

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 551-600

Based on this explanation, Neera deduced that Marnie had come to confront her.

Security officers stopped her outside the villa area because Imperial Gardens had always had strict security measures.

Marnie, out of options, asked Adriana to notify the security guards and allow them to enter.

The conflict raged inside the room.

"Alfonso has plotted against Neera several times. It's about time he started learning! He's done so many wrong things that he should reflect on his own wrongdoing at the police station! And you should all calm down and think about what you've done to Neera recently!

"This is hilarious. You accused Neera of being unfilial. What has she done wrong? Alfonso has always been the one who disregards the father-daughter relationship! Why didn't you say anything when he cornered Neera and forced her to leave her fingerprint on the document? Isn't Neera a Garcia as well?

"You should not go too far! Remember, karma has its way. Don't you worry that too many wrong actions might come back to haunt you?"

Adriana hung up the phone, still fuming with rage.

Neera was moved to tears outside the door. Aunt Adriana has always been so kind to me, she thought quietly.

When Adriana emerged from the room, she was astounded to see the four people at the door. She asked, "Did you all hear that?"

Neera gave a light nod.

"Alfonso and Roxanne will be detained for seven days. Adriana pursed her lips. Your grandmother came here to make a scene, pleading with you to drop the charges. Don't worry, I didn't let them in. You don't have to worry about them."

"Aunt Adriana, thank you for standing up for me," Neera said, visibly moved.

"Silly girl, what are you saying?" Adriana pinched her cheek. "We're a family. Of course, I will stand by your side."

The triplets rushed over, attempting to console everyone cutely.

"Don't be upset, Grandaunt. It's not worth getting angry over bad people."

"Yes, getting angry will cause wrinkles. You should stay beautiful forever!"

Adriana laughed, and her mood improved noticeably.

"All right, I'll listen to you. Let's eat breakfast downstairs!"

After breakfast, Neera went to work and dropped the triplets off at school.

"You shouldn't drive," Adriana advised. "Given my understanding of my mother, she's probably still waiting outside the neighborhood to stop your car."

Neera frowned worriedly and considered an alternative.

Adriana advised, "Let Jean take you."

The triplets' eyes glowed with excitement before Neera could respond.

"This is great, mommy! We'll tell Uncle Jean about it. Come out quickly!"

Neera was conflicted when she saw their enthusiasm.

Jean next door was not pleased with the news he received from the police station. He asked, "Only detained them for seven days? That is far too lenient!"

Ian agreed, saying, "Indeed! The police are lenient because he did not cause significant harm to Ms. Garcia, and they are blood relatives."

Jean remained dissatisfied with this. He commanded, "Notify them to detain him for at least half a month."

Ian said, "Understood."

The triplets ran into the room while the two were talking and relayed the information.

Jean quickly agreed to take Neera and the kids.

When they left Imperial Gardens, they saw Marnie and Gladeon.

Jean appeared dissatisfied. "The villa's entrance isn't a place for anyone to linger, let alone make a scene," he told Ian. "Tell the manager that if they don't want to deal with this, Imperial Gardens will gladly switch to a different property management company."

Because the Beauvort Group owned Imperial Gardens, he had the authority to change the property management company.

"Alright, Sir," Ian said, "I'll convey the message as soon as possible." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The look in Neera's eyes flickered.

She realized he was doing it for her and the children's sake.

It would be troubling if those two continued to show up here and cause a commotion. Dealing with them through property management was the best solution.

Other than that, she felt deeply touched.

Except for Aunt Adriana, no one has ever protected me in the past. This man has recently been repeatedly standing up for me. I may not need it, but it feels good. Their protection gave me the impression that there was nothing to be concerned about.

Twenty minutes later, after dropping the triplets off at school, Jean sent Neera to her office.

He stopped her as she exited the car. He said, "I'll pick you up tonight."

Neera was about to argue that she could take a taxi, but Jean seemed to anticipate her response and left without giving her a chance to speak.

Neera couldn't help but smile as she watched his car merge into the traffic.

She then entered the office in a cheerful mood.

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Chapter 552

In the morning, after the regular meeting, Neera summoned Katy.

"Is there any progress on the acquisition of Garcia Group's electronic R&D patent?"

"This morning I had someone call Garcia Group to schedule a face-to-face meeting," Katy said, shaking her head, "but they haven't responded yet."

Neera furrowed her brows. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She reasoned that maybe they're in disarray because Alfonso isn't there, but we need to settle this as soon as possible.

"Get in touch with their current person in charge. We must obtain this patent as soon as possible."

She didn't plan on going all the way, but after last night's incident, she won't back down.

"When you meet them, don't be merciful to them. Garcia Group does not have the capital to be arrogant or negotiate terms with us. Push them harder to lower the price!"

The news of Alfonso's arrest could spread at any time. This will undoubtedly have an impact on the situation at Garcia Group. She must act decisively, and she will not be gentle with them.

Marnie and Gladeon waited for a long time outside the Imperial Gardens. The two were not permitted to enter, and they didn't catch a glimpse of Neera.

Their patience wore thin, and they became increasingly agitated as they waited. They were both frustrated.

They returned home enraged, hungry, and thirsty.

Marnie randomly had something to eat and complained to Susan, "Neera is ungrateful! She even barred us from entering! And Adriana-I've raised her for nothing. She turned her back on her family! I can't help Alfonso and Roze if I can't see them. They are still in detention, and those two can't endure such treatment! Think of something, Susan!"

Susan's ears were hurting, and she had a pounding headache as a result of her complaint.

She had hoped that sending those two to deal with the situation would make things better. However, they proved to be ineffective.

Hiding her impatience, she paced back and forth in the living room, like a cat on a hot tin roof.

She devised a solution after some thought.

"The Fain family is our only hope. Roze is marrying their son soon. How could they stand by while she's in trouble?"

Marnie immediately agreed, "Right! You make an excellent point! Hurry, you need to call them."

Susan creased her brow and called Zachary.

Zachary was impatient after hearing everything, but he still showed her respect. He promised, "Sure. I'll look into it."

He returned the call an hour later.

"It won't work. The Beauvort Group had intervened, forbidding anyone from bailing them out. Nothing we can do will change that fact; they must obey the law. Furthermore, the detention period had been increased from seven days to half a month."

Her heart sank as she received this result after a long wait.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Half a month? The Beauvort Group is such a bully!"

"Anyway, this is the situation. We can only wait."

Zachary casually responded and moved on.

He informed his parents about this when he returned home.

"From what I can tell, Adriana doesn't care about the Garcia Group," Qaylah concluded. "She is determined to leave Neera all of her assets."

Harley snorted scornfully as he looked down on the Garcias.

"Alfonso is useless! He hasn't gotten a single asset from Adriana despite spending so much time and effort. Given the circumstances, Neera is unlikely to spare them or return any assets."

Being a seasoned businessman, he knew how to read the room.

"The Garcias are most likely finished. Zach, do everything you can to put off the engagement with Roxanne."

Zachary scoffed. "Can't we just call it off?"

He had lost interest in Roxanne and had grown increasingly annoyed by her.

Harley shook his head, reasoning, "It's too early to make that decision. Adriana is still a Garcia. If the family finds a way out, we'll be at a loss. Let's wait and see. However..."

He switched his tone, saying, "We should start looking for someone else, someone of equal status, just in case."

"1

Zachary agreed with a nod.

He was with Roxanne for the thrill, after all. He should find someone prettier and more capable now that he had grown tired of her.

For some reason, an image of Neera flashed through his mind as he thought about this.

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Chapter 553

Neera put Garcia's matters aside and became completely absorbed in her work.

Time passed while she was preoccupied with her work.

It was getting close to noon when Isabelle walked into her office, carrying several coupons for a hot spring resort.

"Let's all go to the hot springs this weekend. The weather is turning cooler. It's a good time to relax. You've been back in the country for a while and working nonstop," she urged as she rubbed Neera's face.

"You need to take a break. We can bring Aunt Adriana and the kids too!"

Chuckling, Neera accepted the coupons and agreed, "I'll do as you say; is that okay?"

Isabella grinned triumphantly. "That's more like it!"

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As promised, Jean picked up Neera from work in the evening.

They both get in the car to pick up the triplets from school.

"Isn't Auntie Zuniga at home? Jean asked casually on the way. "Why do you have to pick up the kids all the time?"

Neera smiled, her eyes twinkling.

"Children's growth should not be without their parents," she explained. "I want to be there for them, even if it's as simple as picking them up from school."

Jean cast a sideways glance at her. When he looked at her, he had a soft look in his eyes. He explained, "You're doing a great job as a mother."

Neera blinked and replied, "Thank you for the compliment."

Jean answered with a smile, "You're welcome."

They arrived at the school gate as they were talking.

When the teacher saw the two, she couldn't help but praise them, saying, "The two of you are such a loving couple. an exemplary parent that picks up their children together."

Neera was a little embarrassed.

What made the teacher think we are a loving couple? S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean maintained his stoicism and acknowledged it with a nonchalant grunt. But if one looked closely, one could see a hint of amusement in his deep eyes.

The triplets hurried over, their excitement evident upon seeing Jean greet them.

"Mommy and Daddy! You both are here!"

The term "Daddy" came naturally to the three little ones.

Even though Jean had heard it before, it gave him a warm feeling in his heart. His mood had improved, and he appeared more talkative and affectionate than before.

"Uh-huh, I'm here to take you home," he said. "Let us say our goodbyes to the teacher."

The triplets followed his instructions and quickly got into the car.

Over dinner, Neera discussed the vacation plans with Aunt Adriana and the triplets.

"I don't think I can join this weekend," Adriana said regretfully. "I have to go to Slord."

Neera, taken aback, inquired, "Why are you visiting Slord? Do we have any issues with the project there?"

"It's not work-related," Adriana explained, sporting a strange expression. She said quietly, "I'm going with a friend."

Neera inquired, remembering the man she had seen the day before, "Aunt Adriana, are you going with him?"

It was obvious who she was referring to.

Adriana, knowing she couldn't hide it from her, openly admitted, "Yes, it's him. We decided to travel together yesterday to meet an old friend there."

Neera grew more curious. She asked, "Have you two gotten back together?"

Adriana chuckled. Her eyes sparkled.

"Not yet," she clarified. "We're just friends. More accurately, he's still pursuing me."

"When are you going to accept him? Neera's gossip instincts had kicked in.

Adriana paused for a moment before responding, "I'm not sure, but if there's any good news, I'll tell you right away."

"Alright," Neera said contentedly, "what a waste of those coupons."

Now it was Adriana's turn to tease her, "Why would you feel sorry? Isn't there someone handy? Just invite him along."

"Someone handy-who's that?"

Neera put on a show of innocence.

"Don't play dumb with me," Adriana jokes, adding, "You know who I'm talking about. The one next door!"

The triplets raised their heads in unison as Neera was about to let the coupon go to waste.

They eagerly accepted the coupon and volunteered.

"Leave it to us! We'll give Uncle Jean the ticket and invite him!"

The children rushed out of the dining room without waiting for Neera's response.

Neera was caught off guard, feeling a mixture of amusement and helplessness.

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Next door, Jean had finished dinner and was going through some documents in the living room.

"Uncle Jean!" the triplets yelled as they ran in.

They were rushing toward Jean as he looked up. Their cheeks flushed, and their eyes twinkled.

"Uncle Jean, Mommy invites you to the hot springs this weekend! Are you free?"

When Jean heard about the invitation, he raised an eyebrow.

It was rare for Neera to take the initiative.

When he saw the triplets' excited and hopeful faces, he accepted the coupon and agreed, "I'm free; I can go."

The triplets were overjoyed and on the verge of exclaiming in delight.

Satisfied, they gathered in the gazebo in their yard, plotting something.

"We should sit out of this. Let Daddy and Mommy spend the night at the hotel by themselves!"

"I'm thinking the same thing! We should enlist Godmother's help so she can give them some alone time!"

"That might bring them closer."

They quickly reached an agreement, feeling immensely proud of their flawless plan.

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Chapter 554

Neera was kept in the dark about what these three little kids were up to.

By the end of the day on Friday, she had an urgent task to finish. It kept her from leaving on time.

Isabella called her at the time and asked, "Have you finished your work?"

Neera glanced at the pending files beside her and replied, "Not yet."

Isabella spoke calmly over the phone, assuring her, "It's fine. I was just thinking that since I'm close to the school, I could pick them up on my way and save you the trouble."

"That's very kind of you," Neera agreed, chuckling. "Thanks."

"It's no big deal. I'm just heading out," Isabella replied, then offered, and I'll bring them to the hotel first. Join us there with Jean when you can. We'll wait for you."

Neera thought it was a good idea and agreed. She then called Jean to update him.

Without overthinking it, Jean collected her from Startales after his shift.

Neera rushed out of her office thirty minutes later. She kept apologizing, saying, "Sorry for keeping you waiting. I was held up with work."

Her cheeks were slightly flushed, and her eyes sparkled as she rushed over. Her apologetics were evident in her eyes.

"It's all right," Jean said, raising an eyebrow. "I was held back too. I just got here."

"That's good," Neera said, sighing in relief.

The car swiftly joined the traffic.

Neera's gaze was drawn to Jean throughout the journey.

Outside, the dim streetlights and dazzling neon lights reflected on the man's flawless face, softening his features and making him even more appealing to her eyes.

"Do I have any gold on my face? The man behind the wheel made an unexpected remark.

Neera, taken aback, responded awkwardly, "No, it's just...seeing you drive the car instead of Ian is new for me."

"There's nothing new about it," Jean chuckled. "I couldn't drive before because of my health, but now I can."

Neera nodded in response.

Two hours later, they finally arrived at the hot spring hotel.

The check-in process was quickened because Isabella had already called to make a reservation.

"Here's your room card, Ms. Garcia," the receptionist said.

Neera took the card and inquired, "Which room is Miss Isabella in?"

"Ms. Lopez hasn't checked in yet," the receptionist responded puzzledly.

"How come she hasn't arrived?"

"No."

Neera called Isabella, perplexed by the receptionist's blank expression.

Isabella quickly responded, apologizing, "Sorry. My car broke down on the way!"

"Are you alright? What happened?" Neera exclaimed in surprise.

"I have no idea, but I have requested a tow truck. We'll have to fix it." SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Should I come and pick you up?" Neera wondered, concerned.

Isabella, on the other hand, refused, saying, "Nah! Don't bother coming back now that you've already arrived. I've got this. We'll be late."

Neera agreed helplessly, "Alright, drive carefully."

"Yep, I got it! Isabella quickly hung up the phone.

Neera put her phone away and informed Jean about the situation before they went to their respective rooms.

After briefly refreshing herself, Neera started to admire the hotel's ambiance. She was more at ease.

Jean knocked on her door a few moments later. He proposed, "Let's have dinner."

Neera agreed, considering Isabella and the kids might arrive late.

They walked into the restaurant and gave their room number. They were about to choose a table by the window.

However, a waiter stepped in, saying, "Sir and ma'am, this way, please."

They exchanged puzzled looks before following the waiter, only to be directed to a private room.

The table arrangement was set up for a couple.

"Mr. Beauvort and Ms. Garcia, Miss Lopez had arranged this especially for you," the waiter explained.

Neera was stupefied.

Why did Bell opt for dinner for the couple? This is odd.

She screamed inwardly but maintained a calm demeanor outside.

"Perhaps Bell thought the meal in the couple's package was delicious," she joked. "You don't mind, do you?"

Jean's eyes twitched with this query. He casually sipped some water and countered, "Why would I?"

That remark took her by surprise. She picked up on an underlying message.

She felt her heart skip a beat as she looked into his deep eyes.

"Then...let's eat," she mumbled, quickly averting her gaze.

Jean smirked and compiled. He picked up the cutlery and began to dine elegantly.

Neera was a little awkward at first, but the food in the couple's package was delicious. She had a good appetite and was completely absorbed in her meal.

