

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 1451

Caleb nodded, making his way over, and directed a glance at Jean.

The latter appeared oblivious, his attention unwaveringly on the woman in the sickbed as he gripped her hand tightly, refusing to let go even for a moment.

Observing this, Caleb couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Clearing his throat, he took the initiative to break the silence. "Hello, Mr. Beauvort, we meet again. If it's permissible, may I assist in assessing Ms. Neera's condition?"

Upon hearing Caleb's voice, Jean finally shifted his gaze, lifting his head to meet his eyes. Jean's expression was cold, his eyes bereft of any discernible emotion.

He offered a slight nod and rose to his feet, indicating his tacit approval.

Without uttering a word, Caleb promptly took a seat and began to assess Neera's pulse.

As the moments passed, his demeanor shifted to one of seriousness. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Adriana, closely watching his face, couldn't help but feel a surge of anxiety at the gravity reflected in his expression.

As Caleb withdrew his hand, Adriana stepped forward, her concern evident in her inquiry.

"Mr. Medicina, what exactly is wrong with my niece? Why is her fever persisting despite our efforts with IV fluids and physical cooling? If this fever persists, could it potentially result in permanent damage?"

A fever could be mild or severe. A high fever that wouldn't subside was certainly not a trivial matter.

Caleb nodded solemnly, his tone far from optimistic.

"Even for a person in good health, a prolonged high fever is concerning. Unfortunately, Ms. Neera's condition is more intricate than most."

He paused, a momentary expression of sympathy crossing his face for Neera's unfortunate circumstances.

Adriana, sensing the weight of the situation, took two anxious steps forward, urging, "What exactly is afflicting her? Can you provide more details?"

Caleb hesitated for a moment before delivering the disheartening news. "Ms. Neera's persistent fever is a result of frost poison within her body."

The term "poison" made Adriana stagger, almost losing her balance. Her eyelids fluttered, and she nearly fainted.

Chad reacted swiftly and reached out to support her with a startled expression. "Adriana? Adriana? Hang in there! Are you okay? Do you need to sit down and rest for a bit?"

Adriana, holding her forehead with one hand, weakly shook her head. "I'm okay. Mr. Medicina, what exactly is this frost poison? Is it dangerous? Can Neera be cured?" Her voice trembled with a mixture of concern and desperation.

Caleb responded with candor, "Frost poison, in essence, is not classified as incurable. Ms. Neera's immune system might be weak, and at the same time, she was exposed to an extremely cold environment. This disruption to her internal environment triggered the production of harmful hormones, culminating in frost poison."

Adriana, startled, quickly inquired, "How can it be treated?"

Caleb explained, "The treatment isn't overly complicated; it requires some exceptionally rare medicinal materials. Fortunately, our family has a longstanding history in medicine, and we possess a diverse collection of materials, including the rarest ones. I'll return right away to see if we have the necessary medicinal ingredients. If feasible, I'll prescribe the medicine for Ms. Neera as soon as possible. Meanwhile, your focus should be on continuing the cooling measures. Even if her temperature can't be brought down entirely, the efforts must persist. Intravenous fluids and physical cooling will undoubtedly be somewhat effective."

After finishing his explanation, Caleb provided Adriana with details about several types of medicine and instructed her to prepare them. "Administer these medicines to Ms. Neera first. They should help maintain some stability in her bodily functions and protect her from the harm of high fever."

Tears immediately welled up in Adriana's eyes when she heard that a solution was available. She nodded vigorously, expressing her gratitude. "Mr. Medicina, I can't thank you enough. Please, feel free to use any medicine necessary, no matter the cost. If Neera can be cured, I will certainly come to express my gratitude in person and repay you in any way I can!" Her sincerity and relief were palpable in her words.

Caleb waved his hand in a dismissive gesture. "You're too kind. I have a good relationship with Mr. Shane of the Gordon family, and my interactions with Ms. Neera have always been harmonious. As a friend, it's only natural for me to help."

Having said that, he didn't linger. He promptly exited the hospital, heading back to prepare the necessary medicinal materials.

Fortunately, with the Medicina family's extensive resources, finding rare and precious medicinal materials was a task easily accomplished.

As luck would have it, the two medicinal ingredients needed to cure frost poison were still available. Without delay, he secured them, skillfully blending them with other materials to craft the curative remedy.

By the time the remedy was delivered to the hospital, four hours had elapsed.

When the sun rose, the online community within Phison was once again buzzing with activity.

Netizen A: Hey, you guys, something big happened! There are so many people lying in front of the Bartitsu Guild's entrance! I wonder who they are. Some even look dead.

Netizen B: Goodness, why do new and interesting things always happen to the Bartitsu Guild? Another big news? Just hearing about it is giving me chills!

Netizen C: I've seen the report. I don't know those guys, but isn't that woman Phoebe Cox? I heard she got kicked out of the Cox family a while back. After that, she vanished from the socialite circle and hasn't been seen since. Why has she suddenly reappeared, and in such a state? What in the world happened?

Netizen D: The most shocking part is that Phoebe was found lying there completely naked. She's not dead, but she seems to be losing touch with reality. And those marks on her body... it's horrifying. Who knows what happened...

Netizen E: It's clear as day what happened to her. Just look at those blotchy marks. Oh dear, wasn't she always so arrogant and haughty? How did she end up in this pathetic state during her time away from the Cox family?

Netizen F: Come on, guys, use your heads. Are you all fools? It's obvious they've been set up. I'm not sure about the others, but Phoebe, even if her personal life is messy, she wouldn't put herself in this situation, let alone lie naked at the entrance of the Bartitsu Guild headquarters, right? Someone must have intentionally left her there. Has she offended anyone recently?

Netizen G: Upset recently? Please, she's always been quite despicable, hasn't she? In the past, she leveraged her status as the Cox family's daughter to control others, always

acting high and mighty. Plus, she frequently used underhanded tactics that couldn't withstand scrutiny. What she's going through now is just payback for what she's done to others before. Could it be that an enemy is deliberately giving her a taste of her own medicine?

Netizen H: Is that for real? Is Phoebe's popularity really that bad?

One single remark triggered a ripple effect, and soon, the focus of people's discussions shifted toward Phoebe.

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Netizen I: It seems some of you are still unaware of Phoebe's true nature. Let me be clear, this woman is no pushover. She used to flaunt her status as part of the Cox family, looking down on everyone. Her smug arrogance knew no bounds. What does she have to be proud of anyway? She's just an adopted daughter of the Cox family, and that's an open secret in Phison!

Netizen J: Exactly. Let me tell you, I have a friend who has always admired the head of the Cox family. She sought help from Phoebe, hoping she could play matchmaker between her and the head of the Cox family. However, although Phoebe pretended to agree, she schemed against my friend behind her back. She drugged her, sent her to another man's bed, and allowed many other men to take advantage of her. That incident scarred my friend for life, forcing her to leave Phison. It's heartbreaking.

Netizen K: Such incidents are not isolated. I've heard that many who were fond of Phoebe tried to cotton up to her, and when they thought they'd found a shortcut, they ended up getting cornered, with their reputations completely ruined. Some even had their faces disfigured. One or two cases could be considered a coincidence, but with so many people falling victim, it's clear she's been up to no good behind the scenes!

Netizen L: Ugh, this is just one of Phoebe's tactics. She may look like a lady of a prestigious family, but she's nothing more than a wicked old witch. All her methods are crueller than the last. I've had enough of her for a long time, but given the Cox family's influence and wealth, I dare not say anything or show my anger. All I can do is stay meek and quiet.

Netizen M: We've gone off track. Even if someone is seeking revenge on Phoebe, what about those other men? Who is seeking revenge on them?

Netizen N: Exactly! Plus, I don't understand why were they all dumped at the entrance of the Bartitsu Guild's headquarters. Do they have some sort of connection with the Bartitsu Guild? It really makes one think...

Netizen O: I don't understand either. Dumping them at the front door of the Bartitsu Guild headquarters is just baffling. It's as if they're deliberately announcing to everyone that these people belong to the Bartitsu Guild.

Netizen P: I have a bold assumption... Could they be the same men who were with Phoebe the night before?

Netizen Q: Wow, Watson, you might be onto something! I think that's possible!

Netizen R: Jeez, the Bartitsu Guild is getting more and more chaotic these days. First, something happened to the Cox family, then after they left, it was the Gordon family's turn to have issues, and just yesterday, a riot broke out in the Gordon family. Before that is even resolved, something new happened to the headquarters of the Bartitsu Guild, too. It's just one thing after another...

Netizen S: Something's not quite right. Think about it. The Gordon family has been facing continuous troubles. Just yesterday, there was a major riot at the Gordon residence, and this morning, right at the entrance of the Bartitsu Guild headquarters, these few people were found lying there. Don't you think there's some connection here?

Netizen T: I'm not entirely sure. Who dares to make reckless comments about the affairs of the Bartitsu Guild? We dare not speak nor ask any questions. Just keep quiet about what we know. I think that there's a conspiracy involved, and it's a major one at that! [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Netizen U: This is just sheer madness. If the Bartitsu Guild's situation doesn't improve, I think everyone will be on tenterhooks. The guild really needs to reform. They can't keep managing things this way. How do they even live their lives when chaos keeps occurring?

The conversation veered in various directions, touching upon an array of topics but predominantly centering around a common theme.

Simultaneously, Ian briefed Jean on the recent developments, "Mr. Beauvort, Phoebe has lost her ability to speak, and the others have experienced varying degrees of disability."

"Mm. And Matthew? Any response?"

"There doesn't seem to be much of a reaction. He simply withdrew his men. As for how he dealt with them, I can't say for sure. However, given Matthew's nature, I don't think he'd care. They're now mere discarded pawns without significance or value.

Additionally, public opinion is intensifying, with some connecting the incident to the Bartitsu Guild. Some even suspect a conflict or contradiction between the Bartitsu Guild and the Gordon family."

"All right, understood. No need to worry about him. Matthew is a cunning old fox; he won't allow things to escalate. He'll surely find a way to manage public relations."

"Mr. Beauvort..." Ian paused briefly, deliberating whether to pose the question.

Jean glanced at him, his tone icy. "If you have something to ask, just ask. No need to beat around the bush."

Ian asked, "Mr. Beauvort, I have to admit, I thought for sure you were going to retaliate against the Bartitsu Guild this time. I also thought you wouldn't show mercy to Matthew..."

Jean emitted a cold, bitter laugh, his expression chillingly malevolent.

"Of course, I won't let Matthew off the hook, nor will I spare the Bartitsu Guild. But now's not the time to act. Although Lordsworth Estate has always been more powerful than the Bartitsu Guild, it's not guaranteed that we can defeat them in one fell swoop. In the past, I might have engaged in a fight, even in the face of danger, without hesitation. At worst, we would both withdraw, maintaining a standoff. However, the circumstances have changed. My only focus now is the destruction of the Bartitsu Guild and the demise of Matthew!"

A chilling hostility surfaced between his brows at that point.

"To achieve this, I must have absolute confidence. I won't act unless I'm a hundred percent sure of success. What I'm aiming for is a decisive victory! I want to bring them down with one single strike and ensure that I can avenge Neera, making them experience the pain inflicted upon her, multiplied a hundred, a thousand times. I desire to witness Matthew get tormented, bit by bit, leading to his eventual demise, and that day is not far away..."

Chad managed to persuade Adriana to eat something and then turned his attention to convincing Jean.

However, Jean still didn't have an appetite, steadfastly refusing to eat or drink.

"I don't feel like eating anything before Neera wakes up. Uncle Chad, take care of Aunt Adriana, and don't worry about me."

Chad furrowed his brows. "You make it sound so simple. How can I not worry about you? If Neera doesn't wake up for three days, will you starve yourself for three days? If she remains unconscious for a week, will you stay awake for a week? Jean, have you

thought about your own limits? Even if not for yourself, consider Neera. She will wake up eventually, and she will be fine. But how do you think she'll feel when she wakes up seeing that you've fallen sick, wasted away from staying by her side?"

Upon hearing this, Jean lowered his gaze, falling into a contemplative silence.

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Chapter 1453

At that moment, Adriana also walked in, earnestly advising him, "Jean, I know you're deeply concerned about Neera, and so are we. But before she wakes up, we also need to take care of ourselves. It wouldn't be good if we finally see Neera awake, only to collapse ourselves, right? She has painstakingly nurtured you back to health, pouring so much effort into curing you. You know better than anyone how much she cares for and worries about your health. If you don't cherish yourself, she won't be pleased. Even if she wakes up and sees you in this state, she will only worry, and might even get angry. Do you really want her to wake up and be upset because of you?"

The words had an effect. Jean finally responded softly, "I understand." He then stood up from beside Neera's bed.

However, before he left the ward, he lifted his gaze to see a figure at the entrance of the room.

In that instant, he shot a cold and piercing look at that person.

"What are you here for?" His thin lips parted slightly as he asked in a hostile tone.

Avery glanced at him, then at the person on the bed before shifting his gaze to Chad and Adriana. He gave a slight nod.

"Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Gordon."

After greeting them, he turned his gaze back to Jean, his voice deep as he said, "I heard Neera had an accident, so I came to see her."

Upon hearing this, Jean sneered, "There's no need. You should know better than anyone why things have gone wrong. You're not welcome here. Get lost."

This was the first time he had spoken so rudely to Avery.

Even Chad and Adriana were taken aback. They looked at each other and simultaneously let out a sigh.

"Jean, Avery just wants to show his concern. At the end of the day, you can't really blame him for this. You should talk things out calmly instead of making things awkward."

Chad then continued, "We'll go out first. After you finish chatting, don't forget to eat. Then we'll come to relieve you, and you can take a break."

In the end, Jean didn't want to embarrass them. His lips were pressed into a straight line, and he didn't say anything else.

Soon, Chad and Adriana stepped out.

In the hospital room, apart from Neera who was still unconscious, Avery and Jean stood facing each other.

One with a cold and stern face, the other wearing a look of guilt amidst his complicated emotions.

Watching the pale Neera lying unconscious on the hospital bed, Avery felt as if his heart was being stabbed slowly, each cut causing him unbearable pain to the point of suffocating him.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he spoke in a raspy voice. "I'm sorry. I didn't expect Phoebe to act like this."

Jean sniggered. "You didn't expect this? It's precisely because of your incompetence that Neera was harmed to this extent. You're apologizing now, but don't you think it's too late?"

Avery caught his breath, as the pain in his chest gutted him.

He took a deep breath and said, "I know that the damage has been done, and anything I say now won't help. But I still want to express my apologies. The secret passage was built jointly by the Gordon family and the Cox family because of their good relations. The Cox family has a similar one. Albert knew about this, so he must have told Phoebe, who then leaked it to Bartitsu Guild."

Jean cut him off, "Enough, there's no point in saying all this. Now that you've seen Neera, you should go."

Avery knew he was in the wrong. He moved his lips slightly, but in the end, he didn't have the courage to ask for permission to stay.

"Alright. I'll come to see her another day."

Jean didn't respond, neither agreeing nor opposing. He just stood there indifferently, his face full of exasperation.

Suddenly, a faint sound was heard.

Jean was momentarily stunned but quickly realized that the sound was made by Neera.

He spun around abruptly, striding toward the bedside with an anxious expression. His eyes were filled with hope.

"Neera, Neera? Are you awake?"

Even Avery couldn't bring himself to leave. After a moment of hesitation, he came over.

At that moment, all of Jean's attention was focused on Neera. He had no time to care whether Avery was leaving or not.

He saw Neera's eyelashes flutter twice, her eyebrows twitching as if she was struggling in her dream. After a few seconds, she slowly lifted his eyelids.

In an instant, an unprecedented elation broke out across Jean's face.

He grabbed Neera's hand, clutching it tightly as he called her name, "Neera, you're awake. You're finally awake!"

Neera's mind remained mired in a state of chaos. When she opened her eyes, what met her gaze was an unfamiliar white ceiling that felt jarring in the sunlight.

She furrowed her brows, instinctively wanting to raise her hand to shield her eyes, only to realize that one of her hands was hooked up to an IV drip through a needle pierced into the back of her hand.

Jean quickly pressed it down. "Don't move. You're still on an IV drip."

Neera closed her eyes halfway and gathered herself before opening them again. She was utterly confused and somewhat unclear about the situation she was in.

"Where am I... Is this a hospital... How did I end up here?"

Upon hearing her hoarse voice, Jean's heart pounded uncontrollably. The excitement of regaining someone precious stirred his emotions, making it difficult for him to calm down.

His Adam's apple bobbed, his voice raspy as he said, "Don't you remember? You were seriously injured, and you had a persistent fever. We had no choice but to hospitalize you. You've been asleep for a whole day. Thank goodness... thank goodness you're awake now."

Otherwise, he might really end up going mad. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

His words helped Neera recall what had happened before she passed out.

Suddenly, an instinctive fear gripped her heart, causing her to tremble uncontrollably. She looked as if she was grimacing in pain.

"Jean, Jean... I'm so scared. They... They..."

Hearing her hoarse and fearful voice and seeing her trembling with fear, Jean felt as if his heart was being torn apart. The pain was so intense that he could hardly breathe.

Suddenly, he lowered his head, planting a kiss on her forehead. Then, he moved to the side of her face, and finally, his lips landed upon hers. Over and over again, he comforted her with his kisses.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here. No one will harm you. Please, don't be scared. You're safe now. From now on, I'll never leave your side. I'll never leave you alone again. It's my fault. I shouldn't have left you to face it all by yourself....."

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Chapter 1454

The scene pierced through Avery's heart.

He closed his eyes briefly as he turned aside, choosing not to witness their affection.

Neera didn't notice his presence. Looking at Jean, she suddenly burst into tears, then laughed before crying again. Her alternating between laughter and tears was heart-wrenchingly poignant.

"They all said you wouldn't return and Bartitsu Guild was sending someone to eliminate you. They said I would never see you again. My heart was about to break. I was so scared, scared that something would really happen to you. The mere thought of that possibility... brought me to the verge of collapse. But thank goodness... thank goodness you came back alive. Thank goodness you're okay..."

Slightly choked up, she spoke intermittently in a hoarse voice.

Upon hearing her speak, Jean felt as if every fiber in his body was in pain.

He never would have guessed that the first thing Neera would say upon waking up was that.

He never imagined that her concern for his safety far exceeded her own survival. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera, why are you such a fool.

His heart ached beyond words. Again and again, he tenderly kissed her, soothing her emotions as well as his own.

It wasn't until Neera accidentally touched her wound while moving her fingers that she couldn't help but hiss in pain. Hearing her soft cry, he forced himself to calm down. Standing back up, he told her not to move around and pressed the nurse call button.

It was only at that moment that Neera realized there was another person standing beside her bed.

"Mr. Cox? You..." Her eyes were filled with disbelief, even forgetting her embarrassment. "Why are you here? Is this... is this Lordsworth Estate?"

Hearing her call his name, Avery finally turned to look at her, shaking his head. "No, this is Bartitsu Guild. I heard you were injured, so I came to see you. I'm glad you're awake. Otherwise, I wouldn't know what to do..."

His words trailed off before he finished, as he couldn't bring himself to finish his sentence.

Neera, however, was too preoccupied to care about these things. She paused for a moment, then started to become anxious.

"H-how can you return to Bartitsu Guild on your own? The guild will surely try to kill you if they see you! It's very dangerous for you here. You should leave as soon as possible. It's best not to linger. Otherwise, if the people from the guild find out, they will definitely try to harm you!"

Avery paused for a moment, his half-lowered eyelashes trembling imperceptibly.

Then, he comforted her with a gentle voice, "It's not as serious as you think. Don't worry. Besides, I didn't come here alone. I came with the Medicina family."

Upon hearing this, Neera was taken aback. "From the Medicina family? So... Mr. Medicina is also here?"

Avery nodded. "Yes, Caleb came to see you before going back to prepare medicine for you. After I heard about it, I went to see him and came here with him."

"Preparing medicine..." Neera was surprised to learn that even Caleb had arrived. She shifted her gaze, curiously looking at Jean.

The latter nodded with a calm expression. "Mmm-hmm, news of your injury and the attack on the Gordon family has already spread throughout Phison. Caleb came to see you after hearing about it. You've been poisoned with a frost poison, causing a persistent high fever. He's the one who prepared the medicine for you."

Neera was taken aback by what she heard. After taking a moment to digest it, she finally understood what was going on.

"Frost poison... The condition is likely caused by me soaking in icy water for too long. It's not an incurable disease, so don't worry."

Jean nodded. "Mmm-hmm."

As they were talking, the nurse and doctor walked in, closely followed by Chad and Adriana.

Seeing Neera awake, Adriana was overjoyed. She rushed over excitedly, grabbing Neera's hand. Tears fell once again, as she simply couldn't hold herself back from crying.

"My goodness, Neera. You nearly scared me to death..."

Seeing her, Neera was filled with delight. She tried to sit up, her face full of concern.

"Aunt Adriana, are you okay? What happened after you fainted yesterday?"

Adriana gently stroked Neera's face and hair, tears streaming uncontrollably down her cheeks.

"You silly girl, I can't believe you're worrying about me. Look at me, I'm perfectly fine. But you, do you know how worried I was about you? You really scared me. Does it hurt? You must have been terrified at that time. Oh my dear Neera..."

As Adriana spoke, she embraced Neera, crying uncontrollably as if the latter had just escaped from the jaws of death.

Neera felt a mix of warmth and bitterness in her heart. She pitied herself, yet she also felt fortunate to be alive and see so many of her loved ones safe and sound.

She comforted her aunt, "I'm fine, Aunt Adriana. I was a bit scared at the time, but fortunately, Jean came to rescue me. See, I'm awake now. Please stop crying. Your eyes are all swollen. You must have cried a lot these past few days."

At that moment, Chad stepped forward, his smile one of immense relief.

"Neera, you're finally awake. If you hadn't woken up, your aunt might have cried out her eyes."

Neera reluctantly curled the corner of his lips. After comforting Adriana, she once again asked about what happened after she left the day before.

However, Adriana did not immediately respond to her. "We'll talk about this later. First, let the doctor examine you to see if there's anything wrong. If you feel pain or discomfort anywhere, tell the doctor. Don't bear with it alone, understand?"

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Chapter 1455

Neera nodded in agreement, then cooperated with the doctor to undergo a full-body examination.

The examination results show that the minor concussion she suffered had improved and was no longer a major concern. However, the abdominal bruising still required further rest and recuperation.

"As for the wounds on your body, apply the ointment on time and be careful not to get them infected. Although the fever has subsided now, you still need to stay in the hospital for a day for observation. If there's no relapse by tomorrow, you can be discharged and go home to recuperate."

Hearing this outcome, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

At that moment, Neera thought of something. She quickly grabbed Jean's hand, looked up at him, and asked, "What about Zephyr? Zephyr, he..."

An image surfaced in her mind. It was the last she saw before she was taken away yesterday. The moment she thought of the knife piercing into Zephyr's body, she suddenly tensed up, beginning to feel fear.

Could it be that Zephyr is already...

Jean knew what she was worried about and gently comforted her, "Don't be afraid, Zephyr is fine. His injuries aren't critical, just two broken ribs that have been treated. Like you, he needs to rest and recover."

Upon hearing that Zephyr was still alive, Neera nodded in a daze. She felt a great weight finally lifting from her heart.

"Thank goodness. Thank goodness he's still alive..."

At this moment, the doctor said, "The patient has just awakened and is still very weak. She needs to rest, so there shouldn't be too many people in the ward."

After reminding them, he left.

The remaining few glanced at each other. Adriana and Chad took the initiative to say, "In that case, we'll go out first, Neera. We'll be next door. Just call us if you need anything."

Neera nodded slightly. "Alright, Aunt Adriana, Uncle Chad, please don't worry. I'm fine, and I'll recover quickly."

Once the two of them left, the hospital room was once again left with only Neera, Jean, and Avery.

Unlike before, Neera was now awake.

The atmosphere suddenly became somewhat inexplicably awkward.

Neera cleared her throat, taking the initiative to break the silence.

"Mr. Cox, don't stand there. Please sit down. There's no need to be so anxious, as I'm fine now."

Upon hearing the words, Avery nodded but did not sit down. His expression was complex, his eyes filled with remorse.

"I'm here to apologize to you. It's my fault for not dealing with Phoebe properly, which led to the disaster we're facing now. I take full responsibility for this."

The mention of Phoebe caused Neera to fall silent before letting out a wry smile.

"People often say that love can make one gentle, but it can also make one evil. Mr. Cox, did you know that Phoebe always had feelings for you that go beyond those of siblings?"

Avery was momentarily stunned, but when he regained his composure, his expression remained indifferent. Not at all surprised, he nodded. "I know. I've already rejected her in my own way."

Neera chose to believe what he said, and so, she smiled.

"Right, so you've done what you should have and could have done. When she attacked me the last time, you didn't just stand by, as you punished her. So, you have nothing to apologize to me for, and there's no need for you to feel sorry. It's her who harbors ill intentions, and there's nothing you can do about it. She chose the wrong path, but it wasn't you who made her choose it. So, this has nothing to do with you. You don't need to blame yourself, just like how you advised me before."

After a moment of silence, Avery hesitated before finally nodding, choosing not to dwell on the issue any longer.

Having spoken for a while, Neera was feeling exhausted physically and mentally.

She covered her mouth to yawn, her gaze somewhat unfocused.

In response, Avery said, "You should rest now. I'm leaving. I'll come to see you another day." [SEARCH the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Neera nodded slightly, glanced at Jean, and said, "Jean, could you please see Mr. Cox out on my behalf?"

Jean naturally didn't want to but would never turn Neera down. Therefore, even though he was reluctant, he still did as he was told.

In the corridor, Jean wore a cold expression and said, "You know which way the hospital's main entrance is. I won't see you out."

Avery naturally didn't need Jean to send him off. He looked at Jean with a complex expression and suddenly asked, "The incident at Bartitsu Guild headquarters was your doing, wasn't it?"

Upon hearing him ask about this matter, Jean's gaze suddenly sharpened. An indiscernible smirk appeared across his lips, one that was laden with sarcasm.

"What's the matter? Are you upset that Phoebe is being tormented? Are you here to seek justice for her?"

Avery shook his head, his expression calm. "I was just asking, nothing more. Besides, even if you didn't take action, I would have."

Jean sniggered. "What a pity that you didn't get a chance to show off your skills. However, there is something you can do. Go and collect her body, then throw it to the dogs. Let that be your way of standing up for Neera."

With that, Jean uttered, "You know where the exit is." He then turned back to the ward.

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Chapter 1456

Avery left the hospital and got into the car, remaining silent throughout. His face was gloomy, his eyes filled with darkness.

Violet asked him, "How is Ms. Neera? Has she woken up? Is her injury serious?"

From deep within his throat, Avery managed to squeeze out a grunt before closing his eyes and pinching his forehead.

"Don't talk to me right now," he said coldly.

Violet could tell that he was feeling troubled at the moment. She hummed obediently and gave the driver a knowing look. The car then started to drive away.

Meanwhile, at the Bartitsu Guild headquarters, Matthew exclaimed, "What did you say? Avery is back?"

Darren's forehead was covered by a piece of gauze as he nodded in response. "Yes, he must have heard about Neera's accident, so he rushed back. As soon as he arrived, he headed straight to the hospital and stayed for a while before leaving."

"Where did he go?"

"Haven Association."

Matthew's expression darkened.

Haven Association was an embassy established by Lordsworth Estate in various districts of Bartitsu Guild. According to the agreement between the two parties, members of Bartitsu Guild are not allowed to show any hostility to Haven Association.

Matthew couldn't help but let out a snigger. "I really didn't expect it. He's truly a hopeless romantic. He risked his life for a woman by traveling thousands of miles back here just to see her!"

After he finished speaking, his face changed again, a hint of anger surfacing between his brows.

"You imbecile! His return is a golden opportunity. Why not seize it and finish him off? Every day he's left alive, he's a major threat to us!"

Darren pursed his lips, feeling somewhat helpless.

"Mr. Lozano, it's not that we don't want to act. Avery's return this time is not entirely impulsive. He came with the Medicina family, and their people are secretly protecting him. It's as if Lordsworth Estate is deliberately taking care of him. We can't just make a move recklessly, and even if we do, we might not necessarily gain an advantage."

"You're all nothing but idiots!"

Naturally, Matthew knew that Darren was speaking the truth.

Even then, he was still quite p*ssed. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The plan he had originally laid out, which he thought was foolproof, ended up encountering one problem after another. The past few days had been nothing but unsettling to him.

After a long pause, he gritted his teeth and finally calmed down.

"Forget it. Let's not bother with Avery for now. Let him have his way for a few more days. There are more pressing matters to attend to at the moment."

He waved his hand, signaling Darren to listen.

"There's a lot of speculation swirling around right now, and it's not looking good for Bartitsu Guild. You need to send someone to handle public relations immediately. We must ensure that the Guild comes out of this squeaky clean!"

Upon hearing this, Darren nodded in acknowledgement.

After Darren left, Matthew sat on the sofa, leaning on his cane. His hand rested on the top of the cane, his fingers tapping it from time to time.

His face remained somber, not because of the matters of the Cox family, but due to the affairs of the Gordon family.

Previously, he had realized that he had underestimated the power of the Gordon family. After this incident, this feeling grew more intense.

Moreover, he discovered something that greatly surprised him. There was more to Jean than met the eye.

He initially thought that Neera had sent Jean to handle the affairs of District Twenty-One because there was no one else she could delegate it to. Unexpectedly, he turned out to be extremely competent.

The explosion in District Twenty-One was effortlessly resolved by Jean. The follow-up matters were also dealt with in an orderly manner. In just one day, District Twenty-One had regained order and was even more secure than before.

It was clear that managing Phison wasn't like running a company. The level of difficulty doing so was several times higher.

Moreover, Jean wasn't a native of Phison. The first-rate families from District Twenty-One were already causing him trouble, trying to trip him up.

Surprisingly, he held his own very well.

Moreover, Matthew had heard that after meeting with Jean, those top-tier families had a complete change of attitude in just over half an hour, each and every one of them started to support him.

It was precisely because of the changes in the families' attitudes and their full cooperation that order was swiftly restored in District Twenty-One.

Such an impressive result couldn't have been achieved without experience.

Jean, even with his renowned reputation, is merely a tycoon in the business world. The fields he's involved in are vastly different from those of Phison. How did he manage to do it? Moreover, it is said that the blockade set up at the border of District Fourteen was broken through by him in one fell swoop. He didn't exert much effort, and there was no need for Chad and Shane to step in!

The more Matthew thought about it, the more unbelievable it seemed.

Who exactly is that man?

In less than half an hour, Bartitsu Guild issued a statement amidst the rampant speculation.

It stated: The union bears responsibility for the upheaval in the Gordon residence. As administrators, we failed to manage and restrain the forces under our control, leading to several families taking improper actions against the Gordon family. The guild deeply regrets this and will impose appropriate punishments on the families involved in the violence.

The Bartitsu Guild's brief statement subtly shifted the blame for the violence at the Gordon residence onto several other families. However, they did not explicitly mention who those families were.

On this matter, Bartitsu Guild subtly provided an explanation:

Bartitsu Guild has always advocated for the principle of dominance through force. As a result, internal strife within the guild has been constant over the years. While this has indeed promoted the maturity and growth of Bartitsu Guild, it has also damaged the unity within the guild. Bartitsu Guild used to stipulate that as long as no firearms were used and public safety was not endangered, no punishment would be given for fights. However, considering the severity of this recent violence, the guild has decided to change its governance methods and philosophy. From now on, we hope everyone will help to monitor it.

The statement sparked a new wave of uproar amidst public opinion.

"Huh, Bartitsu Guild has personally responded? Hey, which families are involved? I'm curious."

"Me too, but I think it must be those who dealt with the Cox family before, right? The Cox family has now fled to Lordsworth Estate, and the Gordon family has always been so close to the Cox family, so they've probably turned their guns on the Gordon family, haven't they?"

"The Gordon family really got the short end of the stick, didn't they? They were dragged into this mess by the Cox family and were almost wiped out entirely. Tsk, tsk. And there's Neera, who ended up in the hospital. I wonder how she's doing now..."

"D*mn, Bartitsu Guild is being too formal, aren't they? Are they trying to refute rumors? Somehow, I feel that there's more to it. What about that explosion in District Five? Surely, it can't be the work of those few families, can it? Do they really have the capability to cause such a big commotion?"

"Exactly, I have my doubts too. You know, those in District Five are no pushovers. How could they have been bombed so easily? Unless... unless there's a stronger force at play..."

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Chapter 1457

Many people had this speculation, but due to the lack of solid evidence, it quickly faded into oblivion.

Upon hearing the news, Jean's expression didn't change in the slightest. Everything was within his expectations.

After waiting for a moment and seeing that Jean had not responded, Ian took the initiative to ask, "Mr. Beauvort, what should we do next?"

Jean finally spoke in a nonchalant yet questioning tone. "Did we capture anyone alive?"

"We managed to catch a few in the chaos, but they killed themselves by swallowing a poison pill carried in their mouths, probably under orders from Bartitsu Guild. Luckily, our men reacted quickly and stopped one from doing so. So, he's all that we have now."

A cold expression descended upon Jean's face, his entire being emanating a chilling aura.

"One is enough," he said. "Don't worry about what's happening with Bartitsu Guild. Let them do as they please. You should focus on helping the Gordon family with their preparations."

As to what that 'preparation' was, Ian understood immediately. He nodded in acknowledgment and went off to get to work.

Before he left, he turned around and saw Shane rushing over. He greeted him, "Mr. Gordon."

Shane gave him a slight nod, then shifted his gaze toward Jean.

"I rushed over as soon as I heard from Uncle Chad that she has woken up."

Ever since he returned, he had been constantly occupied with the affairs of the Gordon family. He was so busy that he didn't even have time to rest.

Having pulled an all-nighter, he now had dark circles under his eyes. A light stubble had sprouted on his chin, and his clothes were somewhat crumpled, making him look quite disheveled.

In truth, Jean's condition wasn't really much better than his.

However, not wanting Neera to worry when she woke up, he tidied himself up and changed his clothes. So now, he looked somewhat refreshed.

"Your timing is unfortunate. She woke up for a while but is still weak and has fallen asleep again."

Peering through the glass door into the ward, Shane couldn't quite make out the person on the bed.

"May I go in and see her? I'll be quiet. I won't wake her up."

Jean nodded slightly, entering with him.

Upon seeing Neera's current state, Shane caught his breath, his eyes filled with shock and heartache.

The next moment, rage ignited within his eyes.

After being cleaned up and bandaged, Neera no longer looked as disheveled. However, her swollen red cheeks, pale complexion, and the cut at the corner of her mouth were still shocking at first glance.

Given how bad she looked, Shane couldn't imagine how much worse it was when she was first rescued.

What on earth has this poor girl been through!

He wanted to say something, but when he saw Neera in deep sleep, he closed his open mouth. He tilted his head toward Jean, and soon, they both left the hospital room, one after the other.

Upon reaching the corridor, Shane finally spoke, his voice filled with suppressed anger.

"Are the people punished at the entrance of Bartitsu Guild the ones who attacked Neera?" he asked directly.

Jean grunted in affirmation, his voice still a little hoarse.

Shane gritted his teeth and muttered, "Punishing them like that is just letting them off too easy!"

Jean knew he was dissatisfied with the outcome and immediately said, "I understand, but they are just minions. You and I know very well who the real enemy is. Don't worry. Be patient. I will never let the person who's really responsible go. Blood will be paid with blood."

Jean said the last few words through his clenched teeth. They carried a bone-chilling viciousness that would make anyone shudder.

Shane's lips twitched slightly, but in the end, he didn't say anything else and only nodded in response.

Since there were still matters to deal with at the Gordon residence, Shane didn't linger. He waited for a while, but seeing that Neera was still not awake, he had no choice but to leave for the time being.

Adriana hadn't had a good rest for several days. Now that her mood was slightly relaxed, Chad persuaded her to sleep.

In the hospital room, Jean was alone, keeping vigil.

No matter how long he looked at Neera's sleeping face, he never grew tired of it.

At that moment, his phone suddenly started to vibrate.

It was a call from his father.

Somewhat surprised, he furrowed his brows immediately.

Could it be that something has happened back home?

Walking to the window, he first glanced back at Neera. Only when he was certain she was still in deep sleep and showing no signs of waking up did he answer the phone.

"Dad" He had barely greeted his father when an anxious voice came from the other end.

"Jean, how's Neera?"

The question stunned Jean. "Why do you ask? You..."

"Hey, there's no need to hide anything from us anymore. Your mom and I already know. We heard that something happened to the Gordon family and that Neera was injured. How is she now? Is her injury serious?"

Jean was somewhat puzzled, but he suppressed his confusion and responded to the question first.

"She's asleep now. She woke up once in between, but her condition has stabilized. The injury... is quite severe, but fortunately, she has pulled through."

Upon hearing his answer, Frederic sighed in relief. "That's good, that's good. All that matters is that she's fine."

Meanwhile, Wrenn was getting impatient. Seeing Frederic saying so few words, she quickly grabbed the phone. "Move over and let me do the talking."

She then said, "Jean, I read online that Neera was seriously injured and has been hospitalized. What kind of injury is it?"

Jean answered truthfully, "Her wounds are shallow, and there are also bruises on her body and face as well. She suffered a slight concussion in the head and has a blood clot in the abdomen."

