, "There's not much left. Marks Group has been sold off at a low price long ago, and the shares are no longer in the hands of the Marks family. Only two subsidiary companies remain, but they're of little use. Apart from that, there's nothing left."

The Marks family was indeed a large and prosperous one. The fact that they could suffer a complete defeat in such a short span of time was somewhat lamentable.

Yet, for Jean, he felt it was still not thorough enough. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Those two subsidiaries should be dealt with directly. From this day forward, there must be no presence of the Marks family in Kingsview," Jean ordered.

At the same time, he also issued an order for the overseas branches to severely suppress Marks Group.

In other words, even if the Marks family were abroad, they couldn't expect to run their business smoothly. They would only face difficulties at every step.

It wouldn't be long before Marks Group was thoroughly ruined.

The Marks family, at that moment, was unaware of the impending disaster.

Stetson and Dandy had been busy with their plans to travel abroad those past few days. With most of the preparations done, they were ready to set off in the next couple of days.

Kyra didn't pay any attention to leaving at all. She spent all day cooped up in her room, clearly not in a good state.

The news of Frederic's car accident and subsequent hospitalization was secretly spread by her.

She also hired some internet ghostwriters to stir up trouble online.

Watching the latest news, she was both disappointed and annoyed that it didn't achieve the effect she wanted.

However, before leaving, tarnishing Jean's reputation could be considered a small act of revenge.

She was eager to get back at him.

Moreover, what was more important was that upon hearing that Neera, that despicable woman, had separated from Jean, she felt even more delighted, unable to hold back her laughter.

As Dandy and Stetson passed the corridor, they were momentarily stunned by the nearly manic laughter echoing from within.

The two of them looked at each other, suddenly feeling a bit scared. What's with our daughter? She seems to be acting out of sorts... Could it be that the incident involving Jean and Neera has triggered some sort of paranoia?

Both of them dared not to criticize any further, nor did they dare to mention Jean and Neera in front of her.

In Essley, as Adriana's birthday approached, the preparations for the engagement banquet gradually came to a close.

For the remaining trivial matters, Neera didn't have to be bothered. It was enough to leave them to the team to handle.

In the evening, after returning home, she took advantage of Adriana's inattention, pulled Chad aside, and quietly said to him, "We're almost done, Uncle Chad. Please find some time in the next couple of days to come and check it out. See if it's to your liking and if there's anything that needs improvement."

Chad chuckled, "Sure. I'll make time to go. But I'm thinking that since you're the one preparing it, there's definitely no problem. I have complete trust in you."

After that, he asked about the situation of Avery.

Neera said, "We will draw out the wug pest from his body tomorrow."

Chad was somewhat surprised. "Is the progress this fast? Can his current physical condition handle it?"

"Unless something unexpected happens, there shouldn't be any issues. He's been recuperating well recently, and his recovery is going smoothly. Clearing the wug poison from his body as soon as possible will also be beneficial for his trip to Phison."

"How confident are you?"

"At least eighty percent."

Seeing Neera's confident and determined expression, Chad felt relieved. "This matter has truly troubled you greatly. We are indebted to you for your help in treating him during this period. Without you, who knows what terrible consequences might have occurred?"

Neera chuckled. "Uncle Chad, there's no need for such formality between us. It's not like we're strangers. After all, you're about to become my family. We're practically family already, so let's not be so formal with each other."

Hearing those words made Chad's heart bloom with joy.

He dropped the formalities with her, kindly saying, "All right. I'll go with you tomorrow."

The two of them chatted for a while, only ending their conversation when Adriana came looking for them.

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Chapter 1086

The next day, Neera took Penny to Amanda's place after breakfast.

Afterward, she and Chad went to the Cox residence.

Adriana didn't have much to do at home, so she decided to go along.

Osbert and Luigi arrived ahead of them and were entertained by the Cox family in the living room.

"Hi, Neera! You've arrived."

Upon seeing the person, the two of them stood up to greet her, then politely acknowledged Adriana and Chad.

Neera responded, "Hi. You've been waiting for a while, haven't you? I'm sorry, but there was some traffic on the road."

Osbert scratched the back of his head. "No. We just arrived too."

That day's treatment was much more complex than the previous one for Willard, so Neera preferred to call them both over to lend a hand.

While they were talking, two elders from the Cox family came over to invite them, leading them to the underground medical room.

Avery was in good shape, and he personally welcomed the guests at the entrance of the medical room.

His posture was upright, his demeanor extraordinary. Even in a patient's gown, his charm was undiminished.

He always had confidence in his own strengths, and on his handsome face, there was an invincible gentle smile.

The moment he saw Neera, a light unconsciously lit up in his eyes.

Beside him, Violet couldn't help but sigh inwardly as she watched his behavior. How does a perfectly fine person suddenly get struck by love?

However, upon seeing the two tall men beside Neera, the smile in Avery's eyes instantly faded, his gaze becoming scrutinizing, though his tone remained as usual. "Excuse me, may I know who you two are?"

Neera introduced them, "This is my junior, Osbert, and this is Luigi, Mr. Hanson's assistant. They will be helping with the treatment today."

Hearing that, Avery became less wary, and his tone became gentle once again. "I see. Thank you both."

After a brief greeting, he no longer paid attention to the two of them, instead turning to Chad and Adriana to express his thanks in a warm voice.

Osbert and Luigi were left aside, looking at each other, noticing something. This guy, does he seem to have a bit of a crush on Neera?

Neera didn't notice earlier and asked, "Where's Charles? Bring him over, will you?"

"All right."

Avery nodded, giving a sidelong glance to the elder next to him.

Rio understood and immediately ordered his subordinates to bring Charles over.

In no time, the old butler, who had been imprisoned and watched for many days, was dragged over.

He looked visibly worn out, his beard unkempt and his appearance disheveled. He appeared quite disoriented, but he hadn't lost much weight.

His hands and feet were shackled, and every time he moved, the clinking sound of the iron chains echoed.

Neera took a glance at him. Noticing that Avery had indeed followed her instructions and hadn't done anything to this person, she breathed a sigh of relief.

After withdrawing her gaze, she got to the point. "When the treatment starts later, he will be there too. You guys need to hold him down. Don't let him struggle."

The two elders nodded solemnly, their faces tense as if facing a formidable enemy. "Rest assured," they said. "With us here, he will not get a chance to cause trouble!"

Before long, Neera, with Osbert and Luigi in tow, entered the treatment room and began to prepare.

Osbert felt a tickle of curiosity in his heart. He glanced around and saw no one nearby. Unable to resist, he moved closer to Neera to seize the opportunity for some gossip. "Neera, does Avery have feelings for you?"

Neera paused for a moment, giving him a blank look. "Stop talking nonsense. What time do you think it is? You still have the mind to think about all these irrelevant things. Have you finished preparing for the work?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Osbert wasn't so easily fooled. "Neera, don't try to evade the topic. Nothing escapes my eyes. The way he was looking at you just now was clearly off! Neera, you're so popular. Is your husband really okay with you being here? What is he thinking? Is he really that confident you won't betray him?"

Neera couldn't bear to listen any longer, so she raised her hand and knocked on his head. "Why are you so nosy? If you keep talking nonsense, be careful. I might have Mrs. Hanson set you up on a blind date!"

What Osbert feared the most had happened. He was instantly silenced and obediently shut his mouth.

Neera gathered her thoughts and focused on the matter at hand. Once ready, she called Avery and Charles in.

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Chapter 1087

Ten minutes later, the treatment began.

Charles, who had originally been as expressionless as a piece of deadwood, finally couldn't hold back when he saw Neera was serious. He began to struggle. "What are you planning to do? Save him? Don't be delusional! That's a wug, a long-lost art. There's no way anyone knows how to treat it. You're daydreaming if you think you can cure it just by messing around. Be careful. If you make one wrong move, he'll die in your hands!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Violet's heart was already hanging high with anxiety, and his incessant chatter only fueled her anger.

Impatiently, she pulled out a dagger, menacingly pressing it against Charles' throat, warning him in a fit of rage, "Enough with the noise! Dare to utter one more word, and I'll cut off your tongue to feed the dogs!"

Her voice was crisp and sweet, yet her tone was fiercely intimidating, irresistibly drawing the attention of everyone present.