Her entire focus was on the food. She had forgotten everything that had happened previously.

After dinner, a waiter enthusiastically informed them, "There's a beach close by. Many guests love taking evening walks there. And tonight, there's going to be a fireworks display!"

"Oh, I see..."

Neera thought it would be a good idea to go for a short walk after dinner. She cast a quick glance at Jean.

"Let's go," Jean suggested before she could say anything else. "We should look into it."

Neera was slightly dumbfounded, then agreed with a smile, "Sure."

When the two reached the beach, she noticed that it was filled exclusively with couples, all holding hands.

She couldn't help but turn her gaze toward Jean.

He was also looking her way at the time.

Their gazes locked. Inexplicably, she felt his gaze burn. She averted her gaze quickly, as if nothing had happened. Her ears, however, remained warm, revealing her embarrassment.

Those fireworks eventually lit up the sky. It erupted brilliantly and captivated everyone's attention.

Neera and Jean came to a halt, looking up to take in the spectacle.

The vibes were muffled despite the lively atmosphere.

A man with a camera approached them and asked cheerfully, "Would you two like to take a photo?"

Neera immediately assumed he was one of those photographers out to take advantage of tourists and declined.

"Miss, please don't misunderstand," that man clarified. "I think you and this gentleman here are the most attractive couple I've seen tonight. All I want to do is capture this lovely moment for you."

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This bothered Neera.

Why are there so many misunderstandings this evening?

She was ready to decline, but Jean replied calmly, "Let's do it. How much do you charge for a photo?"

The photographer's eyes lit up, and he exclaimed, "Oh! It's quite affordable! 500 dollars for a photo!"

Neera was dumbstruck.

500 dollars for just one picture?! This is a rip-off! Photo-taking services at scenic locations typically cost between fifty and one hundred dollars at most. Even tourist spots don't charge this much.

As she was about to object, Jean stepped in and said, "Hmm, that sounds reasonable. Let's proceed."

Neera was in disbelief.

Reasonable?

She glanced at Jean, thinking she was staring at an unlucky fool.

The photographer was surprised to meet a generous customer. He widened his eyes in disbelief, as if he were staring at someone to take advantage of.

"Well, are we doing this or what?" Jean asked with a hint of impatience.

The photographer quickly came to his senses.

"Of course!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together. "If the picture doesn't turn out well, it's on the house!"

Neera raised an eyebrow and reminded him, "Remember your promise."

He nodded repeatedly, barely able to contain his grin. He looked around and pointed to the right.

"Come with me; stand over here. We'll get the background of the fireworks over the ocean. It's the perfect setting!"

Both followed his lead, walking shoulder to shoulder, and then positioned themselves for the shot.

As the photographer aimed his lens at them, he paused, taking in the image on his screen with an odd look.

Tilting his head, he commented, "Hey, guys. Your posture is too stiff! You need to loosen up."

Neera didn't understand the fuss. She questioned, "What's the issue? Can't we just stand like this?"

The photographer raised an eyebrow at her query. He responded, "It's not about that, but aren't you two a couple? You should be closer. The distance between you two seems more suitable for acquaintances. You appear to be two political leaders posing for an official photograph. The only thing missing is an official caption!"

Both Jean and Neera were speechless.

Neera blushed. She retorted, "Is there some rule that dictates couples must be close and affectionate in pictures?"

The photographer shot her an odd look and pointed to their surroundings.

"Do we really need a rule? Take a look around. Is there another couple standing as far away as you two?"

Neera took a look around and noticed that every other couple was either embracing or holding hands. None stood out like them.

She choked on her words. Her cheeks turned redder. Embarrassed, she whispered to Jean, "Maybe we should forget this?"

Jean lowered his gaze to meet hers. He noticed her embarrassment. A glint of amusement flashed through his eyes.

Then he wrapped his arm around her shoulders, drawing her close to him.

Neera was startled. She met his playful gaze when she looked up.

"She's shy," Jean said slowly to the photographer. "Can we take it this way?"

Lub dub, lub dub, lub dub.

Her heart was pounding loudly and rapidly, as if it were about to leap out of her chest.

The photographer was satisfied. He said, "Yeah, that's more like it! Come on, look at the camera. You need to smile!" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Coincidentally, fireworks began to erupt behind them.

The photographer pressed the shutter and captured the moment. He continued to photograph them for the next thirty minutes without pausing.

When he finally stopped, he approached them excitedly.

"Oh my! You both look great on camera! These photos are perfect when combined with the scenery and my skills! See for yourself."

Neera and Jean leaned forward to examine the photographs. Indeed, these pictures were impressive.

Two images particularly stood out.

In one, Jean's eyes were fixed on Neera, emanating warmth and fondness. His gaze was burning, and it was sufficient to melt Neera.

The second picture depicted them side by side, with a backdrop of fireworks lighting up the night sky. Their gentle smiles towards the camera made the scene truly enchanting.

The more Neera examined the photographs, the more she appreciated them, silently acknowledging the photographer's skill.

Noticing Neera's appreciation, the photographer's confidence swelled. Puffing up his chest, he teased, "What do you think? I've got a knack for this, don't I?"

While Jean remained silent, the slight arch in his mouth said it all.

"We'll take all of them," Jean announced authoritatively.

The photographer was over the moon; dollar signs practically flashed in his eyes, and he quickly quoted a price.

Jean, being a big spender, completed the transaction using his phone.

The photographer showered Jean with compliments after he received the funds.

"Sir, you're undoubtedly the most generous client I've encountered! Clearly a successful man with charisma and grace And to top it off, you have such a stunning girlfriend. truly a man with a fulfilling life. You truly lead a life many would envy."

Jean was used to such flattery and usually ignored it, but for some reason, today's words struck a chord, and he felt particularly pleasant.

He glanced at his "girlfriend", his heart warmed, and his eyes filled with amusement.

Neera's body felt numb. Her cheeks felt hot, so she quickly changed the subject to, "When and how can we expect the photos?"

"Just give me an address," said the photographer quickly. "And I'll ensure they're delivered once printed."

Neera and Jean decided to leave after giving the hotel address because it was getting late.

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After they arrived at the hotel, Neera assumed Isabella and the kids would have arrived by now.

She discovered they hadn't arrived after inquiring at the front desk.

With concern growing, she dialed Isabella.

To her astonishment, Isabella sounded apologetic, saying, "Oh, don't wait for us. We won't be able to make it tonight."

"Why?" Neera was perplexed. "Isn't your car sent for repairs?"

Isabella explained, "Yes, but it wasn't just a simple fix. The car had been overdue for maintenance, and there are multiple issues to sort out. It's going to take a while. Given the hour, it's impractical for us to head over now. So, we won't be coming."

With a tone tinged with remorse, she added, "I truly apologize, Neera. I asked you out to have fun, but these unexpected hiccups occurred." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

There's nothing one can do about sudden car troubles.

Helplessly, Neera sighed, "It's okay; we'll plan another outing next time. So, tonight..."

Knowing what she wanted to say, Isabella interrupted, "Don't worry, the kids are with me. I'll take care of them. You don't have to be worried about anything. Just relax and have fun. It would be a waste if you didn't use most of your coupon!"

Neera responded with a grunt. They exchanged a few more words before hanging up.

She turned around to find Jean patiently sitting on a sofa in the lounge area.

Their supposed group of six had shrunk to just the two of them. Neera couldn't think of anything to say.

Jean raised her head at that precise moment.

They locked eyes.

"Bell's car can't be fixed quickly," Neera relayed, "so they won't be coming."

Jean's face was expressionless when he heard this, but he had a feeling there was more to the story. Everything seemed too random.

At the same time, at a hotel located half a beach away.

Isabella was having fun with the triplets in the hot spring.

Her phone was placed by her side. She turned to the triplets and gestured with her chin, "How was my acting? Pretty good, right?"

The triplets, dressed in towels rolled into buns on both sides of their heads, splashed water and flattered her.

"You're so convincing, Godmother! I would have believed it if I hadn't been here!"

"I know you can do it! This is an incredible arrangement! You're fantastic!"

Isabella smirked, pleased with their compliments. "Of course! Why else would I be your godmother?"

Leisurely, she took a sip of her red wine before asking, "Why do you all insist on doing this? Are you attempting to pair Jean with your mother?"

The triplets nodded in unison.

"Don't you think they're a perfect match?"

Isabella frowned, recalling something from She said, "But I remember Jean's parents disapproving of this."

The triplets seemed perplexed.

"Disapproved? Why? Are you sure you didn't get it wrong?"

"I'm not," Isabella replied. "They've recently been pressuring your mother to leave Jean."

"What?!"

The triplets were taken aback because they had no idea. They jumped out of the hot spring and eagerly moved closer to Isabelle.

"When exactly did this happen?"

"Recently."

This revelation surprised the triplets. The trio fell silent, and their smiles faded.

Isabella regretted spilling the beans after seeing their reactions.

"Babies, you may like Jean, but his family is difficult to deal with. Though they require your mother to treat Jean, they will undoubtedly make things difficult for her afterward. Your mother adores you all and would never want you to suffer. You wouldn't want to see her in pain, would you?"

The triplets remained deafeningly silent.

After a long pause, Harvey tightened his grip and stated solemnly, "But we still want Mommy and Uncle Jean to be together. We have a secret to tell you."

"What secret?" Isabella inquired, intrigued.

Harvey revealed, after exchanging glances with his siblings, "Uncle Jean is our biological father!"

Isabella was stunned at first, as if she didn't understand what was going on.

Those words finally registered a few moments later. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

"How is that possible? Are you sure you didn't get it wrong?"

"No way!" Harvey immediately denied it, saying, "Before we returned, I conducted a secret investigation. He's our Daddy!"

Penny also testified, "Yes, Uncle Jean was the one who spent the night with Mommy in the hotel years ago!"

Harvey lost his cool and said, "This is the reason for us to try hard to match them up. Our family would be complete if Mommy and Daddy could be together."

Isabella was thunderstruck and had difficulty processing what had happened.

After taking some time to process the information, she asked, "Does your mommy know about this?"

The triplets looked dejected and shook their heads.

"No."

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Chapter 557

Isabella sensed something was wrong after hearing this explanation.

"Darlings, I understand your longing for fatherly love and your desire for a family reunion. However, this is not a minor issue. You should have sought your mother's advice before making such decisions. It is not appropriate to act

on your own.

"Additionally, she has always been upset about the past, particularly with the man who fathered you all. Even if that person is Jean, whom you adore, it does not follow that she would feel the same way."

She spoke tactfully, carefully selecting her words so as not to upset the children.

God knows how Neera would react if she discovered the truth about Jean.

"Besides, you can't just make assumptions based on a few clues and conclude that Jean is your father. Did you take the paternity test?"

That was a million-dollar question.

It surprised the triplets. Their expression turned blank and fell silent.

Isabella dawned on the whole situation. She asked, "You haven't done it yet, right? Then he might not be your biological father."

Penny becomes agitated when she hears those words. The little girl shouted out loudly, "Uncle Jean is so kind; it must be him!"

Isabella sighed, overcome with sympathy and annoyed by this.

"Only scientific proof can confirm this. I understand your feelings, but we must proceed with caution."

The children felt as if their enthusiasm had been met with a bucket of cold water. Their expressions were those of disappointment and tension.

They had already accepted Jean as their father, deep down.

When Daddy and Mommy are together, our family will be complete. Apart from that, we don't want anything else!

Isabella reflected on this. She couldn't bear seeing them upset in the end.

"This is what we can do. I can keep it a secret for you, but we need to do the paternity test first. Find a way to get a strand of Jean's hair once we return. I'll assist you with the test."

This suggestion lit up the triplets' eyes.

"Really? We know you are the best!"

"If Uncle Jean is our Daddy, could you help us bring Daddy and Mommy together?"

"According to our findings, Daddy did not intend to harm Mommy at the time. There must have been a misunderstanding. If they fall in love, this problem will be solved!"

Isabella was conflicted.

She was well aware of how difficult Neera and Jean's relationship would be. At this time, Beauvorts had tried everything they could to oppose them, and they could have come up with worse tricks.

But seeing the children yearning for fatherly love, she couldn't say no.

"Alright, but be prepared," she sighed helplessly. "It would be tough."

She eventually agreed, but she also warned them.

The triplets were unconcerned. They were beaming as they held her hand.

"Thank you so much, Godmother! Don't worry, we'll be by mommy's side no matter how difficult the road ahead!"

Most importantly, we believed Daddy would be there for Mommy.

The kids felt secure, especially after Isabella offered her assistance.

They'd find an opportunity to cut Jean's hair once they got home.

Neera and Jean had nothing to do at the hotel. They played chess and talked about work-related topics to pass the time.

After a while, Neera went to enjoy the hot springs.

There were wooden screens with intricately carved patterns all around the outdoor spring. The night sky was above.

Neera submerged herself up to her collarbone in the spring. She relaxed as she felt the warmth envelope her.

She leaned against the pool's edge, lost in thought, and gazed at the stars. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Today's events, I believe, are not by chance. Maybe Isabella and the kids are avoiding me on purpose to set me up with Jean?

When she remembered the trio's affection for Jean, she knew it was very possible.

I wonder if there is a possibility between me and Jean.

Lost in her thoughts, she soaked in the hot spring for a long time.

Long enough for Jean to realize there was something wrong. When he knocked on the door, she snapped out of her trance.

"Neera, are you still inside?"

Jean's familiar voice came through.

Neera regained her composure and said, "I'm here."

She was dizzy from the heat and tried to get out of the water by supporting her body with her hands.

She felt her head spinning halfway through and fell back into the pool.

The splashing sounds surprised Jean.

From the outside, he twisted his brows and inquired, "What happened?"

Neera's face was wet, with water drops hanging on her face.

She explained embarrassingly, "I...I think I soaked too long. My limbs are feeling weak."

Jean twisted his brows even more tightly. "I'm coming in," he said. "You can't stay in there for much longer."

His words jolted Neera out of her stupor. Before she could say anything, the door swung open, and Jean walked in.

Jean then strode toward her.

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Chapter 558

Neera was taken aback, quickly diving into the water to hide her body.

She had wrapped a white bath towel around her body, which only modestly shielded her from her collarbone to her thighs, leaving much of her skin visible.

When Jean walked in, he was met with this unexpected sight.

The pool was shrouded in mist, revealing a hazy silhouette.

Hidden within the pool, the woman's flushed face stood out, her eyes watery and vulnerable like a deer caught in headlights.

When he saw such a seductive scene, Jean's gaze grew intense.

"Why...how did you get in?"

Her voice, filled with a mix of mild reproach and nervousness, plucked at Jean's heartstrings.

Jean's throat tightened with the unexpected sensation. In a low voice, he warned, "Staying in the hot spring too long can be dangerous; you could pass out."

With that being said, he took several steps closer to the pool.

He extended a hand, asking, "Can you get up?"

Neera nodded in agreement but hesitated to take his hand.

She struggled with her words. With rosy cheeks, she stammered, "Could you...maybe get that towel for me?" [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Jean was stunned. His gaze swept over her shoulder before following her gaze to the towel. He then went to retrieve it without saying a word.

Upon his return, Neera stretched her hand out to take the towel.

Jean draped it over her. He grasped her extended hand and gently pulled her closer to him.

The prolonged soak had weakened Neera, leaving her with little strength.

Noticing her frailty, Jean quickly grabbed her waist and scooped her up into his arms.

Neera emitted a soft, unexpected yelp as she felt herself being lifted. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around Jean's neck for support.

Jean's back stiffened as their bodies pressed together.

His gaze turned more intense. As he looked down, he noticed Neera hiding her head in his arms out of shyness. Her ears were flaming red.

After observing this timid reaction, a light chuckle escaped him, his chest resonating with the sound.

Feeling both embarrassed and aggrieved, Neera decided to play dumb.

She raised her head and inquired, "What are you laughing at?"

