

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Read Chapter 129

Chapter 129

After coming out of his room, Neera ran all the way downstairs. She began to choose some medical ingredients.

That image in his room lingered in her mind. It felt like a curse. She could not wipe it away.

She did not realize that her cheeks were burning with embarrassment right now.

She felt like her fingertips were itchy for some reason when they came into contact with the ingredients. She kept wanting to scratch them.

She was done choosing the ingredients, and her fingertips were reddish now...

An hour later, the wait was finally up. Jean was sweating all over and he did not look so good right now.

He sat up with great difficulty. He was very lethargic right now as if all of his strength had drained out of his body.

Neera said seriously, "See, you haven't received prompt treatment since two days ago. That is why your body is deteriorating right now!"

She felt upset whenever she thought about the fact that he was hiding his condition from her.

However, it was futile to complain now. She had given him enough warning.

She softened her tone, "Never mind. Sit down first. I will fill the tub with some hot water."

Then, she wanted to go to the bathroom.

Jean suddenly grabbed her, but his voice was very soft, "Don't do that. Leave this to Ian..."

He was so weak that he could barely lift his arm. He sweated a lot, yet his touch was so cold.

Neera felt worried again upon seeing his weakened state. She carefully removed his hand from her skin, "What are you yapping about? You need to get into a hot bath to soothe your body. If not, you will be stuck in such a weakened state. Tonight, I have concocted some new formulas for you. Ian would not know how to mix it for you."

Jean stopped insisting, "Sorry for the trouble."

Then, Neera began to fill the tub with hot water. Then, she tossed the ingredients into it and waited for it to mix thoroughly before coming out of the bathroom again.

"Alright, the temperature is just right. Go in now!"

Jean thanked her again and got up. However, he seemed to have trouble walking properly.

He suddenly clutched his chest and there was an agonized look on his face. His face was deathly pale at the moment.

Neera knew immediately that his body could not allow him to move freely just yet. The pain must be too much for him.

She held him to stabilize his footing, "Walk, I will help you. You might collapse if you try to reach the bathroom by yourself... When you are done with the bath, your energy will return..."

She then grabbed his arm hard.

Jean felt a warmth radiating from her touch. He shot a look at her smooth fingers that were on his skin.

He realized that he welcomed her touch. He could not explain this strange sensation....

However, he decided not to let useless thoughts in for now. He allowed Neera to help him into the bathroom...

A while later, they stood next to the tub. Neera let go of him and was about to leave but because of the slippery floor, she skidded on it and lost her balance.

Her body flung backward as she screamed out loudly.

Neera flailed her arms as she fell.

"What?"

Jean turned around upon hearing her scream and that was when she crashed into him. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He did not brace himself for this...

So, both of them fell into the tub!

With a loud splash, the hot water shot up in the air and came down in a million sprinkles.

Neera's mind was blank. She could not open her eyes because of the splash, and she was also in Jean's embrace now. She was leaning on his chest and her clothes were all soaked...

Jean wanted to hold her tight to protect her, so his hands were on her waist.

They were stuck in this romantic yet ambiguous posture for some time...

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However, Jean was not in the best mood to enjoy this.

His face was even paler now.

That was because his back crashed onto the tub hard when he fell.

The stinging pain made his brows furrow. He did not even try to conceal the pain on his face.

He could not help but gasp out loud as if his body was at its limit.

"Neera!"

He still could not feel much strength in his body, so he had to muster all his strength and grit his teeth to call out to her, "Are you so unlucky to the extent that nothing good can happen in your favor? I was hurt last time because you fell down, and now I am involved in your mishaps again! Are you actually doing this on purpose?"

Neera felt embarrassed to hear those accusations.

She did not do this on purpose. She was sure of that!

In order to hide her awkwardness, she wiped off the water on her face and refuted him, "Back at you. Ever since meeting you, bad things kept happening one after another... I

am here to treat you, and every time I am in your bathroom, misfortune would befall me! Why do you have to install such smooth flooring in your bathroom?"

She was just arguing with him. She did not want to lose every time when they argued.

Jean wanted to fire back at her, but when he took a good look at her, all words disappeared right before they could come out of his mouth.

From his perspective, Neera was completely soaked. Her white clothing was almost transparent now, which flaunted her voluptuous figure. He could take in everything with ease, which somewhat stirred something in him...

As he stared right into her pretty face, he had to admit that he was tempted!

He quickly looked away. He was behaving quite unnaturally now.

He even forgot to refute her.

At that moment, another sharp pain came from his back. His frown deepened.

Neera sensed that something was off with him, and she stopped quarreling with him. She asked with concern, "What's wrong? Did you hurt yourself? Let me see!"

She then moved a little upward to look at his back.

At first, she did not think much of her posture.

However, she soon realized that she was practically hugging him.

It was a real hug.

She was busy checking his back so by the time she realized it, it was already too late!

The more embarrassing thing was that she was actually sitting on his lap.

They were so close to each other to the point that they could almost feel each other's breath...

Neera was always late at realizing such nuances. She stiffened and was about to put some distance between them when she once again clumsily fell down!

This time, her hand was pressing on his thigh.

Jean felt something stirring in him and his blood was running crazy in him.

There was a dark look on his face, and he felt like his common sense was slowly disappearing.

Down there, something was awakening!

Neera obviously sensed that something was off. Her whole body had gone stiff as she did not dare to move an inch. Her mind was blank.

What did she touch just now? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Oh my god!

That was beyond embarrassing!

Just as she was racking her brain on how to react, she saw that Jean was staring at her with deadly serious eyes. He began with his hoarse voice, "Neera, are you here to treat me, or are you here to tempt me... Huh?"

When Jean said that, Neera felt that her legs were turning into jelly.

Her face was scorching and it finally put some feelings back into her hands. She retracted her hands rapidly.

Then, she hastily stood up and got out of the tub without looking at Jean. She ran out of the bathroom as fast as she possibly could!

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Outside the room.

Worried about Jean's situation, Ian stood guard at the door, never leaving.

When he heard the sound of the door opening, he immediately turned around and saw Neera rushing out, all wet and looking quite astonished.

"Ms. Garcia, what's going on? What happened?" Ian asked, perplexed.

Neera raised her hands, blocking herself, and looked flustered, blurting out, "It's nothing."

Then, like a gust of wind, she rushed downstairs, almost stumbling several times due to her haste.

Ian had a big question mark in his mind, entering the room to check on Jean's condition.

There he saw Jean, too, all wet, stepping out of the bathtub with his clothes still on...

Ian was utterly puzzled. Even more question marks popped up in his mind, and his thoughts began to race like wild horses.

No way! Is this for real? Are things progressing too quickly between these two?

They've only known each other briefly, and now they're taking baths together?

This is too wild!

Indeed, it's Mr. Beauvort, no doubt!

Whether it's work or love, he always acts with lightning speed.

Jean, unaware of how much his assistant was imagining, had a stern expression on his face, his eyes dark as night.

At this moment, he appeared cool and distant, but there was more, a depth of meaning beneath that.

He couldn't quite comprehend why he felt this way about that woman, and it wasn't the first time either.

She seemed like a surprise in his otherwise steady life, a presence he had never anticipated, gradually breaking down the barriers of his cold and ruthless demeanor...

Next door, after Neera returned home, the heat on her face didn't dissipate for a long time.

She stared at her hands, muttering, "It's you again! Why do you keep touching... and you even touched that..."

She felt embarrassed and flustered, almost wanting to bash her head against the wall.

She feared she wouldn't be able to face Jean directly anymore.

Moreover, she didn't know what expression to use when facing him.

Neera was even more inclined to die!

After staying in the same spot, feeling frustrated for a while, she eventually went back to her room to take a shower and change clothes.

However, during her sleep, she had a very peculiar dream.

The dream felt familiar. In a pitch-black room where she couldn't see anything, she was intimately entangled with a man...

At first, she couldn't make out the man's face.

But as time passed, suddenly, the man's face became clear in the dream.

The man had exquisite features as if he were God's most perfect creation. His deep eyes were a bit enchanting, and sweat dripped down his smooth forehead... He exuded a sensual, hormone-laden aura. This person... was none other than Jean!

Neera was instantly shocked awake, sitting up abruptly, her heart pounding loudly, and her face full of astonishment.

What on earth was this?

It was understandable not being able to see his face the last time, but now, he was staring into her dream for real???

How could she have such a dream!!!

The next morning, when Neera woke up, there was a hint of weariness in her eyes.

The triplets noticed right away and expressed concern, "Mommy, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell or didn't get enough rest?"

Neera took a sip of milk and shook her head, "It's nothing, just didn't sleep well."

Hearing this, the triplets quickly said, "Then after breakfast, take a rest, okay?"

"No, it's fine. I have to go to the company this morning, but I'll make sure to get to bed early tonight."

Neera smiled, gently patting their little faces to reassure them.

After breakfast, she first took the triplets to kindergarten and then headed to Startales with the approval contract from the Beauvort World.

Levi was surprised to see her securing the contract for entry so quickly, and he couldn't help but admire her.

"Looks like you're amazing, Neera. Even such a challenging task, you handled it so swiftly and beautifully!"

Neera was never one to bask in compliments from others, and she calmly got down to business, saying, "You need to quickly arrange the counter's location and start organizing the product placement."

Levi nodded in agreement and discussed business matters with her for a while. Then, he carefully chose his words as he extended an invitation, "By the way, the company is organizing a dinner gathering with all the top executives. After all, you'll be presiding over the subsidiary. It would be great if you could join and get to know everyone, alright?"

Neera didn't have any objections upon hearing this.

In the future, she would need the cooperation of these people in many aspects, so it was only fitting to invite them to dinner.

She nodded, "Sure, I'll treat everyone tonight."

Levi felt a bit delighted upon hearing this, thinking that tonight, he might have the chance to be the driver and take her home...

...

At Beauvort Group.

After the meeting, Jean noticed several missed calls from Wrenn.

He dialed her back immediately.

Wrenn picked up hurriedly, urging him, "Are you done with the meeting? Hurry over, your great-uncle has already entered the operating room."

Jean replied with a simple "Hmm" before hanging up the phone.

Ian quickly prepared the car and drove him to the hospital.

The hospital was a subsidiary of the Beauvort Group.