No one knew how much he blamed himself as he spoke.

On the other side, the phone was put on speaker. Both Wrenn and Frederic were equally taken aback after hearing Jean's words.

They knew that Neera was injured, but they had no idea it was that bad.

The mere thought of the injuries inflicted on Neera's slender and graceful figure filled them with heartache, as if they were experiencing the pain themselves.

What a terrifying torment that must be!

Wrenn opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but suddenly felt a bitter sensation swelling in her throat.

The tip of her nose felt as if someone had given it a twist, causing a burning sensation in it. Tears welled up in her eyes abruptly.

She took a deep breath, but her voice still involuntarily choked up.

"Does Neera feel any pain?"

She didn't know what to say, let alone what to do. Her mind was a blank canvas, the only thought in it was that question.

After asking, she began murmuring to herself again.

"How could it not hurt? It must be very painful. That poor girl. She must have suffered a lot..."

Listening to his mother's sobbing, Jean's lips tightened slightly. In a deep voice, he said, "Don't worry, I'm here with her. She will get better."

Then, he asked again, "But how did you know about Neera getting hurt? Has the news reached Kingsview?"

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Chapter 1458

Wrenn eased her emotions and replied with a hint of gloom, "No, it's me... I was worried about you and Neera. So, I had TorrentCloud infiltrate the Phison's network to see what others were saying online. That's how I found out."

It came as a surprise to Jean. After a moment of silence, he replied, "Mom, don't worry. Neera will be fine. I'll take care of her and bring her back safely."

On the other end, Wrenn sniffed and nodded. Realizing that he could not see her, she made a hum in response.

Before ending the call, she couldn't help but express her concern and gave him some instructions.

"Neera is weak right now. Take good care of her. Prepare some nourishing food for her, and don't let her overexert herself. Make sure she gets plenty of rest."

Jean affirmed each instruction.

Frederic, feeling quite reassured, comforted his wife, who still clutched her phone anxiously.

"Don't worry, Wrenn. You don't know how precious Neera is to Jean. How could he bear to let any injustice befall her? You're overthinking it. Even if you didn't say anything, Jean would still cherish and protect her."

Wrenn, already in a bad mood, felt even worse after hearing this.

She glanced at him and let out a soft snort. "I'm just worried about Neera. If you weren't unwell right now, I would have flown over to take care of her personally. Do I need to remind Jean? He's a man, inevitably a bit careless. I just want to give him a gentle nudge."

Frederic swallowed nervously. "Are you saying I've become a burden?"

Wrenn pursed her lips, her complexion returning to its well-maintained look, appearing youthful and vibrant.

"I might not have explicitly mentioned it, but your heart-the one Neera fought so hard to transplant. She went to great lengths for our family. Now that she's facing trouble, there's not much we can do to assist. All I can do is worry."

Then, as if remembering something, she abruptly stood up, muttering to herself, "No, no, I still can't rest easy. We have some excellent supplements at home. I'll go pack them up and send them to Neera."

Frederic was momentarily speechless.

He grabbed her arm, saying, "Wait, those supplements aren't easy to come by. Didn't you spend a lot of effort searching for them?"

Wrenn delicately pushed his hand away. "This is a matter of priority. You've recovered remarkably; missing a meal won't harm you. Even if you wish to eat, I can arrange for someone to bring it for you. At this moment, Neera is the top priority."

Frederic replied, "By the time you send it over, Neera might have already recovered."

Wrenn furrowed her brows, contemplating seriously. "Your point is valid. I might have to arrange for a private plane to get there more swiftly."

Without paying attention to Frederic's astonished expression, she hurried to the kitchen, calling out, "Mabel, those things I brought back the other day..."

Joseph happened to enter, cast a glance at the kitchen, and then turned to Frederic with a smile. "Dad, keep staring, and you'll start resembling a statue." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Frederic sighed softly. "Why do I sense that my standing in Aunt Wrenn's heart is steadily diminishing?"

Joseph raised an eyebrow. "It's not that dire. Just endure it; there will be numerous occasions when she overlooks you in the future."

Frederic didn't appreciate that remark and gave him a pointed look. "You, young man, why has your tongue become so sharp?"

Joseph took off his coat, handed it to the servant, and strolled over, taking a leisurely seat across from Frederic. "With Jean gone, the whole company is on my shoulders. I have to vent and find some joy."

"You're not picking on your old man, are you?" Frederic grumbled, blowing his mustache and narrowing his eyes. "You see me doing better lately, so you're back to infuriating me, huh?"

Joseph nearly sprayed water but quickly wiped it off with a handkerchief, laughing until his eyes crinkled.

"No, no, I'm just teasing you. Anyway, how's Neera doing?"

Frederic grunted twice, not bothering to engage in Joseph's banter. "They say she's out of danger, but the injuries are quite severe. Just hearing about it makes me uncomfortable, not to mention Jean. Your Aunt Wrenn, upon hearing it, shed a few tears too."

The smile at the corner of Joseph's lips softened, and his eyes held a touch of admiration and affirmation.

"Neera is a resilient person. She can endure hardships and withstand torture. No matter the pain she faces, she can grit her teeth and persevere, like a sunflower always reaching for the sun. Such a woman is truly admirable."

Frederic wholeheartedly agreed with his words, nodding solemnly. "Indeed, that's why Jean, despite opposition from the family, stood by her side without hesitation. In my life, I never thought I'd see Jean so deeply in love."

"It's a positive development." Joseph smiled. "Jean excelled in every aspect before, but he lacked a bit of human touch, always too cold and lonely. Now, he finally has someone who can step into his heart, warming it while she accompanies him."

As he spoke, Joseph's gaze drifted toward the floor-to-ceiling window. In the courtyard, three little ones were playing joyfully with three adorable pets, a scene both dazzling and heartwarming.

"And, who would have thought we'd have these three adorable little ones? Jean is truly blessed."

Frederic's gaze followed, his features softened, and the lines at the corners of his eyes carried a joyful curve.

"Yeah, our family is truly blessed," he remarked.

Joseph added, "Now we just need Jean to bring Neera back. When that happens, our family can reunite, and I can find some time to spend with my wife and kids."

At that moment, Wrenn seemed to hear Joseph's voice. She peeked out from the dining room, waving at him.

"You're back, Joseph. Come on, wash up and join us. I made clam chowder; have some."

Joseph acknowledged and then winked at Frederic, "Dad, Aunt Wrenn has changed a lot lately. She's become much gentler."

"She was once excessively stubborn, but now she grasps the essence of what truly counts."

"I don't mean to create any discord, but the way she's handling the relationships with the siblings appears to be outshining you, Dad. Your family reputation is taking a significant blow."

Frederic grunted, not pleased with the comparison.

He stood up, crossed his arms, lifted his chin in a haughty manner, and walked away without a word.

At that moment, a servant entered with a somewhat puzzled expression, muttering, "Who were those people?"

Joseph, supporting Frederic, casually inquired, "What's going on? Is someone here?"

The servant exclaimed, shaking her head, "It's nothing. It's just that a while ago, two individuals were lingering near the main gate, glancing inside frequently. Their actions appeared somewhat suspicious, and from their clothing, they didn't appear to be locals. However, the moment they noticed me heading out to locate Mr. Harvey, Mr. Sammy, and Ms. Penny, they promptly departed."

Joseph nodded thoughtfully, thinking it might have been passersby. He didn't say much about it.

This little incident didn't concern anyone and was soon forgotten.

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Chapter 1459

When Neera woke up again, it was early morning the next day. The bedside lamp was still on, and though the daylight was breaking outside, the sun had not fully risen yet.

She felt her hand being enveloped by a sizable, warm palm, the dry and warm sensation within the palm evoking a familiar sense of comfort from the depths of her heart.

She gently moved her fingers, tracing the skin of that hand with her fingertips.

However, she didn't wake him up.

Neera's eyes adapted to the light, and she turned her head to find a man leaning over her bedside, soundly asleep.

His usual light sleep, easily disrupted by the slightest movement or sound, was undisturbed this time—a clear indication of profound exhaustion.

Neera looked at the crown of his head with clear eyes, sensing an overwhelming tenderness in her heart.

These past few days had to have been terrifying for him. He had been with her all along, enduring worries and fears, and she had no idea how long he had stayed awake.

In reality, and even in her dreams, she experienced sensations.

The memories preceding her unconsciousness consistently intertwined with her in the dream realm, unsettling her peace of mind.

She wanted to be clear-headed, to shake off those images from her mind, but her consciousness felt like it had plunged into a deep abyss, sinking deeper and deeper.

In her daze, she seemed to be struggling, but she could feel a warm, reassuring hand holding onto her throughout.

The painful experiences that haunted her before slipping into unconsciousness now seemed insignificant the moment she saw this man peacefully sleeping. They were no longer as fearsome.

Her heart gradually calmed down, feeling a sense of tranquility. A slight smile formed at the corner of her lips, unintentionally pulling at the not-yet-healed wound, causing her to wince.

This caught Jean's attention, and he woke up.

Almost reflexively, he lifted his head, anxiously looking at her.

"Neera, where does it hurt? I'll go call the doctor," he said, getting up to leave.

Neera quickly grabbed his arm. "No, I'm fine. You don't need to be so worried. It's just... I accidentally tugged at the corner of my mouth."

Jean lowered his gaze, focusing on her dry lips and the wound at the corner of her mouth. He pursed his thin lips, then turned to get a cotton swab and warm water, gently moistening it for her with patience and care.

After completing these tasks, he adjusted the bed a bit and placed a pillow behind Neera.

"Do you want some water? Are you hungry? Should I still call the doctor?" he asked.

Neera shook her head. "No need, I just slept for too long, and I'm feeling a bit disoriented. If you talk to me, it'll be fine."

Jean was more than willing. However, in this moment, while holding her hand, he found himself uncertain about what to say.

Just by gazing at Neera, he couldn't shake off the lingering fear, and his emotions stayed unsettled.

Observing his stern and composed expression, Neera could discern his emotions with a single glance. In her eyes, there was a blend of helplessness and compassion.

"Don't be sad. I'm fine now, and I'm right here by your side," she spoke first, her voice unusually gentle.

"As long as I see you well and safe, everything I went through is worthwhile," she continued.

Jean heard her words, and it felt like a knife slicing through his heart, only to be delicately stitched back together. The tender care seeped through every stitch.

"Neera..." he mouthed, his lips moving, his voice husky. "It's my fault. I promised to protect you, yet you got hurt..."

Neera smiled and reached up to touch his cheek.

"Between us, there's no need for such words. You want to protect me, and I want to protect you. When one of us is hurt, the other won't fare well. We can't escape what's meant to be, but thankfully, we're both okay."

Jean held her hand, his lips grazing her palm, each gesture tender and filled with compassion.

Neera didn't want him to dwell in self-blame, so after speaking, she shifted the conversation to something she had been concerned about.

"How is Zephyr now? Is he recovering well? Is he still in this hospital? I'd like to go and see him."

Jean cleared his throat and said in a low voice, "He's doing fine, but he's no longer recovering in the hospital."

"Not recovering in the hospital?" Neera was surprised. "So, he's... back at the Gordon family? Is the situation at the Gordon family suitable for recuperation? He broke two ribs; why the rush to leave the hospital?"

After a brief silence, Jean truthfully explained, "Shane has sorted things out on the Gordon family's side. As for returning to the Gordon family, it was Zephyr's own proposal. Uncle Chad advised against it, but he insisted on going back."

"Over at the Fu family, the Qing banquet has been taken care of. As for going to the Fu family, it was Xiao Feng's own suggestion. His uncle tried to dissuade him, but he insisted on going back." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Neera was even more puzzled, "Why the rush to go back? Did something happen to the Gordon family? Or is it related to Bartitsu Guild?"

This topic always made her nervous.

Jean poured her a glass of water, testing the temperature first, and then handed it to her.

"Don't be nervous. The Gordon family is fine now. With Shane in charge, everything is under control. The affiliated forces of the Gordon family are also safe. It's Zephyr... He insisted that he didn't do his job well, couldn't protect you, and felt guilty. He was determined to accept punishment."

"Punishment?" Neera frowned immediately, sitting up with concern. "He has already done well enough. Why does he need punishment? If it weren't for him, I would have been captured. The attackers were obviously well-prepared, with a large number of people, and the fact that Phoebe leaked information was unpredictable. For him to save me, he almost sacrificed his own life. That's already very responsible."

Jean sighed in helplessness. "Everyone shared the same sentiment. No one pointed fingers at him except himself. He's a person of strong principles and adherence to rules. He felt he fell short and insisted on accepting punishment. Otherwise, he'd refuse to eat or drink and would kneel for an extended period."

Neera didn't know what to say for a moment. "Why does he have to do this?"

Then, she asked, "So, what about him now? Did Uncle Chad punish him?"

Jean nodded. "Uncle Chad didn't want to, but Zephyr is too stubborn. His body hadn't fully recovered, yet he insisted on kneeling. Uncle Chad was afraid it might harm him further, so he agreed. It was supposed to be a hundred lashes, but Uncle Chad reduced it to thirty. He also mentioned that once you wake up, Zephyr still needs to protect you closely. If he's beaten too much, even if he doesn't die, he'll become disabled. How can he protect you then? After hearing that, Zephyr didn't say anything more."

Neera's brow furrowed even tighter, a blend of speechlessness and a hint of wry amusement evident on her face.

"Why is he so stubborn? Is his punishment over?"

"Yeah, it was only done on his back to avoid his injuries. He's resting now. Don't worry."

Neera let out a heavy sigh. "How can I not worry? This guy, besides excelling in martial arts, is a mess in everything else. Why does he have to be so rigid?"

Jean, however, could understand Zephyr's feelings.

"It's not about being rigid. It's about guilt and regret that can't be vented out. He can only find solace through this form of punishment, and it serves as a wake-up call. Just like when I found out you were in trouble, and when I saw you covered in wounds, I wished I could kill those who hurt you and then end my own life. I couldn't control the overwhelming self-blame. I kept thinking, 'If only I hadn't left you, things would be different'. I believe Zephyr might have similar thoughts. He might feel that if he had better skills—if he had been more vigilant you wouldn't have been hurt."

Neera listened, a bitter taste passing through her heart.

Suddenly, she leaned in, hugging Jean tightly and burying herself in his embrace. "While I was in the warehouse, fear gripped me, but I held onto the hope that you would come to my rescue, whisk me away. That's what kept me pushing through. Thankfully, you arrived."

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Chapter 1460

Upon hearing this, Jean held her even tighter, burying his face in her shoulder and taking a deep breath.

The subtle scent that was uniquely hers filled his nostrils, gradually calming the tumultuous emotions in his heart. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The sun had fully risen, its rays shining through the window and filling the room with light.

By the time Adriana and Chad arrived, Neera and Jean had already started having breakfast.

"Oh, you're awake." Adriana was surprised. "I thought you were still sleeping. I didn't dare to come too early, afraid I might disturb you."

As she spoke, she lowered her gaze to the thermos in her hand, finding herself in a dilemma.

Neera smiled. "Aunt Adriana, what delicious food have you made for me? Let me taste it quickly. I finally have an appetite, but I still prefer your cooking the most."

Hearing her say this, Adriana's heart blossomed with joy, and her brows relaxed.

Once the meal was finished, Neera found it hard to stay any longer and wanted to leave the hospital to return home.

At first, Adriana disagreed, but she couldn't resist the continuous pleading. Seeing that Jean didn't object either, she had to compromise. "This isn't something we can decide on our own. We have to listen to the doctor. If the doctor gives the green light, then we can go home. If not, you'll have to stay in the hospital for further observation."

Neera nodded vigorously. "Okay. The doctor said yesterday that observing for a day should be enough. I haven't had a fever again, so I should be fine."

The doctor arrived promptly and, at Jean's request, performed a full body check-up on Neera.

After confirming that she had no major issues, the doctor breathed a sigh of relief.

"You can go home to rest now, but remember to take care. Apply medicine to the wound on time, avoid strenuous exercise, and take your medication as scheduled. If you feel unwell in any way, make sure to come back for medical attention promptly."

Jean meticulously noted everything down before taking Neera back to the Gordon residence.

When Neera got out of the car, she found herself feeling a bit dazed.

When she left this place previously, it was a scene of chaos with people fighting everywhere.

In just a couple of days, everything here had returned to its previous state, as if the revolt had never happened at all.

Neera walked in, just in time to run into Chad and Shane, who were about to leave.

"Uncle Chad, Shane, are you guys going out?"

Seeing her, both of them were somewhat surprised and said, "We were just about to visit you in the hospital. Why have you come back?"

Neera chuckled. "The doctor said I could come home to recuperate, so I did. I didn't want to stay in the hospital. Home is always better."

As she spoke, her gaze shifted to Shane. "Shane, you're back."

Shane nodded, carefully examining her several times, a layer of tenderness welling up in his eyes.

"Look at you, all battered and bruised. Come in quickly."

Neera entered the house with them while asking concernedly, "How are Districts Twenty-One to Twenty-Five now? Has everything been taken care of?"

Shane nodded. "Yes, don't worry. The explosion issue has been resolved, and this time, we have arranged for someone to keep an eye on things there. There won't be any more problems."

Next, Neera asked, "What about the Gordon family? What does Bartitsu Guild say?"

These past couple of days, she hadn't so much as glanced at her phone, so she was completely oblivious to whatever was happening outside.

The men exchanged glances, but it was Chad who broke the silence.

"Bartitsu Guild shifted all the blame onto a few families under its command, claiming complete ignorance. They're deluding themselves into thinking they can wash their hands clean of this."

Neera had already anticipated this possibility. Upon hearing it, she was not surprised at all, a cold smirk appearing on her face.

"That cunning old fox, Matthew, had all of this planned out from the start. But I think the fact that the Gordon family came out unscathed this time must have really annoyed him."

"Naturally. He was determined to completely uproot the Gordon family this time. Unexpectedly, not only did he fail to eradicate us, but he didn't even manage to eliminate any key members. I bet he's now at his wit's end, wondering how to clean up this mess."

At this moment, Chad said, "Bartitsu Guild cannot be allowed to exist any longer. The opportunity we have been waiting for has arrived. Now is the perfect time to leave. Neera, I just discussed this with Shane, and we've decided we'll take action in the next couple of days to leave Bartitsu Guild. You can go there to recover from your injuries. Is that all right?"

Neera had long wanted to leave this place, so her eyes lit up at the suggestion. "Sure. I'm in good health. I can handle it."

Then, they began to make plans.

"When the time comes, Bartitsu Guild will definitely try every possible means to stop us. They won't let us leave easily, and even if we do manage to leave, they won't allow us to take with us the district president's power, which is what they care about the most. They will undoubtedly force us to hand it over," Shane said, a slight frown creasing his forehead.

Neera was unfazed. "No worries, we have valid reasons to leave. The Gordon family has suffered this disaster through no fault of our own. If we want to leave Bartitsu Guild and go to a safe place, no one can blame us. As for the position of district president? Hah! It originally belonged to the Gordon family. What does it have to do with Bartitsu Guild? They have no reason to take it away!"

"True as it may be, considering the shamelessness of Bartitsu Guild, they will surely find a way to spin it in their favor."

At that moment, Jean suddenly let out a cold laugh, a chilly glint flashing in his eyes. "No matter how much Bartitsu Guild wants to deny its involvement, what's done is done. Any action taken will always leave traces..."

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Chapter 1461

Hearing him say this, Chad and the others were somewhat surprised.

"Jean, are you implying you've got some sort of leverage on them?"

Jean just smiled without saying a word.

Seeing his confident demeanor, Chad immediately understood. "Don't tell me it's those people you caught at the border..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Shane understood. "So that's how it is. No wonder you insisted on capturing a group of them alive back then."

Once everything was settled, Adriana urged Neera to go upstairs and rest.

Neera still had something on her mind. After returning to her room, she rummaged through her bedside table, then headed to Zephyr's room.

Zephyr had heard her return quite some time ago, but due to his guilt and self-reproach, he had not gone downstairs. He didn't know how he could face her again.

Upon hearing the knock at the door, his heart tightened. Feeling flustered, he nearly tumbled off the bed.

Neera stood outside the door. She heard some movement inside but no one calling out for her to enter, which left her somewhat puzzled. Hence, she knocked on the door again.

"Zephyr, are you there? May I come in?"

Inside, Zephyr hastily steadied himself. After moving his lips a little, he finally spoke. "Please come in, Ms. Garcia."

Upon getting a response, Neera opened the door.

When she entered, she saw Zephyr standing upright, his head slightly lowered. He glanced at her briefly, then quickly lowered his gaze again.

"You've returned, Ms. Garcia..."

As soon as he woke up, he heard that Neera had been rescued, and he also knew that she had been seriously injured.

In that moment, he despised himself to the point of wishing for death, feeling that death might be a better fate.

Seeing Neera's wounds still unhealed and her noticeable weight loss, he felt even more distressed, taking all the blame upon himself.

Neera noticed his serious demeanor and knew that he was still blaming himself. She quietly sighed in her heart.

"Yeah, I'm back. I wanted to see how you were doing, plus I wanted to say thank you."

Zephyr seemed taken aback. He hadn't expected her to say that to him. He froze for a moment, then looked up at her, his eyes slightly dazed.

After a moment, he came to his senses and quickly shook his head, his face filled with shame.

"Ms. Garcia, you shouldn't be thanking me. I failed to protect you, so it's only right that you punish me."

Neera's lips curved into an exasperated smile. "Why do you always think that you need to be punished? Zephyr, you didn't do anything wrong. In that situation, you did what you had to do and did your best. I want to thank you for doing everything you could to protect me. Thank you for disregarding your own life and death just to stop them from taking me away."

Zephyr felt a bitter knot in his chest and said hoarsely, "But in the end, I still failed. I let you suffer such great harm..."

"But you can't be blamed for that, can you? The ones at fault are those who intentionally hurt me, not the ones who go to great lengths to protect me. We can't shoulder everything ourselves, let alone take on the mistakes of others. Zephyr, do you understand? You're a good person in every way, but you're a bit stubborn. You're clearly hurt, yet you still insist on receiving punishment. If your health deteriorates because of this, I will be upset."

Upon hearing her gentle words, Zephyr couldn't quite pinpoint what he was feeling inside.

He moistened his lips, paused for a moment, then asked in a soft voice, "Ms. Garcia, are you really not angry? You really don't blame me?"

Neera nodded with a smile, her expression soft and gentle. She was treating him as if he were her own younger brother.

"Of course it's true! When have I ever lied to you? You've been with me for quite some time now, Zephyr, so you should know what kind of person I am. I don't want you to fall into a pit of self-blame because of this. The past is the past. You did everything you could for me. I saw your dedication and loyalty, and that's enough. Besides, aren't I right here, safe and sound? Your efforts weren't in vain. That's all that matters. Do you understand?"

After hearing everything, Zephyr didn't know what to say for a moment.

He had been an orphan since childhood and had no siblings. Despite being only a child of five or six, he had to beg for a living.

Even at the very bottom of society, there was still a hierarchy, and beggars would form their own small groups too.

And he, due to his solitary nature and unpopularity, was always bullied by the other beggars. Nonetheless, he always endured it in silence.

Once, some beggars surprisingly banded together and snatched away the pitiful amount of money he had managed to beg for. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

At that point, he could bear it no longer. He finally lost his temper and started to fight with them.

It was at this moment that Chad, who was passing by, saw what was happening and stopped his car. After finally driving away the other beggars, he stepped forward.

"Little one, where is your family?" This was the first thing Chad said to him.

At that moment, Zephyr was looking down, counting the coins he had snatched back. Upon hearing the words, his gaze swept over the man's clean, expensive leather shoes, moving all the way up before finally resting on Chad's face.

His intuition told him that this person was very wealthy.

In that instant, he made up his mind.

Suddenly, he threw away the money he had begged for, gazing at Chad. In a tender voice, he said, "Sir, I have no family. Would you be willing to take me with you? I can do anything for you."

Chad didn't expect him to say that. Looking at the boy's serious expression, he couldn't help but chuckle.

"Child, what does 'anything' encompass? Does it include life and death?"

Zephyr didn't respond immediately. He pondered for half a minute before making a decision. "Yes, including life and death, sir. As long as you take me back, I won't let you down. From now on, my life is yours."

Staring at the child who had uttered words far beyond his years with a serious expression that was completely uncharacteristic of a child, Chad's smile faded from his lips.

He fell silent for a moment, then laughed again. "Are you sure? Do you realize that if I take you with me, life may not be so peaceful?"

After hearing this, there wasn't the slightest bit of hesitation in the little boy's eyes. "It's okay. As long as I can have a full meal, I will do anything."

In the end, Chad took him to the car.

Looking at the luxurious seat, Zephyr hesitated for a moment. "Sir, I'm quite dirty, so it might not be appropriate..."

Chad didn't show the slightest bit of disdain. He waved his hand and said, "Come up."

Unable to refuse any longer, Zephyr obediently took a seat, sitting quietly by his side.

Chad asked him, "What's your name?"

Zephyr paused, then shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir, I don't have a name."

Chad raised an eyebrow, looking out at the cold street outside the window. The harsh wind blew mercilessly, sweeping away the last few remaining leaves on the treetops.

"From now on, you'll be called Zephyr. Is that okay?"

After a brief silence, the little boy obediently nodded. "All right, sir."

Ever since then, Zephyr had been by Chad's side, personally nurtured by him. Gradually, Zephyr grew bigger and stronger, becoming Chad's most trusted and valued companion.

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Chapter 1462

He had long since secretly vowed that he would live and die for Chad.

The latter's command was the sky.

Throughout the years Zephyr spent with him, no one else had ever given him such warmth aside from Chad.

That was, until the appearance of Neera.

At first, Neera was nothing more than a mission Chad assigned. But gradually, it ceased to be a task and instead became an instinct.

After all these years, Zephyr was receiving warmth from a second person.

In his heart, there was now one more person for whom he could live and die for.

Hence, after Neera was taken away, he had been filled with such intense guilt.

But now, listening to Neera's words, Zephyr was momentarily at a loss. He didn't know what kind of emotions he should be feeling or how to face her.

Just as he was hesitating, unsure of what to do, Neera laughed and said, "Oh, there's one more thing I need to thank you for."

Surprised, Zephyr instinctively responded with, "Huh?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera smiled gently and said, "Thank you for still being alive. I'll need you to keep protecting me in the future, so you need to recover quickly. Here, this is a medicinal ointment I made myself. It's much more effective than anything you can buy on the market. If you use it, your wounds will heal much faster."

After she finished speaking, she placed the ointment on the bedside table and waved her hand. "All right, I won't bother you anymore. You should rest well. The Gordon family will be making some big moves in the next couple of days, but don't worry about it. Once we get to Lordsworth Estate, things will be much more peaceful."

Having said that, she turned around to leave.

At that moment, Zephyr seemed to have found his voice again as he abruptly stopped her. "Ms. Garcia, please wait a moment."

Neera turned around to shoot him a puzzled look. "What's wrong? Is there something else?"

Zephyr stared at her with the same earnestness in his eyes as when he first looked up at Chad, a sincerity that was as deep as the sea.

"Thank you, Ms. Garcia. I will become stronger in the future, and I won't let you suffer even the slightest harm."

Neera smiled slightly. "If you protect me, I will protect you too. Don't be foolish in the future and keep insisting on taking punishments. Since Uncle Chad assigned you to me, I am your superior. Without my permission, no one can touch you. Do you understand?"

Zephyr felt a deep sense of satisfaction from the trust and favoritism he was receiving, and he nodded emphatically in response.

After returning to her room, Neera let out a sigh of relief.

Jean was waiting for her in the room. Seeing her, he asked, "Why were you gone for so long? Is Zephyr all right?"

Neera nodded. "He seems to be doing okay and recovering well. I was worried he might be troubled, so I gave him a few words of advice."

Jean raised an eyebrow. "Your top priority right now is to take care of your health. Nothing else matters. Come on, time to drink your medicine."

Upon hearing that she had to take medicine, Neera reluctantly trudged over, dragging her feet along the way.

"Do I have to? This medicine is so bitter. What is it even made of?"

Jean chuckled. "Aren't you a doctor? How can you complain about the medicine being bitter?"

Neera corrected him, "I am indeed a doctor, but that doesn't stop me from disliking the bitterness of medicine."

Jean gently blew on the medicine before handing it to her, casually ruffling her hair in the process. "Why do I get the feeling that you're becoming more and more pampered as time goes by?" he remarked.

Neera held her breath as she forced the medicine down, her eyebrows furrowing at the bitter taste.

Before she had a chance to say anything, suddenly, a piece of candy was popped into her mouth.

When Jean withdrew his hand, his fingers lightly grazed her lips. He then added, "Then again, my woman can never be too spoilt. I'll always indulge you."

Neera's heart blossomed with joy, and she forgot all about the bitterness of the medicine. Her mouth was filled with the sweet taste of fruit, leaving her feeling delighted inside.

After taking the medicine, she took a nap. When she woke up, it was already dark outside.

The room was empty. She shook off her drowsiness, turned over, and picked up her phone. Only then did she notice several missed calls.

Without exception, they were all from the three little ones.

She perked up instantly, quickly sitting up, but then she hesitated. Though she initially wanted to call them directly, she put down her phone and headed to the bathroom instead.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she sighed with a sense of defeat.

In her current state, it was really not suitable to video call with the children.

The imprint of a slap still lingered on her face, and the wound at the corner of her mouth had yet to heal.

If the triplets were to see me like this, they would surely worry and might even end up crying.

Emerging from the bathroom looking rather dispirited, Neera threw herself onto the bed, feeling somewhat listless.

After adjusting her mood, she returned the little ones' call but didn't turn on her camera.

On the other end, the triplets had been waiting for quite a while. As soon as the phone rang, they hurriedly scrambled to answer it.

"Mommy! You're awake. We tried calling you, but you didn't answer, so we had to call Daddy. He said you've been busy these past few days and finally got to rest, so he told us not to disturb you. Are you feeling more refreshed now?"

Upon hearing the lively voices of her children, Neera's mood involuntarily brightened up.

She curved her lips into a smile, hummed in agreement, and went along with Jean's lies. "Don't worry. I feel much better after taking a nap. What are you guys up to?"

The little ones, not at all suspecting anything, started chattering away, sharing with her the interesting happenings of the past few days.

Hearing their interactions with the elders of the Beauvort family, Neera's eyebrows slightly lifted. "It seems you all are getting along well with your grandparents."

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Chapter 1463

She didn't mean anything else by her words, but upon hearing them, the three little ones couldn't help but feel a bit nervous.

Penny pursed her lips, cautiously asking, "Mommy, don't you want us to get along well with Grandma and Grandpa? If you don't like it, we..."

Neera blinked and hastily replied, "Don't overthink it, guys. I feel that this is quite nice."

The little ones exchanged glances, then confirmed with her once more. "Really?"

Neera chuckled. "Yes, really. Why would I lie to you?"

Penny hummed in acknowledgment. "We thought you were still upset about the past, considering how much Grandma and Grandpa had hurt you..."

Neera teased them on purpose, "Oh, am I such a petty person in your eyes?"

The three little ones immediately denied in unison, "No, no, absolutely not! Mommy, you are so generous and beautiful, kind-hearted and gentle. How could we ever think that way? You must not slander us!"

Neera chuckled. "Wow, seems like you guys have really been learning all sorts of praise words lately."

Scratching the back of his head, Sammy chuckled sheepishly. "No, not at all."

Neera stood by the bed with a gentle expression, looking at the night scene outside. In a soft and gentle voice, she said, "Adult matters have nothing to do with you children. No matter what happened in the past, it's all over now. Your grandparents are kind to you, so you need to behave and not cause trouble, understand?"

The little ones hummed in agreement, behaving so well it was almost unbelievable.

"Mommy, we know that. Grandpa and Grandma... They've changed a lot recently, especially Grandma."

Naturally, Neera knew all this, but she didn't say anything.

However, just as she was about to hang up the phone, Wrenn, who had entered the study to bring the children a fruit platter, saw them on the phone and quickly took over the call.

She gave the little ones a meaningful look, then walked out with the phone in hand.

There was no sound from the other end of the phone. She asked tentatively, her tone very gentle, "Neera, are you still there?"

Neera was silent for a moment before she responded, "I'm still here. Is there something you need?"

Wrenn chuckled, her tone somewhat ingratiating. "Neera, I heard you got hurt. How are you now? Are you feeling better? Is there any discomfort left? You always try to act tough. Some things you should try to endure, but not everything, especially health issues. You shouldn't just grit your teeth and bear it. Isn't Jean with you? No matter what happens, just tell him and let him take care of you. You mustn't overwork yourself..."

The moment she opened her mouth, she couldn't help but start babbling non-stop with advice.

Neera listened quietly, her mind serene. When the older woman finished speaking, she gently responded with, "Yes, I understand."

Even though Neera's reply was quite indifferent, Wrenn was still pleasantly surprised and overjoyed, her eyes lighting up with happiness.

For her, the fact that Neera was willing to respond to her and listen to her chatter was already more than enough.

"Good, good, as long as you understand," she said, her voice tinged with an excitement she couldn't contain. "I won't bother you anymore. Rest well, and remember, no matter how big the problem, it's not as important as your health. Leave everything to Jean. Once he's done handling things there, you two should come back earlier. I'll make nourishing soup for you every day to help you recuperate. Also, the children miss you a lot..."

Neera fell silent for a moment before correcting her, "Too much of anything is never good. Over-supplementation is not good either."

After speaking, she realized her words were somewhat cold and harsh. Pursing her lips, she added softly, "But, thank you anyway."

Wrenn was momentarily stunned and needed a moment to recover. She was deeply moved, her eyes even reddening a bit.

She nodded repeatedly, her words stumbling over each other. "Oh my, what's this about thanking me? You silly girl, always so polite when clearly... clearly we're family..."

No sooner had she spoken these words than she felt a vague unease, as if she had been somewhat rash. A sudden anxiety stirred within her, fearing that Neera might feel uncomfortable upon hearing this or that she might have said something that would cause the atmosphere to become tense.

However, Neera didn't mind, simply saying, "I should still express my gratitude. Thank you for taking the trouble to look after the children."

Wrenn's eyes reddened again. "Don't be such a stranger. I am their grandmother; it's my duty to do these things. Moreover, they are very well-behaved, never causing the slightest trouble at home. They are the joy of our family..."

Just as Neera hung up the phone, Jean returned.

"Who were you talking to?" he asked casually.

Neera turned to look at him. "Your mother." [SEARCH the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Upon hearing this, a hint of surprise flashed in Jean's eyes. After a moment of hesitation, he said, "If you don't want to answer her calls in the future, you don't have to. I'll talk to her about it."

Neera chuckled. "Why wouldn't I answer her calls? After all, she's not a ferocious beast."

Jean steadily gazed at her, his eyes harboring a trace of complex emotions.

"All right, let's not talk about this anymore." Neera reached out her hand toward him. "I'm so hungry. What delicious food are we having tonight?"

Jean took her hand, leading her outside. "I'm not sure either. I was busy in the study earlier. Come, let's go down and see."

The two of them descended the stairs, chatting and laughing. To their surprise, they found the living room coffee table piled high with all sorts of gift boxes.

By looking at the packaging, one could tell that they definitely contained items of great value.

Neera asked curiously, "What are all these?"

Chad smiled and lifted his chin toward Jean. "Shouldn't you be asking him?"

There was a hint of confusion in Jean's eyes as well. "I don't know what those are either. Who sent these?"

This time, Chad was indeed a bit surprised.

"You don't know? It was your family's private plane that specially flew these over. When the border supervisor informed me, you were busy, so I didn't disturb you. I directly sent someone to pick them up. These are all supplements. I thought you had them sent over on purpose to help Neera nourish her body."

Jean shook his head. "I didn't arrange for this."

He opened one of the boxes and glanced inside, discovering that the supplements within were quite rare to come by.

After some thought, he ventured a guess, "It must have been sent by my mom."

Neera blinked and remained silent.

Chad and Adriana exchanged glances, both finding it somewhat unbelievable. "How did she know?"

Jean's expression showed a hint of helplessness.

"She was worried about Neera, so she specifically had someone hack into Phison's intranet. When she found out that Neera was in trouble and injured, she even called to ask about it. She must have sent these."

After he finished speaking, he glanced at Neera.

For a moment, the latter didn't know what to say.

Adriana muttered under her breath, "This isn't some backwater country. We do have supplements here too, you know."

Her impression of Wrenn was still quite unfavorable.

However, she didn't want to be too harsh. Clearing her throat, she added, "But the fact that she's willing to think this way shows she cares. Jean, please thank her for us."

Jean nodded. "Sure."

Neera lowered her gaze to glance at all these supplements, finding herself inexplicably amused yet exasperated.

"With all these things, it will indeed add quite a bit of weight when it's time for us to leave here.

In other words, she had accepted the gifts.

The corner of Jean's lips curled up slightly. "That's easy to resolve..."

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Chapter 1464

That evening, the Gordon family released a statement.

The statement was straightforward. It clearly condemned the families who had instigated the recent revolts. Following this, it announced a decision to break away from the less than morally upstanding Bartitsu Guild, choosing instead to align with Lordsworth Estate.

The moment this statement was made, it was like a thunderclap on a clear day, immediately sparking widespread heated discussions on the internet.