Jean raised an eyebrow and said, "It's nothing. I just thought back to the first time I met you. We were at the hotel by the hot springs at that time. You were quite aggressive, completely different than it is now."

His words brought back some memories.

Neera's mind kept going back to the scene uncontrollably. She was so shy that her entire body turned as red as a tomato.

To alleviate the awkwardness, she retorted, "You have the nerve to mention that. Wasn't it you who wrongly assumed I had some hidden agenda when approaching you?"

She teased, "Mr. Beauvort was so full of himself back then!"

Jean replied brazenly, and he was not in the least bit ashamed of himself.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I do believe I have what it takes. In addition, it was natural for me to assume you had some ulterior motives based on our odd first encounter and previous experiences."

"Oh?"

Neera quickly realized what he was getting at. So, are you saying that people used to trespass when you were having a bath?"

Caught off guard by her wit, Jean replied after a brief pause, "Not really, only you. The rest...they remained outside the room."

For some reason, hearing this made Neera inexplicably happy.

As they bantered, Jean carried Neera back to the room.

He draped a blanket over her after he set her down on the bed.

"Get some rest. You'll feel better later."

Neera nodded obediently and followed his instructions.

Jean stayed by her side and monitored her.

After some time, her dizziness subsided, she recovered her strength, and she felt much better.

"I'm fine now."

Jean nodded and urged, "Good. Change into something else so you don't catch a cold."

Neera obediently accepted his suggestions.

It was already late when she dried her hair and got dressed.

"Rest well. Goodnight," Jean said in relief, walking away.

She felt safe as she watched him walk away. She mumbled, "Goodnight, sweet dreams."

Jean closed the door with a grin on his face.

Neera slept peacefully that night.

The next morning, she received a call from Isabella after she woke up.

"Neera, I'm so sorry. Something came up at the hospital, and I can't make it today. I have taken the kids home. Auntie Zuniga is looking after them. There is nothing to worry about."

Neera's eyes twitched. She confronted her, saying, "Bell, did you do this on purpose?"

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Chapter 559

Isabella had anticipated Neera's doubts but chose to feign ignorance. Her ability to play dumb was not for nothing.

"On purpose? What are you hinting at?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera leaned against the headboard of the bed and positioned herself with one arm around her body.

She questioned, "Are you truly not understanding or just playing innocent?"

With genuine concern in her voice, Isabella responded, "What with the riddles today? I'm not lying when I say I'm not going to make it. There's a major surgery at the hospital. You should know about this as a doctor. Patients won't wait for you to return from vacation before becoming ill."

"Sigh! What a shame to waste such a great opportunity. I wanted to take a few days off because I've been so busy recently talking to you."

Neera said with a chuckle, "Please refrain from matching me with somebody. You're not a matchmaker."

"All right, I understand. Bye for now; I have to go now."

After finishing his morning routine, Jean went to Neera's door and knocked on her door. He asked, "Where are the kids? What time will they show up?"

Neera apologized, "Bell couldn't make it because of a situation at the hospital. She had sent the kids home."

"So it's just the two of us today? Jean wondered, an eyebrow raised.

Neera asked awkwardly, "Yes, I hope you don't mind..."

"Why would I?" Jean asked with a smirk.

It sounded good to spend some time together with only the two of us traveling around.

"Let's go downstairs and have breakfast."

"Alright."

They discussed where to go and what to see over breakfast.

She received some advice from a waitress who just happened to be walking by.

She expertly suggested, "You can consider renting a yacht and going sailing. Dolphin sightings are frequent in the region. Additionally, there's a nearby marine theme park that is worth visiting."

Neera thanked her before turning to face Jean. She asked, "Do you want to check it out?"

Jean felt strangely elated when she said the word "we."

His expression softened. He spoke with a deep and melancholy voice, saying, "Since we're here, it would be a shame not to pay those places a visit. Let's sail."

Neera felt a strumming in her heart. She replied, "Alright."

"If you decide to go, our hotel will help arrange everything. The waitress proactively offered her assistance. "Only registration at the front desk is required."

Neera thought to herself, This is convenient.

The two visited the front desk after breakfast. Efficiently, the receptionist made a call, and a cab arrived to take them to the pier within ten minutes.

They soon found themselves surrounded by a fleet of ships, yachts, and cruise ships.

They approached a yacht under the guidance of an employee.

Jean took the lead and stepped onto it first. Then he turned around and naturally extended his hand to Neera.

Neera hesitated briefly before giving him another glance.

"Give me your hand," the man said slowly.

Her heart still skipped a beat, even though she was aware that his words had no special meaning.

She put her hand in his as he fixed his gaze on her.

He then swiftly and gently pulled her up in the next instant. He performed it with such ease, as if he had done it countless times.

The yacht soon sailed away.

Although cloudy, the day's weather was pleasant. Neera felt calm as she stared out at the horizon where the sea and sky met and watched seagulls glide freely.

Neera felt at peace.

She said with a smile, "I haven't felt so relaxed since I returned from abroad."

"I haven't taken a leisurely break in a long time either," Jean added, grinning. "I used to rest at home when I had some free time. Now, thanks to you, I'm here."

Neera beamed, "That's because you didn't meet me earlier. If you had, you wouldn't have endured as much pain."

Jean graciously accepted her statement and replied, "True."

He then added, "It's still not too late. I'm glad I didn't miss you."

Again, Neera's heart was pumping violently.

Am I being overly sensitive today? I feel as though I overthink things. We're discussing his health, but I just felt like it had a deeper meaning.

They conversed while the yacht continued to sail.

Jean suddenly nudged Neera and urged, "Look at the sea."

Dolphins greeted Neera when she looked down.

Playfully, they leaped in and out of the water, sending huge waves into the air.

"They are so adorable! She yelled, quickly pulling out her phone to take pictures while muttering, "It's a shame the kids aren't here. They would have loved it."

On the other side, the triplets sneezed simultaneously.

"Did you sneeze because of the cool sea breeze? Isabella immediately inquired worriedly. "Should we go inside?"

They were also traveling on a sailing vessel, but it was a tourist cruise with lots of people on board. They were having a blast nonetheless.

"Godmother, Mommy is probably thinking of us!"

"Look, it's dolphins!"

"They're so adorable!"

Isabella cracked up and let them become engrossed in their excitement.

The four went out for a fun morning and came back to the pier.

The keen-eyed triplets observed Neera and Jean also making their way back to the shore as they got off the vessel.

Neera turned to face them as if she had sensed something.

The triplets were shocked and quickly took cover.

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Chapter 560

Neera caught a glimpse of a familiar silhouette passing by in the distance. She was startled, questioning whether her eyes were playing tricks on her.

Jean followed where she was looking. All that he noticed were strangers.

He inquired, "What is it?"

"Nothing..." Neera murmured, "I thought I saw the kids."

Jean cracked up and teased, "Didn't you say they weren't here? Surely you have seen it wrongly."

Deep in thought, Neera grunted a little.

Jean looked at the time and changed the subject. He said, "Let's go. We should have lunch. Perhaps in the afternoon, we can visit the ocean-themed park."

Neera said as she turned to face him and grinned, "I'm surprised you're interested in going to a theme park. I thought you'd find it childish."

"Yes, it's childish," Jean affirmed with a serious nod.

He paused and added, "But we seldom have free time. We should take a quick tour of the area while we're here."

Other than that, having her beside him was all he needed. With her in his company, any location was ideal.

After lunch and a brief rest, they set off for the theme park.

The park was remarkably laid out, divided into several exhibition halls, each with its own distinct feature, particularly impressive was the underwater tunnel, with its transparent dome revealing the deep blue sea and colorful fish swimming by.

One could stroll in the world beneath the sea and experience the enriching yet mysterious marine life.

Neera spent the entire afternoon in awe and delight.

Every now and then, Jean would look stealthily at her. Neera's crescent-shaped eyes and smile also had an impact on him, providing him with unprecedented comfort.

The two were about to leave when they exited the last exhibition hall.

Yet Neera's gaze was caught by a shop, and she excitedly said, "Let's see what's in that shop!"

She gripped Jean's hand and dragged him along with her.

Jean glanced down at their intertwined fingers, unable to hide his grin.

Entering the store, Jean was overwhelmed with complicated feelings. The shop was filled with toys and mementos from the park.

For someone of Jean's stature, a powerful CEO, he felt a little out of place in this store.

"Look how adorable these are! Neera remarked. "The children would absolutely adore these."

Jean immediately thought of the triplets when she mentioned this. He smiled and remarked, "Why don't we grab a few for them as gifts?"

Neera shared his thoughts.

As a result, the two wandered through the display shelf. After browsing for a bit, they ended up purchasing several items.

Just when Neera was about to wrap up shopping, a jellyfish keychain grabbed her attention. She said excitedly, "Look at this! It's so adorable and looks lifelike!"

She approached and picked out a few in different hues. Holding up the keychain, she playfully waved them before Jean.

Even the overhead lights paled in comparison to her brilliant eyes.

Raising an eyebrow, Jean inquired, "You like that, do you? Then, go ahead and buy it."

Neera gave the keychains another look but eventually returned them to the display, saying, "On second thought, it seems too childish."

Jean, however, voiced a differing opinion, "So what? If it catches your eye, why not get it? Isn't it typical of all girls?"

Neera felt the urge to point out that she was now a mother to three kids and wasn't exactly a young girl anymore.

However, as she looked at Jean's handsome face, an idea popped into her head. She teased, "Why don't you get one as well? If you wear one too, I won't feel so childish."

Jean, as expected, wasn't keen on the suggestion. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After a moment of contemplation, he declined diplomatically, saying, "It's not really my style."

But Neera, undeterred by his reluctance, selected two keychains. She said determinedly, "It's on me. Think of it as a gift!"

Without waiting for his protest, she proceeded to the counter to make the purchase.

Jean contemplated intervening but realized it was too late.

Outside the store, Neera put one on herself, then handed the blue keychain to Jean.

He seemed hesitant, but almost instinctively, he extended his hand to accept it.

"Come on, attach it. Let's see how it looks!" Neera encouraged him, trying to stifle her giggles.

Jean shot her a helpless look. It was evident he wasn't exactly ecstatic about it, but he kept his thoughts to himself and obliged.

The keychain soon dangled from his keyring.

The sight of it stood in stark contrast to his stern demeanor, causing others to perceive him differently.

Neera, unable to restrain herself, erupted into a fit of laughter. She laughed so hard that she couldn't straighten her back.

Seeing her joy, Jean didn't seem to mind the joke.

Well, if this little trinket brought her such delight, then maybe it wasn't so annoying after all. Perhaps wearing it wasn't that terrible.

The triplets, who were hiding behind a tree, witnessed the event.

They were so excited that they nearly damaged the tree in their excitement.

"Godmother, you see it too, right? They're wonderful together. They belong with each other, don't they?"

Isabella, her eyes narrowing in agreement, responded, "Kids, you have good taste!"

That evening, after their meal, Neera and Jean chose to stay at the hotel.

They relaxed in the hotel's lounge bar.

While Neera sipped on a cocktail, Jean opted for a juice.

"This drink hardly feels alcoholic; it tastes more like a fruity beverage." She remarked, taking another gulp before offering, "It's really good. Want a taste?"

Jean just smiled, his eyes twinkling with mischief as he glanced at the glass.

Neera was initially perplexed, wondering what he was looking at. Then it dawned on her that she'd just drunk from that glass.

Slightly embarrassed, she chuckled and quickly said, "How about I get another one for you?"

But even before she could complete her sentence, Jean leaned in and took a sip from her glass.

Neera froze. Her face flushed as she realized his lips had touched where hers had been moments ago.

Isn't this an indirect kiss?

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Chapter 561

Seeing Neera's flabbergasted face, Jean had to fight the urge to chuckle.

Yet he maintained his composure and remarked nonchalantly as if her reaction didn't faze him, saying, "It tastes really good."

Neera swallowed her surprise, eager to escape her mouth.

He didn't seem to mind it. If I mention it, I might come off as overly dramatic. Just let it go. Stop overanalyzing!

She mentally coached herself, then stiffly withdrew her hand.

"Yes, I'm glad you find it tasty."

She responded in a daze. Uncertain of what she was saying or ought to say. Quickly finishing her drink, she avoided meeting his eyes.

Jean saw that Neera looked awkward, and he couldn't contain his smile. He quickly hid his smile out of fear that she would notice it.

Half an hour later, the two called it a night and returned to their room.

The next morning, they packed their belongings and prepared to return home.

The photographer showed up when they checked out at the front desk.

He exclaimed, "Hey, your photos are ready. I had rushed it out and sent them over, worried I might be late! I'm relieved I managed to reach you in time!"

Neera thanked him and took the photos.

On their way back, she looked through the photos and thought they were great.

She occasionally showed them to Jean while they waited for the traffic light.

"The lighting in this photo is fantastic!"

"And this one, the fireworks are just amazing!"

"It appears that these are continuous shots. I like the angle."

She spoke animatedly.

While Jean listened quietly, he didn't find it bothersome.

However, he wasn't concerned about the lighting or the fireworks. What mattered to him was that these were their photos. The photos of the two of them

He was overjoyed when he realized this and took the initiative to call in for a few photos. "This one, this one, and this. These three are mine."

Neera had some reservations about his domineering assertions. Out of all the photos, he picked one of her favorites.

Given the steep price, she bit her lip and chose not to argue with him. After all, gifts blind the eyes.

"Fine."

...

Isabella had sent the triplets home ahead of schedule.

When Neera returned, they surrounded her and exclaimed, "Mommy, you're home! How was your vacation with Uncle Jean? Is it fun?"

"Sigh, I want to go too! I've been looking forward to it for a long time!"

"I'm so mad! It's a shame that all of my planning was for naught."

Neera took their words to heart. She gently pinched their cheeks and reassured them.

"It was fun. Don't worry, I'll take you next time."

She then lifted several gift bags and announced, "Look, we brought you gifts!"

"Wow!"

The triplets were overjoyed and exclaimed incessantly. They loved everything, and their act was very convincing. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera was pleased when the kids looked so happy. She was in a good mood and did not suspect anything.

...

Next door, Jean summoned Ian when he got home. He commanded, "Frame these photos and put them up on the wall."

When he spoke, he casually placed the keys on the coffee table.

The photos initially drew Ian in, but then he noticed the jellyfish keychain. The discovery stunned him.

What's going on? Why would he use something so shocking?

Jean didn't notice at first. Then he saw Ian rooted to the side as though struck by lightning.

"Two days without seeing me, and you started to defy my order?" he asked, arching his brow.

That query jolted Ian back to reality. He quickly responded, "I'll get it done now."

Saying this, he darted away as if he had seen a ghost.

Jean didn't think much about it and quickly returned to work.

His morning was consumed with tasks until the afternoon, when he had a golfing meeting with an important client. He had to attend because he couldn't turn it down.

Meanwhile, the new research facility for Startales was underway.

Neera was keen on checking the progress at the site. So, in the afternoon, she and Katy set out for the biotech park.

The triplets, on the other hand, seemed to be playing in the garden but were actually keeping a close watch on the adults.

They still remembered their most important mission.

All they could think about was getting their hands on Jean's hair. Their opportunity had finally arrived after both of their parents had gone out.

"Harvey, what should we say when we go next door?"

Penny had never attempted anything like this before, making her feel a tad guilty.

Sammy, stroking his chin in thought, remarked, "We need an excuse, and we can't let Daddy find out."

Harvey quickly came up with a solution. He said, "How about saying Penny misplaced the necklace Mom gave her and we're checking next door to see if it's there?"

The trio decided on it because they thought it was a good excuse. They later went next door together.

"Mr. Butler, is Uncle Jean at home?"

Richard genuinely liked the kids. He greeted them with a big smile and replied, "Mr. Beauvort is not here. If you need something, you can tell me. Are you hungry or in need of help?"

