

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 451

"I heard Mr. Beauvort's handsomeness is one in a thousand. I wonder if it's true?"

"Who knows? Anyway, I've also heard he's got one foot in the grave. I thought he had died!"

"What kind of nonsense are you talking about? He's merely ill and recuperating at home. He's very much alive, got it? Don't speak ill of him. If he were gone, Beauvort Group would have crumbled. How do you think the company has managed to stay so influential?"

"By the way, isn't Star Entertainment Media a subsidiary of Beauvort Group? Mr. Beauvort has never shown up for their anniversary before. Why the change this year? Is this just a rumor?"

"I'm with Star Entertainment Media. Inside sources hinted that he's attending the anniversary this year, so there's a good chance it's legit! Also, the company has promoted an A-list celebrity this year. Many believe Mr. Beauvort's appearance might be tied to her."

"Oh, let me guess. Are you hinting at the one celebrity who's been showered with opportunities this year?"

"Oh girl, you are absolutely correct! I bet it's Sasha! Ever since that skincare campaign, she's been on a meteoric rise. Bagging endorsements, fashion gigs, and film roles like there's no tomorrow! It makes one wonder if there's a special connection between her and Mr. Beauvort."

"You're suggesting Sasha and Mr. Beauvort might be... an item? That sounds like a fairytale, Cinderella and her prince! Their backgrounds might be worlds apart, but you have to admit...this couple is shippable!"

"As a die-hard fan of Sasha, I hope everyone won't believe rumors. It's all fake until confirmed officially. Actually, I also think...the 'CEO and Celebrity' narrative is kind of captivating!"

Neera found their comments funny.

These internet users have such a wonderful imagination. They go as far as pairing Jean and Sasha together.

She was about to close the browser when her phone buzzed. She received a WhatsApp message.

She clicked on it. It turned out that she had received a long message from Sasha.

"Mr. Garcia, the rumors online are entirely baseless. My relationship with Mr. Beauvort is purely professional, just like the usual employer-employee relationship. Please don't get the wrong idea! People online tend to exaggerate things. Honestly, I think Mr. Beauvort is a better match for you. You two seem like a match in heaven!"

If I remember clearly, Sasha didn't know about my relationship with Jean, did she? Where did this match in heaven idea come from?

...

In the study of neighboring villas.

Jean scowled after he saw the news.

He asked Ian, "Why can't I recall that I had agreed to attend this event?"

Ian was equally confused. He wondered, "Weren't you the one who gave that order? I thought it was your wish."

"Nope," Jean's tone turned cold, and he directed, "Find out what's going on."

"Understood."

Ian quickly called Larry and asked him about it. Larry swiftly replied.

"Sir, Larry said this was your father's idea."

"My dad?" Jean knitted his brows tighter and asked, "What does this have to do with him?"

Star Entertainment Media has grown by leaps and bounds over the years. That company was doing well, but it was just one of the subsidiaries under the group.

A representative from senior management was sufficient.

It was not exactly a group anniversary, he didn't need to attend this event.

What's my dad trying to do by making such a decision without consulting him? He also promotes this in such a big way; what's his motive?

Jean squinted his eyes, unable to figure it out.

He decided to give his father a call.

Frederic, knowing what he'd ask, answered straightforwardly, "Kyra's management contract is expiring this month. She's interested in joining Star Entertainment Media. I want you to attend the event and announce this in public."

In other words, he was trying to create hype for Kyra. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean's gaze turned icy with this news, and so did his voice.

He said, "If Kyra wants to sign with us, let Star Entertainment Media's management handle it. I don't see the need for me to personally attend to this."

Sensing Jean's displeasure, Frederic knew he was not happy with this arrangement. He added, "This is your mother's request."

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Chapter 452

Jean quickly grasped the whole picture.

It was evident that his mother's opposition to his union with Neera had not waned. Her silence over the past few days was merely due to the debt of gratitude she felt towards Neera for saving her life.

Her current actions, trying to pair him with Kyra, revealed her true intention.

Traces of rage crept into his face.

He snickered and asked, "Now what? You arranged for me to get married for some superficial reason. After you've reaped its benefits, do you wish to cast Neera aside and substitute her with another? Is this your idea of the perfect daughter-in-law?"

From the other end, Wrenn's voice broke in sharply, "How dare you address your father in such a manner?"

She had been eavesdropping the entire time and was interrupted when Jean retorted harshly.

Jean had foreseen this.

He retorted with biting sarcasm, "So let me get this straight. You want me to parade Kyra in front of the media, seemingly introducing a new artist, but in actuality, you're sending out a clear message that she's backed by me.

"Many media outlets would be there. How would they report this? That Beauvort Group and the Marks family are nearing a union? Or that the two families have long had marital intentions? Or perhaps that Kyra and I have secretly fallen for each other?"

He had exposed his mother's underlying motive.

Caught off guard, she was momentarily speechless but then admitted it openly.

"Yes, that's precisely my plan, but it's for your benefit! Are you going to be a stepfather? Jean, remember, you're the Beauvort heir. Your marital choices aren't just personal; they reflect on the family's standing and legacy.

"If Neera was without children, maybe I'd consider it. But she has three! I'll never agree that you two should stay married. As for Kyra..."

She paused, then added, "She's a good match. She is polite and respectful, and she admires you. She carries herself with grace. While her family might not be on par with ours, we know them well.

"If you're considering a split with Neera, this is the opportune moment to introduce Kyra. Everything will naturally fall into place. If you don't act now, then when?"

Jean's patience was thinning. He detested others interfering with his life decisions.

When he was sick, his father had already forced him into getting married. Now, his mother wanted to manipulate him again.

His tone became icy, saying, "I'll never do as you say. I'll handle my marriage with Neera. I should remind you that even if Neera and I end up divorcing, my other half will never be Kyra."

After saying this, he hung up.

Ian had overheard the entire conversation and witnessed Jean's demeanor turn icily.

He couldn't help but think that it was unlikely for Jean and Neera to divorce.

As an outsider, he could see that both of them had developed feelings for each other. They were just too caught up in their emotions to see it.

Then Jean's phone buzzed again. This time, he received a message.

Wrenn refused to give up. She sent him a threatening message.

"If you refuse to attend the event, then I will! One way or another, everyone will know about Kyra!"

Jean's gaze darkened even further. There was anger building within.

Ian was terrified. He dared not make a noise and tried to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

Mr. Beauvort looks truly intimidating when he's mad.

Just as Ian started to wish he could disappear, Jean suddenly asked, "Is Neera home?"

Startled, Ian quickly replied, "I think so. Auntie Zuniga dropped the triplets off at school this morning, and I haven't heard her car leave. Are you looking for her? Should I ask her to come here?"

"It's fine. I'll go to her," Jean said, some of his anger having subsided.

He quickly rose and headed to Neera's villa.

At this time, Neera was in the yard, feeding the fish in the pond. [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

There were swarms of fish in vibrant colors that playfully fought for food.

Nearby, three adorable dogs were trying to reach the fish.

Neera chuckled at the scene. She reached out to stop one of the dogs and said in a pleasant voice, "Cece, you can't eat them. They'll upset your stomach!"

When Jean walked in, he happened to see this scene.

Under the sunlight, her radiant smile was breathtaking. Her full lips, delicate features, and sparkling eyes were captivating, making it difficult for him to look away.

Jean was stunned. All his fury seemed to vanish at that moment.

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Chapter 453

Neera hadn't noticed him because she was immersed in feeding the fish.

The dogs were by her side. It seemed to spot something and enthusiastically barked at Jean.

Those barks snapped Jean out of his daze.

He slowly approached her and whispered, "Why are you suddenly interested in feeding the fish?"

Neera jumped in surprise.

When she realized it was him, she instinctively attempted to stand up. Before she could stabilize herself, the dogs darted beneath her feet.

She tripped, lost her balance, and almost fell into the pond.

He screamed, "Watch out!"

Jean caught hold of her waist quickly and pulled her back to safety.

Due to the momentum, she almost crashed into his arm and accidentally knocked her lips against his collarbone.

"Ouch!" She muffled herself and covered her mouth.

"Are you okay?" Jean asked, lowering his gaze with concern.

Neera was in pain. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she was still in a state of shock.

"Why are you not making a sound?" she questioned him.

After she said that, she tasted some blood in her mouth. She gently touched the wound with her finger and asked, "Am I bleeding?"

Jean was shocked. He hurriedly used the other hand to cup her chin and demanded in a low voice, "Show me!"

He forcibly lifted her head.

Neera met his gaze from his arm.

Jean didn't find anything wrong with it. He just focused his gaze on the wound and carefully examined her lips.

Indeed, there was a small cut on her lips. It was nothing serious, but some blood was seeping out of it. She probably got it when she accidentally bit herself.

Relieved, he said gently, "It's okay. It's not serious. It should be quickly healed by applying some medicine."

Neera licked her lips, nodding, waiting for Jean to let go of her.

She waited for a while, but he didn't release her.

Her ears started to burn, and she said shyly, "Aren't you going to let go of me?"

Jean was flabbergasted. He finally realized how close they were. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Her soft body was leaning against him. She raised her face a little. Their faces were so close that they could feel each other's warm and ticklish breaths.

Her eyes still had a reddish hue because of the accident. Some teardrops hung on her eyelashes; it made her eyes look clear and pitifully pitiful.

Coupled with their intimate posture, somehow it looked like she invited him to kiss her.

The look in Jean's eyes darkened considerably.

He unconsciously tightened his grip on her waist.

Sensing his grip, she panicked and placed her hands on his chest. She called out to him, "J...Jean?"

Her voice was trembling. There was a trace of helplessness visible on her face.

When Jean saw this, his gaze turned increasingly enigmatic; an indescribable emotion was surging up in the depths of his eyes.

Neera became tense.

She looked at the handsome face inches away from her. It gave her the illusion that he might kiss her at any moment. Her heart raced wildly, and she tried to pull away.

Noticing her struggle, Jean finally snapped back to reality.

He hid his emotions and spoke with a hoarse voice, "Sorry, I'm sort of lost in thought."

When he said this, he slowly released her.

Neera quickly created some distance between them. Her cheeks blushed. She said, "It's okay."

The two might have clarified matters verbally, but the romantic tension between them lingered.

She quickly changed the subject to break up the awkwardness. She asked, "Did you need something?"

He rubbed his fingertips, where the sensation of her soft skin still lingered. He replied, "Yes, I need your help with something."

He went on to tell her about the upcoming annual event. He said, "When the time comes, I might need you to accompany me to an event."

Neera had no objections to this request. She asked, "Sure. It's next Thursday, right? I'll clear my schedule, but...I'm attending with what identity?"

She teased, "Don't you know the internet is buzzing about your 'special' relationship with Sasha?"

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Chapter 454

Jean cast a glance at her.

He said with a smile, "Why do you think I need you to go with me? With you on my side, all the rumors will naturally be dispelled."

Moreover, her attendance will get rid of my mother's wishful thinking! I want to show her with my actions that she should forget about pairing me with Kyra.

Neera chuckled, remarking, "Seems I'm destined to play the role of 'shield'! But everything turned out well. Thanks to you dominating the trending topic, the buzz about my company has faded. Mr. Beauvort is truly extraordinary when he gets into action."

She playfully gave him a thumbs-up.

Grinning, Jean replied, "You deserve credit for handling the situation so adeptly, especially in exposing Tilda's scheme. Yet, even after a night, Tilda hasn't spilled the beans about who's pulling the strings."

He frowned a little and his voice took on a chilling edge.

Neera's eyes deepened with concern. She speculated, "Do you think this mastermind has the next move in store?"

Jean shook his head and replied, "It's a possibility I can't ignore. I've got people monitoring the situation. Should there be any developments, you'll be the first to know. For now, you should rest!"

She has stretched thin recently and didn't get to relax from formulating the antidote to handle the company's crisis. I didn't want her to worry about these when she finally got a break.

Understanding his genuine concern for her, warmth surged in Neera's heart. Her eyes glistened with delight as she remarked, "If the esteemed Mr. Beauvort advises it, then I must comply."

Jean gazed at her and nodded. His previous bad mood had disappeared.

From a distance, Ian observed the interaction.

He thought to himself, Ms. Garcia has quite the touch. She's the only one who can effortlessly soothe Mr. Beauvort's temper. Truly, no one else holds that influence over him.

Ian discreetly retreated, sensing it wasn't his place to intrude.

Not long after, Jean headed back to his villa.

Neera was alone in the courtyard, tending to her plants and enjoying the company of her pets.

Her phone rang. It was Adriana, letting her know she'd be visiting later that evening.

Neera had no objections.

Ever since she went to the Garcia residence, she had been worried they might look for trouble with her and wished she could return soon.

...

In the evening, Adriana arrived as agreed.

The triplets had just gotten back from school when they ran up to Adriana and acted cute with her.

"Grandaunt, you're back? We missed you so much!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Grandaunt, you rarely stay in Kingsview. How could you leave us? We've been so lonely without you!"

"Stay longer, please! Don't leave; please spend more time with us."

Touched by their words, Adriana gently caressed their heads, responding, "My dears, I've missed you too. It feels like it's been forever since we last met."

Nearing the end of their chatter, Neera couldn't help but smile. She inquired, "Are you planning to move back?"

Adriana, with a hint of fatigue in her voice, replied, "Not at the moment, but soon."

Observing her tiredness, Neera expressed her concern, "What's wrong? You seem drained. Did they mistreat you?"

Swiftly shaking her head, Adriana reassured her, "No, they wouldn't dare. It's just...I had a restless night, thinking about your mother."

Her voice became gentle as she faced Neera, "I dropped by to ask if you'd like to visit her grave. You haven't paid your respect since your return, have you?"

Neera felt a tightness in her throat, her heart trembling a little as she admitted, "No, I haven't..."

Initially, upon her return, the Garcias didn't welcome her. Naturally, there wasn't a chance for her to pay respects. Then, after being cruelly banished from the house, she missed the opportunity to do so.

Most of what she knew about her biological mother came from fragments of Adriana's tales.

Hearing her respond, Adriana gently patted her shoulder and said, "Let's visit her at the cemetery tomorrow."

Neera agreed right away, saying, "I'd like that."

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Chapter 455

The next morning, after having breakfast, the family headed towards the graveyard situated on the city's outskirts.

The journey was enveloped in silence.

The children, aware they were visiting their Granny's resting place, remained unusually obedient and refrained from making any noise.

They knew little about their Granny.

After a brief silence, they couldn't hold back their curiosity, asking, "Grandaunt, could you tell us about Granny? What was she like? We want to know more about her."

Neera glanced at Aunt Adriana with anticipation, eager to hear more about her mother.

Sensing their eagerness, Adriana responded with a soft smile, "Of course, let me tell you..."

She paused, collecting her thoughts, and then began.

"Her name was Stacy Park. She was born into a scholarly family in Atheburn. known for her intellect, beauty, and knack for business. She was near perfection."

Back in the day, the two of them were college friends. With common interests and similar temperaments, they became very close.

During one of Stacy's visits to her home, she happened to meet Alfonso. From their first meeting, Alfonso was completely smitten with her and pursued her fervently.

Though Stacy was hesitant at first, Alfonso's unwavering dedication eventually won her heart.

However, when the Park family learned about this relationship, they strongly disapproved of it. The Garcias, being of modest means, were nothing compared to the affluent Parks. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Following heated disagreements with her family, Stacy decided to elope with Alfonso.

Infuriated, the Parks cut off all ties with Stacy.

"After they tied the knot, your mother, alongside Alfonso and myself, founded the Garcia Group. Your mother was the most business-savvy among us. The company's rise and prosperity can be largely attributed to her.

"Many in the business circles believed that Alfonso was undeserving of her, yet she would merely smile in response to such remarks. She remained loyal to Alfonso and never held anything against him. But....."

At this point, Adriana clenched her teeth and displayed mockery on her face.

"But...my brother is despicable! He took all the comments to heart and began to resent your mother. He cold-shouldered her. He had affairs when she was pregnant. He met Susan at the time."

Neera could now fill in the blanks for the rest of the story.

He turned his back on Mom and started neglecting her. In such trying times, the unborn child might have been her sole comfort.

"Shortly after you came into this world, you disappeared. Your mother was devastated and couldn't concentrate on anything other than finding you. Amid this turmoil, Susan emerged, presenting a child of her own. Your mother suffered immense emotional trauma and eventually couldn't recover from the pain."

Tears rolled down Adriana's cheeks as she recounted the past.

Neera clenched her fists and was heartbroken.

Being a mother of three, she could understand the despair her mother went through.

I loathed him! This man is a beast, unworthy of being a human being.

The triplets' eyes welled up with tears.

Penny sobbed, "Granny had such a sad life."

Wiping away her tears, Adriana's voice quivered as she confessed, "I've always blamed myself. If I hadn't brought Stacy into Alfonso's life, none of this would have happened. This regret has haunted me every single day. Neera, I failed your mother, and I failed you."

Neera sniffled. She held back the bitterness and tears.

She clasped Adriana's hand gently, assuring her, "It's not your fault. It's all on him! He's the one to blame for everything."

He was a man devoid of honor and kindness, full of arrogance, disloyal in love, and consumed by his selfishness and greed. This man practically embodies all the worst characteristics, yet he remains oblivious to his vile nature.

In that moment, Neera's revulsion for Alfonso reached its zenith.

The thought that she shared a bloodline with him repulsed her to the core.

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Chapter 456

"Grandaunt, please don't blame yourself. Grandma won't blame you for this," Harvey sensibly consoled Adriana.

The other two kids remained silent, but they held her tightly with their small hands, silently giving her encouragement.

Finding solace in the presence of the triplets, Adriana's mood gradually improved.

At that moment, they reached the cemetery.

Suppressing her emotions, Adriana led them out of the car and reached a spot halfway up the mountain, where Stacy's grave lay.

It was Neera's first time visiting her mother's grave. So, she paused and observed her surroundings briefly.

The tomb had been well-maintained and meticulously cleaned. It was obvious that someone attended to it regularly.

There was a picture of Neera's mother on the tombstone.

Despite the photograph being old and being pelted by rain for so many years, the woman in the picture still had a gentle smile.

This was the first time Neera saw her mother.

As Adriana described, her mother was undoubtedly a beauty. Her features were not just attractive. She also had a graceful and ladylike temperament. At a glance, one could deduce her aristocratic background.

Neera gazed at it for a moment, a profound sense of connection welling up within her.

She placed the bouquet she held before the tombstone and said to the woman in the picture, "Hello, Mom. I'm Neera. I'm sorry it took me so long to come and visit you..."

Adriana and the triplets stood quietly beside her.

Upon hearing Neera's words, Adriana's eyes grew moist once again.

She battled the tears, determined not to let them fall. In a voice tinged with emotion, she instructed the triplets, "Harvey, Sammy, Penny, go and greet Grandma."

The triplets nodded in unison, stepping forward to introduce themselves, "Grandaunt, I'm Harvey, Mommy's eldest son."

"Hi Grandma, I'm Sammy, the second eldest!"

"I'm Penny, the youngest of us. You're pretty, Grandma. You look like Mommy..."

The triplets' voices grew increasingly endearing, managing to lighten the initial somber mood.

Adriana wiped her eyes and approached, her voice quivering, "Stacy, are you watching us? Neera's back and I brought her and the children to visit you..."

Though there was no response, Adriana understood that if Stacy's spirit was in the heavens, She would be brimming with joy. Neera was, after all, Stacy's most cherished kid.

Neera recognized this sentiment and talked to the tombstone.

Time passed swiftly, and an hour slipped away unnoticed.

The once-clear sky had now surrendered to dark clouds and the atmosphere was so dark, it looked like it was about to rain. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Sensing the time, Adriana placed her hand on Neera's shoulder and suggested, "Neera, should we head back? I didn't bring an umbrella when we came up the mountain, and I wouldn't want the triplets to get caught in the rain. We can visit your mother another time."

Neera agreed and said to the woman in the picture, "Mom, we're going to leave now, I'll visit you often and talk to you."

The triplets waved their hands adorably, "Grandma, we'll visit you too. Goodbye..."

After saying goodbye, they descended the mountain.

However, before they could reach the base, rain began to pour down, soaking them thoroughly. By the time they got back home, their clothes were drenched.

"Oh dear, why are we so wet?"

Upon seeing this, Auntie Zuniga hurriedly fetched a towel and began to dry their hair.

Neera grabbed the towel and wiped the triplets' hair.

Once finished, she instructed Auntie Zuniga, "Please help the triplets take a warm bath to prevent them from catching a cold."

Auntie Zuniga agreed, saying, "Alright."

Shortly after, she led the triplets upstairs for their bath.

Neera watched them depart, then turned her attention to her aunt, Adriana. "Aunt Adriana, you should change into dry clothes too. You wouldn't want to catch a cold."

Adriana waved off the suggestion with a chuckle. "I'm not as delicate as you. You should change first. My immune system is much stronger."

Neera grinned. "The rain is so light, I'll be fine."

Ironically, right after uttering those words, she found herself sneezing a few times.

Adriana sighed helplessly, "You said nothing would happen just now, didn't you? Look at you now. Go and take a warm bath quickly, don't push yourself."

Nudged by her aunt's concern, Neera complied and made her way back to her room.

After her bath, she took medicine to prevent her from catching a cold.

However, it was no use.

By the afternoon, she was running a mild fever.

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Chapter 457

Upon discovering Neera's fever, the triplets could not help but express their concern. "Do you need to go to the hospital, Mommy?"

"No, it's just a common fever. It will improve after a good night's rest. It's not that serious," Neera reassured them, patting their heads and speaking soothingly.

The triplets remained uneasy, insisting, "Why don't you take medicine and rest? It's important to prevent it from getting worse!"

Neera did not want to make them worried, so she agreed, "Alright."

Harvey promptly volunteered, "Then I'll get the medicine for Mommy."

"I'll get her water!" Sammy chimed in, wearing a determined expression.

Penny blinked and added in her sweet voice, "I'll get the fever patch."

Their teamwork was evident, each taking on a role to help their mother feel better.

Neera felt a rush of warmth as she saw their caring gestures.

Once they brought everything, she praised them, "All of you are so thoughtful. Mommy will recover quickly with you looking after me."

The triplets exchanged smiles and responded, "Mommy will feel better after taking the medicine, and we'll stay by your side while you rest."

"That's very sweet."

Neera took the medicine with a smile, attaching the fever patch to her forehead before lying down to rest.