For the first time, Neera saw that little girl showing her fierce side. Unexpectedly, she found it somewhat adorable, causing the corners of her lips to lift into a smile.

Osbert and Luigi, however, couldn't muster a laugh, gulping nervously. This little girl looks so cute and gentle, but why is her temper so fiery? It's a bit scary...

Charles was indeed frightened by the murderous look in her eyes, and he dared not speak anymore, his limbs feeling a bit weak.

Seeing that Charles was behaving himself, Neera made good use of time and gave him an injection of medicine.

Next, she gave Avery an injection.

"This injection will alleviate some of your pain, but it won't completely numb you. So, when it hurts later, you'll have to bear with it. Endure this once, and it will be easier in the future," she said.

Avery lay on the bed, smiling and nodding as if he didn't care at all, showing not the slightest bit of fear. "Sure. I have no problem with that."

Neera nodded and turned to instruct Osbert, "In a while, I will use a silver needle to draw out the mother wug from within the butler's body. When the time comes, you must follow my instructions and insert the silver needle into the meridian points within Mr. Cox's body."

She meticulously explained to Osbert each meridian point where the needle would be inserted.

Osbert carefully noted each one, responding seriously, "All right. Leave it to me."

Luigi was assisting on the side, helping to pass things around while also keeping an eye on the physical conditions of Avery and Charles.

The three of them were prepared for a tough battle. Soon, the treatment began.

Neera signaled the people controlling Charles on either side to hold him tight and not loosen their grip.

After that, she pulled open Charles's collar, her movements as swift and precise as always. The first needle plunged into his chest, perilously close to his heart.

No sooner had it been inserted than Charles reacted violently. He let out a painful roar, his body twisting awkwardly, almost convulsively. "Let me go! Let me go! It hurts!"

If it weren't for the people tightly gripping his arms on both sides, he would probably have collapsed on the ground by then.

His eyes seemed as if they were about to bulge out of their sockets as he screamed with all his might.

Neera chose to ignore it, kept a straight face, and continued her work.

In the blink of an eye, more than ten needles were inserted into his chest.

The butler's pain was intensifying, and he was on the verge of passing out.

Yet the intense pain stimulating his nerves forced him to maintain a terrifying clarity.

Meanwhile, on another bed, Avery was also affected.

His face turned deathly pale in an instant, his brows furrowed tightly. Cold sweat trickled down his face, clearly indicating he was enduring an extraordinary amount of pain.

Seeing that, the two elders of the Cox family were quite frightened. "Ms. Garcia, please take a look at Mr. Cox. What's wrong with him? Why has his complexion suddenly become so poor?"

Violet was also unbearably nervous, her hands and feet icy cold. She muttered, "Satan..."

Neera turned her head and calmly said, "Don't panic. The wugling and mother wug can sense each other. The mother wug inside Charles has been stimulated, causing the wugling in Avery's body to be agitated as well. This is a good sign."

Neera was determined to force out the mother wug and wugling from the depths of their bodies where they were deeply buried.

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Chapter 1088

Seeing that the time was right, Neera commanded, "Osbert, insert the needles!"

To ensure nothing went wrong, she kept a close watch on every needle Osbert inserted, making sure it was placed in the meridian points she had instructed.

At first, Osbert's movements were both swift and steady. However, after the ninth needle, he hesitated, not daring to proceed.

The next meridian point was a very important central point.

If not done correctly, deviating from the meridian point could potentially cause irreparable damage to the patient's body.

Osbert had never inserted a needle from that angle before. Struggling to gauge the depth, beads of sweat the size of soybeans emerged from his forehead, trickling down his face.

"Osbert!"

Neera called out to him, her voice incredibly serious.

Osbert seemed to be in his own world, completely oblivious to everything around him.

For a moment, he felt a pang of anxiety, even a touch of self-doubt, and he dared not try.

Seeing that, Neera gritted her teeth, immediately walked over, grabbed his hand, and taught him how to insert the needle. "Just like this. Identify the meridian point and insert the needle. What's there to hesitate about? Since you've chosen the path of a doctor, you must try everything. How can you afford to be timid? You are a doctor. Your patients entrust their lives to you. You must be confident, and you can't afford to doubt yourself. Illness won't wait for you. In an emergency, your hesitation, even for a second, could potentially cost a patient's life, ruining their lives!"

As she spoke, she firmly and accurately inserted the needle into the meridian point while holding his hand. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Upon hearing her voice, Avery opened his eyes, which had been shut tight in pain.

That stunningly beautiful face directly invaded his line of sight.

Looking into her eyes, brimming with confidence and certainty, he felt as if his pain had suddenly vanished. His heart was pounding uncontrollably, leaving him somewhat dizzy, unable to avert his gaze.

Previously, he was merely intrigued by her, wanting to marry her largely for the alliance between the Cox and Gordon families and the status of the Cox family.

Gradually, he began to notice the uniqueness of Neera, and his interest in her grew stronger.

Later on, he met with an accident. As he watched her treat his injuries, his heart couldn't help but stir, and feelings of affection began to emerge, thread by thread.

And at that moment, he realized she was so extraordinarily unique.

In other words, she completely captured his heart.

Just as he was thinking, the next second, the turmoil within him intensified. It was as if something was rampaging through his veins and muscles, instantly dispelling his thoughts.

Neera saw him biting his lip in pain and told him in a deep voice, "The mother wug has begun to expel. This process will take at least an hour. Can you hold on?"

At that critical juncture, he had to hold on no matter what. Even if he couldn't, he still had to grit his teeth and endure it.

Avery wasn't someone who would give up halfway.

At that moment, he endured the pain. He fixed his gaze on Neera and said firmly, "I can handle it. Don't worry about me. I can hold on."

Seeing the situation, both elders and Violet were deeply worried. All they could do was silently pray and hope that everything would go smoothly. They hoped that Avery could escape from his suffering as soon as possible.

Neera also wanted to speed up the process, hoping to finish the treatment as soon as possible.

Seeing a layer of cold sweat on Avery's forehead, she hesitated for a moment. Instead of wiping it off herself, she asked Luigi to do it for him.

On the other side, Charles' agony intensified, his face contorted in pain, his nose no longer resembled a nose, and his eyes no longer looked like eyes.

Fractured screams kept pouring out of his mouth.

Neera frowned, feeling somewhat worried. If he keeps screaming, he might run out of energy soon. Or worse, if he accidentally bit his own tongue, that would be even more troublesome.

With that in mind, she turned to Violet and asked, "Do we have anything like a handkerchief or towel here? We need to gag him, careful not to let him bite himself, and

conserve his strength. If he faints, it could hinder treatment and might even put Mr. Cox in a dangerous situation, potentially risking his life."

Upon hearing that, Violet didn't dare to delay. She quickly went out to find a towel and returned promptly. Holding Charles' chin, she forced his mouth open and unceremoniously stuffed the towel in.

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Chapter 1089

The process of treatment was extremely agonizing.

Fortunately, as time passed, everyone could see that there seemed to be something wriggling in Charles' veins, moving closer and closer to his throat.

That thing, long and bulging, was clearly a living creature.

One of the men responsible for holding Charles down, upon seeing this object, felt a chill run down his spine, his whole body breaking out in goosebumps.

The two elders also reacted swiftly, urgently asking, "Ms. Garcia, what is this? Could it possibly be that wug pest?"

Seeing the scene she had anticipated, Neera breathed a sigh of relief, becoming even more cautious. "Indeed, that's a wug pest, and a mother wug at that. In a while, it will be vomited out of the person's mouth. You all need to be careful."

After she finished speaking, she turned to Luigi and said, "In a moment, take the glass bottle and carefully collect the mother wug. Make sure it doesn't get away."

Luigi nodded, feeling a bit uneasy at the thought of that scene.

The rest of them felt the same, goosebumps covering their bodies again and again.

They stared at Charles for a while, then their gazes fell upon Avery.

At that moment, Osbert discovered something. Suppressing the urge to shiver, he pointed at Avery's arm. "Neera, look quickly! Mr. Cox also has it on him. It's moving! It's that wugling, right?"

Upon hearing that, everyone turned their attention in that direction.