Penny shook her head and looked upset.

"I can't find the necklace my mom gave me for my fourth birthday. Maybe I misplaced it here when I stayed over. Can I go in and look for it?"

Richard was unsuspecting. He allowed them to search, even rallying the staff to assist.

Harvey took advantage of the opportunity to go upstairs and search Jean's room for hair.

It was challenging, especially since Jean was a neat freak and his room was spotless.

Harvey finally found a strand in the bathroom after a long search. He was ecstatic.

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Chapter 562

Patience pays off! I finally found it!

Harvey knew he couldn't stay there much longer.

Carefully, he placed that strand of hair inside a sealed bag and safely stashed it in his pocket before making his way downstairs.

He summoned his siblings while the adults were busy searching for the necklace.

"Did you find it, Harvey?" Penny inquired eagerly upon seeing him. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

With a shushing motion, Harvey nodded in confirmation.

Sammy was ecstatic, but he managed to contain his excitement.

The three of them feigned searching for an additional couple of minutes. Then they decided to stick to their original exit strategy.

"Mr. Butler, I just remembered! I might've left it near Mommy's bedside the other day!" Penny said, feigning an apologetic expression and sticking out her tongue in embarrassment.

"We're really sorry for the inconvenience. Thank you for helping us," she added apologetically.

Richard didn't seem to mind. He smiled and patted her head, saying, "It's fine as long as you find it. Next time, keep in mind not to leave things lying around.

"Yes, I'll remember. Thank you, Mr. Butler!"

Penny obediently nodded and waved him goodbye.

The triplets sprinted home in a hurry.

Auntie Zuniga hadn't seen them in the yard earlier. She asked curiously, "Where did you go?"

The triplets sprinted upstairs like wind before she could finish her question.

"We were just hanging out."

It was unclear who responded, but the voice came from the stairwell corner.

Once inside their room, they immediately messaged Isabella.

Isabella was astounded by their effectiveness. As per their agreement, she replied, "Okay, I'll drop by and get it tonight."

By evening, Neera had arrived home around the same time Isabella did.

When Isabella saw her. She eagerly asked, "How was it? It was a nice hotel, wasn't it? Did you two have fun? Did you enjoy it?"

Neera grinned in response, saying, "It was great. The sea and the hot springs were both wonderful."

"You all had a good time, but I didn't even get to see the sea," Isabella grumbled while puffing out her cheeks.

"There were staffing issues at the hospital and complications with a seriously ill patient. I had to go back to help. It's such a shame..."

She was as talented as the triplets when it came to acting. She appeared sincere in her regret at missing the chance.

Any remaining doubt disappeared in Neera's mind when she saw this. She bought it completely.

"Why are you acting like a child? Would you like me to entice you? Next time, we can travel together; it will be my treat."

Isabella was pleased with her response. She said, "Cool, it's a promise!"

She left shortly after dinner, mentioning that she had to go back to the hospital.

The triplets jumped to their feet, racing to see her off.

While Neera wasn't looking, Harvey slipped Isabella the little sealed bag. There was an urgency in his voice as he pleaded, "Godmother, it's up to you now."

Isabella grabbed the bag and whispered, "Don't worry. In no more than two days, we should have the results."

The two exchanged looks like a spy.

Intrigued, Neera asked, "What are you all doing? What's the deal with all the secrecy?"

In an instant, Harvey straightened up, looking innocent. In response to her concern, he shrugged and said, "Nothing much; I just remind her to drive carefully."

The other two chimed in, "Yes, yes, godmother, you should leave now. It'll be dangerous for you to drive if it gets any later."

"Godmother, no matter how busy you are, don't forget to give us a call. We'll miss you!"

The children then escorted Isabella to her car. She chuckled as she understood their underlying message.

That night, the triplets were filled with anticipation, excitement, and anxiety. They had trouble falling asleep. They prayed that Uncle Jean would turn out to be their biological father.

All of this was unknown to Neera. She was completely immersed in her new research project for the next two days.

The triplets, on the other hand, were restless and disinterested in everything.

Finally, two days had passed.

That afternoon, having waited impatiently, Harvey couldn't hold back any longer and called Isabella. The boy asked, "Godmother, are the results out?"

Isabella responded, "They should be. I'll go get them now."

The triplets grew more excited. They were adamant about going to the hospital to collect the results themselves.

Isabella consented because she knew she couldn't change their mind.

She drove to their school, assisted the triplets in obtaining permission to leave early, and then took them directly to the hospital.

"Wait here, while I get the results," she instructed softly as she made her way to the doctor's office.

The triplets nodded.

They looked solemn, but their hearts were racing on the inside.

Isabella returned with a file in less than thirty seconds.

She, too, was eager to learn the outcome. She didn't go back to her office but opened the file right away.

Her eyes widened in disbelief when she saw the result, indicating the possibility of a parent-child relationship.

Nervously, the triplets held their breath and asked, "Godmother, don't scare us. What's the result?"

She gave the kids a blank stare. She then took a deep breath and took some time to gather herself.

"Jean... is your biological father!" she exclaimed, trying to hold back her surprise. "Your chances of having a parent-child are 99.9%!"

The triplets jumped up and down, cheering and shouting.

"That's fantastic! I knew it! We didn't get it wrong!"

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Chapter 563

Previously, Isabella had been skeptical about Jean being the triplets' father, but to her surprise, it turned out to be true.

Seeing the joy clearly written on the faces of the triplets, she hid her own surprise and got straight to the point.

She asked, "What will you three do now? Will you keep this a secret?"

Disapprovingly, she scowled and added, "Things can't continue in this manner."

The triplets gradually recovered from their thrill and clarified their stance.

"We don't plan to hide it forever. We'll reveal it when Mommy and Daddy truly become a couple."

"Truly become a couple?" Isabella asked, confusion evident in her voice. "What exactly does that entail?"

Sammy immediately explained, "Of course, it means when they truly fall in love with each other."

Harvey nodded and agreed with this point of view.

"That's right. They are currently engaged in a contractual marriage. They aren't together out of love. If Mommy knew he was the person who hurt her back, she would never forgive him."

"Yeah, it's not the right time to dig up old wounds." SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The triplets clearly put a lot of thought into their decision.

Isabella felt this compromise was feasible after listening to their point of view.

She was clueless about what had happened initially. After spending some time getting to know Jean, she believed he wasn't a vile man and would never take advantage of someone in a vulnerable situation.

Perhaps the previous incident was a misunderstanding.

Furthermore, based on recent events, it seemed Jean might not even be aware that Neera was the woman he met at the hotel.

Weighing all this, she decided to stand by the triplets' side.

There was another thing that excited her, though.

She recalled how disdainfully Jean's parents regarded Neera and the children. The more they scorned them, the harder the eventual revelation would hit them. She was keenly looking forward to that day.

They quickly came to a decision.

Afterward, Isabella dropped the triplets back at school, resuming the day as if it were just another ordinary one.

That evening, Neera noticed the kids were particularly animated. She asked curiously, "What happened at school today that made you all so giddy?"

Penny and Sammy tried to hide their smiles, lowered their heads closer to their plates, and let out muffled giggles.

Maintaining his usual calm, Harvey quickly offered a cover story, "Oh, nothing much. We've been investing in the stock market lately and have made a little profit."

Neera chuckled when she heard this. She flicked him on the forehead and said, "Getting all worked up over some stocks, huh? Look at you all; each one of you is obsessed with money!"

She then changed her tone and proudly praised them.

"I'm so lucky to have you three as my children. I don't have to stress about finances and providing for the family. My babies are the best! Mommy is proud of you!"

An hour later, Adriana returned home.

Neera was checking her emails while lounging on the couch in the living room.

Hearing the noise, she glanced up and noticed Adriana. Getting up, she said, "Aunt Adriana, how was Slord?"

She stood up to greet her, saying, "Aunt Adriana, how was your trip to Slord?"

Adriana, noting her niece's playful tone, replied with a smirk, "Not bad."

After that, she shifted to a helpless demeanor as she recalled something.

"Neera, there's a pressing issue at our overseas office that requires my attention. I may need to depart sooner than expected."

Neera's cheerful demeanor diminished a bit. She asked, "Is everything alright?"

Adriana shook her head and reassured her, "It's not a crisis, but I've been away for some time, and things are a bit shaky there. I must return."

Neera understood that they could not let the company be leaderless for a long time.

Adriana's presence in the company was still crucial, even though she was the heir to the ANXIN Group.

She understood this, but she was still reluctant for her aunt to leave.

"Already heading back? It feels like you've barely had a moment to relax since you got here. I'm hoping to spend more time with you, but you're leaving again," Neera lamented.

She clung to Adriana's arm, her spirits visibly lowered.

Adriana patted her hand lovingly and tenderly. She consoled her niece, "Don't be sad. Once things settle down, I promise to return. And if you ever get a break, you can always come and visit."

Neera nodded, a little dejected.

"What about him?" she inquired.

Adriana knew exactly who she was referring to. Her gaze softened, and she smiled tenderly.

"As for him, we can keep in touch remotely. If he's serious, he can follow me abroad. I won't avoid him."

Sensing Adriana's good mood, Neera believed that things between her aunt and 'him' might be progressing in a promising direction.

She felt relieved when she realized her aunt had finally found someone who cared for her.

As for the Garcias, it didn't matter to her because her aunt didn't care about them.

The triplets were very fond of Adriana. After they took their bath, they were adamant about sharing the bed with her for the night.

In the big bed, the three children gathered around Adriana, voicing their concerns.

"Grandaunt, make sure you're eating properly and getting enough sleep when you're overseas."

"Don't push yourself too hard. You have to rest, no matter how busy you are with work."

"We're going to miss you so much, Grandaunt. Please ring us whenever you can."

Adriana's heart melted as she heard these childish words.

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Chapter 564

Adriana was always decisive in her actions. Once she resolved to depart, she acted quickly.

The following morning, she packed and headed to the airport.

Neera put her work aside. She took the triplets with her and escorted Adriana to the airport.

A heavy sense of reluctance weighed on her heart.

Before her departure, Adriana tenderly took Neera's hand, her voice soft yet firm, "Don't overburden yourself thinking about the Garcias. I've left some money for your grandparents. They'll have more than enough to lead a comfortable retired life.

"If they persist in backing Alfonso's wrongdoings, don't feel obligated to restrain yourself because of me. Fight back if you feel the need to, or simply disregard them if that's what you wish. I can't bear the thought of you getting hurt. Understand?"

All Neera could muster was a muffled grunt.

"Aunt Adriana, promise you'll look after yourself and call us frequently."

She sniffled, and tears threatened to fall from her eyes. She hugged Adriana tightly.

Touched, Adriana's eyes glistened with tears. She gently caressed Neera's hair, reminiscent of the times when Neera was just a child.

"Okay," Adriana replied softly.

The boarding announcement had already been broadcast three times at the airport.

Knowing she couldn't delay any longer, Adriana gave a final kiss to the triplets and made her way to her departure gate.

The triplets were visibly upset. Their voices filled with sorrow, "Goodbye, Grand aunt! Have a safe journey!"

They watched as her figure vanished into the boarding gate.

After the plane had taken off, they began their journey home.

Even though everything was the same when Neera entered the house, it felt empty to her.

Lost in her thoughts, she sat in the gazebo in the yard, visibly downcast.

Richard was watering his plants next door. He would occasionally glance over and notice something was wrong. He returned to the house and shared his observations with Jean.

"Mr. Beauvort, Ms. Garcia seems lost in thought in her garden. She appears rather troubled. I wonder if something's gone wrong."

When Jean heard this, he immediately set aside his work to check on Neera.

To his astonishment, not only Neera but the triplets appeared depressed too.

"What happened? Richard informed me that you appear to be off. Why are you all so depressed?"

He creased his brows tightly, and concern was evident in his voice.

Neera had returned to her senses. She replied softly, "It's nothing."

The children's mood lifted a tad upon seeing Jean.

"Uncle Jean, our grandaunt, left for abroad. We feel very lonely without her. She just left, but we miss her so much already."

He attempted to console them, saying, "It's only temporary. If you miss her, you can always call her or visit her overseas."

The triplets nodded, but their spirits remained low.

Recognizing this, Jean made a suggestion, "Do you want to go out? Uncle Jean can take you all out to relax."

Their eyes lit up at the proposal; part of their spirit had returned. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"For real?"

Smiling reassuringly, Jean replied, "Absolutely. Have I ever made a promise I didn't keep?"

The excitement in the kids was evident.

"Great! That sounds amazing! Where are you taking us?"

Neera was concerned that she would interfere with his work. She declined, saying, "Perhaps another time, you should get back to your work. Their moods change quickly; they'll be fine soon."

Brushing aside her hesitation, Jean insisted, "It's fine. My work is nearly finished. Let's get started. You should come along as well."

Neera opened her mouth to turn him down, but she quickly realized that she didn't really mean it. She decided to follow her heart and go with the flow.

Half an hour later, they arrived at their destination.

"Of all places, you brought us to an equestrian center?" Neera remarked, raising an eyebrow.

Smiling, Jean replied, "Horse riding is perfect when you're feeling down."

The triplets were thrilled.

They had always wanted to try horseback riding when they were abroad, but Neera had been protective due to their young age. Now, the opportunity was right in front of them!

This time, she did not stop them. She entered the arena alongside the triplets and followed Jean into the arena.

The arena was part of the Beauvort Group's venture. When the manager learned of their arrival, he quickly greeted Jean with the utmost respect. He said, "Mr. Beauvort, we've prepared the riding gear as per your instructions."

Acknowledging him with a nod, Jean led everyone to get dressed.

Moments later, the triplets emerged looking like charming little equestrians, so cute that one would be tempted to hug and kiss them!

As for Jean, he looked dashing in his riding outfit; it highlighted his slender figure, enhancing his natural charm.

Neera, on the other hand, looked equally stunning. The riding outfit accentuated her grace, making her look both elegant and fierce.

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Chapter 565

Jean couldn't help but scrutinize her from head to toe.

He finally pulled his burning gaze away as Neera began to feel uneasy.

"It looks good on you," he said with an ordinary tone.

While adjusting her attire, Neera cast a downward glance. She replied, "Yeah, it fits well."

A smile spread across Jean's face. He gently prompted her, "Let's go. We need to find you a horse."

Numerous breeds and classes of horses can be found here. Without a doubt, the prices for all the breeds were high.

They were personally led to choose Jean rather than the staff.

Ian secretly offered support on the side, "Ms. Garcia, you all have hit the jackpot today. These horses have been well cared for by my boss. No outsiders have ever been permitted to ride them."

The most notable aspect of his implication was that these horses were exclusive to them.

Neera caught on to that. Her eyelashes fluttered, urging herself not to overthink.

Penny was drawn to a white pony.

Harvey and Sammy settled on an attractive brown one.

"How about you? Have you decided on a horse?" Jean inquired, tilting his head.

Neera, who was inexperienced, sincerely asked for help, saying, "I don't know. I'd never been on one before. Do you have a gentle horse?"

"Then

you should go with this white horse," Jean said, raising an eyebrow. "Snowdash is its name."

Neera gently stroked Snowdash's head. She smiled when the horse didn't resist her touch. She exclaimed, "Alright, this one it is!"

Curiously, she asked Jean, "What about you? Which one will you choose?"

Before Jean could answer, Ian interjected, smiling, "Mr. Beauvort doesn't have to pick. He has his exclusive horse, though he rarely rides it because of his health issues."

"An exclusive horse? Sounds cool," Neera remarked with a chuckle.

"Indeed, and it's a handsome one named Stormfeather!"

Stormfeather? That name sounds a lot like Snowdash.

Ian revealed, "Ms. Garcia, his horse and yours are a pair!"

Inexplicably, Neera's heart skipped a beat.

Jean shot Ian an enigmatic look.

The triplets held back their giggles while subtly applauding Ian.