Holy moly, are you serious? The Cox family left, and now even the Gordon family is leaving Bartitsu Guild? What kind of benefits did Lordsworth Estate offer? Enough to make both the Gordon and Cox families, two major families, abandon Bartitsu Guild and pledge allegiance to Phison? This is just too outrageous.

To the above commenter, what do you mean this is outrageous? Is Bartitsu Guild not chaotic enough? The Gordon family's revolt this time was an unprovoked disaster, okay? Let me ask you, if your family was attacked by several other families even though you didn't provoke them, could you bear it?

Exactly! And Bartitsu Guild is so ineffective. They talk a good game, saying they'll punish the involved families, but they don't even reveal the names of these families. Where's the punishment, then? Have you seen it? Maybe those people are living well, and only the Gordon family is suffering. If I were in their shoes, I would leave too.

I'm siding with the Gordon family this time. Bartitsu Guild is becoming more and more immoral; it's just unbearable. Now, I'm afraid to even walk on the streets for fear of bad things happening to me. The guild doesn't even bother to manage things. I have no idea what they're up to. It's better to protect ourselves. We, from small families, have no say in this, unlike the Gordon family or the Cox family. Large families like them can just leave if they want to, and Lordsworth Estate is more than willing to accept them. They're like hotcakes.

The Gordon family is really having a tough time. They were originally in a secure position for the second elder seat, but now, due to the actions of the Laker and Watson families, they have no choice but to leave Bartitsu Guild. I mean, it's not for me to say, but could it be that they targeted the Gordon family not because of the Cox family, but because of the second elder seat?

It's possible. Who would've thought these families would all be eyeing that position? I'm puzzled, though. Who will take over the position after driving the Gordon family away? They all want to rise to power, so won't there be infighting then? Haha, it's like a dog biting a dog; just thinking about it makes me laugh.

Am I the only one who thinks that Bartitsu Guild is the real loser here? The power and influence of the Gordon and Cox families are not to be underestimated. Now that they've both left, the overall strength of Bartitsu Guild is bound to decline significantly. This move has put the guild at a disadvantage, making them suffer more loss than gain.

Am I the only one concerned about Bartitsu Guild's reaction to this? Do you guys think they will agree?

Agree or not, what can we do about it? Even if Bartitsu Guild tries to stop it, they can't if someone is determined to leave. What can you do about it? Besides, the Gordon family is in the right in this matter. The guild's actions this time are indeed disheartening.

I'm afraid that when the time comes, there might be a fight. After all, the Gordon family still holds power in those five districts. Tsk, tsk, I don't think Bartitsu Guild will just stand by and watch as the Gordon family takes away those five districts...

There was no denying that these people's guesses were quite accurate.

Meanwhile, at Bartitsu Guild's headquarters.

When Matthew heard this news, he almost burst a blood vessel from how infuriated he was.

"They want to leave the guild? Over my dead body!" He threw his teacup onto the ground. With a loud crash, the teacup broke into pieces on the floor.

Darren stood nervously to one side, reminding him, "But the Gordon family is indeed in the right this time. The revolt can serve as their leverage."

The moment this matter was brought up, Matthew's fury ignited.

"Failing to eliminate Neera or block Chad and his group back then was a huge mistake! I underestimated their power! If I had known, I would have wiped them out early on. I should have made my move when Neera first took the seat of the district president yet before she had a firm grip on her position and before the five districts had completely submitted to the Gordon family!"

But now, it was too late.

Bartitsu Guild had made a huge blunder with this move.

Darren glanced cautiously at Matthew's grim expression, then carefully asked, "Mr. Lozano, what should we do next?"

Matthew gritted his teeth, speaking sternly, "What should we do? If the Gordon family wants to leave, fine, but they must leave the five districts behind! There's no way I'll allow them to take those districts away!"

Consequently, Bartitsu Guild responded swiftly, vehemently condemning the Gordon family for their intention to abandon the guild. They demanded that the Gordon family relinquish their position as the district president. Otherwise, the guild would no longer consider past relations and would not be courteous to the Gordon family.

When Neera saw these words, she couldn't help but chuckle coldly.

"Up until now, Matthew hasn't dared to show his face at the Gordon residence, yet he's been quite bold in making his statements."

Chad raised an eyebrow, sipping his tea nonchalantly. "That's just his usual style. Bartitsu Guild has never been one to be reasonable."

On this matter, Neera had already gained a deep understanding. She snorted disdainfully.

"This is the first time in my life I've seen someone so unreasonable. It's as if the word 'unreasonable' is blatantly written all over their faces. Seriously, how could they have the audacity to act like this?"

Shane chuckled. "Have you forgotten? Bartitsu Guild respects strength above all else. As long as you can win, you can take whatever you want. The guild doesn't care about how much blood is shed."

Meanwhile, the comments section under Bartitsu Guild's online statement was flooded with comments.

No way, right? No way! Is Bartitsu Guild really openly declaring their intention to snatch those districts? Is that even allowed? I've truly learned something new today.

D*mn, it's not like this is the first time something like this has happened. Someone predicted this before, right? But this time, Bartitsu Guild is really too straightforward. They're not even putting on a show anymore; they're outright demanding it.

My take on this is Bartitsu Guild has gone too far this time. The district president title rightfully belongs to the Gordon family. It's the Gordon family head's. Why should it be given to Bartitsu Guild? It took much effort for the Gordon family to consolidate the five districts, and now the guild wants to steal the fruits of their labor. Goodness, that's not how decent people behave.

Bartitsu Guild has acted out of line more than once or twice. However, it seems the Gordon family might have a hard time getting away this time. Why do I smell a fight brewing?

I don't see it that way. I think it would be quite easy for the Gordon family to leave. Don't forget, the head of the Gordon family once saved the life of the lord of Lordsworth Estate. I'm sure the Gordon family has already made arrangements with Lordsworth Estate. As long as the Gordon family is willing to go, Lordsworth Estate will definitely provide full protection. I don't believe that Bartitsu Guild would dare to touch the Gordon family.

I agree with the previous comment. Even if Bartitsu Guild wants those five districts, they should think twice about outright snatching. Can they really bear the consequences?

Amidst the discussions, someone from Lordsworth Estate also stepped up, issuing a statement of their own.

The Gordon family, with a century-long lineage, commands respect for both its strength and reputation. It is an honor for Lordsworth Estate to have such a family join us. Lordsworth Estate announces that henceforth, we will take full responsibility for the safety of the Gordon family. We will not harm the Gordon family's interests in the slightest and will provide them with comprehensive support. Furthermore, the authority of the Gordon family head as the district president will not be stripped away by Lordsworth Estate, nor will there be any interference. The Gordon family will have full autonomy in managing their own affairs.

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Chapter 1465

Chapter 1465

With this statement released, the netizens were thrown into an uproar once again.

76%

Oh my goodness, Lordsworth Estate did good! My good impression of them has skyrocketed. Why am I not part of their team? I'm so envious.

Oh, how I wish I were part of the Gordon family. Imagine all the benefits I would enjoy!

Tsk, tsk. I must say, once the statements from Bartitsu Guild and Lordsworth Estate were released, it becomes clear who is superior. Bartitsu Guild couldn't even catch up if they tried! Look at the magnanimity and tolerance of Lordsworth Estate. They wouldn't stoop so low as to strip away the power that originally belonged to the Gordon family. Now, look at Bartitsu Guild. Is that how people should behave? Have they no shame? Their blatant demands are no different from those of a robber!

The administration of Lordsworth Estate has always been strict, and their methods are swift and decisive. The members are managed in an orderly manner, and I've never heard of any complaints from the forces under its command. It's clear that they are all willingly obedient. I didn't understand this before, but now that I see it, I suddenly realize that Lordsworth Estate not only is capable but also has an extraordinary magnanimity. Just look at how the forces under its command willingly submit!

If you ask me, they're not treating the Gordon family as an affiliate force but rather like honored guests. How nice of them!

I suspect it's mostly because the Gordon family head once saved the lord of Lordsworth Estate. Think about it, if he could even easily give up the position of district president, what's taking them under his wing?

Bartitsu Guild has really been slapped in the face by Lordsworth Estate this time. I wonder if it hurts. Tsk, tsk, tsk, I'd really love to see the expressions on those old guys from Bartitsu Guild right now. They must be quite a sight...

Ah, the head of the Gordon family is indeed fortunate. In this vast world, amidst the sea of people, she happened to be at the right place at the right time to save the lord of Lordsworth Estate. Who else could have such luck? She truly is blessed by fate.

Actually, I find this statement somewhat inappropriate. It would be more accurate to say that the lord of Lordsworth Estate was fortunate to have run into the Gordon family's head. If it weren't for her, he probably wouldn't even be alive today, let alone continue to be the lord of Lordsworth Estate.

Everyone seemed to be in the mood for some excitement, eagerly waiting for the next development with bated breath. However, as soon as the last post came out, the comments took a turn and derailed.

Immediately, some people retorted: Isn't that a bit exaggerated? Even if the Gordon family's head saved the lord, it doesn't mean that only she could have saved him. Couldn't someone else have done it? Anyone with medical skills could have been useful, right? If it had been another person with medical knowledge who encountered the lord, would the Gordon family's head still be treated this well now? Indeed, it's true that not all who are skilled in medicine could have saved the lord. There are countless doctors in this world, but they range from medical geniuses to mediocre ones, and those with average qualifications. If the lord of Phison hadn't encountered a medical genius, he might not have been cured. This explains why our leader shows such care for the head of the Gordon family, offering almost unconditional support. If it were just a minor illness or disaster, the lord probably wouldn't feel such gratitude, would he? Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Quite a few people expressed their agreement, but everyone seemed a bit confused.

A medical genius? So, does this mean the head of the Gordon family is quite skilled in medicine?

Phison was a world unto itself, always indifferent to the affairs of the outside world.

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Their understanding and knowledge of Neera was only superficial. They knew she had some medical skills, and that she was currently the person in charge of F.A Group and ANXIN Group. Beyond this, they didn't know much else.

Now, with someone bringing it up, everyone started to grow curious. Just how exceptional were the medical skills of the Gordon family's head?

Upon investigation, it was discovered that she was none other than Dr. Nancy, the miracle doctor!

This news spread throughout the entire Lordsworth Estate at lightning speed, causing a considerable shock.

Holy smokes! What did I just see! This is too unbelievable! She is actually a world-renowned doctor? How is this possible? She's so young! I thought Dr. Nancy would be in her forties or fifties! What nonsense are you talking about? There were rumors before that Dr. Nancy was young yet had already become a leading figure in the medical field, almost on par with the greats. But who could have imagined that it would actually be the head of the Gordon family!

This is beyond belief! I would never have guessed that she and the miracle doctor Nancy are the same person! No wonder our esteemed lord holds her in such high regard. Her reputation is truly impressive. The lord was indeed fortunate to have been cured by her. With such a great favor, it's no wonder the lord is so protective of her!

I'm still reeling, the shock is just too great. I suddenly feel like such a failure. Look at her, reaching such great heights in the medical field at such a young age. Who could possibly compete? And on top of that, she holds immense wealth and overwhelming power. Now, she's even become the honored guest of the lord of Lordsworth Estate...

Oh, I'm so envious!

To add another point in her favor, she's so beautiful, clearly on the level of a goddess. No wonder the head of the Cox family pursued her so relentlessly.

Ugh, now I'm feeling so upset. I'm suddenly experiencing a touch of inferiority.

Has anyone noticed we're getting off-topic? But what I really want to say is, oh my, I'm in love! Such a charming lady, oh, I love her so much...

Who wouldn't love someone like her?

I absolutely agree!

As everyone was engaged in a heated discussion, discussing all sorts of things, Matthew at the headquarters of Bartitsu Guild was repeatedly reading the proclamation from Lordsworth Estate. His expression grew increasingly grim.

At first, his anger was unbearable.

At first, his anger was unbearable.

Annoyed as he was, he belatedly realized that he seemed to have been duped.

He couldn't help but recall how Neera had previously delayed giving him an answer several times.

What if she had no intention to take the second elder seat from the very beginning?

Could it be that her initial hesitation was merely a ruse, a ploy to buy time, just to provoke my anger?

What if, from the very beginning, she already had thoughts of leaving Bartitsu Guild, intending to seek refuge with Lordsworth Estate?

Perhaps she was certain that, given the favor she had done by saving the lord of Lordsworth Estate, he would undoubtedly agree to her request.

Could it be, from the very beginning, the Gordon family and the Cox family had already planned to pledge allegiance to Lordsworth Estate together, and this whole act was deliberately staged?

In the blink of an eye, he had an epiphany and suddenly understood everything.

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Chapter 1466

Chapter 1466

There's no doubt about it. The Cox and Gordon families must have planned to leave Bartitsu Guild long ago!

And the reason why the Gordon family didn't leave with the Cox family is probably because they were waiting for a plausible excuse to do so!

And I... I handed this opportunity over to Neera on a silver platter!

The mere thought of it made Matthew tremble uncontrollably with anger.

That little girl dared to trick me? How absolutely outrageous!

And what's the buzz online about her being none other than the renowned Dr. Nancy?

How could this happen?

How could a girl, previously unknown and insignificant, suddenly transform into a world-renowned top doctor?

The current public opinion was leaning toward Neera, and the reputation of Bartitsu Guild was getting worse and worse. This was not at all what he wanted to see!

At that moment, Darren rushed in to report, "Mr. Lozano, we have a problem! Representatives from Lordsworth Estate have arrived and are now gathered at the Gordon family's doorstep. It seems they're here to escort the Gordon family away!"

Upon hearing this, Matthew's face suddenly turned even more unsightly. He asked angrily, "How many people have come?"

Darren swallowed nervously, then answered with trepidation, "Approximately... hundreds of people..."

Bang!

Overwhelmed with rage, Matthew threw his cane on the ground. His chest heaved up and down due to his anger.

Hundreds of people!

Such a grand spectacle, all for the sake of safeguarding the Gordon family. Ha, the Gordon family is really becoming more and more capable!

It seems that he had really underestimated the Gordon family, and even more so, Neera!

If he had known what would happen today, he would never have allowed Neera to smoothly take the position of the Gordon family's head. Even more so, he should not have let the Gordon family get involved in the struggle for the title of district president.

I initially thought that the Gordon family, being a third-rate family, would be easy to manipulate.

Who would have thought after spending most of his life playing with hawks, he would end up getting his eyes pecked out by one?

At the Gordon residence.

eyes wide in disbelief.

"This..." She swallowed, mechanically turning her neck to look at Caleb beside her. "Isn't this a bit too much of a spectacle?"

Seeing her in this state, Caleb couldn't help but laugh, finding it amusing.

"You think this is a spectacle? It's far from it. Originally, Mr. Wiley planned to come here personally, bringing even more people than now. But I know you're not a fan of ostentation and spoke to Mr. Wiley, so he didn't come. It's just me, and I only arranged for these few people to come."

Neera fell into deep thought.

Indeed, people's perspectives differ, and so do their tones.

After the shock, she couldn't help but find it somewhat laughably absurd.

"This is already a big fuss. In fact, you didn't need to come to pick me up at all. With the proclamation issued by Lordsworth Estate, even if Bartitsu Guild wants to make a move on the Gordon family, they wouldn't dare to act rashly. Moreover, if anything were to happen to us, the first to be suspected would be Bartitsu Guild. Matthew is not a fool."

Caleb raised an eyebrow. "He's certainly not a fool, but his greed could lead him to bite off more than he can chew. Bartitsu Guild has always been shameless, not hesitating to lose face. With profit as their primary concern, there's no guarantee they won't act desperately when cornered."

What Caleb said was indeed quite true.

Besides, since they had already arrived, Neera couldn't just send them away, could she?

Hence, Neera had no choice but to accept. "Mr. Medicina, I truly appreciate your help. It was our Gordon family who initially caused trouble for Lordsworth Estate, yet you still take such good care of us. I feel deeply ashamed. Once we arrive at Lordsworth Estate, if there's a chance, I hope you could kindly introduce us to His Lordship. I would like to personally thank him."

Upon hearing this, Caleb glanced subtly at the man standing to her right, a barely perceptible twitch. playing at the corner of his mouth.

Personally thank His Lordship? He's standing right next to you! Is there even a need for my help?

While he inwardly grumbled, he still had to put on a smiling face and respond, "Of course, of course. When the opportunity arises, I'll definitely introduce you."

Hmm, if things keep going like this, I feel I might just lose my mind. When will this all end?

Then, he kindly added, "Actually, Ms. Neera, you really don't have to put yourself in such a low position, nor do you need to be so humble. His Lordship sees you as his lifesaver. To him, you are not just a member of his forces, but someone who stands on equal footing with him. In fact, your status may even be higher..."

He spoke in a roundabout way, hinting just enough before stopping. Then, with a mischievous smile, he said, "Who knows, when you meet His Lordship, I might have to rely on you to put in a good word for me."

His words had Neera somewhat dumbfounded.

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I'm on equal footing with His Lordship, maybe even higher?

How could that be? Mr. Medicina must just be thinking too highly of me.

She patted her forehead, managing only a dry laugh, unsure of what else to say.

Caleb then changed the subject. "By the way, how are your injuries? Are you feeling better?"

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Neera responded in the affirmative, and after recalling his previous visit, she quickly expressed her thanks. "I heard that when I was running a high fever, you came to see me and even helped me get rid of the frost poison in my body. Sorry to have troubled you. I'm truly grateful for you personally traveling a long distance to help me."

"Don't mention it. It's nothing really. We've met and can consider each other friends now. Besides, we're allies at present, so we should look out for each other in the future."

While the two were engrossed in conversation, a car pulled up at the front gate.

Finnley got out of the car, took in the crowd at the entrance, and was somewhat surprised.

"Wow, this is really impressive!"

Neera, with a gentle smile in her eyes, stepped forward to greet him. She supported the old man as they walked inside.

"I've been looking forward to your arrival as eagerly as one would await the stars and the moon. I'll be preparing lunch today, just for you. After you've eaten and rested a bit, we can set off."

Upon hearing that she was going to cook, Finnley's eyes immediately lit up.

However, he continued to grumble, "What's the rush? You haven't fully recovered yet. You should rest more. There's no need for you to cook."

Neera smiled slightly. "I'm not incapacitated. Besides, a bit of activity is beneficial for recovery. You don't need to worry about me. I'm doing quite well."

With a look of disdain, Finnley glanced at her, yet his words, both spoken and unspoken, were filled with concern.

"Doing quite well? Once you were caught, you weren't able to escape. You were even bullied by those b*stards to this extent, you silly brat. It seems I haven't taught you enough. Once you've recovered, I'll have to keep a close eye on you and teach you more so you won't fall into others' hands and be bullied again."

Neera was unsure whether to laugh or cry. "Please spare me. If I practice with you every day, I'll probably die from the exhaustion before others can bully me."

Finnley was not pleased to hear this as he glared at her. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Nonsense! I'm only looking out for you. Look at you, as frail as a leaf in the wind, disappearing with the slightest breeze. How can I be at ease when you're trying to make a living in Phison in this state?" Said leaf was rendered speechless by his words.

Neera pulled out a chair for him, inviting him to sit down, then said seriously, "Then I'll eat more spinach and try to become Popeye."

Finnley was lost for words.

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At this moment, Jean suddenly spoke up, saying earnestly, "Mr. Weaver, rest assured, I won't let Neera fall into danger again, nor will I allow anyone to bully her. So, there's no need for her to endure the hardship of training. Let's put that aside for now, and you can also take a break. However, if you have spare time, you could help Neera improve her flying needle technique. I noticed she seems quite interested in it."

Neera nodded eagerly. "That's right, Mr. Weaver! My flying needle technique has improved greatly. The incident a few days ago was so sudden that I didn't have time to bring my needles. Otherwise, I would have definitely escaped unscathed."

Finnley sighed and answered, "Fine... Do as you please."

Then, he turned his head and started chatting with Chad, casually asking, "By the way, are you just going to let those families that took action off the hook? I haven't heard anything about their situation afterward."

The instant this topic came up, Chad's expression turned serious, a cold smirk appearing on his face.

"Let them off the hook? The Gordon family isn't that generous."

One of Finnley's grey eyebrows lifted. "Oh? So, are you all ready then?"

Chad nodded. "Of course, if they want to treat the Gordon family as an easy target, they'd better have the ability to do so. If they can't crush the Gordon family, then it will be their turn next..." At this point, Shane interjected, his expression somewhat puzzled.

"However, something seems off with the Logan family. All the businesses under their name seem to be having problems. Starting from yesterday, one after another began to close down. It seems that there were also violent incidents at two of their clubs. Rumors have it that Howard was involved and was seriously injured. He's lost his sight and has become disabled. No one knows who did it." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Originally, Shane had planned to personally settle the score with Howard, intending to torment him severely. However, it turned out that the Logan family was already in chaos, which saved him the trouble of taking action.

"At this rate, the Logan family probably won't last a few days. They're done for."

Neera was somewhat surprised to hear this.

However, she didn't have the slightest sympathy for Howard and the Logan family's predicament. She just thought they deserved it.

"Indeed, no one can escape the consequences of their wrongdoings. It will catch up, sooner or later," she muttered, nonchalantly sipping her stew.

A trace of contemplation swept across Chad's eyes as he glanced at Jean, his expression complex.

For some reason, he had a feeling that Jean was the culprit behind the Logan family's current predicament.

Given this man's feelings for Neera, he would never just let the Logan family off scot-free.

But when Shane spoke just now, Jean's expression was indifferent, as though he had nothing to do with the matter.

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This caused Chad to feel somewhat uncertain.

If it wasn't Jean, then who else could it be?

But if it was indeed his doing, then his capabilities are truly extraordinary.

Even if his abilities are exceptional, there should still be a gap when compared to the homegrown Logan family. Moreover, he didn't bring anyone with him, so how did he do it?

Unless...

At that moment, Shane's next words interrupted his contemplation, diverting his attention.

"You know, there's something even stranger. I heard that on the night of the surprise attack, the Gordon family was greatly outnumbered. Yet, they managed to hold on for so long and narrowly escaped disaster. It seems like they had some help."

"Someone was helping us? Who is it?" Neera's attention was drawn, and she asked with curiosity.

Shane shook his head. "I'm not sure either. The situation was too chaotic at the time. According to the reports from our men, it seemed like a group of unfamiliar faces had infiltrated us. At first, they thought these were the enemy's men and almost attacked them, but those unfamiliar faces actually helped us drive back the enemy. Later, when the forces under the Gordon family arrived, the situation became even more chaotic, but those unfamiliar faces had disappeared."

Finnley snorted. "Now, this is interesting. Who's this mysterious benefactor, doing good deeds without leaving a name? They must have quite the leisurely disposition!"

Chad appeared thoughtful, then turned his gaze toward Caleb.

"Mr. Medicina, could it be that Lordsworth Estate sent reinforcements?"

Caleb was more than aware of the answer, but he could only feign ignorance.

"I'm not entirely sure about this either. I haven't received any directives from my superiors at Lordsworth Estate, nor have I heard any news regarding this matter..."

How else was he supposed to respond? Those people were all specifically sent by Jean to protect Neera, yet they couldn't claim recognition for the deed.

If he admitted to that, he would have to explain why Lordsworth Estate had someone watching the Gordons from early on.

Although offering help was a good thing, the Gordon family was currently in the dark. Given the unusual and excessive attention from Lordsworth Estate, the Gordons might suspect that their motives weren't pure.

Therefore, he could only keep silent about this matter for the time being.

Upon hearing this, both Chad and Shane remained skeptical."

However, since Caleb had already spoken, it would be both impolite and meaningless for them to continue the questioning.

Hence, Chad nodded lightly, suggesting a possibility offhandedly, "Perhaps it was some other family who couldn't stand by and decided to lend a hand "

The topic was quickly glossed over, and only then did Caleb breathe a sigh of relief, secretly stealing a glance at Jean.

At that moment, Jean was very attentively attending to Neera as though there wasn't anyone else around, acting as if the topic they were discussing earlier had nothing to do with him at all. Tsk, tsk...

In all his years, Caleb had never seen their lord take care of someone so attentively. He wished he could capture this moment and share it with Colin and the others so that they could complain about it together.

Regrettably, he had the mind to do so but not the courage.

This thought was destined to remain just a thought, never to become reality.

Ah, what a pity...

That afternoon, the Gordon family finished their preparations and set off for Lordsworth Estate.

Matthew had been closely monitoring the movements of the Gordon family. Seeing the situation, even though he was seething with anger, he didn't dare to make a single move.

He never would have imagined that one day, he would be left in a dilemma by the Gordon family.

For him, and for Bartitsu Guild, this was a great humiliation.

But no matter what, given the current situation, he had no choice but to swallow his pride for now.

Lordsworth Estate had made it clear that they intended to protect the Gordon family. They sent so many people over precisely to ensure that Bartitsu Guild didn't get a chance to pull any tricks.

If he acted on his own, it might lead to even greater conflicts between Bartitsu Guild and Lordsworth

Estate.

If that happened and things got out of control, Bartitsu Guild would be left in a tough predicament indeed.

Even though he was reluctant to admit it, he had no choice but to acknowledge that Bartitsu Guild, with their current power, stood less than a fifty percent chance in a head-on confrontation with Lordsworth Estate.

He couldn't take that risk.

With a gloomy face, he spent the entire afternoon in silence. Then, he called for Darren and asked, "What exactly is going on with the Logan family? How did such a big mess happen all of a sudden?"

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Darren responded, "The exact reason is still unclear for now. It seems like it's the trouble that the Logan family had stirred up before. They took advantage of the Logan family's current vulnerability to seek revenge. On one hand, they've brought down several of the Logan family's companies. On the other hand, they've been causing all sorts of disturbances at various business premises owned by the Logan family, creating quite a ruckus."

Matthew found the matter very strange and asked, "Which family is it? Do you know?"

With such a commotion, it was impossible not to know who the other party was.

Darren nodded, but his expression was somewhat peculiar as he responded, "It's the Massey family."

"The Massey family?" Upon hearing that, Matthew was somewhat surprised. "Does the Massey family really have such capability? No matter what, the Logan family was once a first-rate family in Bartitsu Guild. Their decline was due to the Gordon family's affairs, but their overall strength was not bad at all. How could the Massey family possibly have defeated the Logan family?"

That was exactly what Darren found strange. "I've looked into it. The Massey family and the Logan family weren't on good terms. Years ago, the Logan family was always bullying others because of their power wanting to swallow up the properties of several families, including the Massey family. However, the Massey family managed to hold on and didn't let the Logan family get what they wanted. That's how the feud between the two families started. Later, during the election for the district president, the Logan family made a move against the Gordon family, and the Massey family got involved. The feud grew deeper and deeper. It seems that because of this, the Massey family started to come up with schemes. Logically speaking, the Massey family shouldn't be as powerful as the Logan family. But what's strange about this incident is that the Massey family acted swiftly and decisively. Not only did they catch the Logan family off guard, but they also inflicted heavy losses on them without suffering any damage themselves. The fact that they could fight the Logan family to this extent and still come out unscathed shows that the Massey family's current strength is far beyond what we thought."

Upon hearing that, Matthew narrowed his eyes. "Are you suggesting that the Massey family deliberately concealed their strength? So, from the current perspective, could the Massey family actually rank among the first-rate families?"

Darren hesitated for a moment, then nodded. "You could say that, but up until now, I haven't been able to figure out why the Massey family's strength has increased so rapidly and why they would want to hide their power."

After careful consideration, Matthew felt increasingly uneasy, prompting him to be on high alert. "Keep a low profile. This path, I'm afraid, might turn us into the second Gordon family. Keep a closer eye on the Massey family. If necessary, feel free to probe a bit to see just how strong the Massey family really is."

Darren nodded. "Yes."

Then, Matthew asked, "How is Howard doing now? Is there still hope for him?"

Speaking of which, Darren moistened the corner of his lips and said, "Even if he could be saved, he would still be crippled."

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Matthew was unperturbed. "Since he's already a discarded piece, there's no need to keep him around. It's better to avoid him spilling any secrets. Find some time and send someone to take care of him. Also, what's the current situation with the Logan family? With the head of the family in this state, there must be some who can't hold back anymore, right?"

"Mr. Lozano, you truly have a knack for predicting things. Now that Howard has fallen, the Logan family has started infighting. They've even stopped caring about their businesses, all vying for the position of family head. It looks like it's going to get bloody."

Matthew sneered, "A bunch of good-for-nothings. The Logan family is already on the decline, yet they still vie for the position of family head. What's the point? It would be better to abandon the sinking ship and find a strong ally. These people are so brainless, preferring to be the head of a dog than the tail of a lion. There's no need to bother with them. I believe they'll soon realize that there's no hope of survival..." Darren nodded thoughtfully, then asked, "So... Mr. Lozano, are we just going to let the Gordon family matter slide? And what about the five districts? Are we not going to fight for the districts?" Clearly, Darren had hit a sore point. Matthew's face immediately fell when he heard that. He shot Darren a sidelong glance and asked fiercely, "I do want to fight, but how should I go about it right now? Why don't you suggest something?"

Darren was taken aback for a moment. "Well..."

"Hmph! You're useless! You can't even come up with a solution, yet you have the audacity to question me. What good are you?" Matthew roared.

Whenever that was brought up, Matthew was filled with rage and had nowhere to vent. All he could do was scold Darren harshly.

Darren hung his head low, not daring to even breathe. He silently chastised himself for speaking out of turn and could only bear it in silence.

After a moment, Matthew's emotions settled down, and he said coldly, "Even if the Gordon family and the Cox family have left Bartitsu Guild and sided with Lordsworth Estate, they still shouldn't just sit back and relax. There's still a long way to go. Until the very end, who knows who will ultimately fall? Even if they want to sever ties with Bartitsu Guild, they have been entrenched here for so many years. Do they think they can uproot themselves completely? Ha! They're dreaming!"

At this point, a trace of malice swept across the murkiness in Matthew's eyes.

Meanwhile, when Neera arrived at District One, her eyes were filled with curiosity.

Looking at the manor before her, she was utterly mesmerized. The manor before my eyes is incomparably grander than the Gordon residence at Bartitsu Guild. The environment is beautiful, and the architecture is grand. One can't help but feel refreshed and vivifying!

Neera couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow!" With her face full of surprise, she asked, "Is this the residence arranged for us by the Lordsworth Estate? It's so luxurious... Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"It's not bad, right? This manor may not be the largest in District One, but it certainly has the best environment and the most thoughtful design. It was once one of the residences of His Lordship. It has been vacant for some time, but His Lordship specifically instructed us to clear it out for the Gordon family. It has even been renovated. All the paperwork has been taken care of, so you can live here without any worries. Also, given the large area of this place, we were afraid that your family, being new here, might be short-staffed. Therefore, His Lordship has specially arranged for some people to come over. But rest assured, they are all assigned to do miscellaneous tasks and won't be allowed into the mansion." Caleb smiled slightly. In reality, there's absolutely no need to do so. How could His Lordship possibly harm the Gordon family? However, His Lordship likely acted this way to prevent the Gordon family from misunderstanding his intentions. The people he sent are genuinely here to help manage the affairs of the Gordon family, not to keep them under surveillance. After all, the Gordon family still knows nothing about His Lordship. It's only natural for everyone to be cautious.

With that in mind, Caleb sneakily glanced at Jean, who was standing quietly by the side, his expression indifferent. Caleb couldn't help but sigh inwardly. My Lord is so mighty, but in the face of love, he truly seems to have transformed into a different person. Tsk! How rare.

On the other hand, Neera wasn't at all dubious. Somewhat embarrassed, she expressed his gratitude by saying, "I've caused His Lordship trouble and also inconvenienced you all. I'm truly very thankful....."

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"Hey, it's nothing. Don't just stand outside. Come in and have a look." Caleb waved his hand, leading them inside. He had his subordinates help with the luggage while he personally gave them a brief tour around the manor.

After a general look around, Neera found herself more satisfied with the place, feeling much more relaxed, both physically and mentally.

Jean had been watching her expressions all along. He then asked softly, "Do you like it?"

Neera didn't even have to think before nodding. "Like it? Of course, I like it! Who wouldn't love such a beautiful and grand manor? Being able to live here is truly a stroke of luck."

Jean lowered his gaze, looking into her sparkling eyes. A faint smile tugged at his lips when he said, "It's good that you like it."

His efforts were not in vain.

Beside him, Caleb looked on, his teeth nearly falling out from the sourness, almost blinding himself in the process. Is this really the same cold-hearted His Lordship? A man falling in love can be quite terrifying, can't it?

It seemed as if Jean could hear Caleb's thoughts. Jean's eyebrows twitched slightly, and he turned his head to glance at Caleb.

Caleb shivered all over, quickly averting his gaze.

By the time the group made it into the manor, they were all quite exhausted.

Neera whispered to Jean, "This manor is just too vast. We had covered a large part of it, but that was just a cursory look. If we were to tour the entire garden, we'd be completely exhausted." Jean smiled with pursed lips.

Right then, Chad said, "Mr. Medicina, thank you for your hospitality. May I ask if His Lordship is currently at the Lordsworth Estate's residence? Given the attention paid to the Gordon family, we should pay a visit to express our gratitude properly."

Upon hearing that, Caleb resisted the urge to sneak a glance at Jean and continued to say earnestly and seriously, "That should be the case. However, unfortunately, His Lordship has some urgent matters to attend to and has already left Phison."

With a hint of regret in his expression, Chad responded, "Oh... In that case, we can only wait for His Lordship to return. Then, we'll find an opportunity to pay him a visit. When His Lordship has time, Mr. Medicina, could you please pass a message from the Gordon family?"

Caleb nodded with a smile. "Of course, Mr. Gordon. By the way, you're older than me, so there's really no need for such formality. You can just call me by my name."

Afterward, Caleb changed the subject and said, "During this period, if the Gordon family has any issues, you can directly come to me or to Mr. Wiley. While His Lordship is away, all matters of Lordsworth Estate are managed by Mr. Wiley. As for the other branch leaders, they are all busy with their own affairs and are not in District One."

Chad nodded. "All right, then. I'll have to trouble you and Mr. Wiley."

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Afterward, Caleb did not linger any longer.

After assigning the rooms, Neera entered the bedroom that belonged to her and Jean. Looking at the floor-to-ceiling window that covered an entire wall, she felt exceptionally relaxed.

The brilliant sunlight filled the room, enveloping her with its warmth. She stretched lazily, her body relaxing as she reclined on the soft, large bed.

Jean walked over, looking down at her from a higher position, his handsome eyebrows and eyes filled with gentle affection. "How are you feeling? Do you feel a bit happier?"

Neera laughed contentedly. "Yes. When I was at Bartitsu Guild, I felt so constrained, like there was a heavy weight on my heart. I could never relax. Then, one thing after another happened, making it even more impossible for me to be in a good mood. But now, here, far away from all those disputes and disagreements, I naturally feel more relaxed. It feels like life has undergone a tremendous change, and it's a wonderful feeling."

Jean smiled in response. "That's good. During this time, feel free to relax here. Once you've recovered, we'll bring the children over. How does that sound?"

The moment the children were mentioned, Neera immediately sat up, her eyes lighting up. It's been such a long time. I've missed them. It's just that-

"Sure! It's

She gently touched the corner of her mouth, which was still not fully healed. She hummed in response and added, "It's just that in my current state, I can't video call them. I can't even take a glance at them..." Seeing her expression turn melancholic, Jean slightly lifted his eyebrows as he gently caressed her delicate and tender cheek. "Don't worry. You'll get better soon. You're still weak, and it's not suitable for you to go

in and out of the laboratory. I've found you a top-notch scar removal ointment. Its effect is no less than the one you developed yourself."

Neera hummed and said, "All right, then."

While the Gordon family was enjoying a rare moment of peace and leisure, Bartitsu Guild was in utter chaos.

On the night following the departure of the Gordon family, the Hoffman, Laker, Quigley, and Watson families were surprisingly taken down in a single night.

Just like a wild wind sweeping away fallen leaves, four families of extraordinary strength found themselves plummeting from the heights of Bartitsu Guild, landing straight into the mire.

What was even more shocking was the official statement released by Lordsworth Estate. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The statement bluntly acknowledged that the incident involving the four families of Bartitsu Guild being uprooted was indeed the handiwork of Lordsworth Estate.

At the same time, it was stated that Phison would never tolerate evil, and it was wrong for one to harm others for the sake of development. Bartitsu Guild might let things slide, but Lordsworth Estate would not sit idly by. Since the Gordon family was already a force under Lordsworth Estate, the grievance would be addressed by Lordsworth Estate on their behalf.

Not only that, Lordsworth Estate had publicly declared that it would not only let the Gordon family maintain their power in District Twenty-One to District Twenty-Five, but it would also provide comprehensive support. This included ensuring the safety and

development of the Gordon family in District One, which Lordsworth Estate would also fully assist and support.

The domineering declaration instantly left everyone utterly astounded, and the netizens were quick to

comment on it.

Gosh! The way Lordsworth Estate is handling things is simply enviable! Who is this deity that can support the Gordon family so strongly? The Gordon family is really lucky. I'm so jealous! I guess it's mainly because they're doing all this for the sake of the head of the Gordon family!

Isn't it obvious? Even a simpleton could figure it out. If it weren't for the Gordon family's head, Lordsworth Estate probably wouldn't have any dealings with the Gordon family. Tsk! The Gordon family really stumbled upon a treasure.