Her head throbbed intensely, and after a while, she slipped into a deep sleep.

In her semi-conscious state, she dreamt of something.

In her dream, a woman was playfully interacting with a baby.

The baby had just learned to crawl, moving clumsily and slowly across the floor.

In the dream, the patient woman smiled gently and coaxed, "Neera, come here... That's it, come to Mommy."

The baby responded with joyful giggles and increased its crawling speed.

Before long, the baby reached the woman's side.

With open arms, the woman hugged the baby, praising, "Our Neera is truly amazing."

The baby seemed to understand her, laughing happily.

Yet suddenly, the dream scene shifted.

Neera saw that the baby transformed into himself.

The woman before her transformed into a motherly figure, cradling Neera and murmuring in a soothing tone, "Our Neera has grown so much."

Neera yearned to feel the warmth of that embrace, her eyes welling up with emotion. She reached out instinctively to embrace her...

Just then, a deep voice pierced through from a distance.

"Neera... Neera? Wake up!"

Startled, Neera struggled to identify the source of the voice, but before she could make sense of it, the dream dissolved abruptly.

Her mother vanished too.

Neera was jolted awake, her heart racing...

And what greeted her was Jean's handsome face!

He was close, his upper body hovering over her, his chest gently pressing against hers. His arms supported him on either side of her head, their warm breaths intermingling in the small space between them.

Their lips were only inches apart!

Neera's mind was still foggy, immobilized by the surprise of the situation, as she gazed blankly at the person before her.

As Jean noticed Neera waking up, he let out a relieved sigh and asked, "Are you awake?"

Neera responded with a murmured "yeah," gradually recovering her senses. In doing so, she realized that the vivid encounter she experienced earlier was just a dream.

If she remembered correctly, she was sick and was resting at home right now!

However, the current situation was far from expected.

Why was Jean here?

Why were they in this position, wrapped around each other?

Neera looked utterly confused and instinctively twitched her fingers, trying to push the man away from her.

But as she moved, a realization hit her. Something was wrong

Her hands were clasped around Jean's waist! Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You... I... What's going on?"

Neera was unable to react and asked in a daze.

Upon hearing her question, Jean furrowed his eyebrows, a faint amusement in his eyes. "What do you think we're doing?"

His voice had a subtle quiver, and Neera could distinctly sense the gentle friction between them through the thin fabric of their clothes.

Startled, she caught her breath. Before she could reply, Jean continued, "Ms. Garcia, I never expected you to take advantage of others while being sick."

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Chapter 458

Neera's face turned a deep shade of red at Jean's words, embarrassment flooding her features like a sunset glow.

Her hand, which had involuntarily clung to him, seemed to scorch her upon contact. She quickly released her grip and pushed him away with irritation.

"Who... who says I'm taking advantage of you?"

Jean straightened himself, still holding her gently, unwilling to let her go.

"Are you sure? I heard you had a fever, so I came over to check on you. My intention was just to cover you with the blanket. But you ended up hugging me. I couldn't avoid it, could I?"

As he spoke, the triplets' heads popped up from behind Jean, one after another.

Harvey chimed in, "Mommy, what Uncle Jean is saying is right."

Sammy added, "Yeah, we can confirm that!"

Penny joined in, "Mommy, you did kind of take advantage of Uncle Jean. You should admit it." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The triplets had been hidden behind Jean, unnoticed by Neera until now.

Seeing them chiming in, Neera's embarrassment doubled. She avoided looking at them for a moment.

The situation was spiraling into chaos, and Neera felt utterly mortified. In a flustered attempt to clarify, she stammered, "Wha... What do you mean taking advantage? Don't talk nonsense. I was just dreaming. I didn't do it on purpose..."

Flustered, Neera could not find the right words. Sensing her embarrassment, Jean stopped teasing her and asked sincerely, "How are you feeling now? Your temperature's still pretty high from the hug earlier."

His earnest question only deepened Neera's blush, the heat reaching her cheeks.

Attempting to divert attention from the awkwardness, she lifted her hand and pressed it against her forehead, confirming that her fever had not subsided.

Concerned, Penny tiptoed and reached out to touch her forehead, her delicate eyebrows furrowing.

"It hasn't gone down yet, Mommy. Why don't we go to the hospital?"

"I think so too, it's better to go to the hospital for a check-up," Jean also added his voice to the suggestion.

However, Neera remained resistant.

"No, I'm fine. It's not serious enough to warrant a doctor's visit. It's just a mild cold and fever. I should be better by tomorrow after a little rest and some medication."

At this moment, Harvey stood up and explained, "Mommy's health isn't very strong. According to what Grandpa told us, she went through a lot when she gave birth to the three of us. While she's improved over the years, when she gets overworked, her body tends to weaken more than that of an average person."

He spoke with a sense of understanding, his gaze subtly locking onto Jean.

Even though we can't acknowledge him as our Daddy yet, I need to let him know how much pain Mommy went through!

Jean understood him.

Just a few days ago, this woman had been tirelessly helping his mother get better. It was not surprising that she had fallen ill after being exposed to the rain.

A hint of unintentional pity stirred within him. He expressed his regret, "I'm sorry. You went through all this to help me. Thank you for your hard work."

Neera dismissed his apology with a wave of her hand. "There's no need to be sorry. I'm a doctor, and I must care for and heal the sick. There's no reason to shy away from it."

Jean realized that Neera was the sort of person who would not seek recognition for her actions. Everything she did came from her heart. His appreciation for her deepened further.

Respecting Neera's decision not to go to the hospital, Jean did not press the matter. Instead, he suggested subtly, "In that case, have something to eat first. If the fever persists, we can consider going to the hospital later."

Neera nodded in agreement rather than opposition.

Not long after, Ian came downstairs and instructed Auntie Zuniga to bring up the porridge and medication. Neera was feeling feverish and exhausted, so she remained in bed as she ate half a bowl of porridge and took the medicine.

As the warmth of the food spread through her, she felt a slight alleviation of her discomfort. Drowsiness set in, and she dozed off once more.

When she woke up again, it was past eleven o'clock in the evening.

Slowly sitting up, Neera sensed that her body felt somewhat lighter than before. Just as she was about to get up, she caught faint voices in the distance.

The voices seemed to be coming from near the door, likely Jean and Ian.

Neera found it somewhat surprising that they had not left yet as it was late.

While eavesdropping, she managed to catch the name "Sonny."

However, due to the distance between them and the intermittency of their conversation, she could not make out the exact words.

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Chapter 459

Neera was not in a hurry, so she sat up from the bed, waiting quietly while absently touching her forehead.

To her relief, the fever had completely subsided!

After a while, Jean finally entered the room.

Noticing Neera was awake, he was surprised. Taking a few steps closer, he asked, "Are you awake? How are you feeling now? Are you better?"

Neera responded, "Yes, the fever has gone down completely. I'm feeling much more comfortable now."

Curious about why Jean and Ian were still there, she questioned, "Why haven't you left yet? I overheard you mention Sonny. Did something happen?"

Jean did not hesitate to share the information. "It's a minor incident. After Tilda was arrested, she initially refused to reveal the identity of the mastermind. But tonight, she suddenly changed her stance and claimed that Startales was manipulated by the Beauvort Group. According to her, the director of the company deceived her as she claimed she was innocent."

Neera's expression turned somber upon hearing this.

Tilda's actions tonight were likely planned under some external influence. However, she was currently detained in police custody. In theory, she should not be able to communicate with outsiders, right?

"Has the Crimea Group been in contact with Tilda? Or did they manage to place someone on the inside?"

"I haven't contacted her personally. I've had people keep a close watch. Tilda isn't someone they can meet freely. But Sonny did have some connections. I've found something..."

Jean's tone held a hint of disdain. "Tilda's sudden change in stance is probably a result of the Crimea Group having some leverage over her. Plus, Ian discovered that all the ghostwriters who spread negative rumors about your company and the Beauvort Group online were planned by the Crimea Group."

While the news was not surprising to Neera, the news still left her feeling disgusted.

"Sonny is like a pesky fly that just won't go away no matter how much you swat at it! Despite being born into wealth and being the head of a prominent company, he's resorting to such petty tactics. He's becoming more despicable. How disgusting!" Neera expressed her disdain and frustration with Sonny.

Hearing her scold Sonny with a wrinkled brow, Jean could not help but chuckle.

The way she scolds someone is rather amusing...

"You're right, but don't let it get to you. It's not worth getting worked up over someone like him. Don't worry, I'll handle this matter," Jean reassured her.

Tilda would face appropriate consequences, and Sonny would have to answer for his actions as well.

Curious, Neera asked, "What are you going to do?"

Rather than giving a direct answer, Jean posed a question, "Do you wanna know?"

Neera nodded earnestly. "Yes."

Jean smirked, his exquisite features emitting a charm that could leave someone dazzled.

Neera was momentarily captivated by him.

However, Jean kept his plan under wraps. "I mean, you can if you want to, but focus on taking care of your health first. Once you're feeling better, I'll bring you to deal with this matter together, alright?"

Upon hearing his words, Neera was momentarily speechless as if her heart had been tickled by a feather. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Was it her imagination?

For an instant, she sensed that Jean might be playfully coaxing her!

Her heart skipped a beat and she instinctively studied his expression.

His eyes were deep, his expression was gentle, and the smile tugging at his lips was undeniably captivating.

Neera intended to maintain eye contact, but for some reason, her cheeks began to burn, and her heartbeat accelerated involuntarily.

Am I going to have a fever again?

Feeling the heat rising in her cheeks, Neera instinctively lifted her hand to cover her face, attempting to cool down. At the same time, she asked, "Take me with you? Where are... we going?"

Unaware of what was wrong with her, Jean replied, "To see Sonny."

Neera was momentarily taken aback. Lowering her hand, she met his gaze and asked directly, "See Sonny? Are you planning to confront him in person?"

Jean admitted, "Yes, it's time for him to face the consequences."

Observing his confident demeanor, Neera grew intrigued and promptly agreed.

How could she pass up the chance to see Sonny suffer?

"Alright, it's a deal. Now have a good rest and recover soon. I'm sure I'll be much better by tomorrow."

Amused by her enthusiastic expression, Jean could not help but smile. "Sure thing. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

With that, he swiftly left her room and returned to the next door.

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Chapter 460

Meanwhile, at the Crimea family's residence...

The mansion's corridors were still well-lit even though it was late.

It was difficult for Sonny and his assistant, Damian, to fall asleep at this moment.

After Tilda's arrest, Damian tried to visit the police station. However, he was sent out immediately before he could even talk to her.

This was the first time for someone like Sonny, who held considerable sway in various matters, to face such an unexpected turn of events. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mr. Sonny, it seems that the Beauvort Group must have made the first move in advance. Our current situation is becoming increasingly precarious. It might not be good for us if this continues," Damian cautioned.

Sonny lit up a cigarette and took a puff from it, his narrowed eyes revealed his growing agitation.

Exhaling a ring of smoke, he retorted in frustration, "You're talking nonsense! Do you think I don't know about this?"

Damian hesitated briefly before asking with caution, "Earlier, Ian reached out to me and asked if you were available. He suggested a meeting at the coffee shop across from the Beauvort Group's office at eleven tomorrow morning. What do you think Jean's up to?"

With a darkened expression, Sonny remained silent.

Damian cleared his throat, his anxiety was obvious. "Could... Could it be that Tilda revealed everything after being arrested?"

"But why would she dare to do so? Her family is still in our control. Shouldn't she be afraid of her family being involved in this matter?"

Sonny's frustration mounted as he pressed his cigarette into the ashtray with force. "What are you going on about? I'm meeting him tomorrow and then we'll know what's going on!"

At eleven the following morning, in a private room on the coffee shop's second floor.

Sonny and Damian arrived ahead of time. One wore a dark and brooding expression, while the other appeared tense and apprehensive.

Five minutes before eleven, Jean arrived at the coffee shop accompanied by Neera, followed by Ian.

The trio ascended the staircase together, Jean exuding a distinct air of authority. Upon hearing the approaching footsteps, Sonny looked up and locked eyes with Jean, an almost palpable tension briefly hanging in the air before settling.

Jean and Neera took their seats leisurely, while Ian stood by Jean's side.

Casually leaning back, Sonny addressed Jean with a mockingly courteous tone, "Mr. Beauvort, I must say, it's quite the effort to have me invited here. I assume there's an important matter you wish to discuss?"

Jean did not incline to engage in small talk, instead signaling Ian with a discreet glance.

Understanding the unspoken cue, Ian promptly took out an envelope, placing it before Sonny expressionlessly.

Sonny examined the envelope briefly before lifting his gaze. "Mr. Beauvort, what is the meaning of this?"

Jean's eyelids twitched slightly, his tone remaining composed. "Mr. Sonny, you'll know what this is about after you read it."

Sonny maintained his composure, while Damian took the envelope and opened it. There was a recording pen inside.

Tilting his head, Damian pressed the pen, and Tilda's confession could be heard coming from it.

"Damian instigated me to spread false information about Startales online and demand compensation from them..."

The confession was detailed and comprehensive.

Accompanying the confession were a collection of photos within the envelope. The images showed Tilda's family being followed by a group of suspicious bodyguards in black clothing.

Damian's complexion shifted subtly, his unease evident as he involuntarily handed the items to Sonny.

Sonny's playful grin vanished as he glanced at the contents, his expression turning serious in an instant.

Noticing Sonny's reaction, Jean took a moment to study his demeanor before speaking deliberately, "Mr. Sonny, do you know the penalties for arranging someone to stalk people and unlawfully detain people?" His words only intensified the already tense atmosphere.

Sonny maintained his poker face for a while before letting out a scoff. "Why the sudden interest in legal matters, Mr. Beauvort?"

"Nothing much," Jean replied nonchalantly, his fingers intermittently tapping the armrests of his chair. "I was considering arranging for a lawyer to teach you about it."

Sonny pressed his tongue against his teeth, slightly leaning forward as he adjusted his suit. "I don't need one."

Flatly declining, Sonny's gaze returned to the items on the table. "The recorded voices lack substantial evidence, they're just empty words. Who are the people wearing black clothing? I don't know them at all. If you called me here because of this, then I'm afraid you've got the wrong person."

Jean smirked. "Really? It seems that the police need to investigate Safeguard Security. Our investigation showed that these individuals responsible for stalking them are all from this company."

His tone remained composed, but his eyes carried a subtle edge. He continued, "Incidentally, during our investigation, Ian stumbled upon some interesting connections between this group and the Nacrene organization in Oldale District. Mr. Sonny, if we were to delve deeper, what do you think we'll find out?"

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Chapter 461

Jean's words prompted a subtle shift in Sonny's eyes.

Those familiar with the Nacrene Organization were well aware of its sinister reputation. It was an organization that thrived on heinous deeds concealed from the light of day.

The Nacrene Organization was comprised of ruthless people, each guilty of numerous criminal acts.

To achieve their goals, the Crimea Group often used dirty measures and had to borrow these people to do their dirty deeds if necessary.

As a result, the partnership with the Nacrene Organization was kept secretive, leaving no evidence behind.

How did Jean's group manage to discover this connection?

Sonny found himself taken aback by this realization.

He had always thought that the Crimea Group and the Beauvort Group as equal contenders in the business realm, presuming he could easily compete with Jean.

Now, Sonny recognized the vast gap separating their companies, an insight he found unsettling.

Yet, he was no stranger to the ways of the world, and he refused to be easily swayed by Jean's words.

Returning to his nonchalant demeanor, he addressed Jean, "Mr. Beauvort, your questions are quite strange. How would I know what they'd find out? If they've found something that has nothing to do with the Crimea Group, why would you waste your time with me?"

Not one to be easily rattled, Sonny's stance remained steadfast. However, Jean was not deterred and continued to question.

"Mr. Sonny, I heard about a recent incident at the Phoenix Hill villa development area. It seems that a worker lost his life there. Correct me if I'm wrong, but that area was acquired by the Crimea Group, wasn't it?"

A soft chuckle escaped Jean's lips.

"I heard that despite the worker's death, the incident was swiftly closed, and the project is still going on... Lately, I've had some spare time, so I had Ian look into it. Strangely, I sensed something wrong. I wonder, what if the evidence were presented to the police? Could they reopen the case? Who knows, a fresh investigation might unearth unexpected truths. I can't help but wonder, could the Crimea Group withstand such scrutiny?"

Sonny's pupils contracted, his eyes taking on a darker hue. The pretense of indifference was crumbling. He could no longer hide his unease.

Damian, visibly agitated, struggled to contain his panic.

Neera, who had been observing silently, realized that Jean was strategically engaging in psychological warfare.

Today, he was prepared from the start.

From his very first words upon entering the room, Jean had been pressing him relentlessly, leaving no room for Sonny to regain his footing or catch his breath.

Jean promised Neera that he would make Sonny pay the price, and he was doing so right now!

Impressed by Jean's strategic approach, Neera could not help but sneak a glance at him.

Lounging in his chair with crossed legs, he exuded an aura of casual elegance. His commanding presence radiated a formidable atmosphere, making him resemble a king with the power to control everything.

Amid the tension, Damian's nerves gave way, and he stuttered, "Wh... what do you want?"

The question hung in the air, revealing the underlying fear that had been brewing.

The moment the question was asked, all his pretenses were shattered.

If there were no secrets, Damian would not have uttered such a plea.

At that moment, Sonny shot a fierce glare at Damian. His gaze bore into him as if he could pierce him with his eyes.

Sonny too, noticed that Jean had not yet gathered sufficient evidence. Otherwise, he would have promptly involved the authorities. Why waste time engaging in this charade?

However, Damian's words bear no distinction from him not identifying himself.

Allow their predicament to descend into the depths.

Jean was considerably content and exchanged another wink with Ian.

Ian then placed an additional document before Sonny.

"Mr. Sonny, this document is specially prepared for you. Please read it and if there aren't any problems, you can sign here."

As he spoke, a smile graced his face.

Sonny was plagued by a sense of unease and refrained from reaching out to grab it.

Damian had no choice but to present the documents to him.

Upon unfolding the document, its contents became distinctly visible.

It was a pledge.

It contained the conditions outlined by Jean.

Firstly, the Crimea Group was prohibited from targeting Startales, as well as engaging in the production of Startales' cosmetic formulas.

Secondly, they were to give up half of the domestic beauty market share to Startales. The specific approach entailed providing Startales with space in the Crimea Group's counters across prominent high-end department stores nationwide, free of charge. This agreement was to span a year!

Thirdly...

The terms were articulated eloquently and there were many items listed in it as well.

After some time, Jean uttered, "Mr. Sonny, sign it. There's still room for change about your scheme against Startales."

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Chapter 462

Sonny's anger erupted on the spot, causing him to slam his hand onto the table as he rose to his feet. "Jean, you're such a lion!" he exclaimed.

What do you mean by "room for change"?

Initiating the abandonment of half the domestic beauty and skincare market was like slicing away half of the industry's revenue! Crimea Group's beauty products had stood the test of time, being a well-established and renowned brand. They might lack innovative new products now, but that was precisely why he thought of seizing the Startales cosmeceutical formula. Yet, the moment Jean spoke, he was going to destroy the Crimea Group's share of the beauty and skincare market. It was cruel of him to do so. So, how could Sonny accept this?

Despite Sonny's seething anger, Jean remained composed, his expression as placid as water.

"Mr. Sonny, you're exaggerating. How am I a lion? I merely requested half of the shares. Today's different from the past. If the Crimea Group remains unable to release its grasp on these modest gains and wealth, it could potentially plunge into even more dire straits... Isn't there a saying? To avoid calamities, one must learn to relinquish. After so many years navigating the business arena, you seem to have overlooked such a basic truth, haven't you?"

His words conveyed the message to Sonny, the current situation has already been lenient to Crimea Group, so it's best not to ignore the favorable from the unfavorable and cut off the group's path to retreat.

Neera found herself amused. This man's ability to provoke was truly exceptional, all while maintaining a stern countenance.

She would be boiling with fury if she were in Sonny's position.

As she anticipated, Sonny was indeed outraged.

He wanted to fight Jean head-on!

However, the Crimea Group's vulnerability was now within Jean's grasp, and Sonny was aware that he could no longer afford to act recklessly.

In that instant, he wrestled back his surging anger, clenching his teeth as he uttered, "Jean, your approach is a bit too much. Half is entirely out of the question. I can only give one-third of the shares at most!"

Even though the Crimea Group held considerable business influence, losing such a substantial market share in one fell swoop would result in big losses.

Yet Jean remained resolute, rejecting any compromise. "You're not qualified to negotiate terms with me! The side with the superior strategy holds the final say!"

Sonny had never felt so overpowered before, causing his face to flush with rage.

Drawing a deep breath, he tried to calm himself down and thought about how to counter him.

"Jean, you're saying a lot, but you lack any concrete evidence! Thetis hardly poses a legitimate threat to the Crimea Group... Do you believe that with this vague information, you can challenge the Crimea Group?"

Jean retorted assertively, "Of course! While you might think that the Crimea Group is strong, in my eyes, it's just that... I've managed to find out these details and it's only a matter of time if I want to find out the evidence."

Narrowing his gaze, his patience waned, "If you're determined to refuse, I won't do anything to you. You can get out. However, if you leave and change your mind... You'll lose your chance! You won't be able to stop me from what I'm going to do next, so I strongly advise you to weigh your options carefully."

Upon hearing this, Sonny's eyes darkened as if he harbored a voracious appetite for vengeance, his rage boiling over.

For the first time in his life, he felt incredibly underestimated.

If it was someone else, they might be dead by now.

However, he was facing Jean...

He told himself to remain composed, refraining from doing anything to Jean. The Crimea Group must not be involved in this!

Sonny gritted his teeth and relaxed his jaw after a minute.

"Are you sure that after I sign this contract, everything will be swept under the carpet and won't be pursued?"

To his surprise, Jean smiled wryly and remarked, "Of course not. I haven't finished talking about my condition yet." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Sonny's self-control nearly shattered; his jaw clenched, and the veins on his forehead pulsed visibly as he demanded, "What else do

you

want!!!"

Jean maintained an air of calmness as he responded, "I'm hoping for the Crimea Group to relinquish the Skytopia Science Park project." Upon hearing this, Sonny's eyes blazed with a scarlet hue.

Over the years, the Crimea Group had dedicated itself to advancing high-tech fields and system software.