"Let's go to the riding ground," Jean said, breaking the awkward silence.

"Sure," Neera said, repressing her strange emotions and catching up with him.

The riding arena was carpeted with lush green grass and bathed in warm sunlight.

Ian called over two employees and volunteered, "I can teach the kids and make sure they're in good hands."

He then switched the topic, "As for Ms. Garcia, I think Mr. Beauvort would teach you. Although he doesn't ride often, his equestrian skills are top-notch. Don't worry, he's the best teacher! I'm sure you will pick it up quickly."

As soon as Ian finished, the triplets agreed, saying, "Sounds great! We can have fun with peace of mind."

"Uncle Jean, please look after Mommy. Thank you very much!"

Jean agreed with an arched brow and a casual grunt.

Everything was settled quickly.

Neera, as the party in question, had no say in the matter. She found the situation amusing yet ironic.

The triplets were utterly satisfied. They ran off to play gleefully, like a caged animal set free.

Jean witnessed the scene. His eyes were filled with joy.

Soon after, he averted his gaze and turned to Neera, asking, "Are you ready?"

"Yes, let's get started," Neera said.

Jean helped her mount the horse. Then he went over the techniques and precautions with her.

Neera paid close attention.

"You don't need to be so tense," Jean chuckled, perhaps noticing her solemn demeanor. "Relax. I'll walk you for a round to get a sense of horse riding."

Neera was certainly nervous. She agreed with a quick nod.

They began their lesson shortly after, with Jean leading the horse. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera sat stiffly on the horse, afraid to move for fear of being thrown off. Her palms were sweaty from gripping the reins so tightly.

On the contrary, the triplets were brave and quickly adapted to the skill. After a while, they were riding around the arena on their own.

Jean paused after two rounds and asked, "Do you want to try it on your own?"

"Alright," Neera agreed, feeling she had some grasp on things.

Snowdash stood on its hind legs as soon as Jean let go.

It leaped into the air, giving Neera quite a fright.

Even Jean was startled, but with quick reflexes, he immediately grabbed the reins.

Not far away, the triplets observed the incident.

One of them called out with a suggestion, "Uncle Jean, why don't you ride with Mommy? She's new and nervous. Teach her for a while. It'll be fine once she's familiar!"

"No, you don't have to do that," Neera said quickly. "I'm fine."

Jean considered it a good idea. He persuaded, "Teaching hands-on indeed makes it easier to pick up the skill."

Having said that, he mounted the horse with ease, looking effortlessly stylish.

Neera, on the other hand, was too preoccupied to notice. Her entire body had stiffened. She felt her entire back pressed against Jean's chest.

They appeared to be embracing each other in their positions!

The man's familiar scent wrapped around her.

Furthermore, because Jean had to hold the reins, their bodies pressed even closer together.

She had the feeling of resting in his embrace.

Her cheeks flushed instantly, all the way to the tips of her ears. Her heartbeat quickened so fast that it almost leaped out of her chest!

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Chapter 566

With a flick of the reins, Snowdash began to gallop.

Jean whispered into Nerra's ear, sharing tidbits she should pay attention to.

However, Neera struggled to pick up his words.

The wind grew restless and pressed against her face. Her heart was in worse turbulence compared with the wind.

Her senses were heightened. The thumping and erratic heartbeats echoed loudly in her ears. Beyond that, all her attention was focused on the whisper in her ear.

His lips brushed against her ear, his warm breath sending a searing sensation into her ear. It scalded the inside of her ears and made her body burn.

She thought such scenes could only happen in movies; experiencing them firsthand made her feel inexplicably shy.

Not far away, a horse was startled and began to neigh loudly.

The staff took charge of the situation.

This horse, which appeared to have been provoked, turned around and charged towards Neera.

That noise scared Snowdash. It neighed again and bolted forward, attempting to throw off the riders on its back.

Neither Neera nor Jean expected this. Their expressions shifted dramatically.

The former was so frightened that she almost lost her balance and fell to the ground.

Jean did his best to keep the reins under control, but Snowdash's speed was uncontrollable.

Both of them fell off the horse's back in a matter of seconds.

Jean's face changed as he realized they were about to come into contact with the ground. He instinctively shielded Neera within his arms in the nick of time.

Thud! They both landed hard!

Even though the arena ground was grassy, Jean took the brunt of the impact on his back. The bump was excruciatingly painful. Despite his high pain tolerance, he couldn't help but let out a stifled groan!

Neera landed in his sturdy embrace. Aside from experiencing shock when she hit the ground, she wasn't hurt much.

After she gathered herself, she looked at Jean with concern.

What met her gaze was his deep, furrowed brow and painful expression. A never-before-felt panic clenched her heart.

Terrified, she tried to break free from his embrace, but her limbs felt weak. She managed to turn to the side and struggled to prop herself up.

Without breaking eye contact, she gently pushed him.

Her voice trembled, and she called out to him, "Jean, are you okay? You're scaring me. Please talk to me!"

Everyone that stood nearby was astounded; they hurried and darted over.

"Sir, are you alright?"

Ian's complexion had turned white as a sheet. He called out a few times, but after getting no response, he turned around and growled angrily at the staff.

"What are you waiting for? Call an ambulance now!"

The staff stood rooted and dazed. They nodded stupefyingly and were about to make a call.

Jean had recovered from his pain; he moved his eyelids.

His complexion was horrifying pale, but he stopped them, saying, "Stop! It's not that serious."

"You scared me, Uncle Jean! I thought you had passed out."

The triplets just experienced an emotional roller coaster. They teared up, clearly frightened.

Sniffing, Neera felt as though all her strength had been drained.

She asked worriedly, "Ian, we need to help him to the resting room and check him out!" [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ian followed her instructions.

The triplets also helped Neera up, trying to dust off the dirt on her.

She shook her head and said, "I'm okay."

After saying that, she hurriedly caught up with Ian and never left Jean's side.

Once they went into the restroom, she began to remove his clothes without saying a word.

Jean grabbed her hand and stopped her.

He reasoned, "I'm fine. It's not as bad as it looks. I just took a fall, but I'm not bleeding."

Neera glared at him angrily. She snapped, "What do you mean by 'took a fall'? You might not have external wounds; there could be internal injuries or bone damage. Whether you're fine or not, I'll learn once I give you a thorough examination."

Jean's hand was still firmly grasped on her wrist. This time, he spoke with a teasing tone, "You're going to undress me under the watching eyes of so many people here?"

If this were any other time, Neera would have blushed. At this point, instead of her face, it was her eyes that were reddened.

"You're still in the mood to joke! Are you hurt so badly that you don't want to show me?"

Having known her for so long, Jean had never seen her appear so anxious before; she was on the verge of tearing up.

His hand, which held on to her, moved a little. He pursed his lips and suddenly said, "Everyone, please leave."

Naturally, this was a command he gave to Ian and the rest.

The door to the resting room was swung open and closed, leaving just the two of them in the room.

Jean finally let go, letting out an exasperated sigh, "I surrender."

After saying that, he began to remove his top himself.

Neera hurriedly checked his back and spotted a deep bruise.

She raised her hand and pressed the bruises, asking, "Does this hurt? And here..."

Jean answered each of her queries.

After the simple check, Neera grew less worried about him.

He's doing fine.

Seeing her worry, Jean's expression grew softened. He reassured her patiently, "It's not a big deal. It's not painful."

Neera bit her lip and pressed hard on his bruise.

Hiss! Jean couldn't hold back and inhaled loudly.

Neera warned in a deep voice, "If you act tough again, I'll show you what real pain is."

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Chapter 567

Jean pointed his face to Neera.

When he took in her irritated expression, he abruptly giggled.

"Ms. Garcia, is this how you treat an injured man?" He complained with a playful smile.

Ignoring his jest, she quickly changed the topic.

"You need to receive a medical examination at the hospital. There might not have been any visible wounds, but you took a hard fall. Your bruise looks awful. I need to make sure you don't have internal damage or bone fractures."

Before Jean could decline, she resolutely cut him off, "Don't you dare to say no!"

When he saw her fierce gaze, as though she might explode at any moment, a warm feeling surged in Jean's chest.

"Fine, I'll follow your lead," he whispered, his voice filled with gentle persuasion.

After this episode, the horseback riding activity came to a halt.

The triplets were deeply worried about their father's injury. They didn't mind the change of plans.

Briefly, the group arrived at the hospital.

It took half an hour for a series of examinations to be completed.

Luckily, the results came back positive.

"It's no big deal. You just got some bruises from the impact. You should recover in a few days after you apply the ointment regularly."

After she confirmed it repeatedly, relief washed over Neera when Jean was truly alright.

On their way home, Neera remained awfully quiet. She gazed out of the window and became lost in her thoughts. SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

From time to time, Jean would steal glances at her, but he too, remained silent.

Once they reached home, all six exited the vehicle.

Neera gave Jean some advice in a neutral tone. She urged, "Make sure you get some good rest. If it's uncomfortable to sleep on your back, lie on your side. Don't forget to let Ian apply the medicine to the bruises on time."

She added before she left, "I need to leave now."

Abruptly, Jean grasped her wrist. He spoke in a low voice, "Wait."

Ian and the triplets were stunned. They exchanged confused glances.

Neera was equally perplexed. She asked, "What's wrong?"

Jean did not answer at once. Instead, he turned to Ian and instructed, "Take the kids inside."

"Understood."

Getting the hint, Ian led the children back to the next-door villa, giving the two some privacy.

Neera pursed her rosy lips. She lowered her gaze, and asked softly, "What did you want to say?"

He pulled her wrist and guided her into the house.

Once inside, he closed the door.

The two stood in the yard, and the gap between them was very close.

"Are you blaming yourself?" He asked with a tone of certainty.

After a moment's silence, Neera took a deep breath.

She confessed, "A little. If I hadn't been on the horse, you would have handled the situation just fine. I feel like I have dragged you down with me."

Oh my! She takes all the responsibility upon herself.

Jean chuckled lightly.

He reached out to caress her head and said, "It's not about dragging me down or something. I chose to take you there, and none of us could have predicted the accident. It's not your fault. Stop blaming yourself."

Caught off guard by his intimate gesture, Neera was dumbfounded.

Jean had noticed this, but he maintained his demeanor and said, "Don't think too much! I'm fine, isn't it?"

Neera still looked upset. Her brows furrowed with worry.

"Your situation is different from others. Even though you've been getting better, you're weak by nature. A minor bump or scrape is okay, but not a severe fall. If I'd known, I would've swapped places with you. I would rather be the one that took the hit!"

The last sentence struck Jean's heart heavily.

His gaze changed a little. The implication behind it was deep.

A mess of emotions, which beyond words, popped up from nowhere and enveloped his heart. He was overwhelmed with inexplicable happiness.

Nevertheless, his expression was one of helplessness.

He asked, "Do you think I can watch you fall?"

Neera failed to capture the meaning; she retorted, "You want to fight with me to be the one that got hurt?"

"I should be the one who says that to you."

There was something deep and unfathomable brewing in his eyes, as if something was churning within.

"I'm a man. Do you think it's appropriate for me to watch a woman fall and do nothing to save her? Especially, when that person who might get hurt is you."

Neera's heart skipped a beat. She probed, "What do you mean?"

"I wouldn't watch you get hurt, nor could I endure the sight of you getting hurt, not even the slightest. If this injury would worsen my condition and cause a relapse, I would gladly accept it. Understand? Stop blaming yourself and shouldering everything. I don't think there's anything wrong for me to do this for you."

His speech rendered Neera speechless.

Her heart raced. She felt like she had understood something, but not completely.

I really want to ask him. Why would you be so nice to me and tell me these things?

Did he know that such behavior could easily lead to misunderstandings? This guy always flirts with me without even realizing what he is doing.

All sorts of emotions got tangled up. She held back her queries and sighed helplessly.

"Okay. I'll prepare some medicine to speed up your recovery. If you experience any pain, even a little, you have to tell me, okay?"

Intently, Jean locked his gaze on her face. He finally smiled when she was no longer upset.

"Okay, I promise."

When the triplets entered the room, they were worried and sick.

"Mommy, did you and Uncle Jean...have a fight?"

Neera asked in puzzlement, "Why would we fight?"

When they saw that she looked normal, the triplets finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad you didn't."

A chuckle escaped Neera's lips when they patted their chests and acted like grown-ups.

Later, Neera specifically gave Ian a call.

She urged, "Mr. Ian, please closely monitor his condition. If he feels even the slightest discomfort, you have to reach out to me immediately. I'm worried that he won't admit it and choose to endure the pain on his own."

Ian, of course, gladly agreed.

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Chapter 568

In the afternoon, Wrenn was astounded when she received news that Jean had fallen from the horse.

In a panic, she took Frederic and rushed to the Imperial Gardens.

As soon as she walked into the room and saw Jean. She bombarded him with questions, "How did you fall? Is it bad? Where did you hurt yourself? Show me! Have you seen a doctor?"

Jean replied calmly, "The injury is on my back; it's a minor injury. I've seen the doctor. It's not serious."

Even so, she still worried about him.

She summoned Ian and questioned him for a while, before she was convinced.

Then she turned around and yelled at Jean, "Why on earth would you ride a horse? Don't care about your own health? Do you think you'll be able to handle it?"

Jean maintained his composure and replied calmly, "I just wanted to do some light exercise."

Frederic chimed in to support him.

"Light exercise is good. His health has improved quite a bit lately. He doesn't need to keep staying on the bed. Anyone could have fallen ill from lack of activity."

Wrenn shot him a fierce glance and scolded, "Stop backing him up and spoiling him!"

Frederic moved his mouth but chose to remain silent in the end.

She turned to Jean again and snorted coldly.

"I bet I know who you went with. It was Neera, wasn't it? You always get into trouble when you're with her. From now on, stay the hell away from her!"

Jean's expression turned gloomy when his mother said this.

"I bet you have forgotten that my health improved because of her treatment. Are you saying I should distance myself from her so that my health will deteriorate and I will die?"

Wrenn frowned ferociously and rebuked, "It's one thing to receive treatment, but another for you to get into an accident. Would you suffer this injury if it wasn't because of her?"

Jean's eyes brimmed with displeasure.

He reasoned, "It's an accident; nobody could foresee this in advance. You can't blame her for everything because of your prejudice.

"Moreover, we are married. It's perfectly normal for a couple to go out together. You and Dad do the same; I don't see anything wrong with that."

His restoration rendered Wrenn speechless. She struggled to find the words to shoot back.

Indignant, she turned her heels and left the villa.

Back at her villa, Neera was busily preparing the medicine for Jean.

She received a call from Katy, "Neera, the Garcia Group's representative just called. He told me that they'd agreed to our price."

Neera looked up from her work. This news surprised her.

"They agree so easily? Didn't they try to raise the price?"

"Well, the negotiation wasn't entirely smooth. At first, they refused to sell at our price; they even suggested a selling price for 20% higher, but I turned them down.

"I wasn't confident at the time. Besides us, several other companies had their eyes on this patent.

"For some reason, all of them suddenly backed out. Garcia Group couldn't find suitable buyers; they sensed that something was off and had to choose us."

Neera was puzzled by her explanation. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She asked, "Could it happen because the news of Alfonso's detention got out? These companies backed out because they didn't want any trouble?"

After she voiced out her deduction, she immediately doubted it herself.

"No, that doesn't make sense. In theory, considering the chaos within the Garcia Group, when they're desperately in need of funds and the morale within the company is shaky, these businesses should have seized this opportunity to bargain for a much lower price. Why would they pass on that?"

Katy was equally puzzled, but she wasn't too worried about it.

"I haven't heard any news about Alfonso being detained in the industry. Regardless of the reason, we have achieved our goals, and that's all that matters."

She had a point.

Neera gave it more thought, but she couldn't figure it out. So, she stopped troubling herself about this and gladly accepted this outcome.

She instructed, "Send someone over to finalize the contract. We should secure the patent as soon as possible."