Neera was calmer than others when she took a good look at it. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The veins and tendons on Avery's forearm bulged due to his tightly clenched fist.

Beneath the thin skin and vessel walls, indeed, something was squirming.

However, compared to Charles', it was quite short and thin.

Its movement was so subtle, as slight as a swim in the bloodstream, almost impossible to detect without a close look.

Neera had anticipated that, so it wasn't a surprise. "Indeed, it's a wugling. Compared to the mother wug, its size is much smaller. It's about one-fifth of the mother wug. Previously, it had been lying dormant in the blood, hiding so well that even the most precise instruments would have difficulty detecting it."

Osbert understood what was going on. "So that's how it is. No wonder dealing with the wugling is so tricky."

As time ticked away, minute by minute, half an hour later, the two elders suddenly yelled in surprise, "It's coming! It's coming out!"

Neera turned around at the sound, and upon seeing them pointing at Charles' throat, she immediately focused her attention there.

She saw that the mother wug had already moved to the area above Charles' throat.

In other words, the mother wug would be spat out soon.

Looking at Charles, it was unclear whether he was choked by a foreign object or had been suffocated. His face was swollen and turned a shade of blue and purple. His eyes were almost bulging out, and only his trembling hands indicated that he was still breathing at this moment.

Everyone was on edge, their eyes fixed intently on the mother wug, following its every move.

Right at that most critical juncture, an unexpected change occurred.

The people who were originally attending to Charles were two members of the medical team.

One was the chief physician, and the other was his assistant, Chandler.

Those two had always been trustworthy, never doubted by anyone.

To everyone's utter surprise, Chandler, while their attention was all focused on the mother wug, suddenly pulled out a glass bottle from his pocket, the contents of which were unknown.

Suddenly, he yanked the towel that was stuffed in Charles' mouth, then proceeded to pour the liquid from the glass bottle into his mouth.

Neera was the first to react, her face hardening. At the critical moment, she sternly shouted, "What are you doing?"

She wanted to rush forward and snatch it, but that person moved even faster.

This sudden turn of events also startled the rest of the people. Their faces paled from shock, and for a moment, they were all flustered.

Violet reacted swiftly, her eyes chilling instantly. Without hesitation, she drew the concealed gun from her body, aimed it at the person's hand, and fired.

Bang!

The gunshot and the thud sounded almost simultaneously. As the bullet left the chamber, it hit Chandler's hand right on the mark.

Immediately after, the glass bottle slipped from his hands, shattering on the ground.

With a loud crash, shattered glass flew in all directions, and the remaining liquid in the bottle spilled all over the floor.

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Read Chapter 1090

Chapter 1090

Chandler let out a cry of pain, instinctively covering his hand.

Before he could react, he saw Violet suddenly put away her gun. She then swiftly rushed over and gave him a fierce kick.

Chandler's knee throbbed with pain, causing him to drop to his knees. Shards of glass pierced into his knee, causing an agonizing sting.

In the next moment, Violet's foot forcefully stomped on his shoulder. She felt like she could kill him, her voice filled with rage as she demanded, "What did you feed him? Speak!"

The two elders finally reacted, both shocked and angry. Their eyes were as sharp as knives, wishing they could tear the culprit into pieces. "Chandler, you must have the courage of a lion to dare betray Mr. Cox! Speak up now. What on earth is this?"

Chandler himself didn't know whether it was the pain he was feeling or if he was just too stubborn to admit it.

His face was ashen, and blood was gushing from his wound. Yet, he remained silent, not uttering a single word.

Neera didn't have time to interrogate him. She squatted down to pick up the shards of glass on the ground.

"Neera, be careful!" Osbert feared the medicine might be poisonous and quickly intervened. He pulled out a handkerchief, picked up a piece for her, and held it under his nose to smell. However, he couldn't identify what it was.

"Let me have a sniff." Neera carefully took it, detecting a peculiar medicinal scent, but for a moment, she couldn't identify its components.

However, an ominous feeling began to surface in her heart.

She quickly rose to her feet, rushing forward to check on Charles' condition.

At that very moment, Charles was still wailing in agony, even more intensely than before, as if he was enduring unbearable, immense pain.

Neera looked at his throat, where he could clearly see that the mother wug within his vein was actually starting to burrow its way back.

Her face turned pale as she raised her voice and shouted, "This person is trying to stop us from saving Mr. Cox! He doesn't want the wug pest to be drawn out!"

Upon hearing that, the two elders were furious.

When they had previously apprehended Charles, they had already thoroughly investigated all members of the Cox family.

They thought that aside from Charles, there were no more hidden dangers. Yet, it seemed they had overlooked something.

No one expected that the person who slipped through the net would actually be in such a crucial position within the medical team.

At that moment, Violet's innocent face has transformed into a bloodthirsty witch.

A murderous intent surfaced in her eyes, the corners of which were tinged with a bloody red. Once again, she pulled out her gun and fired several shots at Chandler's limbs.

One scream after another poured out of Chandler's mouth.

Luigi and Osbert had never seen such a spectacle before. They were both stunned, staring blankly at the fierce-looking little girl in front of them. This girl is way too terrifying! Despite appearing to be an innocent young girl, she carries a gun with her. When she fires it, she doesn't even blink an eye! Who on earth is she?

In the corridor outside the treatment room, Chad and his companions, who were anxiously waiting, also heard the commotion inside.

Chad immediately realized that something was amiss. He asked Adriana to stay outside while he and Irwin rushed in.

Chad's expression turned grave when he saw the situation inside. He immediately ordered, "Irwin, take the people away first. Don't interfere with Neera's treatment process."

Irwin accepted the order and carried it out accordingly.

The two elders were livid, wishing they could immediately tear that traitor into a thousand pieces. They almost fought him when Violet attacked him.

Fortunately, Chad stepped in just in time to handle the situation, preventing them from losing their temper.

Neera couldn't afford to get distracted. Right now, the most important thing is to stabilize the situation. Otherwise, all our efforts will be in vain.

"Luigi, come help!" she shouted.

While calling for help, she simultaneously picked up the silver needle again, swiftly inserting it into several meridian points on both sides of Charles' collarbone. [search the Findnovel.net website](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

In an instant, Charles seemed to be struck dumb, his mouth agape, wanting to wail but unable to make a sound.

Next, Neera inserted needles one after another at his throat and below his collarbone, preventing the wug pest from burrowing back in.

After all that, Neera felt as if she was on the verge of collapsing. Her body swayed, almost causing her to fall.

Still, it was Osbert, with his sharp eyes and quick hands, who supported her, asking, "Neera, are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Neera steadied herself and nodded. It doesn't matter what happens to me. It's not as significant as what just happened. The situation just now was really too dangerous. If anything had gone wrong, all the treatment we've been doing could have been for nothing!

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Chapter 1091

Because of that incident, everyone was on high alert.

Gathering her composure, Neera continued her efforts to rectify the situation.

The potion had stimulated the mother wug.

Although the mother wug had stopped burrowing back in, it was not crawling out either. That stalemate was far from promising and had to be dealt with promptly.

Fortunately, everything went smoothly afterward.

An hour later, Charles was in so much pain that he was completely drained of strength. There was no need for anyone to hold him down because he didn't even have the energy to move his fingers.

Seeing that, Neera finally inserted three needles into his throat.

Five minutes later, a massive black and purple wug slowly crawled out of Charles' mouth.

That wug was as thick as an adult's thumb and even longer than a human's middle finger.

Everyone was startled by that scene, and it caused the two elders to step back several paces involuntarily.

Osbert and Luigi had never seen anything so terrifying before, and their whole bodies were covered in goosebumps.

Neera, on the other hand, stared at the wug and felt relieved. "Luigi, hand me the glass bottle."

She knew that the scene had frightened them, so she decided to take matters into her own hands and put the wug in there herself.

After securing the lid, she handed it to Luigi. "Hold it carefully and be careful not to drop it."

The moment Luigi touched the bottle, his entire body stiffened, filled with extreme tension. He was terrified that a single slip of his hand would spell disaster.

Neera couldn't be bothered by Charles anymore, so she turned and walked over to Avery's side.