Within these endeavors, Crimea Group remained comparatively feeble. Having finally secured the valuable resource of the Skytopia Science Park, how could they possibly consider surrendering it?

"You're spouting nonsense! I might have entertained your prior request, but this project is off-limits!"

His patience exhausted, he voiced his denial vehemently.

Jean was not surprised by this. "Oh? So, you're unwilling to do so? In that case, it seems like there's nothing to talk about anymore. Since you're displaying such resolute determination, let's await the course of an investigation. Though I wonder if you can still be as confident as you are right now when you're being investigated."

Having spoken his piece, he grabbed Neera's arm and prepared to leave.

Sonny did not expect him to leave this abruptly and his heart sank.

"Hold on a moment!"

He shouted angrily, but there was a hint of panic in his tone.

Jean paused, casting Sonny a frigid sidelong glance. "My time is precious. I don't wanna waste it on the Crimea Group."

Implicitly, he expressed his reluctance to linger even a second longer.

Sonny's anger surged as if he was going to murder someone.

Eventually, he had no choice but to compromise, forcing the words from his lips, "I'll sign it!"

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Having achieved his objectives, Jean was content. Soon, Sonny reluctantly signed the contract, his handwriting so forceful that the ink almost pierced through the paper.

After his last stroke, he flicked the pen and demanded a promise from Jean with a cold face.

"I've agreed to all your terms, so you should promise me to stop targeting Crimea Group from now on. It's only fair!"

Fair?

Jean responded with a hint of sarcasm, "Should the typically unscrupulous Crimea Group be discussing fairness with others?"

Sonny found himself the object of Jean's mockery, his expression growing colder. "Enough with that talk!"

Naturally, Jean refrained from offering a direct response. Instead, he uttered coldly, "Whether I make a promise or not isn't important. What truly matters is how you act in the future... If you continue interfering with the Beauvort Group or Startales, I don't mind claiming a portion of Crimea Group's assets."

With that said, he left the place along with Neera and Ian. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Sonny and Damian were the only ones left in the private room.

Shaking with trepidation, Damian asked, "Mr. Sonny... Mr. Sonny, can we trust Jean? He left without making any promises. Could he report us to the authorities?"

Sonny, who had been containing his rage, erupted at Damian's words.

He spun around, directing a fierce and violent kick straight into Damian's abdomen.

"Worthless fool! If you hadn't displayed your cowardice just now and blurted out things you shouldn't have, leading us to be caught in this situation, would Jean dare to perch

on my shoulders and treat me like his doormat?! It's all because of you, you wretched imbecile!"

Damian crumbled to the ground after the forceful kick, his face contorted in pain. However, his anguish took a backseat to his intense fear.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sonny, it's my fault. I'm foolish. I'm so sorry...'

Sonny's anger raged on.

Having suffered such a substantial setback, he was not about to let it slide.

Without hesitation, he retrieved his phone and promptly reached out to someone from the Nacrene Organization.

...

Throughout the ordeal, Neera had not uttered a single word.

Only once they left the room, she gave Jean a thumbs up and praised him, "Mr. Beauvort, you were so cool just now, I admire you."

Jean was momentarily taken aback, amusement dancing in his eyes. "Of course, projecting strength is vital when it comes to dealing with others in negotiations."

Neera agreed, "Absolutely! It's important to assert dominance, especially when dealing with people like Sonny. I wish I could have clapped for you right then and there. The scene was too wonderful!"

Jean was in a good mood after being praised by Neera.

However, Neera could not help but express her concern.

"Still, you were so forceful and intimidating. Considering his malicious nature, aren't you afraid he'll seek revenge on you? He might retaliate."

Jean waved off her worries, "Don't worry, I'll be on guard. I'll send someone to guard Startales. But, I have a feeling... he won't have anything against us in the future."

Neera was perplexed.

What does he mean by that?

She had been wondering whether Jean would stop pursuing legal action against the Crimea Group.

After all, the Crimea Group had blood on their hands, and it felt somewhat unfair to not bring them to justice.

Perhaps Jean's words seemed to imply that he... has some sort of plan?

Bolstered by her curiosity, Neera could not restrain herself from asking, "Do you already have a plan?"

Jean's expression turned solemn as he responded, "I don't have a specific plan in mind. However, I don't know about the plans the victim's family may have."

Neera's heartbeat quickened as she understood what he meant.

Jean might not need to intervene, but he could potentially motivate the victim's family to seek justice!

"That's a clever and morally upright approach... Mr. Beauvort, you're amazing."

She smiled as she offered her genuine admiration.

Jean arched his eyebrow and smiled as he mimicked her tone, "Ms. Garcia, you're quite something. It's been a productive day. Let's head back for now. We can discuss our collaboration some other time."

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Chapter 464

"Cooperate?"

Neera blinked in confusion. "Is there anything else you want to discuss?"

Jean raised the document in his hand and shook it.

"Are you interested in the Skytopia Science Park project?"

Neera was caught off guard, "But didn't you get this from the Crimea Group?"

Is he saying that Startales should also be a part of it?

Jean explained, "The Beauvort Group is interested in the project. However, we're not aiming for complete control. You're familiar with the ANXIN Group's involvement in these sectors. Now that you're back in Kingsview, don't you want to pursue domestic development? You shouldn't miss out on this incredible opportunity."

His words resonated with Neera, prompting her to think about it and eventually agree.

"Alright, let's talk."

Half an hour later, they arrived at the Beauvort Group.

Upon reaching Jean's office, he swiftly got to the main topic.

Through their thorough discussion, Neera gleaned a general understanding of the Skytopia Science Park project.

The project was huge and highly sought after! It was a big cake many domestic companies wanted to get their hands on.

Its appeal was bolstered by official backing and government assistance as companies that were a part of this project would be supported by the government.

For instance, the nation's preeminent computing entity, the "Hearthome Alliance," had pledged support for those participating.

This institution held an air of enigma and possessed unique standing.

Numerous prominent corporations were vying for collaboration but they did not have this opportunity.

Neera was aware of the influence wielded by the Hearthome Alliance. Listening to the details, her intrigue swelled.

In the past few years, the ANXIN Group had made considerable strides within the domains of high technology and software systems. Nevertheless, making significant breakthroughs had proven challenging. Despite two to three years of vigorous effort, their desired progress still failed. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Given this context, the project undeniably presented a rare and good opportunity for the ANXIN Group.

"If that's the case, I can't figure it out. Sonny knows that you don't have any evidence yet. So, how could he agree with your request and hand over this project?" Neera asked.

Jean explained, "That's because the Crimea Group doesn't know that the Hearthome Alliance will be involved. These details are kept secret. If they knew beforehand, they'd rather take the risk of being reported than handing over the project"

"Ahh, it makes sense..."

As Neera understood his explanation, she could not help but sigh in amazement. She admired the complexity of Jean's strategies.

"However, the Beauvort Corporation could easily monopolize such a large project. Are you sure you want to cooperate with the ANXIN Group?"

Jean had no regrets about his decision.

"Thanks to Startales, we can get our hands on the project,"

Neera observed his poised demeanor and could not help but chuckle.

Naturally, there was no reason to decline such a grand business opportunity.

Plus, the ANXIN Group was now under her leadership.

She needed to prioritize the company's interests.

Hence, she did not oppose him and simply agreed, "Well Mr. Beauvort, since you're so generous, I'll accept your offer. Here's to our prosperous collaboration!"

"Of course, I should also thank you for seeking justice for me and giving me so many benefits!"

As Neera's words reached his ears, Jean did not react too much, but his eyes darkened.

Her address, "Mr. Beauvort," seemed straightforward and polite, but combined with her teasing tone, it felt like an electric current had passed through his ears.

His gaze flicked towards her, and he responded in a low voice, "That's right, it's a win-win situation. Any subsequent research and development would be advantageous for both groups. As for seeking justice..."

I did it just for you in particular!

After finding out that it was Sonny who was plotting against Startales, Jean wanted to avenge her.

However, he could not quite understand what the feeling was.

What he did know was that he could not bear the thought of Neera being wronged.

This was why he had fiercely confronted Sonny that afternoon.

Yet, Jean did not voice these sentiments and replied casually, "I'm familiar with the situation, I suppose."

Neera did not think too much about it.

After their conversation, Jean instructed Ian to prepare the contract.

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Chapter 465

Around two o'clock in the afternoon, a breaking news story surged to the top of trending topics, marked with the "Trending" tag.

The headline stated, "Crimea Group Disregards Human Life."

Someone reported that the Crimea Group disregarded the law and tried to cover up murder with money.

Given the involvement of human life and its connection to the five influential families, the news became a trending topic across the internet.

The informant identified herself as Mdm. Guthfrey.

She burst into tears in front of the reporter, her cry was heart-wrenching.

"The person who died was my husband. He was working at a villa development site under the Crimea Group before passing away."

The reporter questioned, "Please accept our condolences. May I ask why your husband died?"

Amid wiping her tears, Mdm. Guthfrey's voice trembled as she told the whole story.

"At the time, the Crimea Group said that it was an accident! They claimed my husband did not fasten his safety harness, which led to his death. I found it suspicious from the beginning because my husband was a meticulous person... Our child is still very young, he had a strong fear of heights, and we were living with his parents, so it's impossible for him not to use the safety harness!"

"However, the Crimea Group stuck to their version of events. Many workers at the construction site stood on their side. The Crimea Group exhibited a cooperative attitude, offering a one-million-dollar accident settlement since my husband's death happened on their premises. At the time, I didn't understand the situation, so I believed their story naively. I accepted the compensation and thought the matter was over."

As she uttered these words, Mdm. Guthfrey's expression showed intense pain.

The reporter probed further, "Do you have any other suspicions?"

Mdm. Guthfrey nodded, her eyes reddened as she stated, "I think that my husband's death wasn't an accident. The Crimea Group planned this murder and then convinced the workers to deny the truth, trying to solve the issue through money!"

As the video was released, it caused an uproar.

In just an hour, the stock market of the Crimea Group was thrown into chaos.

The gravity of the situation was serious as it involved the loss of human life.

Commenters were scolding the Crimea Group.

"A businessman who thrives on the misery of others has no place among the five influential families."

"It's the Crimea Group again. They haven't even addressed the problems with their previous product, and now they're suspected of causing someone's death. When will the authorities investigate them?"

"Are the wealthy so untouchable now that they can disregard both human life and the law?"

"Good Lord, if this is true, what will become of Mdm. Guthfrey's children and her as a widow? Why hasn't the Crimea Group been shut down?"

At the Crimea Group, Sonny's expression darkened as he looked at the news headline and the hateful comments. His rage nearly caused him to bleed as he violently hurled his phone to the ground.

Through gritted teeth, he growled, "Jean!"

He thought Jean would uphold their agreement and refrain from exposing this to the public. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

However, he did not expect the family of the deceased to stir up trouble.

He was not naive as he knew who was behind this!

What aggravated him the most was his inability to confront Jean!

Sonny seethed with anger, his eyes bloodshot from sheer frustration.

Damian rushed in with a solemn expression, "Mr. Sonny, all the shareholders came to the company and are planning to hold a meeting. The chairman wants to see you."

Upon hearing this, Sonny's complexion deteriorated further.

"A bunch of old men. They usually know how to pocket profits, but when something happens, they're quick to stir up trouble!"

He was infuriated, yet he had to maintain composure. He instructed Damian, "Find a way immediately. Find Mdm. Guthfrey and promise her as much compensation as she wants! As long as she agrees to drop the lawsuit. I'll head to the conference room now."

"Yes, Mr. Sonny."

Damian accepted the orders and hurried to do so.

Meanwhile, Neera also caught wind of the breaking news.

She finally understood the aftermath that Jean had set into motion.

As soon as the news was spread, it would not be easy for the Crimea Group to sweep the issue under the rug.

Neera felt no sympathy for Sonny in the least.

Considering the myriad of devious tactics Sonny planned, he got what he deserved.

She also believed this man had committed various despicable acts behind the scenes.

If he had not provoked Jean with his excessive bullying, Jean would not have delved into this matter!

In her eyes, the Crimea Group was only reaping what they sowed!

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Chapter 466

Jean was not too surprised when he saw the news. It was as though he had expected it.

Ian placed a cup of coffee in front of him and said, "Sire, Sonny should have guessed that we're the ones behind Mdm. Guthfrey's sudden appearance. This act is none other than a declaration of war between the Beauvort and Crimea families."

Jean took a sip of the coffee. He seemed unperturbed. "It won't affect anything. We're already business rivals anyway."

Ian was still worried. "I believe they'll try to suppress her by whatever means possible. They're not going to sit back and do nothing!"

If the case was brought under review again, Beauvort Corporation might be implicated too.

Jean put the cup back on the table and chuckled. "The matter is already out of his control. Even if he wants to lay the matter to rest, the victim's family needs to agree to it. We're talking about the loss of a human life here. Moreover, Crimea Group isn't powerful enough to silence people."

Ian thought for a while and realized what Jean said made sense. "The police are acting very fast, and they've already issued a stop work order to the construction project. Crimea Group stock prices are also on the verge of a freefall. If this goes on, there might not be much left of them by tomorrow morning. I'm not surprised if the people in the Crimea family are panicking now."

"It's not just about the accident," Jean said incisively, "Many rivals and competitors are looking to topple them. In particular, Sonny has made many enemies because of his arrogant and reckless attitude. The Crimea family might be one of the top five families in Kingsview, but the four other families won't hesitate to devour them!"

Ian was surprised to hear that. He had not thought about that.

All over Kingsview, the people from the other major families had also received the news.

Each of them reacted to the news differently.

In the Husbolt family residence, Patrick Husbolt and his son Lindsay were discussing it over some tea.

"I used to think the youngest son of the Beauvort family was an outstanding individual, but even so, I've underestimated him! I didn't expect he would be able to execute this stealthy plan and put the Crimea family in a tough spot."

Lindsay nodded. "I've crossed paths with him a few times. He's certainly no pushover."

Patrick suddenly thought of something. "If I remember correctly, I've heard from somewhere that he has a weak constitution. It is said that he won't live a long life, so why did he do something so drastic all of a sudden? Does he plan to take over the Crimea family business?"

Lindsay thought for a moment before replying, "I don't think so. As far as I know, the Crimea family stirred up trouble first... As for Jean, he looked under the weather the last time we met, but I don't know how he is now." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Too bad. I was thinking of matching Cherie with him. Cherie has a crush on him, but too bad he's not healthy..." Patrick put his teacup down and said. "In any case, we should maintain a cordial relationship with the Beauvort family. Frederic hasn't retired yet, his son Jean is as capable as he is, not to mention that Wrenn is also from one of the top five families of Kingsview. It would be a bad idea to go against them."

Lindsay seemed to agree with his father's sentiment. "I understand, Father. I wouldn't want to offend the Beauvort or the Leyva family."

The current master of the Leyva family was Wendell Leyva, Wrenn's elder brother.

At the same time, Wendell was sitting behind his desk in the Leyva Group headquarters. He was unperturbed by the news.

"That Crimea kid has been too arrogant for his own good, and it's only a matter of time before someone teaches him a lesson. He's no match for Jean. Only the Alexander family would be stupid enough to ally with them!"

Meanwhile, the people from the Alexander family were in crisis aversion mode. They hoped that their family business would not be affected by the scandal!

Somewhere else in Kingsview, Kyra's parents were also discussing the news.

Stetson Marks, Kyra's father, seemed confused. "There's something fishy about this. It's as though someone is working behind the scenes to bring down the Crimea family, but... who could be so brazen to offend them?"

"It'll be good for us if the Crimea family collapses, isn't it? I think our family can replace them in Kingsview's five main families. I'd like to think we're at least number five," Dandy said confidently.

She was incredibly envious of Wrenn, and she hoped that the Marks family would enter the top five.

The Crimea family's misfortune made her very happy.

She thinks too highly of herself! Stetson thought.

Kyra happened to step into the house at that moment. She said, "Jean is the one who attacked the Crimea family."

Stetson and Dandy turned their heads in surprise toward their daughter.

"What do you mean, Kyra?" Stetson asked.

"Why did he do so? I don't remember hearing about any beef between the Beauvort and the Crimea families," Dandy asked.

"What other reason does he need? He's doing it because of Neera!" Kyra said, displeased.

She had been staking out at the hospital to gain Wrenn's favor. A while ago, she overheard Winova reporting to Frederic about how Jean had acted against the Crimea family.

The revelation ruined her day.

She had done so much to gain Jean's favor, but Jean didn't even bother looking at her.

Compared to her, Neera practically did nothing.

She was incredibly jealous, and she did not understand why.

Dandy scowled when she heard that. "Neera is such a seductress. What did she do to make Jean fall head over heels?"

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Kyra seemed crestfallen when she heard that.

That only proved to her how much Jean cared for Neera.

Jean might not realize it himself, but it was all too obvious to Kyra! Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

They had known each other since they were children. Kyra had always believed that Jean had an aloof personality, which was why he never seemed to show any care to anyone.

She didn't expect him to be so concerned about a woman, and that made her incredibly jealous.

Dandy noticed her daughter's displeasure. She took her hand and comforted her. "Don't give up just yet, my dear! We still have a chance. That seductress might have won Jean's heart, but she will never be able to get Jean's parents to be on her side! Wrenn is now hellbent on making Jean divorce that woman. Isn't that good news for you?"

Those words did nothing to wipe off the frown on Kyra's face. "If Jean doesn't want to divorce her, no one can possibly force him to do that."

"He's going to inherit the family business. Who he marries is not up to him to decide," Dandy said matter-of-factly. "His parents made him marry Neera to bring him good luck. As much as he opposed it at first, he had no choice but to yield to them. It'll be the same for divorce. As long as his parents don't recognize his wife, there's nothing he can do about it!"

Kyra thought that her mother was right.

"Don't worry about it," Dandy continued. "You are my precious daughter. Neera doesn't even come close to you when it comes to wealth and status. She's also no match for you in terms of appearance and ability. Most importantly, Neera is already the mother to three children, while you don't have any such burdens. That alone makes you superior to her. I can see that Wrenn likes you, and she'll be happy to call you her daughter-in-law. I mean, she wouldn't have promised to get Jean to introduce you at the annual gala if that's not what she wants. After the gala, we'll find an opportunity to stir up discussion by saying that you're Jean's future wife. Your fans are easily influenced, and they'll definitely spread the rumors. When that happens, all Wrenn needs is a little encouragement to make your dream come true!"

"Mm. I understand."

Kyra thought that her mother's words made sense, but she was not confident about it.

Will Jean announce his relationship with me at the annual gala? I

She had a bad feeling about it.

While the people from the Crimea family were losing sleep over the scandal, Neera and Jean were barbecuing meat in the backyard.

Adriana was there too.

She was extremely shocked when she heard what Neera and Jean did to the Crimea family.

When she came to her senses, she stared at Jean and said, "Not bad, kid. I would've expected you to claim the entire project for yourself."

Jean chewed a slice of beef and replied, "ANXIN Group is as developed as Beauvort Group in the high-tech industry. It's not beneficial for us to claim the entire project, and I think the best way forward is to collaborate with you and share our technology."

"You want us to share our technology with you?" Neera was surprised to hear that.

Is that what he wanted right from the start?

Indeed, that was what Jean was thinking.

Sammy was a master hacker even though he was only a child. TorrentCloud seemed to like him a lot.

If ANXIN Group could nurture such a skilled individual, it only meant that they had even more skilled hackers.

Of course, he did not say that. He smiled and said, "That's right. By sharing our technology, our respective companies can improve our efficiency, and I believe that is a win-win scenario."

Is that what you really want? I don't believe it! Ian thought.

He knew that Jean's parents had been urging him to divorce Neera, and he thought Jean made this proposal to strengthen his connection with her.

Why would Jean do that, if not for love?

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Chapter 468

Upon arriving at the conclusion, Ian was painfully reminded that he was still single.

Suddenly, the premium beef cutlet didn't taste as good.

He wiped his mouth and waited for his turn to speak. "Ms. Garcia, Sire, Dr. Garcia, half of Crimea Group's properties have been realized as part of the contract. From today on, Startales will be sold in all prominent shopping malls of the country."

Neera blinked. "Looks like I'll be busy for the foreseeable future." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Of course, it was worth it.

Jean reminded her, "You'll have to pay a visit to Skytopia Science Park too. I've already talked to the manager there, and you'll have to sign another contract."

Adriana was worried when she heard that. "Neera hasn't had any time to rest. Will her body be able to take it?"

Neera took a sip of soda and said, "Don't worry. I'm feeling a lot better now. Jean has been working very hard too."

Adriana didn't wish to see her niece overwork herself. She said, "You shouldn't bother yourself with talking to the shopping malls. Let me handle that. Instead, you should go to Skytopia with Jean."

Neera thought that the arrangement was workable.

Jean didn't object to it either. "It's nothing too troublesome. We'll have dinner with the manager and sign the contract."

"When are we going?" Neera asked.

Jean replied, "Tomorrow. We'll be back the day after."

The triplets, who had been eating their food silently, pricked up their ears when they heard that.

Mommy and Daddy will be going on a business trip together! This is the perfect opportunity!

While the adults chatted, the children winked at Ian and got him over.

"Mr. Ian, will you be going to Skytopia tomorrow?" Sammy asked.

Ian wondered why the boy asked that, but he answered truthfully anyway. "Of course. I'll have to accompany my employer wherever he goes."

"Oh, is that the case?" Sammy tugged Ian's sleeve, indicating him to lean closer. "Crouch next to me, Mr. Ian."

Ian did what he was told.

The three children leaned close and said, "Mr. Ian, can we trouble you with a favor? When you're on the business trip tomorrow, can you give Mommy and Uncle Jean some private time? If you can, try to make them fall in love with each other!"

Ian didn't expect the children to make such a request. He was at a loss for a reply. "Well..."

Penny clasped her hands together and stared at Ian with puppy eyes. "Please, Mr. Ian! To be honest, we want Mommy and Uncle Jean to be together so that we can be a family! You should know that we don't have a daddy, and Uncle Jean has been very kind to us. We love him very much, and we wish that he could be our daddy!"

Sammy also added, "That's right! Their marriage might be fake, but we hope that it will become real! Don't you think they're a match made in heaven? My mommy is so beautiful, and Uncle Jean is so handsome! They're practically made for each other!"

Ian was amused, but he also felt sorry for the triplets.

He could tell that they really wanted a father in their lives.

He also knew that Jean cared for Neera, even though Jean was too proud to admit it.