Katy was efficient.

By evening, Neera had received the contract.

She took some time to carefully go through everything and confirmed there were no issues. She was incredibly satisfied with this deal.

Simultaneously, the villa next door.

Jean listened to Ian's report.

"Ms. Garcia's negotiation went smoothly. The Garcia Group signed a contract with Startales this afternoon. The patent now belongs to Startales."

Jean arched an eyebrow. An image flashed in his mind where Neera looked thrilled, which lifted his mood.

Not long after dinner, Neera went to Jean with the medicine she had prepared in advance.

"I spent the whole afternoon preparing this, and the effect is much better than the previous version. It's highly effective for treating bruises and injuries. You need to take a shower now. I'll help you apply the medicine afterward."

A smile spread across Jean's face when he heard this.

He complied and headed to the bathroom.

His thoughts started to wander when he undressed.

She said she'd ask Ian to apply for the medicine for me this afternoon, but she showed up at my door at night and did it herself.

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Chapter 569

Ten minutes later, Jean had showered, and he emerged from the restroom in a bathrobe. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera had been waiting for him in the bedroom. When she saw him, she pointed to the bed.

"Lie down. I'll administer some medication to you. Please bear with me if I accidentally hurt you."

Jean had a bad feeling about this.

He just shot her a long and meaningful glance.

All that was on Neera's mind were his injuries; she wasn't thinking about anything else.

Once he took off his bathrobe, he exposed a large area of bruises to the air.

Neera was upset with the sight.

She exercised extra caution when she tended to his wound.

Firstly, she gently applied the ointment to his injury.

After that, she massaged him with a special technique.

She urged, "Hang in there! This massage will help your bruise heal faster."

Jean had buried his face in the pillow. He let out a muffled grunt in response.

After she performed the massage, Jean took a moment to recover before getting dressed.

Neera locked her eyes on his face and attempted to read his expression.

She questioned, "Do you experience any discomfort?"

Sensing her concern, Jean looked up and reassured her, "Nothing much. Actually, I feel much better now. Don't worry about it; I'm not made of clay."

Noticing his calm demeanor, Neera didn't say anything further.

Later that night, she gave some instructions before she went home.

However, she had difficulty sleeping that night.

She couldn't put her mind to rest. The image of them falling off the horse and Jean's painful expression, which looked horrifyingly pale, kept flashing in her mind.

Neera was deeply worried about his injury. She couldn't stop herself from worrying about Jean.

Fortunately, nobody knocked on her door during the night.

As anticipated, the next morning, Neera overslept.

She yawned as she went downstairs.

When Auntie Zuniga saw her, she asked worriedly, "Didn't you sleep well last night? You have dark circles under your eyes."

"A little bit," Neera replied, rubbing her eyes, not exactly bothered by her questions.

"Have the kids gone to school?" she inquired, looking at the time.

"Yes, they saw that you were still asleep," Auntie Zuniga said. "They did not want to bother you. After they finished their breakfast, I sent them to school."

The housekeeper came out with some clean dishes and said, "Give me a few minutes; I'll warm up the breakfast for you."

Neera thought of something. She quickly stopped her.

"It's alright. I'm not going to eat right now. I need to check on Jean's condition!"

Following that, she dashed out of the villa.

Jean was eating his breakfast at the same time.

"Have you had breakfast?" he asked Neera when he saw her. "If not, please take a seat and join me."

All Neera could think about was his well-being.

She probed, "How are you feeling? Did you sleep well last night? Do you have any pain?"

Jean was in a cheerful mood when he received her concern first thing in the morning.

He chuckled and jested, "I'm not delicate. Everything is good. I'm perfectly fine."

After that, he fixed his gaze on her dark eye circles.

"And you didn't sleep well, did you? Jean asked, squinting his eyes.

She was embarrassed to admit she worried about him. Therefore, Neera made an excuse, "Oh, yes. I had a nightmare."

A nightmare? The horse incident had terrified her greatly.

Jean gently pursed his lips and handed her some cereal.

"Dreams are not real. Have some of these."

Neera sat across from him, and the two of them had breakfast together.

Neither of them said much during the meal.

The silence was broken when Richard entered with a package.

"Mr. Beauvort, you have a package," the butler reported. "The sender insisted on you opening it personally."

Jean unwrapped the package without hesitation.

He was stunned when he saw the contents. The package contained some medications as well as a note.

"Jean, I heard you got hurt. These medicines are quite efficient; give them a try. I'll pay you a visit soon."

The signature on the note belonged to Kyra Marks.

When he saw the name, Jean instinctively looked at Neera.

Neera had noticed that glance too.

She averted her gaze with a blank expression. She took a spoonful of cereal and casually remarked, "Ms. Marks seems to care a lot about you."

"My mother probably told her about this," Jean said, his expression changing subtly.

He then pushed the package aside and no longer gave them another glance.

"Remove them."

His instruction escaped Neera's attention. He said "remove them" instead of "keep them".

She just ate quietly.

Surprisingly, the cereal that had previously tasted delicious now tasted bland.

"I'm full. I have some work to do and must leave right away. You should rest at home," she said, not wanting to stay any longer.

She left after saying her goodbyes.

On her way to work, Neera noticed that her emotions were strangely off. She couldn't deny that her mood had soured when she saw the medicine Kyra had sent Jean. But why?

This thought bothered her all day. It took her attention away from her work.

Katy was visiting her office for the third time. Finally, she had to ask, "Is there something bothering you?"

Neera was taken aback and asked, "Why do you ask?"

Katy looked at her face and reasoned, "You don't look too good."

She finally realized how much she had let the issue affect her.

Neera pursed her lips and suppressed her emotion. She tried to push it aside and concentrated on her work.

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Chapter 570

Neera received a call from abroad. She immediately answered after glancing at the caller ID.

"Mr. Hanson, is that you?"

A familiar voice of a middle-aged man greeted her, "Neera, it feels like ages since we last met. How's everything since you returned?"

Obadiah Hanson was an influential man. He was Neera's mentor from abroad and was renowned in the medical field.

After a brief exchange, Obadiah got down to business.

"I'm reaching out as I require your help with a particular set of reagents."

These reagents were crucial to his ongoing work. The study was advancing at a snail's pace, but he was pressed for time. He turned to Neera for support because he lacked the manpower.

"You can count on me!" Neera readily agreed.

Obadiah had been a great help to her over the years. She owed him a tremendous amount of gratitude.

His guidance was crucial to her achievements in ancient medicine research.

As a result, she couldn't refuse Obadiah's request for a favor.

"Haha, you're still the same, always as enthusiastic as you were when you first started. I'll have to thank you in advance," Obadiah said cheerfully.

He went on to say, "I'll arrange for a few people to fly over and assist you in the next couple of days."

Neera replied with a smile, "Sure."

She temporarily set aside her personal feelings and concentrated on the task at hand.

In the evening, she told the triplets about it.

"Anyway, Mommy will be busy for a while and may not have much time for all of you. I hope you can understand. I'll spend more time with you after I finish my work."

This was nothing new for the triplets. Instead, they consoled her.

"It's all right, Mommy," Harvey assured her. "Proceed with your work. I'll look after my siblings."

"We're not going to cause any problems." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mommy, even if you're busy, you need to take care of your health. We'll get worried if you overdo it."

Witnessing the empathy of the triplets, warmth filled Neera's heart.

She lovingly accepted their advice and kissed each of them on the cheek.

Obadiah acted swiftly. The crew arrived at Kingsview the next afternoon.

Neera personally greeted them in the reception area.

There were three people in total, and Neera knew all of them.

One of them was Obadiah's assistant, Luigi.

Osbert Moody, a junior fellow student, was another.

Thora Hanson, Obadiah's daughter, was the last.

Neera subconsciously frowned when she met Thora, not exactly happy to see her.

The two of them had never really gotten along during her years abroad. Thora was always looking for ways to compete with her, not only professionally but also personally.

Therefore, seeing Thora now brought Neera no joy.

Conversely, Osbert greeted her with great excitement and gave her a big hug.

"Neera, it's been so long!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I've been thinking about you! Why didn't you call us as soon as you got home? I was worried you'd forgotten about us!"

Neera beamed and gave him a polite hug in return.

Osbert was like a younger brother to her and one of the people she trusted the most.

"When I got home, I was preoccupied with the business. I wanted to contact you after I had settled down, but you beat me to it," she laughed.

She then gave Luigi a polite greeting.

"Ms. Garcia, long time no see," Luigi said politely.

When it was Thora's turn, she smiled less and merely called her "Ms. Hanson."

Thora dismissed her. She boldly looked around Neera's workspace.

"I thought you rushed home to do research," she berated with contempt.

"It turns out you traveled all this way to manage a company. Well, a businessman is always a businessman. A businessman is a businessman, after all. You can't escape the stench of money no matter how much pretense you put on as a person of culture."

As soon as she started speaking, sarcasm was evident in her words.

Neera was used to her attitude by this point. She didn't seem to care. She couldn't hold it against her; after all, a cracked bell never rings well.

"I'm able to handle both. You shouldn't worry about it," she calmly retorted.

Thora continued to attack her.

She sneered and said, "You think I care about your problem? I'm warning you; my father values this research. Any errors that you cause will not be tolerated by me."

Neera raised her eyes, her once-gentle eyes turning piercing.

She countered, "Unlike you, I don't make careless mistakes. You might want to heed your own advice given your previous "glorious records." Please don't mess up the data and make us all redo everything overnight."

Though she had shown patience for the sake of Obadiah, she wasn't always able to put up with Thora's behavior.

With that rebuttal, Thora's face grew gloomier.

Neera ignored her and talked about plans with the other two.

"I made hotel reservations for you. I'll have someone take you there to check in. Your flight must have left you exhausted. You ought to get some rest. Tonight, I'll treat you to dinner. We'll visit the research institute tomorrow."

The two made no protests.

Thora had strong feelings about this. She couldn't stand how bossy Neera was and the way she took charge.

Neera was always praised and held up as a role model by her father at home. He constantly made comparisons between the two.

She was clearly outstanding as well, but she frequently felt overshadowed in Neera's presence.

Consequently, she couldn't help but be irritated with Neera whenever she encountered her.

"Why should we listen to you? I am the one in charge of this research. When did it become your place to give orders?"

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Chapter 571

Neera's expression grew icily.

She retorted, "Really? Mr. Hanson never mentioned that to me."

She spoke casually, "If my memory serves me right, Mr. Hanson recruited me for the research, and all of you were sent to support my efforts. Thus, when you're in my presence, you follow my lead. If that doesn't sit well with you, feel free to leave."

After being repeatedly defeated, Thora's temper flared.

"Neera, stop making a big fuss of it and bossing me. Using my father's name to put me in my place? How dare you?"

Neera didn't even bat her eyelids.

"As I mentioned earlier, if this arrangement doesn't suit you, there's the door. Shall I contact Mr. Hanson to clarify matters? Or perhaps book a plane ticket for you? I can even organize a ride to the airport. Relax, it's not a big deal; you don't have to thank me."

Thora found herself at a loss; she couldn't win the argument, especially not against Neera.

She was driven mad. She stammered for a while without making a point.

Tensions escalated.

Osbert and Luigi looked at each other. The two quickly intervened to mediate.

The ever-peacemaker Luigi started to calm Thora down by saying, "Calm down, Ms. Hanson. You know her personality is always straightforward.

"Ms. Garcia, we have been on a plane all day, and we are tired," he said, turning to Neera. "Please don't take it personally when she speaks without thinking sometimes."

Osbert firmly sided with Neera.

"Mr. Hanson made it clear that he sent us to Kingsview to conduct research. Our main role was to assist Neera. We should follow Neera's plans. Your father is still awaiting the research findings, Mrs. Hanson. You wouldn't want to make things more challenging for him at this crucial time, would you?"

Thora glared at Osbert as she became even more irate.

Luigi quickly moved over to comfort her out of worry that she might say something inappropriate.

"Ms. Hanson, calm down. Don't follow your whims. Osbert is right. Mr. Hanson will be irate if we delay the progress.

Thora finally took a step back so as not to displease her father.

Later that evening, Neera had Katy take them to the hotel.

By evening, she had made a reservation to treat them.

She found out that Thora wouldn't be attending when she told Osbert about the arrangement.

Neera didn't seem surprised or bothered. In actuality, she was more at ease, and because of her absence, the dinner went smoothly.

Osbert kept asking about Neera's situation after she returned.

He heard everything and sighed, "I'm glad you're doing well."

Neera was amused. She teased, "Why do you sound like an old man?"

"Following your departure, I felt aimless abroad. Osbert sighed as he tugged at his hair.

"I was happier when you were at the lab. I once thought it was a waste for someone with your academic prowess to go into business back home.

"But now that I see that you, I think you certainly live up to the standard of a career woman as you excel in several different fields. You are truly my hero."

His words warmed Neera. She said, "Enough about me. Tell me about you all and how Mr. Hanson is doing."

"Not bad. Mr. Hanson always talks about you. He really misses you since you were his best and most deserving pupil. Some time ago..."

The three chatted over their meals.

Osbert thought about the triplets. He said, "Neera, please take me to my three adorable nephews when you're free. I hadn't seen them in a very long time, and I missed them terribly."

Neera grinned and said, "Of course."

...

She took Luigi and Osbert back to the hotel after dinner.

Osbert suddenly remembered something when they arrived at the hotel.

"I purchased some gifts for them before I flew here. Do you mind helping me give it to them?"

Neera said with a smile, "Certainly, I need to thank you on their behalf."

She got out of the car, followed him to the hotel, and fetched the gifts from his room.

Kyra was in Kingsview by chance to shoot a variety show. She happened to stay at the same hotel.

It was a coincidence that she had just returned from outside after having dinner.

She happened to spot Neera entering a hotel room with another man.

She quickly took out her phone and snapped a photo.

The next day, Kyra took the initiative to ask Wrenn out.

"Aunt Wrenn, is Jean's injury getting better?"

Wrenn remembered their earlier disagreement when Kyra mentioned her son's injury.

"He said he's all right, but God knows," she said sternly.

Kyra had a feeling something was wrong. She saw an opportunity to make herself stand out.

"Are you still upset with him? Don't be upset. Jean will feel sorry for you if you become ill. He may have a sharp tongue, but he never intentionally irritates you. I actually have some spare time tonight. Should we go to see him together?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Wrenn was extremely pleased with Kyra. The tension in her heart had finally dissipated.

"You're so busy, but you're still thinking about Jean. You're so thoughtful."

Kyra chuckled, but her mind was on the photo she had taken with her phone.

Yes, I'm thinking of Jean. I'm going to surprise him tonight!

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Chapter 572

Jean had to attend to some matters at the office today, so he didn't work from home.

He kept himself busy all morning. He started to feel sick in the afternoon. After taking care of the pressing matters, he left for home.

Ian was worried about him.

By evening, he went to the neighboring house and looked for Neera because he couldn't contain his worry.

"Mr. Assistant, what brings you here?" asked the triplets.

Auntie Zuniga had just brought them home from school.

Ian replied hesitantly, "Mr. Beauvort felt a little under the weather. He's currently resting, but it's nothing serious. I swing by to check if Ms. Garcia is home."

Harvey shook his head. He asked worriedly, "Mommy has some matters to attend to at work. She'll come home late. Is Uncle Jean alright?"

"Should we call Mommy for you?" Sammy asked agitatedly.

In response to the offer, Ian said, "Please do."

All three kids made an effort to get in touch with Neera, but none of them got a response.

Ian was left with no option but to leave a message. He urged, "Please ask Ms. Garcia to come over when she returns."

The triplets nodded.

Penny felt ill with worry. She couldn't help but ask, "Can we see Uncle Jean?"

Harvey stopped her before Ian could respond.

"Penny, he should get some rest. We'll disturb him. Wait until he feels better, please."

Penny sulked and mumbled, "Alright..."