"How are you feeling now? Do you feel any better?" she asked. If the mother wug leaves the human body, its vitality will decrease, and the pain the wugling brings to the host will also correspondingly lessen.

Avery nodded weakly.

Throughout the entire ordeal, he never let out a sound, no matter how much pain he was in. He bore it all and endured it all.

Compared to before, he felt less pain.

Moreover, what he cared about the most at that moment was not the physical pain he was enduring. His mind was completely filled with the scene he just witnessed.

Looking at Neera, he gritted his teeth and still managed to ask, "Will the wugling inside me also crawl out of my mouth like the mother wug did just now?"

The scene he had just witnessed made him feel rather nauseous.

That was especially the case when he saw the dark purple wug in the glass bottle still squirming. He was disgusted and terrified.

Seeing his expression, Neera could tell what he was thinking, and for some reason, she felt a sudden urge to laugh.

She didn't know that the tough, iron-willed man could actually be afraid of such a thing. Perhaps he isn't scared. Maybe he's just disgusted.

Due to the tense atmosphere and after the significant progress, she felt a slight urge to tease him and alleviate the oppressive atmosphere in the treatment room.

"Indeed, it could."

She gave an ambiguous response.

After hearing that, the expression on Avery's face indeed turned even more unsightly than before.

Seeing that, Neera couldn't help but laugh. "I'm just teasing you. The wug inside you won't come out in that way."

With that, she took his hand. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Avery was clearly taken aback, and he instinctively looked at her delicate hand in his palm.

At that moment, his heart fluttered uncontrollably.

Before he could even process the flutter in his heart, he saw there was a sharp surgical knife in Neera's other hand.

"I'm about to cut your hand now. Later, the wugling within you will follow your bloodstream and flow out from the wound on your fingertip. Bear with it," she said.

After she finished speaking, she quickly got to work.

Avery only felt a pang in his finger, and blood began to seep out.

This time around, Osbert was very cooperative. "I'm familiar with this. Let me help."

He took another clean glass bottle and placed it on Avery's injured fingertip.

A drop of blood fell in, and swiftly, a very, very thin creature, as black as a strand of hair, appeared in the blood at the bottom of the bottle.

The wug was quite short, so tiny that it could almost be overlooked. If it weren't for the contrasting colors, it would be really hard to spot.

Neera let out a long sigh of relief. "Finally, it's all sorted. Next, all I need to do is to make a potion for you to clear the residual poison in your body. After that, everything will be fine." Upon hearing that, everyone felt relieved.

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Chapter 1092

The two elders of the Cox family were overwhelmed with excitement, their eyes even turning red.

"Ms. Garcia, thank you so much. We truly can't thank you enough! Mr. Cox has been tormented by this illness for so long, and it's finally going to be cured!"

"Yes, So many things happened during the treatment. If it weren't for you, we really wouldn't know what to do..."

Violet was also thrilled to bits, her expression completely transformed from before. She jumped up excitedly and threw her arms around Neera. "Ms. Garcia, thank you. You are a benefactor to Satan and to me! If you ever need anything in the future, don't hesitate to tell me. I will definitely help you!"

Luigi and Osbert were watching from the side, and they couldn't help but murmur to themselves. How does this little girl change her mood faster than flipping through a book? She was just fierce and menacing, and now she's suddenly all innocent and cheerful?

Neera smiled faintly, ruffling Violet's hair. "It's too early to discuss this now. Mr. Cox's illness hasn't been completely cured. We still need to develop a medicine for the follow-up treatment."

After she finished speaking, she turned to Osbert and instructed, "Please tend to his wounds."

Afterward, she gave Avery the medicine she had developed while treating Willard.

"This medicine may not completely cure your ailment, but it can help eliminate some of the wug poison in your system. Take it first, then rest well. Don't rush to deal with what happened just now. Wait until your health improves before dealing with that."

Avery completely trusted her. Without questioning the origin of the medicine, he directly drank it down with water.

The pain during the treatment had drained him of much of his energy. He was already exhausted, and now that he was able to relax, he soon drifted off to sleep.

As for Charles, he had been moved to a separate medical room, where he was being monitored.

After the two elders confirmed that Avery's breathing was stable, they led the others out.

In the corridor, Chandler, who had been shot, was lying on the ground, barely clinging to life.

Chad had already had someone stop his bleeding. "No matter what, his life must be spared. For now, it's not yet time for him to die."

Although the two elders were eager to deal with Chandler immediately, they had to consider the bigger picture. So, they nodded in agreement.

Beside them, other members of the medical team were present. At that moment, they were standing nervously against the wall, their eyes downcast, fearing they would be implicated.

Neera, Osbert, and the others merely watched from the side in silence.

Such an incident happening that day suggested just how deeply the Cox family had been infiltrated!

The faces of the two elders were quite grim, their gaze sweeping over the faces of each member present, finally resting in unison on the attending physician. "There's a traitor in your team. Do you know what's going on?"

From the moment the incident occurred, the attending physician was scared out of his wits, and at that moment, he was shaking like a sieve.

He knew he couldn't avoid the blame, so he could only stutter and answer honestly, "I-I really don't know what happened. Please, believe me, elders. I truly had no idea that Chandler would betray Mr. Cox. If I had known, I would have definitely reported to you in advance!"

"So, you're saying you're completely in the dark and have nothing to do with this matter?"

"Yes! That's right! I can swear I have absolutely nothing to do with this matter!" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The two elders squinted their eyes, remaining silent.

Seeing the situation, the others quickly voiced their innocence, all claiming they had no idea what was going on.

In fact, even though Chandler was part of the medical team, his actions did not necessarily represent the directives of the medical team.

There was definitely something else fishy going on there!

Violet had no patience for nonsense. She stepped forward and grabbed Chandler by the collar. "Speak! Who ordered you to do this? If you don't talk, I'll slowly torture you to death!"

She interrogated him, her words laced with threats. "Even though you've been shot, you're not completely crippled. I'll sever the tendons in your hands first, then your feet, leaving you a cripple and spending the rest of your life in a living hell!"

After hearing that, Chandler was so frightened that he was shaking uncontrollably, nearly scared out of his wits.

Beside him, the attending physician was also seething with anger, wishing he could give him a good kick or two. "You're being asked a question. Answer quickly! Why did you do this? All these years, you've served the Cox family. Why would you betray Mr. Cox at such a crucial moment?"

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Chapter 1093

Even at that point, Chandler was still unwilling to speak.

His entire body ached so intensely that he was on the verge of passing out, yet he gritted his teeth, refusing to let out a sound.

"I didn't expect you to be so tight-lipped!" Violet sneered, her whole being radiating a chilling aura. "I'm curious to see which is stronger, your stubborn silence or your family's will to live! I'm giving you one more chance. If you still refuse to speak, I will make sure your wife, your children, your parents, and all your loved ones perish alongside you! You should know me by now. I always keep my word. Killing a few insignificant people is no big deal for me. I'm not one to show mercy!"

Upon hearing those words, Chandler immediately became anxious. His eyes widened, and his whole body started shaking like a sieve. She's the Grim Reaper. She has always lived up to her words. If she dares utter such words, she'll be sure to follow through!

In the end, he couldn't withstand her threats and confessed everything. "I-I'll speak! I-It was Charles who ordered me to do it!"

"Charles?"

"Yes, that's right! He bribed me before. He fears getting tortured, so he wanted me to end his life just in case. The potion was given to me by him. He told me to pour it down his throat during the critical moment. Everything I've said is true. I didn't deceive you. He's the one who made me do it!"

As he spoke, he began to plead.

"I beg you. I've confessed everything as per your demands. Please, don't harm my family. I know I can't escape now, but I hope my family won't be implicated. I beg you..."

Chad, however, didn't believe him and interrupted his pleas for mercy, "You've worked for the Cox family for over a decade. You should be well acquainted with their health conditions. I suspect it's not as simple as just being bought off by Charles, is it?"

He turned his head to look at the two elders of the Cox family.

"It would be best if you spare his life for now. Who knows what unspeakable secrets he might be hiding? We'll need to interrogate him thoroughly later."

Upon hearing that he was to be interrogated again, Chandler panicked and began to cry out anxiously, "Everything I've said is the absolute truth. I swear I'm not hiding anything. Please, I beg you to believe me!"