If that's the case, I don't mind helping them out...

While Ian remained silent, the triplets waited anxiously for a reply.

Why isn't Mr. Ian saying anything? Is he unwilling to help us?

Sammy blurted, "Mr. Ian, if Uncle Jean ends up together with Mommy, you will get a big reward!"

Ian could not help but chuckle. It was quite ridiculous to think that a five-year-old would reward an adult.

"Oh, really? How big will it be?" Ian asked.

Sammy stretched his arms and traced a circle. "This big!"

Harvey also added, "You'll be the biggest reason why they fall in love, and I'm sure Uncle Jean will give you a pay raise!"

Penny continued, "If money isn't enough... Maybe we can find a girlfriend for you!"

Really? Not only are the kids going to reward me with money, but they want to find a prospective wife for me too!

"Mr. Ian, you're so handsome, responsible, and outstanding. You're practically the perfect man! I have a beautiful godmother. She's a doctor like Mommy, and she's still single!"

Ian was thoroughly persuaded. "Sure. No problem!"

Isabella had just left the hospital. Suddenly, she sneezed.

Who's talking about me behind my back? She thought.

Without her knowledge, the triplets had matched her!

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Chapter 469

The next day, Neera packed a small suitcase and went on the flight to Skytopia with Jean and Ian.

The flight landed at Skytopia Airport two hours later.

Skytopia's climate was slightly colder than Kingsview. As soon as they stepped out of the plane, Neera subconsciously brought her arms together.

In the next moment, she felt a coat drape around her shoulders. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"It's pretty chilly here. Careful not to catch a cold."

Neera stared at Jean's handsome face, shocked. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," Jean said matter-of-factly. "Let's go. The car is waiting."

Neera nodded. She clutched the coat and detected Jean's scent.

After leaving the airport, they went to check in at the hotel.

Neera's room was next to Jean's.

After settling down, Jean knocked on the door.

Neera saw that Jean was dressed in a formal shirt and tie, and she blinked when she realized how handsome he was. "Are we leaving already?"

"Mm. I've already told the people at the science park we'll be there in half an hour," Jean said.

"Alright, let's go."

Neera took her handbag and went downstairs with him.

Ian was waiting in the car at the hotel entrance. After the couple got in, he floored the gas pedal and went straight to their destination.

Twenty minutes later, when they arrived at the science park, Neera was shocked by what she saw.

The science park covered a vast area. The greenery was meticulously maintained, while the buildings looked high-tech. The stark contrast was stunning to behold.

Jean was also impressed by what he saw, though he did not show it on his face.

Ian introduced the place to them. "It took ten billion dollars to build this place. I've heard that most of the world's most advanced technologies can be found here."

"Wow!" Neera exclaimed. She was not very familiar with this place.

While they chatted, someone came out of one of the buildings to greet them.

He went up to them and said, "You must be Mr. Beauvort and Ms. Garcia. Nice to meet you. I'm Mr. Chaucer's assistant, and he asked me to bring you to his office."

"Nice to meet you, thank you," Jean replied. The group followed the assistant into the building. They entered the elevator and soon arrived at Mr. Chaucer's office.

Mr. Chaucer had been waiting for them. When he saw them enter the room, he immediately stood up and greeted them. "I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Beauvort! You too, Ms. Garcia. You are an outstanding individual."

"You flatter us, Mr. Chaucer," Jean said.

Neera smiled politely and said, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Chaucer."

Mr. Chaucer smiled warmly. "I've heard about what you've done in the field. You're so young yet so accomplished. As someone almost twice your age, I have to admit I'm ashamed of myself!"

"You're too humble, Mr. Chaucer. You're so much more accomplished than both of us combined," Neera said.

Jean smiled diplomatically. "You're too kind, Mr. Chaucer."

Even though he said so, his noble and assertive demeanor was undeniable.

After exchanging pleasantries, Mr. Chaucer brought them on a tour around the science park.

The science park consisted of a dozen buildings, each with its own purpose. It took them an entire afternoon to visit every building.

Soon, it was evening.

Ian glanced at his wristwatch and said, "It's almost dinner time, Mr. Chaucer. Mr. Beauvort has already made reservations at a restaurant. Won't you join us for a meal?"

Mr. Chaucer was quick to accept the invitation. "Haha, how am I supposed to say no?"

They went to the restaurant together.

On the way there, Neera considered that they would be having a few rounds of alcohol later.

Being concerned about Jean's health, she leaned over to him and whispered, "Don't drink too much. If you can't handle it, I'll drink it for you."

The couple was very close to each other. Jean could smell Neera's pleasant scent, and he could not help but smile.

He leaned next to her ear and whispered, "Of course, whatever you say."

His warm breath tickled Neera's ear, causing her heart to thump wildly. Those three words rang in her ear.

Whatever you say... Whatever you say...

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Chapter 470

What's wrong with me? Why do I feel all funny inside when he says that? Neera thought.

She could not shake off that weird feeling on the way to the restaurant. It was only after she got out of the car that she returned to normal.

During the meal, as she expected, Mr. Chaucer kept on refilling Jean's glass with alcohol.

"Mr. Beauvort, I might be older than you, but I genuinely admire you! To be frank, I consider myself lucky to be able to collaborate with Beauvort Group for this project. The previous person in charge of the project signed the contract with Crimea Group without

considering many factors. If the scandal didn't break out, I can't tell what the project will turn out to be!"

Jean and Neera were surprised to hear that, though they didn't show it on their faces.

Jean smiled and clinked his wine glass with Mr. Chaucer's. "It is also Beauvort Group's honor to be working with you, Mr. Chaucer. We won't let you down."

Mr. Chaucer was put in a good mood. He continually refilled Jean's glass.

Each time, Jean took a small sip. He remembered what Neera told him.

In case Mr. Chaucer might misunderstand, Neera explained, "Jean respects you a lot, Mr. Chaucer, but his poor health doesn't allow him to indulge in alcohol. Allow me to drink on his behalf."

To show her sincerity, she filled her own glass, clinked it with Mr. Chaucer's glass, and downed it in one gulp.

Mr. Chaucer didn't mind it. "It's fine. I've also heard that Mr. Beauvort isn't feeling very well too."

He smiled and looked at Neera with admiration. "On the other hand, I didn't expect you to be such a heavy drinker! Alright then, let's drink to our heart's content tonight!"

Neera smiled. "Alright."

Neera and Mr. Chaucer drank almost non-stop. By the end of the meal, as much as Neera tried to prevent it from happening, she was nevertheless drunk.

She felt her head spin as soon as she stood up, and she couldn't find her footing.

She could barely stand by the time they were at the restaurant entrance.

Jean wrapped his arm around her waist and allowed her to lean onto him.

Ian wanted to send Mr. Chaucer home, but Mr. Chaucer was concerned about Neera's condition.

"Don't worry about me. You should go back straight to the hotel."

Ian turned his head to Jean and waited for his decision. Jean nodded and said goodbye to Mr. Chaucer before parting ways.

Back at the hotel, Jean told Ian to go back to his room, while he helped Neera walk to her room.

He closed the door behind them and led her to the bed.

Neera could barely support herself on the bed, she leaned against the headboard, and her face was intensely red.

Jean was worried about her. "Will you be okay sleeping alone?"

Neera struggled to push her eyelids open and stared at him for a few seconds before nodding and mumbling, "Of... course. Why can't I? I'm... very capable..."

She wrinkled her nose as though the stench of alcohol on her body made her unhappy. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Urgh... this stinks! Herbs are better..."

She let out a small burp. Her eyes were teary and puffy as though she had been bullied.

Jean could not help but smile when he saw her like that. "You're right."

Neera's body usually had a faint fragrance of herbs. At that moment, he could only smell the stench of alcohol on her.

Neera tried to stand up from the bed. She was used to being clean. "I... I'm going to take a shower," she mumbled.

Jean's eyes widened slightly in surprise.

You can barely stand! How are you going to take a shower like this?

No one else was able to help her. Jean didn't want her to accidentally slip and fall.

He pushed her shoulders and pinned her onto the bed. "You've had too much to drink. You should sleep first and take a shower tomorrow morning after you wake up. Alright?"

Neera frowned and pushed Jean's hands away. "No... I wanna shower tonight. I can't sleep if I don't shower! I feel so warm..."

Some time had passed since they left the restaurant. The alcohol was in full effect.

Neera felt as though there was a furnace burning inside her body. She felt thirsty and uncomfortable. Instinctively, she began to remove her clothes.

She was dressed in office wear today. After throwing her jacket aside, she started to unbutton her dress shirt...

Immediately, her collarbones and fair skin were exposed. One could even catch a glimpse of the outline of her bra.

Jean gasped. He quickly grabbed her wrists.

"Don't take your clothes off. Listen to me. You can shower tomorrow morning."

His voice was a lot lower than earlier. There was even a hint of hoarseness.

Neera's ears were exceptionally sensitive. She felt a jolt and a tingle in her spine.

She narrowed her gaze and stared at him. "Your... Your voice is so nice. You sound like Jean! Jean's voice is also so nice..."

She burped and continued, "Also... You... look like Jean. Your eyes, your nose, your lips..."

She touched each part of Jean's face as she spoke.

When she reached his lips, she pressed down hard.

"So soft!"

She closed her eyes and smiled.

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Chapter 471

You're playing with fire, woman! Jean thought.

He was trying his best to keep his hands to himself, but when Neera's finger landed on his lips, he could not help but turn his gaze toward Neera's lips.

Jean took a deep breath and told himself to calm down.

However, he could not stop his throat from becoming dry and tight. His blood also felt like it was boiling. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Even though all the alcohol he drank added up to less than a glass, he felt like he was already drunk, and he was losing control of his inhibitions...

Neera was oblivious to the struggle Kean was going through. She continued to tease him. "I wonder if Jean's lips are so soft too?"

Jean's pupils dilated. He could feel the beast within him awaken.

She might look feminine and meek, but she's so daring when she's drunk! Doesn't she know the consequences of touching me?

Nevertheless, he tried his best to remain patient. "It's already very late. Stop fooling around and get some sleep."

He tried to tuck her in, but Neera did not lie down. Instead, she stared at him straight in the eye. Her passionate gaze aroused him further.

He asked hoarsely, "What..."

Before he could finish his question, Neera abruptly leaned forward and licked his thin lips.

Jean stiffened. His dilated pupils were like black holes that threatened to swallow everything in front of him.

The woman in front of him wobbled unsteadily, oblivious to the heresy she had just committed.

She smacked her lips and mumbled, "They're so soft..... like jello. It's not as sweet though."

"1

Even though he knew that Neera didn't mean it, he was a straight man with urges, and he was not going to be able to hold back for much longer.

With no other choice, he gritted his teeth and grabbed Neera by the collar. "Neera Garcia! Is this what you do to other people when you're drunk?"

Neera was not in the state of mind to process what he said. She tilted his head and wheezed a weak "Huh?"

She looked so adorable. Jean couldn't bear to be harsh on her, but when he thought that it might be the case whenever she was drunk, he became very annoyed.

I need to teach her a lesson so she won't do it again!

He narrowed his gaze and hugged her tightly. "Do you want to taste it again?" he asked hoarsely.

"Taste what?" Neera was confused.

Jean lowered his head and leaned closer to her cherry lips. He gulped twice before squeezing out some words. "Taste..... jello."

"I want..." Neera's eyes lit up.

Before she could finish, Jean's lips stopped her from talking.

The moment their lips touched, Jean felt something inside him snap. And he lost all control of himself.

Every action exuded masculinity and domination.

He ravaged her lips before moving on to the rest of her body...

Neera was the passive party. She felt her strength being sapped away, and she could only blindly grab the shirt in front of her so that she didn't fall over.

Jean hugged her tighter. Their lips were inseparable.

It was only when Neera was almost out of breath that she began to struggle instinctively.

Jean suddenly came to his senses. He immediately shoved Neera away.

Neera slumped onto his body as though she had no bones in her body. Her mouth was slightly open as she gasped for air.

Jean's breathing was shallow and fast. His chest heaved violently, indicating his desire to swallow the woman whole.

Eventually, sensibility prevailed. He soon returned to normal and began to regret what he did.

What happened to me? How did I lose control?

He quickly turned his head to look at her, afraid that she might be awake.

Instead, he found that the woman in his arms was already fast asleep...

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Chapter 472

Helplessly, Jean admitted defeat.

Is she just going to fall asleep after teasing me? How cruel!

He smiled and shook his head indulgently before tucking her in bed.

Neera was already fast asleep. She didn't know what was going on.

After Jean went back to his room, he immediately tore off his crumpled shirt and went to take a cold water shower.

Neera slept very well that night. However, when she woke up the next morning, she was assailed by an excruciating headache.

She grunted weakly and massaged her temples. Staring at the unfamiliar ceiling, it took her some time to realize where she was.

The broken memories from last night gradually surfaced in her mind.

Right, I drank a lot with Mr. Chaucer at dinner last night. I must have knocked myself out. No wonder the headache is so bad!

She pushed herself up and mumbled, "Yeah, I can see why drinking is bad for health..."

She wrinkled her nose disgustedly. The stench of alcohol on her body had not dissipated yet.

She stumbled out of bed and went into the bathroom.

Soon, warm water enveloped her body, and her mind cleared up.

More scenes from last night surfaced in her mind.

She remembered she was so drunk after dinner that she couldn't walk on her own, and Jean helped her to her room.

Then...

What did I do after that?

I think I teased him...

And... I touched him?

We eventually kissed, and it was a passionate one too!

Neera's hands abruptly froze in midair. Her eyes widened violently.

What did I do last night?

Her face began to turn red, and she had the urge to ram her head into the wall right there and then.

Neera Garcia, you hooligan! Is that how you should behave after drinks? How are you going to face Jean now? She thought.

The more she thought about it, the more embarrassed she became. She even thought of running away and never coming back.

After pondering for a long time, she eventually settled on what to do.

I guess I'll just have to play dumb! I was drunk last night, so it's only normal if I don't remember anything, right?

She considered her options one more time and concluded that it was the only way she could face Jean again.

Eventually, she exited the bathroom and changed her clothes. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Her face had been red throughout. Perhaps it was because of embarrassment, or perhaps it was because of the steam in the bathroom.

The doorbell rang as soon as she put on her clothes.

Neera instinctively jumped. Her first reaction was to run and hide in the bathroom.

However, she considered that she could not hide from him forever.

After calming herself down, she opened the door.

Of course, Jean and Ian were standing outside the door.

The former was impeccably dressed in a suit just as any other day. He seemed so aloof and impenetrable, very much unlike the lusting beast the night before.

Neera felt her face turn hot. She could barely look him in the eye.

Her gaze wandered around for a bit before she managed to compose herself. "Good morning."

Jean raised his eyebrows, surprised that she was already dressed up and ready to go.

"You woke up early. Looks like you've gotten over your hangover, I guess?"

"I feel a lot better now. Did you bring me to my room last night? Thank you..." Neera mumbled.

Jean's suspicion grew when he saw Neera acting naturally. "Yes, I brought you back to your room last night," he said deliberately.

"Oh... Thank you so much," Neera said with a smile.

"You're welcome," Jean replied while shooting a glance at Ian.

Ian picked up a tray, brought it into the room, and placed it on the coffee table.

On the tray was breakfast and hangover medicine.

Jean sat down on the couch. "Have something to eat and take the medicine."

"Mm," Neera replied meekly and sat down opposite him.

Ian knew better than to remain in the room. After he left, only Neera and Jean remained.

Seeing that Jean did not move, Neera asked carefully, "Aren't you eating as well?"

"I've already had my breakfast," Jean said impassively. He continued to stare at Neera as though waiting for her to crack.

Neera quickly lowered her head and scooped oatmeal into her mouth.

However, his presence was too overpowering. She could not help but feel guilty.

Before she divulged anything, she pretended to be oblivious and asked, "Oh, right, I hope I didn't give you any trouble while I was drunk last night. I rarely drink, and I'm almost never drunk. Did I... throw a tantrum or something?"

Jean did not reply. He narrowed his gaze, which seemed to penetrate Neera's mind.

Neera's heart thumped wildly. She guessed Jean knew what she was thinking.

Why isn't he saying anything? Why is he looking at me like that?

Don't tell me he already knows I'm pretending!

Neera tried to act natural and asked, "Why? Did I give you a scare? Please don't mind that... I promise I won't become drunk again!"

Jean slowly softened his gaze and said, "No, you were fine. I wasn't scared at all."

Really?

Neera couldn't imagine what he was thinking.

However, she decided to take him at his word.

She breathed a sigh of relief and said, "That's good to hear."

She busied herself with breakfast after that. It was better to leave the topic behind them.

Seeing how Neera was almost burying her head in the bowl, an imperceptible smile appeared on Jean's face.

She's such a bad actress...

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Chapter 473

Neera couldn't taste any of the food that went into her mouth.

She felt a lot better after eating breakfast.

After wiping her mouth, she looked at Jean and said, "Where are we going after this? Are we going to sign the contract?"

"Mm," Jean replied. "I've already told Mr. Chaucer yesterday that we'll be meeting him at the science park at ten o'clock today. After that, we can go back to Kingsview." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I see," Neera said and glanced at her watch. It was almost half past nine. She quickly stood up and said, "We should get going then. We should reach there right on time."

Jean agreed with her. Soon, they were on the way to the science park.

Mr. Chaucer seemed concerned when he saw Neera. "Ms. Garcia, you were very drunk last night. Are you okay?"

You didn't have to mention it! Neera thought.

She smiled awkwardly and shook her head. "I'm fine now. I must apologize for making a fool of myself last night."

As she said that, she stole a glance at the two people standing next to her.

Jean remained impassive, though he noticed Neera looking at him. His facial muscles twitched upward imperceptibly.

Mr. Chaucer did not notice what was going on between Neera and Jean. He smiled warmly and said, "That's good to hear."

After exchanging pleasantries, he brought out the contract for Neera and Jean to inspect. After they made sure the terms were correct, they signed it readily.

Three hours later, Neera and Jean returned to the Imperial Gardens in Kingsview.

It was the weekend, and the triplets did not have to go to school. At the moment, they were playing in the yard with their pets.

When they heard the front gate open, they scrambled there as fast as they could. The three puppies shook their fur and ran behind the children.

Neera was bursting with bliss when her three children jumped into her arms.

After greeting their mother, they turned their attention to Jean.

"Thank you for taking care of our mommy, Uncle Jean!"

Jean smiled and said, "You're welcome."

Neera chatted with Jean for a while before going into the house. Jean picked up a phone call and also went back to his house.

The triplets dragged Ian aside and whispered to him.

"How did it go, Mr. Ian? Is there any progress between Mommy and Uncle Jean? Did you help them?"

Ian coughed awkwardly and said, "I'm sorry. The schedule was packed, and I couldn't find an opportunity to do anything."

The triplets seemed disappointed to hear that. "So nothing happened then?"

Ian smiled. "Not really. I suspect... they kissed!"

"Huh?" The triplets lifted their heads expectantly. "Really? What happened? How did you find out?"

Ian shook his head. "I don't know what happened between them, but it was like this..."

He told the triplets how Jean sent Neera back to her room and only came out some time later.

"When he got back to his room, his lips were stained red, and his shirt was crumpled... I guess something must've happened while they were in your mommy's room!"

He suddenly realized what he said was not very appropriate for children, so he cleared his throat and explained, "In any case, I think there is chemistry between them!"

The triplets nodded seriously when they heard that.

No matter what happened in the room, it was definitely a good sign.

They smiled and thanked Ian. "You're amazing, Mr. Ian! Thank you so much! We'll be depending on you from now on!"

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Chapter 474

After resting for a short while, Neera returned to her office in the afternoon. There, she met Levi, whom she hadn't seen for a long time.

Levi had been recuperating at home, and his injuries had healed completely.

When he saw Neera, he said guiltily, "I'm sorry, Neera. I wasn't around to help when the company was facing a major crisis."

Neera replied, "It's okay, the problems are solved now. Also, the company is also responsible for your injuries."

Levi felt aggrieved that he was beaten up, but he was happy to find out that Crimea Group was in trouble now.

He chatted with Neera for a while. After that, Neera went to her aunt's office.

Adriana felt satisfied as she flipped through the contract. The trip to Skytopia was a resounding success. "That's my niece! This project is worth at least a hundred billion

dollars. Looks like I made the right decision by handing the reins of ANXIN Group to you."

She continued to report to Neera about the negotiations with the shopping malls. "Things are progressing smoothly so far. We'll see our products on the display shelves very soon." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera nodded. "Now that I've successfully signed the contract with Skytopia Science Park, I can take over the tasks here. You should take it easy."

Adriana did not agree. "You're the one who should take it easy. I feel so sorry for you when I see you going around without a moment of rest! Take the next few days off so that you recover to full health. If you feel bored at home, ask your friends out for lunch or a movie. I can take care of the company."

Neera was moved by her aunt's concern. She knew that it was useless to argue with her aunt, so she did what she was told.

After she returned to her office, she leaned back on her chair and browsed the Internet for news about Crimea Group.

For the past two days, the stock price of Crimea Group had fallen tremendously.

The scandal continued to rage on. Many people did not hesitate to criticize Crimea Group for what they did.

That was not the worst part.

Most of Crimea Group's beauty and skincare products were removed from display shelves across all shopping malls, including those that they owned.

Many people speculated what was going on.

"Crimea Group has hit rock bottom now. Are they going to go bankrupt?"

"I've been using their skincare products for a long time. Why did they close up shop all of a sudden? Is there a problem with their products? I still have a lot of them at home. I wonder if I can still use them."

"Crimea Group is pretty established. I'm concerned, but I don't think that'll affect them much.

"Heh, aren't you worried that their cosmetics might eat your face away?"

"Isn't that so? If they could hide a death, what makes you think they'd develop their products responsibly? I'm not going to buy any more products from Crimea Group!"

Leonard Crimea, Sonny's father, was currently sitting behind his desk in the president's office of the Crimea Group headquarters.

As he read those comments, his anger continued to grow.

He slammed the table and began to yell at his son, "You idiot! Look at what you have done! Did you think of the consequences before stepping on Jean Beauvort's toes? It took me so long to establish a stranglehold in the cosmetics market, but you've thrown it all away at this critical juncture! Tell me, do you have a brain?"

Sonny stood in front of his father sullenly. His face was taut as his father continued to hurl abuse at him.