Thinking about it now, weren't all those who badmouthed her proved wrong? I remember when Neera first arrived at Lordsworth Estate, and there were voices of skepticism everywhere. Everyone thought it was utterly ridiculous for her to take the seat as the head of the Gordon family. They even declared that the Gordon family was surely doomed. But what about now? Where have all those voices gone?

How hilarious! There used to be people who criticized the Gordon family's head along with them, saying they were too willful. But now, it seemed their actions were not willful at all. Perhaps they had foresight, or maybe they simply recognized Neera's abilities. After all, Neera is Dr. Nancy, the miracle doctor, and also runs her own company, so she definitely has capabilities. She's nothing like what people used to mock, as being useless...

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Chapter 1470

Looking at it now, the Gordon family has really hit the jackpot. Just think about it. The Gordon family of the past wasn't this prosperous? They were nothing more than an obscure third-rate power. But ever since Neera arrived, the Gordon family has undergone a transformation. Not only did they receive special attention from the Lordsworth Estate, but they also easily secured the position of district president. They suddenly gained control over five districts. This kind of fortune is something no one else has.

Those who used to look down on the Gordon family and the forces that bullied them must be regretting it now. Look at how efficient the Lordsworth Estate is, effortlessly

bringing down several family forces overnight. I have to say that Lordsworth Estate is truly powerful.

Sh*t! Lordsworth Estate is just too incredible. They actually managed to sneak into Bartitsu Guild and take out these families without anyone noticing. Come on! These families were no pushovers. This is just too powerful. Phew! I wonder what Bartitsu Guild's reaction is now.

What reaction can they have? Isn't this equivalent to someone riding roughshod over them? Bartitsu Guild has really made a fool of itself this time.

Though my words may be blunt, they're not without reason. This recent Bartitsu Guild event has proven to be more trouble than it's worth. After all the commotion, both the Cox and Gordon families have left, and they've even lost the support of several key family powers. I bet the people at the top of Bartitsu Guild are huddled together, worrying now. After all, the balance they thought they had achieved has been shattered. Clearly, the one with the upper hand now is Lordsworth Estate.

Maybe it's just impotent rage. After all, getting slapped in the face like this and not being able to retaliate is quite a pitiful sight, no matter how you look at it.

To be honest, that's indeed what's going on.

While some people were discussing the power of Lordsworth Estate, others started talking about the matters of the Logan family.

I'm going to change the subject here. Have you heard that the head of the Logan family has passed away? This morning, the medical staff went to check on him, only to find that he had died.

Woah! Why so sudden? Didn't they say he was merely injured?

D*mn! When he got hurt, it was already very serious. I heard he was drinking at a club that belonged to the Logan family. The club was raided, and in the fight, he was stabbed in the eye and lost his sight. He was also crippled. Also, there was something even more severe... I heard he had been rendered impotent!

Pfft! Where did this news come from? This is too shocking! Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Of course, the news came from the hospital. It's said that since the head of the Logan family was admitted, not a single member of the Logan family had gone to visit him. They just casually sent someone to take care of him while the rest were busy fighting amongst themselves. They didn't even bother to clean up the mess in the Logan family. But before they could fight to the death, the Logan family was no more.

Those involved in the Gordon family's rebellion and people from other families were all sent to Judgment Island. As for the others, without the backing of their families, they were worse off than a stray dog on the street. Their past glory was nowhere to be seen. Indeed, when people do bad things, retribution is only a matter of time.

I heard Howard took his own life out of utter despair. Tsk! Whoever drove a person to such extremes must be ruthless.

Ruthless? So what? He wouldn't have ended up in this situation if he hadn't been so devious and wicked. I think he deserved it!

Howard truly deserved more than death. He wasn't worth a shred of sympathy because he wasn't a good person. He had committed countless wrongs long before now, never short of misdeeds. If you really tally it up, he was notorious in Bartitsu Guild as a villain of the worst kind.

This is a harsh lesson, and everyon

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Chapter 1471

Neera was taken aback by Colin's politeness, and she quickly waved her hand. "Mr. Wiley, you're being too polite. You've done so much for the Gordon family and arranged everything so meticulously. It's the Gordon family who should be thanking you. If you say it like this, I really don't know how to express my gratitude."

Colin gave a slight smile. "It seems Ms. Neera has forgotten again. We agreed the last time we met. There's no need for formalities. Why are you still acting so distant with me?"

Neera blinked, noticing that he had no pretense about him. She relaxed, no longer holding herself back, and let out a hearty laugh. "All right. I won't stand on ceremony, then. As long as you understand my gratitude, that's all that matters."

Afterward, something came to her mind, and she asked curiously, "By the way, Mr. Wiley, do you know where Darcel is now?"

Right after she mentioned Darcel, the first to react was Jean.

It seemed he hadn't expected that, after all this time, Neera would still be thinking about Darcel.

The corner of his mouth twitched almost imperceptibly, his expression momentarily odd. But it was fleeting, and he quickly returned to his usual self.

Colin was clearly taken aback for a moment.

If Neera hadn't brought it up, he would have completely forgotten about Darcel's existence.

Colin then cleared his throat, subconsciously glancing at Jean. Seeing the latter's nonchalant expression as if nothing mattered to him, Colin pursed his lips and had no choice but to cover for Jean. "D-Darcel is not here right now." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Suspecting nothing, Neera continued to ask, "Where is he now? May I know? Ever since the selection of district president, I haven't seen him, nor have I heard from him. I haven't even had the chance to thank him properly."

Colin vaguely said, "H-He's been assigned to a task. Yes, he's off on a mission."

"Oh, I see..." Neera understood, her expression somewhat regretful. "I finally made it here, hoping to seize an opportunity to properly thank him, but what unfortunate timing..."

Then she turned to Colin and said, "If he returns at any time, Mr. Wiley, could you please let me know? Also, could you pass on a message? Tell him that I've come here and would like to thank him in person. I hope he can honor me with his presence."

"Sure, I will," Colin agreed outwardly, but inwardly, he was grumbling. Honor you with his presence? Darcel is right by your side, isn't he? Is there really a need for such behavior? I wonder what kind of expression Neera would have when she finds out Darcel's true identity.

In the following days, Neera chose to rest and recuperate at home.

As for the matters of the Gordon family, Chad and Shane took it all upon themselves.

During this time, Avery made a visit.

When Neera saw him, she was quite surprised. "Mr. Cox, you're here. I appreciate you coming all this way to see me."

Avery smiled. "It's not far. District Ten is right next to District One. It's only a two-hour drive. I've been wanting to come for a while, but I figured you guys just moved in and must have a lot of things to take care of, so I delayed my visit for a few days."

As he spoke, he carefully sized up Neera from head to toe. "It seems like your injury has almost healed, which puts my mind at ease."

Neera smiled. "Yes. I'm feeling much better now. Thank you for your concern."

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Nearby, Jean heard these words. He didn't say anything, but he felt slightly annoyed inside. Why is he worried? Does she need another man to care for her?

The mere thought of Avery and his intentions toward Neera made Jean feel even more displeased.

However, Avery came specifically to see Neera, so Jean couldn't show any reaction. All he could do was silently swallow his jealousy.

However, Neera always felt that the Avery he met this time around differed from before.

Avery remained as courteous and refined as ever, but there was a certain urgency that was somewhat diminished.

It was as if they had returned to the first time they met.

After some thought, it seemed as if she understood something. She quietly breathed a sigh of relief in her heart, and then a sincere smile appeared on her face. "Mr. Cox, since you've made the effort to come, why not stay for dinner before you leave?"

"Thank you, but no," Avery declined with a smile. "I can't stay. There are still matters that need my attention at home. I just managed to squeeze in some time to come and see you. I'm relieved to see that you're all okay."

After speaking, he lowered his gaze to scan the various gift boxes piled on the side table and floor, his eyebrows raising slightly. "Moreover, looking at your side, it seems quite busy. There must be quite a few people coming to see you, right?"

Neera felt a bit embarrassed and somewhat helpless all at once.

Lordsworth Estate's strong support and protection for the Gordon family instantly made the Gordon family a highly sought-after, prestigious household in Lordsworth Estate.

Over the past few days, numerous forces had been coming forward, each bearing gifts to show their loyalty, all hoping to align themselves with the Gordon family.

Neera was initially reluctant to accept it, but considering that the Gordon family had just moved there, it seemed somewhat inappropriate to appear too aloof.

At that moment, the Gordon family needed to blend in with those forces, at least to bring the relationships closer and more harmonious.

Chad and Shane thought the same, so they didn't refuse.

Therefore, over the past few days, the threshold of the Gordon family's door had been nearly worn away by all the foot traffic.

When Avery arrived, she had just sent off a member of a family. The gifts the visitor had brought were still not put away.

"This is quite good. When others come to curry favor, the Gordon family is saved from the trouble of actively seeking closer ties with other families. Moreover, it's beneficial for the growth and development of the Gordon family. It's a good thing. In the future, the Cox family will have to rely on the Gordon family," Avery said, half-jokingly, half-seriously.

Beside him, Chad patted his shoulder, his expression somewhat disapproving. "Avery, stop talking nonsense. The relationship between the Cox and Gordon families is unlike any other. We, the two families, should not speak in such a manner."

Avery also spoke casually, immediately laughing and nodding. "All right, Mr. Gordon. I was just joking."

Not long after, Avery left with Violet.

Before getting into the car, he took one last look at Neera. His amber eyes were unfathomably deep, harboring a trace of complex and indiscernible emotions.

Only when the car had driven far away did he retract his gaze, silently closing his eyes.

Violet held back for a moment and couldn't help but ask, "Satan, are you still unable to let go of Neenie?"

Avery remained silent, his eyes still closed, showing no reaction as if he were asleep.

Just when Violet thought he wouldn't respond, he slowly opened his eyes. The corners of his mouth lifted slightly, forming an expression that was hard to define. It wasn't quite a smile but something else entirely. "There's nothing I can't let go of. As long as she's happy, that's all that matters."

Violet tilted her head, tapping her chin, unsure if she had understood correctly.

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Chapter 1472

After a moment, she asked with some distress, "What exactly is love? Why does it make people act out of character and stir up all sorts of strange emotions, even leading to sadness, heartache, and sorrow? If it affects one's mood

so much, wouldn't it be better not to talk about love at all?"

In her world, she had no feelings for anyone else except for Satan.

And her life, too, only had two distinctly different modes.

When she was not on a mission, she followed Avery around, completely content with just good food and drink. She didn't need anything else.

When she was on a mission, she transformed completely, truly becoming an emotionless assassin.

Therefore, she couldn't comprehend love and affection.

Avery looked at her, bemused and confused, and couldn't help but chuckle. He reached out and playfully ruffled her hair. "If you don't understand, then you don't understand. Enjoy the present moment, but you'll understand, eventually."

In the end, he added, "Even if you understand, I won't allow you to experience these hardships. If you're talking about love, the other person should only bring you happiness. If they dare to make you suffer even a little bit, I'll deal with him myself."

Violet blinked in partial understanding. Although she didn't fully comprehend, she felt completely at ease.

So, in a somewhat dazed state, she responded, not thinking too much about it. She reached out to him and said, "Hey, I feel like having strawberry flavor today."

Avery raised an eyebrow, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a small item, placing it gently into her palm.

After returning from the Gordon residence, Avery entered the lobby and saw Albert. Immediately, his face darkened, and his voice turned cold. "What are you here for?"

Albert's expression was far from pleasant, his face gloomy and shrouded in anger. With a stern face, he began to question in a rather unfriendly tone, "I heard you went to the Gordon residence. Did you confront them about Phoebe's matter?"

Upon hearing that, Avery let out a cold, scornful laugh. "Confront them? Are you expecting an explanation?"

Albert was seething, gritting his teeth as he said, "Of course, it's about Phoebe's ordeal! You don't need to lie to me. I know it was the Gordon family who did this! Neera, it was her! How could she be so cruel to harm Phoebe to such an extent? She " Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Before he could finish his words, Avery's face turned stern. His sharp, knife-like eyes stared directly at him like a sharp arrow shot fiercely toward him. "Are you saying Neera had harmed Phoebe? Uncle Albert, you can't possibly be unaware of what happened, can you?"

Albert was taken aback, his eyes bulging round in surprise. He stiffened his neck, refusing to admit it. "What's true or false about the whole matter, I don't know. All I know is that she, Neera, is now living the high life, being pampered and treated like a VIP in Lordsworth Estate. However, my daughter is barely alive. Her existence is no different from being dead! I can't possibly let this matter rest!"

Avery squinted his eyes, chuckling once more. "Oh? You don't want to let it go just like that? Well then, tell me, what do you plan to do?"

Albert choked up again.

This time around, before he had a chance to speak, Avery beat him to it, his tone even colder.

"Uncle Albert, everyone knows everything that's going on. We both know well what kind of mess Phoebe has made. What are you trying to achieve by making a fuss in front of me now? Phoebe knew about the secret passage in the Gordon residence. I haven't even had the chance to question you about it, yet here you are, bragging in front of me. All right, now I'd like to ask you something. How did Phoebe find out about the secret passage in the Gordon residence? Also, how did you know about Phoebe's current situation? If I remember correctly, since you came back from Bartitsu Guild, I've warned you not to have any contact with anyone from there. So, is it that you want to betray the Cox family, Uncle Albert?" Avery questioned.

One question after another was thrown out, and Avery's tone became increasingly harsh.

Hearing those questions made Albert break out in a cold sweat. Even his back was soaked with sweat.

He gritted his teeth and defended himself by saying, "I'm just worried about Phoebe. After all, she is my daughter..."

"If my memory serves me right, Phoebe is no longer a part of the Cox family. You say she's your daughter. So what? Are you also planning to leave the Cox family? Is that it?" A cold, detached laugh escaped from Avery's lips. His face was expressionless, his gaze icy and stern. "If that's the case, the door is open for you to leave. From this point forward, the Cox family will have nothing to do with you."

Ronald was also there. Hearing those words, he felt somewhat overwhelmed and quickly stepped in to mediate. "All right. That's enough. Albert, stop causing trouble. The Cox family has finally found some peace recently. Don't stir up more chaos for Mr. Avery."

Albert felt a lump stuck in his throat, unable to swallow it down or cough it up. It was so uncomfortable that he felt he wouldn't be at ease until he spoke his mind. Relying on the fact that he was an elder to Avery, he fearlessly said "Avery, I am still a member of the Cox family and your elder. Lately, you've been causing unpleasantness between us over an outsider. Isn't this inappropriate? Even if the Gordon and Cox families have a good relationship, they are ultimately not from the same family. The people of the Gordon family are outsiders, not to mention Neera, who doesn't even bear the Gordon surname. She can't compare to our own family! For her sake, you even drove your own cousin away, and now you're disregarding her life and death. Don't you think what you're doing is too excessive?"

In response to his questioning, Avery's face remained expressionless, his tone icy. "Excessive? Is this considered excessive? In my opinion, merely driving her out of the Cox family is a punishment that's far too lenient. Had I known earlier how malicious her intentions were, I would have dealt with her directly from the start, ensuring she'd never have the chance to cause trouble again!"

The thought of Neera being bullied to such an extent by Phoebe, the thought of that girl almost enduring endless humiliation and losing her life over it, made his hands, hanging by his side, involuntarily clench into fists.

The veins on the back of his hand bulged, and the blue blood vessels and deep purple tendons were clearly visible.

Albert was startled by his words, his pupils dilated. For a moment, he didn't know whether to feel angry or shocked.

After a brief pause of two seconds, Albert sharply retorted, "Do you even realize what you're saying? She's your cousin! How could you?"

"Cousin?" Avery scoffed disdainfully. "Tell me, what has she ever done for me? What has she done for the entire Cox family? Other than causing trouble and using the Cox family's name to bully others, what else has she done? In the past, I turned a blind eye to some things because she was young. But she's only gotten worse. Are we supposed to continue tolerating her? Mr. Albert, the Cox family is neither a garbage dump nor a

shelter. If she wasn't your adopted daughter, she would have been dealt with long ago. How could she have stayed in the Cox family for so many years up until now? It seems I've been too lenient with you, leading you to misunderstand that I'm easy to talk to and tolerant. This has made you increasingly reckless, even daring to speak to me, the head of the family, in such a way. You're so quick to point fingers, so why don't I just give you the position of the family head? Then you can rightfully lecture me."

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Chapter 1473

The underlying message of those final two sentences was a reminder to Albert that Avery was the head of the family. Albert didn't have the right to lecture him.

And his address for Albert had also changed, instantly making the atmosphere tense, as if the air itself were pulled taut.

Ronald initially wanted to mediate, but seeing Albert's relentless provocation toward Avery, he, too, became irritated. He chose to remain silent, observing the situation with a cold gaze.

Albert stiffened his neck, wanting to retort, but he couldn't utter a single word.

"Mr. Albert, in the Cox family, you can't afford to question others. I don't want to hear even the slightest about Phoebe's matter. Also, the head of the Gordon family is not for you to discuss. From now on, if I hear it again, don't blame me for disregarding our relationship. I will handle it as it should be handled," Avery said in a calm tone, but the words' meaning was incredibly profound.

Albert was completely shocked, standing there with his eyes wide and mouth agape, looking utterly incredulous. "Avery, are y-you actually treating me, your elder, like this for the sake of an outsider?"

At this moment, Ronald sternly shouted, "Albert!" His expression was extremely serious, his eyes full of warning. "Have you not caused enough trouble?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Albert gritted his teeth, unable to contain his anger. Yet, he was wary of Avery, so he had to find another way to stir up trouble. "Me? Causing trouble? I just don't understand why everyone is protecting the Gordon family, protecting that outsider! Avery, even if you're dissatisfied with me, you can ignore me, but you can't ignore the entire Cox family, can you? Ever since our family moved to Lordsworth Estate, although we've received quite a bit of care from Lordsworth Estate, it's nothing compared to what the Gordon family gets! The difference is worlds apart! Look at what's happening! Ever

since the Gordon family arrived at Lordsworth Estate, they were directly arranged to live in District One! They were even personally fetched by the Medicina family. Even the renowned branch leader, Colin, paid a personal visit. Lordsworth Estate has publicly declared that they will provide comprehensive protection to the Gordon family. With all this commotion, the Gordon family has become a hot commodity, the object of pursuit by numerous powerful families in Lordsworth Estate. These days, I've been hearing rumors. Many families are flocking to pledge their allegiance. Now, the reputation and power of the Gordon family far surpasses our family! But back in Bartitsu Guild, the Gordon family was nothing more than a third-rate family, far inferior to our family. But now, they've transformed and are surpassing us! Who can bear such a gap?"

Ronald's brows furrowed tightly, yet he couldn't think of a rebuttal.

Frankly, that matter did make Ronald feel a bit uneasy. It wasn't to the point of jealousy, but there was a certain lump in his throat.

Albert glanced at his face, then, with a tense expression, turned to look at Avery, huffing in annoyance. "Initially, it was the Gordon family who insisted that our family leave Bartitsu Guild to join Lordsworth Estate. But now, after we've come over, we're being treated coldly by Lordsworth Estate. On the other hand, the Gordon family is doing well. When one person succeeds, the whole family benefits. They've all become highly favored, their status skyrocketing. Yet, they've turned a blind eye to our family-"

"Have you said enough?" At this moment, Avery suddenly spoke, interrupting him coldly.

Albert was taken aback. Looking at Avery's calm and unruffled face, he suddenly felt very uncertain.

He thought that at least mentioning this matter could cause some wavering in Avery's resolve. But unexpectedly, Avery still maintained his nonchalant demeanor.

"Who Lordsworth Estate favor or value is their business. What does it have to do with the Gordon family? And what does it have to do with the head of the Gordon family? In the end, it's because the head of the Gordon family is capable of saving that person from Lordsworth Estate. You just said it yourself. When one person succeeds, the whole family benefits. So, what's the problem? Are you envious? If you're so bitter, why don't you contribute something to the Cox family? You could show your face in front of the lord, win his favor, and get him to take care of the Cox family because of you. If that day comes, I will definitely see you in a new light. Even Phoebe, if you want to bring her back to the Cox family, it's not impossible. After all, in this family, the strong ones have the say. If you can't, just stay put and shut your useless mouth," Avery said.

Albert's face paled and flushed.

Avery gave him a final, icy glance. His tone instantly became serious, laden with a weighty warning. "Mr. Albert, there are some things I only say once. However, out of respect for you being my uncle, I've been patient with you. But this doesn't mean you can walk all over me, act recklessly, or defy my orders. I'll say it one last time. If you dare to criticize the Gordon family again, you'll be punished according to our family disciplinary rules. Also, Bartitsu Guild is now an enemy of the Cox family. If you dare to secretly contact anyone from Bartitsu Guild, there will be no place for you in the Cox family."

After saying that, he turned around and went upstairs.

Albert was inexplicably intimidated by Avery's final glance, his body breaking out in a cold sweat. An unconscious fear rose from the soles of his feet to the top of his head.

For some reason, he always felt that the glance he just received from Avery seemed to carry a hint of something else.

So much so that, for a moment, he forgot his fury and instead felt an overwhelming sense of guilt.

Beside him, Ronald was frowning at Albert. "Mr. Avery has always been a man of his word. Whatever he says, he does. He has been tolerating you out of respect for your seniority for many days now. If you continue to act recklessly and truly anger him, even Rio and I won't be able to help you when he decides to deal with you. You'd better hope for the best. If you still want to stay in this house, you should behave yourself and stop causing trouble!"

Albert wanted to argue further, but after Ronald finished his piece, he turned and walked away, not paying any attention.

He stood alone in the lobby, and his expression was extremely gloomy.

Cold sweat filled the palms of his hands hanging by his side. He clenched his fists tightly, a flash of malice suddenly crossing his eyes.

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Read Chapter 1474

Chapter 1474

The popularity of the Gordon family was soaring, causing quite a stir in Phison. Needless to say, the netizens once couldn't help discussing the matter.

Everyone used to be envious when the head of the Gordon family secured the position of the third elder seat. But now, when you compare it, there's not much to be envious about. After all, her current status, no matter how you look at it, is far superior to her position during her time at Bartitsu Guild. Now, that's truly something to be envious of.

So many family forces have pledged allegiance to the Gordon family. Given their current reputation and power, they can be considered the top echelon family in Lordsworth Estate, right?

Of course! Moreover, it's said that the Medicina family and the Gordon family have a very good relationship. The head of the Medicina family takes good care of the head of the Gordon family. Who doesn't know about the Medicina family? They are the wealthiest family in Lordsworth Estate. The head of the Medicina family is also a highly favored person by the lord. Looking at it this way, the Gordon family's status is absolutely secure.

Why haven't I heard any news from the Cox family? Upon arriving at Lordsworth Estate, it seems like they are not as popular as the Gordon family.

Well, that's not entirely true. The Cox family is now under the full protection of Lordsworth Estate. I've heard that they're going all out to expand their influence. They've opened numerous businesses in District Ten and have restructured their family enterprises. Their own operations are thriving, and it's said that other family powers in District Ten have also pledged allegiance to the Cox family. After all, the Cox family's strength in Bartitsu Guild was extraordinary. No one would dare to underestimate the Cox family now.

But why do I get the feeling that the Gordon and Cox families don't seem to interact much anymore? Is it really like the rumors suggested that after the cancellation of the marriage alliance, the heads of the Cox and Gordon families have become estranged? I see the head of the Gordon family and Mr. Beauvort getting along quite well, but there doesn't seem to be any connection with the Cox family anymore.

Do they really need to publicize their relationship? The Gordon and Cox families have had a relationship for many years. They wouldn't just cut ties over a failed marriage proposal. They're not that petty.

Exactly, I feel the same way. Otherwise, why would the Cox and Gordon families still go to Lordsworth Estate for development? I wouldn't believe it if you told me they didn't arrange this behind the scenes. We, as onlookers, should stop worrying unnecessarily. If there's gossip to enjoy, we enjoy it. If not, we should stop making baseless comments.

Ah! It's not nice to poke one's nose into others' business. Both the Cox and Gordon families are doing quite well. Ever since they joined Lordsworth Estate, they've been treated exceptionally well. Such a fortune is not easily found elsewhere. Moreover, the Gordon family's popularity is largely due to their family head. They've always been

under the radar, so their current prominence is particularly noticeable. But the Cox family is different. They've always been strong and don't need any hype. They prefer to work on significant matters quietly.

I'm changing the subject here. Isn't anyone concerned about Mr. Beauvort? He's been away from the office for quite some time now, all because of his wife. He's been with her at all times, completely neglecting the company. That's enough to make anyone jealous.

Exactly! I've noticed it, too. I'm so envious! How can some people attract such high-quality men? Handsome, wealthy, powerful, caring, and protective of the ones they love. He's always by her side! Why don't I have such luck?

Wake up. We live in a world that judges by appearances. Take a look in the mirror, Sis. With our looks, we'd better not get our hopes up.

Pfft! I disagree with that. How can you only judge by appearances and not consider what's inside? There are countless beautiful faces out there, but it's the heart that matters most. People aren't just looking for an empty shell.

I get it. I really do... However, I'd rather she was a stunning beauty. Her kind of extraordinary allure is not something you come across every day. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

So what? The handsome CEO, Mr. Beauvort, has seen his fair share of beautiful women, right? Given his background and status, he's certainly not short of admirers. He's probably immune to them by now. Plus, he's so attractive that he could have any woman he wants with just a snap of his fingers. But he only has eyes for Ms. Neera. He's utterly devoted to her. I don't think it's just about her looks, do you? It must be because Ms. Neera is not only beautiful but also kind-hearted, with a precious soul that's enough to attract Mr. Beauvort.

Exactly, and it's not just about her looks. The lady has medical skills that can resurrect. Her position in the medical profession is beyond doubt, and few can match her. So, is she not good enough for Mr. Beauvort? If you ask me, she's more than enough!

Great minds think alike. Ms. Neera has healed and saved others. She has also done countless good deeds. I've also found out that she frequently provides free treatment for children's welfare homes. Some areas are very poor and can't afford medical treatment, yet she goes there specifically to help unconditionally. She also donates to charity and has never stopped doing so over the years. Who else could perform such acts of kindness? Ms. Neera is truly an angel, isn't she? It's only natural for Mr. Beauvort to fall in love with her. It shows he has good taste, and it also shows he is blessed.

Haha! A beautiful and kind-hearted lady like Ms. Neera deserves a devoted and faithful man to cherish her. I wish her everlasting happiness!

Agreed.

I couldn't agree more! There are indeed wise people out there!

I like this comment!

During the days Neera chose to rest and recuperate, she spent her time either eating or sleeping. When she had nothing else to do, she would sketch and design if she had an inspiration. If not, she would read a book or surf the web.

When she saw the comments online, she couldn't help but laugh.

"What on earth is this? Their discussion is getting more and more off track." She burst out laughing, sprawled on the bed, her legs bent and swinging leisurely.

Thanks to the ointment, the scratches on her leg had faded significantly after those days of care. Her skin remained as delicate and fair as ever.

Jean's gaze fell upon her, pausing for two seconds, then nonchalantly moved away. He casually walked over and sat down next to her. "What's wrong? What are you looking at?"

"Look at this." Neera held up her phone in front of her. "They're all talking about you. They say you're hopelessly romantic and loyal. They also say you have good taste."

Jean picked up the phone and glanced at it. His eyebrows raised immediately, a faint smile lurking in his eyes. "Indeed, the netizens are right. I am truly blessed."

Neera laughed heartily, lying in bed without getting up. "In the past, people always said that being able to get you was my good fortune. Now, finally, someone has said that being able to marry me is your good fortune. This feeling is quite nice indeed."

Jean smiled faintly. "Are you this happy?"

Neera nodded emphatically. "Of course."

As the two were talking, suddenly, Neera's phone started to ring.

Jean didn't see who it was, naturally assuming that it was someone from Lordsworth Estate looking for her again. He sighed softly and said, "It's really not easy to find some alone time with you these days. Being the man behind you, I'm starting to feel a bit lonely."

Neera couldn't help but laugh. She took her phone, gave him a playful glare, and teased him, "You've only been doing this for a short while. There's still a long way to go. You need to get used to it."

After speaking, her gaze shifted to the phone screen, her expression slightly surprised. Auntie Zuniga is calling me!

Jean glanced over and noticed it, too. He casually asked, "Why is Auntie Zuniga calling you? There must be something up, right?"

Neera nodded, turned over, and sat up. Without much thought, she answered the call.

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Chapter 1475

"What's the matter, Auntie Zuniga? Is there something wrong?" she casually asked, her fingers idly tracing patterns on the bedsheet.

Over there, Auntie Zuniga's tone didn't sound too good.

"Ms. Garcia, your adoptive parents have arrived and insist on staying here. They're refusing to leave. I told them you've gone abroad, and they said they knew about it, but they also said they have nowhere else to go right now and need to stay here temporarily. I wasn't sure if they've contacted you, so I thought I'd call and ask you."

Upon hearing these words, Neera's expression froze.

Her brows furrowed, her complexion taking a turn for the worse.

"How did they find their way here? I've never told them where I live."

Auntie Zuniga also looked bewildered. "I'm not sure where they got their information from. I tidied up and left yesterday. I wasn't planning on coming today, but considering how the weather is about to get colder, I thought I'd move the flowers you left outside to the balcony. When I arrived, however, I found them both waiting at the door. As soon as they saw me, they asked me to let them in. They even brought their suitcases, and are now in the living room."

As she spoke, she turned her head to glance at the living room. In one look, she saw Maggie rummaging through the bookshelf, her eyes gleaming as if she had discovered some extraordinary treasure.

Immediately, she couldn't help but exclaim, "Please don't touch anything, Mdm. Webb! Those are Ms. Garcia's favorite ornaments!"

Upon hearing this, Maggie was far from pleased. She turned her head and shot her a glare.

"I'm just touching them. I won't break any, so what are you fussing about? Besides, this is my daughter's home, and these are my daughter's things, so why can't I, as her mother, touch them? My daughter's home is my home, so I am also a master here. You are just a housekeeper! Who are you to boss me around?"

Feeling much better after giving Auntie Zuniga a piece of her mind, she continued, "Are you done with your call yet? She's probably very busy right now, so it's best not to disturb her. All you have to do is let her know we're here. Or do I have to call her myself?"

Auntie Zuniga's forehead was throbbing, but she could only bear with it and ignored Maggie. She then turned her head and continued her phone call with Neera.

"Ms. Garcia, are you sure you want to let them move in? I... If I may overstep, I think it's best not to let them in. I'm worried..."

Neera understood that she was only trying to help. She also heard Maggie's rather rude remarks, which made her expression look all the more gloomy.

She immediately tried to calm her down by saying, "I understand, Auntie Zuniga. I'm sorry for the inconvenience I've caused you."

Auntie Zuniga quickly shook her head. "No, I'm fine. I just thought that it would never end if they keep bothering you. That's why I didn't let them call you directly. If you don't want them to move in, I'll send them away. But if you want them to stay temporarily, then I won't go back. I'll stay here to keep an eye on things."

Neera pursed her lips, falling silent for a moment before she said, "Have them leave. There are still buses back to the countryside, so they can make it if they leave now. If they refuse, threaten them with calling the police. They wouldn't dare to stay." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Auntie Zuniga let out a sigh of relief. "All right, then. I'll do as you say."

"Thanks." After hanging up the phone, Neera's brows remained furrowed.

Upon hearing this, Jean's expression slightly darkened. "Your adoptive parents went to your house?"

Neera nodded slightly. "I don't know why either. They didn't tell me anything and just suddenly showed up at my house. Who knows what they're scheming? They think they can have whatever they want just because they're my adoptive parents. I've gotten used to it by now."

Jean's brows furrowed when he heard that. "Do they often seek you out like this? You've only been here and it's already happened twice."

Neera bit her lip lightly. "Remember how I had given them some money before? Well, they got too used to it and started asking me for more. I didn't want to owe them anything, so I sent them money a few more times until I felt that I no longer owed them anything. I didn't want to let them leech off of me anymore, but they still kept asking me for more money. During that time, they said all sorts of nasty things simply because they couldn't get what they wanted. Upon seeing that I was no pushover, they eventually stopped contacting me."

Jean could figure it out by himself without having to ask any further. His expression immediately turned gloomy at the thought of the harsh words the couple had said.

Meanwhile, Auntie Zuniga conveyed Neera's intentions, emotionlessly asking them to leave.

Of course, Maggie and Nigel wouldn't possibly agree to leave.

They immediately put on stern faces as they yelled, "Trying to kick us out? Who do you think you are? As I said, this is my daughter's home, so what's hers is ours. How dare you, a mere employer, try to drive out the owners? You'd better be careful! I might just fire you if I get upset!"

Auntie Zuniga felt disgusted by their shamelessness. Her brows furrowed tightly, but instead of arguing with them, she responded coldly, "It's fine if you want to fire me, but remember that it was Ms. Garcia who hired me. If anyone is going to fire me, it should be her. No one else has that authority. If you two have any complaints, feel free to report me to her. Naturally, I will leave if Ms. Garcia gets upset with me. As for asking both of you to leave, it wasn't my intention to do so. I've just consulted with Ms. Garcia, and this is her firm decision. If you have any dissatisfactions with her decision, you can contact her directly about it. If she agrees to let you stay here, I will certainly take good care of you, ensuring your satisfaction."

She spoke these words neither humbly nor arrogantly, yet they were subtly filled with derogatory undertones. She was mocking Maggie and Nigel, the couple, for their relentless persistence and shamelessness.

Naturally, Maggie and Nigel were able to read between the lines and understood what she was implying. Their faces instantly turned a myriad of colors, now green, now red, quite a spectacle indeed.

With a fierce slap on the table, Nigel rebuked angrily, "Nonsense! How could Neera be unwilling to let us stay? We are her adoptive parents!"

Auntie Zuniga didn't even glance at him, her gaze cast into the void. She didn't want to waste her energy with them, responding only with a cool indifference, "I really don't know about that. As you just mentioned, I'm merely a housekeeper. It's not my place to question the decisions of the household. I simply do as Ms. Garcia instructs. Now, I

kindly ask you both not to put me in a difficult position. Please leave as soon as possible. Otherwise, if Ms. Garcia blames me, it's a responsibility I can't bear."

Upon hearing these words, Maggie abruptly stood up, her face full of anger.

"You're full of nonsense! You must be the one who doesn't want to serve us, deliberately driving us away! How could a good child like Neera just abandon us? You even suggested we confront her over the phone. Are you intentionally trying to ruin our relationship? What kind of housekeeper are you? We don't need your services here. I am Neera's mother, and I will make decisions for her. You're fired!"

Auntie Zuniga took a deep breath, emphasizing once again, "As I said, it's fine if you want to fire me, but it should be Ms. Garcia who gives me the word, not you. She's the one who pays my salary, not you. Even if you are Ms. Garcia's adoptive mother, you don't have the right to overstep her and fire me directly."

"How dare you speak to the homeowner like that? Is this your work ethic? Believe me, if you don't leave now, I'll call the police and accuse you of trespassing!"

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Chapter 1476

Auntie Zuniga was utterly astounded by the shamelessness of this couple.

Before she even had a chance to call the police, they were the ones who started issuing warnings.

Are they seriously playing the victim here? What a joke!

She furrowed her brows, her words becoming less polite as she said, "Madam, allow me to remind you that this is Ms. Garcia's house, so she is the homeowner. Therefore, there is only one master here, and that is Ms. Garcia. It's not your place to command me, and my politeness towards you is simply out of respect for Ms. Garcia. Just now, Ms. Garcia also mentioned that I can call the police to escort you two out if you two refuse to leave. Since you've brought it up, let's not waste any more of our time. We'll call the police directly. When they arrive, you can state your case, and I'll state mine. They will surely call Ms. Garcia to verify the facts. Regardless of what Ms. Garcia says and how the police decides to handle things, I won't utter another word of complaint. What do you say?"

Sure enough, upon hearing that she was going to call the police, Maggie was taken aback and suddenly tensed up.

She had her doubts initially, but the moment she saw Auntie Zuniga reach for her phone to call the police, fear set in. She immediately moved to snatch the phone from her.

"What are you doing? Are you thinking of calling the police? Don't even think about it!"

Auntie Zuniga quickly stepped back, shielding her phone behind her, and looked at her with a cold expression. "Didn't you just tell me to call the police? Given how confidently you're acting, I figured you must be pretty confident about winning the case."

Maggie clenched her teeth, seething with rage.

Winning the case? I didn't even dare call Neera myself! We thought that by letting this outsider make the call, Neera would feel somewhat pressured to maintain a facade in front of a stranger and thus, wouldn't drive us away! Who would have thought this stubborn woman would insist on driving us away? If she calls the police, Neera would certainly not speak up for us. Who knows, we might even end up getting arrested!

The thought alone was enough to infuriate her to no end. Feeling at a loss for what to do next, she turned to look at Nigel.

Naturally, Nigel didn't want to leave such a nice house either.

He threw a fit on the spot and yelled, "Stop trying to intimidate us here! Let me tell you, we are Neera's adoptive parents! Even if this house is left empty, there's no reason we can't live in it! If you drive us out and outsiders find out, Neera will become a laughing stock! Who knows what people will say about Neera behind her back, then?"