As he made his way inside, many staff members stood respectfully, greeting him.

Ignoring the greetings, Jean went straight to the operating room.

In the hallway, both Wrenn and the relatives of his great-uncle were waiting.

When they saw Jean, his great-uncle's son, and also his cousin, greeted him warmly.

"Jean, you're here. You're so busy, yet you came all the way here. You're thoughtful."

Jean shook his head and said calmly, "It's the least I can do."

He inquired about the situation.

Wrenn explained, "The surgery is still ongoing, Joanna is operating. Your great-uncle's condition is critical, and the hospital doesn't have a specialist in this area, so we had to call Joanna. The expert team approved her capability, and considering her involvement, the success rate is significantly higher."

Hearing this, Jean furrowed his brows, "Joanna? How did she end up here?"

"Your great-uncle's condition is very precarious, and the hospital didn't have a doctor specialized in this field. We had no choice but to bring Joanna in. Her abilities are recognized by the expert team, and after their assessment, having her perform the surgery significantly increases the chances of success."

Since the experts supported this decision, Jean didn't say anything further.

Two hours later, the surgery finally concluded.

Joanna walked out, removed her mask, and first reassured the family members, "Rest assured, the surgery was very successful. We'll observe the patient for a while, then transfer him back to the ward."

The relieved family members expressed their gratitude.

Wrenn also stepped forward to congratulate, "That's great. We can finally feel at ease now."

Then, she looked at Joanna with gratitude, "Thank you so much for helping us in such a significant way today." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Joanna shook her head, trying to appear modest, "You're too kind, Madam. Besides, I'm a doctor, treating and saving lives is my duty."

As she spoke, her eyes couldn't help but drift toward Jean, but he responded with a cold and distant nod.

Joanna felt a pang of discomfort from his indifferent demeanor.

She pursed her lips, lowered her gaze, and said to Wrenn, "Madam, I'll go change my clothes."

After giving some post-operation instructions, she turned and left.

At this moment, all of the great-uncle's relatives had gone to the ward, leaving only Wrenn and Jean in the corridor.

"Jean, Joanna is an excellent doctor. The success rate for this surgery was only thirty percent, but because of her intervention, it was raised to sixty percent," Wrenn suddenly spoke up.

Jean raised his eyelids slightly, directly asking her, "What are you trying to say?"

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Wrenn no longer beats around the bush.

"I think you should know what I mean. Joanna has been very concerned and responsible for your condition for the past two years. Even though someone else is treating you now, you shouldn't burn bridges and completely shut Joanna out of your medical care. It's too heartless of you to just kick her aside like that; she still has value to offer."

Jean squinted his eyes slightly, a hint of displeasure in his gaze.

"So, she went to you to plead on her behalf, asking you to intervene?"

Wrenn shook her head, "I knew you'd think that way, but Joanna is not that kind of person. She didn't say a single bad word about Ms. Garcia in front of me. She even praised her a few times. She simply informed me about your condition when she was doing a routine check for me."

Jean wasn't sure whether to believe it or not, but his demeanor grew even colder.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with replacing a doctor who hasn't made any progress in two years."

"Words may say that, but Joanna has put in effort too. It's just that your condition is extremely complicated. Keeping her on the team is a precautionary measure, for there will be times when you'll need her expertise, understand?"

As Wrenn continued, her tone became increasingly firm, clearly intending to stand up for him.

"So, I won't agree to remove her from the team. You must reinstate Joanna in her position if you want me and your father to feel at ease." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Listening to her words, leaving no room for disagreement, Jean's gaze dimmed. In the end, he didn't agree or reject outright.

Later that evening, after visiting his great-uncle, he returned to the company.

Shortly after, Wrenn told Joanna about the conversation.

Joanna took Jean's silence as consent and was overjoyed, profusely thanking Wrenn, speaking as sweetly as honey.

She told Wrenn exactly what she wanted to hear...

After leaving the hospital, Jean went directly back to the company.

Busy throughout the day, he had an unexpected social engagement in the evening and didn't return home, heading straight to meet with the client.

On Neera's side, she also made a phone call to Zuniga.

"I have a social engagement tonight, so I won't be coming home for dinner. Can you pick up the kids and make sure they eat well without waiting for me?"

Zuniga naturally agreed.

Later, she went to the restaurant with Levi.

The restaurant was carefully chosen by Levi, with a vintage decor that created a comfortable and enjoyable atmosphere.

Neera looked around at the decorations and ambiance inside the private room and remarked, "This place is nice."

Levi pulled out the chair for her, smiling warmly. "I knew you'd like it. The food here is also great, so we can savor it later."

He was attentive, which made Neera feel a bit uncomfortable, but she kept a composed expression, nodding in thanks as she took her seat.

Soon, the other executives arrived, and the atmosphere became lively.

Levi took responsibility to introduce several high-level executives to Neera.

"This is Haider Xavier, the manager of the finance department, and this is from the business department... Finally, the vice president, Scarlet Swain."

He introduced them in sequence, pointing to the lady sitting on his other side.

Neera looked over and found that she was quite beautiful, a typical savvy and capable urban elite woman, exuding an alluring aura.

She smiled at her and politely greeted, "Hello."

Scarlet also smiled in return, but her approach wasn't as enthusiastic as the others, "I've heard of Ms. Garcia's name from Mr. Wilkes. Today, I finally get the chance to meet you."

She raised her wine glass and continued, "Nice to meet you. Please take care of me."

Neera, upon hearing her words, glimpsed a glint of curiosity in her clear eyes.

Scarlet seemed polite with her words, but her attitude gave off a sense of coldness.

Even... Neera could sense a hint of hostility emanating from her.

Initially, Neera was somewhat puzzled.

They were meeting for the first time, and she hadn't done anything to provoke Scarlet, so why did she suddenly hold some animosity toward her?

But it didn't take long for her to figure out the reason.

During the meal, Scarlet occasionally glanced at Levi, engaging in conversation with him, her eyes expressing more than just a casual interest.

And Levi's care and attention towards her were somewhat apparent...

Neera guessed that Scarlet probably had feelings for Levi, and that's why she saw Neera as a potential rival!

Neera couldn't help but find it a little amusing.

This was truly an unfounded disaster!

However, Scarlet didn't think that way...

She had worked hard for so long, finally securing her position, and she believed it was due to her abilities that she reached such heights.

Therefore, she looked down on Neera, who seemed to have been given her position through connections.

Even more, she disliked Levi's warm attitude toward Neera...

After all, he was quite aloof when he was with her.

Neera didn't expect all this, nor did she pay much attention to Scarlet's hostility. Instead, she enjoyed the meal wholeheartedly.

Her down-to-earth demeanor made the senior executives have a favorable impression of her.

After dinner, the group suggested moving to another venue.

Neera wanted to go home, but she didn't want to spoil the mood of the first gathering, so she went along with them to the club.

After all, she was the one treating everyone, so it was only natural to treat them until the end.

At the new venue, the group ordered plenty of drinks and engaged in relaxed conversation while having fun.

Levi remained seated next to Neera, actively pouring her drinks and taking care of her.

However, Neera didn't drink much.

She didn't particularly enjoy this type of place, even though it was the highest-end club in Kingsview, with a calm and sophisticated environment and well-mannered guests. Still, she couldn't warm up to it.

During the time everyone was drinking and enjoying themselves, she took out her phone and sent a message to the triplets, asking what they were up to.

Seeing that Neera wasn't actively participating, Levi tried to strike up a conversation with her, trying to make the most of this opportunity for more contact.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the VIP private room.

Jean was there too.

His position had an excellent view, and with just a slight glance, he could oversee the entire scene.

At this moment, he noticed the situation downstairs and frowned...

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Jean rarely frequented such places in his daily life. However, just after concluding a business meeting with a client, he happened to spot Neera entering the venue with a group of people.

At first, he tried not to pay attention to her presence, telling himself that their relationship was merely a fake marriage and didn't concern him. Yet, for some inexplicable reason, his eyes kept drifting toward her. He couldn't help but notice how Levi was being attentive to her, which stirred an unfamiliar feeling of discomfort and annoyance within him.

Jean couldn't pinpoint the source of his unease-perhaps it was the effects of the alcohol or the peculiar dynamics of their contractual marriage. Regardless, he blamed it on the other man's "overbearing" appearance, unwilling to delve deeper into his emotions.

Downstairs, Neera was unaware that someone had set their eyes on her. After exchanging a few words with the triplets, she decided to put her phone away. However, Levi's incessant chatter was starting to grate on her nerves.

Suppressing her annoyance, Neera endured Levi's incessant chatter until her patience wore thin. She found an excuse to leave, stating that the place felt stuffy and she needed some fresh air.

"I think it's a bit stuffy in here. I'll go outside for some fresh air."

Levi nodded, knowing better than to stop her.

As Neera left the private room, her ears finally found some peace and quiet. She went to the restroom to freshen up and took a brief moment in the hallway to catch her breath. After some time, she decided it was about time to

return.

However, just as she turned around, she came face to face with Zachary!

Zachary had come out tonight to have some fun. Earlier, he had discovered that his condition hadn't improved despite the medication's effects wearing off, leaving him unable to perform. No matter how much Roxanne tried to tempt him, he felt no desire whatsoever.

Growing increasingly frustrated, he confronted the doctor again, demanding answers as to why he still couldn't function. The doctor could only reassure him and advise him to wait a little longer.

Having lost his patience, Zachary decided to find another woman to test himself with, thinking that maybe he had lost interest in Roxanne and just needed a change.

With this in mind, he came to this top-notch club and flirted with an alluring woman on the dance floor. He was eager to take her to the room and try his luck, but to his dismay, he failed again!

Abandoning the woman in the room, he stormed out, his face filled with fury and a desire to lash out.

Unbeknownst to him, he would run into Neera here!

The moment he laid eyes on her, his face turned dark, and his eyes burned with anger. He seethed with resentment as he approached her.

"Of all people, Neera Garcia! I never expected to run into you here!" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera's expression turned cold upon seeing him, and she cursed inwardly: "What rotten luck to encounter this scum tonight!"

She showed no restraint and coldly retorted, "A good dog knows its place, now get lost!"

Zachary's face turned even darker, his anger growing. "Who are you calling a dog?!"