That only made Leonard even angrier. He grabbed a document folder on his desk and flung it at Sonny.

The corner of the folder drew a thin line of blood on Sonny's face before falling to the floor.

Sonny's eyes exuded danger, but he said nothing.

Leonard said angrily, "Do you think the problem will solve itself if you remain silent? Don't you know what the public is saying about us? They think that Crimea Group is finished! In the past few days, the company has lost ten billion dollars! I've never been so humiliated ever since I built the company from the ground up. Do you know how many phone calls I had to answer since the morning? They're canceling our contracts and returning our products. If you weren't my son, I would've beaten you to death!"

Sonny's fists clenched when he heard that.

He understood that the company would be severely affected if it lost its foothold in the cosmetics market.

Leonard was tired of shouting. He threw his necktie away and sat down on his chair, though he was still glaring at Sonny.

"The directors have spoken. If you can't settle this matter satisfactorily, you'll have to step down. I'll leave it to you how you want to solve it. If there's nothing else, get out of my office!"

Sonny gritted his teeth and said the first word since he entered the room. "Yes."

After he left the office, he said to Damian menacingly, "Has that woman agreed to settle?"

Damian gulped and said carefully, "Not yet. Mdm. Guthfrey's lawyer is requesting us to provide our statement....."

11

Sonny gritted his teeth. "They're stalling for time, and it'll be disadvantageous for the company. Find someone to take the fall."

Damian was at first surprised, but he soon understood what his employer wanted. "Yes, I'll take care of it right now."

Crimea had already lost half of its market share in the cosmetics market. By assessing the current situation, Neera concluded that they would lose the other half to other companies in a few days.

Startales was not going to seize the opportunity to bring Crimea Group down.

She was already satisfied with picking up the half that Crimea Group had lost. If she bit off more than she could chew, many parties would be offended, including Crimea Group.

That would not be advantageous for them.

She immersed herself in work for some time before she received a call from Jean.

"Are you at home?" Jean's voice was as attractive as usual.

"No, I'm in my office. Is there anything?"

"Fabio sent the gown over. I thought you should try it."

Seeing that she had no urgent work, Neera glanced at her wristwatch and said, "Alright. I'll go home now. See you in twenty minutes."

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Chapter 475

After she hung up, Neera quickly left the office and headed home.

When she arrived at the Imperial Gardens, Jean was playing chess with Fabio.

Jean was the first to greet her. "You're home."

Neera nodded.

"Nice to see you again, Neera!" Fabio said.

"Likewise," Neera smiled and replied. Didn't you call me "Ms. Garcia" last time? I didn't know we'd become closer. She thought.

Jean did not comment on that. He asked, "Why did you go to your office instead of resting at home? Was there something urgent?"

Neera shook her head. "No. I was bored at home, so I went there to catch up on work."

As she said that, her eyes fell on the chessboard.

Fabio's pieces were cornered, and Jean looked like he was going to win soon.

"Why don't you finish your game before I try on the gown?" she said.

Fabio assessed the board before saying decisively, "Nah, I'm done. The gown is more important. If it doesn't fit, I can alter it immediately."

Ian chuckled. "Where's your sportsmanship, Mr. Lopez? You can't abandon the game when you see you're going to lose!"

Fabio wasn't annoyed when he was called out like that. He smiled and said, "This is called a strategic retreat! Anyway, it's just a game. Why so serious?"

Jean shot a glance at him. "It's only a strategic retreat when you still have a chance to make a comeback. Yours should be called a cowardly retreat!"

Fabio chuckled sheepishly. "It's better than suffering defeat! But hey, can't you go easy on me? Would it kill you to let me win just once?"

"Yes, it would. In fact, I enjoy tormenting you. Here's a word of advice. Get good," Jean said and moved a chess piece.

The game was as good as over.

Fabio groaned in frustration. If only he had run away sooner!

Neera could not help but chuckle. She was surprised to see that side of Jean's personality.

Nettie, Fabio's assistant, was already laughing as well.

Seeing her employer's frustration, she said, "Ms. Garcia, why don't I bring you to try out the gown? The annual gala is in two days. We can't afford to waste any time!"

"Go then," Jean said and nodded. "You can use the guest room upstairs."

Nettie nodded and led Neera upstairs.

Fabio only brought one gown this time. It had many embroidered designs, including a phoenix made of threads of many colors and surrounded by a dazzling array of gemstones. It was breathtakingly beautiful. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera was stunned when she saw that. "This gown... is beautiful."

Nettie smiled and replied, "Of course! Mr. Lopez spent an entire year on this gown. All the embroidered designs are done by hand, thread by thread. It was supposed to take another month to complete, but the team burned midnight oil to complete it before the gala. To be honest, Mr. Lopez thought he would never find anyone suitable to wear the gown, but after he met you, he thought that you were the one. Many of the details on the gown are specifically tailored for you."

"Thank you for your hard work," Neera said. She didn't expect Fabio to put so much effort into one gown.

Nettie waved her hand and said, "Don't mention it. You should thank Mr. Beauvort instead. He's the one who insisted on making a custom gown for you. That's why Mr. Lopez spared no expense in making it perfect. I guess Mr. Beauvort cares for you a lot!"

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Chapter 476

Neera raised her eyebrows when she heard that, though she quickly understood that Jean wanted to make an impression at his first appearance at Star Entertainment's annual gala.

After chatting for a while more, Neera went to get changed.

She had to admit that Fabio had a keen eye. Not only was the gown a perfect fit, but it also accentuated her body curves.

The embroidered fiery phoenix led one's gaze to her slender waist, which made her even more attractive than ever.

Nettie tied Neera's hair into a bun and fastened it with a silver hairpin. The hairstyle was simple, but it made her look classical.

"Ah! You look amazing! I can't imagine how much more beautiful you'd be when you put on makeup!" Nettie exclaimed.

Neera smiled. "That's an exaggeration, isn't it?"

"It's no exaggeration at all!" Nettie said while leading her to the full-body mirror. "See for yourself if you don't believe me. No one can wear this gown like you do! You're the most beautiful woman in Kingsview!"

Neera looked at herself in the mirror and thought that there was some truth to Nettie's words. No other gown had that effect on her.

"What do you think? I wasn't exaggerating, right?" Nettie asked with a smile.

Neera replied, "I'd be a narcissist if I said yes. Instead, I should say that Mr. Lopez is an amazing designer."

Nettie was already holding her hand and leading her out of the room. "Let's go downstairs and show Mr. Lopez and Mr. Beauvort!"

Neera wanted to say no, but by the time she came to her senses, she was already downstairs.

At the same time, Jean came out of his room in his new suit.

They were shocked to see each other, especially Neera.

Even though she was already used to seeing Jean's handsome face, seeing him in a formal suit nevertheless took her breath away.

Jean was dressed in a dress coat and a white dress shirt with emerald cufflinks, which gave him the air of a noble. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

At that moment, he was standing on the staircase looking downward. Neera thought he looked like a lord surveying his domain.

She quickly turned her head away, unwilling to fall further for his charms.

Jean did not notice the change in her expression. He continued to look at her.

As Nettie said, the gown was perfect on Neera's body. As much as Jean tried to remain calm, he could not help but be impressed.

"The gown looks great on you," he said.

Fabio was the most excited among them.

He circled around the couple as though he had just found some rare treasure. "Not bad at all! Looks like all the time I've spent on designing this couple's outfit isn't wasted!"

Couple outfit? Neera was surprised to hear that. She looked at Jean again and realized their outfits shared many details.

Nettie continued to explain, "It's not just the clothes, Ms. Garcia. Your brooch and Mr. Beauvort's cufflinks make a pair too. Everyone will be able to instantly tell you're husband and wife! By the way, Fabio calls this design 'Match Made In Heaven'!"

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Chapter 477

Neera blushed in embarrassment.

I thought my marriage with Jean was only for show. Why are we wearing matching outfits? And... did Fabio say it's what Jean wanted? It's as though he really intends to marry me!

Neera shot a suspicious glance at Jean, though Jean seemed impassive as usual.

However, he was very satisfied with Fabio's designs.

"Thank you, Fabio! I need to give someone a hint at the upcoming annual gala, and I think this perfectly does the job. It'll save me a lot of trouble," he said happily.

"I'm happy that you like it!" Fabio said.

The outfits matched their figures perfectly, and there was no need for alteration. Fabio and Nettie soon left the scene.

Before he left, Fabio said to Neera, "Nettie will be your stylist on the day of the gala. She might usually seem rough on the edges, but she's very meticulous when it comes to makeup and hairstyling. I'm sure she'll make you look your best on the big day."

"Alright, thank you," Neera said.

Very soon, Fabio and Nettie left in their car, and only Jean and Neera were left in the living room.

Neera asked Jean, "Mr. Beauvort, I think it's time for you to explain what you mean when you said you need to give someone a hint at the annual gala."

Jean was surprised that Neera would ask her that, though he did not hide it from her.

"Well, I think I should let you know..."

He asked Neera to sit down before explaining why he had to attend the annual gala this year. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera was silent for some time after hearing Jean's story. Eventually, she said, "You mean your parents want us to separate, and they're using this opportunity to match you with Kyra Marks. Right?"

"That is indeed what they want," Jean replied.

As he spoke, he stared at Neera in the eye, wishing to see her reaction.

Neera remained calm on the surface, though she had to admit she felt aggrieved.

Looks like Jean's parents really want me out of the household. Otherwise, they wouldn't spend so much effort matching Jean with Kyra.

Even though Jean and Kyra were childhood friends, and the Beauvort and Marks families were of equal standing, Neera felt an inexplicable sense of annoyance when she imagined Jean being together with Kyra.

Neera frowned and looked at Jean. "So what do you plan to do? Are you going to follow your parents' wishes? After all, our marriage is only for show, and we'll have to divorce one day!"

Jean said snappily, "I don't plan to divorce you at all! If I did, why would I bother with matching outfits or even inviting you to go with me to the annual gala in the first place? As for our marriage..."

He narrowed his gaze and continued, "If I remember correctly, the terms of the contract say we are to stay married for two years. It's been only a few months. Are you planning to throw the towel already?"

Neera was surprised at Jean's take on the matter. She explained, "No... I'm not going to quit, but I'm sure your parents won't either."

"I know! That's why I'm bringing you to the annual gala with me. That way, they'll stop pestering me, and Kyra will also know that I'm not going to marry her. Also..."

He lifted his gaze and looked gently at Neera in the eye. "You're still my wife by name. My parents clearly aren't showing you any respect. Even though our marriage is only for show, I wouldn't want you to be harmed in any way because of what they want."

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Chapter 478

When Neera heard that, all her worries disappeared in an instant.

Her heart started to beat a little faster, and she could not keep her eyes away from Jean's face.

Jean smiled and gazed at Neera gently. "Why, is there something on my face?"

Neera blushed instantly. She lowered her head and, ten seconds later, mumbled, "No."

There was another pause before she said, "Thank you."

Jean narrowed his gaze slightly. "You don't have to thank me. Now that we're 'married,' it's my duty to protect you. You also don't have to worry about what my parents think either."

"Mm," Neera replied softly.

She continued to talk about business, "I spoke to Adriana earlier at the office. She said Startales' products will be going on the shelves soon."

"That's good to hear," Jean said. "Crimea Group is going through a rough patch now, and losses are inevitable. But knowing how they usually are, they're not going to be sitting ducks. I'm sure they'll be doing something drastic soon."

"What can they do?" Neera asked.

Jean thought for a while and said, "They should be looking for some way to appease the victim's family, most likely with money, then they'd find someone to take the fall. That would be the most brute-force solution, and that will be what they'll do."

As though proving Jean's point, Crimea Group released a press statement the next day. Search [The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Crimea Group has concluded its internal investigation about the accident involving the tragic loss of one life. It has been found that a certain Mr. Ziegler has embezzled funds from the project, which led to shortcomings in safety measures. The company has

handed the investigation findings to the police and is willing to cooperate with the apprehension and arrest of Ziegler. While the accident was singlehandedly caused by Ziegler's greed, Crimea Group is also culpable. The company will compensate the victim's family an additional ten million dollars as a gesture of goodwill."

The news incited enthusiastic discussion on the Internet.

"Are they planning to settle the matter by offering money again? You can't measure the worth of a human life with money. What an unethical company. Have they ever thought how much grief they've caused the victim's family?"

"I knew they were going to do something like that. What a joke."

"Am I the only one who thinks there's something fishy about the entire thing? Who's this Ziegler who can hide a death from Crimea Group?"

"I don't believe it. I'm pretty sure Crimea Group is making Ziegler the fall guy."

"Heh, I'm not going to buy properties or products from Crimea Group!"

From the discussion and criticism, it was obvious that Crimea Group's statement failed to convince anyone.

Neera read the comments with interest. She took a screenshot of the statement and sent it to Jean.

Jean saw the message as he was entering his office. He asked Ian, "You've sent someone to investigate Ziegler, right? What did you manage to find?"

Ian took Jean's coat and said, "Yes. His full name is Conan Ziegler. He has embezzled at least five million dollars from the construction project, and I'm pretty surprised that Crimea Group is hanging him out to dry so quickly. I read the statement when I got out of bed today, and it looks like he's forced into a corner now. On the other hand, I'm pretty sure Crimea Group destroyed all evidence of the victim's death, and the police won't be able to find anything. Ziegler is finished for sure, and Crimea Group might just get out of this mess intact."

Jean sat on his chair behind his desk. He showed no expression on his face.

He had expected that to happen. After all, he was not hoping that a single incident could bring down Crimea Group.

It was enough to teach them a harsh lesson. At least Sonny won't be having any funny ideas about Neera.

Jean replied to Neera's message. "Crimea Group suffered huge losses in this incident, and I don't think they'll be working on the construction project. They shouldn't give you any trouble after this."

Neera stared at the message without blinking.

Did... Did he do all that for me?

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Chapter 479

Because of the trip, Jean had neglected his work for the past two days.

He attended several consecutive meetings in the morning. In the afternoon, he processed a large stack of documents.

Right before he left work, Frederic suddenly appeared in his office.

He frowned when he saw the stack of documents on his son's desk. "You're not the only employee in this company. You can delegate less urgent matters to your subordinates. Why must you do everything yourself?"

Jean replied, "Everything here is urgent, including those that you were supposed to handle. When was the last time you came to the office?"

Frederic was at a loss for a reply.

He had rarely gone to the company headquarters ever since Wrenn was hospitalized. Naturally, he had neglected his work for a long time as well.

As soon as Jean appeared in his office this morning, Frederic's secretary brought him the documents from Frederic's office.

Frederic pressed his lips together. "Send it back. I'll deal with them myself. You shouldn't overwork yourself in case you fall ill again. Your mom and I are worried about you."

Jean remained impassive in the face of his father's concern, though his tone of voice warmed up. "Okay. Anyway, why did you come and look for me today?"

Frederic nodded and said, "Your mother was discharged earlier today. She doesn't like staying in the hospital. Come home and have dinner with us tonight."

Jean did not decline the offer. He packed up his briefcase and followed Frederic back to his house.

At the moment, only Wrenn was in the living room.

Jean looked around. "Where are the others? Aren't they home?"

Frederic replied, "No. We only invited you."

Jean frowned. He could guess the implication of today's invitation.

As expected, while dinner was being served, Wrenn said, "It'll be the annual gala tomorrow. Don't forget what I told you to do. When the opportunity arises, introduce Kyra to everyone in the company and all the journalists. I've already promised the Marks family you'll do exactly that. If anything goes awry, you'll sour the relationship between the Beauvort and Marks families."

"Mm," Jean replied impassively.

Wrenn was satisfied that her youngest son did not resist.

After dinner, Jean played two games of chess with his father before going home.

Halfway back, Ian suddenly seemed serious. "Sire, I think someone is following us!" he said grimly.

Ian had noticed an MPV following them since they left Frederic's house, but he thought it was only a coincidence.

As time passed, his instincts told him the vehicle meant danger.

Jean glanced at the rearview mirror. A few seconds later, he also thought there was something fishy about the vehicle behind them.

"Ditch them," he ordered.

"Yes, Sire!" Ian nodded and floored the gas pedal.

Whoosh! The car sped away like a loose arrow.

Ian was a skilled driver. The car wove in and out of traffic.

However, the MPV behind them sped up as well. Ian could not shake them off.

A few minutes later, Ian noticed something else.

More and more suspicious vehicles were gathered behind them, and they were gaining onto the Rolls-Royce.

"Sire, they must have set up an ambush on our usual route!" Ian reported calmly.

Even though they were in a dire situation, he showed no anxiety on his face.

Jean narrowed his eyes dangerously. "Looks like they've come prepared."

"What should we do now, Sire?" Ian asked.

"We can't shake them off, and this place is too deserted to call for help. Find somewhere to stop the car. Our men will handle the vehicles at the back."

Jean always had bodyguards following him in secret. They were all skilled drivers and fighters. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ian looked at the rearview mirror. As expected, several cars had intercepted the MPV.

He breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes, Sire."

Soon, Ian found a place to stop the car.

It was a secluded road without any pedestrians.

After he stopped the car, four black MPVs broke through the barricade, caught up to them, and surrounded the Rolls-Royce.

At least a dozen burly men in black clothes came out of the vehicles. Each of them wielded melee weapons.

Ian unfastened his seatbelt and said to Jean without turning his head around, "I'll go and meet them. Wait in the car, Sire!"

Jean nodded. "Go then."

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Chapter 480

Ian stepped out of the car and closed the door behind him.

On his face was a rare expression of utter hostility.

The men in black clothes saw him come out of the car. Without saying a word, they charged at him while brandishing baseball bats and steel pipes.

Ian deftly dodged the attacks. He grabbed the wrist of the person closest to him and kicked him in the stomach.

The six-foot-tall man flew backward, and he dropped the baseball bat in his hand.

Ian swiftly picked it up and used it to parry the second attack.

In one fluid motion, he took a sidestep and swung the bat at the second attacker's stomach. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The attackers did not expect Ian to be so skilled. They all ganged up on him at the same time.

The scene was utter chaos.

As skilled a fighter as Ian was, he was overwhelmed by the sheer number of opponents. He was forced to be defensive and could not get a hit in.

A man with a huge knife scar on his face, who seemed to be the leader, pointed at the Rolls-Royce. "Our target is in that car. Attack that car."

"Yes!" his subordinates replied, and the group split in two.

Jean had been observing the situation from the back seat. He noticed several of the men in black clothes heading his way.

He remained calm as though he was oblivious to the impending danger. A curious smirk appeared on his face, as though he would soon become his attackers' executioner.

"Die!" he said.

The men in black clothes lifted their weapons and prepared to smash the windows.

Suddenly, two figures appeared out of nowhere like phantoms. The men in black clothes were swiftly knocked out, and the two figures joined in the fight.

It didn't take long before a dozen attackers were sprawled on the ground moaning in agony.

The scar-faced man was shocked by the turn of events. The other men in black clothes dared not step forward.

They could tell that the two people were professional fighters.

The scar-faced man knew they couldn't defeat the two. He discreetly took a step backward and made the signal to retreat.

His subordinates saw the signal, and they began to move backward as well.

Ian smirked when he saw that. "You're not getting away so easily!"

He swung the baseball bat at the scar-faced man. The man seemed to be the leader of the gang, and Ian planned to subdue him.

The scar-faced man could guess what Ian wanted to do. He whipped out a knife from a hidden pocket and swung it at Ian.

Ian did not expect the scar-faced man to have another weapon. He tried to dodge, but the knife drew a gash on his arm. Blood splashed everywhere.

Jean narrowed his gaze when he saw that. "Ian, come back!" he ordered.

Ian immediately heeded Jean's orders. The scar-faced man was not going to prolong the fight, so he left with his subordinates.

Jean, Ian, the two bodyguards, and a bunch of injured gangsters were left at the scene.

"Sire, are you going to let them go just like that?" Ian asked as he tried to stop the bleeding with a handkerchief.

Jean shot a withering glance at him. "You still want that arm, don't you?"

He gave the two bodyguards his orders. "Storm, drive us to the hospital. Cloud, stay here and deal with the rest."

"Yes, Sire." Very quickly, the two bodyguards carried out the orders they were given.

The Rolls-Royce sped on the main road toward the nearest hospital.

Ian was brought to the emergency department. Fortunately, the wound was not very deep. The doctor cleaned it and dressed Ian's arm in no time.

"Remember to change the dressing daily, and keep the wound dry in case of infections," the doctor said.

"Thank you, Doctor."

Ian went to the car to report to Jean.

Jean seemed visibly relieved when he saw that Ian was fine. He ordered Storm to send Ian home.

On the way back, Ian felt a slight itch on the wound, but he paid no heed to it.

After he got home, he went to bed and fell asleep.

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Read Chapter 481

Chapter 481

Shortly after Jean returned to the Imperial Gardens, he received a report from Cloud.

"We brought the offenders to the police station. Our men are unharmed."

Jean nodded and said, "Have you found out where the attackers are from?"

"They should be from Nacrene. The scar-faced man has just been released after a twelve-year prison term. As far as I know, he had just joined Nacrene not long ago."

"I suppose the Crimea family is behind this," Jean said coldly.

Cloud nodded. "That won't be surprising. The scar-faced man isn't anyone important in the organization, and his subordinates are all random hooligans. I don't think Nacrene would admit any fault."

Jean chuckled. It sounded like what Sonny would do.

Not only was he cruel, but he also knew how to cover his tracks.

"Looks like he hasn't learned anything from the lesson yet!" Jean said coldly. "Give me a report on properties owned by Crimea Group and Nacrene. Get it done as soon as possible."

Cloud nodded and said, "Yes, Sire."

After Cloud left, Jean summoned Storm. "Get more people to protect Neera and the triplets."

If Sonny dared to attack him, who was to say he wouldn't do the same to Neera and the triplets?

Jean had to be prepared.

"Yes, Sire. I'll go and make preparations now," Storm said and quickly left.

Neera was oblivious to what happened.

The next morning, she sent the triplets to school before going to her office.

She had not sat down for too long before she received a call from Jean. "Neera, are you busy?"

Neera was surprised that Jean had called her by her first name.

He only does that when we're at his parents' house. Did something happen earlier today?

"Not very. What's up?" Neera replied.

Jean did not beat around the bush. "Can you come over to Ian's house? He's injured, and things aren't looking too great."

Neera immediately stood up. "Give me the address. I'll go there now."

"Okay," Jean replied and ended the call.