However, who would believe the words of a traitor?

After hearing Chad's words, the two elders didn't even bother to respond. They directly ordered their subordinates to drag Chandler into a room and lock him up. "Also, send someone to keep his family under control. Monitor their every move discreetly, and don't let them out of your sight."

"Yes!" The subordinate accepted the order and immediately set off to carry it out.

As Chandler was being dragged away, he continued to shout, insisting that every word he said was the truth, but no one paid him any attention.

After his voice had completely faded away, the atmosphere in the corridor remained somewhat oppressive. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

The turn of events that day was truly overwhelming, and everyone was still struggling to process it.

After a good while, the two elders finally spoke apologetically. "We're sorry for making you witness such a scene, Mr. Gordon. If it weren't for you and Ms. Garcia today, we can't imagine what would have happened to Mr. Cox."

Chad waved his hand. "There's no need to be so formal with me."

Neera modestly said, "I am a doctor. This is what I should do." Then, she continued, "Next, I need to go back and start making the medicine. I'll have to trouble you all to take care of Mr. Cox. Once I've developed the medicine, there will be no more

problems. With an additional half a year to a year of rest, Mr. Cox's health will be fully restored."

The good news cleared the gloom in the corridor.

The two elders nodded repeatedly and hummed in agreement, looking incredibly excited.

Soon, Neera left with Osbert and the others to go to the research center.

On the road, Osbert couldn't help but sigh. "The covert and overt conflicts within a prominent family are really something. If one doesn't always stay vigilant, they will fall into another's schemes."

Luigi still felt a lingering unease when he thought about what had happened in the treatment room. "Yeah, they're always threatening people's lives. It's hard to live comfortably like that."

The two exchanged a couple of quips. Then, Osbert glanced at the glass bottle, unable to resist asking out of curiosity, "Neera, what's the purpose of this big black bug? It's not going to be like what Mr. Saunders did, turning it into medicine to be consumed, right?"

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Chapter 1094

Neera shook her head. "No. This wug is not the same as the one in Mr. Saunders' body. See this one? It's purple-black, a clear sign that it's highly poisonous. How could anyone eat this?"

Osbert looked at the insect with a hint of apprehension. His curiosity piqued even more.

"So, what's your plan with it once you take it back?"

"Of course, it's for research and development." Neera teased him, "What's the matter? Are you so scared of the bug that you can't even think straight?"

Osbert suddenly realized, patting the back of his head. "No, no, not at all. I just didn't wrap my mind around the situation in time."

He breathed a sigh of relief, then muttered under his breath, "If he were to eat this stuff, I'm afraid that Avery would probably lose his appetite for ten days."

Neera chuckled, glancing at the mother of wug without saying a word.

Upon returning to the research center, she immediately involved the two of them in the development of the medicine.

Because the ancient medical texts had recorded the process, she saved a lot of time, avoiding trial and error. It only took her an afternoon to prepare the medicine.

After a long day, she took a breather. Figuring that Avery should be awake by now, she made her way to the Cox residence once again.

The two elders of the Cox family were standing guard at the door of the treatment room, their exhaustion visible to the naked eye.

"How is Mr. Cox? Is he still sleeping?" she asked.

The two elders immediately stood up, politely saying, "He has already woken up, but his body is still a bit weak, and he doesn't have much strength. The doctor is currently examining him."

Neera nodded slightly, and before pushing the door open, he offered them a piece of advice. "Now that the most critical period has passed, you two don't need to keep watch here all the time. Go back and rest. You've been working hard during this time. You also need to take care of yourselves. The Cox family still relies on you. It wouldn't do for Mr. Cox to recover only to find you two have fallen ill."

Seeing her concern for them, the two elders were pleasantly surprised and kept nodding in agreement.

"Ms. Garcia is right. Once Mr. Cox's condition improves, we will take a rest."

Noticing their respectful demeanor, she wanted to say something, but upon parting her lips, she caught herself.

As soon as she entered the treatment room, she met the gaze of Avery, his eyes filled with a gentle smile as if he had been waiting for her arrival. "I see your prestige in the Cox family now is almost surpassing mine. They heed every word you say."

Neera found his words ambiguous. His heart stirred a little, but she remained indifferent and prevaricatingly responded, "Mr. Cox, please stop teasing me. They are probably being extra nice to me because my treatment is effective." Not wanting to dwell on this topic, she quickly asked, "How are you feeling now?"

Avery glanced at the wound on his finger. "Much better. I'm just lacking some strength."

After hearing that, she drew the prepared medicine into the syringe and injected it into him.

A wave of icy cold sensation instantly swept over Avery's entire body.

The lingering restlessness within his systemic circulation instantly quelled.

"The residual medicine in your body should be completely eliminated after this medicine is administered in your body for three consecutive days."

Avery let out a sigh of relief, "I owe you a debt of gratitude this time. To be honest, after years of being plagued by this chronic illness and finding no cure, I had almost given up hope. I never expected that you would be the one to save me in the end. Perhaps you are my lucky star." As he spoke, a gentle smile tugged at his lips.

Neera couldn't smile. Instead, she felt troubled.

However, as he was still a patient, it was not the right time to discuss serious matters, so she could only suppress her feelings of discomfort. "Well, it's not as great as you make it out to be. The important thing is that I didn't let you down by curing you. I can rest assured now." [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She left the prepared medicine for him.

"Remember to take your medicine on time every day. You're just recovering from a serious illness, so you can't overwork yourself. Take good care of yourself, and there won't be any problems." After she finished explaining, she bid farewell and left.

Avery persuaded, "Stay and have dinner with us before you leave. There's no need to rush at this moment."

Neera declined, "No, thank you. I'm quite tired today and would like to go back for an early rest."

Avery noticed the fatigue in her eyes and didn't insist.

"All right. You should go home and rest well. Once I'm feeling better in a few days, I'll come to see you."

Neera wanted to refuse, but the words stuck in her throat, and she caught herself. I'll find a chance to come clean to him some day.

With that in mind, she nodded and left.

When she got home, she was extremely tired.

In order to care for Avery, she hadn't eaten all day. Yet, she didn't feel hungry at that moment. She forced herself to eat a bowl of oatmeal and then went to sleep.

The triplets watched her return to her room, and then they, too, retreated into their bedroom.

"No way. If this continues, Mommy won't really end up with that Mr. Cox, will she?"

"That's what I'm saying. They're meeting too frequently. Mr. Cox is also coveting Mommy, clearly intending to fulfill that so-called marriage agreement..."

The kids were filled with worry. They couldn't bear it any longer and secretly contacted Jean. "Daddy, when are you finally coming? If this keeps up, your wife is going to be swept off her feet by someone else!"

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Chapter 1095

At that time, the sun was shining brightly.

The color of Jean's face was terrifyingly dark, his eyes cold as a harsh winter.

Ian swallowed, his body hair standing on end.

With his heart in his throat, he cleared his voice and gently reminded, "Mr. Beauvort, the project manager is still waiting outside. Would you like to see him?"

Jean lifted his eyelids, casting an indifferent glance at him.

Alarms were blaring in Ian's mind as he stumbled over his words, trying to rectify the situation.

"I-I'll tell him to leave right now!"

"Stop."

Jean called out to him, raising his hand to pinch the bridge of his nose.

After a brief pause, he suppressed his inner irritation and texted his children: Okay.

Adriana's birthday was just two days away, and he was already prepared to leave the country tomorrow.

He forced himself not to be swayed by these thoughts and steadied his mind. Jean asked Ian to call the project manager and immersed himself in work.

That evening, after finishing his work, he went to visit his parents as usual. He also took the opportunity to inform his elders about his trip to Essley the next day.

Even the best-laid plans can't keep up with unexpected changes. No one could have predicted that he would be attacked on his way to the hospital.

That night, after crossing the Jiuphes Bridge, Ian was the first to notice that something was off, frequently checking the rearview mirror.

"Mr. Beauvort, I think we are being followed!"

Jean sat in the back row, leaning against the chair, resting with his eyes closed.

Upon hearing this, he abruptly lifted his gaze, casting a cold glance at the rearview mirror on his right.

Sure enough, there were two cars following at a distance, neither too far nor too close.