Neera sneered, "Whoever stands in my way is a dog, do I need to spell it out? You're even dumber than a dog!"

"You" Zachary was seething with rage, humiliated by her words. "I warn you, Neera Garcia, watch your mouth! And hand over the antidote, or you won't be leaving here tonight!"

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Neera couldn't help but burst into laughter at Zachary's words. "What's the matter? Weren't you capable just now? Breaking into someone else's room in the middle of the night, and now you're scared?"

Her gaze was filled with disdain, which only fueled Zachary's anger, making his blood rush to his head.

"You wench, spare me your nonsense! Hand over the antidote now, or I'll make you regret it!" he shouted, his face turning red with rage.

Neera's stunning face looked even colder, and she regarded him with contempt. "Looks like you lack self-awareness. When asking for help, you should be more humble. If you want the antidote, you better get down on your knees and bow three times to show some sincerity."

"You !!"

With a mocking smile, Neera replied, "Too bad, I don't have the antidote. Even if you begged on your knees until they bled, I wouldn't be able to help."

Saying that, she turned to leave.

Zachary was fuming, his face flushed with anger and his eyes filled with rage.

"Dare to play games with me, Neera Garcia? You're asking for trouble!"

Through clenched teeth, he reached out to grab her.

Neera swiftly slapped away his hand, her expression turning fierce. "Don't touch me!"

Her look of disgust only fueled Zachary's anger, and he lost all restraint, his tone becoming menacing.

"You lowlife, pretending to be innocent? You were played by everyone years ago and now you're acting all pure and naive. Do you think I'm a fool? Let me tell you, if you don't hand over the antidote today, you won't take a single step out of here!"

His eyes were horrifyingly intense, bloodshot veins visible in the corners, making him look terrifying.

"You dares to lay a hand on me, then I'll make sure you regret it!"

After his outburst, he didn't hesitate to grab Neera's wrist and dragged her forcefully toward the end of the corridor.

Not only that, but he also called his assistant, his voice filled with anger. "Get a few guys up here right now! I'm in the mood to have some fun!"

The future events were easy to predict.

Neera felt both angry and disgusted, struggling with all her might, but her efforts were futile against Zachary's strength. She warned him sternly, her voice unwavering.

"Zachary Fain, if you want to keep your hand, let go now!"

Zachary's rage clouded his judgment, and he sneered continuously.

"What? Are you planning to use your powder on me? Go ahead then! Scared? I'd love to see what tricks you, a wench like you, can come up with this time!"

Seeing Zachary act like a mad dog, Neera's face darkened, and her teeth clenched tightly.

Indeed, she still had some powder on her, but it would be useless against Zachary's crippled body.

As Zachary tried to pull her into the elevator, Neera's heart sank, and her eyes showed a fierce determination. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Just as she was about to make her move, a sudden force pulled her other hand, dragging her in the opposite direction.

She turned her head in surprise and found Jean standing there.

Jean's gaze was cold and sharp, his eyes fixed on Zachary like blades...

He had originally intended to go back, but as he stepped outside, he noticed the commotion in the corridor.

The figure was all too familiar, and upon a closer look, he realized that Neera was being harassed.

Considering their current relationship, he couldn't just stand by, so he rushed over.

Seeing Neera's relief at his arrival, she called out to him, "You're here! Help me, please!"

Zachary also felt the strong resistance, and upon seeing Jean, he felt a hint of recognition. Wasn't this the little nobody he encountered at the hospital?

An insignificant person without status or background dared to play a hero in front of me?

What a joke!

Zachary didn't take Jean seriously at all. His anger flared even higher, and he arrogantly shouted, "Where did this blind fool come from? How dare he meddle in my affairs? If you don't want trouble, get the hell out of here!"

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Jean had never encountered someone speaking to him in such a manner, and his eyes turned even colder.

It had been a long time since he met someone so ignorant, daring to tell him to scram?!

Behind him, Ian wore an expression that seemed to say he was looking at a dead person, both speechless and indifferent.

This kind of trash dared to act so brazenly in front of Sire? Did he not care about living anymore?

Ian shook his head, averting his gaze, and looked at Neera with a serious expression. "Ms. Garcia, did this idiot crawl out from some rat hole? Is he naturally brainless?"

In this perilous moment, Neera's heart settled as Jean came to her rescue. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Hearing Ian's question, she couldn't help but smile and nodded, giving a sincere reply. "This guy is not just brainless; he's utterly disgusting. Perhaps he's been living in a rat hole for too long, becoming no different from a rat crossing the street."

Zachary was seething with anger at being mocked by these two, and his face turned extremely unpleasant.

His cheeks twitched, and his eyes became bloodshot with rage, resembling a mad dog as he roared, "Neera Garcia, I see you're asking for death! Do you think finding some gigolo will protect you? Let me tell you, not even the heavens themselves can save you today! I'll make you beg for your life and wish for death!"

As he spoke, he exerted more force, dragging Neera ruthlessly.

However, at that moment, Jean's eyes turned as cold as black iron. He raised his leg and delivered a fierce kick to Zachary's abdomen.

Simultaneously, he used his strength to pull Neera into his embrace.

Neera, with no balance at the moment, accidentally bumped into the man's solid chest, and her nose stung a little, causing her to frown.

Yet, she immediately felt the familiar aura enveloping her, a sense of inexplicable comfort that made her relax involuntarily in his arms.

Jean held her waist, asserting his dominance with a powerful aura, and looked down at Zachary with a chilly gaze, coldly throwing out a challenge, "You? Dare to steal from me?"

Initially, this statement seemed somewhat ambiguous, but Neera quickly realized that she was his doctor and, in name, his wife, so she could be considered his "property."

Zachary, still reeling from the kick that left him sitting on the ground, his abdomen in pain, couldn't believe that this insignificant nobody dared to challenge him.

"You dare to hit me?!"

In an instant, he looked at Neera with a bitter and malicious expression, as if he wanted to devour her alive.

"Well, well! I thought you were so virtuous, but it turns out you got married and immediately started messing around with another gigolo! Neera Garcia, you're nothing but a fickle woman, no wonder a few years ago..."

His words were filthy and disgusting, causing Neera's face to turn cold, even if she pretended not to care.

At that moment, she suddenly broke free from Jean's embrace, taking a few steps forward. With a swift motion, she slapped Zachary's face multiple times, putting all her strength into each blow.

"Zachary Fain, who's the one acting fickle here? It was you who broke off our engagement, and then you came crawling back like a dog, begging for attention! Did I ever pay any attention to you? You have no shame, unable to control your desires, so don't blame me for rendering you useless! That way, you won't harm anyone else! Do you want the antidote? Let me tell you... there's no way you're getting it! You'll spend the rest of your life impotent and useless."

Zachary was dumbfounded, experiencing an unprecedented sense of humiliation that made him want to explode with rage.

If he had a knife in his hand right now, he would undoubtedly slash this woman's face without hesitation, savoring each cut as he tortured her!

Coincidentally, at that moment, his assistant, Francis Layton, arrived with his men.

Seeing them, Zachary's spirits lifted, and he immediately shouted, "You all, kill them!"

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Chapter 136

Francis didn't dare to delay and turned to the bodyguards behind him, giving them a signal with his eyes.

In no time, seven or eight strong men surrounded Jean, Neera, and Ian.

They cracked their knuckles and gave hostile glares.

Jean remained composed, not even batting an eye or raising an eyebrow in response to their presence.

Neera, seeing the situation, immediately retreated silently to stand beside Jean.

It wasn't that she was timid, but the people Zachary had brought were not easy to deal with. As for herself, she had no fighting skills, and Jean was recovering from an illness, so she doubted he could fight either.

And Ian...

Looking at his refined appearance, it didn't seem like he could fight either!

Just as Neera thought this, Ian suddenly stepped forward, casually moving his neck and speaking with a disdainful tone.

"Is this all you've got? Anyone else wants to join, so I won't have to waste my effort twice."

Francis coldly snorted, "Quite bold, but soon you won't even have the chance to beg for mercy! The few of us are enough to take care of you!"

Ian raised an eyebrow, smirking with a hint of roguishness, "Hey, do you know that disrespecting someone comes with consequences?!"

With that, he didn't waste any more words and went straight into action.

In less than five minutes, all the seven or eight people Zachary had called were lying on the ground defeated.

When Francis was dumped in front of Zachary like a worn-out rag, the latter was completely dumbfounded.

How... were these his elite bodyguards? How did they lose so easily? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera was also surprised, her eyes wide in disbelief.

Ian, who usually appeared weak and gentle, turned out to be a skilled fighter! He was truly a master!

Ignoring the situation, she clapped her hands cheerfully, "I didn't expect it! Your assistant is full of surprises!"

Hearing her light-hearted voice, Jean glanced at her, feeling somewhat amused.

This woman had quite a bold heart! She still found time to applaud at a moment like this.

But now that the matter was resolved, there was no need to linger here.

Jean shifted his gaze away, turned around, and said, "Let's go."

Neera didn't even spare Zachary another glance as she hurriedly followed Jean, saying, "Wait for me!"

Ian clapped his hands and caught up too, asking curiously, "Ms. Garcia, how did you get involved with that idiot?"

Neera rolled her eyes, denying, "It wasn't me who got involved; it was that guy who shamelessly came to me."

Jean, who was walking ahead, heard their conversation and casually asked, "He's crippled below the waist, what does that mean? And what was he trying to do?"

Unaware that he would ask, Neera hesitated for a moment but decided not to hide anything and briefly explained the grudge between her and Zachary, including the night of her wedding when Zachary invaded her room and attempted to take advantage of her, only to be tricked into taking an impotence drug.

Initially, Jean continued walking as usual, but when he heard the last part, his expression froze, and he stopped in his tracks, glancing at her with a strange look in his eyes.

Ian was even more shocked, and he immediately hit the brakes, looking astonished.

"So... that Zachary won't be able to stand up anymore?"

Initially, it was nothing serious, but being stared at by these two individuals, Neera inexplicably felt a bit awkward. She raised her hand and touched her nose, responding in a muffled voice, "Um..."

Ian's pupils trembled, and he subconsciously clenched his legs.