Auntie Zuniga had long seen through their true colors and was quite disgusted. She frowned and retorted immediately, "If you truly consider Ms. Garcia as your own daughter and genuinely care for her, you shouldn't be causing a scene here, let alone pushing her into the spotlight for others to gossip about. Instead of discussing these irrelevant matters with me, you'd better hurry back, or you'll miss the bus back to the countryside. If you wish to move in, go back and have a proper conversation with Ms. Garcia. I'll repeat what I said before. If Ms. Garcia agrees to have you two move in, I'll make sure to take good care of you, just as I would take care of her."

After she finished speaking, she strode to the entrance, opened the door, and pointed at the doorway, saying, "Now, without Ms. Garcia's permission, you two cannot stay here. Please leave quickly and don't make things any more difficult for this housekeeper."

Nigel and Maggie locked eyes, both seeing a sense of unwillingness in each other's gaze.

But they were indeed scared. If Auntie Zuniga really brought the police, that would be trouble for them.

With that in mind, the two gritted their teeth and decided to leave for the moment.

Before leaving, Maggie shot Auntie Zuniga a fierce glare and said, "You short-sighted fool! Sooner or later, I'll make sure Neera kicks you out!"

Auntie Zuniga remained unfazed. "Suit yourself. If you can make it happen, that is."

After that, she sternly escorted the two out of the mansion, locked the front gate of the courtyard, and returned to the mansion. The heavy front door closed behind her, blocking the view from afar.

Although she wasn't sure about the past between her adoptive parents and Neera, judging by the couple's demeanor, it was clear they were not good people.

She had been working here for such a long time, and yet, she had never seen this couple visit Neera, nor had she heard Neera mention them. It was clear that they were either distant relatives or even on bad terms with each other.

As such, her first instinct was to ask them to leave. After consulting with Neera, she became even more certain that these adoptive parents were here to take advantage of them.

They think they can take advantage of Ms. Garcia? Dream on! Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Outside the mansion, Nigel and Maggie hadn't left. They were staring at this exquisite and grand mansion, their hearts and eyes filled with envy and jealousy.

Nigel was so angry that he spat fiercely on the ground.

"This wretch is living in such a grand house, and yet, she won't even spare a dime for us! Now, it's just sitting there empty, and she doesn't even let us move in! It's true what they say, the richer they are, the stingier they become!"

"Exactly!" Maggie also complained wholeheartedly.

"Even the last time you were hospitalized, she paid the hospital directly instead of giving us the money. We really raised this ungrateful wretch for nothing! We might as well have let her starve to death back then! We've been too kind to her!"

She suddenly let out a cold chuckle, her face full of ill-intent as she continued, "But that's okay, sooner or later she'll have to respectfully invite us in! Since she doesn't know to be grateful, we have plenty of ways to teach her a lesson! Even if she has fled abroad now, we can still deal with her!"

Nigel understood what she meant and sneered as well. "Indeed! A person can't run away forever! There are so many things here that are connected to her!"

After some thought, Maggie spoke again, "However, this cunning wretch is quite sharp, so we need to be on our toes. First, we need to find something to hold against her. Otherwise, she could turn the tables on us, and we'll end up on the defensive."

Neera, on the other hand, didn't take this matter seriously, but Maggie kept calling her.

She didn't want to answer at first, but seeing Maggie persistently calling, she took a deep breath and finally picked up.

She took the initiative, her tone icy cold as she asked, "What else do you want from me?"

Over there, Maggie was sobbing, as if she was feeling very wronged.

"Neera, your housekeeper wouldn't let us stay no matter what. She drove us out, and now we have nowhere to go. We don't have much money either. You know, your father was hospitalized recently, and I spent a lot of our savings to help him recover after he was discharged. Now, we're out of options, so we came to you. But you're not here, and that housekeeper, taking advantage of her position, claimed that you didn't want to let us stay. We have no other options now, so we ended up on the streets. We didn't want to trouble you, but we really have no other way out, that's why we're calling you. Do you really despise us that much? I know that your father and I are country folks, far from your status and position. You're a rich young lady with a wealthy husband, so it's understandable if you don't want to be associated with parents like us. It's just "

Upon hearing her say these words, Neera was immediately annoyed and cut her off coldly, "Don't you think it's quite meaningless to be saying all this?"

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Chapter 1477

Maggie continued her act by saying, "I know you're upset that we came here without notifying you in advance, but we were just worried that you were busy. We just didn't want to disturb you, that's all. However, your housekeeper was so formidable! She even used your name to drive us out! Neera, I know you look down on us country folks now, but even so, you wouldn't do something so heartless, right?"

Neera closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them again, her gaze was icy cold. Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She didn't mince her words, speaking very directly.

"It was I who asked Auntie Zuniga to show you two out. She was merely following my instructions, not intentionally targeting you. There's no need for you to keep calling her a housekeeper in a derogatory way. As for your affairs I neither want to meddle nor hear about them. You had the chance to head back to the countryside by car after leaving my house, but you didn't. Instead, you chose to call me at this hour. You and I both know that you're scheming something. I assume you at least have enough money for a hotel stay, right? If you have nowhere else to go, just check into a hotel and head home tomorrow. From now on, live your own lives and please, don't bother me again."

After she finished speaking, she didn't wait for Maggie to respond and directly hung up the phone.

"But " Before Maggie could finish her sentence, the line went dead.

She was instantly infuriated. After turning off the screen, she gritted her teeth in anger and muttered angrily, "That insolent wretch! She really thinks she's some kind of royalty now, acting all high and mighty. How dare she speak to me like that? I bet she's forgotten that it was us who took her back when she had nothing to eat or drink and nowhere to go! That shameless wretch has no decency!"

Nigel, too, had a stern expression on his face.

"Hmph! We were just too kind back then. That's how we ended up raising such an ingrate! I'd like to see just how long she can keep up this arrogance!"

The next day, in the evening, Neera was having dinner with her family when he unexpectedly received a call from Levi.

She initially thought something urgent had happened at the company, so she quickly picked up the call.

As soon as the call connected, she was immediately met with the sobbing sounds of Maggie before she could even hear Levi's voice.

Her expression turned gloomy instantly. "What's going on?"

On the other side, Levi was frowning deeply as he watched the couple in the reception room, his expression far from pleasant.

"Your adoptive parents came looking for you early this morning, and now they're refusing to leave the reception room. They claim they have nowhere else to go and asked me to help find a place for them. Do you think we should

"No need!" He hadn't even finished speaking when Neera hastily rejected the idea, her expression quite distressed. "How did they enter the office building?"

With a speechless expression, Levi massaged his forehead as he replied, "I didn't want to let them in at first. I saw that you looked upset the last time they showed up at the office, so I knew they weren't good news. But they said that they would cause a scene at the company's front door if they weren't allowed entry, which would attract a lot of attention. I was worried it would negatively impact the company, and more importantly, harm your reputation. As such, I had no choice but to let them in."

Neera was instantly filled with anger.

She slammed her fork on the table and said sternly, "Give her your phone. I'll speak to her directly."

Levi hesitated for a moment, then walked in and handed his phone to Maggie.

Maggie was still sobbing uncontrollably, going through a lot of tissues, and making a mess of the coffee table.

She looked up at Levi, her eyes filled with suspicion, "What are you doing?"

With an indifferent expression, Levi said straightforwardly, "Neera has something to tell you."

Upon hearing that it was a call from Neera, Maggie felt a bit apprehensive, instinctively glancing at Nigel.

The latter gave her a reassuring glance, encouraging her to confidently take the call. Only then did she pick up the phone.

"Neera..."

"Are you two ever going to stop? Wasn't I clear enough with what I said yesterday? We've already gone our separate ways, so how much longer do you two intend to keep bothering me?" Neera questioned her fiercely.

Maggie didn't like the sound of that. "Neera, how could you say such a thing? Do you think we'd turn to you if we weren't truly at our wits' end? Even if you're heartless, you can't just ignore us! After all, we're your parents!"

"Parents?" As if she had heard a funny joke, the corner of Neera's mouth twitched, but there was not a trace of amusement in her eyes.

"I have biological parents. You two are just my adoptive parents. I know very well how you two treated me in the past, and you know it too. Do we really need to bring our past

up? I don't have the time for this, nor do I want to waste my energy on this. I've been tolerating you again and again for Wilfrid's sake, but don't think for a moment that it makes me a pushover! I'm warning you; if you two don't leave immediately, I'll call the police myself and have them arrest you two for trespassing! Think it over; would you rather go home peacefully, or get detained by the police?"

Maggie almost choked when she heard that. "Y-Y-You..." she stammered, struggling to form a coherent sentence.

Even so, she felt a sense of dissatisfaction in her heart and resorted to cliched words.

"Please don't be angry, Neera. I know you're a wealthy lady, and it was hard for you to live a rural life when you were young. You suffered hardships, and it was unfair. But you also know that we were never wealthy. We had to support Wilfrid, and also you, who has no blood relation to us. Even if we couldn't take care of everything, we truly did our best. Are you still blaming us for the hardships you faced back then?"

After hearing that, Neera gave a cold, sarcastic laugh.

She sure is adept at distorting the truth! With just a few words, she was able to turn this into my fault!

Neera was well aware of how shameless and unscrupulous these two were, so she knew it was pointless to reason with them. Since words couldn't get through to them, she decided to simply stop talking.

At that moment, she completely ignored Maggie's remarks, saying coldly and bluntly, "I'm only giving you three minutes. If you insist on causing trouble in the company and refuse to leave, then I'll call the police. Don't blame me for being ruthless, then."

She had already given them more than enough chances.

After she finished speaking, Neera promptly hung up the phone.

At the dinner table, everyone else was staring at her. Seeing her pale complexion, they all couldn't help but furrow their brows.

Adriana was the first to ask, "Is that adoptive mother of yours causing you trouble? What does she want?"

Neera took a deep breath and shook her head, "It's nothing. It's already been taken care of. Don't worry about it, Aunt Adriana. Let's eat."

Of course, Adriana couldn't possibly not worry. "How could you consider that as being resolved? They won't keep bothering you, will they?" she asked.

Chad too, said with a serious expression, "Neera, if there's anything, just tell us. If they still bother you and you don't want to deal with them, we'll help you sort it out."

Shane expressed his support as well. "Exactly, a family should stick together. This is such a minor issue that I could help you out with it."

Neera's originally unhappy mood was immediately soothed by their words. A warm sensation swept across the bottom of her heart.

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Chapter 1478

"It's really okay," she said with a laugh. "Besides, they are in Kingsview right now, and we are in Phison. What could you possibly do about them?"

She winked at him, appearing as if she didn't take it to heart at all.

"Besides, Shane, you said it yourself, it's just a minor issue. Can't I handle that on my own? Relax, okay? Let's just enjoy our meal. It's not a big deal."

Seeing her say this, they exchanged glances and decided not to ask any more questions.

At the dinner table, the sound of laughter and cheerful chatter resumed. Neera occasionally joined in, but she didn't have much of an appetite. Most of the time, she was absent-minded.

Meanwhile, in Kingsview, Maggie couldn't help but feel a bit apprehensive after seeing Neera's unyielding attitude.

She gritted her teeth, locked eyes with Nigel, and subtly shook her head.

Of course, Levi noticed that.

A cold smirk appeared on his lips as he spoke indifferently, "Aren't you two going to leave yet? How long do you two plan on crying and making a fuss here?"

Maggie glanced at him, finally returning his phone with a hint of reluctance.

"Fine! We'll leave! Seriously, you people start looking down on others after you get rich! We've seen it all now! We've raised an ungrateful wretch!"

After uttering those words, Nigel and Maggie immediately left, fearing that Neera would really call the police if they stayed even a second longer.

The couple wore expressions of deep displeasure after leaving Startales.

Visibly upset, Maggie let out a string of vulgarities before turning to Nigel with a deeply troubled expression as she asked, "Nigel, what should we do now? We can't cause a scene at the company! That insolent wretch seems to not care at all! Moreover, I see so many security guards around the company. They might kick us out if we start anything. Wouldn't we end up losing more than we gain? Maybe we should just go back."

Although it was hard to accept, Maggie truly didn't know what to do next.

However, Nigel gave her a disgruntled glance. "Go back? Look at the fancy houses they live in! Would you still want to return to our humble home in the countryside?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Even though they had bought a house in the countryside, which was already much better than the place they used to live in, it was still worlds apart from the place where Neera lived.

After hearing him say that, Maggie naturally became even more reluctant to return.

"But even if we don't go back, we can't move into that fancy house either."

"Who says we can't move in?" Nigel sneered as he continued, "We raised her, so it's only right that she respects us, gives us money, lets us live in a mansion, and serves us with good food and drinks. These are all her responsibilities. That ungrateful wretch thinks she can abandon us now that she has made it big? No way! Anyway, Wilfrid is busy studying now and doesn't have time to come home. We should take this opportunity to get what's rightfully ours. By the time Wilfrid is free, he wouldn't be able to do anything even if he doesn't approve of what we did!"

That's one way to put it, but...

"But that stubborn wretch doesn't show any signs of backing down! She seems to want nothing more than to cut all ties with us. She doesn't even bother to acknowledge us, acting as if she fears nothing in the world. What should we do?"

A hint of malice surfaced on Nigel's face, giving off a sinister vibe as he said, "It's true that she doesn't care. After all, her reputation wasn't great to begin with, so she's used to it. But even if she doesn't care, the Beauvort family will."

"The Beauvort family?" Maggie was taken aback upon hearing this.

Nigel nodded, "Have you forgotten how luxurious and extravagant the Beauvort residence was when we last visited? Why can they live there, but we can't? Neera may not care, but I don't believe that the Beauvort family doesn't care. Don't forget, the Beauvort family is a prominent family. It's obvious that they value their reputation highly. They definitely wouldn't want their daughter-in-law to be gossiped about and called an ingrate." Maggie caught on and immediately thought this idea was excellent.

So what if Neera marries into the Beauvort family? They can still kick her out if they don't like her! We can take the initiative and strike first. If Neera continues to be so stingy, we'll have a good talk with the Beauvort family. Let's see if she'll be scared, then!

The two were in perfect sync. As they looked again at the towering skyscraper of Startales, a cold glint flashed in their eyes.

"Also, with so many businesses in her hands, it wouldn't be too much to ask for her to give Wilfrid one of her companies."

Meanwhile, at the Lordsworth Estate, where the Gordon family resided, Neera spent the whole night absent-mindedly and in low spirits.

A slight frown creased Jean's forehead after his attempts to cheer her up had failed. He took her hand and gently wrapped her in his arms.

"Are you still thinking about your adoptive parents?" he asked while slightly lowering his head and gently rubbing his nose against hers.

Feeling goosebumps all over, Neera quickly moved out of the way before nodding sullenly. "Yeah, and it's annoying me."

Jean's eyebrows slightly furrowed. "It's not worth it to get upset over them."

Neera reluctantly nodded. "I know. If it were just them, I wouldn't care at all. We can handle it however we feel like, but..."

Jean understood immediately. "Is it because of your younger brother?"

Neera withdrew from his embrace and led him toward the balcony. She then leaned lazily against the railing, gazed at the night sky, and let out a long sigh.

"Well, you can consider Wilfrid as part of my concerns. I don't want these matters to affect him. He's about to take his university entrance exams, so he's at a crucial stage right now. I'm afraid it might distract him and result in lifelong regrets. Although it may sound a bit serious, but the matter of attending university is not a small one. He values it greatly. I know he has always hoped to change his life and secure a better future through his own efforts. He has never stopped moving forward. Wouldn't it be a shame if he were to be sidetracked by these unworthy matters?"

Having understood her thoughts, Jean draped his arm around her shoulders and let out a dissatisfied snort.

"You have been so thoughtful of him even though you two aren't related by blood, and yet, his biological parents have never considered whether their actions might have a negative impact on him."

Neera tugged at his shirt sleeve and fiddled with his cufflink as she said, "Well, that's not entirely true. After all, I am Wilfrid's sister."

She then threw her head back and laughed, revealing a radiant smile that showcased her dazzling teeth. Her beauty was truly captivating.

"Speaking of which, I haven't introduced you to him yet. When we get back, I'll take you to meet him if I get the chance to." Jean nodded slightly. "All right."

His rested his hands on Neera's head and gently massaged it. "Stop worrying about these things for now. There's no need to waste your energy on such unworthy people. Since you're concerned about Wilfrid, just play along for now. After all, Wilfrid is about to take his exams soon. We can worry about everything else after the exams."

Neera nodded slightly. "Okay."

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Chapter 1479

Neera had anticipated Nigel and Maggie to be shameless, but she never imagined they could stoop this low.

The next day, Jean received a call from Mr. Jenkins, which was somewhat unexpected.

"What happened at home, Mr. Jenkins?"

Under normal circumstances, Mr. Jenkins would not have directly called Jean.

So, Jean's first reaction was to ask if something happened to the Beauvort family.

Beside him, Neera was lazily lying on his legs, reading a book.

Upon hearing this, she tossed her book aside, looking at him with a puzzled expression, waiting for him to continue.

Mr. Jenkins's tone was somewhat serious as he said respectfully, "There's trouble at home, Mr. Beauvort. Could you and Mrs. Beauvort possibly return for a while?"

Jean was even more surprised, "What exactly happened?"

Mr. Jenkins was clearly hesitant, pausing for a moment before he said, "The adoptive parents of Mrs. Beauvort have come to us, claiming they have nowhere else to go. They want the Beauvort family to take them in, and from what they're implying, they also want to ask your parents for some money."

Upon hearing this, Jean's eyebrows furrowed deeply.

He paused for a moment, then asked, "What about now? What's the current situation?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Mr. Jenkins sighed. "Normally, in such situations, Mr. Frederic and Madam would simply kick the person out. I don't know what Madam was thinking, but she actually let them stay. She arranged for them to stay in the guest room, saying that she would wait for you and Mrs. Beauvort to return before making a decision."

"I see," Jean responded in a deep voice, indicating that he understood what was going on. He then hung up the phone without saying if he would return or not.

Neera saw his face darken slightly. She sat up and tugged at his sleeve as she asked, "What's wrong?"

After a moment of hesitation, Jean told her the truth.

After hearing it all, Neera's face instantly turned ashen, clearly showing her anger.

"How could they be so shameless?"

They actually had the audacity to go to the Beauvort Manor? They really have no shame!

She could bear it no longer, and immediately stood up.

Jean grabbed her arm. "Where are you going?"

Gritting her teeth in frustration, Neera said angrily, "I'm going back! I want to see what kind of tricks they're going to pull next!"

Jean stood up, supporting her by the shoulders as he turned her to face him. "If you go back now, you'll be falling right into their trap. Their commotion is clearly designed to force you into submission," he said while looking her in the eyes.

Neera understood what he meant, but she couldn't detach herself from the situation and remain indifferent.

The thought of her adoptive parents actually going to the Beauvort Manor and causing such a huge scene, she just couldn't suppress the anger in her heart.

There was another kind of shame, swirling in her heart, making her feel unbearably humiliated and angry.

"No, I must go back."

Her eyes were resolute, clearly showing that she had made up her mind, and no amount of persuasion would work on her.

"Avoiding them like this is pointless. Now, it's time to put an end to it."

As she spoke, a sharp glint flashed across her eyes, chillingly intense.

Seeing that she had already made up her mind, Jean sighed lightly, took her hand, and gently kneaded it.

"All right, then. Since you've made up your mind, we'll go back together."

After saying this, he continued with a sense of helplessness, "I had hoped that you could relax and no longer be troubled by worries once we reached Lordsworth Estate. But it turns out you still have to worry about such things. It's a shame indeed."

Neera understood that his heart ached because of her. The corners of her mouth twitched slightly, revealing a hint of guilt.

"I'm sorry; I didn't think they would cause a ruckus at the Beauvort Manor, which would cause trouble for you."

No sooner had she finished speaking than a hint of dissatisfaction flashed in Jean's eyes. He curled his fingers and lightly tapped her head.

"Are you seriously saying that to me?"

Neera grunted softly as she clutched her head and rubbed it.

"I

'I just...

I just don't want to get you and the Beauvort family involved in such troublesome matters."

She would feel a bit better if it were just him, but she couldn't help but feel guilty as the elders of the Beauvort family were affected as well.

Jean understood the little thoughts in her heart and teased her again, "Now that you're married to me, the Beauvort family is your source of support. There's no trouble that we can't handle. I'm more than willing to help you sort out these vexing issues. However, if you wish to handle them on your own, I'll respect your decision. As for my parents, I believe they feel the same way."

Neera looked up at him, her gaze serious. After a few seconds of silence, she gently responded with a "Okay."

Before long, she informed Adriana and Chad of her decision to return to her home country.

Upon hearing that it was related to her adoptive parents, both of them simultaneously furrowed their brows.

"What do they want? Do they expect you to support them for the rest of their lives?"

A hint of icy coldness flashed in Neera's eyes. "Pretty much."

Adriana's expression was rather grim. "That's all the more reason to ignore them. We need to show them that they won't get any money out of you no matter what they do. Only then, will they back down."

Neera initially thought it would be this way, but she had severely underestimated the shamelessness of those two people. As such, she knew that this method simply wouldn't work.

She comforted Adriana, "Don't worry, Aunt Adriana. We have to face it sooner or later anyway. I know what I'm doing."

Seeing that her mind was made up, Adriana had no choice but to agree.

"All right, then. If you want to go back, then head on back. It will be a good chance to see the kids too."

Neera smiled, affectionately wrapping her arm around Adriana's as she said, "Yeah, we'll see how things go. If it isn't anything serious, we'll even bring them over. By the time we return, your wedding with my uncle should be all set. When that time comes, I want to personally hand you over to my uncle!"

Adriana's face flushed at her words, her smile gentle and charming as she said, "What are you babbling about, you silly girl?"

That night, Neera and Jean took a red-eye flight, rushing back to Kingsview.

Meanwhile, it was evening in Kingsview. The sun was setting in the west, gradually darkening the sky.

Maggie and Nigel were arranged to stay in the guest room of the Beauvort Manor. At the moment, they were rummaging through the room, touching everything while their eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"The Beauvort family sure knows how to live lavishly. Even a guest room is decorated so beautifully. I bet every single item in this room costs a fortune."

Nigel glanced at her, his expression showing a hint of disdain.

"Isn't that stating the obvious? What kind of family do you think this is? They're so wealthy that even the most trivial thing can exceed our comprehension. Just look at this mansion. It's even bigger than where that wretched girl lives. Every corner reeks of luxury. We shouldn't have bothered with that girl in the first place! We should have come straight here!"

"Exactly!" Maggie was so excited that she was speaking faster without even realizing it.

"I didn't expect the couple from the Beauvort family to be so reasonable, especially Madam Beauvort. She agreed to let us stay as soon as we revealed that we are the adoptive parents of that wretch. I thought she would be a tough character to deal with, but she's actually quite easy."

As she spoke, her face once again revealed an expression of both envy and admiration.

"These people sure are wealthy. Just look at her clothes! Her face looks so well-maintained too! It must all be thanks to her money. If only I could be like her..."

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Chapter 1480

Nigel glared at her. "Why are you so short-sighted? Don't forget our goal. If we can get a sum of money from the Beauvort family, we won't have to worry about anything for the rest of our lives! We'd be able to buy whatever we want after that! What's the use of just staring at people's faces? Focus on their wealth instead!"

Maggie replied somewhat irritably, "All right, I get it! They've already let us stay, so they'll definitely give us the money."

Nigel, however, was not entirely at ease. "We should get paid, but it depends on how much. A small sum of money, as if they're just brushing us off, won't do. We've taken care of that wretch for a long time, so it should at least amount to a significant figure. If they're stingy and won't pay us, then we can't accept that. We'll just stay put and refuse to leave!"

He then sneered as he continued, "That stingy wretch may be a miserly person, but it doesn't matter. We don't need her money anymore. The Beauvort family is so rich that they're practically oozing wealth. We can definitely milk them for a huge sum!"

After having dinner that evening, Frederic and Wrenn invited Nigel and Maggie for a chat in the living room.

Throughout the conversation, Frederic remained expressionless and hardly spoke to Nigel and Maggie.

Wrenn, on the other hand, spoke a lot more.

She carried herself with an elegant and noble demeanor. Her expression toward the couple was cold and distant, yet she maintained basic courtesy.

After exchanging a few pleasantries and inquiring about their well-being, Wrenn steered the conversation toward the main topic.

"I understand that both of you are living under strained circumstances, and it's out of desperation that you've had to approach us. I empathize with your situation. When the Garcia family abandoned Neera, you both kindly took her in and provided her with a shelter from the storm, which allowed her to grow up safely. I believe that Neera will always remember your act of kindness. Now that Neera is my daughter-in-law, not only will she remember your kindness, but our Beauvort family will also engrave it in our hearts. I understand that you two have traveled a long way to get here. It must be difficult to ask for help upon our first meeting, but rest assured, we don't find it presumptuous. Since you are willing to be adoptive parents, we are naturally willing to lend a hand when you encounter difficulties—"

She spoke these words calmly, without any particular emotion. They were all surface-level remarks, high-sounding and dignified, yet they carried a hidden depth of meaning.

In truth, she held great contempt for this couple, who had the audacity to come knocking on her door for money.

Since they were Neera's adoptive parents, she didn't mind giving them some respect.

If anything, she simply considered it as helping Neera send them off so that she could have some peace of mind.

That was why she had allowed them to stay for the night.

However, Maggie, with her eyes shining brightly, hastily and impolitely interrupted her before she could finish her sentence.

"Absolutely, Madam Beauvort, you're absolutely right. It's truly an honor to have such a reasonable and understanding in-law like you. It's just that, Neera is really out of line. How could she neglect her duty to serve her parents-in-law and go out to enjoy herself? It's really inappropriate! It seems to me that she has completely forgotten the lessons I've taught her in life. To be honest, she has been acting all high and mighty ever since she started following that aunt of hers. Not only does she look down on others, but she even ignored my calls this time. My husband and I are at our wits' end, which is why we've come to you. We hope you won't take offense. Once that girl comes back, I'll give her a good talking to, and make sure she serves you properly in the future!"

An almost imperceptible frown creased Wrenn's brow when she heard that.

Even Frederic had a hint of displeasure flicker across his eyes.

He, who had remained silent all this while, suddenly said, "She chose to marry into our Beauvort family, not to serve me and my wife. All she and Jean need to do is live their own lives well."

His sudden remark left both Maggie and Nigel taken aback.

Wrenn sneered inwardly, but on the surface, she calmly took over the conversation by saying, "Exactly. She chose to marry into our family to be Jean's wife and our daughter-in-law, not a maid or housekeeper. She is one of the owners of this house. As for the tasks of serving our family, we have hired housekeepers for that. She doesn't need to serve me and my husband either. While it would be nice if she wishes to show her respect to us, that is completely done of her own accord. We wouldn't want her to have to work hard to serve us. Moreover, if she and Jean want to go on honeymoons and travel around the world, it's not a problem as long as they're happy. Even my husband and I wouldn't say a word against it, but rather, we would fully support them. Others have even less right to point fingers. It's better not to criticize her like this, Mrs. Marrow. As for your claim that she's arrogant and naive that's utterly absurd. It seems that you haven't been in touch with Neera for a long time, Mrs. Marrow. Or perhaps, you don't truly understand Neera at all. I'd say she's a wonderful girl. I had some misunderstandings about her before, but later I recognized her excellence and realized how precious she is. Her aunt has raised her very well. Be it her character or knowledge, abilities or talents, there's nothing to pick on. She wasn't the lucky one for marrying into our Beauvort family. We are the ones lucky to have her."

Maggie and Nigel were taken aback, completely unprepared for the high praise Frederic and Wrenn had for Neera. [SEAR*ch the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

They had assumed that a match of equal social status would be of utmost importance for a prestigious family like the Beauvort family. Therefore, logically speaking, Neera shouldn't be their ideal candidate for a daughter-in-law.

That was why Maggie thought of seizing the opportunity to badmouth Neera to get closer to Frederic and Wrenn.

To her surprise, her strategy backfired.

Suddenly, Maggie and Nigel's expressions turned somewhat unnatural. They exchanged a quiet glance, neither of them uttering a word.

Wrenn looked at the couple indifferently, then changed the subject by continuing the previous topic.

"Neera is a sensible child, so she probably didn't ignore you two on purpose. Perhaps she has her hands tied with something at the moment. It's okay, though. My husband and I can help you two out, so it's all the same."

As she spoke, she pulled out a card and placed it on the coffee table, sliding it toward them.

"There's five million inside this card. Although it may not be a huge amount, it should be more than enough to help you both out of your financial difficulties. Consider it as a repayment for the kindness you showed Neera all those years. I hope you won't find it offensive. Please, accept it."

That was probably the first time she had shown so much respect when speaking to someone.

Back then, she would definitely not say a word more than necessary upon encountering these two. Instead, she would have directly kicked them out of the house.

Everything that she had done so far was all for Neera's sake.

Five million was already an astronomical figure for Nigel and Maggie.

However, as the two of them glanced at each other, neither reached out to take the card. Instead, they both showed a hint of dissatisfaction in response.

Maggie hesitated for a moment, let out a couple of awkward laughs, and clasped her hands together, gently rubbing them as she said, "Um... Madam Beauvort, I'm really sorry to say this, but... Isn't this amount a bit too little?"

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Chapter 1481

Chapter 1481

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Wrenn didn't expect her to utter those words. She was taken aback by her audacity. An ambiguous chuckle escaped from her mouth.

She took a deep breath, striving to maintain her composure, and asked, "So, how much money do you want?"

Maggie remained silent and glanced at Nigel instead.

The latter hesitated for a moment, straightened his back, and gave a number. "Well, shouldn't we at least add a zero to it?"

Wrenn couldn't help but furrow her brows. Even Frederic's face was contorted.

"You're saying you want fifty million?" [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

This time, Nigel remained silent. Maggie, with her head held high, responded, "Yes, Mrs. Beauvort. The Beauvort family is so wealthy and powerful, and even influential. A mere fifty million should mean nothing to you, right?"

Fifty million, for the Beauvort family, indeed wasn't much. Giving it away was merely a trivial matter.

However, just because the Beauvort family was wealthy, it didn't mean that others could take advantage of them as they pleased.

At that moment, Wrenn picked up the coffee cup and took a sip leisurely without any intention of savoring it. Her gaze, through the rim of the cup, was fixed on the two people opposite her, a cold sneer echoing in her heart.

This couple really has the nerve to make outrageous demands.

She placed the coffee cup gently on the table, lifted her eyes, and asked with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes, "Could you two perhaps share what kind of trouble you've encountered that requires such a large sum of money? If it's possible, the Beauvort family is willing to step in directly and resolve it for you, saving you the trouble."

Maggie's expression turned sour.

Mrs. Beauvort and Neera are cut from the same cloth. They speak so similarly.

After a moment of hesitation, she finally stammered, "The matter is neither too big nor too small. It's just... It's just that Nigel's health isn't good. He needs proper treatment and care. Some time ago, we spent all our savings on his treatment. Even Neera is reluctant to contribute more. We really have no other options."

Nigel's health isn't good? He needs proper treatment and care?

Wrenn nearly let out a cold laugh. No matter how she looked at Nigel, he didn't seem like someone with a frail constitution.

Even when telling lies, one should have some basis. Do you really think others are fools to believe whatever you blurt out?

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She continued to be patient, without causing a scene, and simply said, "Is that so? In that case, it's perfect. The Beauvort family owns a private hospital. I can arrange for you the best doctors and the best medical conditions. You don't need to worry about any cost issues. You just need to focus on receiving treatment in the hospital."

Both Maggie's and Nigel's faces fell. They hadn't expected to fall into the trap they had dug themselves.

Wrenn was even putting on the facade of a good person, leaving them speechless.

"Of course, you can still keep this five million. After all, as I've said, this is to repay you for the kindness you showed when you adopted Neera back then." Upon hearing this, Nigel seized the opportunity and began to speak in a sarcastic tone.

"Mrs. Beauvort, as a mother yourself, you should understand how challenging it is to raise a child. When Neera was abandoned and came to our home, it was the most difficult stage to educate her. The amount of effort my wife and I had put in is immeasurable in terms of money. Yes, our circumstances may not have been the best, but we did our utmost for Neera. Even though we couldn't provide her with a life of luxury, we never let her go hungry, right? Seeing how well she has turned out now, it's not too much to say that we deserve most of the credit, is it?"

What he was implying, both overtly and subtly, was that this amount of money was nowhere near enough to repay their kindness in bringing up Neera. Wrenn's lips twitched as she suppressed her temper.

"Yes, we acknowledge that the sacrifices you've made are indeed priceless. It seems that five million might be a bit insufficient. Well, the Beauvort family is not stingy. We heard that Neera has a younger brother, and we understand that raising him must not be easy for you. We, the Beauvort family, are willing to contribute an additional three million as a token of our goodwill. This money should be enough for your son to get married and start a family in the future. Are you both satisfied with this?"

With the addition of three million, it was still just eight million.

Compared to the whopping fifty million Nigel asked for, it was still far behind.

Maggie and Nigel were naturally dissatisfied, but before they could say anything, Wrenn spoke up again.

"In the Beauvort family, we've always believed in repaying kindness. We don't like owing anyone anything, but we also won't let others take advantage of us for no reason. Mr. Marrow, Mrs. Marrow, I presume your visit is to resolve difficulties, not to gain something for nothing, am I right?"

The implications of these words were quite clear. Maggie and Nigel exchanged a glance. Despite their apprehensions about the Beauvort family, they didn't dare to make outright demands. Even if they were dissatisfied, they could only sulk in silence.

After returning to her room, Maggie couldn't help but curse loudly, "What kind of prestigious family is this? They're just as stingy! They think they can dismiss us with eight million! Do they think we're beggars? Nigel, what should we do? Should we just compromise like this? Eight million, for the Beauvort family, is just like plucking a strand of hair, isn't it?"

Naturally, Nigel was also filled with discontent.

Naturally, Nigel was also filled with discontent.

He had prepared himself for a fight. If he couldn't achieve his goal, if he couldn't get the amount he wanted, he would stubbornly refuse to leave.

However, as he sat in the living room just now, he could feel the powerful aura radiating from the couple of the Beauvort family. It made him feel somewhat intimidated.

Although he had tried to argue a bit, in the end, he still didn't dare to go too far.

If by any chance the Beauvort couple becomes displeased and actually drives us out, won't we end up worse off than before?

Thinking about this, he gritted his teeth and finally said reluctantly, "Eight million it is then. Let's take it for now. After all, they can't run away from us. We'll have plenty of

opportunities in the future. When the time comes, we can find any excuse to ask for money. In any case, that d*mned girl is our adopted daughter. No matter how hard she tries, she can't shake off this relationship! That reckless girl doesn't care about her reputation, but the Beauvort family does. Otherwise, they wouldn't have let us stay temporarily and even given us eight million. Isn't it all because they fear us spreading rumors? Well, since we have their weakness in our hands, we can manipulate them as we wish in the future. This time it's eight million, but next time it will be more. The Beauvort family will be our money tree, an inexhaustible source of wealth. Our days ahead will only get better!"

Maggie found his words reasonable, and the displeasure that once marked her face began to fade away.

"All right. Whatever you say. So, we're leaving tomorrow, then?"

Nigel snorted. "Leave? That depends on our mood. Why would we abandon this grand villa to live in a small house in the countryside and give up all these delicacies? Only a fool would do that! Tomorrow, I'll find an excuse to pretend to be sick, so we can stay here. We'll stay as long as we can!"

Naturally, Maggie was also reluctant to leave this place. She quickly came up with an idea. "You don't have to pretend to be sick. Just say you can't bear to leave the three brats..."

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Chapter 1482

Chapter 1482

The next day, as expected, Maggie used the three little ones as an excuse, feigning reluctance to leave with insincere sentimentality.

"After all, we are the grandparents of these three children. We've finally managed to meet them, and we can't bear to part with them just like that..."

Wrenn's eyes twitched. "So, what are you implying?"

With a pleasing smile, Maggie proposed, "How about this? Why don't we stay a few more days to spend time with the children? Mrs. Beauvort, you wouldn't refuse such a small request, would you?" Nigel chimed in with a forced smile, "Indeed, Mrs. Beauvort, while the Beauvort family enjoys familial bliss, we too, along with these children, are a family."

Wrenn looked upset. She locked eyes with Frederic, and in the end, she gritted her teeth and agreed, "All right, then. You can stay here for a couple more days. If there's anything you need during this time, don't hesitate to ask."

Maggie and Nigel naturally wouldn't stand on ceremony with her.

"All right, then. Thank you for your generous hospitality, Mrs. Beauvort."

At the dining table, the three little ones were utterly confused.

Yesterday, they had been picked up by Edward and taken out for a day of fun. They had only returned today.

They had been completely unaware of Maggie and Nigel's visit to Beauvort Manor, let alone what had happened yesterday.

However, looking at these two now, they couldn't shake off the feeling that something was amiss. They were on full alert, their hearts filled with caution.

After breakfast, Harvey tugged at Wrenn's sleeve, pulling her aside, his little face serious and solemn.

"Grandma, Sammy, Penny, and I have never met them. Are they really Mommy's adoptive parents?"

Wrenn gently patted his little head and kindly said, "Indeed, they are."

Harvey's expression remained grim, a hint of disgust lurking in his eyes.

"Mommy has never mentioned them. Although she never complained, I'm sure she had a hard time living with them. I don't like them, nor do I want to be around them. I believe Sammy and Penny feel the same way." Then, he asked again, "When they came looking for you, did they ask you and Grandpa for a favor? Did they... ask for money?"