In a few seconds, Neera received a message containing the location of Ian's house. She wasted no time getting there.

Storm was the one who answered the door. Neera had never seen him before, and she thought she had gone to the wrong house.

Jean appeared behind Storm. "You're here," he said.

"Mm." Neera calmed herself down and went inside.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she saw Ian slumped on the sofa. His face was as pale as a sheet.

Shocked, she asked, "What happened? He looks terrible! Is he heavily injured?"

If she hadn't seen Ian's chest moving slightly, she even thought he was dead!

"I don't know. I think it's poison," Jean said grimly.

Neera was appalled when she heard that poison was involved. She quickly stepped forward and examined Ian's wound.

At first glance, the wound seemed typical. However, Neera noticed that rashes were forming around it. The blood that oozed from the wound was slightly purple.

Neera said confidently, "Yes, it's poison. The blood is already purple... What happened? He was fine yesterday."

Jean hesitated for a moment before deciding that Neera deserved to know he was ambushed the night before. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"What?" Neera was shocked to hear that. She blurted, "Are you hurt?"

Her brows were knitted together. It was obvious that she was very worried about him.

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Chapter 482

Jean was surprised that Neera would ask that.

He was quite pleased to see the concern in her eyes.

He looked her in the eye and said gently, "Don't worry. I'm fine."

That did not stop Neera from worrying. She inspected Jean carefully from head to toe.

After spending some time to make sure he was totally fine, she breathed a sigh of relief. "Phew, I'm glad you're fine. You wouldn't want to get hurt in this state."

Ian was conscious even though he was very weak. He nearly burst into tears when he saw the scene.

Can you two stop being lovey-dovey? I'm right here! Single people need care and concern too!

"Excuse me, Dr. Garcia. I'm the one who's injured. Can you tend to me?" Ian said pitifully. "Look at the state of my arm. It's rotting, isn't it? I hope I don't have to amputate it!"

Neera turned her head and looked at Ian as though he were an idiot. "What nonsense is that?"

"But that's how it usually goes in TV dramas," Ian said fearfully.

"You'll be fine, but you might want to cut down on your TV drama consumption. They're not good for your brain."

"..." I'm not looking for life advice now! Aren't you being too friendly as a doctor?"

Neera tried to laugh when she saw Ian glaring at her resentfully. "If you're still lucid, it means that the poison isn't very strong. Otherwise, it'll be more serious than amputating your arm. You'll be dead by now!"

She rolled her eyes at him and asked, "How do you feel now?"

"It hurts and itches. It feels like a thousand ants are biting my arm," Ian replied.

"Ah, so it's not a big problem," Neera said, relieved.

She retrieved a bottle of antiseptic from her medical kit and cleaned Ian's wound, then injected him with a solution.

"I have some leftover antidote from my research. It's not as potent as the one that I gave to Mrs. Beauvort, but it can neutralize simple poisons. We'll see if this works."

Ian was crying tears of gratitude. He grabbed the hem of Neera's shirt and said, "My arm is in your care, Dr. Garcia! You're my savior if you can heal my arm..."

Before he could finish, he could sense Jean glaring at him.

He turned his head and saw Jean staring unblinkingly at his hand that was on Neera's shirt. Jean's gaze was so intense that it seemed to burn a hole in his hand.

Ian felt a chill course down his spine, and he jerked his hand away.

Storm shot a withering glance at Ian. Even if Ian's arm is healed, I guess Sire would want to chop it off and feed it to the dogs!

Neera was not paying attention to the drama. She reached into her medical kit and tossed a pill to Ian.

"If the wound starts to hurt, this is the painkiller. I'm done here. You should go and rest."

"Thank you, Dr. Garcia," Ian said and tossed the pill into his mouth. He stood up and headed straight into his room.

Neera stayed back for a while in case Ian needed further medical attention. Jean brought a teapot, sat down next to Neera, and poured her a cup of tea.

Neera took a sip and asked, "Will those people from yesterday find trouble with you again? If the Crimea family dares to attack you, what about me?"

She was worried that Sonny might seek revenge, not so much about herself but her three children.

Jean knew what she was thinking. He said, "Since last night, I've already ordered several bodyguards to protect you and the triplets in secret. No harm should come to you." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera was surprised. She did not expect Jean to be so considerate.

"Thank you," she said.

Jean smiled and rapped Neera's forehead with a knuckle. "How many more times are you going to say "Thank you"?"

Neera mumbled, "Ow! Why would anyone complain about being thanked too much?"

"I would," Jean said.

Neera pouted. "Fine. I won't say that again."

Jean was satisfied. "That better be the case."

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Chapter 483

They chatted over tea until noon.

Ian woke up from his nap and came out of his bedroom. He looked a lot better compared to earlier.

His wound had mostly closed up, and it was not as horrifying as before.

Neera briefly examined Ian and said, "The antidote has taken effect, and the poison is almost out of your system. You should be back to normal after a few days' rest."

While she handed Ian some more medicine from her medical kit, she said, "You should go to the hospital if you don't feel well. Don't ignore the slightest symptom. Luckily for you, the poison isn't that potent this time!"

Ian was happy to hear that he was going to be fine. "Thank you, Dr. Garcia! I'll remember what you say!"

Neera nodded and told him the dosage of each medicine. "Take your medicine on time. Don't eat seafood or anything spicy while the wound is healing, and remember to take enough rest."

Neera prepared to leave, and Jean was going to do the same.

Before he left, he told Ian, "You should stay at home for the next few days. I'll get Storm to take over your tasks in the meantime."

Ian wanted to say that the injury wouldn't affect his job performance, but before he could say anything, Storm had already replied in the affirmative.

After that, Neera, Jean, and Storm left the house.

"Shall we have lunch together?" Jean suggested.

Neera didn't object to the idea. "Okay."

The couple went to a restaurant. After lunch, Jean received a call from Fabio. "Hey, Jean, will you and Ms. Garcia be at home around five o'clock? Nettie will be there to prepare Ms. Garcia for the gala." Search [THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

That reminded Jean he had to attend the gala later tonight.

"Okay," he replied.

After the call ended, he relayed the information to Neera.

Neera also nearly forgot about the event. "How will it be tonight? Can you briefly tell me what will happen there?" he asked.

Jean nodded. "The gala will start at eight o'clock. We'll go there together, but I'll enter the venue first. You can come in shortly after."

"Sure. I'll listen to what you say," Neera said.

They went back to their respective homes after lunch.

Nettie arrived on time and began to style Neera's hair. That took them two hours.

When the triplets came home from school, Neera happened to be walking down the stairs.

They were shocked to see their mother's new appearance.

"Wow! You're so beautiful!"

"You're like an angel!"

"I'm sure everyone will be stunned!"

The triplets generously showered their mother with praise, but they also didn't forget about Nettie. "You're amazing, Ms. Nettie! You've made our Mommy a work of art!"

Nettie had given Neera dark red eyeshadow to contrast with the phoenix on her gown. Her hair was tied up in a bun and held in place by a golden hairpin.

She also wore a pair of antique earrings and a matching necklace.

The embroidered high heels on her feet made her look elegant and noble.

Indeed, she would be hogging the spotlight at the gala.

Nettie was very happy with her handiwork. She said to the children, "No, your mother is already very beautiful, and I didn't have to do much. The tailor also did an amazing job with her outfit."

Jean came into the house shortly after.

He stood next to Neera. Just like the outfit's namesake, they looked like a match made in heaven.

Jean was smitten by Neera's appearance. He could not keep his eyes away from her.

The triplets noticed that. They took Neera's hand and gave it to Jean. "Uncle Jean, remember to take good care of our Mommy tonight, okay? Don't let anyone kidnap her!"

Neera was caught by surprise. Instinctively, she wanted to pull her hand away.

Jean squeezed it once and let her go, as though he didn't mean to do that.

"Alright, I'll keep a close eye on her," he said with a smile.

Neera instantly blushed.

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Chapter 484

"Sire, it's almost time to depart," Storm reminded Jean.

Jean rubbed his fingers and nodded. He turned his head to Neera and said, "Shall we go?"

"Mm." Neera nodded. She waved goodbye to her children and went into the car with Jean.

The annual gala of Star Entertainment Media this year was exceptionally crowded this year. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Even before the venue opened, many reporters had already staked out at the hotel entrance.

Star Entertainment Media had extended media invitations to only several major media outlets. None of the others could get in, though that did not stop the others from going there.

Many important people were attending the gala. They were hoping to score the next big scoop.

Most importantly, the mysterious CEO of Beauvort Group would be attending!

Jean Beauvort had never made a public appearance, though the financial and economic newspapers were full of his stories.

Several years ago, someone managed to take a picture of his back. The photo became the most popular topic on the Internet for a week. If the Beauvort family hadn't stepped in and removed the picture by force, it would have remained popular for an even longer period.

Many reporters wanted to try their luck today.

If they could manage to snap a photo of Jean's face, they wouldn't have to worry about readership.

Luxury cars arrived one after another outside of the hotel, and celebrities in glamorous clothes stepped out.

Flanked on both sides by their fans, they walked down the red carpet and went into the hotel.

The event hall was just as crowded with guests, members of staff, reporters, and managers of Star Entertainment Media.

People gathered in small groups and chatted.

On previous occasions, the celebrities would be competing with each other to steal the spotlight.

No one was in the mood to do that tonight.

Everyone was talking about the same thing...

"I've heard that Mr. Beauvort is attending the gala to introduce a new celebrity to Star Entertainment Media. I wonder if that's true?"

"Who could it be? Is it some big shot?"

"I don't know, I didn't receive any hints. In any case, I'm sure that Star Entertainment Media will be spending a lot of resources on them, which doesn't leave much for us."

"Hmm, isn't Sasha very close to the general manager? Do you think she'd know who the new celebrity is?"

"Right, how could I have forgotten about that..."

The celebrities turned their heads to Sasha standing next to them. "Sasha, you should know who that person is, right? Can you give us a hint?"

Sasha smiled and said, "I can't help you this time. Even I don't know who it is!"

"Huh? Didn't the general manager tell you? This must be some major secret!"

Everyone was disappointed.

"I guess so!" Sasha replied.

Actually, Sasha knew who the person was. However, Larry had warned her not to tell anyone else, so she could only pretend that she knew nothing.

On the other hand, Sasha's assistant was very curious. She leaned closer and whispered to Sasha, "By the way, why is Kyra Marks moving to Star Entertainment? Is she going after your resources? I remember that you and she are rivals."

She sounded very worried as though Sasha would be put at a disadvantage.

Sasha didn't seem too worried. "I've heard that Mrs. Beauvort made the arrangements, and looking at how things are going, they're going to promote her as the biggest star. If that's what the company wants, I'm sure I'll be losing some resources to her."

"That can't be!" The assistant was shocked. "What should we do?"

"We'll have to leave it to fate," Sasha said with a smirk.

The assistant slapped her forehead. "I can't believe you can be so calm!"

Any other celebrity would have been running around like a headless chicken by now. Only Sasha Javer could pretend as though nothing happened.

Seeing that her assistant was about to cry, Sasha patted her back and said, "Alright, I should stop pulling your leg. Don't worry. No one can take away what belongs to me, not even Kyra Marks!"

"How are you so confident?" The assistant remained worried.

Sasha explained, "Because Mrs. Beauvort isn't in charge of Beauvort Group! Sure, she can bring Kyra Marks in and give her all the resources, but Mr. Beauvort has to agree to it! In several public interviews, Kyra had hinted that she was more than friends with Mr. Beauvort, and she also tried to snag the spokesperson deal with her connections. Do you remember what happened? Mr. Beauvort slammed the door in her face! That's why I think your worries are unfounded. Mr. Beauvort is a principled man, and he's not going to make an exception for Kyra. Well, if he's going to make an exception for someone, that person won't be Kyra Marks!"

She chuckled as though she had just remembered something.

The assistant was still confused. "Who could that person be? How are you so sure?"

"Because I'm smart, of course!" Sasha said with a smile.

If there was someone who could make Jean Beauvort make an exception, that person would be none other than Neera Garcia!

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Chapter 485

"Achoo!"

Neera, who was still on the way to the gala, suddenly sneezed.

"Are you cold?" Jean asked.

"No. I felt an itch in my nose. Maybe someone is talking about me behind my back," Neera said while rubbing the tip of her nose.

Jean was amused. He told Storm, "Turn up the thermostat."

Storm did what he was told, and the temperature in the car became warmer.

Neera was moved by the gesture. Instinctively, she wanted to say thank you.

"You're welcome," Jean said as though he had expected what Neera would say. "When are you going to stop thanking me for every little thing?"

Neera pouted. She clearly remembered Jean telling her not to thank him. "I wasn't going to say anything. You're too sensitive."

"Really?" Jean smirked. He was not going to call her out.

At that moment, his phone began to ring. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He glanced at the screen and saw the call was from his mother.

Jean frowned. He did not answer the call.

He could guess that Wrenn called him to make sure he was going to the gala.

He winced impatiently and paused for a few more seconds before answering it.

As expected, Wrenn said, "Jean, are you at the gala already?"

"I'm on the way there," Jean replied.

"Good." Wrenn sounded relieved.

However, she could hear the dissatisfaction in her son's voice. "Jean, I know you're unhappy about my decision, but I'm only doing this for you. Kyra is an outstanding girl, and I believe she can be a good complement to you. Remember that you have to introduce her to the reporters tonight..."

Jean lost all patience when he heard that. He interrupted, "I will. Don't worry."

She'll be properly "introduced" tonight!

After he said that, he ended the call.

Neera witnessed the entire exchange. She could feel the temperature in the car drop drastically, and she shuddered instinctively.

"Mr. Beauvort, it's already pretty cold here. Can you not make it colder? Here, smile!"

She reached out with two fingers and pushed the corner of Jean's mouth upward.

Jean totally did not expect that. His eyes widened, and he stared straight at her.

Neera felt slightly awkward.

"Is it that hard to make you smile? You're no fun at all," she said as she pulled her hand away.

Before she could do so, Jean swiftly grabbed the tips of her fingers tightly.

Neera was surprised. She stared at Jean and said, "What's... What's the meaning of this?"

"Ms. Garcia, were you flirting with me just now?" Jean said. There was an ambiguous smile on his face.

Neera was at a loss for a reply. It was only then that she realized what she had done.

She didn't have any ulterior motives. All she wanted to do was to make him smile.

When she heard the word "flirt," her cheeks turned boiling hot.

"I... wasn't. Don't overthink it," she said as she tried to pull her hand away.

Jean tightened the grip on her fingers. She couldn't free them no matter how hard she tried.

Even the tips of Neera's ears were red now. "Let... Let go of me!" she said, carrying with it a hint of frustration.

Jean was pleased to see her reaction. His displeasure from the phone call with his mother had disappeared.

He smiled briefly before letting her fingers go.

"You say one thing but mean another, Dr. Garcia. That's not very adorable at all," he said.

How vengeful! She thought.

Storm, who was driving the car, suddenly realized that he was unwelcome in the car...

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Chapter 486

At the same time, in the presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel where the annual gala was held, Kyra was waiting expectantly for Jean's arrival.

Like all the guests in attendance, she was dressed in her best.

She wore a sapphire-blue bespoke gown that fitted her sensuous figure perfectly and gave her an air of nobility. Her long hair was styled in a big wave, and the tiara on her head made her look like a queen.

Dandy could not help but be impressed as she looked at her daughter. "You'll be the highlight of the gala, Kyra!"

Kyra was also very satisfied with her appearance.

She had spent a fortune to hire the best makeup team so that she could catch everyone's attention.

"Yes, Ms. Marks, you look fabulous. The gown is a perfect fit. Compared to you, the other women downstairs practically look like peasants!" one of the makeup artists said. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Kyra's vanity was greatly satisfied.

More than the praise of the other people in the event, she really hoped she could catch Jean's attention.

She asked her mother anxiously, "Mom, you called Mrs. Beauvort earlier, right? What did she say? Is Jean here yet?"

Dandy smiled and took her hand. "He's on the way here! You should see him in ten minutes. Don't worry, if Jean doesn't want to come here, Wrenn will come to the gala herself and announce that you shall be the future Mrs. Jean Beauvort. No matter what happens, you'll be the highlight of the night!"

Kyra could not help but grin when she heard that. "I can't wait!"

She had been worried that Jean would reject her, but it seemed that she had nothing to worry about.

When she thought she would be standing next to the man of her dreams, she could barely contain her excitement.

She had had a crush on Jean for many years. However, she had restrained herself from showing it because she didn't want Jean to be repulsed by her advances.

As much as she loved him, she had never expressed her feelings in words.

Now, she would be able to tell him how she felt, and in the very near future, they would be husband and wife!

When she thought of that, she almost jumped out of sheer joy.

Seeing that her daughter was happy, Dandy was happy too.

If everything went according to plan, the status of the Marks family in high society would be elevated.

When that happened, she would be second only to Wrenn. Everyone would have to respect and admire her!

While Dandy and Kyra were fantasizing about their future, Jean and Neera arrived at the venue.

Their car went into the underground parking lot through a secret passage to avoid media attention.

After Storm parked the car, Jean said to Neera, "Wait here. Fifteen minutes later, Storm will bring you upstairs."

"Okay," Neera said and nodded.

Jean got out of the car. Someone from Star Entertainment Media was already waiting for him outside.

He went up to Jean and introduced himself. "Good evening, Mr. Beauvort. Mr. Mcdonagh sent me to welcome you. Please follow me."

Jean nodded and said, "Thank you."

Upstairs, at the gala venue, Larry received news that Jean had arrived. He quickly gathered the managers and went to the entrance.

The reporters from the various media outlets also rushed toward the entrance excitedly with their equipment. They pointed their cameras at the door.

The other celebrities were also eager to see Jean Beauvort in the flesh.

Larry reminded the people crowding at the entrance, "Remember to keep order when Mr. Beauvort is here. Don't cause a mess!"

The people nodded and stepped aside, making a path in the middle.

Two sets of footsteps could be heard from outside of the door.

A man entered through the door, followed by another.

The man in front was the assistant whom Larry had tasked to welcome Jean. The one behind him was, of course, the highlight of the event.

The man was dressed impeccably in a bespoke that emphasized his noble features. He wore no expression on his face, which made him look aloof and unapproachable.

Everyone guessed that he must be Jean Beauvort. Only he could have made such an impression!

Many of the female celebrities were pleasantly surprised. Despite having seen their fair share of handsome male celebrities, none of them could compare to Jean.

"We meet again, Mr. Beauvort! It's our honor to welcome you to Star Entertainment Media's annual gala. Everyone has been eagerly waiting for your presence. This way, please!" Larry took two steps forward and extended his hand.

Jean shook his hand and said, "Thank you for inviting me."

"Oh, it's no big deal!" Larry was shocked. The president just thanked me!

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Chapter 487

Larry straightened his back and led Jean into the hall.

Jean's arrival marked the start of the event.

Larry, as the general manager of Star Entertainment Media, was the first to go up the stage and give a speech.

He briefly introduced himself, thanked the guests in attendance, and said excitedly, "Finally, let us put our hands together and welcome our guest of honor for tonight, Mr.

Jean Beauvort of Beauvort Group! On behalf of all the staff and artists of Star Entertainment Media, I would like to thank Mr. Beauvort for his endless support. Without him, the company wouldn't be where it is today."

He began to applaud first, and the others quickly followed suit. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean walked steadily up the stage and began his speech. "I'm glad to be here tonight to celebrate this occasion with all of you. As a subsidiary of Beauvort Group, Star Entertainment Media has been doing extremely well, and I would like to take the opportunity to thank everyone for their hard work. Let's work together and bring Star Entertainment Media to greater heights!"

The crowd applauded loudly. Jean didn't show any expression on his face. He went down the stage and waited for Neera's arrival.

Larry thought that something was amiss.

According to the schedule, Jean was supposed to announce Kyra's signing after his speech. Why did he go down the stage without mentioning that? Did he forget?

Larry quickly went up to Jean to remind him. "Mr. Beauvort, you have to announce Kyra's signing. She's waiting for you outside the hall."

Jean shot a brief glance at him and said, "I wasn't planning on introducing her."

"Huh?" Larry was surprised. "But... Mrs. Beauvort said you were going to introduce her! She also said the company isn't going to spare any expense in promoting her!"

"That's what my mother wants, but I've never agreed to it. I'm not going to waste my time to promote some random celebrity. So..." Jean's expression sank. "You can introduce Ms. Marks."

Larry had questions. He heard rumors that Wrenn wanted Kyra to be Jean's wife.

He expected Jean to be in on the plan, which was why Jean agreed to attend the annual gala in the first place.

However, Jean's attitude told him that it was not the case.

Jean sounded especially cold when he said "Ms. Marks." It didn't look like he was planning to marry her at all.

In any case, Larry could only do what he was told. He replied, "Yes, Mr. Beauvort. I'll get that done now."

Very soon, Larry went up the stage again.

The guests and reporters were still focused on the stage.

He cleared his throat and said, "Thank you, Mr. Beauvort, for your speech. Your recognition of our effort shall be our greatest motivator, and I believe the only way for Star Entertainment Media is up! Next, I'd like to take up a little more of your precious time to make an important announcement."

He paused for two seconds to let it sink in before continuing, "We are actively expanding our pool of talents, and we welcome any individual who would like to work with us in bringing joy to the world. Next, I would like to introduce the first talent who has joined us in our seventh year of operation... Ms. Kyra Marks! I'm sure you all are familiar with the name. Even though Ms. Marks is relatively new in the industry, she has amassed a huge following because of her skills and talent. With her, Star Entertainment Media will produce many outstanding works! Let us welcome Ms. Marks to the stage!"

As soon as Larry finished his speech, everyone turned their heads to the door and noticed Kyra standing there.

Everyone exclaimed in surprise.

"What? Kyra Marks is joining Star Entertainment Media?"

"That's ridiculous! Wasn't she fighting Sasha over resources not too long ago? Isn't Mr. Mcdonagh worried that they might fight again?"

"If Mr. Mcdonagh is bringing her in, I'm sure he has a way to maintain harmony."

"I've heard that the Beauvort and Marks families are very close. The company would definitely spare no expense in promoting Kyra, and I'm afraid Sasha might get the cold shoulder."

"That's not necessarily the case. Don't you remember how Kyra had openly hinted that she would be Mr. Beauvort's fiancée, but Mr. Beauvort never cared for her? I don't think Kyra's signing will threaten Sasha's position in the company."