He remembered that before he got in, these two cars seemed to be parked not far from the company.

A glint of cold light flashed in his eyes as his gaze slightly narrowed. He commanded in a cold voice, "Speed up, shake them off."

Ian stepped on the gas, and the car instantly picked up speed.

But it seemed like the two cars behind were ready for this, reacting swiftly and following suit, even closing the

gap further.

They positioned themselves on either side, trapping Jean's car in the middle!

At this hour, there were few vehicles on the road. Seizing the opportunity, the other party suddenly swerved the steering wheel, squeezing directly into the middle lane!

With a serious expression, Ian sped up again, aiming to break through the pincer attack of the two cars on either side.

The sound of the car wheels grinding against the ground was particularly grating. Inside the car, Jean's lips were tightly pressed together, his eyes cold and deep.

His mind was racing, instantly connecting the dots with his father's situation.

A few days ago, his father had a car accident on the road. The investigation concluded it was an accident.

But today, he was unexpectedly attacked on the road!

This simply couldn't be an accident. He was afraid someone must have deliberately caused his father's incident!

Bang!

Suddenly, a car from the left side crashed into them. Their vehicle jolted violently, swaying from side to side, almost flipping over!

Ian tightly gripped the steering wheel, barely managing to steady the car.

"Mr. Beauvort, sit tight! Be careful!"

He gritted his teeth, flooring the accelerator, desperate to shake off the two cars.

Although his driving skills were impressive, the other party seemed to have no regard for their life, crashing into their car once again!

It was as if they wanted to create an accident.

Due to their excessive speed, the impact was particularly strong. Caught between the two, Ian was unable to defend himself. Losing control, his car veered toward the guardrail on the side!

Due to the excessive speed, the car actually broke through the guardrail, and the front of the vehicle violently collided with a large tree by the roadside!

With a resounding "bang", white smoke billowed from the front of the car. Then, flames erupted.

Inside the car, Ian was just about to curse out loud when a wave of dizziness hit him. His vision turned white, with faint traces of red appearing, and then he passed out.

Jean, in the back seat, was also affected by this impact. The ringing in his ears made him dizzy and disoriented, and he soon lost consciousness.

Outside, seeing their plan succeed, the two cars didn't linger. The driver changed direction and sped off.

On the road in the dead of night, passing vehicles came to a halt yet dared not approach.

Jean's car hood had already split open, with smoke and flames growing more intense. The scent of gasoline even lingered in the surroundings.

If one was not careful, this car was likely to explode.

Just as the situation reached a critical juncture, the sound of several abrupt brakes suddenly echoed from not far away.

A group of people disembarked from the vehicle, sprinting toward the scene of the accident.

They were Jean's subordinates.

As soon as Ian sensed that something was amiss, he immediately contacted his subordinates.

That was why these people were able to arrive at the scene so quickly. [Search The Findnovel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

At that moment, disregarding their own safety, they swiftly helped Ian and Jean out of the car.

Someone was extinguishing the fire on the car.

The scene was in total chaos.

Fortunately, Jean and Ian were quickly taken to the hospital under Beauvort Group.

This matter was of great importance. After much thought, the subordinates immediately contacted Joseph.

Upon hearing the news, Joseph's face instantly turned grave. Without time to inquire about the specifics, he instructed not to inform the elders for the time being, then hurried off to the hospital.

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Chapter 1096

That evening, the hospital under Beauvort Group's control fell into an unprecedented solemnity.

After a round of emergency rescue, Jean was safe and sound.

Because he was sitting in the back seat, he didn't suffer a direct impact, resulting in no physical injuries and just a temporary unconsciousness.

However, Ian was not so lucky. His situation was much more serious.

The impact at that time shattered the front windshield, leaving him covered in cuts from the glass.

He dislocated one of his arms. With a gash on his forehead, he also suffered a moderate concussion...

In the middle of the night, Jean woke up. As soon as he opened his eyes, the harsh light from the incandescent lamp stabbed at his eyes, causing discomfort. His brows furrowed tightly, followed by another wave of nausea.

Joseph had been keeping vigil by his bedside. Seeing this, he quickly turned off the overhead light, leaving only a dim, warm bedside lamp on.

"Is this better?"

Upon hearing this sound, Jean's eyelashes fluttered, and he opened his eyes once again.

"Joseph? What are you doing here?" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He was momentarily taken aback, asking in surprise.

The moment he spoke, he realized how hoarse his voice was. His throat felt dry and uncomfortable.

Joseph thoughtfully poured him a cup of warm water and handed it to him. Then, he let out a heavy sigh.

"You, have you forgotten about the car accident you had on the road? Your subordinates told me about it, so I rushed over here. How are you feeling now? Is there any discomfort anywhere?"

Hearing him say this, Jean finally recalled what happened before he passed out.

His eyes darkened slightly as he propped himself up to sit. He took the cup of water and said, "I'm fine."

Joseph glanced at his face. His heart finally eased a bit when he saw that Jean was looking all right.

"You're really lucky. The car is about to be scrapped, but you're unharmed. It's truly a blessing. The two cars that hit you fled the scene and are still at large. After some thought, I decided to notify Nathaniel for you, so he can investigate."

Jean nodded slightly, showing no objections. His eyes were deep and unfathomable, leaving one to wonder what he was thinking.

"What is this all about? Dad just had a car accident, and now even you are..."

At this point, Joseph seemed to think of something, his expression suddenly changing.

"Jean, could it be that the two groups who attacked you are the same group of people?"

The more he thought about it, the more he felt it was possible, and he couldn't help but feel indignant. "Such audacity! They dare to lay a hand on someone from our family! Who are they relying on for such boldness?"

Jean's face was gloomily dark.

He, too, harbored such suspicions, but without any solid evidence at the moment, he could only put it aside for now.

"How is Ian doing? Is he all right now? Are his injuries severe?"

Joseph cast him a soothing look. "Don't worry, his life is not in danger. He just has a bit of a concussion, it's not a big issue. Your top priority right now is to rest well. Don't overthink. There are people taking care of Ian, so rest assured."

After Jean confirmed that Ian was all right, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He lay back down on the bed and closed his eyes, but he didn't fall asleep.

Images of the accident kept flashing through his mind, and he couldn't help but start to wonder who was it that had attacked him.

In the country, there were only a few who would dare to attack the Beauvort family. The adversary must certainly have an extraordinary background and identity.

He pondered for quite a while but still couldn't make heads or tails of it. His head started to feel heavy and foggy again, causing discomfort.

In the end, he had no choice but to give up temporarily.

As his mind relaxed, a wave of drowsiness washed over him in a hazy blur. In no time at all, he had once again succumbed to sleep.

Joseph originally planned to wait a couple of days until Jean was better, then tell their parents about this matter.

Somehow, Harris and Wrenn got wind of the situation. They were instantly terrified, and in a panic, they rushed to arrange a hospital transfer.

Isabella happened to be making her rounds, and upon seeing the situation, she quickly stepped in to intervene.

"Mr. Beauvort, no matter how important the matter is, it's not as crucial as your health. Given your current condition, it's not suitable for you to be active. It's better to rest in the hospital for a couple more days. There's no rush to leave."

She still didn't know about Jean's situation, and Harris didn't say anything either. Regardless, she had to leave.

Unable to persuade him otherwise, Isabella had no choice but to agree to the hospital transfer.

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Chapter 1097

Upon arriving at the hospital under Beauvort Group's management, Frederic couldn't wait to see Jean.

Unexpectedly, before he even left his ward, he saw Jean stride in, wearing a hospital gown.

"Jean!"

The moment Wrenn saw him, her eyes welled up with tears. She quickly grabbed his arm, examining him from head to toe.

But Jean didn't want to talk about his own affairs. Instead, he asked Frederic, "What are you trying to do? You've just been in a car accident and your body hasn't recovered yet. Why did you insist on transferring hospitals under these circumstances?"

He only found out that the elders had arrived after hearing about it from Isabella.

After the elders left, Isabella couldn't help but worry, which was why she called Jean.

"Did something happen to you?"

Caught off guard by the question, Jean instinctively hesitated to answer, worried that she might relay his response to Neera.

"I'm fine. What's up? Why are you asking that all of a sudden?"