"Ms... Ms. Garcia, let's make a deal! If I accidentally offend you in the future, please let me know, and I'll apologize and kowtow to you, whatever it takes. Just... please don't sprinkle any strange powders on me!"

The thought of not being able to stand up also made him shudder. He couldn't bear that!

As he heard himself stuttering in fear, Neera couldn't help but find it amusing. She deliberately teased him with a half-smile, "Well, that depends on the situation."

Ian felt speechless.

Was Ms. Garcia this cunning?

He couldn't afford to provoke her!

Jean, on the other hand, didn't pay much attention to their exchange. His eyes, however, were filled with a chilling intensity.

"So, he was dragging you earlier for what purpose?"

Neera raised her head and met his gaze, pausing for a moment before honestly replying, "He wanted to find someone to... do something to me."

She didn't say the rest of the sentence, but Jean could guess what she meant.

In an instant, a fierce hostility emerged between his noble brows, and his facial lines became exceptionally sharp.

He didn't say anything, just glanced at Ian.

But at that moment, Ian suddenly felt a chill run down his spine, realizing that Jean... seemed to be angry!!!

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Chapter 137

Ian's response was swift as he spoke with a quick wit, "Sire, Ms. Garcia, I left my phone in the private room. You both go ahead and wait in the car. I'll go back and get it; I'll be right there."

As his words trailed off, Jean's expression remained indifferent as he looked at Neera.

"Should we go now, or do you want to wait here?"

Without any doubt, Neera shook her head, "No, just the thought of being in the same space as that guy feels so unlucky. Let's go wait in the car."

Jean nodded and turned to leave.

As they descended the stairs, Neera could sense a low-pressure aura emanating from the man, accompanied by a subtle chill. She felt a bit puzzled.

Why did this man seem somewhat angry...?

But then again, shouldn't he be angry with her?

Besides, Ian had already taken care of the guy, so why was he still upset?

...

As Ian turned back, he caught Zachary propping himself against the wall and angrily kicking the unconscious Francis on the ground.

"You useless piece of trash! Can't even handle such a simple task! What good are you?!"

Thinking about how he was humiliated by Neera and that insignificant pretty boy, Zachary seethed with rage, gritting his teeth.

"Dare to lay a hand on me! They have no idea what's coming next time I see them, I'll make them..."

"What will you do?"

Just as Zachary vented his frustration, Ian suddenly appeared, picking up where Zachary left off.

He was startled, almost losing his footing and almost falling to the ground. Hastily, he steadied himself against the wall and angrily demanded, "Why are you back? What do you want?!"

Ian leisurely approached, a mocking smile on his face as he spoke, "My Sire isn't pleased, so..."

He extended his hand with a seemingly friendly expression and cut Zachary off, "I'll shake your hand."

Before Zachary could react, Ian grabbed his hand without any hesitation and continued, "...and give you a firm handshake."

With that, he applied force to Zachary's hand.

In the next second, a loud "crack" echoed through the entire floor as Zachary's right forearm snapped!

"Ahhhh!!!"

His agonizing scream reverberated through the entire building. Zachary was in excruciating pain, his face turning pale, and he was barely conscious as large beads of sweat rolled down his face like a torrential downpour.

Seeing him in this pitiful state, Ian clapped his hands in satisfaction before leaving with an air of arrogance, having settled the score.

Back in the car, Neera and Jean waited for a while before Ian returned.

Soon, the car started, leaving the club behind.

On the way back, Neera sent a message to Levi.

"Sorry, I'm not feeling well, so I'm heading back first. Let everyone know they don't need to wait for me and can enjoy the rest of the night. Put all the bills tonight under my name."

In the private room, Levi saw the message and felt a bit regretful for missing the chance to send her home.

However, he quickly perked up again.

After all, Neera was back in the country now and happened to be in charge of this branch office. They would have plenty of time to spend together in the future.

...

Meanwhile, Neera let out a sigh of relief after explaining. She turned to Jean and thanked him, "Thank you for tonight. I appreciate it."

Jean responded calmly, "No need to thank me. After all, you are my 'wife' in name, and if something were to happen to you, it wouldn't be a good thing for me either..."

As he spoke, a hint of darkness flickered in his jet-black eyes, and he squinted slightly.

"Furthermore, I hope you understand that even though our marriage is a contract, it appears real to the outside world. So, you still need to be mindful of your behavior and actions in public. At the very least... no more flirting with other men openly. It's for the benefit of both of us."

Hearing this, Neera furrowed her brows in confusion, "When did I... flirt with other men openly?"

Jean didn't mince his words, "Tonight, you were together with a man in the private room at the club, weren't you?"

Neera was taken aback and then realized whom he was referring to - Levi. She couldn't help but find it hilarious.

What was he thinking? How did her actions with Levi become flirting?

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Chapter 138

Neera found it amusing and immediately explained, "That man is Levi Wilkes, the head of my aunt's department at the Kingsview branch. There's no reason for me to flirt with him. Besides, I wasn't alone with him today; we were all out together with the company's executives, just getting acquainted. Where did you get that idea?"

Upon hearing her explanation, Jean realized that the man was her subordinate. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

For some inexplicable reason, he seemed less displeased than before, and the dark cloud hanging over him seemed to silently drift away.

Nevertheless, he maintained his composed demeanor, nodding to show that he understood. He added with a hint of a subtle reminder, "Just remember your 'married' status and always be mindful of boundaries."

Neera felt speechless.

Why did this man seem a bit strange?

She rolled her eyes in response, saying, "Of course, I know my boundaries. I don't need you to remind me.'

Jean seemed oblivious to her annoyance and calmly replied, "That's good then."

Now, Neera felt a bit frustrated.

She didn't understand her feelings, suddenly feeling irked, but she also felt it wasn't necessary to say much about it, so she chose not to say anything more.

Twenty minutes later, the car arrived at Imperial Gardens.

Neera bid farewell with little emotion and quickly returned home.

On the other side, at the hospital.

Zachary was rushed to the emergency room overnight, where doctors set and cast his broken right forearm. After the ordeal, he was moved to a VIP ward.

Word reached the Fain family and Roxanne, and they hurriedly rushed to the hospital.

Upon seeing their beloved son injured in such a miserable state, his mother, Qaylah Levin, couldn't help but feel distressed. She kept asking if he felt any discomfort, fearing that his condition might worsen.

His father, Harley, on the other hand, was seething with anger. He stood in the hospital room with a dark and stormy expression.

"Who dares to lay hands on you?!"

Zachary's right arm was wrapped in a bulky cast, making him look clumsy and comical as he sat leaning against the bed, his face clouded with a deep scowl.

"Who else could it be? Of course, it's Neera! That bitch!"

He gritted his teeth as he responded, his tone fiercely hostile when he mentioned Neera's name.

It was as if he wanted to skin her alive and drink her blood.

Roxanne, sensitive to the situation, saw his expression change suddenly, and she immediately pressed for answers.

"Zach, how is this related to Neera? How did you end up meeting her?"

Fuming, Zachary spoke as if he had eaten gunpowder, his tone filled with agitation.

"It was a coincidence of course! Do you think I'd purposely go and meet her? That bitch had her sugar daddy attack me, causing me to end up like this!"

Hearing this, Qaylah was furious, and she immediately scolded with a stern voice.

"That Neera was always restless and a shameless woman! I never thought that after all these years, she'd still be so shameless and dare to bully you. This is simply outrageous!"

Harley was also infuriated, emitting a strong aura of anger.

Zachary was their Fain family's pride and joy, and he had never raised his hand in anger at him in his entire life!

And that Neera was so ruthless that she directly broke his son's bones!

There was no way the Fain family could let this slide!

He said firmly, "Zach, you rest here and focus on recovering. Don't worry, I won't let them get away with this. I'll go to the club right now, have them check the surveillance, and find out who was involved! None of them will escape!"

Upon hearing this, Zachary finally managed to suppress his anger.

Qaylah also tried to persuade him, "That's right, Zach. You focus on healing and leave the rest to your father. With him handling it, you can be sure that that bitch and her lover will pay the price!"

At this point, Roxanne nodded in agreement and took the opportunity to show her support, "Auntie Qaylah is right, Zach. I'll stay here to take care of you and keep you company."

Upon hearing this, Harley and Qaylah both looked at her with appreciation, "Roxanne is indeed sensible, unlike that Neera..."

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Chapter 139

On the other side, at the hospital, Roxanne tenderly spoke, "Zach is my fiancé, it's only natural for me to take care of him. Uncle Harley, Auntie Qaylah, please calm down. This whole incident is entirely my sister's fault, and you both shouldn't let it affect your health..."

Roxanne's sweet words endeared her even more to the Fain couple, further fueling their dislike for Neera.

That night, Roxanne stayed by Zachary's side, never leaving the hospital room. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Harley immediately dispatched men to the club to investigate the surveillance footage.

However, to their surprise, the next day, the security team reported that they found nothing.

"How is that possible?" Harley slammed the table, his expression grim. "Such a big club should have surveillance. They must be hiding something!"

The security team nervously explained, "Mr. Fain, the club is being uncooperative. They refuse to show us the surveillance footage and won't reveal the identity of the assailant, even when we mentioned the Fain family's name."

Hearing this, Harley's face turned darker. It seemed that Neera's patron had a formidable background, or else the club wouldn't dare to be so uncooperative, even when facing the Fain family.

In deep thought, he coldly said, "This Neera isn't just keeping a toy boy; she has hooked up with a big shot. I wonder how influential that person must be!"

Zachary, boiling with anger, gritted his teeth and cursed, "That despicable woman!"

Roxanne couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions. On one hand, she didn't want Neera to have a good life. Hearing that Neera had found a wealthy backer and was living a luxurious life filled her with disdain and jealousy. On the other hand, she didn't want Zachary to have any further involvement with Neera, no matter the reason...

After weighing the pros and cons, she advised, "Zach, don't get too angry for now. The most important thing is to focus on healing your body. Let's not pursue this matter right away. Once you're better, we can settle the score later."

Zachary glared at her, "What do you know? How can I just let it go?!"

The broken arm was one thing, but what bothered him more was that Neera hadn't given him the antidote, and he still hadn't recovered in that aspect. According to Neera,

without the antidote, it might never heal. This directly challenged his manhood and self-esteem. How could he possibly swallow his pride?