"That's right. If Beauvort Group really supports her, Mr. Beauvort would be the one introducing her and not Mr. Mcdonagh!"

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Chapter 488

While the people in the hall discussed excitedly, Kyra, who was standing just outside the door, had never felt so humiliated before.

When she was heading downstairs earlier, her heart was aflutter, excited that she would steal the spotlight. Everyone would be looking at her when she stepped into the hall!

However, the stray comments were like buckets of cold water that doused her enthusiasm.

At the same time, she found it hard to believe what was going on.

Jean should have been the one to introduce me! Why is it Larry?

Instinctively, she turned her head toward Jean, who was standing not far away.

The man had his head lowered. He was browsing on his phone.

His attitude instantly made Kyra realize that he had done this on purpose.

He told Wrenn he would attend the gala. Wrenn and Kyra thought he agreed to their plan.

It turned out that it was not the case at all. Kyra was only fantasizing.

She felt even worse after arriving at the truth.

Since childhood, she had already known that Jean had a cold personality.

This was the first time she had experienced his cruelty!

She felt hurt at the betrayal, but everyone was looking at her, and she could not express it on her face.

"That Jean! How dare he? He's gone overboard this time!" Dandy was shaking with anger.

She asked her daughter beside her, "What are you going to do? Are you going in?"

"What will tomorrow's papers say if I don't go in? I'll be reduced to a joke!" Kyra said menacingly. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Dandy felt sorry for her daughter. "Our families have been friends for generations. He's so insensitive."

"Yes, he is..."

Kyra knew there was no point in sulking. She composed herself and wore a wide grin so that she didn't look perturbed.

The reporters aimed their cameras at her face and snapped away.

No matter who introduced her, it was big news that she was joining Star Entertainment Media.

Moreover, Kyra had always been regarded as a fashion icon. Her fans regularly emulated the way she dressed. She looked amazing no matter the angle.

She continued to attract the attention of everyone in the hall after she went on the stage.

Larry handed the microphone to her. "Greetings, Ms. Marks. Would you like to say a word or two?"

Kyra smiled warmly. "Thank you, Mr. McDonagh."

She inadvertently cast a glance at Jean, who was near the stage.

He was still looking at his phone, though he was wearing a barely perceptible smile. To Kyra's surprise, Jean's gaze was gentle.

Kyra had never seen that expression on Jean before.

She turned her head away and began to speak.

She thanked Star Entertainment Media for accepting her and shared with her audience what she planned to do in the company.

"I believe Star Entertainment Media will allow me to unleash my full potential. I would like to thank all my fans who have supported me thus far, and I will continue to do my best!" she concluded and put the microphone away.

That was the last item on the schedule. After that, the guests mingled freely.

The celebrities off the stage were all waiting to meet Jean, hoping to gain his favor.

Of course, they maintained a respectful distance. They went over to him with their wine glasses and said hello.

Jean put his phone away and returned their greetings one by one.

Many of the celebrities were delighted. Jean was not as unapproachable as the rumors said.

Sasha was not in a hurry to go over. Instead, she picked up another glass of champagne and elegantly swirled it.

Her assistant, on the other hand, was very anxious. "Sasha, shouldn't you be going over to say hi to Mr. Beauvort? He rarely appears among us commoners. You should go and make yourself known to him!"

Sasha took a sip of the champagne and said, "What's the rush? He's surrounded by so many people now. Even if I go over now, I won't be able to talk to him. I'll go say hi later."

The assistant thought it made sense.

With the corner of her eye, she noticed Kyra walking elegantly in Jean's direction.

"Sasha, look. Kyra is making her move."

Sasha turned her head over...

Indeed, she saw Kyra walking toward Jean.

Kyra's entrance wasn't as glamorous as she imagined, but she managed to keep her cool.

It was undeniable that the Beauvort and Marks families were very close, and if she went over to chat with him normally, he would definitely entertain her.

Thinking that she still stood a chance, she hastened her footsteps.

The other guests had differing reactions when they saw Kyra walking toward Jean.

Jean also noticed it. He furrowed his brows slightly.

He was not very happy to see Kyra, but he did not want to be rude to her in case that affected the families' relationship.

Just when Kyra was about to reach him, a man and a woman suddenly appeared behind her.

They were none other than Storm and Neera.

When Jean saw Neera's figure, a smile automatically appeared on his lips.

Everyone who saw that smile was shocked.

Before anyone could react, Jean began to walk toward Neera.

Kyra happened to be in the same direction. Her heart began to thump wildly when she thought that Jean was smiling at her!

When he came closer, she said, "Jean..."

Before she could continue the rest of her sentence, Jean walked past her and said to the woman behind her, "You're here."

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Chapter 489

Neera slowly widened her eyes when she heard the man's voice.

She smiled when she saw Jean walking toward her. "Mm, I'm here."

All she did was stand there in her deep crimson gown, but she stole the attention of everyone in the hall.

Kyra froze in place. She turned around and saw Jean standing in front of Neera.

The gentle and warm expression on his face was just like when he was looking at his phone earlier.

Kyra's expression sank immediately.

Neera did not notice her. She leaned close to Jean and said, "Why didn't you tell me the gala is so grand?"

She had tried to mentally prepare herself before she showed up, but she was nevertheless shocked when she saw so many reporters pointing their cameras at her.

Jean smiled and leaned closer to her ear. "Why, are you scared?" he whispered.

Neera shook her head and said, "Well I'm not, but still."

She was also used to attending big events. The spectacle in front of her was not going to cower her.

"That's good to know," Jean said and straightened his back. "Come with me to meet a few managers. After that, we can leave."

"Okay," Neera said and nodded. She had no plans of her own anyway.

Even though they were only having a normal conversation, the other people had the impression that they were very intimate.

"Who is that woman? How is she related to Mr. Beauvort? It seems like Mr. Beauvort is a totally different person as soon as she arrived."

"I wouldn't have expected someone as cold and distant as Mr. Beauvort to have a soft side. I guess he just needs to meet the right person."

"I'm so jealous! My Prince Charming has already been taken!"

"They look like a perfect match. Also, look at her gown. It looks like it's designed by Fabio Lopez."

"That must be the case! The Beauvort and Lopez families are very close. It must be such an honor to wear one of Mr. Lopez's designs. Come to look at it, aren't they wearing matching outfits?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Now that you mention it, that woman seems familiar! I thought I'd seen her somewhere..."

"I think she looks familiar too..."

While the guests were busy talking to each other, Jean did something else that was unexpected.

He suddenly took Neera's hand and said gently, "Let's go and say hello to Larry."

Neera was shocked that Jean would do that. Her face started to blush.

Can't you inform me before you take my hand? She thought, though she did not show her annoyance on her face.

After all, she promised him that she would cooperate with him.

She nodded and said, "Okay."

The couple walked hand in hand through the crowd toward the middle of the hall.

Kyra remained rooted on the spot. A dark cloud shrouded her face.

She felt only anger and shock in her heart.

Perhaps Jean wanted to humiliate her by ignoring her.

With Neera present, Kyra was sure that Jean was going on the offensive!

Kyra did not expect Jean would go this far to defy his mother's orders.

At the same time, Neera happened to notice Kyra. She could tell that Kyra was not in a good mood.

Indeed, Kyra was glaring at Neera resentfully.

Neera turned her head away and followed Jean to greet Larry.

When Larry saw Neera, he immediately understood why Jean didn't want to introduce Kyra.

Earlier, when Wrenn declared that she would marry Jean to Kyra, Larry thought he might have misunderstood the relationship between Jean and Neera.

It turned out he was right after all. Neera was the woman Jean truly loved!

He quickly went up to the couple and said, "We meet again, Ms. Garcia! I hope you're enjoying the event so far. If I knew that you were willing to grace the gala with your presence, I would've extended an invitation to you."

Neera was very close to Larry. She smiled and said, "It's not too late to give me an invitation. If you don't, I might be worried you might chase me out with a broom!"

"I wouldn't dare! Not unless I want to incur Mr. Beauvort's wrath!" Larry laughed and replied.

The people around them witnessed the interaction. Some of them began to realize who Neera was.

"Ah, I remember now! That's Ms. Neera Garcia of Startales! She was trending on the Internet for some time, and she even has her own fan club! She's more popular than us!"

"Yeah! When I first saw her photo on the Internet, I thought it was edited, but it turns out she looks better in real life!"

"How did those two get together? They're practically a match made in heaven!"

"The CEOs of two big companies are dating each other. I shouldn't have believed in those television dramas!"

"Huh, I thought the rumors said that Sasha and Mr. Beauvort are a couple..."

Sasha happened to overhear that. She said, "That's enough! How can you believe unfounded rumors? Don't you see Ms. Garcia and Mr. Beauvort holding hands? It's obvious that Mr. Beauvort loves Ms. Garcia. You'd better shut up and don't involve me in this."

Sasha was almost whispering when she said that, but Kyra heard everything.

She felt like a clown.

From being ignored by Jean, to Neera's sudden appearance in matching outfits, Kyra had been made a fool.

She had never been humiliated like this before!

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Chapter 490

Kyra clenched her fists together. She could not stop her body from shaking.

She felt both angry and aggrieved at the same time.

Why is Jean treating me like this? How am I inferior to that woman?

"Jean has gone overboard this time! Who does he think you are?" Dandy could not contain her anger. "No, I can't take this lying down."

She wanted to go up to Jean to argue with him, but Kyra held her back forcefully.

"If you throw your tantrum now, it will be all over the Internet in an hour! Do you want to humiliate yourself in front of everyone in the world?" Kyra warned menacingly.

Dandy came to her senses. She felt sorry when looking at her daughter.

"But I can't just let it slide!" she said angrily. "I'll give a call to Wrenn now. She'll be able to help you. That b*tch will be gone in no time!"

Kyra did not stop her this time. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She wished Wrenn would come to her aid. After all, Jean was not going to go against her mother's wishes in public.

At the moment, Jean was smitten by Neera. He did not know what was going on around him.

However, Storm had been keeping an eye on Kyra and Dandy. Discreetly, he followed Dandy out of the hall.

Before they came, Ian had told Storm to keep an eye on Jean's surroundings, especially when it concerned Kyra or anyone related to her.

He had a hunch that Kyra would want to call for reinforcements.

Outside of the hall, as soon as Dandy took her phone out of her purse, Storm quickly stepped up and took the phone from her hand.

Dandy was shocked. When she came to her senses, she said angrily, "Who are you? Why did you take my phone? Give it back to me!"

Storm said coldly, "It doesn't matter who I am, but my employer doesn't appreciate people who tell him what to do. Mrs. Marks, I would advise you to mind your own business."

Dandy realized that the stranger was under Jean's employment. Even so, she remained stubborn.

"His business is my business! The Beauvort and Marks families have been close friends for generations. Jean even calls me 'Auntie Dandy'! What makes you think I can't meddle in his business?" she said disdainfully.

'Auntie'? No, Sire won't even listen to his mother!

Storm had no patience for self-important idiots like Dandy. "If you insist on summoning his mother, all that would achieve is Sire hating Kyra even more. You're not going to get what you want."

Storm narrowed his gaze menacingly.

Dandy was furious when she heard that. She nearly popped a vein.

Jean was oblivious to the exchange outside. He brought Neera to meet the managers of Star Entertainment Media.

The managers could tell that Neera was the woman they should appease. They heaped flattery on her, and all that was left was to call her "Mrs. Beauvort."

Kyra glared at Neera and gritted her teeth.

She could not bear watching Neera being so smug about it, and she took a step forward.

"Jean, I couldn't find an opportunity to say hi to you earlier. Now that I'm in Star Entertainment, I hope I can rely on you."

She deliberately stood close to Jean and extended her hand for a shake.

When Jean saw her, his face visibly sank.

He ignored her hand and said coldly, "Mm. If you need anything, you can ask Larry for help. He'll be able to provide you with what you want."

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Chapter 491

Jean sounded so formal and distant, which caused Kyra's heart to ache.

She was used to such coldness from Jean anyway. She put her hand down while maintaining a smile on her face.

"Yes, Mrs. Beauvort told me the same thing. By the way, I have to thank Mrs. Beauvort for inviting me to join Star Entertainment Media. I didn't want to bother you or her, but she insisted that I join, and I didn't want to disappoint her. I'll have to find another day to pay her a visit so I can properly thank her," she said, trying to keep a jovial tone to hide her awkwardness.

Of course, she deliberately mentioned Wrenn so that everyone who heard it would know she was close to Jean's mother.

The managers had certain thoughts about that, though they did not show it on their faces.

Jean understood what she was implying as well, and that only made his tone even colder. "The Beauvort family always repays a debt of gratitude. You've helped my mother a lot, so it's only natural for her to take care of you. Now that you're in Star Entertainment, you should work hard. The company will treat you based on what you're worth."

Jean pulled the distance away from her once more.

Finally, a crack appeared in Kyra's impeccable expression.

She thought she could let everyone know that Wrenn had recognized her as part of the family, but Jean made it clear that she was nothing but an outsider.

What's more, Kyra had only joined Star Entertainment Media because of connections! Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

That was utter humiliation.

Neera watched the interaction without saying a word.

Anyone with a discerning eye could tell that Jean was not interested in Kyra at all, but Kyra remained stubborn.

More importantly, Neera was currently Jean's wife by name. What Kyra was doing only made her a mistress and an adulterer.

She found it amusing that she used to think Kyra was more principled than that.

Neera turned her head away and asked Larry, "Where's Sasha? I haven't seen her."

Larry smiled and replied, "She's here. Please wait for a moment."

He asked someone to go look for Sasha, who quickly came over.

"Ms. Garcia! I'm glad that you still remember me. I saw you being all lovey-dovey with Mr. Beauvort, so I didn't want to disturb you. I suppose it would have been very rude and ignorant of me to do so."

Sasha didn't miss the opportunity to take a jab at Kyra. The managers heard that but said nothing.

Neera stammered to explain, "I...We... We weren't being lovey-dovey. Don't tease me."

Sasha flashed a deliberate smile. "I'm not teasing you! Mr. Beauvort only has his eyes on you ever since you stepped into the hall!"

She turned her head to Jean as though asking for confirmation. "Am I right, Mr. Beauvort?"

A hint of warmth appeared on Jean's cold demeanor.

"Yes, you're right," he said with a gentle smile. "After all, Neera is brilliant tonight. I wish I could keep her for myself."

Those words were directed at Sasha, but he was gazing at Neera all the while.

The love and tenderness in his eyes were palpable.

Kyra froze on the spot. She stared incredulously at the man.

Is... Is he the Jean Beauvort I know?

Neera was equally shocked. When she came to her senses, she blushed intensely.

Does he have no shame? He sounds like a Casanova!

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Chapter 492

Feeling embarrassed, Neera gently shoved the man standing next to her. "Watch what you say!" she whispered.

Jean thought there was a coquettish charm to her voice.

Feeling very pleased, he cast his eyes on Neera's face and saw that her pink ears had turned bright red.

Jean suddenly felt that his throat was dry. He had the urge to touch her face.

Instead, he managed to control his urge, though he let out a small chuckle.

His voice was low, resonant, and so sexy. Neera shuddered and turned around to shoot a glare at him.

Why are you laughing?

Seeing how intimate the couple was to each other, Kyra was almost going mad with jealousy. Anger and resentment spread in her heart like wildfire.

Damn you, Neera Garcia!

"Hey, Mr. Beauvort, why don't you two get a room or something? We're celebrating our celebrities' achievements tonight, but you're hogging the spotlight! Everyone is going to be so jealous!" Sasha teased Jean.

The other celebrities were incredibly envious. It was very rare for them to see Jean face-to-face, let alone talk to him. Sasha, on the other hand, was teasing him like a long-time friend.

Sasha, on the other hand, had her reasons for doing so. She could tell that Jean treated Neera differently, so she had been looking for a chance to butter them up.

Not only would Jean be pleased, but she could also provoke Kyra, who was standing next to her.

I wouldn't have done this if you knew your place, but you asked for it! Sasha thought.

Kyra was trying very hard not to explode in front of everyone. She gritted her teeth so hard that her jaw almost broke.

The atmosphere was merry and festive, and she felt like she shouldn't be there.

Eventually, she came up with an excuse to leave. "I shouldn't bother you, Jean. I need to go look for my mother. She went to the bathroom earlier, and I'm not sure if she could find her way back....."

Jean only nodded and said nothing.

As she left, Kyra could still feel everyone looking at her with mocking gazes. Soon, she found Dandy outside of the hall. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mom, what did you say to Aunt Wrenn?" Kyra asked. It was then she realized a man was standing next to Dandy.

She shot a glance at the man and asked, "Who's this, Mom? Did something happen?"

Dandy gritted her teeth angrily. "Who else could it be? He's Jean's lackey, and he's stopping me from telling Wrenn what's going on!"

Kyra's face instantly went taut. She was not happy about the situation, but she knew she couldn't afford to offend Jean.

Her future in Star Entertainment Media still required her to stay in line.

Without Dandy and Kyra making trouble, the rest of the gala proceeded smoothly.

The final event on the schedule was a lucky draw, which was what everyone was waiting for.

Everyone knew that Star Entertainment Media was very generous. The prizes for the celebrities were very attractive, including lead movie roles, sponsorship deals, or album releases.

The celebrities from other agencies were so envious.

Cheers erupted intermittently. Some people had already drawn amazing prizes.

Neera thought it was very interesting. She smiled and said to Jean, "Who came out with this idea? That person must be a genius!"

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Chapter 493

Sasha overheard that and answered, "It's Mr. McDonagh's idea. He's very creative!"

Neera smiled and said, "That's great. You need creativity to thrive in this industry and retain talent. He is indeed an outstanding general manager. By the way, how has your luck been? Have you gotten any good prizes?"

Sasha puffed up her chest proudly and said, "Not bad. Last year, I managed to score a side character role in a blockbuster movie."

Even though Neera knew Star Entertainment Media was very generous, she was nonetheless surprised to hear that.

The role offered might only be a side character, but it could be Sasha's big break to the international market.

She was sure that every celebrity would dream of snagging that role, and Sasha managed to get it because of her luck.

Neera gestured a thumbs up at her. "That's amazing!"

Jean could see that Neera was excited. He leaned close to her ear and asked, "Do you want to try? Who knows you might be just as lucky."

Neera could feel Jean's warm breath on the back of her ear. The itchy sensation caused her to tuck her head into her shoulders.

She shot a glance at her. "Nah, it's okay. I'm not planning to venture into showbiz, and the prizes won't be of any use to me. I should give the opportunity to other people."

Jean grinned. "You haven't tried yet. You might be really lucky!"

Neera lifted her chin and said smugly, "Well, I'm pretty confident of my luck!"

Jean chuckled. "Go ahead and draw something then. I can give you other prizes that might interest you."

Neera's eyes widened with delight. "Like what?"

Jean thought for a moment.

Neera was pretty well-off. She did not have any material needs.

She should be most interested in...

"Do you fancy rare medicinal herbs?"

Neera's eyes sparkled when she heard that. "Really? You're not going to go back on your word, right?"

It was very hard to find genuine medicinal herbs in the market nowadays. If Jean promised to give that to her, she was sure that he wouldn't give her a counterfeit one.

"I would never go back on a promise made to you," Jean said with a gentle smile.

Neera was too excited to understand the implications of those words.

On the other hand, Sasha understood it very well. She was so jealous.

Everyone says that Mr. Beauvort has a cold personality, but he's actually such a charmer!

Larry knew what to do. "Ms. Garcia, if you're interested in joining the fun, I'll get someone to make preparations."

After that, he quickly went away.

Neera turned her head to speak to Sasha excitedly, "Shall we go together?"

Sasha discreetly glanced at Jean before agreeing to it. "How am I going to refuse an invitation from Ms. Garcia? Let's go!"

Fifteen minutes later, Larry went up to the stage with a microphone.

"It is an honor to have Ms. Neera Garcia join in the lucky draw today. Let's give her a hand!"

Everyone applauded enthusiastically as Neera walked up the stage with Sasha.

A transparent box with many identical balls was placed in the middle of the stage.

Neera studied the box for a while before saying, "You're an honest man, Mr. Mcdonagh. You don't even give me the chance to cheat!"

Larry chuckled and said, "Of course, Star Entertainment gives everyone an equal chance! It's totally up to your luck if you get something good." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He paused for a while before continuing, "But considering that it's your first time attending the gala, and Startales is a good partner of Star Entertainment Media, I should give you special treatment. You get three chances!"

Neera broke out laughing. She was not going to refuse it. "Sure! I was born lucky!"

"We'll see about that!" Larry said and ushered her to the middle of the stage.

Neera reached into the box and picked up a ball.

Larry took the ball and retrieved a piece of paper from inside. "Congratulations, Ms. Garcia. You've won yourself a product endorsement deal!"

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Chapter 494

Neera was at a loss for a reaction.

"That's... Uh... I don't think I have a need for that..."

As soon as she said that, she heard Jean say from right below the stage, "You can give it to someone else."

His tone was cold, but the words were clearly heard by those around him.

Everyone began to react agitatedly. They lifted their hands toward the stage.

"Give it to me, Ms. Garcia!"

"I want it too!"

"I'm a fan of yours, Ms. Garcia! Over here!"

For a while, Neera didn't know what to do. She thought of an idea.

"How about this? I'll close my eyes and toss the ball. The prize goes to whoever picks it up. What do you think?"

"Yay!" Everyone cheered together.

Neera closed her eyes, turned around, counted to three, and tossed the ball like a newlywed bride tossing a bouquet.

There was a brief moment of chaos until a female celebrity shouted, "I got it! Thank you, Ms. Garcia! You're the best!" "Congratulations," Neera said with a smile.

She proceeded to draw another prize, but again, it was a showbiz opportunity that was of no use to her.

After throwing the ball, she shook her head and smiled. "Well, I think I should take a break now. Go ahead, Sasha."

Sasha stepped up to the middle of the stage readily and drew the top prize.

"Looks like I'm luckier than you tonight, Ms. Garcia," Sasha said with a smile as she looked at the scrap of paper in the ball.

"I

I guess so," Neera said. She sighed when she thought she was not going to get those precious medicinal herbs.

Sasha suddenly thought of an idea.

"Ms. Garcia, why don't you ask someone to help you?"

"Huh? I can do that?" Neera said.

"Why now?" Sasha smiled craftily. "I'm sure Mr. Beauvort will give your luck a boost if he's on the stage with you. I'm also pretty confident that he's willing to help."