When Ian came back, he noticed that Jean was going down the stairs.

"Sir, if you need anything, just call for Mr. Richard or a servant," he hurried up to him and said. "You don't need to come down yourself."

Looking at him, Jean scoffed, "I hurt my back, not my legs."

Then he asked casually, "Did you just go out?"

"Yes, I went to see if Ms. Garcia was home," Ian said in response.

"Is she?" Jean asked after a brief pause.

"No, she had something to do," Ian shook his head. "She would arrive late at home. Please rest for now and bear with the pain."

Jean creased his brows a little and responded, "I'm fine."

He took some painkillers out of the medicine cabinet, consumed them, and then returned to his room.

Jean did not sleep as he lay in bed with his eyes closed. Instead, he patiently awaited Neera's arrival.

He expected to see her, but she never appeared.

Instead, it was around 8:00 p.m. when Wrenn and Kyra both arrived.

When Jean turned to face the two that occupied the sofa, he seemed uninterested.

Wrenn was dissatisfied with the attitude of her son. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

She scolded, "Kyra took some time out of her hectic schedule to visit you. What's with the long face?"

Jean was about to respond when Kyra cut in to smooth things over. She grinned and said, "I don't mind; it's okay."

She pretended to be kind as she turned to face Jean.

Her eyes were filled with worry as she asked, "Jean, how's your injury? Does it still hurt? Have you given the medication I sent you a try?"

Jean remained distant and cold. He was unwell, and being around Kyra only made his mood worsen.

When Kyra got no response, she lost her composure.

"Jean, you seem upset," she purposefully inquired as she lost her cool. "Did something happen between you and Ms. Garcia?"

Jean raised his eyes, but he didn't take the bait. He replied neutrally, "No, we're fine."

Kyra continued playing the part.

She asked, "Really? I thought...Maybe there is a fight between you two. I also think there is a misunderstanding. How could Ms. Garcia be with another man?"

With a deliberate pause, she pretended to have a slip of the tongue.

Wrenn caught on, and she asked, "With another man? Kyra, did you keep something from me?"

Immediately making assumptions, she questioned, "Tell me, did she do something again?"

Kyra had accomplished her goal. She pretended to be hesitant about revealing it.

"Recently, I've been recording a show. I've been residing with the crew at the hotel. My assistant saw Ms. Garcia there. She seemed to be with a man, and

She paused, as if she were finding it difficult to say. She said in a low voice, "She went into his room."

When she heard this, Wrenn's face turned gloomier. She questioned, "Is this true?"

Jean glared angrily at Kyra, and his gaze instantly turned piercing.

The look in Kyra's eyes flickered. She let out a helpless sigh.

"Well, I shouldn't jump to conclusions. I may have misread the situation. I'm not sure if Jean is acquainted with that person. Maybe I'm being overly paranoid."

She took out her phone, pulled a photo from the photo gallery, and handed it to Wrenn.

"This picture was taken on the spot by my assistant. She sent me the picture after I advised her not to show it to anyone else.

She chose her words carefully, leaving no room for error.

When she saw that picture, Wrenn erupted.

"Look at this! This is the woman you're so keen on protecting! Don't tell me you know this man!"

She threw the phone at Jean and said, "I thought she would have changed for the better when she married into our family. Look at her! She's still acting so flirtatious!"

Despite spending a considerable amount of time staring at the photograph, Jean maintained his composure.

He was not angry.

Instead, he grabbed his phone and deleted the picture.

Kyra was perplexed. She was astounded by his response. "Jean, you..." she muttered.

"A picture doesn't prove anything," Jean said stoically.

He threw the phone back and said, "Neera isn't that kind of person."

Wrenn was furious when she heard this, and her head was going to explode.

"Things have reached this point, but you are still standing up for her! Why would she meet with another man if she is really loyal to you? Go to a hotel with him? You've lost your mind! This cannot continue! You two ought to get a divorce immediately."

She turned around and glared at Ian after she was done.

"What are you waiting for? Call her and tell her to come over immediately!"

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Chapter 573

Ian looked at Jean instinctively when he heard this.

Ms. Garcia's phone is not in service now.

Jean, caught between a rock and a hard place, stood up for Neera once more.

"Mom, this is between Neera and me. I can handle it, and I trust my judgment. Neera has my full trust! I know exactly who she is. If this photo is genuine, it must have a reason. Nobody has the right to slander her until things have cleared up."

Wrenn was enraged, and the veins in her forehead were throbbing.

"I'm your mother, but I don't have any say in the matter now, do I? You're going to stand up to me for the sake of a woman with such a bad reputation? Do you even care about me anymore?"

Jean kept his gaze fixed on her, remaining unwavering.

"You wouldn't be here today if I didn't care about you. I've warned you several times not to look for trouble with Neera or make malicious assumptions about her.

"I understand if you have reservations about accepting her, and I will not force you to do so. Nobody, including you, can slander or attack her without concrete evidence!"

Jean rarely spoke so many words at once. He did, however, make an exception to protect Neera.

Wrenn was taken aback.

Kyra was caught off guard as well.

This was neither the reaction she expected nor the scene she desired to see.

However, she reacted quickly and chose the best response to her advantage.

"Calm down, Aunt Wrenn. As I said earlier, this could be a misunderstanding. We can't draw any conclusions from a single photograph. You and Jean are both in poor health. It's not worth jeopardizing your relationship because of this."

Despite this, she suspected that, despite Jean's casual demeanor, he did not fully trust Neera.

The picture would undoubtedly become a thorn in his side. No man could tolerate his wife's ambiguous relationship with another man. Let alone a man of Jean's stature and pride.

She couldn't help but feel proud of herself when she thought about this.

Ian sneered internally as he watched the scene from the sidelines.

Ms. Mark's intentions are written all over her face! If she truly had good intentions, she would not have brought this up in the open. She caused the uproar and is now attempting to play the good guy. What a scheming b*tch!

Jean had obviously seen through this as well.

He wasn't buying any of Kyra's acts. His expression became even colder.

"Ms. Marks, you mentioned that you have a busy schedule and are in the middle of filming a show, but it appears that you have plenty of time to meddle in other people's affairs."

His words were harsh.

Kyra's mouth twitched, and her expression froze.

"I know you're upset. You have every right to blame me. It's my fault; I was afraid you'd be duped and overstepped."

"If you knew you overstepped, you shouldn't have said that out loud," the man said coldly.

"Regardless, Neera and I are husband and wife. We can handle our issues. It's not your place to intervene!"

Every word from him felt like a razor-sharp dagger piercing Kyra's heart.

Kyra forced a smile and apologized, "Sorry for overstepping."

She thought his speech was harsh, but Jean was not done yet.

His demeanor was icy, and he didn't hold back.

"You'd overstepped more than once. If you have any problems in the future, please come straight to me. Don't talk behind my back, especially to my mother."

Kyra's complexion turned ghastly pale. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He said such things to me for the sake of that sl*t. Why? Neera is clearly in the wrong!

She clenched her teeth, barely keeping her dignity, and remained silent.

Wrenn, on the other hand, couldn't take it anymore.

"You've gone too far! Kyra cares about you, which is why she did this. You've been blinded by that woman. Do you believe her words over Kyra's? Clearly, Kyra is the one who genuinely cares about you."

Jean replied coldly, "I don't need it."

"Jean is injured," Kyra said, refusing to stay any longer. "We should let him get some rest and not bother him."

She took Wrenn's arm and pleaded softly.

The more Wrenn looked at her son, the more enraged she became.

Jean asked them to leave before she could say anything else.

"Mom, let's get this over with! You do not need to interfere with our business in the future. I'll have someone send you home."

After that, he looked at Ian and motioned for him to see the guests out.

Ian took the plunge and took a step forward.

"Madam Beauvort, I'll have the driver take you home."

Wrenn was enraged, but she swallowed her rage to keep her dignity.

"I'm not going to let this go!" she declared firmly.

The living room finally quieted down a minute later.

Jean sat down on the sofa, his face solemn.

Ian paused for a moment, unable to resist the urge to speak up.

"Sir, although I haven't had much contact with Ms. Garcia, based on what I've seen, she is not that type of person. It could be a misunderstanding."

Jean remained silent for a few moments. He went upstairs after saying calmly, "I know."

Ian grew more worried about him

Even though he knew his boss trusted Ms. Garcia, he could tell that the photo bothered him.

His jealousy is thick in the air and we couldn't even reach Ms. Garcia at such a critical time. What the hell is going on?

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Chapter 574

Later that evening, when Neera went home and learned that Jean was looking for her, she hurriedly went to see him.

Ian had been waiting anxiously. When he saw her, he felt like he was clutching at a lifesaver.

"Ms. Garcia, you're finally home! He's unwell. Please go and check on him!"

Neera quickened her pace and headed straight to Jean's bedroom.

Jean was sleeping with his eyes closed at the time. He appeared to have dozed off.

She noticed his pale face when she approached him and took his pulse.

His condition was deteriorating, as expected, with signs of another relapse.

"Bring me the first aid kit!"

She gave Ian firm instructions. In the meantime, she unbuttoned Jean's shirt.

Jean had abruptly awoken.

When he opened his eyes, his body reacted instinctively before he recognized the person in front of him. He clutched Neera's hand tightly.

Evidently, his eyes were filled with hostility.

Neera was taken aback. She endured the sharp pain in her wrist while trying to calm him down. She consoled him, saying, "Hey, it's me. I'm here to help."

He recognized her voice, and his gaze shifted to her face. His gaze was hazy before it became profound and enigmatic.

Puzzled, Neera asked, "What happened? Are you having a nightmare?"

Jean remained silent, but the hostility in his eyes faded and calmness took its place.

He finally realized he was grasping her hand tightly. He promptly let go.

"Sorry. You're home," he said.

Neera let out a gentle nod as she massaged her wrist.

"I owe you an apology. My phone died, so I couldn't answer your call. I had no idea you were sick. You shouldn't say anything; just let me take care of you. I need to stabilize your condition because you're on the verge of relapsing."

Jean remained silent once more. His gaze, which was fixated on her, darkened.

His eyes were filled with enigmatic emotions.

Tonight, Neera noticed that this man was acting strangely.

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "Are you in pain, or has something happened to you?"

Jean moved his lips as if he were about to say something.

He was interrupted when Ian entered the room carrying a medical kit. He swallowed the words, and his expression darkened slightly.

Neera set this aside and began treating him.

Ian stood to the side, watching Jean's expression. He would look at Neera from time to time, trying to pry.

"Ms. Garcia, you've been coming home late lately. Are you meeting with some clients?"

"No." Without looking up, Neera answered and continued her work, "I'm hosting some friends."

Ian probed further, "Friends?"

"Yes, friends from abroad."

Neera truthfully replied, "My mentor assigned me a task to develop reagents. He dispatched some people to assist me."

She frowned, remembering how she planned to bring them to the lab today. Thora, on the other hand, made the excuse that she hadn't gotten enough rest and had wasted another day.

"Oh, so... did you dine at the hotel last night?" Ian probed.

Neera looked at Ian, perplexed.

She replied, "No, we dine at the restaurant. Why would we dine at the hotel?"

She cast a suspicious glance at Ian and asked, "Why are you asking so many questions tonight?"

"I'm just curious, that's all," Ian pretended. "You'll be hosting these old acquaintances for the next few days?"

"Indeed, I'll be busy for a while," Neera replied, nodding.

Unable to stop himself, Ian inquired, "Are these acquaintances of yours male or female?"

Neera had a feeling something was wrong. She turned around and gave him a conflicted look.

"Why are you asking me these questions?" she remarked sarcastically. "Do you require a detailed account of my interactions with all of them?"

"No, no..." Ian responded, embarrassed.

He dared not ask any more questions but secretly hoped that Jean would say something to break the awkward silence. After all, he was concerned that if he didn't clarify this matter, Jean might have doubts.

Jean, on the other hand, did not appear to be interested in further questioning.

He lay motionless, allowing Neera to perform the treatment. [search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

When the session was finished, it was late at night.

Jean was exhausted after feeling ill all day. He'd dozed off during the treatment.

Neera quietly packed her belongings. Her expression was difficult to read.

As he escorted her downstairs, Ian was overcome with anxiety.

He thought they'd put this matter to rest, but Neera abruptly came to a halt.

"I have a question for you."

Ian had been caught off guard and had predicted trouble.

Neera's piercing gaze met him before he could respond.

"What are you trying to learn with those questions?" she interrogated. "What are you attempting to achieve?"

Ian felt as though his head was going to explode. He tried to dismiss it, saying, "Ms. Garcia, I just..."

"Are you trying to fool me?"

Neera smiled and arched her brows, but her gaze was dead serious.

"You can't expect me to believe you just asked those out of curiosity."

Embarrassed and conflicted flashed through Ian's face. He was aware that he had made a mistake. He reluctantly spilled the beans about what happened last night.

Neera was understandably irritated when she was wrongfully accused.

"Does Jean share your thoughts?" she asked instead of answering the question.

"No, he didn't!"

Panickedly, Ian quickly clarified for his boss.

"He trusts you unconditionally. He even got into a heated argument with Ms. Marks about it. She left after being humiliated."

Neera frowned and asked, "Really?"

Ian nodded repeatedly and said, "Yes. It's absolutely true!"

Neera left without saying anything else.

Ian called out to her, "I'm just curious. What's your relationship with that man?"

He carefully observed her reaction and inquired cautiously.

Neera just walked away, snorting coldly, clearly not intending to explain to him.

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Chapter 575

Ian's heart sank as he gazed at the villa's doorway.

Oh, no! I've made a terrible mistake! By the looks of Ms. Garcia's face, she's livid!

Panic overtook him, and he paced back and forth in the living room like a cat on the hot tin roof.

Why did I pry so much and ask so many questions? I'm shooting myself in the foot if Ms. Garcia takes out her anger on Mr. Beauvort due to my inquisitiveness!

After a sleepless night, upon seeing Jean the next morning, Ian immediately owned up to his mistake and sought forgiveness.

"Sir, I was too nosy last night. I asked many questions, and I believe I may have angered Ms. Garcia."

Jean took a sip of warm water to moisten his throat. He looked at him coldly while listening intently.

"What did she say when she left last night?"

Ian wore a bitter expression and explained, "She realized I was probing her. So she asked me what was going on. I couldn't handle the pressure, so I confessed, and then..."

He braced himself and cast a glance at Jean, looking utterly guilty.

"I was just curious about her relationship with that man, so I asked again. I guess she suspects you didn't trust her. I'm sorry for causing you trouble."

Jean shot a cold glance at him and said nothing.

After a brief silence, he got dressed and went to the next door.

However, Neera was not home, but Auntie Zuniga politely invited him in.

"Mr. Beauvort, you're awake. Ms. Garcia left early in the morning, but she left some medicine for you. Initially, she wanted me to send it over, but I've been busy. Since you have dropped by, you can bring it back home. She had written the instructions on the card."

Jean took the card. He knitted his brows tighter when he looked at the delicate handwriting on the card.

...

Neera had left the house early. She picked up the three and drove them to the research institute.

Upon arrival, Thora started to criticize the facility.

"This research institute is so small, isn't it? How can we work in such a small space? The equipment is incomplete too. What can we do with these? This place is too shabby; have you spent all the money on the company?"

Neera looked up. Her face was devoid of a smile.

She retorted sharply, "If you don't like it, you can leave now. I won't tolerate this attitude of yours!"

She was in a bad mood today; therefore, her tone was particularly harsh.

Thora's complexion changed. She wanted to retort, but Neera cut her off.

"You should know your place. You're here to help, not to be a princess. If you keep picking on everything, I'll personally put you in a car and send you back on a plane without informing your father."

The atmosphere became tense.

Thora's expression darkened, but she could tell that Neera had been repressing her rage.

"Why are you so proud of yourselves?" She muttered under her breath and walked away.