However, he couldn't bring himself to speak about these sensitive matters, so he maintained an angry expression, making it clear that he wouldn't give up.

Seeing his reaction, Roxanne concealed her frustration but couldn't help feeling irritated. She didn't understand why Zachary was so deeply fixated on that despicable woman!

For her, it was a significant threat!

Unaware of the complexities in the hearts of others, Neera had a bit of alcohol the previous night and went to bed early after taking a shower.

The next day was the weekend, so she didn't have to send the triplets to school. She decided to treat herself to a lazy morning, enjoying a nice lie-in.

When she finally got up, she went downstairs to get some water and noticed that the triplets were nowhere to be found. Puzzled, she asked Zuniga, "Where are the kids? Did they go out to play?"

Zuniga took the empty water glass from Neera's hand and smiled, "The three little rascals said they were very bored and went next door."

Neera felt a little helpless but was concerned that the triplets might be bothering Jean, so she hurried over to check on them.

As she entered the living room, she saw Harvey sitting beside Jean, discussing the stock market situation with a seriousness beyond his years...

The little guy was speaking confidently and with great insight.

"For this stock, it may not seem impressive now, but it has tremendous potential over the next three years and could become a high-quality stock. It's a good idea to invest in it now. As for EK Era, although it may appear to have room for growth, it's just an empty shell with nothing substantial inside. It's not worth buying..."

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Chapter 140

As Jean listened attentively, his gaze filled with astonishment. The triplets had come over while he was focusing on the stock market. At first, he didn't pay much attention to

their presence and greeted them warmly before asking Richard to fetch them some snacks.

However, to his surprise, little Harvey had silently joined him by the computer and started speaking about the stock market with confidence and insight. What amazed Jean, even more, was that Harvey was talking about the very stock he was considering investing in!

For a five-year-old to discuss the stock market so knowledgeably was already astonishing. But what made it even more unbelievable was that the stock Harvey recommended aligned perfectly with Jean's thoughts.

Unable to contain his doubts, Jean inquired, "Do you understand stocks? How do you know so much?"

With a humble smile, Harvey replied, showing remarkable poise, "Yes, I'm interested in investing in the stock market and have done some research. I manage Mommy's money."

Jean raised an eyebrow, "Did your Mommy teach you?"

"No, Mommy doesn't know anything about this. It's precisely because she doesn't understand that she lets me handle the finances."

Harvey shook his head, explaining further, "It was my Aunt who taught me a lot about it when we were abroad. I also read some books on the subject."

Ian, who was listening nearby, found it difficult to believe. This couldn't be possible! A five-year-old child discussing stocks with such knowledge and confidence?

It was as if they could see through his skepticism, and the doublets, Sammy and Penny, eagerly supported their brother's claims.

Sammy exclaimed, "Harvey is telling the truth! He's amazing! Aunt noticed his talent before and specially allowed him to invest in several companies, all of which became successful and are now listed on the stock market!"

Penny added, "Absolutely! Uncle Jean, you must have heard of SJ Group and ELA Corporate, right? They are well-known overseas companies that have risen to fame in the last couple of years, and Harvey invested in them! He's talented!"

Seeing how they idolized him, Harvey seemed a bit embarrassed but couldn't hide his pride. He sheepishly curved his lips and looked at Jean with sparkling eyes.

"Uncle Jean, if you want to know about foreign companies, you can ask me! I've thoroughly researched them all for my investments. For example, the well-known CL Group is..."

The little prodigy went on to explain the current situations and prospects of several prominent overseas companies.

Ian was left dumbfounded, and even Jean found it hard to believe. After all, this was just a five-year-old child!

The stock market and investing were fields that required exceptional intellect and experience. It was practically impossible for a child who hadn't even started elementary school to excel in these areas. Many adults had failed in this domain, let alone a child.

Despite his doubts, Jean turned the computer towards Harvey and pointed to a few stocks on the market, trying to test the little genius.

To his astonishment, Harvey had insightful responses for each stock Jean pointed out.

In the end, no matter how unbelievable it seemed, Jean had to admit that this little boy understood the stock market!

Though not as seasoned as an adult, and occasionally showing a childlike side, Harvey's knowledge and understanding were beyond impressive. It was evident that he was an unquestionable investment prodigy!

Almost all the stocks he considered aligned with Harvey's choices!

Even someone as composed as Jean couldn't help but take a sharp breath. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He couldn't fathom how Neera had managed to raise such an extraordinary prodigy.

The living room was filled with an eerie silence, and Jean couldn't find the words to express his amazement.

It was only when Neera walked in and cleared her throat that the unnaturally quiet scene was broken...

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Chapter 141

Ian quickly regained his senses and approached Neera with eager anticipation, his eyes practically sparkling with excitement.

"Ms. Garcia, did you take some sort of magic potion or divine elixir during your pregnancy? Why is your child's intelligence so unbelievably exceptional? If I ever get married, please, for the sake of our acquaintance, grant me a child like him! I'd be eternally grateful!"

Neera couldn't help but be speechless at his enthusiastic praise. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She covered her face, finding him a bit overwhelming with his exaggerated flattery. She took a step back, looking at him with bewilderment.

"What magic potion? What are you talking about? Why are you being so dramatic?"

Seeing her puzzled expression, Ian recounted the events that had just unfolded.

Upon understanding the situation, Neera found it both amusing and hard to believe. She glanced at the triplets and then back at him.

"It's not as miraculous as you think. Harvey does have some knowledge in this area, but it's just superficial. Most of his previous investments were a combination of luck and the support of my aunt's company team."

Ian wasn't convinced and thought she was just being humble.

"How can that be? Ms. Garcia, you're being too modest. It's not just a couple of successful investments. Your son knew exactly what he was talking about, and even his responses to Sire's stock inquiries were spot on. This is no mere luck; your son is a genius in investments! I heard he handles all your family's finances, which is why you could buy luxury cars with ease!"

Neera was amused and exasperated by his persistence. She explained, "You're exaggerating. He does know some things in this field, but it's not as extraordinary as you make it sound. And by the way, our family's finances were in trouble not long ago because of his recklessness. We couldn't afford even a few million dollars, so don't praise him too much."

Being exposed, Harvey blinked his eyes and revealed an adorable smile. However, Jean's opinion remained unchanged, evidently not believing Neera's explanation. In his view, she was either intentionally concealing something or genuinely clueless about investments, as the little guy had suggested, leading her to underestimate Harvey's abilities.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, Jean couldn't help but scrutinize Neera, trying to figure her out. Yet, Neera remained calm and composed, wearing a natural smile that didn't give away any signs of deception.

Jean found her quite enigmatic, but that didn't deter him from his impressions of this family. Each member seemed to possess remarkable qualities: Neera's mastery of medicine, Penny's inheritance of her mother's medical talents, and Harvey's sensitivity to financial investments, destined to become a business elite.

But what about Sammy?

Curious, he glanced in Sammy's direction and couldn't help but burst into laughter at the sight.

There was Sammy, attempting to ride on Cece, their plump and round pet as if trying to make Cece carry him around.

Neera followed Jean's gaze and couldn't help but laugh too. She hurried over, picking up the little troublemaker, and couldn't contain her amusement. "Give Cece a break, can't you see you're almost squishing it?"

But Sammy was undeterred and waved his little arms at Cece, defending himself, "No way! Cece is so chubby; its flesh is not just fluff!"

The carefree Sammy amused everyone with his antics.

Observing this family from time to time, Jean felt like his gaze could penetrate through them. Neera sensed that this place was no longer suitable for a prolonged stay.

She cleared her throat, feeling a bit apologetic, and said, "I'm sorry they've bothered you. You can continue with your work; I'll take them back to our room."

Jean shook his head, indicating that he didn't mind, but Neera quickly ushered the kids back to their room next door.

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Chapter 142

Once back home, Neera put on a stern face and called the triplets over. "Come here, all of you."

The triplets glanced at each other and obediently walked over, lining up in a row.

Harvey looked puzzled and blinked his big eyes at her, "Mommy, what's wrong?"

Neera gently tapped his forehead and said, "How could you easily reveal your abilities in front of an outsider? Didn't Mommy tell you before? Be more discreet."

Neera knew her son better than anyone else. She didn't want others to know how extraordinary her triplets were, nor did she boast about their remarkable talents. Revealing such abilities could attract unwanted attention and pose a potential threat to their safety.

She recalled a past incident when a client found out about Harvey's extraordinary talents and plotted a kidnapping attempt. Though they foiled the plan, it left Neera terrified of what could have happened.

She often reminded her children to keep a low profile and not draw attention to themselves in public.

But today, Harvey had openly displayed his abilities to Jean without any reservations.

Even though Jean had proven to be reliable so far, Neera couldn't help but be cautious.

Harvey understood her concerns but confidently replied, "Mommy, I haven't forgotten. But since you and Uncle Jean are 'married,' even if it's a contract marriage, he's no longer an outsider. You can trust him; he won't take advantage of me."

Neera furrowed her brows, still uncertain. "You trust him so easily after knowing him for such a short time?"

Harvey nodded decisively, "Yes! Knowing someone doesn't depend on how long you've known them. As you always say, Mommy, Uncle Jean has helped us several times without any ulterior motives. I can feel that he may seem cold on the outside, but deep down, he's a good person. Besides, he's so capable and excels at everything. He's much better than me! You can rest assured and stop worrying."

Neera was left speechless by his unwavering faith.

How could she forget? Harvey was right; the duration of knowing someone didn't necessarily determine the level of trust. Jean had been helping them sincerely, and they owed him their gratitude.

Despite Neera's initial concerns, she couldn't deny that Jean was genuinely interested in their family. He cared for them, especially the triplets, which was evident from his actions.

Nonetheless, to be on the safe side, she reminded her children again, "Jean may know, but from now on, you must not show off your abilities in front of anyone else. Learn to hide your talents and act naive, understand?"

The triplets immediately agreed, saying, "Okay, Mommy!"

Sammy, in particular, raised a little hand and vowed, "Mommy, don't worry, I'll keep my talents a secret even from Uncle Jean. I'll be a happy little fool!"

Neera couldn't help but feel satisfied with Sammy's response.