Wrenn sighed inwardly. He's really smart. He guessed everything correctly.

She crouched down, looking up at his handsome little face, "Sweet child, don't worry about adult matters. I know you're worried about your mommy, but rest assured, I will help solve your mommy's problems. Just bear with it for two or three days, and I'll have them leave. During these few days, if you don't want to see them, just keep your distance, play on your own, or go to the study to read or practice writing. Your grandpa was just saying yesterday that he wants to play chess with you.

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After some time, the three little ones had become less distant and resistant toward the elderly couple of the Beauvort family than they were before.

Although they were far from being close, their daily conversations were still considered normal.

However, despite Wrenn's gentleness and affection, the little ones still seemed distant and cold.

At that moment, Harvey could only nod in agreement.

He knew that his parents were busy in Phison and he didn't want to trouble them, nor did he want to be a burden to his grandparents.

As such, he took Sammy and Penny to the study.

In truth, Maggie and Nigel didn't genuinely want to keep the three little ones company, nor were they interested in heading to the study to chat with them. After their meal, they excused themselves, claiming they weren't feeling well, and retreated to their guest room. They even had Mr. Jenkins deliver some freshly cut fruit to their room.

In response to this, Wrenn was utterly disgusted.

Frederic nudged her arm. "Enough with the long face. If you dislike them so much, why don't you just kick them out? Why did you agree to let them stay?"

He had intended to intervene in this matter, but Wrenn wouldn't allow it. He had no choice but to let it be.

Wrenn let out a long, heavy sigh.

"You think I don't want to drive them away? With my temper, I would have kicked them out of Kingsview long ago. But after all, they are Neera's adoptive parents. Despite Neera's indifference, we can't ignore this relationship. They're as cunning as foxes. They won't stop until they achieve their goal. If they went out and spread rumors, who knows, Neera might be the subject of gossip again. That would be so damaging to her reputation."

Frederic hadn't expected her to think this way. He was somewhat taken aback.

"I thought you didn't want them to tarnish the reputation of the Beauvort family."

Wrenn was unfazed. "Can the Beauvort family's reputation be tarnished just because they want to? To put it plainly, if the Beauvort family doesn't interfere, no one can blame them for anything. They neither have the right nor the reason. However, Neera is

different. The Beauvort family and the two of them are separated, but Neera was once adopted by them."

"But they weren't nice to Neera. I heard that life in the countryside was quite tough for her."

Wrenn could naturally guess that. "Just by looking at their faces, I can imagine that they must not have treated Neera well. But Neera is currently out dealing with matters with Jean. We shouldn't let her get bogged down with other messy affairs. If money can solve the problem, then it should be resolved as soon as possible. Don't wait for them to stir up any rumors. It will be quite troublesome." Suddenly, Frederic laughed.

"Wrenn, you handle things much more gently now."

Wrenn came from the prestigious Leyva family. She was a proud heiress of a wealthy household.

10:38 Fri, 8 Dec

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People like Maggie and Nigel were the ones she despised the most. The old Wrenn wouldn't have even bothered to treat them kindly.

It was truly not easy for her to have such patience now, all for the sake of making Neera's life a bit easier.

Since they had an appointment today that they couldn't get out of, they had no choice but to step out.

Before setting off, Wrenn reminded Mr. Jenkins to keep a close watch.

However, as soon as she returned and stepped into the foyer, she could hear the sound of crying coming from upstairs, accompanied by the angry voice of a boy. "You're not allowed to hit my sister! You're a bad person! A bad person!"

It was the voice of Sammy, and it was Penny who was crying.

Her face instantly turned stern as she hurriedly ascended the stairs.

She had barely reached the staircase when she saw Mr. Jenkins rushing out of the kitchen carrying a bowl of royal jelly. She immediately asked, "What's going on?"

With sweat pouring down his forehead, Mr. Jenkins replied, "Madam, I really don't know what's going on..."

Throughout the day, Maggie and Nigel had been making various requests.

Just a moment ago, they had insisted on having royal jelly. He didn't want to bother the elderly Beauvort couple over such a trivial matter, so he had no choice but to go along with it. However, no sooner had he prepared the bowl of royal jelly than the sound of crying echoed from upstairs, and little did he expect Frederic and Wrenn to return right then.

Seeing Wrenn hastily rush upstairs, he quickly set aside the bowl and assisted Frederic in hurrying up

as well.

As Wrenn turned the corner of the staircase and saw the scene in the corridor, her face contorted.

Penny was seen shielded behind Harvey, her hand covering half of her face. Her small hand could hardly hide the glaring imprint of a slap. Her eyes were filled with tears, and she looked utterly aggrieved. Sammy rushed forward, intending to push Maggie like an angry lion cub. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Before he could even touch Maggie, he was suddenly kicked to the ground by Nigel who appeared from behind.

Harvey's face turned as dark as thunder. He was unable to hold back any longer.

Just as he was about to rush forward, he heard a stern shout coming from not far behind him.

"What are you two doing?"

Immediately, the three little ones were taken aback. They turned around in unison to see Wrenn walking briskly to their side. She helped Sammy up and stood protectively in front of them, her eyes wide open as she glared at Maggie and Nigel.

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Chapter 1483

Chapter 1483

Maggie and Nigel were stunned to see Wrenn return at this moment.

Seeing her angry expression, both of them felt a pang of guilt. This is bad, they thought to themselves, but neither of them said a word.

Wrenn was intimidating as she questioned them sternly, "I'm asking you, what did you just do to them? How could you lay your hands on them?"

At this moment, Frederic also walked over. His face was dark as he roared, "How dare you lay a hand on my grandchildren? Have you grown tired of living?" Nigel and Maggie had never seen such a spectacle before and were instantly frightened.

Swallowing nervously, Maggie nudged Nigel with her elbow. "S-Say something."

Nigel had acted impulsively just now. After being reprimanded by them, he was filled with regret. He quickly shot her a glare and gritted his teeth in silence.

If it wasn't for this b*tch, there wouldn't be so much trouble!

"We just weren't paying attention for a moment and accidentally bumped into the child. You know how kids are. It's normal for them to have little bumps and bruises. There's no need to be too worried..." Wrenn snapped, "Nonsense! I saw it with my own eyes. You kicked Sammy. And what's the story behind the slap mark on my granddaughter's face? Was that also an accidental bump?"

Having been chastised by a woman, Nigel felt embarrassed. All he could do was defend himself.

"I was just trying to teach him a lesson. That little rascal was about to push me! I am his elder. Is this how he treats his elders? He really has no manners at all!"

The words slipped out before he could think. After speaking, Nigel couldn't help but shiver when he sensed Frederic's gaze.

He licked his lips, about to say something, but was interrupted by a cold chuckle from Frederic.

"Who are you to lecture my grandchildren? How dare you claim yourself as an elder of the grandchildren of the Beauvort family? I-".

His words abruptly halted, and his breath hitched. Suddenly clutching his chest, he furrowed his brows and began to cough, his breathing becoming rapid.

"Mr. Frederic!"

"Dear!"

Mr. Jenkins and Wrenn were shocked when they saw this.

The three little ones also looked up, their eyes wide and filled with worry as they looked at Frederic nervously. "Grandpa..."

In fact, the reason why Frederic and Wrenn had come home early today was because Frederic was feeling discomfort in his heart.

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Although he had been recovering well, he was, after all, getting on in years and couldn't overwork himself. Moreover, due to the appearance of Nigel and Maggie, he hadn't been in a great mood, which was why he was feeling a bit unwell now. [SEAR*ch the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

It wasn't a big deal initially. All he needed was to come back and rest for a while until this incident happened, and it ignited his rage, causing his reaction to become intensely strong.

At that moment, he lifted his trembling hand, lightly waving it. "I'm fine..."

Another bout of coughing followed.

Wrenn was extremely worried. She quickly instructed Mr. Jenkins, "Hurry, help him back to his room. I'll handle everything here!"

Frederic was feeling unwell and didn't put on a brave front. Despite his considerable annoyance, he ultimately heeded her words and, with the help of Mr. Jenkins, returned to his room. In the corridor, only Wrenn remained.

She looked at Maggie and Nigel with an icy stare.

"No manners? The two of you dare to talk about manners in front of me? Who do you think you are? How dare you lay a hand on a member of the Beauvort family on our own turf?"

Unable to hold back, Maggie muttered, "What do you mean by that? Are you looking down on us country folks because you have money? Don't forget, your daughter-in-law grew up in the countryside, raised by me and Nigel..."

"Don't talk to me about Neera!" Wrenn gritted her teeth. "If it weren't for the fact that you two once adopted Neera, do you think you could have set foot in Beauvort Manor? And now you have the audacity to bring up Neera?"

After she finished speaking, she pulled Penny in front of her and gently brushed her hand away. Her gaze fell on the still red handprint, and she grew even more livid.

She turned her head and glared at Maggie. "She's just a child, What could she have possibly done to deserve such harsh treatment from you?".

Since Frederic had returned to his room, Maggie and Nigel were not as scared as before. They began to speak more loudly.

"This is considered harsh? It's just a slap. She was talking nonsense. Am I not allowed to discipline her? Even though she is now the granddaughter of the Beauvort family, she is also the daughter of Neera. I am, after all, her elder. She wouldn't even call me Granny. I've been wanting to teach her a lesson for a while now! Who are you to keep me from talking about manners? Isn't it something that prestigious families value the most? What, do you look down on us country folks for being impolite? You talk as if the Beauvorts are extremely polite! How ridiculous!"

She rambled on and on, glossing over the main point.

Wrenn, tired of her nonsensical chatter, turned her head and asked Penny, "Baby, tell me, why did she hit you?"

Penny's big eyes were red and slightly swollen, filled with extreme grievance. She pouted and sobbed in a choked voice, "I... I wasn't being impolite. I just don't like her! She's a bad person. They all are. They never took good care of my mommy. They even bullied her. Why should I call her Granny? I don't want to... I don't want to call her Granny! She's not my granny!"

The little one was truly heartbroken. As she spoke, she started crying again, sobbing so hard that she hiccupped, her words coming out in broken fragments. Upon seeing her, Wrenn was heartbroken as well. She quickly crouched down and gently cradled her soft little body in her arms, lightly patting her back.

"All right, I know. You're the most well-behaved and polite girl. What they say is not true. Sweetie, tell me, why did she hit you? I will stand up for you, okay?"

Penny was sobbing uncontrollably. Seeing that, Sammy was in a state of panic. He walked over and tugged at Wrenn's sleeve, his little face flushed with anger as he pointed at Maggie.

"Grandma, it's not Penny's fault at all. It's this bad person! She stole Penny's things!"

Wrenn's eyes narrowed sharply. She looked in the direction where he pointed and saw through the panic hidden in Maggie's eyes at a glance.

She asked coldly, "What did she steal?"

Just as Sammy was about to respond, Maggie hastily denied, "What are you talking about? She's just a child who only knows how to tell lies! What could a little girl like her

possibly have that's worth stealing from? This is slander! It seems that Neera really spoiled you guys! If she's this bad at such a young age, who knows what she'll turn into when she grows up!"

Penny became frantic, her whole body trembling. She stomped her foot in frustration and said, "You're talking nonsense! Don't you dare speak about my mommy! My mommy is the best person in the world! You're the liar! You're the one who stole my stuff! My bracelet that my mommy gave

me is gone.

You're the one who stole it! That bracelet is one of a kind in the world. My mommy designed it for me herself. Give it back to me!"

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Chapter 1484

Chapter 1484

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Maggie was also getting anxious. She raised her voice and yelled, "You little brat, if you keep spouting nonsense, I'll... I'll tear your mouth apart! Who stole your bracelet? I've never even seen it! You're just a spoiled brat, learning to be as bad as your mother at such a young age! None of you are any-Ah!"

She was in the middle of her rant when suddenly, a slap came flying. It hit her so hard that her face was knocked askew. She was stunned, unable to react for a moment.

The stern and cold voice of Wrenn rang out.

"If you dare to slander my family or utter a single word against my grandchildren, I will smash your face right now! You dare to make a racket in my house? I'll make sure you can't get away with it!" Maggie didn't expect her to strike. She covered her face, her expression twisted in shock. "You actually hit me..."

"You got a problem with that? You're old enough, yet you behave like a child."

Wrenn's aura was so cold that even the air around seemed to solidify.

Nigel gritted his teeth, supporting Maggie, ready to have her back.

"Is this how the Beauvort family behaves, using their power to bully others? Is this how you treat those who have shown you kindness? Aren't you afraid that such actions will tarnish the reputation of your family?"

Wrenn sneered, looking down on the two of them with an air of arrogance, her eyes full of contempt.

"Kindness? You really have the nerve to praise yourselves: Do you think I'm a fool, unaware of how you treated Neera? I was only polite to you before because of Neera."

Nigel's face turned ashen. He roared, "Even if you look down on us, you should speak and act with evidence! You can't just run your mouths and try to smear us with your lies. Bring out the evidence, show us the surveillance footage, and prove that we really stole your things!"

The small fist hanging by Harvey's side was clenched tightly. His little face was shrouded in gloom. Suddenly, he spoke, word by word. "Penny saw you. She came out of the study to go to the bathroom and saw you sneaking out of our room. When she went back, she realized her bracelet was gone. So, it must have been you who stole it."

With gritted teeth, Maggie denied, "Stop talking nonsense! Just because she said she saw it, does it mean she really did? I'd say she's lying! She's just making things up. Maybe even the lost bracelet is a hoax. Even if her bracelet is really lost, it could have been stolen by someone else. It's not like we're the only two in this house. There are several servants and a butler. It could very well be them who took it away!" Harvey's eyes were cold. "Penny would never lie or deceive anyone! The servants and the butler in this house are also good people. They couldn't possibly steal anything!"

Maggie retorted sharply, "Who cares if they are good people or not? You're just deliberately trying to defame me! I will never admit it, not unless you provide evidence!"

Sammy was so angry that his small chest heaved up and down. He wished he could rush forward and knock them down. "It's all because you wouldn't let us in! Penny wanted to go look for it, but you just wouldn't allow it! You even laid hands on Penny!"

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Maggie retorted, "That's my room. Why should I let you in? What if you try to frame me, deliberately leaving a bracelet in my room and then accusing me of theft? How would I defend myself?" "Since when did the guest room become

your room?"

Wrenn finally understood the situation. Her brows were furrowed with intense disgust, and her face was filled with anger.

"You're living in the Beauvort family's house, lying in the Beauvort family's bed, eating the Beauvort family's food, and drinking the Beauvort family's water. When did Beauvort Manor become yours?" "I..." Maggie gritted her teeth. "I was just speaking off the cuff. I'm not trying to monopolize anything. Why are you so overly sensitive? You're being too petty."

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Wrenn stared at her coldly. "Since it's not your house, step aside! I'm searching my own territory. I don't need anyone's consent or permission!"

Seeing her take a tough stance, Maggie immediately became flustered, her nervousness visibly apparent. She remained standing in the hallway, refusing to step aside.

"Even if this is your home, the guest room is given to us to stay in. Don't we have our own privacy while we're staying here? It's downright insulting that you casually enter the room we're staying in and even search through our things."

Wrenn sneered, "Well, whether it's insulting or not, a search will reveal the truth! You're stopping me from searching. Could it be that you have something to hide?"

"Who's hiding something? Stop spouting nonsense!" Maggie lifted her head, but she just wouldn't give way. "Even if we are poor, we still have our dignity. Don't think that just because you have power and influence, you can do whatever you want and walk all over us!"

Wrenn's eyes were filled with contempt.

"If you insist you haven't stolen anything, then you have nothing to fear. There's no need to be so wary of us searching. Here's what we'll do: I won't conduct the search myself. To ensure fairness, I'll have a servant do it in front of everyone. If nothing is found, I'll apologize to you. You can then make any demand you wish. Whatever you ask for, no matter what it is, I'll fulfill it. How does that sound?"

Maggie and Nigel exchanged glances, their faces clearly showing some hesitation.

Wrenn had no patience to wait for their response. "Well? Have you decided yet? I've always been a person who prefers diplomacy before resorting to violence. I've already told you the best way to handle this. If you refuse, don't blame me for being impolite. After all, this is my house. I've allowed you to stay here temporarily, which is already giving you enough respect. Now, if I want to search the guest rooms in my own house, no one can say anything about it even if this gets out."

Maggie's face turned slightly pale, She gritted her teeth, reluctantly stepping aside.

Wrenn lowered her head to look at Penny, gently caressed her little face, and comforted, "Don't worry. I will help you find it back."

Penny took a deep sniff, nodded heavily, and followed her closely.

The other two little ones also followed them into the guest room.

Wrenn called for a servant, instructing her to thoroughly search the guest room and not miss any

corner.

The servant immediately sprang into action.

They stood on one side of the room, all watching the servant rummage through the cabinets.

During this time, Wrenn observed Maggie's and Nigel's expressions without a hint of emotion. She noticed that despite their best efforts to maintain a calm facade, their tightly clenched hands and their constantly shifting gazes revealed their current state of tension.

She firmly believed that Penny would never lie. Now, she was even more certain. Without a doubt, it was these two who had stolen Penny's bracelet.

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Chapter 1485

Chapter 1485

However, a quarter of an hour later, the servant informed her that no bracelet was found in the room.

Wrenn's brows furrowed. Before she could speak, she heard the smug voice of Maggie.

"Well, what did I say? I knew this little brat was talking nonsense, but you wouldn't believe me! Now you know it, don't you? Did you really think that the child raised by that ungrateful Neera would be any good? Let me give you a piece of advice. Don't trust her so blindly. She's nothing but an ingrate, even ignoring her adoptive parents who have been kind to her, let alone treating others. All this talk about being sensible, gracious, gentle, and virtuous is all a show for you!"

Penny's eyes instantly welled up with tears, and she stomped her foot in frustration.

"My mommy is not that kind of person! She's the best woman in the whole world, and I won't let you slander her!"

Sammy and Harvey clenched their tiny fists tightly, brimming with anger, wishing they could charge forward.

Their good upbringing, however, prevented them from making such a rude gesture.

Even if they were seething with hatred, they still upheld the finest manners they were taught at home.

Yet, Maggie was aggressively domineering, wearing the smug expression of a petty person who had come into power, which was truly nauseating. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Slander? Who exactly is slandering whom? If it weren't for your lies, little brat, things wouldn't have escalated, making everyone uncomfortable. I haven't even blamed you yet, but you sure know how to make a fuss, accusing me of stealing your bracelet. How ridiculous!"

After she finished speaking, she looked up again at Wrenn.

"So, Mrs. Beauvort, you should believe us now, shouldn't you? After today's incident, don't you think you owe us a sincere apology? After all, we were wrongfully accused, nearly slandered as thieves by your grandchildren. We can't bear such an injustice! Also, you did promise us earlier that if nothing was found, we could name our terms as compensation. So, if we do ask for something, you will agree to it, won't you?"

Wrenn looked at the greed that was so obvious on her face, her expression growing increasingly solemn.

She was certain that this couple had stolen Penny's bracelet. But if it wasn't in this room, where could they have hidden it?

Seeing that she was silent, Maggie became increasingly arrogant.

"You're not thinking of going back on your word, are you? Aren't the Beauvort family always priding themselves on keeping promises? Why are you silent now? Could it be that you're reluctant to part with your wealth? Oh, I thought you wealthy folks were all generous and straightforward. I didn't expect you to be so stingy, just like Neera!"

Sammy had been holding back for a long time. Upon hearing these words, he could no longer restrain himself. Clenching his small fists, he charged forward with fierce momentum.

"How dare you insult my mommy like this! You're not allowed to speak like that! You're a bad person!"

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Seeing him rush forward, Wrenn was instantly alarmed, fearing that he would be at a disadvantage and get hurt. She quickly called out to him, "Sammy, stop right now!" However, Sammy was so angry at the moment that he couldn't hear anything at all.

He didn't actually want to hit anyone. He just wanted to grab Maggie and make her apologize to his mother.

Before he could even touch Maggie, his hand was firmly grasped by Nigel.

"Let go of me!" Sammy got startled and quickly pulled back his arm.

However, Nigel's grip was very tight. His face darkened as he glared at him.

"Just because your lowly mother married into the Beauvort family, you think you're some high and mighty young master. Back then, you were nothing but a wild-"

However, before he could finish his rant, a large hand gripped his wrist.

That hand was fair and slender, with distinct and prominent knuckles.

In the next moment, a heart-wrenching scream erupted from Nigel's mouth.

His elbow jutted forward, his arm twisted in an extremely contorted manner, almost winding around his front shoulder and twisting toward his back.

If this continued, his arm might just break.

Unfortunately, there was no time for Nigel to catch his breath, as a foot brutally kicked him in the stomach.

Another agonizing scream echoed, and Nigel's face was twisted in unbearable pain. His complexion turned red, and his body leaned back as he was flung away a considerable distance. Maggie was terrified by this sudden turn of events. She stood there, dumbfounded, staring at the scene before her. It took her a few seconds to snap back to reality.

"Nigel!" she cried out in alarm, quickly stepping forward, intending to help him up.

It seemed that Nigel was hit hard by that kick. He lay on his side clutching his stomach, his face contorted in pain. It took him quite a while to get up.

"Nigel, Nigel, how are you? Are you all right?"

Nigel was unable to utter a single word.

She gritted her teeth, turning her head to look behind her. She was about to curse out loud, but the moment her eyes met his, she was taken aback.

The

person who took action was none other than Jean.

At this moment, he was holding Sammy, his eyes cold and stern as he watched Nigel writhing in pain on the ground.

And by his side stood another person-Neera.

Neera had no interest in how Nigel was doing. She anxiously crouched down, examining Sammy with eyes full of worry.

"Are you okay? Were you hurt just now?"

Sammy looked at her, then looked up at Jean, a blank and incredulous look in his eyes.

Neera's heart ached even more. She gently touched his little face and said, "Don't be afraid. Mommy and Daddy are back. No one can hurt you. Don't be scared."

At this moment, Sammy seemed to snap back to reality. Suddenly, his eyes welled up with tears and he threw himself into Neera's arms.

"Mommy, you're finally back!"

He felt an unbearable sense of injustice in his heart, but he held onto his pride, refusing to let himself shed tears. His voice, however, carried a slight hint of a sob.

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Chapter 1486

Chapter 1486

Just like Harvey, Sammy had never been a crybaby. The times he had red eyes from crying could be counted with one hand.

At present, when she saw him complaining about his grievances in a choking voice, Neera felt as if her heart was being sliced by a knife. The pain was unbearable.

She held him close, gently patting his back, soothing him with utmost tenderness.

"Good boy, Sammy. Tell me, did you get hurt anywhere? Did they hurt you?"

Sammy shook his head and suddenly lifted his small head from her embrace. His eyes were as red as a rabbit's.

"Mommy, they bullied Penny and hit her! They even falsely accused Penny of lying!"

Neera's face suddenly darkened. She abruptly turned her head and shot Maggie and Nigel a sharp look.

The two couldn't help but shudder, instinctively averting their gaze. They were so intimidated by her aura that they didn't dare to meet her eyes.

At this moment, Penny freed herself from Wrenn's embrace, walked over to Neera, and tugged at her sleeve. Her eyes were also red.

"Mommy, the bracelet you specially designed for me is missing. Today, I saw this wicked woman coming out of my room, looking all sneaky. When I went back to my room to get the bracelet, it was gone.'

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She pouted, feeling extremely aggrieved, and was on the verge of crying again.

"Mommy, I really didn't lie. You've taught me not to lie, that lying is what bad children do, and to always be honest. I've always kept that in mind. My bracelet really is missing, and it disappeared after that mean woman visited my room. When I confronted her, she accused me of lying. I wanted to search her room, but she... she stopped me from going in, scolded me, and even slapped me...'

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From beginning to end, she didn't embellish or exaggerate, she simply stated the facts as they were.

Without her having to say anything, Neera also noticed the handprint on her right cheek. It was a shocking sight.

In an instant, a surge of anger rose from the depths of her heart.

She closed her eyes, then opened them again, holding back her anger as she focused on the little girl in front of her, her heart aching beyond words.

"Does it hurt, Sweetheart?" She gently touched the little girl's face, her fingers trembling slightly.

Penny had initially wanted to hold back her tears, but with her mother's gentle comfort, her nose tingled and tears fell once again.

"It hurts, Mommy. She hit me so hard. She not only scolded me, but also Sammy and Harvey, and made Grandma upset. Even Grandpa's not doing so well. They are so mean. I don't want to see them anymore. And my bracelet, I... I want to get my bracelet back..."

Penny was crying so hard that she was hiccupping.

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Neera felt as if her heart had been torn to shreds as she comforted her over and over again.

Jean's gaze was as piercing as the cold winter as he looked at Maggie. It was as if he wanted to devour her.

Maggie was trembling all over from fear. "What... What are you trying to do? I'm a woman. Don't... Don't you dare hit me.

With that kind of gaze upon her, she felt as if she would be split in half the very next second.

Upon hearing these words, Jean suddenly let out a cold, mocking laugh, his eyes filled with contempt.

"I never lay a hand on women," he said.

Maggie was about to breathe a sigh of relief when she saw the man suddenly stomp hard on Nigel's

hand.

In the next moment, a shrill scream echoed throughout the villa.

Maggie was terrified, completely stunned. It took her a few seconds to snap back to reality, and she quickly intervened.

"What are you doing! Get away from him..."

She verbally stopped him, yet she didn't dare to take a single step forward.

Jean exerted more force on his foot, deliberately grinding the tip of his shoe on Nigel's hand.

Nigel's cry instantly became even more heart-wrenching.

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Just when his voice was on the verge of giving out, Jean finally lifted his foot slightly. With a chilling tone, he said, "I don't hit women, but anyone who dares to bully my children will be punished."

As he spoke, he cast a cold glance at Maggie. "Since you're the one who acted, he should be the one to pay."

With that, he stepped harder once again.

This time, even the creaking sound of bones was exceptionally clear.

Nigel was still in pain, but he no longer had the strength to cry out.

Maggie screamed in despair, "Let him go! If this continues, his hand will be ruined!"

A bloodthirsty cold smile flashed across Jean's face.

"Ruined? My goal is to ruin his hand, your filthy hand. Since you dared to touch my child, don't even think about keeping it intact! Weren't you pretending to be sick before? There's no need to pretend now. I'm giving you the opportunity to be hospitalized for proper treatment!"

At this very moment, he was like a demon crawling out of hell. His face looked terrifying, and his entire body was enveloped in a sinister aura.

This was the first time in his life that he had ever been this angry.

Even the three little ones were scared by his appearance.

Penny nestled in Neera's arms, half-hiding her face, and cautiously called out, "Daddy." Her eyes were full of fear.

Jean was instantly pulled out from the abyss of rage.

He turned around, his gaze meeting the fear in the little ones' eyes. His eyes flickered. Only then did he realize that he had frightened them.

He withdrew his foot, still wearing that bloodthirsty cold smirk.

"All right, I don't want to scare my children. I'll let you off for now. Consider yourselves lucky."

With that, he turned around and walked toward his wife and daughter. He squatted down, his gaze fixed on Penny's face.

"Don't be afraid, Penny. Daddy is here. I won't let anyone bully you anymore."

Penny blinked, and the fear in her eyes instantly vanished. In his gentle voice, she found that familiar sense of reliance and security again.

She twisted her petite body, wrapping her arms around Jean's neck and burying herself in his embrace.

"Daddy, thank goodness you and Mommy are back..."

Jean held her with one arm, stood up, and gently patted the heads of Sammy and Harvey. He reassured them once again, "Don't be afraid. Daddy's back."

Watching this scene, Neera pursed her lips and turned her head to look at Maggie and Nigel.

"You two, time and again, you've shattered my understanding of your moral compass. I can't believe you have the audacity to come to Beauvort Manor to freeload, eating and drinking without a shred of shame. But that's not all, is it? Did you also take money? How much did you take? Was it not enough? You even contemplated stealing, not sparing even a child's belongings. Are you even human?"

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Chapter 1487

Chapter 1487

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Maggie's fear hadn't yet subsided. She clenched her clothes, barely managing to control herself from trembling.

The sight of Jean just now had her convinced she had seen the Grim Reaper himself. Now, she was even more afraid to admit that she had stolen something.

Without a second thought, she stubbornly denied it, "I've already told you, I didn't steal anything! Didn't you just search my room? You clearly didn't find anything! Why are you still blaming me for the lost item? Maybe she just misplaced it somewhere and forgot, or she lost it somewhere by accident. Why do you insist that I stole it if you can't find it?"

When she recalled that they hadn't found anything just now, her eyes flickered with renewed confidence, and she began to stir

up

trouble.

"Do you think that power and influence give you the right to oppress others and casually frame others? This is not how

you should treat people! Neera, I am, after all, your adoptive mother. How could you team up with others to treat us like this? Don't you have any conscience? You accused us of being shameless, but who is the real shameless one here? If I had known you were such an ungrateful wretch, I would never have taken you in. I should have let you starve out there! If people outside knew that your good reputation is all a sham, that you're actually such an opportunist, what would they say about you?"

Neera chuckled in exasperation. "Even now, you're still so stubborn, thinking the whole world owes you, right? Let me tell you, I have a clear conscience, and I'm not afraid of anyone trying to criticize me behind my back! But what about you two? Aren't you afraid that your lies will backfire, or that you'll receive retribution?"

Maggie stood her ground, showing absolutely no signs of remorse.

"I believe the one who deserves to receive retribution is you! How could you treat your own parents. this way, favoring wealth over poverty, clinging to the illustrious Beauvort family, and discarding your adoptive parents without a second thought? You've not only ignored us, but now you're teaming up with these people to bully us! You even hurt us. I'm warning you, if anything happens to Nigel, I don't care if you're from a powerful family, I will never let this go!"

"All right, then." Neera lifted her chin, showing no fear. "Let's deal with one thing at a time. Since you want to settle accounts, let's first clear up this matter before moving on to the next. My daughter's bracelet is missing, and I refuse to believe it grew legs and ran off, or sprouted wings and flew away. It must be somewhere in this house. If it's not in your room, then we must look elsewhere. I'm going to find that bracelet even if it means turning this house upside down!"

A pang of anxiety hit Maggie, but she maintained a defiant facade. "What does it have to do with me whether you can find it or not?"

Neera sneered, "Haven't you been insisting all along that you didn't steal? All right, then, let's see where we can find this bracelet. If it can be proven that you truly didn't steal, then fine, I'll apologize to you and even compensate your medical expenses. I'll make sure you get paid exactly the amount!"

Maggie gritted her teeth, remaining silent.

"What's the matter, cat got your tongue? Feeling guilty, are we?"

10:41 Fri, 8 Dec DR.

Left with no other choice, Maggie finally agreed, "Fine! But remember what you said. If it turns out that I didn't steal anything, I want you all to apologize to me and compensate me. And it's not just for the medical expenses, but also for emotional distress. You'll have to pay me for both!"

"Sure," Neera readily agreed.

Without missing a beat, she immediately called for Mr. Jenkins, instructing him to take the servants and conduct a thorough search of the entire villa..

Soon, the servants set to work, meticulously searching the entire villa from top to bottom.

Throughout this time, Maggie's heart was pounding incessantly.

She thought she had concealed it well, but Neera saw right through her. Her nervousness was clearly visible to the naked eye.

Neera sneered in his heart, not bothering to respond.

Roughly twenty minutes later, Mr. Jenkins walked in from outside, holding a small cloth bag.

At this moment, everyone, except for Frederic, had gathered in the living room.

When he walked in, he first glanced at the couple, Maggie and Nigel, his eyes filled with disgust and contempt. Then he moved to Neera's side and handed her the inconspicuous bag for her to see. "Look, isn't this bracelet the one that belongs to Ms. Penny?"

Before Neera even took it out of the bag, she recognized it at first glance. That bracelet was the very one she had personally designed for Penny.

At that moment, her eyes narrowed, and she asked coldly, "Where was this found?"

Mr. Jenkins immediately replied, "It was in a corner of the yard, where someone had deliberately dug a small hole and covered it with soil. It was very inconspicuous, and no one noticed it at first. It was only after Cece dug it up and started barking loudly, calling us all over, that we discovered it."

Unexpectedly, it was the dogs who made a great contribution, which was somewhat surprising to

Neera.

She emptied the contents of the bag onto the coffee table, discovering that besides Penny's bracelet, there were some other items as well.

Wrenn spotted her own ring at a glance. She immediately stepped forward in surprise and picked it up. "Isn't this my ring? And this, it's the necklace from my wedding anniversary this year!"

She was livid. She turned to glare at Maggie, her teeth clenched in fury as she scolded, "Your audacity is impressive that you dare to steal anything!"

Neera asked sternly, "What else do you have to say?"

Maggie was dumbfounded.

She never expected to be discovered despite hiding them so well.

She had anticipated that they would search the room, which was why she had thought to bury it. When it was time to leave, she planned to dig it up and take it away while they were not paying attention. But now her plan had been ruined.

She looked at the jewelry, a lump forming in her throat as she argued, "What does finding these things prove? They weren't found in the room I'm staying in, nor were they found in my bag. On what grounds can you conclude that I stole these items? It's possible that you orchestrated this whole scene, trying to frame me. Or perhaps it's your servants who are the thieves, and they hid the stolen items somewhere, only for you to stumble upon them. So what if you are powerful and influential? If you want to pin a crime on me for no reason, I will never admit to it unless I'm dead!"

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Seeing her still being stubborn, Jean was about to say something when suddenly, Pixie, who had somehow slipped over unnoticed, stood up. Its front paws were on the coffee table, pulling down a small cloth bag. It then began to nuzzle its snout into the opening of the bag.

Under the puzzled gazes of everyone, it quickly, as if performing magic, pulled out a bank card from within.

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Chapter 1488

Chapter 1488

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The moment she saw the bank card, Maggie, who was just speaking sternly out of a sense of justice, suddenly turned pale.

At first, Neera didn't notice anything amiss. It was only after hearing Wrenn's words that she understood.

"Isn't this the card I gave you last night? You still have the nerve to argue?"

Neera felt her face flush and then pale as if she had been slapped hard.

She had already unilaterally cut ties with these two people.

Yet they had come here, freeloading and deceiving, stealing and lying, all because of her relationship with the Beauvort family, as well as their relationship with her.

They had engaged in such disgraceful acts under her name. How could she possibly remain still?

At that moment, she was clutching the bank card so tightly that the sharp edges were cutting into her palm, but she was completely oblivious to it. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"What else do you have to say now?" Her voice was icy cold as if each word was being squeezed out from between her teeth.

A shiver ran through Maggie, and she dared not look at her. Her eyes darted around, her panic clearly

visible.

She was unwilling to admit her mistake, still pondering over a way to absolve herself.

"Even this card doesn't prove anything. Who knows, maybe someone saw an opportunity and stole my card."

She was rambling on carelessly, her anxiety apparent. Anyone who heard her wouldn't believe a word of her nonsense.

"Exactly! I remember now. I lost my card! No wonder I couldn't find it all day. I... I went to that brat's room just to look for this bank card..."

Seeing her still making excuses, Neera could no longer bear it. She gritted her teeth and said word by word, "You still won't admit it, huh? Fine, since you claim these items weren't stolen by you, I'll hand them over to the police for fingerprint identification. On these items, apart from the original owner's fingerprints, whoever's fingerprints are left will be enough to prove who the thief is."

After she finished speaking, she added, "By the way, I've already touched these items, but everyone here can vouch for me. I just returned and only touched them after I found them."

Maggie was taken aback. She hadn't even considered the matter of fingerprints.

Upon hearing Neera's words, she panicked immediately and blurted out, "You can't call the police!"

Neera looked at her coldly. "Why not? What are you worried about?"

Maggie was unable to get her words out, her anxiety causing her to break out in a sweat.

Neera was running out of patience. She pulled out her phone, ready to call the police.
10:42 Fri, 8 Dec Du

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"Since you refuse to admit it, I might as well call the police directly. Let them handle this matter, including the fact that you hit my precious child for no reason. I really want to see just how stubborn you can get!"

Upon hearing this, Maggie could no longer keep her composure.

She quickly lunged forward, trying to snatch the phone from Neera's hand.

However, Jean didn't give her any chance at all. Without the slightest courtesy, he lifted his foot and kicked directly at her stomach.

Maggie winced in pain, stumbled, and fell to the ground.

Fortunately, Jean never hit women, so he didn't use much force in this kick.

Otherwise, she would be just like Nigel now, rolling around on the ground in pain.

Neera watched with indifference, showing absolutely no sympathy.

The thought of these two people, acting shamelessly under her name and laying hands on her precious ones, made her wish she could tear them apart. Nothing less would quell the rage in her heart. She could not endure any longer. Her eyes were exceptionally cold as she looked at them condescendingly.

"I've warned you time and again not to provoke me. I've done everything within my power, but since you refuse to appreciate my efforts, don't blame me for being impolite. It's only right that you face the consequences for the disgraceful acts you've committed. If you have anything to say, you'd better speak to the police."

After she finished speaking, she tapped on her phone screen, ready to call the police.

This time, Maggie was completely flustered.

4

In a state of panic, she scrambled up from the ground, fearful of Jean, who seemed like a formidable figure akin to the Grim Reaper. She dared not approach him again. Instead, she could only pull a long face, pleading pitifully to Neera, repeating her words over and over like a broken record.