Isabella didn't delve into the details. She simply recounted what had just happened.

"Your dad suddenly became agitated after hearing something, insisting on being transferred to the main hospital under Beauvort Group. He wouldn't tell me why, and I couldn't dissuade him. So, I had no choice but to arrange his discharge. He's already on his way."

Jean didn't expect the news to reach the two elders so quickly. A frown creased his brow. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

After expressing his gratitude, he offered no explanation.

Frederic was extremely anxious, and now that he finally saw Jean, he didn't even listen to Jean's questions. He hurriedly checked him.

"Where are you hurt? Is it an internal or external injury? Is it serious?"

Despite his advanced age, he was visibly flustered at the moment. His worry was written all over his face, impossible to hide.

Jean's heart suddenly softened. He sighed silently, his tone becoming much gentler.

"I'm fine, really, Dad, Mom. Don't worry about me. It's nothing serious. Especially you, Dad, you should take care of yourself. If you strain your injury, you'll be the one suffering in the end."

Wrenn didn't believe him. Choking back tears, she said, "How can you be fine? Your complexion is terrible. Please don't hide it from me and your father anymore. Are you trying to worry us to death?"

As she spoke, tears began to fall from her eyes.

Jean fell silent for a moment.

Indeed, his complexion wasn't the best. After all, he had just suffered from an illness a few days ago and was attacked again last night.

If it weren't for his poor health, he wouldn't have ended up in such a sorry state last night, nearly falling into the hands of those people.

Seeing his mother's tear-streaked face, he felt both a headache and helplessness. He couldn't bear to share the details with them and cause them to worry. All he could do was patiently comfort them.

"I'm really okay. My face just looks a bit scary, but my body is fine. I didn't suffer any external or internal injuries. I just fainted for a bit and I'm all right now. As for Ian, he was in the driver's seat and got hurt. He suffered a concussion. But the doctor said it's not serious, so you all can rest assured."

With that, he skillfully changed the subject before reassuring Frederic once again, "Dad, you shouldn't worry anymore. Just focus on resting and recuperating. No more fussing around."

After Frederic made sure that Jean was truly all right, his heart, which had been in his throat, finally settled back down.

He nodded repeatedly. "All right, all right, I understand. You should also hurry back and get some good rest. I won't bother you anymore."

Jean nodded, then returned to his own room.

No sooner had he stepped in than Nathaniel arrived. He didn't even have a chance to sit down.

"Nathaniel," he greeted immediately.

Nathaniel nodded slightly, giving him a careful look and expressing his concern, "Your injury isn't too severe, is it?"

Jean nodded. "No. I'm fine."

The two sat face to face, and Nathaniel went straight to the point.

"Last night, I worked through the night to investigate. From the surveillance footage, I identified the two culprits. After cross-referencing with our internal records, I confirmed that both are fugitives with criminal records. Currently, the police are issuing a nationwide manhunt for them, but there has been no progress so far."

He paused for a moment, his face stern and cold, his eyes dimmed.

"If they were just ordinary fugitives, they wouldn't be so hard to catch. But it seems they're not mere fugitives since they're bold enough to ram you with a car. It's also unknown if they have someone pulling the strings behind the scenes. And if they do, who could it be? But no matter what their background is, they can't escape. The police have already sealed off all the entrances and exits in the city. I've also dispatched more personnel to investigate the surrounding area, so you can rest assured."

Jean trusted in his abilities, expressing his gratitude by saying, "Thank you for your efforts, Nathaniel."

Nathaniel stood up and lightly patted his shoulder.

"All right, we're family. No need for formalities. You should rest up first. Leave everything else to me. My parents will come to see you later."

Jean nodded.

After Nathaniel left, he lay on the bed, deep in thought.

Before long, Storm and Cloud hurriedly returned.

During this period, they had been closely following Asher. Upon hearing that their boss had met with misfortune, they were deeply worried and rushed over immediately.

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Chapter 1098

As soon as Cloud stepped through the door, he hurriedly asked before his feet even came to a halt, "Mr. Beauvort, are you all right?"

Jean glanced sideways, his expression indifferent. "I'm fine. Why have you both returned?"

Cloud steadied his breath. "We heard about your accident. Seeing you safe and sound now, we can finally put our mind at ease."

Seeing that Jean was fine, Storm promptly bowed his head, acknowledging his mistake.

"Mr. Beauvort, we were wrong to act without your permission. We are ready to accept our punishment."

Jean knew they were concerned about him. He didn't blame them for anything and just asked, "Is there any result from Asher's side?"

Storm and Cloud exchanged glances, both shaking their heads.

"There's still no news. Someone is covering for Asher, so he must be comfortably hidden away. We had hoped to lure him out of hiding and make him reveal his whereabouts voluntarily, but we haven't succeeded."

Jean knew their capabilities well. If they couldn't track the person down, then Asher's backer must have made a move.

Only in this way could he evade the pursuit of the two.

After some thought, he changed his mind.

"Asher knows he's in the eye of the storm right now. Since he's asked for help, he won't expose himself for a while. I'll send someone else to keep an eye on him. You two, let this matter rest for now and focus on tracking down the people who targeted me and my dad."

Storm and Cloud had already heard the news about Frederic's car accident.

Upon hearing the command from their own boss, the two of them pondered for a moment. [search the FindNøvel.net website](http://FindNøvel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Do you suspect that the same person attacked you and Mr. Frederic?"

The man's eyes slightly narrowed, a glint of cold light fleeting across his attractive gaze.

"I'm ninety percent sure that it's the work of the same person."

Anyone who dares to mess with the Beauvort family, no matter who they are, will regret it!

Due to the car accident, he had to once again postpone his plans to go abroad.

It was not that he was unwell.

He was just worried that the puppet master behind the scenes was still watching him like a tiger stalking its prey.

In this situation, if he were to fly to Essley and were attacked again, it could potentially involve Neera and the children.

He was neither willing nor able to take this risk.

Looking at the radiant smile on his phone screen, he felt his heart filling with deep regret and longing.

In Essley, as Adriana's birthday drew closer, a sense of anticipation began to subtly stir within Neera.

She had been apart from Jean for so long, so that man should seize this opportunity to appear before her, right?

Even though she was still giving him the silent treatment, she couldn't help but feel emotional.

She even pretended to go to the mansion bought by Jean to fetch something, but in reality, she just wanted to see if that man had returned.

Upon arriving there, all that was present was the chill of an empty room and the servants responsible for cleaning. There was nothing else.

Neera stood in the empty living room, feeling as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over her head, leaving her once joyful heart filled with nothing but disappointment.

The three little ones had been following her all along and had noticed her mood. They were anxious.

While Neera went upstairs to get something, they huddled together, whispering, "What's going on with Daddy? Tomorrow is Grandaunt's birthday. Why hasn't he come back yet?"

"Yeah, Mommy seemed really upset just now. She must be hoping for Daddy to come back. Daddy is really too slow!"

Harvey was also anxious, so he directly sent a message to Jean: Daddy, why haven't you arrived yet? Aren't you planning to attend Grandaunt's birthday banquet?

Upon seeing the message, Jean replied: I'm sorry. I might need to delay my trip for a few days and may not make it to the birthday banquet.

"Ah... How could this be!"

Seeing the message, Penny couldn't help but stamp her foot.

The three little ones had been waiting for him with bated breath, eagerly waiting. But all they got was a no-show, leaving them somewhat disappointed.

They asked: Daddy, is there anything that can't be put aside for now? This is a great opportunity, you know. Mommy is really looking forward to your arrival. Who knows, you might reconcile as soon as you return!

How could Jean possibly not know?

But given the current situation, he must consider the safety of Neera and the children. He absolutely could not rush over before the matter had been thoroughly investigated.

With this in mind, he could only apologize once again: I indeed have unavoidable matters to attend to. Don't worry, I will explain everything to her.

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Chapter 1099

The three little ones could not do anything since the man had put it that way.

That evening, Neera didn't eat much and spoke very little.

Everyone could tell that she was in a bad mood, and they could all guess that it had something to do with Jean's continuous absence.

No one mentioned this matter for fear of upsetting her. Instead, they tried various ways to cheer her up by talking about happy things.