Little did she know that Sammy said that because he feared that Jean might guess it was him who attacked the Beauvort's Network before.

He worried that if his abilities were exposed, his Daddy's intelligence would inevitably lead him to the truth. And then, who knows, maybe he would end up getting a spanking from Daddy...

After delivering these instructions, Neera decided not to dwell on the matter. She hoped Jean wouldn't take the triplets' words to heart.

However, her plan seemed to have backfired.

Jean not only took the words to heart but also instructed Ian, "Find out more about Adriana's business ventures abroad."

Considering the current state of the Garcia family's development in Kingsview, it was already impressive for Adriana to make ends meet abroad. But according to what the triplets had said, it seemed that she was doing very well

overseas.

Just the fact that she had Harvey invest in several companies required a considerable amount of funds.

For Adriana to use this money to let a child practice with it meant that it wasn't a significant amount to her.

Ian was curious too, so he immediately went to investigate... Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Chapter 143

Ian's efficiency was undeniable, and by the afternoon, the investigation results were in.

"Sire, if you hadn't ordered the investigation, we wouldn't have known. Ms. Garcia's aunt is far more formidable than we imagined! Her business empire overseas is massive!" Ian exclaimed.

Jean was surprised but didn't say anything, raising an eyebrow to signal him to continue.

"I can tell you that Adriana has established a commercial empire abroad, with businesses spanning various fields such as pharmaceuticals, clothing, jewelry, real estate, cosmetics, financial investments, and more," Ian continued, catching his breath before carrying on.

"And what's more, the ANXIN Group, the foundation of this empire, is something the Garcia family in Kingsview is unaware of."

Jean's surprise grew at the extent of Adriana's influence abroad. He pondered for a moment and then asked, "Did you investigate the company the triplets mentioned today?"

Ian was prepared and nodded, "I already looked into it. The triplets didn't lie. The ANXIN Group is indeed highly successful in investments. Moreover, their internal investment department is exceptionally proficient, ranking among the top overseas, not far behind our Beauvort Group!"

This revelation left Jean even more astonished. He had never expected that Neera's background would be so extraordinary. All these years, she had kept quiet, and after returning to the country, she hadn't made any waves. Jean didn't delve further into the matter since he was just curious and had no ulterior motives or intentions to harm the triplets.

After gaining a rough understanding, he refocused on handling the paperwork.

In the early evening, he received an unexpected call from his father, Frederic.

"Dad, is there something wrong?" Jean asked.

Frederic grunted disapprovingly over the phone, clearly unhappy. "What's this? Can't I call you if there's nothing wrong? You ungrateful kid, you got married and don't even come back home! If I didn't call you, you'd probably forget your old father completely!"

Jean leaned back in his chair, playing with a pen, and casually replied, "Come on, it's just that I've been busy lately."

"Don't give me that excuse!" Frederic snapped, then changed the subject, "Enough of this nonsense, I have something important to tell you. You're married now, so bring your new wife back this week for dinner. Your uncles, aunts, and your siblings will all be there." S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Upon hearing this, Jean stopped twirling the pen, his brow furrowing.

Family gatherings of the Beauvort family were always full of scheming and hidden agendas. There was little warmth and affection among them. Since taking power, Jean's cousins and siblings had been wary and dissatisfied with him, secretly making moves against him. Some even wished he were dead!

Bringing Neera into such an environment was the last thing Jean wanted, but he couldn't defy his father's orders.

Frederic anticipated Jean's reluctance and continued firmly, "I don't care what you have going on, put it aside for now. You must bring your wife back. She's already a part of the Beauvort family, regardless of the reason or any mistakes she may have made. Sooner or later, she'll have to meet them. Besides, both of you didn't attend the wedding banquet, which was already impolite. It's unacceptable to be absent from this family dinner!"

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Chapter 144

After Frederic hung up without giving Jean a chance to reply, he felt a bit cornered. Clenching his phone, he furrowed his brow with a deep gaze.

Having heard most of the conversation, Ian came forward and tried to console him. "Sire, I don't think you need to worry about Ms. Garcia. Just think about it, has she ever suffered any losses? Even when Zachary tried to mess with her, she fearlessly put him in his place. Your relatives won't even dare to touch her, let alone take advantage of her."

He chuckled slyly and continued, "Instead of worrying about them, maybe you should be concerned about whether Ms. Garcia will get fed up and take the entire Beauvort family to task during the dinner!"

Ian's words struck a chord with Jean, and he realized that might indeed be the case. Although they hadn't known each other for long, the feisty woman had a track record of handling herself well. S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

With this in mind, Jean's worries eased, and he decided to follow his father's ultimatum and bring Neera to the family dinner. After all, if anything happened, he would be there to protect her.

He instructed Ian, "Tell Richard to prepare a few more dishes for tonight. Ask Ms. Garcia to bring the triplets and join us for dinner."

With that settled, Jean's brow relaxed, and he calmly continued with his business.

As the evening approached, Neera was about to ask Zuniga what they could have for dinner when Ian arrived. Seeing him, she couldn't help but feel a bit uneasy, as he usually brought some news.

"Is something wrong with him again?" she asked, concerned about Jean's health.

Ian waved his hand, smiling politely. "Sire is perfectly fine at the moment, no health issues. Ms. Garcia, I am here on behalf of Mr. Beauvort to invite you to have dinner next door. Mr. Beauvort has prepared a table full of delicious food to entertain you and the triplets."

Neera felt puzzled. "Why would Mr. Beauvort suddenly want to invite us over for dinner?"

Ian maintained his courteous smile and explained, "Oh, it's nothing special. Perhaps Sire just thinks that since you are neighbors, it's nice to get together more often. Besides, he is aware of the effort you put into taking care of him, and he is grateful for your kindness. Having a dinner is just a small gesture of appreciation."

His words were flawless, leaving no room for objections.

While Neera was still contemplating, the triplets, who had eavesdropped on the conversation from the corner of the hallway, happily burst out, "That sounds great! Mommy, Uncle Jean is being kind. Let's go!"

Before she could respond, the triplets eagerly headed to the next door. Neera couldn't help but sigh.

As the triplets added excitement to the dinner, the atmosphere became lively. Jean, who usually preferred a quiet environment, surprisingly found their presence enjoyable.

After a satisfying meal, the triplets took their pets to the yard to play, while Jean invited Neera to the gazebo to play chess.

During the game, Neera couldn't help but ask, "Is there a reason behind your invitation tonight?"

Jean didn't hide anything and put down a chess piece, looking straight at her with his raised eyelids.

"Yes, there is something. I hope you can accompany me to the Beauvort family this week and attend a family dinner."

He was straightforward, and Neera didn't object. After all, they had already agreed to cooperate with this act. She just didn't expect it to happen so soon.

"Well, I don't know much about the Beauvort family. Should I do some research in advance?" she inquired.

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Chapter 145

Seeing Neera's quick acceptance, Jean's lips curled into a subtle smile. "Inviting you all for dinner tonight was all for this reason. Let me briefly explain the relationships within the Beauvort family." "Sure," Neera nodded, listening attentively.

In the ranks of the Beauvort family elders, besides my father, there are two uncles and an aunt, each with their offspring. The family is quite extensive, but I won't delve into the details for now; we can discuss that another time. Let me focus on our immediate family instead. I have two elder brothers and a biological younger sister. My sister is currently studying abroad. We share the same father, but different mothers. My relationship with my eldest brother is quite good, but it's the complete opposite with the second one. We've never really seen eye to eye. As for the others...

As he paused, there was an implied meaning in his words, "In recent years, there have been some significant power struggles and conflicts."

Listening to this, Neera felt increasingly overwhelmed. It seemed like the dinner with the Beauvort family wouldn't be a pleasant affair.

Clearing her throat, she asked, "So, overall, I'll have to deal with your relatives, right?"

Jean didn't deny it, "My father made the request, and I couldn't decline it. Besides, since we missed the wedding banquet, it wouldn't look good to refuse this invitation as well. However, the final decision is still up to you."

"Up to me?"

Neera pointed to herself, "You've already agreed, so can I say no?"

Jean calmly replied, "I could go back alone if necessary. Are you confident in handling this situation? If you think you can't manage it, then you don't have to go. I won't force you."

Given the option, Neera would rather not attend the dinner.

Just the thought of the entire Beauvort family gathering together, full of pretense and internal conflicts, gave her a headache.

However, she had promised to cooperate and play her part when they signed the contract. It wouldn't be appropriate to back out now.

With a shrug, she said, "I've already taken your money, so I must follow through. Don't worry; I can handle this small matter."

Seeing that she didn't refuse, Jean's eyes brightened slightly, satisfied with her response.

"Alright, then you'll handle it yourself. I trust your abilities; you should be fine."

Though his words seemed like praise on the surface, Neera couldn't help but find them a bit strange.

She looked at him suspiciously and muttered, "Are you sure you're complimenting me?"

Jean watched her with a faint smile, feeling an inexplicable urge to laugh, but he held it back and said, "If you find it challenging to handle, just try to speak as little as possible. If there are any problems, I'll help you."

"Okay," Neera nodded, showing no objections.

The matter was settled.

Upon hearing that Mommy would be attending the dinner with Uncle Jean to meet the Beauvort family elders, the triplets were quite excited.

In their eyes, meeting the elders would further solidify the relationship between the two, leaving no reason for them to be apart in the future.

They gathered around Neera, enthusiastically encouraging her.

"Mommy, you must perform well! Leave a good impression on Uncle Jean's family elders and show them your best side!"

"Yes, Mommy, you should dress elegantly and show your grace!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Penny took the opportunity to suggest, "We just returned to the country, and Mommy's formal clothes are insufficient. They're all still abroad. Tomorrow, we don't have school, so let's go shopping together! It's like going to war, but this time, it's for Uncle Jean! If you join us in selecting the outfits, it will be even better!"

Jean couldn't help but find it amusing.

Where did these kids learn such terms? They were always full of expressions.

Nevertheless, he didn't refuse and agreed with a nod.

After all, Neera accompanied him to play his part, so it was only fair for him to cover the cost of the outfits.

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Chapter 146

After having lunch the next day, they set off with Ian at the wheel.

Neera originally thought they were heading to some upscale mall, but to her surprise, Jean took her directly to a private residence.