"No, don't call the police! I admit it. I was wrong. It was my fault... I was just... just too anxious. Your adoptive father's health is not good, and I was afraid I wouldn't have the money to treat him. I lost my senses for a moment. It wasn't intentional. Can you forgive me this one time, please?"

Neera seemed to have heard a hilarious joke, the corner of her lips curling up in a sarcastic smile.

"Lost your senses for a moment? What, is the money in this card not enough?"

Having said that, she turned her head to look at Wrenn. "How much

money did you give them?"

Wrenn pursed her lips, whispering, "Five million, but they said it wasn't enough, so I agreed to give another three million..."

Neera remained silent, took a deep breath, and looked at Maggie again.

"I've really underestimated you all. Five million, huh? You'll never make that much in your entire lifetime, and now you're saying it's not enough? What, does the Beauvort family owe you? How dare you come to us asking for money?"

Maggie was feeling increasingly uneasy and came up with all sorts of excuses.

"I was just worried. Besides, we did reach out to you, but you refused..."

Neera found it utterly absurd. "What did I refuse? Didn't I pay for your hospital bills last time? You had a full set of tests done and took the most expensive medicines. Did I utter a single word of complaint? I told you, if you are truly sick, stay in the hospital. I'll cover the hospital and medical expenses. What more do you want?"

Wrenn's brows furrowed deeply. Only then did she realize that she had been deceived by this couple.

Maggie became even more flustered, her lips trembling as she spoke.

"I-I just..."

After a long while, she truly couldn't find an excuse. She had no choice but to bring up the past, hoping it would convince Neera to let them go.

"Neera, please, for the sake of us being your adoptive parents, spare us. No matter what, we did raise you. Even if you don't consider us family, you can't just abandon us like this."

"You know as well as I do that we're not family. What kind of family are you? I know what happened to me all those years, and so do you. I don't want to bring it up, not because I feel ashamed, but because I have my own principles. I've been patient with you all this time because of these principles. But what about you? Do you think I'm easy to bully? Now you even dare to bully my child. Do you think I'm dead?" In the end, her voice grew increasingly sharp, the anger clearly visible in her eyes.

"I've come to realize now that my patience before was a mistake. When I took a step back, you thought you could walk all over me, acting as you please, shamelessly reaching out, even extending your dirty hands toward those who are unrelated! If I continue to tolerate this, what disgraceful act are you planning next? This time it's theft, are you planning to rob directly next time? If that's the case, I might as well turn you over to the police sooner to rid the public of harm!"

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Chapter 1489

Chapter 1489

Maggie was scared out of her wits, her head shaking vehemently.

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"No, never again! It was a moment of madness. There won't be a next time, I promise. Please, for the sake of our past, spare me this time. I won't dare to do it again..." SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After she finished speaking, as if recalling something, she shifted her gaze toward Penny.

"I'm sorry, all right? I was just so anxious at that time that I accidentally slapped you. I didn't do it on purpose!"

She also apologized to Sammy.

The three little ones looked at her, their small faces expressionless, showing no intention of speaking.

Seeing the situation, Maggie had no choice but to beg Neera for mercy once again.

"Neera, even if you're furious with us, have you forgotten about Wilfrid? He's your brother! Even if you feel we've treated you poorly, your brother has been nothing but good to you, right? He's always been closest to you, always on your side. Right now, he's going through the most crucial stage of his life, about to take his university entrance exams. If he finds out about this, he'll surely be distracted. If he fails his exams, his entire future could be ruined! Can you really bear to watch all this happen? Even if you don't consider us, I beg you, think about Wilfrid's future!"

When she mentioned Wilfrid, she seemed to have grasped a lifeline, her emotions surging with excitement.

Neera was taken aback for a moment, then her anger flared up even more.

"Do you have no shame in using Wilfrid as a shield? Have you ever considered his feelings in all of this? If he knew that his own parents were such disgraceful people, what would he think? How embarrassed would he be? You're asking me to consider Wilfrid's future now, but aren't you his biological parents? Shouldn't you be the ones

considering it? Did you think about him at all when you were causing all this trouble?" she questioned, word by word, clearly infuriated to the extreme.

Her hand gripping the phone was tightening its hold progressively.

She no longer knew whether to call the police or not.

75

If it were a matter concerning this couple, she wouldn't hesitate in the slightest, nor would she worry about being labeled as an ingrate.

She simply didn't care.

But Wilfrid was her younger brother.

Despite the absence of a blood bond and years of no contact, she couldn't disregard her brother. He was the only beacon of kindness in her rural upbringing, the sibling who offered her warmth.

How will this matter affect Wilfrid...

The air stilled.

At that moment, Jean suddenly took the phone from Neera's hand.

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Neera paused for a moment, looking up at him. She saw him turn off the screen, his eyes deeply gazing

at her.

With just one glance, Neera understood his intentions.

He didn't plan to call the police.

At that moment, Neera couldn't quite put a finger on what she was feeling.

Jean put away the phone, and as he turned his head, his gaze became icy cold once again.

He looked down at Maggie and Nigel, who was playing dumb on the ground, and began to speak in a

harsh tone.

"We can forget about calling the police, but I have conditions."

Upon hearing there was hope, Maggie eagerly nodded. "What is it? I can accept them no matter what they are if you don't call the police."

Jean's voice was deep and heavy as he said, "From now on, neither of you is allowed to appear before Neera, nor approach the Beauvort family and my children. The further away you are, the better! If I see you again, the consequences will be unimaginable!"

Maggie looked at the items that had been discovered, seemingly still struggling.

Seeing this, Neera flew into a rage.

"What? Are you still coveting these things? It seems you haven't learned your lesson yet. If that's the case, there's no need for any negotiations!"

Maggie quickly shook her head. "No, no! I..."

She knew, of course, that these things couldn't be taken with her, but she was still eying the card.

Seemingly guessing her thoughts, Neera gave a cold laugh.

"You're not still thinking about that money, are you? Well, don't even think about it! If you continue to beg around in the future, regardless of whether Wilfrid goes to university or not, I'll call the police and have you arrested! You've been constantly complaining about being so poor that you can't survive, right? Well, you can survive on prison food. Stay in there, keep your heads down, work on the sewing machines, and serve your time!"

Upon hearing about eating prison food, Maggie was genuinely quite frightened.

At this point, she couldn't care less about the jewelry or the money. Frantically, she pulled Nigel up to

his feet.

"We're leaving right now. Don't call the police..."

Nigel felt as though his entire body had been thrashed, particularly his right hand, which seemed utterly incapacitated. Now, as he was hoisted up, he didn't dare to raise his head. With his tail tucked between his legs, he followed Maggie in a crestfallen manner.

Once these two had left Beauvort Manor, the servant immediately locked the gate. The look in his eyes as he watched them was full of contempt.

10:43 Fri, 8 Dec

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When Maggie saw that they were safe, her complexion immediately changed.

"How snobbish!"

Once the two servants returned to the villa, Maggie fiercely spat at the entrance of Beauvort Manor. Her previous desperate look was instantly swept away, replaced by a ferocious expression.

"She certainly carries herself like a wealthy young lady, wielding her influence and acting as she pleases, asserting dominance over us. She's living in a fantasy! The Beauvort family isn't any better! Despite their apparent wealth, they're incredibly stingy! They're all bullies!"

Nigel was also seething with anger. He had been holding in a bellyful of rage with nowhere to vent. Now, he could only unleash it all on Maggie.

"How dare you criticize others? If it weren't for your dirty tricks and careless actions, would we be in this mess now? Look at us now, not only did we fail to get the money, we didn't even manage to take the jewelry. Even our future path is blocked. This is a total loss!"

Maggie was instantly filled with both anger and a sense of injustice.

"You're blaming me? Why do you think I did this? It's all for our future! Could the jewelry the Beauvorts wear be cheap? Just selling one piece could bring in a large sum of money! Who could have imagined, in the end, we would fail in the hands of those little brats!"

The thought of it only served to fan the flames of her frustration even more.

"It's all that little wretch's fault! If it weren't for her, we wouldn't have ended up empty-handed!"

When Neera was mentioned, Nigel's expression darkened, his eyes becoming even more sinister.

"That little wretch is living in a big house, leading a life of luxury, and she dares to ignore us, thinking she can leave us in the dust while she climbs the social ladder. Dream on! If we can't benefit from her success, then she can forget about living comfortably!"

Meanwhile, at Beauvort Manor, the three little ones finally got to see their dearly missed parents, and now they were hugging them tightly, not willing to let go.

Neera was heartbroken, holding Penny tightly, calming her down.

Perhaps it was her exhaustion from crying so much that led Penny to nestle into her shoulder and swiftly drift off to sleep.

Seeing this, Neera carried her back to the bedroom.

She was slightly surprised when she walked into Penny's room.

This room had been meticulously transformed into a haven fit for a princess. From the interior design and furnishings to every minute detail, everything was tailored to Penny's preferences.

It went without saying that the ones who could have arranged the room in such a manner must be the elders of the Beauvort family.

Her eyes sparkled slightly, but she said nothing. She gently laid the little girl on the bed, tucked her in, and lightly touched her small face. Only then did she quietly step away.

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Chapter 1490

Chapter 1490

A few people were in the hallway outside the door.

Sammy and Harvey asked her anxiously, "Mommy, is Penny okay?"

Neera nodded. "Yeah. She's just tired from crying. Let her sleep."

After she finished speaking, she took hold of Sammy's hand again, examining his wrist. Seeing that the handprint on his skin had faded, she gently rubbed it.

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

Sammy shook his head, blinking. "No, it doesn't hurt. Mommy, don't worry. I'm not injured."

After Neera confirmed it, she sighed in relief.

At that moment, Harvey, who had been silent by the side, suddenly lowered his head and said in a muffled voice, "It's all my fault. I failed to protect Sammy and Penny, letting them get hurt. I'm not fit to be their older brother at all."

Seeing him speak so abruptly, Neera was slightly taken aback and subsequently felt even more heartbroken.

She had been so anxious earlier, only managing to attend to the two little ones who were hurt. She didn't even have time to care for Harvey.

She didn't expect him to think this way.

She quickly pulled him over, caressing his small face, looking intently into his eyes.

"Harvey, you can't think like this, understand? In my heart, you are the best big brother. You are well-behaved and sensible, and you have the spirit of a man. You are the best big brother, the most responsible one. When I'm not around, it's because you are there to look after your younger siblings that I can be so reassured. So, this is not your fault. You've already done well enough. You can't think like this." Harvey, who was always calm and reserved, unexpectedly felt his eyes welling up with tears.

He stared intently at his mother, asking with a hint of uncertainty, "Really? Mommy, do you really not think I'm useless? I..."

Neera felt as though her heart was on the verge of breaking when she saw the self-reproach in his eyes. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She took a breath and shook her head with a smile.

"You're not useless. You're my son, my precious son. No matter what happens, I will never have such thoughts about you. All I do is worry about you, about whether you might get hurt. Harvey, remember this, no matter what you encounter in the future, you must always protect yourself, understand?"

After hesitating for a moment, Harvey nodded, then said, "What's more important is to protect Penny and Sammy."

At that moment, Sammy came over, tugging at Harvey's sleeve, his face full of admiration.

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"Harvey, how can you possibly be useless? Just now, that bad person was about to hit Penny. It was you who stopped her, shielding Penny behind you. Penny didn't get hurt again because of you. I didn't even have time to react, but you had already rushed up. Moreover, you didn't leave even for a moment. You protected Penny very well. In my heart, you are the brother I respect and love the most. I believe Penny feels the same way. I can see it when Penny hides behind you. She relies on you so much. She truly believes that you will protect her. Harvey, you are the most competent. No one can say otherwise, not even you!"

Harvey drew a deep breath, and the burden of self-blame began to lighten slightly.

As if infused with boundless strength and confidence, he nodded firmly, his expression serious and

earnest.

"I know, Sammy. You were great too. Just now, when they were speaking ill of Penny and Mommy, you stepped up to defend them like a little man. But from now on, leave these matters to me. I will protect you!"

Scratching the back of his head, Sammy broke into a grin, seemingly a bit embarrassed.

"I just couldn't stand them talking about Penny and Mommy like that. In the heat of the moment, I rushed over. I know it's wrong to hit people, but... but I just couldn't control myself."

Watching the two brothers encourage and acknowledge each other, Neera felt a warm feeling in her heart.

Even Jean, too, broke into a smile.

At this moment, Wrenn stepped forward, her face filled with shame..

"I'm to blame for this. I didn't anticipate things would turn out this way. I only heard they were Neera's adoptive parents, so I let them stay for a night. I didn't expect it would cause such a huge mess. It's my fault. I didn't think it through..."

As she spoke, her gaze kept darting toward Neera, who wore a placid expression. This only made her feel more uncertain.

She was filled with apprehension, worried that this incident might once again thrust the relationship between them, which had just started to mend, back into a deadlock.

Neera didn't say much. She stood up and handed the bank card back to her.

4

B

"If they dare to show up again in the future, don't hesitate to call the police. Accuse them of attempting to defraud you and don't give them any money."

Wrenn hesitated for a moment but still took it.

She was still gathering her words, wanting to say something, but Neera preempted her, asking, "Where's Mr. Frederic?"

Wrenn replied, "He's in the room. We went out today, but due to the stifling atmosphere at the venue and his discomfort, we decided to return. Then those two shameless people upset him, and his heart started beating a bit fast, so I had him go back to the room to lie down."

Neera nodded slightly and said, "I'll go take a look."

As soon as she left, the two little ones followed behind her.

10:43 Fri, 8 Dec

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In the bedroom, Frederic was lying on the bed, his eyebrows knitted together, eyes closed, still looking rather unwell.

Upon hearing the noise, he opened his eyes slightly. He had thought it would be Wrenn or the butler, but unexpectedly, he saw Neera and Jean.

Eyes wide open, he attempted to sit up.

However, Wrenn stepped forward, pressing him down, not allowing him to get up.

"Get back down. You're still not feeling well. Don't move around unnecessarily."

Left with no choice, he had to comply, his eyes filled with concern as he looked at the two of them. "Why did you two suddenly come back?"

Before Jean and Neera could respond, Mr. Jenkins stepped forward from behind them. With his head slightly lowered and a face full of shame, he took the initiative to confess.

"Mr. Frederic, it was I who called Mr. Jean, asking if he had time to come back. I felt that the couple were not good people, so I informed Mr. Jean. If you want to blame someone, blame me. Moreover,

if I had been more vigilant, they wouldn't have found a chance to sneak into the room and steal things."

Ever since the incident, he had been plagued by constant unease and overwhelming guilt, feeling as if it was all his fault.

Frederic didn't have any intention of blaming him. He simply shook his head lightly.

"It's not your fault. You spoke to Jean out of concern. Let's just leave it at that."

At this moment, Neera walked over to take Frederic's pulse.

After asking a few more questions to understand his condition, she said, "There's nothing severe. It's just that the recovery phase is still in progress, and the body is relatively frail. Regaining strength is a long-term process, not something that can be achieved overnight. More rest and nutritional supplements will be needed in the future."

As she spoke, she looked up at Wrenn. "Is he still taking the medicine I prescribed before I left last time?"

Wrenn quickly nodded. "He is. He's been taking the medicine you gave him."

Neera nodded and said, "I will prescribe a new medicine shortly. Mr. Frederic's health condition has changed, and the previous medicine is not very effective anymore. We need to switch to a new one." Wrenn wholeheartedly trusted her now. No matter what she said, she would agree without a shred of doubt.

"All right. Once you've written the prescription, I'll immediately send someone to get the medicine."

Afterward, Neera told Frederic to rest well before she left.

Jean didn't immediately follow. Instead, he stayed in the room, chatting with Frederic for a while.

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Chapter 1491

Chapter 1491

Neera led Harvey and Sammy back to their bedroom.

Upon entering, she found, as expected, that the room had been meticulously adorned. It was entirely styled to cater to a boy's preferences. She felt as though she was submerged in a wondrous realm of science fiction.

The ceiling was adorned to mimic the cosmos, and the room's decor was filled with an array of high-tech models and even a real miniature robot. The robot seemed to be charging. Neera found it quite amusing and asked Sammy, "Is this yours?"

Sammy chuckled. "Yes, this was a gift from Uncle Edward. I named it Wallie because it looks just like the robot from the movie *Robot Story!*" Neera smiled, taking another look around the room. "It seems that you boys have been quite happy living here recently."

Sammy nodded carefreely. "Yeah."

Harvey added, "It's a pity you and Daddy weren't here. It would be even better if you guys were by my side."

Neera chuckled. "We're back now, aren't we?"

Harvey nodded slightly, then asked, "So, are you still leaving?"

Neera scratched her chin. "We probably won't have to leave in the near future. But don't worry. If we do have to go, I will take you all with us."

Upon hearing this, the two boys were overjoyed.

They would not have to separate from their parents again. This was the best news they'd heard that day.

At this moment, Wrenn knocked on the door as she stood at the entrance.

Turning around, Neera saw her holding a tray of fruit.

"Neera, you've traveled a long way only to come back and deal with all these troubles. You must be exhausted. Why don't you have some fruit and rest for a bit?" Neera fell silent for a moment. She didn't refuse and followed her downstairs.

Sammy had wanted to follow, but the very perceptive Harvey held him back, giving him a meaningful look.

"Mommy, Sammy and I are a bit tired. We want to take a nap, so we won't be joining you downstairs."

Neera gently patted their little heads. "All right, you boys get some rest. When it's time for dinner, I'll come and get you."

"All right."

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Only after Neera and Wrenn had closed the door and left did Sammy, utterly confused, ask, "I'm not tired. Why do I have to go to sleep?" With a serious expression, Harvey said, "Grandma probably has something to discuss with Mommy. We shouldn't follow them." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I see! Harvey, you really know everything. How impressive!"

After being lavished with praise by his younger brother, Harvey blushed, and he couldn't help but want to laugh.

Downstairs, in the living room, Neera sat by the single-seater couch, while Wrenn took a seat on the

couch to her left.

The two of them faced each other in silence.

Neera didn't exhibit any hesitation. With a composed expression, she simply picked up a small fork and savored a slice of apple.

In the end, it was Wrenn who couldn't hold back.

She asked, "Neera, are you blaming me?"

Neera raised her head. "Why should I blame you?"

Wrenn bit her lip, her face showing a hint of shame and a touch of regret.

"Because I didn't fully understand the situation. I casually let them stay. This gave them an opportunity to take advantage. In the end, I'm the one to blame. It's only right for you

to be angry with me." Neera swallowed the apple in her mouth and abruptly asked, "Did you steal the bracelet?"

Wrenn paused, shaking her head in confusion. "I didn't..."

"So what makes you the culprit?" Neera asked indifferently. "The thieves are Maggie and Nigel. Those who plead for your money, who deceive you for sustenance, are also these two. In this matter, from start to finish, the ones in the wrong are them. There's no need for each of you to step forward and take the blame. It has nothing to do with you."

At this point, she gave an ambiguous smile.

"If we really get down to it, I should be the one to blame for all the trouble."

Wrenn was taken aback once again, immediately countering her words without a second thought.

"How could this possibly fall on you? This matter has nothing to do with you. Their mistakes have nothing to do with you. You don't have to bear any responsibility..."

"But they came to your house because of me, didn't they?"

Wrenn had never thought about it that way.

10:24 Sat, 9 Dec

96%

She said seriously, "Even if that's the case, it has nothing to do with you. If they seek to exploit your reputation for their own gain, it's a reflection of their own dishonesty and audacity. You didn't ask them to do this. If they steal, it's not something you can control. Even if they are your adoptive parents, it doesn't represent anything."

At this point, Wrenn simply decided to lay all her thoughts bare.

"I've heard rumors that you and your adoptive parents didn't get along very well, but I wasn't sure about the specifics. Yesterday, they came to our door, introducing themselves. At first, I considered turning them away. But then I thought if they could find us, it means they must have contacted you already. After some hesitation, I let them in. Even though I wasn't particularly polite to them, I still saved them some face. And that, I did for your sake. I... I'm not sure about the current state of your relationship with them, but to think that they could find me here, there must be something wrong between you and them. Even though I really dislike them, I don't want them to see you as an ingrate, so I agreed to give them money. I never thought they would be so greedy. They made excessive demands, complaining that five million wasn't enough, wanting more. Later on, they even contemplated stealing. How could they do such a thing..."

The more she spoke, the softer her voice became.

"I... I was thinking that once they got the money, they wouldn't contact you anymore, they wouldn't disturb your life again. I just didn't expect... it would end up like this."

Truth be told, even without her saying it, Neera could understand what was on her mind.

At present, the two of them were sitting face to face. Neera couldn't help but feel somewhat moved inside when she listened to her words.

She had witnessed how mean Wrenn was before.

Of course, she understood that Wrenn was not inherently such a person. She had merely perceived her as someone with hidden agendas, a flatterer seeking to ingratiate herself. She had assumed she desired to latch onto the Beauvort family, going from rags to riches.

As such, she knew very well how much Wrenn despised these kinds of people.

But now, when dealing with Nigel and Maggie, these two avaricious individuals, she had suppressed her usual demeanor and held her temper in check. And all of this was for her sake.

In the past, she could never have imagined such a thing.

Her current emotions could not be described as anything but complex.

This lofty woman, upon clearly recognizing her own mistakes, had been tirelessly striving to make amends, doing her utmost to treat her well.

Neera didn't want to be a saint, nor did she want to repay malice with kindness. She wasn't that good-hearted.

But when she faced Wrenn, her cold, hardened heart, in the end, still softened.

At that moment, she let out a gentle sigh.

"It's understandable that you don't know about my relationship with them. I've hardly spoken about it to anyone. Even with the children, I rarely bring it up because I don't want to sadden them with these past events."

Wrenn's eyes sparkled with anticipation. Suddenly, she reached out, gently taking her hand and giving it a reassuring pat.

"Neera, could you share with me? How did you get through those days? What did you experience? I really want to know..."

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Chapter 1492

Chapter 1492

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Neera pursed her lips, her gaze drifting downward to land on the pair of hands that were holding hers.

Thanks to meticulous care, those hands remained fair and slender, their skin delicate. Even under the light, they emanated a lustrous glow. Her eyes flickered slightly, and with an indifferent expression, she gently withdrew her hand.

Her hands now grasping air, Wrenn felt as if her heart was also empty, inexplicably overwhelmed by a profound sense of disappointment.

Did I fail again...

Is she still unable to accept me?

Then again, I had indeed been so foolish, committing so many extreme mistakes and even almost harming Jean. Why on earth should she forgive me? Even she herself had not completely moved on from the regrets of the past.

She felt an intense bitterness in her heart, yet she dared not let it show on her face, fearing that Neera would be repulsed or upset if she saw it.

Therefore, she could only console herself. It's okay. If Neera still can't accept me, it just means I'm not doing enough yet. I just need to continue to work hard.

Even if Neera would give her the cold shoulder for the rest of her life, it didn't matter. In any case, Wrenn would continue to give her all for her and Jean, as she always had.

From now on, no matter what happens, I will treat this girl as if she were my own daughter, doing everything in my power to protect her.

With these thoughts in mind, she took a deep breath, intending to act as if nothing had happened and instead comfort Neera.

"It's okay. If you don't want to talk about it now, then don't. After all, I know that your relationship with them isn't good, and they haven't been good to you either. That's all there is to it. Don't worry; if I see them in the future, I won't engage with them."

After she finished speaking, she moved to get up. "You rest for a while. It's almost dinner time. I'll go and personally make your favorite dishes for you-

Before she could finish her sentence, Neera suddenly spoke up. "Indeed, they were not competent adoptive parents. I can't deny everything that happened over the years, but in my heart, they are not my family at all." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Hearing her suddenly open up, Wrenn was first taken aback. Then she couldn't help but reveal a look of surprise and joy, her eyes lighting up.

She sat back down, her gaze intensely fixed on Neera. In a soft voice, she asked, "Did they treat you poorly? Did they abuse you?"

While collecting her thoughts, Neera unconsciously tapped her fingers lightly on the edge of the tea table before responding. 10:25 Sat, 9 Dec RR.

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"I suppose so. Back then, they couldn't afford to send me to school, so they had me work. I had to get up before dawn, carry a basket on my back, and go chop wood. After chopping wood, I had to go home and cook for the whole family. After sending my younger brother to school, I had to return home and continue working. I had to do all sorts of work, and if I didn't finish, I couldn't eat. Moreover, if they thought I wasn't doing a good job, they would either hit or scold me. I could only do my best, but even so, I couldn't satisfy them. They would find all sorts of faults with me. I had no other choice but to endure. However, due to the long list of chores, I often missed out on hot meals. Even in winter, I had to make do with leftovers. As I hit a growth spurt, my appetite increased, but I often didn't get enough to eat, which made me very thin, like skin and bones.

At this point, she laughed lightly, as if it was nothing.

"I still remember when the Garcia family first brought me back from the countryside. The way they looked at me was as if I were a beggar. I was dressed in tattered clothes, my face was pale, and I was thin due to malnutrition. Even the servants of the Garcia family seemed more like the masters of the house than I did. Besides that, the Garcia family all kept their distance from me, unwilling to share a meal with me at the same table, as if they were afraid I carried some contagious disease that could infect them. From a young age, I had developed the ability to read people's faces, so I eventually stopped going downstairs for meals and ate in my room instead. Fortunately, although the Garcia family didn't particularly like me, they never deprived me of food and even allowed me to attend school. Gradually, I began to feel more like a human being."

Pausing to take a breath, she continued, "Later on, I was set up by Roxanne. Deemed useless, I was once again driven out of the Garcia family. Pregnant and alone with

nowhere to turn, the only place I could think of was that humble dwelling in the countryside that I could hardly call home. Even if it meant endless chores, even if I couldn't have a warm meal, even if I couldn't get enough to eat, at least it was a place that could shelter me from the wind and rain. Even if it was a dilapidated little wooden hut with a hard bed, it was enough. But my hopes were dashed. They refused to accept me, thinking I was carrying an illegitimate child and would become a burden to them. They begrudged even giving me a meal, let alone supporting a pregnant woman like me. They didn't even let me in the house; they just drove me out. I often think if it wasn't for Wilfrid running out to question me, secretly giving me his pocket money so I could stay in a small hotel for a night or two, I might not have been able to hold on until Aunt Adriana came to find me. I still remember when she finally found me, she couldn't help but cry when she saw how pitiful I looked. She hugged me without any hint of disgust, continuously whispering apologies in my ear for being too late, that she should have come back to take me away sooner. That was the first time I ever felt the warmth of family love. It was as hot as the tears my aunt shed on my neck."

She revealed another smile. This time, it was a smile that came from the heart.

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"Later, I followed Aunt Adriana abroad and began to live a life of luxury, a drastic change from my past. My aunt, both materially and spiritually, made me experience true abundance. She treated me almost like her own daughter, spoiling me with all she had. Under her and my teacher's careful guidance, I made rapid progress. In just a few years, I was able to stand on my own. The first sum of money I earned, I gave it all to Maggie and Nigel. Even though I had suffered greatly at their hands, I knew that without them, I might not have had the chance to survive. I held no gratitude toward them, but neither did I harbor much resentment. I consider that money as my way of repaying them for raising me back then. In truth, that sum of money was enough for them to live comfortably for the rest of their lives. However, I ended up sending them a few more payments. Not for any other reason but to give myself some peace of mind. I wanted to sever all ties with them, yet I was afraid they might pester

which is why I did what I did. But in the end, I underestimated their greed and the insatiable nature of human desire. They were like a bottomless pit. No matter how much I gave, it was never enough for them. It felt as though I'd suddenly become their cash machine, someone they could reach out to for money whenever they wanted, and I had to comply without question. Otherwise, I'd be seen as an ungrateful, conscienceless ingrate. At first, this upset me. Eventually, I came to understand that I shouldn't punish myself for others' mistakes. Later on, I completely cut off contact with them and changed my number. It wasn't until I had a falling out with Jean that they found me again. They probably saw the news and found out about my current lifestyle, and that's why they started getting ideas again."

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Chapter 1493

Chapter 1493

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From beginning to end, her tone was very calm, completely devoid of any emotional undertones. It was as if she were telling someone else's story.

But as her words fell, Wrenn's face was already covered in tears.

While Neera spoke, she kept her eyes downcast, her fingers idly caressing the rim of the cup. Now, she looked up

and couldn't help but pause.

She opened her mouth, then closed it again, taking a long moment before she softly asked, "Why are you crying..."

})

There was a hint of helplessness in her tone.

She pulled out a piece of tissue paper and handed it to Wrenn. "It's all in the past now. For me, those things have become an insignificant past."

Wrenn was crying so hard that her eyes became red and swollen.

She took the piece of tissue, wiping away the tear stains on her face. Yet, her tears fell even more fiercely, leaving her unable to utter a single word for quite some time.

After a long pause, she was still crying, her voice filled with sobs. Suddenly, she said, "Neera, if only I had known about your past, I would never have treated you that way, no matter what..."

To Neera's surprise, Wrenn's first words were actually these, leaving her slightly stunned.

And the words that followed caused a slight change in her expression.

"Neera, you were so young, and life was so tough for you. Those years must have been very hard, weren't they..."

Neera was taken aback once again.

When Adriana came to take her away years ago, the first thing she said upon meeting Neera was the

same.

At that time, Adriana was gently stroking her face, tears streaming down just as much as Wrenn was, utterly heartbroken. Neera pursed her lips, murmuring gently, "No matter how hard it was, it's all in the past now."

But the more she downplayed it, the more it hurt Wrenn's heart.

She had never truly understood Neera's past.

Upon hearing about those past events now, she felt such deep regret. She was filled with both sorrow and remorse.

Those experiences were beyond her wildest imagination.

She had never experienced such a life, nor had she ever seen it.

Just how strong is this girl to grit her teeth and persevere in such an environment?

10:25 Sat, 9 Dec

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She's like a sapling, thrown into the muck yet not giving up, tenaciously drawing on every bit of hope that can keep her alive.

The fact that Neera could endure all these hardships was truly a testament to her immense courage and tenacious determination.

The more Wrenn thought about it, the more it hurt her heart. If only she had taken the time to understand Neera from the very beginning instead of being swayed by others and listening to the lies from those with ulterior motives, perhaps so many things wouldn't have happened later on.

Neera's origin, background, and experiences - none of these were things she could choose for herself.

But even so, she remained resilient, growing into the person she is today and reaching heights that no one else could possibly attain.

Her spirit was like no other!

Wrenn lamented silently. Why is it only now, at this moment, that I realize how wildly wrong I was?

Observing how Wrenn was crying her heart out, Neera took a deep breath, handed her another tissue, and began to comfort her instead.

"It's really okay; everything is in the past now. Compared to my current life, those past experiences don't matter much. I didn't feel it was hard at the time, and looking back now, I don't think it was that difficult. We all have to take life one step at a time. Even if the days are terrible, we still have to live each day as it comes."

Wrenn listened with a heavy heart, unable to fathom the amount of hardship Neera must have endured behind her nonchalant facade.

After Wrenn had cried enough, she began to feel angry again.

"If only I had known this earlier, I wouldn't have let those two leave so easily!"

Neera didn't really care either way.

"It doesn't matter to me how easy they had it. I just don't want to have any involvement with them anymore. I've already repaid all past favors I owe them. What I should have done, and even what I shouldn't have done, I've done it all. Even if this matter gets exposed, I have nothing to fear. I don't care about others pointing fingers at me or what they might say, so you don't need to worry about me too much. If you run into them in the future, do as you please. There's no need to hold back on my behalf."

Upon hearing this, Wrenn lightly bit her lip, suddenly letting out a long sigh.

"Neera, don't you understand yet? To me, you are like my own daughter now. Whatever I do that has anything related to you, I will definitely consider your feelings. I just regret that I understood you too late, that I once listened to one-sided stories and treated you so poorly. If I had known how hard it had been for you, I would never have treated you that way..."

Neera looked into her eyes, a smirk abruptly tugging at the corner of her lips.

"I understand your feelings, and I'll say it again: what's past is past. Whether it's my past experiences, or previous misunderstandings, you had your convictions back then, and I don't blame you. As for what happened with Thora later, you had your thoughts, and your intentions were good. It ultimately led to serious consequences, but you've learned your lesson. There's nothing more to say about it. Now... it's all in the past."

When she said, "It's all in the past," it wasn't just a casual remark but what she truly felt inside.

She had no intention of holding on to that matter, nor did she dwell too much on the past either.

She had noticed Wrenn's new attitude toward her.

Her heart wasn't made of stone. She understood the concept of sincerity being met with sincerity.

That was also the reason that she shared her past with Wrenn today.

If she were talking to someone she wasn't familiar with, she wouldn't utter a single extra word. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Wrenn stared at her for a moment before she suddenly laughed, though her eyes were filled with tears

This time, she wasn't shedding tears of sadness but of joy.

"Neera, thank you for being willing to say these things to me today. Really, I'm very grateful to you, and thank you for forgiving me..."

Neera smiled gently. "Stop crying, or else if Jean sees this, he might think I'm bullying you."

Wrenn chuckled. "That naughty boy, from the very beginning, he's only sided with you, not caring about my thoughts or feelings. They say that a man who marries forgets his mother. I didn't believe it at first, but later, I found out it was true. Even if he saw me crying, he wouldn't think it was because you upset me..."

At the turn of the staircase, Jean heard the conversation between the two. His eyebrows raised slightly, and a curve formed at the corner of his mouth.

That evening, Wrenn personally cooked, preparing a table full of dishes.

After receiving his dry needling treatment session, Frederic lay down for a while. He felt much better now, so when he descended the stairs, he was noticeably more energetic.

Looking at the lavish feast, he exclaimed, "It's only because you were willing to return that this VIP was willing to personally cook, Neera. We're not so lucky to receive this honor." Wrenn glanced at him. "I see you're feeling better, and now you're looking for trouble again."

Frederic closed his mouth, immediately falling silent.

Jean and Neera couldn't help but laugh when they saw it, and the three little ones did the same.

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Chapter 1494

Chapter 1494

That night, Jean was holding Neera in bed as he kissed her forehead and said, "Thank you."

Neera blinked at him, puzzled. "What? Why the sudden appreciation?"

Jean held her close, his fingers threading through her soft, thick hair, gently stroking it. When he spoke, his voice was warm and tender.

"Thank you for opening your heart to my mother and accepting her."

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Neera was first taken aback, then she laughed. "What difference does it make whether I accept her or not? She is, after all, your mother. That's not something that can be changed, and your relationship can't be severed. Besides, it's not like she has committed some unforgivable crime. Why should I hold onto it?"

Jean raised an eyebrow. "In any case, I want to say thank you. Because of what you said today, my mother has clearly relaxed a lot. I could tell she was genuinely happy tonight, not just trying to please you." Neera let out a "hmm" and said, "I'm not a fool. I can tell whether someone is trying to curry favor or treating me sincerely. At first, she was indeed trying to win my forgiveness, deliberately trying to please me. But everything she did afterward, I understood. As for the matter of my adoptive parents, she could have easily turned them away, but she didn't. From that, I know she truly has my best interests at heart." At this point, she paused, then continued, "As for me, I always remember those who treat me well, and I repay their kindness tenfold, even a hundredfold. As for past issues, we had different perspectives and misunderstandings, but let's leave it at that. She's been through a lot. As long as she understands, that's enough."

She finished speaking, then it was as if she remembered something. Pulling away from his embrace, she blinked her large eyes repeatedly.

"You used to always tell me not to be so formal with you, that there's no need to say thank you. But why are you being formal with me today? I don't like hearing this, you know."

Jean's eyes darkened slightly. "All right, I won't speak. I'll just act."

After he finished speaking, he suddenly rolled over, pinning her beneath him...

The next day, when Neera woke up, still groggy from sleep, the sun was already high in the sky.

The warmth had already left the bedding next to her, nor was Jean anywhere in sight. Evidently, he had been up for quite some time.

Neera glanced at her phone in a daze, only to realize it was already past ten.

Just as she was about to put it down, she suddenly noticed that Isabella had sent over a dozen messages, and there were several missed calls. She was taken aback. Rubbing her eyes, she opened the messages with curiosity to read them. As she scrolled down, her expression grew increasingly serious.

Isabella: Holy cr*p, I'm really done. How can your adoptive parents be so shameless?

They have the audacity to release audio clips: they must have deliberately edited them!

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Why won't you answer my calls? Are you still sleeping? If you don't wake up soon, the public discourse is only going to get more heated!

Oh, my heart is about to explode, all because of their vexing behavior! Does Mr. Beauvort know about this? Please find a way to suppress things. This can't go on...

In addition to those messages, Isabella had also sent some screenshots.

They were all of various discussions on the internet.

It turned out that after being driven out of Beauvort Manor yesterday, Maggie and Nigel, unwilling to accept their fate, actually sought out the media and started accusing Neera and the Beauvort family online. The accusations were the same old ones - ungrateful wretch, heartless, the Beauvort family bullying others by flaunting their power, and so on.

The most crucial part was that they even allowed the media to release the recording of the previous phone call where they had asked Neera for money under the guise of medical expenses. Suddenly, the internet exploded with all sorts of comments.