Neera thought that Sasha was teasing her again. She was about to refuse when Jean said first, "Sure."

He walked up the stage and went up next to Neera.

Seeing that she was confused and flabbergasted, he rapped her forehead with a knuckle and said, "Why, don't you want your prize?"

Everyone's jaw dropped. Did Mr. Beauvort just tease his lover in front of everyone? He doesn't have any reservations at all!

Neera blushed and mumbled, "Everyone's watching, you know..."

She wanted to remind him about that, but he didn't seem perturbed.

He took Neera's hand, and they grabbed a ball from the box together.

The warmth from Jean's palm made Neera's heart beat wildly.

Isn't this... a little too intimate? He looks like he's hugging me from behind!

She was at a loss for a reaction, and she let him control her hand.

The entire process only lasted for a few seconds, but it felt like a thousand times longer.

Jean let go of her hand and took the ball from her.

He smiled indulgently and said, "Looks like I'm luckier than you too." [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

By then, there was only pin-drop silence in the hall. Everyone was once again stunned by Jean's public display of affection.

They realized that Jean Beauvort was not as cold and aloof as the rumors said. When he was with the woman he loved, he was more loving and caring than any other man!

That realization was worth the trip to the event.

Neera wasn't thinking of that. In fact, she wasn't thinking of anything at all. Jean's intimate actions kept on looping in her mind. Her face turned red once more, and her heart thumped wildly.

She tried her best to remain composed. "Oh, really?"

Jean handed the scrap of paper to her. "Take a look for yourself."

Neera took the scrap and looked at it. On it was a long list of names of rare medicinal herbs.

Upon reaching the end of the list, she smiled happily and said, "You're really generous, Mr. Beauvort!"

"That's a pretty hefty prize. Looks like I'm taking a loss tonight," Jean said while smiling gently.

Neera clasped her hands around the scrap. "You won't go back on your word, right?"

Jean's gaze turned even softer and more indulgent. "Of course, I won't. Do I look like someone who would go back on their word?"

Everyone was smitten once again.

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Chapter 495

Standing far away from the stage, Kyra and Dandy were seething.

Dandy had the urge to rush up the stage and yell at Jean and Neera.

However, Kyra grabbed her arm tightly and did not let her go.

"What are you thinking?" she said resentfully. "Haven't I been humiliated enough tonight?"

Dandy was furious. "Why are you stopping me? Are you going to let them get away with this and do nothing about it? If you let me teach them a lesson, everyone will know that you should be the one in the spotlight tonight!"

Kyra gritted her teeth. "So what if everyone knows? Do you think Jean would change his mind? That will only make my life in the company difficult!"

Tears welled up in her eyes when she said that.

She glared at the two people on the stage as if her gaze would burn a hole in their bodies.

After drawing the prizes, Jean and Neera went off the stage.

It was getting late, and Neera was tired. She wanted to go home.

Jean did not object. He went to tell Larry that they would be going home.

Larry did not ask them to stay. "I'll get you a driver to send you and Ms. Garcia home," he said.

"Don't worry about us. I'll send her home," Jean said. They left the hall while everyone was still focused on the stage.

On the way home, Neera did not stop smiling.

Jean also smiled when he saw that. "Why are you so happy?"

Neera nodded and said, "I get so many rare medicinal herbs just by attending the gala. Of course, I'm happy! So when are you going to fulfill your promise?"

Jean was moved by her gaze. "When we get home. I'll give you anything you want."

Neera didn't notice the implications of his words, though she was very satisfied.

Back at the Imperial Gardens, Jean led Neera into the collection room.

The collection room was filled to the brim with priceless antiques and various works of art. Neera was thoroughly dumbfounded as she took the sights in.

Jean went to a shelf that was stacked with boxes of different sizes.

In each box were various rare medicinal herbs that Neera could ever want.

Her eyes widened in shock. "That's a lot!" [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I bought them at a high price some time ago," Jean said. "Don't worry, they're of the highest quality."

In fact, he had only bought the herbs recently. He only did so because he knew Neera liked to do research into medicinal herbs.

He was looking for an opportunity to give them to her, but he didn't expect the opportunity to come so fast.

Neera believed that Jean was telling the truth. She looked into each of the boxes and fondled every single thing inside.

"Are you sure you won't regret it? Can I really take everything?" she asked again.

Jean was amused. "As I said, I am a man of my word. You can take anything as long as you can carry it."

Neera was very tempted, but she did not lose control. After a long deliberation, she settled on three items.

"Is that really enough?" Jean asked when he saw her about to close the box.

Neera nodded. "I know I shouldn't be too greedy. I ought to be satisfied if I can get these."

After all, she knew the value of each of the herbs.

Jean knew that Neera was being reserved. He picked another five items from the box and handed them to her. "Here, take these."

He had noticed Neera's gaze lingering on those items, and he was sure she really wanted them.

Neera hesitated. She didn't want to seem too greedy.

While she stood there, Jean called Storm over.

"Help Ms. Garcia take these next door."

Storm nodded and did what he was told.

"I was about to say thank you, but I know you don't want that... So if you want anything in the future, don't hesitate to ask me," she said.

She soon realized that the man was wealthier and more powerful than her. He did not want anything, nor did he have any need for her help.

Unexpectedly, Jean replied, "You said it yourself. I'll tell you if I want anything from you."

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Neera agreed to it readily.

It was already very late, so she said good night to Jean and left the house.

By the time she got home, Storm had already placed the boxes on the coffee table.

The triplets had not gone to bed yet. They surrounded the coffee table and regarded the boxes curiously.

"Mommy, what's that?"

Neera opened each of the boxes and briefly explained the contents to her children.

The triplets were all praises. "Wow! Uncle Jean is so generous to you! You should thank him!"

They continued to ask, "How was the annual gala, Mommy? Was it fun?"

Neera kept the boxes away and nodded. "Yup, it was pretty fun."

The triplets were not satisfied with the answer. They surrounded her and asked her to tell them more.

Neera sat them down on the sofa and began to tell them what happened...

Meanwhile, in the mansion next door, Jean changed into casual clothes and prepared to go to his study to work.

Cloud returned with the latest updates. "Sire, we've found some businesses and properties jointly owned by Crimea Group and Nacrene. Here's a list of what we've found so far."

He handed the document in his hands to Jean.

Jean skimmed through the list. The businesses were all entertainment establishments such as nightclubs, karaoke bars, and so on.

He leaned back on his chair and asked, "What else did you manage to find?"

Cloud knew what he was asking about. He immediately answered, "On the surface, these businesses seem legitimate, but every one of them has an illegal side to it. We don't have concrete evidence yet, but what we have is incriminating enough."

"That's good. Hand whatever you have to the police," Jean said.

Cloud nodded and left the room. Half an hour later, many of those entertainment establishments received a visit from the police. None of them were spared, and they were immediately shut down pending investigations. A few of the managers were even arrested.

While Jean was busy at work, Dandy and Kyra returned to their home in a bad mood.

As soon as she stepped through the door, Kyra could not contain her anger anymore.

Without saying a word, she picked up the nearest object to her and smashed it to the ground.

Crash! Crash! The sounds of breaking things did not stop. She practically picked up everything that was not bolted down and smashed it on the floor.

She had never faced such humiliation in her life before, and she would never forget it as long as she lived!

Dandy felt sorry for her, but she did nothing to stop her. She knew that her daughter needed to let her anger out.

She carefully stepped around her and went upstairs to her bedroom.

Inside, she gave Wrenn a call.

Wrenn did not know what happened. She was happy to pick up Dandy's call.

"How were things, Dandy? Did it go well?"

Dandy smirked coldly, though she did not let it affect her voice. "Wrenn, I don't know what Kyra did wrong. She doesn't deserve to be treated that way!" [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Wrenn could immediately tell that things didn't go as planned. "What do you mean? Tell me what happened!"

Dandy told her the events at the gala with additional details of her own.

"Kyra is so upset that she hasn't stopped crying ever since she got home. I can't bear to see her so sad!"

Wrenn was furious. She said, "Tell Kyra not to cry. I'll come back with a satisfactory answer!"

After she hung up, she immediately dialed Jean's number.

"Jean Beauvort! Don't you think you've gone overboard tonight? Even if you don't show Kyra any respect, why won't you show your mother some respect? Not only have you humiliated the Marks family, you've also embarrassed me!"

Jean had anticipated his mother would call him.

He remained unperturbed. "I went to the annual gala, just as you wanted. Kyra Marks was also introduced publicly. It sounds like everything went well. Why would you think I disrespected you or her?"

That only made Wrenn angrier. She began to yell over the phone, "How dare you ask me that! I told you to bring Kyra to the gala, not Neera! What's the meaning of this?"

"I don't think there's anything wrong with bringing Neera. After all, she is my legally wedded wife. In fact, it would be very inappropriate of me to bring another woman."

Wrenn could feel her blood pressure rising.

Eventually, Frederic came over, snatched the phone from Wrenn's hand, and ended the call.

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Jean put his phone away. He looked as though nothing happened.

The next day, the Internet was bustling with activity since the early morning.

The top trending spots were occupied by several pieces of sensational news.

The top article was titled "Rare Sighting of Mr. Beauvort at Star Entertainment's Annual Gala!" followed by the word "SHOCKING" in all capital letters.

The reason why it was in the number one spot was because of a blurry side profile picture of Jean.

Everyone knew that Jean did not like his face exposed in public. That had been true since back then.

Even if some reporters managed to take a clear picture of him, they would not dare to publish it.

In any case, the blurry photo was already enough to appease the readers.

"He looks so handsome even when the photo is blurry. I wonder how he looks in real life?"

"Oh, he's rich, powerful, capable, and handsome! I'm in love!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"He's so handsome and manly. I want to marry him!"

Before the readers could calm down, the second piece of news sent their dreams crashing.

It read, "CEO of Beauvort Group Has a Girlfriend!"

The readers quickly clicked the link and read the article. They wanted to see who dared to lay claim to their idol's heart.

The photo was once again blurry. One could see that there was a man and a woman, but that was about it.

The readers felt cheated.

"This is clickbait! Where's the proof?"

"I don't believe my idol is already taken!"

"Do you know that it's a sin to lie?"

"Reported!"

The journalists who wrote the article felt aggrieved.

If they had published a clear photo, they would have easily received a hundred times the traffic, but they didn't want Beauvort Group to bankrupt them!

The article in the third spot was also very sensational.

"Sasha Javer and Ms. Garcia of Startales. Very Good Friends or Sisters?"

This time, the photo was not blurry. It was of Sasha and Neera standing on the stage together.

"Sasha, my idol, I want to lick your feet! Ms. Garcia is very beautiful too!"

"Wow! Who cares about Mr. Beauvort? I want them both!"

"Sasha Javer and Neera Garcia! This pairing is canon!"

"Supported!"

Half an hour later, many fans had shipped Sasha and Neera together.

While everyone was swooning over the new couple, a voice of reason appeared.

"Why did Ms. Garcia attend the annual gala?"

The question started another round of discussion and speculation.

"Startales and Star Entertainment Media are working together. It's not surprising if Ms. Garcia is there, isn't it?"

"I don't think it's just that..."

"Pay attention to the woman in Mr. Beauvort's photo. If you zoom in and look closely, isn't Ms. Garcia wearing the same gown as Mr. Beauvort's 'girlfriend'?"

"Now that you mention it, I think it's the same person! Ms. Garcia does carry the demeanor that screams 'I'm Mr. Beauvort's girlfriend!'"

"Damn, you're amazing! How did you even see that?"

No one managed to conclude, but that did not stop them from talking about it.

After those three headlines, the fourth piece of news had less than 20 percent of the traffic.

The news about Kyra joining Star Entertainment Media was at number five.

Kyra was so angry that she nearly blew her top when she saw the news in the morning. All the anger from last night surfaced again.

Back at the Imperial Gardens, after Neera woke up and went downstairs, she saw the triplets huddled around a tablet computer.

"What are you looking at? It's still so early," she asked curiously.

The triplets chirped, "Mommy, look! You and Uncle Jean are trending!"

Neera was surprised to see what the media had to say about Jean and her.

In any case, she did not care about blind speculation, and she guessed the hype would die down in a couple of days.

She did not care what the others said about her or Jean.

The triplets, however, were not very satisfied.

They wished their Daddy and Mommy would publicly announce their relationship.

"Look Mommy, many female celebrities are sharing the article on Uncle Jean. They probably think they stand a chance!"

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Neera thought it was very amusing.

Penny pouted. "Why are you smiling, Mommy? Shouldn't you be angry?"

"Well, I can't stop him from being very popular. He is very handsome, after all," Neera said. "They can fantasize however they want, but they're not going to get the opportunity."

She took the tablet away and pinched the triplets' cheeks.

"You don't have to worry about what's going on with the adults. Eat your breakfast and get ready to go to school."

"Yes, Mommy!" they said and did what they were told.

Neera smiled as she watched the triplets march toward the dining hall. She was about to turn off the tablet screen when a piece of news about Crimea Group caught her eye.

"Disaster! Many Crimea Group Businesses Shut Down by Authorities!"

Neera tapped on the link to read more about it. It didn't take her too long to guess that Jean was behind this.

Did he do all that in one night? He didn't even tell me anything about it.

Just how influential is he?

In any case, Neera had no sympathy for what happened to the Crimea Group. Sonny deserved it for trying to attack Jean.

Soon, the news was all but forgotten.

After breakfast, Neera sent the triplets to school and went to her office.

Adriana was sipping coffee while browsing some documents in the office. When she saw her niece appear, she put the cup and documents away and led Neera to the sofa.

"Yes, Aunt Adriana? What is it?" Neera was curious.

Adriana put her phone on the coffee table and lifted her chin. "Tell me, how is it going?"

Neera glanced at the phone screen. On it was the news article about Jean and his girlfriend. She said awkwardly, "Nothing's going anywhere."

"Are you sure? The wedding might be fake, but why do your interactions seem so genuine? Don't tell me... you two are really into each other?"

Adriana looked like she wanted to get to the bottom of it. Neera tried to explain, "You should know that journalists like to exaggerate. Why would you think it's true?"

She tried to shift the conversation topic. "Right, are our products in shopping malls yet?"

Seeing that Neera didn't want to talk about it, Adriana stopped asking questions. "Don't worry. Our products are on the shelves now. Our specialty stores can be found throughout the country!"

"That went so smoothly." Neera was surprised and happy at the same time.

Adriana seemed very pleased about it. "It's only so smooth because Crimea Group is preoccupied with other troubles. They wouldn't have let us off so easily."

Neera nodded in agreement. "I'm sure you had a big part to play too. You managed to negotiate so many deals in such a short period. I'm amazed!"

"Aww, you didn't have to flatter me," Adriana said, though Neera could tell she was very pleased about being praised.

She suddenly remembered something and said, "Right. Earlier this morning, Zachary came to my house and gave me a proposal."

Neera frowned when she heard that. "What proposal?"

"He said Fain Enterprises has developed a new facial cream, and they're willing to supply the product to Startales. All they ask for is 20 percent as their cost for R&D."

Neera thought about the suggestion for a moment. She chuckled, "That deal is too good to be true. Does he think we're all idiots?"

"Isn't that so?" Adriana smirked. "He sounded like he was willing to take a loss in the deal. I'm sure he wants to take advantage of the fact that we're in all major shopping malls around the country. It won't take too long for Fain Enterprises to steal our contacts and claim the businesses as their own. It would have been a good plan if it weren't so stupidly obvious."

There was nothing special about the products from Fain Enterprises. Adriana didn't think too highly of them.

"I've already tactfully declined their offer, but it doesn't look like they'll give up so easily. He might come and look for you."

Neera smirked disdainfully. She knew that Zachary was a shameless person, and he would most likely go and look for her.

She was not going to entertain him. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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In the Garcia family residence, Roxanne could not stop complaining.

"How can Aunt Adriana be so heartless? She didn't even give Zachary a chance to negotiate. How are we supposed to maintain a good relationship with the Fain family?"

The more she complained, the angrier she got. She could not forget the withering gaze Zachary gave her before he left.

"The Fain family must be angry at Aunt Adriana now. I could sense that Zachary had been cold to me before, but if this goes on, he's not going to marry me!" Roxanne said.

Susan felt sorry for her daughter. "Calm down, Roxanne. Things haven't gotten to that point yet....."

"It'll be too late if that happens!" Roxanne shrieked hoarsely.

Seeing that she could not convince her daughter, Susan turned her head to her parents.

"Dad, Mom, don't just sit there. Think of something! Adriana would rather help outsiders than help us. Alfonso is facing financial troubles, and it won't take too long before our family is bankrupt! It'll be great if we can get some help from ANXIN Group. We have to convince Adriana to help us. We're family after all!"

Marnie gritted her teeth hatefully. "That must be the work of Neera, that little b*tch! If it comes down to it, we'll grab her and force her to hand the company to us!"

Gladeon thought for a while and shook his head. "No. This won't work."

Marnie glared at him unhappily. "Why? Don't tell me you're on the side of that little b*tch too?"

Gladeon shot a side eye at her. "What are you saying? I mean, Neera doesn't believe us now. If you want to force her, you're only going to make things worse. We have to think of some other way."

Susan widened her eyes in delight. "Do you mean you've thought of another way?"

Gladeon was silent for a while before saying, "Maybe we can get Adriana to convince Neera to give a subsidiary company to the Garcia family. From there, we can plan to take over ANXIN Group."

"I don't agree!" Roxanne said almost immediately.

Susan was also on Roxanne's side.

"Even if you manage to convince Aunt Adriana, I'm not going to settle for just a subsidiary! Also... no one can tell what will happen in the future."

Susan and Roxanne were greedy. Alfonso was the same.

He said menacingly, "I think Mom has a point. We should try to force Neera to hand over the company. If it fails, we'll follow Dad's plan."

"That settles it!" Marnie said.

Gladeon did not agree to it, but he knew he could not convince them, so he let them do whatever he wanted.

In the afternoon, Neera was focused on her work.

At three o'clock, Katy came into her office. "The general manager of Fain Enterprises is here. He wants to meet you."

Neera was not too surprised. "I'm not meeting him. Tell him to f*ck off. You can quote me on this."

Katy went away and relayed Neera's instructions to the receptionist.

Zachary's face immediately sank. "Did you tell her who I am?"

The receptionist remained professional. "I've relayed your identity and status to Ms. Garcia, and she has made it very clear she doesn't want to see you."

Zachary was about to blow his top. He had the urge to barge into Neera's office.

However, he could see that the receptionist was looking at him warily, so all he could do was grit his teeth and leave.

Back in his car, he tore off his necktie and looked at the office building.

It won't be so easy to get rid of me!

In the evening, Neera finished her tasks on hand and prepared to go to the triplets' kindergarten.

Zachary intercepted her at the parking lot.

"You must be a busy woman, Neera. Can't you even spare me a few minutes?"

Zachary had been seething since earlier. He could not help but be sarcastic when he saw Neera.

Neera took two steps back to keep her distance from him. There was only disdain and impatience in her eyes.

"Did you get my message? Why haven't you f*cked off yet?" she said coldly. "I will never cooperate with Fain Enterprises. Don't even think about it!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Chapter 500

Zachary's face turned red with anger.

To achieve what he wanted, he had to swallow his pride and reason with Neera.

"Neera, you're in charge of a big company. Is this how you behave to potential business partners? Shouldn't you keep business apart from private matters? I know you dislike me, but you shouldn't bring your prejudices to a professional setting. What will your employees say if they find out about this? Our company's products are not bad. Why can't you let go of the past and listen to what I have to say? This is a great opportunity for our companies to achieve success together. You'll regret it if you refuse!"

Neera could not help but chuckle as she listened to Zachary's speech. "You think too highly of yourself, Zachary Fain. Why should I bother to hold a grudge against you? Remember, you're the one asking me for a favor, and I have the right to refuse it! I'm not going to lower myself and cooperate with a piece of trash!"

Storm clouds gathered on Zachary's demeanor. "Did you just call me a piece of trash?"

"Yes, I did. What are you going to do about it? Stop looking for me. You make me retch," Neera said with a smirk.

She stepped aside and wanted to walk around him, but in his rage, he abruptly reached out and grabbed her wrist.

"Fine, we'll talk about private matters then! You haven't given me the antidote. I'm not going to let you leave unless you do!"

Antidote? Oh, that. She had already forgotten about what she did to him.

Neera forcefully pulled her hand away. "Why, haven't you learned your lesson yet?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Zachary had never been humiliated like that before. He glared at Neera dangerously.

"Neera Garcia! There is a limit to my patience. You'd better hand me the antidote now, and I'll forget that this ever happened. Otherwise..."

Neera was not intimidated at all. She chuckled and interrupted him, "Wow, do you think you can threaten me?"

Zachary glared at Neera evilly. All he wanted was to get his manhood back. "You can think that I'm threatening you, but I'm only telling you that I'm not going to stay like this forever! There will be consequences for angering me!"

Suddenly, he thought of something. He smirked and said, "I might not be able to do anything to you, but don't forget you still have three children!"

Neera's gaze turned into ice when he said that.

"If you dare lay a finger on them, I'll take your entire family to the grave."

The three children were her weakness, but they were also her greatest strength.

She would not hesitate to throw away everything to protect them.

If Zachary wanted to be a desperado, Neera would not hesitate to do the same.

That only made Zachary even more furious. Just as he was about to act on her, two men in black suits came out of nowhere.

One of them grabbed Zachary's arm and twisted it behind his back. Zachary yelped in pain and struggled.

"Who are you? Let me go!"

The other man inspected Neera from head to toe before saying, "Are you hurt, Ms. Garcia?"

Neera was surprised by the turn of events. She soon remembered that the two people were Jean's bodyguards tasked to protect her.

She shook her head. "I'm fine. You can let him go."

"

The two men hesitated but did what they were told.

Sullenly, Zachary stretched his arm. He wanted to give them some choice curse words but eventually decided against it.

Neera chuckled mockingly at his cowardly demeanor.

"If you don't want to break a limb, you'd better not appear in front of me. I can't guarantee that they'll go easy on you next time!"

She went into the car and drove away.

The two bodyguards shot a glance at Zachary before leaving.

Zachary remained rooted to the ground. His eyes were bloodshot.

Neera! I swear you'll pay the price for your arrogance one day! You'll fall to your knees and beg me for mercy!

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