Once they arrived, Neera found the place to be charming and elegant, with a spacious garden adorned with lush greenery, creating a delightful ambiance.

Ian rang the doorbell, and a butler opened the door.

Upon seeing the guests, the butler immediately greeted them with a respectful and warm smile, "Mr. Beauvort, you're here!"

Jean nodded and asked, "Is Fabio around?"

The butler nodded repeatedly, "Yes, he is. We just received a new batch of premium fabrics, and Mr. Fabio has been eager to work with them. He was just saying that he wants to tailor a perfectly fitted suit for you. Please, come in!"

Jean smiled and said, "He's quite diligent. Last time, he made a suit for me, but I haven't had a chance to wear it yet..."

As they entered the mansion, Neera was surprised to find that it housed a large fashion studio.

The studio was filled with completed garments, including suits, formal dresses, and cheongsams, all meticulously crafted and of exceptional quality. Each piece, from the fabric material to the design and workmanship, was the work of skilled artisans.

Neera was captivated by the wide array of exquisite designs, a testament to her sensitivity and appreciation for various fields of design.

Jean noticed her reaction and explained, "The Lopez family made their fortune through the fashion business, which has a history spanning over a hundred years. They have generations of experience in the industry and hold an unshakable position. Our families have a longstanding relationship, and the Beauvort family often customizes our clothes here."

"I see..." Neera nodded, now understanding the profound background of this family business.

As they chatted, footsteps sounded from the upper floor. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Soon, a handsome man with long hair appeared from the corner of the stairs.

He was dressed in a somewhat ethereal white robe, exuding an air of refinement.

As he descended the stairs, he walked straight toward Jean, greeting him warmly, "What wind blew you here today? You didn't even tell me in advance. Did you come to get a suit tailored? A phone call would have sufficed, and I could have come to your place. No need to tire yourself by coming all the way here."

His words were sincere, displaying a genuine concern for Jean's well-being.

It was evident that they had a close relationship.

Jean smiled and replied, "It was a last-minute decision, but it's okay. I've been feeling better lately."

He then gestured toward Neera and said, "She'll be attending a family banquet with me soon, so help her pick out some ready-to-wear clothes."

The man, named Fabio Lopez, turned to Neera and took a good look at her from head to toe.

Neera stood her ground, offering a polite greeting, "Hello," and meeting his gaze confidently.

Upon closer inspection, she noticed Fabio's attractive features and gentle demeanor.

Fabio reciprocated the greeting, briefly introducing himself, "Hello, I'm Fabio Lopez."

He then raised an eyebrow, looking back at Jean, and asked, "Is she the one Mr. Frederic ordered for you?"

Jean nodded graciously, not denying it.

Confirming this, Fabio couldn't help but scrutinize Neera once again, his eyes carrying a hint of appraisal.

Maintaining her poised smile, Neera showed no sign of nervousness.

Her grace and composure earned Fabio's admiration, and he smiled again.

"I must say, your dad has great taste. With your figure, looks, and charisma, you're a perfect match for Jean."

After praising her, he shifted the conversation.

"As our family's sister-in-law, I'll pick out a perfect outfit for you. Let's go to the second floor."

With that, he gestured to Neera, "Sister-in-law, please follow me."

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Chapter 147

Neera felt a bit embarrassed when she heard the term "sister-in-law." She and Jean were only in a contractual marriage, not a real couple. Being addressed as such felt a bit awkward.

With a smile, she said, "Mr. Lopez, my name is Neera Garcia. You can just call me by my name."

Fabio hesitated for a moment, subconsciously looking at Jean to see if there was any objection. Seeing Jean's nonchalant expression, he changed his address.

"Alright, Ms. Garcia, please come this way."

Neera nodded and followed Fabio upstairs. On the second floor, Fabio called for an assistant, a sweet-looking girl in a white dress with a great figure.

"Nettie, this is Ms. Garcia. Take her measurements and find a few ready-to-wear outfits for the family banquet."

Nettie nodded and greeted Neera with a gentle smile, leading her into the dressing room.

Since they entered the private residence, the triplets had been quiet and well-behaved, sticking close to Jean in a row.

Fabio had noticed them but didn't have time to ask until now.

"Jean, these three kids are quite good-looking. Whose family are they from and why are they with you?"

Jean glanced at the triplets, and before he could respond, Sammy spoke up.

"Hello, Uncle. We are from Uncle Jean's family!"

As he spoke, Sammy affectionately tugged at Jean's sleeve.

Jean looked at Sammy's small and fair hand and raised an eyebrow, choosing not to refute his claim.

Seeing this, Fabio was taken aback and couldn't react immediately.

Harvey quickly explained, "Uncle, I'm Harvey, and these are my siblings. We are all Mommy's children."

"Mommy?"

Fabio turned to look at Neera, finding it hard to believe. "Your Mommy, isn't she... Ms. Garcia?"

Harvey nodded, "Yes."

Fabio's expression changed slightly, and he looked at Jean.

"Jean, what's going on here?"

In Fabio's eyes, Jean was an outstanding man, and there were plenty of women who were more suitable for him than Neera.

He couldn't believe that Jean would marry a woman who already had three children. This was unimaginable!

Jean understood what Fabio was thinking but didn't explain immediately, only saying, "It's a long story. I'll explain when we have the time."

He then looked at the triplets and said, "Do you want to try some pastries? Uncle Fabio's pastries are the best. Give them a taste?"

The butler had just brought out some desserts that looked very appetizing.

The triplets immediately nodded, thanked Fabio, and gratefully began eating.

Seeing this, Fabio's emotions were in turmoil, filled with question marks.

He couldn't help but carefully observe Jean and the triplets and was surprised to notice that Jean seemed particularly fond of them.

This only confused him further.

Jean had never been so patient with anyone else before!

At that moment, Nettie brought Neera out.

Neera had picked a dress that perfectly showcased her stunning figure. Her long, shiny black hair was gently pulled up, and her delicately made-up face had a touch of mesmerizing charm.

When Jean saw her, his gaze couldn't look away, filled with a hidden sense of amazement. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

As for Fabio, he was taken aback.

This dress would be difficult for an ordinary person to pull off, but it fit Neera flawlessly, giving off an aura of perfection!

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Chapter 148

Neera found the attention directed at her quite ordinary. With her innate beauty and the transformation she underwent during her time abroad, both externally and in her demeanor, it was hard not to attract people's eyes.

Now, standing confidently before the group, she looked toward Jean, asking, "How does it look? Should I wear this to meet your family's elders?"

Before Jean could reply, the triplets couldn't contain their excitement and approached her with compliments. "No problem at all! Mommy, you look stunning in that outfit! Beautiful and elegant, your presence will surely win over the elders of Uncle Jean's family!"

Fabio, now back to his senses, was taken aback by Neera's appearance. Her figure was even better than he had imagined, with curves so perfect they seemed otherworldly.

However...

"While this outfit is excellent, it's not enough," Fabio said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"Not enough?" Neera blinked and looked down at herself, wondering why it wouldn't be sufficient.

While she was contemplating, Fabio called her, "Come with me. Let's choose some clothes from my collection."

Neera glanced at Jean, silently asking for guidance.

He smiled and nodded, indicating that she should go.

Nettie, who had been listening nearby, was surprised. She knew how much Fabio cherished his collection and that hardly anyone, let alone a woman, had ever set foot in the room, let alone selected clothes from it.

However, to her amazement, Fabio willingly brought Neera into the collection room.

Once inside, Neera was stunned. The room was filled with exclusive clothes from around the world, a paradise for any woman. Fabio seemed to know her taste, as he picked out multiple sets of clothes and handed them to her.

"These, and these too. Try them on."

Neera felt overwhelmed by the clothes being piled into her arms. She tried to protest, "Mr. Lopez, one or two sets will be enough. There's no need for so many."

Fabio urged her on, "Ms. Garcia, don't waste time. Trying these clothes on will take some time, and besides, you and Jean are already married. He's incredibly wealthy, so spending money on his wife is only natural. There's no need for you to be frugal."

Neera was left speechless. She understood Jean's wealth didn't belong to her.

She glanced at him and the triplets, who had followed them, and Jean appeared nonchalant, his expression undisturbed by Fabio's extravagance. He calmly agreed, "Go ahead and try them on. You can wear them again in the future."

With Jean's consent, Neera couldn't refuse. Nettie stepped in to help, taking the clothes from her arms, "I'll assist you. Come this way, please."

Reluctantly, Neera started trying on one outfit after another, showcasing each one to the group.

To everyone's surprise, each outfit fit her perfectly, transforming her appearance like magic. The triplets clapped their hands enthusiastically, and their eyes filled with pride as they admired their Mommy.

Even Neera was amazed by Fabio's sharp eye for fashion. Each outfit was exquisite, and she felt like a model wearing them.

Finally, when she had tried on all the clothes, Fabio was thoroughly satisfied. He hadn't seen anyone with such a perfect figure in a long time, and he was captivated throughout the entire process.

He couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Garcia, are you a model? How else could you wear each outfit so perfectly?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera smiled modestly and replied, "Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Lopez, but unfortunately, I'm not a model."

Jean, always generous, calmly declared, "They all look good. Take all of them. We'll have plenty of opportunities to wear them in the future."

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Chapter 149

Upon hearing the proposal to buy all the clothes, Neera was taken aback and almost choked on her saliva. She was about to refuse, but before she could utter a word, Jean stood up and, without hesitation, told Fabio, "Put it on my account."

"Alright!" Fabio nodded with a smile and promptly instructed Nettie to pack up all the clothes.

Neera couldn't help but feel speechless and somewhat helpless. Even if Jean was wealthy, there was no need to be so extravagant. How was she supposed to wear all these clothes?

As she hesitated, she approached Jean and murmured, "You don't have to buy all of them. It's too much. Do I have to attend the Beauvort family's events every time?"

Without any hesitation, Jean looked at her with deep black eyes and said in a calm voice, "You'll know soon. It's not just one occasion."

Neera couldn't help but feel at a loss for words.

At this moment, the triplets also gathered around, their big eyes shining with admiration as they looked up at her.

"Mommy, you look amazing in these clothes! You should listen to Uncle Jean and take them all!"