I remember there were rumors before saying that Neera was at odds with her adoptive parents. So, it's true? I didn't expect Neera to be such a person behind the scenes. I see so many people praising her, saying how good she is, but she's so unfilial, even neglecting her own gracious adoptive parents. Indeed, she's one person in public and another in private.

Neera sounds so heartless in that recording. There's no room for negotiation at all. Her adoptive father is unwell, and she doesn't even suggest going to see him, let alone offer to pay for his medical expenses. Doesn't she have any shame?

What an ungrateful wretch she is, showing her preference for wealth over poverty. Sure, her adoptive parents may be poor and from the countryside, but they've raised her all these years. Without them, she would probably have starved to death by now. Now that she's come into great wealth and attached herself to her aunt, mingling with the likes of the Beauvort and Gordon families, she looks down on the adoptive parents who painstakingly raised her. What kind of person is she? It's such a disappointment!

Ah... How could this be? I used to be quite fond of her, but who would have thought she'd be so heartless? Isn't filial piety the most fundamental virtue? She should learn how to be a decent human being first before claiming to be a goddess!

A goddess, really? Do you think someone like her deserves to be called a goddess? If you ask me, her adoptive parents shouldn't have taken her in. They should have let her starve to death outside. That would have been a service to the community. There's no room for mercy when dealing with such a disrespectful and disobedient person!

My eyes have truly been opened. I never expected her to have such indifference toward her own adoptive parents in private. She sure is good at putting on an act! And the Beauvort family, how did they end up with such a daughter-in-law? Why are they still protecting her? No matter how wealthy or influential they are, it doesn't give them the right to bully people like this. It's truly outrageous!

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Chapter 1495

Chapter 1495

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One person wrote: I really can't understand what the Beauvort family is up to this time. I thought that once they found out what kind of person Neera was, they wouldn't accept her anymore. What on earth are they doing now?

Another replied: Ha, what do you know? Even if the Beauvort family were extremely dissatisfied with Neera, after all, she was the one they married into the family, so she is considered half a member of the Beauvort family. They probably care too much about their reputation, so even if they feel as uncomfortable as if they had swallowed a fly,

they would still protect Neera. After all, Neera represents half of the Beauvort family's reputation.

Someone commented: I see through it all. This queenly facade is all for show. That's just stepping on others to get ahead in life... Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Amidst the online buzz, as if it wasn't enough, suddenly, another media outlet dropped a bombshell, releasing a photo.

The photo seemed to have been taken surreptitiously from outside a cafe, capturing through the floor-to-ceiling window a person busily serving others.

Despite the distance, the person's face was not clear, but Neera recognized him at a glance. It was Wilfrid!

The media also revealed that Nigel and Maggie provided evidence of Neera's unfilial behavior toward her parents. They claimed that her younger brother, despite being only in his senior year of high school, had to work part-time jobs outside to supplement the family income. He was juggling his studies and work, all in an effort to improve their family's living conditions.

After Neera heard these words, her gaze suddenly turned grim.

She had no idea that Wilfrid had actually been sneaking out to work a part-time job.

Moreover, it seemed that Nigel and Maggie were aware of it.

However, instead of advising Nigel to focus on his studies, they not only didn't do so but even used him as a tool against her.

What kind of parents would do such a shameful thing?

Just as she was seething with anger, a new wave of verbal attacks began online due to this so-called

"evidence."

Someone wrote: Oh my goodness, poor little brother. With such an ungrateful sister and old parents, he's had to go out and start working at such a young age.

Another person commented: He's still a senior high school student, at the peak of academic pressure. While his classmates can comfortably strive and study in the classroom, he has to take precious time out to work part-time because of his family situation. Wilfrid is so understanding. In comparison, how heartless and ungrateful Neera, as an older sister, appears. It's truly a stark contrast.

A netizen wrote: No way, I'm truly speechless and frustrated. Can people like this tone down their self-promotion in the future? They build up this persona as if they're so noble, but in the end, they're nothing more than a deceitful piece of trash. What's there to praise about such a person? Are people nowadays so easily deceived? If it weren't for the information released by her adoptive parents, I bet that woman would still be marketing herself as flawless, wouldn't she?

10:26 Sat, 9 Dec

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Of course, most of Neera's fans didn't abandon her. Instead, they all rallied to defend their beloved idol.

One fan wrote: Come on; you call this solid evidence? Is this what you consider proof? What the heck is wrong with you? What can these prove? Wilfrid is a worker, and all you have is a photo and the testimony of that couple. Who can guarantee that what they're saying is the truth? Haven't there been rumors that Ms. Neera's relationship with her foster parents isn't good? Isn't it possible that her foster parents are deliberately setting her up?

Another person wrote: Exactly, there's no proof. These are all just their side of the story. Why should they arbitrarily pin the blame on my dear Ms. Neera? Isn't that a bit unfair?

That was followed by another comment that read: I feel like these foster parents are deliberately trying to tarnish Ms. Neera's reputation. I refuse to believe that Ms. Neera is such a person. Have you all forgotten the numerous good deeds she has done? Back then, so many people were slandering her, but what happened? Didn't they all end up eating their words? I would advise those who are quick to criticize not to be so sure of themselves. Be careful, or you might choke on your own words.

Although Neera's fans were defending her passionately, they were ultimately outnumbered. The collective backlash against Neera was so intense that her fans were quickly drenched in a shower of criticism. Someone wrote: Oh, please. Still here trying to whitewash? I'm really puzzled. Is Neera your father or your mother? You're defending her so dutifully. Also, you're ignoring such clear evidence and choosing to believe in those so-called public images? Are you just blindly defending?

Another person commented: Such a dutiful child. How impressive! I wonder what benefits Neera has given them for them to defend her like this. Could they possibly be fans she's bought?

A comment read: Public image? Get lost. Do you really think she's someone important?

Another netizen wrote: So what if she's skilled in medicine? Even if she's done charity work, it doesn't excuse her from abandoning her adoptive parents. These are two

separate issues, aren't they? Can we just mix them up? We're only criticizing her for being ungrateful, not denying the good things she's done in the past. But just because she's done good deeds, does it mean she can use them as a shield when her character is questioned? I've never heard of such a principle!

Someone else wrote: Please... I wish these fans would open their eyes. They shouldn't treat every piece of junk like it's a treasure. How is it not repulsive to them...

Neera would rather skim over these comments. She pursed her lips and turned off the screen.

Just then, the door suddenly opened.

Jean moved gently, as if he thought she was still asleep.

He saw her sitting on the bed, her expression not looking too good. The man's brows furrowed as he walked over.

He glanced at the phone in her hand, his frown deepening. "You... already know?"

Neera nodded slightly. "Hmm, I took a glance after waking up. I have a general understanding now."

After Jean heard that, his expression darkened slightly. He comforted her, saying, "Don't worry about those comments online. I've already asked Ian to suppress them."

However, Neera retorted, "What's the use of suppressing it? You can avoid it for a while, but not forever. If they both are determined to cause trouble, they will always find various ways to stir things up. They just want to use the media to pressure me, either to force me to comply and pay them or even if they can't get the money, they want to use this matter to make my life difficult."

Bo Jin's gaze was deep and thoughtful. "So, what's your plan? Are you thinking of giving them money? Those two are like vampires. Once you start, they won't stop. No matter how much money you give them, it won't be enough to satisfy their greed."

The mere thought of his beloved woman being preyed upon by such scums, sucking her life away, made his expression turn grim.

Neera understood that he was fighting against injustice on her behalf. She grabbed his hand and gently shook it.

"Don't be upset. What's done is done. We need to find a solution. Rest assured, I'm not a fool. When I transferred the money to them, I kept a trick up my sleeve. I've kept all the transaction details intact. They called me a penny-pincher, didn't they? The evidence will reveal the truth about what really happened."

Even though she said that, Jean's expression still looked unpleasant.

Every time he thought of that couple-how they had treated his woman back then, and how they were still so greedy, constantly harassing and slandering, even going as far as to come to Beauvort Manor and lay hands on his family and children, his heart was filled with gloom.

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Chapter 1496

Chapter 1496

Neera understood that he was unhappy because of her. With a helpless tug at the corner of her mouth, she pulled him to sit down beside her.

"All right. I'm not even worried, yet you're all worked up. Don't let unworthy people or trivial matters upset you. There's no need for it. What's done is done. We just need to find a solution. We'll deal with whatever comes our way. After all, I have a clear conscience, so I have nothing to fear."

At this point, she remembered something and let out a sigh.

"As for Wilfrid...'

Speaking of Wilfrid, a flicker of emotion crossed Jean's eyes. "Is it true that he's gone to work?"

He didn't know much about Wilfrid, but he instinctively felt that this was yet another scheme concocted by Nigel and Maggie behind the scenes.

Neera pursed her lips slightly, nodding in admission. "It must be true. I wouldn't mistake the the photo."

Jean's brows furrowed even tighter. "Why does he have to work? Is it really that difficult?"

person in

Neera let out a sigh. "The last time I saw him, I gave him a card. I repeatedly advised him not to worry about so much. Now is the most crucial time for him. All he needs to do is eat well, drink well, rest well, and focus on preparing for his exams. But to my surprise, he didn't spend a cent on the card and went to work instead. He probably

doesn't want to ask for money from home anymore, thinking he's grown up and wants to support himself with his own hands and feet."

At this point, she paused, as if recalling something.

"Or perhaps there's another possibility. He knows about his parents contacting me and doesn't want them to bother me anymore. So, he's trying to prove himself by earning money, hoping to show that he can support his family. But this naive boy, he's being too idealistic. The money he's making now is barely enough for his own living, let alone satisfying the greed of his parents."

Whenever Neera thought of Wilfrid, he would feel somewhat of a headache.

"Wilfrid has been stubborn since he was a child, always having his own opinions. Once he sets his mind on something, he sticks to it, even if it means running into a brick wall. He won't back down an inch. I really don't know who he takes after with this temperament."

When Jean heard that, his expression eased somewhat, a rare occurrence.

He lowered his gaze to her troubled expression, his eyebrows twitching slightly. In a leisurely manner, he said, "Who else could it be? Isn't it right in front of you?"

Neera blinked, pointing at herself. "Are you saying Wilfrid is like me?"

Jean nodded. "Of course, it's just your nature that might have influenced him unknowingly. From your description and portrayal, it's clear that he's a man of integrity. Unlike his parents, he's not selfish or greedy. It's truly remarkable.",

Because he had heard that Wilfrid had always stood up for his sister when he was a child, he had a slightly better attitude toward this young man, willing to say a few kind words.

94%

Then, he sneered, pulling at the corner of his mouth, and said coldly, "But he probably didn't expect that he himself would become a tool used by his parents. It seems they knew all along that their son had gone out to work, but they didn't stop him. Not only did they not stop him, but at this point, they even thought of using him to gain public sympathy to deal with you. If he knew, he would definitely feel awful."

What Neera cared about was indeed this.

And in the whole matter, it was this very point that infuriated her the most.

Nigel and Maggie's opinions of her didn't bother her in the slightest.

However, how could they dismiss Wilfrid so casually?

People often said that even wild beasts looked after their young. No matter what, that was still their own flesh and blood. How could they possibly treat him as a tool for their own benefit?

Even though they clearly knew that this was the most crucial time for his studies, a significant opportunity in his life's journey, how could they take it so lightly?

Do they truly care for him, or do they just see him as their tool?

A tool that can be utilized, flaunted, relied upon, and demanded?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

Hesitating for a moment, she picked up her phone again, found the photo online, and showed it to Jean.

"Can you see if you can locate this cafe from this photo?"

Jean glanced at it. Without a hint of hesitation, he said calmly, "Send it to Ian. He will find it soon. It's not a problem."

Neera nodded, then promptly sent the photo to Ian's WhatsApp.

In no time, Jean waited for Neera to finish freshening up, and then they went downstairs together.

At this moment, Wrenn and Frederic were sitting in the living room downstairs, both focusing on the happenings on the internet.

At this, Wrenn was extremely annoyed. The more she looked at it, the angrier she became, and she flung her phone onto the coffee table in frustration.

"This is all nonsense! These people don't know anything, yet they're here spouting off, talking gibberish! It's absolutely outrageous!"

Frederic was also angry, but compared to her, he was much more composed.

"Alas, isn't this the current state of affairs? People just parrot what others say without bothering to verify the truth. They believe whatever they see, standing on their moral high ground, criticizing and commenting. They can say all sorts of unpleasant things. If you take it all to heart and take it seriously, you'll never stop being upset."

Wrenn crossed her arms, leaned back into the couch, and huffed in annoyance. Her face wore a rather unpleasant expression.

"I know, but I'm still angry. These people don't understand the truth at all, yet they'd rather slander us, making Neera seem worthless. How can our Beauvort family tolerate such humiliation? I wonder if Jean has managed to suppress the public opinion."

Frederic saw the situation very clearly. "This matter can't be suppressed anymore. The more we try to suppress it, the louder the public opinion will become. Who knows how ugly the words could get? Everyone will think that the Beauvort family is deliberately covering it up, and covering up means acknowledging the truth."

"What kind of logic is this? Is there any inevitable connection?" Wrenn frowned, her face full of disbelief.

Frederic sighed softly. "That's just the way things are. You don't need to worry about it. The youngsters will surely find a way. After all, Neera's adoptive parents are not to be underestimated..." As the two were talking, Neera and Jean came down.

Neera pursed her lips, her expression apologetic as she said, "I'm sorry for the trouble my foster parents have caused the Beauvort family."

Seeing her come down, Wrenn quickly stood up, took her hand, and comforted her. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You silly girl, what are you talking about? We're family. There's no need for apologies. If something happens, we face it together. Besides, the Beauvort family has nothing to fear about. We don't care about these rumors and gossip. However, they might affect you negatively. I'm worried they might tarnish your reputation."

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Chapter 1497

Chapter 1497

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Neera shook her head. "No worries. What's real can't be faked, and what's fake can't be real. The truth will prove itself, whether what they say is true or false."

Wrenn immediately asked, "Do you have a way to prove that what they're saying is false?"

Neera nodded. "Hmm, don't worry. Everything will be fine. But before that, I need to meet someone."

Wrenn thought for a moment, then quickly guessed, "You want to go see your younger brother, don't you?"

Neera didn't hide anything and nodded. "Yes, I don't care at all about what happens to his parents. However, I can't ignore the matter concerning Wilfrid. Since this issue involves his parents, it might have some impact on him. I need to meet him in advance to explain the situation."

"Oh, based on what you've told me before, it seems your younger brother is a sensible and good child. He surely wouldn't mind. It's just a pity for the kid. He's clearly outstanding and kind, yet he's stuck with such troublesome parents. Life really isn't fair..."

As they were talking, Neera's phone suddenly rang.

She took out her phone and saw it was a call from Edward. Immediately, she guessed the purpose of his call.

At that moment, she stepped aside to answer the call, and immediately, a deep voice came through from the other end.

"Neera? You've returned to the country? Why didn't you tell me? Also, what's the deal with your adoptive parents? What's going on?"

Neera sighed helplessly. "I came back yesterday quite unexpectedly, so no one had the chance to tell you. Edward, don't worry about this. I have a way to handle it. Once I'm done with my things here, I'll come to find you."

Edward was dissatisfied. "How are you going to handle this? Public opinion is all over the place now, with all sorts of nasty things being said. What's your plan to prove yourself?"

Neera knew that he was worried about her, which warmed her heart, her voice gentle and soothing.

"I have my own ways to handle this, Edward. You don't need to worry about it. Just wait and see how I'll sort it out."

After exchanging a few more words, Edward repeatedly emphasized that if the situation couldn't be resolved, he must be informed. He would help. Only then did the two end the call. Meanwhile, news from Ian also came through.

Upon learning the exact name and address of the cafe, Neera didn't linger and decided to leave immediately.

Wrenn stopped her. "Hey, wait a bit before you leave. You've just gotten up and haven't even eaten yet. What's the rush?"

Neera shook her head. "I won't eat now. We can talk about it when I return."

After saying that she immediately put on her shoes and left the house

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After saying that, she immediately put on her shoes and left the house.

Jean comforted Wrenn with a few words, then followed her out.

Wrenn couldn't help but feel anxious, her face full of worry.

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"What on earth is this girl thinking? Why won't she say anything? I can't help if she doesn't speak up. All I can do is worry."

Seeing her like this, Frederic was instantly amused.

"Just look at yourself now; you're acting like your life revolves around your daughter. It seems to me that you're not as devoted to Jean as you are to Neera."

Upon hearing his words, Wrenn rolled her eyes at him. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I'd rather she was my daughter, as that would make us closer. She's much better than that blockhead Jean, who's taciturn. And what are you laughing at? Aren't you aware of the current situation? Hurry up and register an account to help Neera speak!"

Frederic was rendered speechless.

He increasingly felt that his wife's favoritism was intense, and the change was just too drastic.

In order to help Neera, that woman was even capable of creating multiple accounts to battle those trolls online.

Tsk, tsk, such a change. I didn't see it coming at all.

There were no parking spaces available at the entrance of the cafe, so Neera chose to get out first, leaving Jean to park the car.

That day was a weekend, and since Wilfrid didn't have any classes, he should be there working.

At that moment, she stood at the entrance of the cafe, peering inside through the floor-to-ceiling

windows.

The place wasn't crowded. A waiter was walking around with a tray, but it wasn't Wilfrid.

Just as she was about to push the door open, suddenly, someone came out from inside. Upon seeing her, she was clearly taken aback.

Immediately after, the person's expression changed as she let out a scornful sneer.

"Well, well, who do we have here? I never thought the world was so small that I'd bump into you here!"

Neera didn't even notice the person. She was about to pass by, not even sparing a glance.

When she heard that vaguely familiar voice, a frown creased her brows. Only then did she turn her head to look.

She didn't expect to cross paths with her nemesis. It turned out to be Nicole.

She was seen holding a cup of coffee in her hand, clearly just purchased, ready to leave.

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After a fleeting reaction, Neera shifted her gaze, not wanting to deal with her. She turned around to push the door open and enter.

Seeing her hesitation, Nicole became even more eager, not willing to let it go. With a swift move, he blocked her path.

"What's this? At the very least, we know each other. You can pretend not to see me, but not even a greeting? Not even a response to my words? Is this how you treat others? Let's not mention anything else. Our Meyer family did you a huge favor. Without us, do you think you could have gotten a heart to save someone? Are you dreaming? What's going on now? Are you turning your back on us?" Neera stopped in her tracks, reluctantly lifting her gaze to look at her, her eyes frosty and indifferent.

"If my memory serves me right, it was Mr. Meyer who provided me with the heart, not you, Nicole. And do I need to remind you? You tried to trip me up, attempting to blackmail me with the heart, almost ruining Mr. Meyer's good intentions."

Nicole's delicate eyebrows lifted, displaying an air of righteous confidence.

"So what? When all is said and done, it was the Meyer family who helped you. I am a member of the Meyer family, so you should be extremely grateful and courteous to me. The fact that I haven't asked you to bow and thank me is already a great favor. Now, what's with this attitude of yours? Who do you think you're showing it to?"

After hearing her words, Neera found it amusing. A faint smile played at the corners of her lips, revealing a fake smirk.

"Bow and thank you? Ms. Meyer, if I remember correctly, you made this impolite request when you took the heart. However, it never came to fruition. Instead, you received several slaps, didn't you? It seems like you have a knack for forgetting things. From head to toe, it seems your stubbornness is the most prominent, isn't it?"

Every time the incident of her last setback was brought up, Nicole would be filled with irritation.

Because of this incident, she was punished by George and even scolded by her brother, who always loved her. She remembered every single one of those grievances!

At that moment, she took a deep breath, surprisingly not bursting out immediately. Instead, she retorted with a sharp, sarcastic tone.

"So what if I'm stubborn? It's still better than being an ungrateful wretch like you, right? Ha, Neera, do you still think you have the audacity to act high and mighty? Your reputation now stinks worse than a rat crossing the street! What do you have to be proud of? I just didn't expect it. I thought you were only heartless toward the Meyer family, but to think you're even cold and ruthless toward your adoptive parents. Seeing your attitude now, I'm not surprised at all."

Neera narrowed her eyes slightly. "Heartless toward the Meyer family? Ms. Meyer, you must be mistaken. I have great respect for Mr. Meyer, and I'm very grateful to the family. If I have any attitude toward the Meyer family, it's only toward you, Ms. Meyer. As for why, you'll have to find the reason in yourself. Don't just spout nonsense and cause misunderstandings. It's not good."

Upon hearing those words, Nicole bit the corner of her lip, a flash of hatred flickering in her eyes...

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Chapter 1498

Chapter 1498

"Neera, you should stop acting so high and mighty. What right do you have? You've lived in the countryside since you were a child, and it's only by sheer luck that you're enjoying good days now. You've managed to attach yourself to the Beauvort family, but that's all down to chance. Haven't you ever heard the saying, 'Those who are undeserving of their position will face disaster'? This is your retribution!" Neera chuckled, a playful smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. She casually retorted, "Retribution? What retribution of mine? How would I know if I've received any retribution?"

Nicole sneered, "Now that your worthless adoptive parents have exposed your true colors, you've become the object of everyone's scorn. Isn't this retribution? I'm curious to see how you'll continue to be arrogant and domineering! And all those personas you've built, they've all been ruined. How many people will believe in you in the future? I reckon you're about to become a street rat, despised and hunted by everyone. What else can you possibly brag about?"

Neera was unbothered. "Is that all?"

Originally, Nicole wanted to see her expression change, looking frustrated and upset.

Seeing her nonchalant expression, she felt as if she was punching cotton, which was extremely frustrating.

However, she herself couldn't keep calm anymore, her tone somewhat rushed.

"What else do you expect? Do you really think your position is as stable as a rock, unshakeable by anyone? Don't make me laugh. You're only untouchable because you've latched onto the Beauvort family. No one dared to say anything, but now the Beauvort family is being talked about because of your involvement. Do you think you're still the same Neera everyone used to praise? This is just the beginning. Your true colors will be stripped away bit by bit! I'll just stand by and watch, witnessing the moment you fall from the clouds and get trampled in the mud!"

Neera didn't seem to care at all. She chuckled lightly and responded leisurely, "Is that so? Well, you can wait as long as you like, do as you please. I won't keep you company here. What a waste of time." After she finished speaking, she couldn't be bothered to give her another glance. As her gaze shifted, it was immediately drawn to a figure that appeared in the cafe.

Nicole frowned, her expression already looking somewhat displeased.

Seeing her gaze shift elsewhere, she followed suit and instantly understood something.

"So that's it, you came here for your little brother, didn't you? Tsk, tsk, who would have thought that waiter is your brother? I really don't know how you have the nerve to see him!" Neera glanced at her. "If you don't know anything, then shut up. Why all the unnecessary chatter?"

Upon being rebuked, Nicole choked for a moment, her eyebrows furrowing in response.

Just as she was about to retort, suddenly, a deep voice echoed.

"Neera, why haven't you gone in yet?"

This voice was incredibly pleasing to the ear, low, and filled with magnetism. Yet, at this moment, it was tinged with a hint of melancholy.

Nicole was taken aback for a moment, instinctively turning her head to look back. Immediately, she was captivated by Jean's handsome face, her eyes fixed on him unwaveringly. 10:38 Mon, 11 Dec y g

"You are..." she opened her mouth and asked.

When Jean approached just now, he heard this woman's incessant chatter, so naturally, he looked grim. He glanced at her indifferently, didn't bother to respond, and directly took Neera's hand. "Let's go. Let's head in."

Neera nodded slightly, indicating that she wanted to go inside.

98%

At that moment, Nicole looked at the two people holding hands and immediately realized what was happening.

So, this tall and handsome man is actually the CEO of Beauvort Group, Jean!

At that moment, a wave of jealousy surged within her. Without a second thought, she called out loudly to Neera just as she was about to push the door open. "Neera! Who would have thought you'd be so lucky, managing to reach such great heights? I wonder how many generations of good fortune you've accumulated!" This statement was filled with sarcasm.

Neera didn't catch on, assuming she was just trying to pick a fight again. She turned her head and glanced at her.

"Whether I accumulate good fortune or not and whether I'm lucky or not, what does it have to do with you? Are we close? Ms. Meyer, your knack for forcing a conversation is

getting better and better. Don't you find it tiring? Instead of spending your energy on this, you might as well go back and get some more sleep. It would be more worthwhile."

At that moment, Jean suddenly spoke, his voice still indifferent.

"Who says she's the lucky one? I should be the one considered lucky. Miss, you don't know the whole story, so it's better to speak less." After he finished speaking, he took Neera by the hand, and they walked into the cafe.

The cafe door swiftly closed in front of Nicole.

She watched the retreating figures of the two people through the glass door, seething with anger to the point where her face turned green.

Why does Neera get to be so lucky, ending up with such a high-quality man? She's nothing but a lowly wretch!

And judging by Jean's look just now, it's clear that he was wholeheartedly enjoying himself!

For what?

What's so special about that woman that she's worth cherishing by such a high and mighty figure like him?

There are plenty of women who are better than her!

If we're talking about family background, I'm streets ahead of that lowlife!

Every time she thought about it, her dissatisfaction only grew.

She had heard long ago that the CEO of the Beauvort family was a sickly individual with a short life expectancy, which was why she didn't rush to get involved.

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If she had known that he was such a handsome and charismatic man, she would not have missed such a great opportunity!

Moreover, judging by his current appearance, he didn't seem to be seriously ill. It appeared he had already been cured.

Naturally, there was no need to mention who cured him.

However, precisely because of this, she felt even more upset.

The Meyer family, too, came from a long line of medical practitioners. If she had returned from abroad earlier and allowed George to find a chance to cure Jean, there wouldn't have been any issue with Neera! Now, the person Jean should be in love with ought to be herself!

Such a wonderful man, yet he was stolen away by that despicable woman. How could she swallow such a bitter pill?

Suddenly, a glint surfaced in her eyes. She gritted her teeth and turned away.

Meanwhile, Neera stood in the cafe, feeling a multitude of gazes converging on her.

A subtle furrow creased her brows as she glanced to the left and right, realizing that it wasn't just her imagination playing tricks on her.

So it turned out that when Nicole had just called her name, everyone heard it because the door was open.

She was already the center of online discussions, and her sudden appearance in the cafe naturally drew everyone's attention.

The way those people looked at her was far from friendly, their gazes filled with disdain and contempt.

Neera pursed her lips, choosing to ignore these stares, her gaze fixed directly on Wilfrid.

Across from her, Wilfrid was only a few steps away. The moment he saw her enter, he was taken aback.

"Sis..." After several seconds, he finally managed to utter, "Why are you here..."

everyon

Upon hearing the word "sis," everyone present was taken aback. Their gazes turned toward him, all aware of his identity.

So, he is Neera's younger brother!

Conversation was impossible to take place in the cafe. Neera took a deep breath and calmly asked, "Can we step away for a moment?"

Wilfrid knew she had something to say. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded, turned around, and headed to the front desk, presumably to ask for leave from his supervisor. Soon, he returned, took off his apron, put down the tray, and said softly, "Sis, let's go."

Neera nodded, leading him away.

The three of them got into the car, with Wilfrid sitting in the back. It was then he remembered to introduce himself,

Jean, nice to meet you for the first time. I'm Wilfrid." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Jean nodded slightly, glancing at him through the rearview mirror. His demeanor was fairly gentle. "Mmm, your sister has mentioned you to me," he said.

Next, no one among the three spoke again. The car was enveloped in silence, a silence so profound that it made Wilfrid feel somewhat uneasy.

Luckily, the car didn't go far before it stopped in front of a restaurant.

Neera unbuckled her seatbelt and turned her head to look at him.

"It's noon already, and I figured you haven't eaten yet, so I brought you here. It's perfect timing since you haven't met Jean yet. Let's all have a meal together. Come on; let's go." Wilfrid nodded and whispered, "Okay," before stepping out of the car.

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Chapter 1499

Chapter 1499

Neera had already reserved a private room in advance. After the three of them entered the restaurant, they headed straight for the private room.

After taking a seat, Neera handed the menu to Wilfrid. "Take a look and see if there's anything you like. Feel free to order whatever you want to eat." Wilfrid initially wanted to decline, but he knew his sister didn't like him being so polite. After a moment of hesitation, he ordered a dish. Neera didn't insist any further. After ordering a few more dishes, he asked the waiter to pour some coffee, and then dismissed everyone from the room. In the private room, only the three of them remained. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After mentally preparing himself all the way, Wilfrid finally found the courage to speak. "Sis, I'm sorry..."

Upon hearing this, Neera knew that he had already seen those rumors and gossip on the internet.

At that moment, she calmly said, "Don't worry about what they're saying online and don't stress over your parents' issues. This matter has nothing to do with you. There's no need for you to feel any pressure." Though she said so, Wilfrid felt as if a lump of cotton was stuck in his heart, causing him discomfort no matter what.

In reality, he didn't have the habit of browsing the internet or scrolling through Twitter. It was only when he overheard people discussing this matter while he was at work that he decided to look it up online. His expression changed when he saw the revelations his parents made and the online attacks on his sister.

He immediately dialed Maggie's number. As his fingers tapped on the screen, they trembled uncontrollably.

After much difficulty getting through, he realized his voice was trembling when he began to speak.

"Mom, how could you and Dad say such things? Do you have any idea how much trouble this could cause for Neera? What will people think of her? You're too much!" Upon hearing these words, Maggie immediately became displeased.

"What's your deal? Why do you always side with outsiders? Saying we're too much? It's clearly that woman who's overstepping! If she wasn't indulging herself in lavish meals and sitting on a pile of gold and silver, completely disregarding our wellbeing, would we have resorted to such measures? We've worked so hard to raise her, but she turned out to be an ungrateful wretch, ignoring us and even teaming up with the Beauvort family to bully us, framing your father and me. And you, finally calling home after so long, only to start accusing us right off the bat. Do you even regard us as your parents anymore? Or do you think you were raised by Neera? You ungrateful little brat, don't tell me you're planning to become an ingrate too!"

As Wilfrid faced Maggie's accusations that came at him like rapid-fire, his expression turned rather unpleasant.

He was caught in a dilemma, and after a long pause, he finally said, "That's not what I meant, Mom. I just think what you're doing is really unreasonable. No matter what, Neera has never wronged our family. When she left home, didn't she give us a sum of money? Isn't that enough? How much more do you want? Moreover, you say that you've worked hard to raise her, but when she was living with us, you didn't treat her well. Why should she be grateful to you? Being a good person requires having a

conscience, but Mom and Dad, you were the first to mistreat her. Our family has no right to demand anything from her."

He tried to reason with his parents, but would Maggie and Nigel ever listen?

If they were reasonable people, how could things have come to this?

Suddenly, Nigel snatched the phone and started cursing at the person on the other end.

"You little brat, thinking you're all grown up now, daring to criticize your own parents! Let me tell you, Neera is no good! Just because she's made some money and is successful now, she thinks she can look down on us! And the Beauvort family is no different. They're all in the same boat! Your mother and I merely went to the Beauvorts to see your sister, but what did we get in return? They not only disregarded us but also accused us of stealing from them and drove us out! We were utterly humiliated, yet instead of blaming Neera, you turned around and started criticizing us. Who exactly gave birth to you?"

Wilfrid listened, completely baffled. His brows furrowed in confusion. "What's this about the Beauvort family? Why were you driven out? And what's this about stealing?" Naturally, Nigel wouldn't go into detail with him. He just made up a few sentences off the top of his head: After all, either way, it was all the Beauvort family's fault to him. Wilfrid, however, did not fully believe it, feeling that things were not that simple.

Explaining to them was futile, and he could not make them understand. So, he decided to put this matter aside for now, only hoping they would take back their previous words.

However, Nigel spoke confidently. "The news has already been released, so what's the point of discussing this now? Do you think the media is our personal property, to publish or retract whatever we want? Besides, what did we say that was wrong? Neera, she's nothing but an ungrateful wretch! Such a heartless creature. It's only right to expose her true colors and let everyone condemn her! I'm telling you, Wilfrid, you better understand this clearly. If you continue to side with that woman, arguing with us, your parents, for her sake, then don't bother coming back home in the future. Don't even consider us your family anymore. We don't have a son like you!"

After making a fuss, he hung up the phone immediately.

A chill ran through Wilfrid as he listened to the sound of the disconnected tone through the receiver.

Then, when he was at work, he was so distracted that he almost spilled the coffee meant for a customer.

Unexpectedly, Neera actually came looking for him.

Right now, sitting across from his sister, he felt incredibly distressed.

"Sis, my parents owe you an apology..."

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Chapter 1500

Chapter 1500

Neera didn't even bat an eyelid and looked at him calmly. She asked, "If they are the ones who wronged me, why are you the one apologizing?"

Wilfrid wore a bitter expression. "After all, they are my parents. If they've done something wrong, as their son, I naturally can't stand by and do nothing." "Oh?" Neera's voice rose at the end. "So, if they commit heinous crimes, like murder or arson, and have to go to jail, would you also take their place?" Caught off guard by the question, Wilfrid fell silent for a long while, unable to figure out how to respond.

Neera sighed inwardly and said, "They are them, and you are you. Whatever they do, you can't stop it, nor do you have any reason to take their place. Regardless of what they've done, it has nothing to do with you. You don't need to shoulder all the mistakes. I've told you this before. Why can't you understand?"

Wilfrid's hands were placed under the table, gripping tightly to the point where his fingertips were turning somewhat pale.

He now felt that he had no dignity left to face her. Sitting in front of her at this moment, he was filled with nothing but shame, embarrassment, and a deep sense of remorse.

This feeling, he just couldn't shake it off from his heart, no matter what.

Even if Neera said so, he still couldn't find peace of mind.

"Sis, I know you've been good to me. You've never blamed me for anything. But I can't just stand by when it doesn't concern me. They are my biological parents, yet they keep making mistakes over and over again, hurting you. I regard you as my real sister. I... I feel so upset inside. Sis, I'm sorry..."

Neera knew that he was a kind-hearted child, so it was only natural for him to think this way. Another sigh escaped her lips. She paused to choose her words, then spoke again.

"I know you feel sorry for their actions, but let me reiterate, in my eyes, you are you; they are them. I have never seen you as their son, nor have I associated you with them. To me, you are just you, my little brother, and that's all."

Upon hearing these words, Wilfrid was taken aback, deeply moved in his heart.

He always knew his sister had always cherished him dearly.

When he was young, it was so. As he grew up, it remained the same.

Even though she had left this home and his parents had never treated her well, and even though the two hadn't seen each other for many years, she still sincerely considered him as her younger brother, just like a real one.

Knowing all this only made Wilfrid feel even worse.

He couldn't understand why his parents were so harsh, even cruel, toward his sister.

If you dislike her so much, then why did you adopt her in the first place?

In this state of extreme turmoil and pain, he was tormented to the core.

Today, when he found out how his parents had slandered Neera, the feeling of torment almost reached its peak.

10:40 Mon, 11 Dec

After ending the call with his parents, he was suddenly overwhelmed with a profound sense of despair, accompanied by a wave of doubt.

Why am I their child?

Why are my parents so unbearable?

He couldn't understand.

Seeing Neera now, he felt a belly full of bitterness that he couldn't express or clarify.

What he didn't realize was that he didn't need to utter another word; his feelings were perfectly clear to Neera.

That was why she said what she did just now.

It turned out that in her eyes, he had always been just his younger brother, not the son of her foster parents.

At that moment, he suddenly felt as if a great weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

It was like a traveler stumbling through the desert in search of water, finally finding a clear spring.

A man that he was, at this moment, suddenly felt an urge to shed tears.

A tingly sensation rushed up his nostrils, making his eyes feel warm. He quickly lowered his head, afraid that he might start to cry.

Neera saw it all and felt both helpless and heartbroken.

"All right. I came to see you today isn't to dwell on this matter. As I've said, this has nothing to do with you, so you don't need to bear such a heavy burden or put so much pressure on yourself. Right now, the most important thing for you is to focus on your studies. The pressure from academics is already enough, and everything else is not important. Do you understand?"

As she spoke, she let out a chuckle. "Didn't you say you wanted to be like me, studying medicine? The score requirements are quite high, you know."

Speaking of which, Wilfrid revealed a hint of shyness. "There should be no problem. The scores I'm getting in the simulations are all above what the academy requires."

Neera nodded, not doubting his abilities in the slightest, then swiftly changed the topic.

"Did you start working because you felt confident and relaxed, thinking you had it all under control?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Sure enough, when the topic came up, Wilfrid pursed his lips, pausing for a moment before saying, "I just wanted to experience life. I'm an adult now, capable of earning my own living."

"Is that so? Technically, you haven't even turned eighteen yet. And if you want to experience life and earn your own living, you can wait until after you get into university. There's no rush at this moment. I told you before that you can freely use the money on the card without worrying about anything. But you still didn't listen to me."

Wilfrid thought she was angry. He lowered his head, not daring to look at her. "Sis..."

Neera paused for a moment, then asked, "Are they putting pressure on you?"

Wilfrid quickly shook his head. "No, they didn't mention anything about money to me, nor did they ask me to work. Everything I do, I do it willingly."

"Why are you doing this? You should understand the importance of this final stage of senior year. With the college entrance exams approaching, how could you just abandon your precious study time to work part-time? You're not a child anymore. You should understand the implications. I don't believe you're arrogant enough to think you can get into your desired school without proper preparation. Wilfrid, you're a sensible person. There must be a reason for you to work part-time. Don't lie to me and tell me the truth."

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