Despite her lack of enthusiasm, Neera managed to muster up some energy to chat for a while before heading upstairs to her room. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Elmer slammed the table in frustration, visibly annoyed.

"That punk Jean, saying he had to marry Neera and that he only loved Neera... It's been so many days, and he still isn't here yet. What on earth does he mean by this?"

Nadine made a "shush" gesture, pointing upstairs.

"Dad, please lower your voice. If Neera hears you, it will upset her."

Elmer scowled and huffed, "Will she stop feeling hurt just because she doesn't hear me? Look at that girl's face. You can tell how disappointed she is! These past few days, she must have been waiting day and night for that punk to come, but until now, there's no sign of him! That jerk, just as I thought, he was all talk and had no heart!"

Nadine sighed, feeling anxious in her heart yet unable to offer any help.

That night, just as Neera had just laid down, she received a message from Jean: I'm sorry. Due to some matters, I have to delay my departure from the country for a few

more days. I won't be able to attend your aunt's birthday banquet. Once I've sorted everything out, I'll come to see you.

Neera read these few short sentences over and over again, feeling inexplicably upset.

He didn't specify when exactly he would come.

So, when exactly was she supposed to wait until?

After her aunt's birthday banquet, she would be heading to Phison.

When would they meet again?

Half an hour had passed, and she hadn't replied to the message, nor did she want to.

Tossing her phone aside, she tossed and turned in bed, once again succumbing to insomnia...

Meanwhile, Jean was waiting for her message that never came, his mood sinking into melancholy.

If he could, how he yearned to cast everything aside, fly to Essley without a care, and be by her side.

But he couldn't...

When Neera woke up early the next morning, her head felt somewhat heavy.

The result of her insomnia was that she didn't fall asleep until the sky began to lighten.

She only managed to sleep for three hours.

That day was her aunt's birthday, and the whole family was ready to set off. They were heading to the vacation island that Chad bought for Adriana.

She had no choice but to muster her energy, get up, and start tidying up.

Adriana was still unaware of the surprise waiting for her and continued to grumble at Chad while eating breakfast.

"Why are you making such a fuss? A simple birthday celebration would suffice. The two elders are not young anymore. Why put them through all this hassle?"

Elmer waved his hand, showing he was not bothered at all.

"Regardless, we're at home all day with nothing much to do. It gets a bit boring after a while. Why not take this opportunity to go out and enjoy the natural scenery?"

Mariah was as excited as a child, exclaiming, "Baby girl, we're going to have fun!"

Neera chuckled, handing her a peeled egg. "Exactly, so you should eat more. That way, you'll have more energy when you play."

Beside her, Nadine was laughing heartily. "Mom just doesn't like being cooped up at home. Now that she's recovered quite a bit, she enjoys going out even more."

Seeing this, Adriana didn't say anything more.

After breakfast, the group set off for the dock.

Surprisingly, Avery, Violet, and the two elders of the Cox family were also present.

Neera was somewhat surprised. "Mr. Cox... How come you're here?"

Avery was dressed in light grey casual wear, giving off an air of nonchalance. The smile at the corner of his mouth seemed carefree and relaxed.

"Of course, I'm going to Mrs. Gordon's birthday banquet. We thought we'd set off with you all, so we came to the dock early to wait."

As he spoke, he pointed to the luxurious cruise ship docked behind him.

"Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Gordon, if you don't mind, please join me on my boat. Let's go together."

Chad naturally had no objections. He patted his shoulder. "You're thoughtful."

Adriana also smiled and nodded. "Avery, thank

you for

your efforts."

Avery spoke with grace. "There's no need to mention it. We're all like family here, Mrs. Gordon. Please, there's no need for formalities."

Seeing this, Neera chose not to say anything more.

Seeing all this commotion, the three little ones couldn't muster any joy. Instead, they became even more worried.

Daddy, oh Daddy, you're really not pulling your weight, are you? If you don't show up soon, someone else is really going to steal Mommy away!

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Chapter 1100

As the owner of the cruise ship, Avery made sure everyone was settled in properly after boarding.

After this, he finally found an opportunity to spend time with Neera.

"What do you think? Do you like it?"

Standing on the deck, he leaned casually against the railing, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

Neera courteously said, "It's beautiful, thank you."

After glancing at him, she added, "Your complexion looks much better. It seems that the medicine really worked."

"Of course, you're the one who developed it, so how could it not work? Thanks to you, I've been able to escape the pain and enjoy this ocean view with you."

He was staring at her intently. Then, suddenly, the conversation took a turn.

"However, you look a bit pale. Did you not sleep well last night?"

Neera made up an excuse, saying, "No, I just had a nightmare and didn't get enough sleep."

Avery smiled faintly. "You've been too busy. You've spent a lot of energy on my affairs recently, so it's inevitable that you haven't had good rest. I've been to Mr. Gordon's vacation island before. The natural scenery there is beautiful. It's a great place to relax. Once you're there, you can take long walks. Naturally, you'll start to relax, and your mood will improve."

Neera nodded with a smile.

The cruise ship sailed through the boundless sea like a solitary leaf boat, undulating with the rise and fall of the ocean's surface.

The sea mirrored the blue sky, clear and deep. White seabirds flew overhead, skimming over the ocean surface.

This expansive, breathtakingly beautiful scene was hard not to leave one feeling refreshed and uplifted. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Yet, Neera still seemed a bit lost in thought.

She still remembered, there was a time when Jean had taken her out to sea. The ocean view they had witnessed then was no less spectacular than the one she was seeing now.

However, her mood was entirely different.

The joy once savored now felt like a poignant loss.

She couldn't help but think, if only that man were by her side at this moment, perhaps things would be better...

Avery noticed that she was distracted, his eyes subtly shifting. He didn't force her to engage in enthusiastic conversation, yet he didn't leave either. He simply stayed, quietly accompanying her.

After an indeterminate amount of time, suddenly, a pod of dolphins leaped out of the surface of the sea, tracing a beautiful arc in the air.

Soon, their adorable and clumsy bodies dove back into the sea, causing huge splashes.

They went back and forth like this as if they were joyfully dancing.

Avery nudged her arm. "Look."

Neera was deeply engrossed in her own world. Although she was physically present here, her heart had long since drifted to another place.

Snapped back to reality by his call, she turned her head to look and couldn't help but laugh.

All of Avery's attention was on her. In an instant, he was dazzled by her smile.

The woman's smile toward him was always polite and distant, imbued with a strong sense of propriety. It always made one feel a great distance.

At that moment, for the first time in front of him, she laughed from the bottom of her heart, a genuine joy.

Her bright eyes and pearly white teeth, in their charming allure, made him fall for her unconsciously.

His eyes were bright and lively, his eyelashes fluttering. Suddenly, he lowered his gaze and smiled, feeling an indescribable sense of satisfaction and joy.

The sight before her was a rare one, so Neera chose to ignore him and turned her head to call over the three little ones.

"Yes, Mommy?"

The three little ones were actually hiding nearby, secretly observing every move of their mother and Avery. At a single call, they came over immediately.

With a cheerful smile, Neera pointed toward the sea not far away. "Look, dolphins."

Upon seeing this scene, the three little ones were instantly captivated. They clapped their hands in excitement, cried out in awe, and danced around joyfully. They were absolutely thrilled.

"That dolphin jumps so high!"

"And this one, so impressive!"

"They are so adorable..."

They chattered and laughed, which attracted the elders.

The members of the Park family gathered around, and Chad also came over with Adriana in his arms to take a look. The deck was bustling with activity for a while.

Their journey would take a few hours.

Neera took advantage of the time when her aunt was talking to Nadine to secretly talk to Chad.

"Mr. Gordon, how are the arrangements for the guests coming along?"

Chad raised an eyebrow. "Don't worry, Charles will take care of everything. I've reviewed the process and layout, and I'm very satisfied. We owe this to you."

Neera waved her hand. "We're about to become a family. Let's not talk as if we're two separate ones."

Chad smiled faintly. "You're right, family should speak with one voice."

Later on, once the dolphins had all left or had dived deep into the sea, the elders all went inside.

Neera glanced at Avery, advising, "Your health hasn't fully recovered yet. You should go inside and rest. Don't stay out in the sea breeze for too long."

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