"Absolutely! We want to see Mommy looking beautiful every day. It will brighten our mood for the whole day!"

"Mommy, this is Uncle Jean's heartfelt gesture. You must cherish it."

Neera couldn't help but chuckle at the triplets' flattering words. She didn't want to be too stubborn, so she agreed to take all the clothes.

Once Nettie had finished packing everything, she handed the bags to Ian, and Jean led everyone back home. After they returned, Jean headed to his office, while the triplets pulled Neera to sit on the sofa.

"Mommy, before you go to the Beauvort family dinner, you have to do your homework!" Harvey said with a serious expression.

Amused by their earnestness, Neera played along and asked, "Oh? Are you three going to give me a lesson?"

Harvey nodded confidently, "Before, Uncle Jean introduced the members of their family to you, but he probably didn't have time to explain the actual relationships. Right?"

Neera relaxed on the sofa and nodded in agreement, "Indeed."

Harvey continued, "Well, families like Uncle Jean's have complicated relationships among their members. There's a mix of gratitude and grudges. To avoid being taken advantage of during your first meeting with the Beauvort family elders, I had Sammy investigate some information for you. You need to understand it all to avoid any bullying!"

Sammy vigorously agreed, "That's right! Knowing your enemy is the key to victory!"

The triplets' seriousness and enthusiasm amused Neera, and she couldn't help but laugh, "You guys don't need to be so dramatic. It's just a family gathering, and I'll be back after that."

However, the triplets insisted, "We have to! It's an important occasion, and you must hold your own, Mommy! You can't let yourself be overshadowed!"

Feeling a bit helpless, Neera had no choice but to agree and spent the whole day learning about the members' relationships and private lives within the Beauvort family, guided by the triplets.

Finally, after a thorough study, Neera was ready to get some rest on Friday night.

But in the middle of the night, her sleep was interrupted as someone pulled her out of bed.

To her surprise, it was Jean...

Jean had just finished his work and was about to head to bed. However, Ian hurriedly entered the room to report, "Sire, something has happened. The hospital called and said that your great-uncle appears to be in critical condition. He's been rushed to the emergency room, but the team of specialists there seems helpless. They've been trying to contact Joanna, but she's unreachable, and your mother's phone is turned off. They can only reach you."

Jean knew that his mother had a habit of turning off her phone when she slept.

As for Joanna...

"Isn't Joanna the lead surgeon? Shouldn't she be doing her medical duties?" Jean wondered aloud.

"Yeah, it's crucial, but we can't reach her," Ian added.

Jean quickly made a decision, "Go next door and find Neera!"

When Neera was woken up, she was still groggy, "What's going on in the middle of the night? Disturbing someone's dreams will bring bad luck, you know."

Jean's expression was serious as he didn't answer her question directly, "Can you perform surgery?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Seeing that both Jean and Ian were dressed formally, Neera's sleepiness vanished, but she still hesitated, "Why are you asking this?"

"There's something I need your help with," Jean briefly explained the situation.

Continuing, he asked, "Are you capable of doing it?"

Neera realized that this was a matter of life and death, so she didn't refuse, "Well... I can try my best. Give me a moment to change clothes, and I'll be right down."

Saying that, she hurried upstairs.

In just five minutes, she came back downstairs and went to the hospital with Jean and Ian.

Upon arriving, Neera first obtained information about the patient's condition from the medical team.

After that, she put on surgical attire and entered the operating room.

The patient was in critical condition due to a sudden infection in the wound.

Neera quickly formulated a surgical plan and began the life-saving procedure.

The late-night surgery lasted for a full three hours, but they managed to save the patient in the end.

...

As dawn approached, Joanna groggily glanced at her phone and noticed the missed call notifications. She had been out partying with friends last night and had a few drinks, which made her a bit tipsy, causing her to miss the calls.

Now, seeing so many missed calls, she immediately sobered up and had a bad feeling in her heart. The hospital wouldn't call so many times unless something serious had happened.

She nervously returned the call and learned that indeed something had gone wrong at the hospital. Her heart sank, and she rushed over immediately.

By the time she arrived, Neera had already come out of the operating room. The patient's family was expressing their gratitude, even more fervently than they did towards Joanna.

"Ms. Garcia, thanks to you, you truly have miraculous healing hands!"

"Thank you for coming all the way here so late, otherwise my father would have been in danger..."

Even the other members of the medical team showered praises, "Ms. Garcia's medical skills are truly extraordinary. There were a few moments when the patient's heartbeat was about to stop, and it was Ms. Garcia's efforts that saved him..."

Neera humbly responded, "You're too kind. I just did what I could."

Jean approached, his dark eyes gazing at her slightly tired face, and warmly said, "Thank you for your hard work."

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Chapter 150

As the first light of dawn broke, Joanna's uneasiness turned into anger. How could Neera be here? Why were these people praising her so much? She was the one who performed the surgery on the patient, not Neera! Why was all the credit going to that woman?

Anger consumed Joanna's thoughts. She immediately stepped forward with an unpleasant expression, sneering, "Ms. Garcia, you enjoy stealing other people's patients, huh? Don't you have any patients of your own to attend to?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera remained unfazed by Joanna's sarcastic tone, not even raising an eyebrow. Coldly and distantly, she glanced at Joanna and replied, "I have no interest in stealing anyone's patients. I only stepped in temporarily to help out. However, I must wonder, where was Dr. Bridges all this time? As the attending physician, you couldn't be reached when your patient had an emergency. Instead of reflecting on your own mistakes, you come here to act all high and mighty. Quite audacious, don't you think?"

Joanna's face froze as she was scolded, and she subconsciously glanced at Jean, wanting to explain herself. However, Jean wasn't interested in hearing her speak. His attention was solely on Neera, and he softly said, "You must be exhausted after a busy night. Let me take you back home."

Neera nodded, then turned to brief the medical team on important matters and emphasized specific details.

As Neera prepared to leave with Jean, Joanna felt like an outsider, experiencing deep discomfort. Since she arrived, Jean hadn't even spared her a single glance, as if she didn't exist.

Unable to let go, Joanna quickened her pace and stopped Jean. "Mr. Beauvort, I didn't mean to ignore the calls. I just..." She felt embarrassed to apologize in front of Neera but had no other choice. "I accidentally put my phone on silent, so I missed the calls. I didn't expect your great-uncle to have a sudden emergency."

Jean glanced at her expressionlessly, his gaze icy. "You don't need to explain to me. As a competent doctor, you should know that after performing such a risky surgery, your patient may face emergencies at any moment. Being prepared for the worst is your duty and responsibility. But it seems you lack that awareness. You're quite confident in your medical skills, and that's fine. However, overconfidence can cost lives. If it weren't for Ms. Garcia, my great-uncle's life might have been in your hands today. What's the point of telling me all this now?"

Joanna's face turned pale, and she realized that she had not only missed an opportunity but also made Jean distrust and dislike her even more.

With that realization, her face became even more grim, and she lost the courage to say anything else, watching him walk away.

Twenty minutes later, Jean accompanied Neera back to the Imperial Gardens.

Neera didn't give Joanna a second thought. Exhausted from a sleepless night, she yawned repeatedly, feeling both tired and drowsy.

Jean felt somewhat apologetic for involving her in this situation. "I'm sorry, it was all sudden, and I didn't have any other option but to ask for your help. Please rest well."

Neera didn't think much of it and even managed to make a joke. "If you feel bad about it, just settle last night's errand fee and consultation fee. Any amount is fine, of course, the more, the better!"

Jean couldn't help but chuckle. "Alright, I'll transfer it to your account later. But don't forget about tonight, we're going for dinner."

Neera responded with an "OK" gesture.

After saying their goodbyes, they each returned to their homes.

...

After arriving home, Neera immediately collapsed into a deep sleep. When she woke up, it was already afternoon. After freshening up, she found that the evening was approaching the perfect time for the Beauvort family banquet

She chose a champagne-colored gown, elegantly tying up her long hair and wearing light makeup. To complement her appearance, she adorned herself with a pair of pearl earrings and minimal accessories. Her silver high heels and a pearl clutch bag completed the elegant and graceful ensemble, making her look like a refined lady from high society.

As she descended the stairs, the triplets couldn't help but stare in awe and excitement, cheering, "Mommy, you look so beautiful! Stunning!"

When Jean came to pick her up, he was once again amazed by her beauty. She had already dazzled him during the dress fitting a couple of days ago, but tonight, with meticulous grooming, she was breathtaking! If they were attending a high society soiree, she would undoubtedly outshine everyone present.

"So, what do you think? Does it look okay?" Standing before Jean, Neera sought his opinion.

His mind was momentarily pulled back by her voice, and he concealed the trace of a peculiar glimmer in his eyes, nodding with satisfaction. "Hmm, very good. It's about time, let's go."

"Alright."

Before leaving, Neera didn't forget to remind the triplets, "You three, behave and stay at home. Don't wander around, and don't cause any trouble for Auntie Zuniga."

"Yes!" The triplets nodded obediently, surprisingly well-behaved. Then, like little adults, they turned to Jean and said, "Uncle Jean, we're leaving Mommy in your care. Please take good care of her!"

Jean raised an eyebrow and replied warmly, "Of course."

On their way to the grand estate of the Beauvort family, Jean glanced at her and asked, "Are you nervous?"

Neera responded, "Not at all, I'm perfectly fine."

After all these years, she had experienced countless grand occasions; this was nothing!

Jean nodded in response. "That's good."

After that, he shifted his gaze away and didn't look at her again.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at the Beauvort family estate.

It was Neera's first time here, and she was stunned by the picturesque scenery that unfolded before her eyes.

The estate covered a vast area, an extravagant mansion exuding opulence from every corner.

As she admired the scenery, she followed Jean inside.

Upon reaching the front door of the mansion, a butler immediately greeted them, showing great respect as he bowed to Jean. "Mr. Jean, Mrs. Beauvort, please come in. Mr. Frederic has been waiting for you."

Mrs. Beauvort...

Neera's eyebrows twitched at the address, feeling somewhat uncomfortable. Nevertheless, she anticipated various possible scenarios and calmly accepted them.

Beside her, Jean offered his arm, gesturing for her to link with him.

Neera calmly nodded, attempting to appear natural, and stepped closer to him as they walked inside together.

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