Later, Neera gathered all the available team members and held a meeting.

During the meeting, she analyzed the previous failure data from Obadiah's research and set up a new research plan with some adjustments.

By noon, everyone was starving.

She finally realized how much time had passed. She urged, "Let's take a break for lunch. Our discussion resumes at 2 p.m."

Osbert finally had a moment. He expressed his concern over lunch, "Neera, what's wrong? Are you upset? Tell me what happened, and I'll help!"

Neera didn't want to be so transparent and not wanting to talk about her feelings.

She just shook her head and said, "It's nothing. I just didn't sleep well. Eat now and rest a little."

Osbert didn't push further. He chatted casually with her for a while.

In the afternoon, another long meeting ensued.

As usual, Neera was so engrossed in the research that she forgot to eat or sleep.

She was serious with her task. She led the team, and the discussion went on until 10 p.m. However, they did not reach any conclusions.

Fortunately, everyone was used to her style. They were so well prepared that they wouldn't go home tonight.

Jean was at home. He constantly paid attention to the activities next door.

Before long, Ian returned from the neighbor's house for the third time.

He looked dejected and reported, "Auntie Zuniga said that Ms. Garcia called about ten minutes ago. She informed her that she wouldn't be coming home tonight."

As soon as the words fell, the temperature in the living room plummeted. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He blamed himself for this. He regretted it deeply. He decided to go all out, thinking that no matter what he did, the outcome would remain the same.

"Sir, should I apologize to Ms. Garcia now? It's my fault. I shouldn't be so nosy. I'll explain to her."

Jean coldly glanced at him and said, "It's alright. When she returns, I'll speak to her."

Hearing this, Ian grew even more anxious.

If they break up because of him, he might as well kill himself to atone for the sin.

...

Neera was occupied for the next two days. She spends almost all of her time at the research institute.

She only came home once in between. She hurriedly left after she got some sleep and changed her clothes.

Naturally, she didn't run into Jean.

The triplets noticed something felt wrong between their parents. They grew deeply worried.

After they came home from school, they couldn't help but rush next door.

"Uncle Jean, did you have a fight with Mommy?"

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Chapter 576

Jean looked at the triplet's nervous expression and responded, "No, it was me who made her upset."

"Hmm..." the triplets didn't know what to say.

Jean didn't want them to worry. "Don't worry, I'll talk with her later when she's back."

The triplets came up with some ideas for Jean. "Uncle Jean, you can coax Mommy very easily. You can buy her some flowers. She will be very happy when she receives it."

Jean eased up. "Good."

While they were talking, Frederic and Wrenn were here to visit Jean again. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

They heard that Jean was not feeling well and was absent from work.

As soon as they entered the door, they saw three kids talking and laughing with him.

They felt puzzled as they hadn't expected that.

When the triplets saw them, they immediately greeted them politely.

"Hello Grandpa, Grandma."

Wrenn felt that they looked familiar and she remembered that she met them last time.

She was surprised, "It's you guys!"

The triplets nodded nervously. They remembered that Frederic and Wrenn didn't like Neera.

It was Jean's turn to be surprised, "Mom, you've met them?"

Wrenn nodded. "They helped me when I fell last time. Whose kids are these? They are so well-behaved and cute!"

Jean didn't answer.

Frederic whispered, "They're Neera's children."

Upon hearing this, Wrenn froze. Then, she frowned. "So...they're...I knew it. This is not a coincidence. She arranged this for her children to approach me."

Jean was upset. "Mom, don't say that..." Saying such words in front of the children will hurt them.

Wrenn was angry. "Am I wrong? She used her children to gain my favor. I believed her when she said she was not interested in the Beauvort family. Now, she's letting her children come to your house! Her intentions are clear! Are you going to raise someone else's child?"

The triplets frowned when they heard this. We are not someone else's children...

Jean had the same thoughts as the triplets. "They're not someone else's children. Neera is my wife, they're also my children. There's nothing wrong with them showing up at my place."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Wrenn exploded. "What do you mean by they are your children? I won't recognize them as your children. How could the Beauvort family raise someone else's children?"

"It's useless for you to deny the truth. They're my children no matter what."

Wrenn shouted, "Jean!"

Jean was not bothered about it. "Mom, you're my elder. You should know what to say and what you shouldn't say. Don't lose your composure over something like this."

The triplets were happy and excited when they heard Jean's words.

Daddy loves us the most! We're correct about him!

The atmosphere was tense. Ian quickly intervened. "Madam, sir hasn't recovered yet. Please tolerate him. Don't let him get emotional again. He almost got sick last night. It was not easy to suppress it!"

Meanwhile, Neera came back.

Her preparations for research and development were done. It was rare for her to end her work early.

She was going to go home, but Thora called out to her.

"I heard that you live in Imperial Gardens. It's the most luxurious place in Kingsview. You should bring your guests to visit your house."

Neera wanted to refuse but she paused.

She had been busy for the past few days and hadn't had time to communicate with Jean.

Although she didn't have to explain anything about that day, she didn't like being misunderstood.

It would be better for her to bring them back to clear unnecessary misunderstandings.

She agreed to Thora's request in the end.

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Read Chapter 577

Chapter 577

By the time they arrived, Zuniga had prepared a sumptuous dinner.

Thora looked around from the moment she entered. She was jealous of Neera.

"No wonder you gave up research and went into business. Money is indeed tempting."

Neera didn't bother to argue with her. She acted like she didn't hear Thora.

Osbert liked Neera's place from the bottom of his heart. "Neera, your place is wonderful! The interior design is my style. The courtyard is the same as the luxury houses that were shown on TV. I like the pond too!"

Luigi made a few subtle compliments too.

Neera smiled as they entered. "Make yourselves at home."

Seeing that the triplets weren't home, she turned to Zuniga, "Where are the kids?"

Zuniga answered while she was setting up the dining table, "They went next door. I'll go and get them."

Neera gets up, "I'll go."

When Neera arrived, she was just in time to hear Wrenn talking bad about her.

"You claim that she's your wife, but what about her? Has she ever thought of you as her husband? She said she'd treat you but she wasn't home the whole day. She doesn't care about you!"

Jean didn't want to argue with Wrenn. He was suppressing his temper. "Neera had her things to do. She has been doing every treatment on time. There's no need for her to be around me twenty-four hours a day. And that doesn't mean she doesn't care for me."

Wrenn was upset that Jean defended Neera.

Neera walked in without knocking.

The triplets saw her and immediately ran to her.

"Mommy, you're back."

"Yes, I'm back."

Neera ignored Frederic and Wrenn and walked toward Jean.

"Not feeling well again?" She acted like they weren't in the middle of a dispute.

Jean had been looking at her from the moment she came in. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"I'm fine."

Neera didn't believe him and grabbed his wrist to check his pulse.

"You're fine."

Neera then looked at Frederic and Wrenn. "I've already given Jean his medicine and treated him. I've done everything that should be done."

Wrenn frowned and snapped when she remembered the photo.

"You've done everything that should be done, but what about the things that shouldn't be done? Since we're all here, let's be open and honest today. We'll talk about you and Jean!"

"Mom, stop it! I believe in Neera. Stop messing around."

Wrenn huffed. "I'm not messing around! You can't speak for me! There are some things that I have to ask her!"

Neera was calm. "You can ask anything you want."

"Fine, then I'll be blunt!" Wrenn looked at Neera with displeasure. "Although Jean has to rely on you for his treatment now. It doesn't mean that you can do whatever you want! What can you explain about this photo?"

Wrenn took out her phone and held it in front of Neera.

"You are still Jean's wife, but you went to a hotel with other men? Have you ever thought of Jean? Have you ever thought of the reputation of the Beauvort family? In the beginning, we agreed not to pursue your past, and you promised that you would listen to us. Are you breaking your promise now?"

Neera was slightly taken aback by the photo.

That night, she had already heard it from Ian.

She didn't expect that a photo like this would exist.

She looked at Wrenn after looking at the photo. "What does this photo mean?" Neera spoke calmly.

Wrenn frowned when she saw that Neera didn't panic. "Couldn't you tell from it? Do you need to have controversial photos taken before you'll admit it?"

"This can only show that I've been to the hotel. It doesn't show whether I've done anything wrong to Jean. And it doesn't show something happened between me and the person in the photo, right? If you are making up a bunch of stories just because of a photo, you're quite stupid."

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Chapter 578

Wrenn was furious. "Where's your respect?"

Neera laughed. "When did I disrespect you? Did I say something wrong? You're prejudiced against me and you're eager to find my fault. You're questioning me because you want to prove that I've cheated on Jean, right?"

Wrenn admitted. "Yes, so what if I am prejudiced against you? If you don't admit to your wrongdoings, you better explain it! Who is this man and what did you do with him when you went to a hotel with him?"

"Do you want to know? I can call him here and you can ask him yourself."

Neera was calm even though she was angry.

Jean grabbed her hand, he whispered, "You don't have to explain if you don't want to, I believe you."

Neera glanced sideways and met his gaze. His words touched her but she wanted to put an end to this matter.

"I have to explain it to your parents to shut their mouths."

The words stung and Jean was stunned. Neera slipped away.

Neera came back with 3 people after a few minutes. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"They are my partners from abroad. My mentor sent them to help me with poison research and development."

Neera looked at Osbert, "I've run into a bit of trouble. I need you to explain my relationship with you, please."

Osbert was confused.

"My name is Osbert, I have the same mentor as Neera. She's my senior."

Wrenn was stunned at the revelation.

It wasn't over yet. Neera continued, "Two days ago when I sent you to the hotel, what did I do with you in the room? Tell that too, someone wants to know."

Osbert was even more confused, "What did we do? I bought some toys for the triplets and asked you to take them back. Neera, what's going on?"

Wrenn couldn't help but question, "Are you telling the truth? Are you hiding the truth for the sake of her? Did you sleep with her?"

Osbert was shocked. "What are you talking about? I treat Neera as my elder sister. Neera also treated me like a younger brother and always took care of me. How could I have improper thoughts about her?"

Luigi spoke for Neera too. "Osbert and Ms. Garcia are like siblings."

Wrenn was speechless.

Neera patted Osbert in appreciation.

She turned to Wrenn. "Mrs. Beauvort, I know you don't like me and you're prejudiced against me. I don't mind that and I don't expect you to change your mind about me. But, please don't slander me without any evidence. You're accusing me because of a photo without knowing the truth. You're making yourself like a joke. Jean will also be humiliated by your actions."

Wrenn couldn't say a word.

Frederic sighed at the misunderstanding.

He knew that Wrenn was prejudiced against Neera because she cared too much about Jean.

"We are a little abrupt this time," Frederic admitted.

Neera quickly agreed. "It's true. If the two of you have any problems in the future, come to me directly. It will save you from a lot of trouble to speculate about things that don't exist. I will admit to what I've done. And don't slander me for what I haven't done!"

Frederic pulled Wrenn away and they left hastily.

Neera was tired of what happened.

She told the triplets and Osbert to go back first.

Ian stayed outside when he led the guest out.

Only Jean and Neera were left.

Neera took a deep breath and looked at Jean. "Let's talk."

"Okay."

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Chapter 579

They sat and Neera called him, "Jean Beauvort."

It was rare for her to call him by his full name.

Jean's heart sank. He had a bad feeling about it.

"Have you ever considered ending our marriage early?" Neera asked.

Jean was stunned. "No."

Neera didn't expect his answer. "Our contract will remain valid excluding the marriage part. I won't stop treating you. My relationship with your parents is ruined now. You know that they don't like me and you're under pressure too. If we continue doing this, we might only create more trouble for each other."

Create more trouble for each other...

Jean was irritated. "I don't agree with you. Two years means two years."

Neera felt complicated but wanted to laugh when she saw Jean being tense.

"Why are you so stubborn all of a sudden? Our relationship wasn't real in the first place. There's no need to stick to this contract."

"Since it's a contract that you and I agreed on in the first place, how can we change our minds suddenly? Do you think that I'm doubting you?"

Neera froze. She recalled the way he said, "I believe you".

"No." She shook her head. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"It's because of my family."

"Yes. To be honest, if our relationship is real, I won't be bothered by what other people think. But, our relationship is fake. Even if you believe me, your family is still prejudiced against me. They wouldn't be satisfied with anything I do. There will be more and more troubles in the future. I don't want to live like this anymore."

Jean stared at her. His heart ached for her.

"I didn't handle it well enough. I thought they'd stop as long as I warned them. I made it clear with my actions to cut off ties with the Marks family. What I did was far from enough."

Neera was surprised. She did not expect that Jean had done so much.

"You've done enough. But, this matter does bother me a lot."

"That means, I'm not mean enough to them!" Since I couldn't stop my parents, I had to cut off ties with the Marks family.

Neera didn't know what was going on in Jean's mind, she thought it was funny.

"No, this is not a matter of being mean or not. It's just that...we don't have to persist in it. We can always be friends, right?"

Jean didn't want to be friends with Neera. He was annoyed by her words.

He wanted her to stay.

He looked at her and asked, "Do you really want a divorce? You just said that if our relationship is real, you won't be bothered by others' thoughts, right? Have you ever...considered being in a relationship with me?"

Neera's heart skipped a beat when she heard this. She was stunned and confused by Jean's question.

"Stop joking," she mumbled.

Jean was relieved. His negative emotions from these few days were replaced by determination.

"I'm not kidding." He said softly, "I'm serious."

Neera's emotions were in turmoil. Her instinct told her to leave.

Jean took her hand and held it tightly.

"Don't go. I was confused by what was going on between us previously, I wasn't decisive enough during making decisions. Now, I've figured it out. I won't let them mess with you a single bit, okay?"

Neera wanted to withdraw her hand but she could only stare at him blankly.

"What have you...figured out?"

Jean suddenly smiled. "My feelings for you, Neera. I like you. There's only you in my heart."

Neera froze. Is he confessing to me?

Jean continued, "I'm sorry, I've never been in a relationship. I didn't figure out my feelings earlier. Now that I've made up my mind, I don't want to lose you. Our marriage started with a contract but I don't want it to end this way. I want to continue our marriage differently. I'm not sure about you. What's your answer?"

Neera was flabbergasted. My answer? I don't have any answer! This is too abrupt for me!

Jean didn't force Neera to answer him.

He stroked the back of her hand before letting go.

"There's no rush, we have a long way ahead of us. You can take your time to think about it. Go back now and serve your guests. Tell me your answer next time," he paused and continued, "Just...don't make me wait for too long. I can't wait to be together with you."

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Chapter 580

Neera went back as if she was floating on a cloud. She felt like she was dreaming.

"Who was that man? What's your relationship with him?" Thora asked and Neera snapped back to reality.

Thora was quite anxious. She was attracted to Jean when she saw him. The men she met over the years couldn't be compared with him.

Unfortunately, she didn't have the chance to talk to him just now. She could only wait for Neera to return.

Osbert knew what she was thinking about. "What does it have to do with you? What's the point of asking?"

Thora grunted, "What? Is it wrong to ask?"

Osbert sneered, "Yes!"

The triplets also knew what Thora was thinking about.

Sammy immediately informed her, "He's our Daddy. He got married to Mommy!" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The guests were shocked.

"Neera, when did you get married?"

Neera whispered, "Not long after I came back."

Osbert was excited and upset at the same time. "Why didn't you tell us about it, Neera? I was going to give you something big for your marriage!"

Neera had no intention to talk about this now. She simply answered their questions.

After dinner, she sent her guest away.

The triplets finally caught a chance to gather around Neera. "Mommy, did you quarrel with Uncle Jean?"

Neera shook her head. "No."

The triplets were unsure about her answer. "What did you guys talk about just now?"

Neera remembered Jean's confession and she was in turmoil again.

"Mommy is tired. I'm going to rest first. You guys play by yourselves and go to bed later."

Neera went upstairs after that.

The triplets were worried about her.

Jean called Ian.

"Rearrange all of the cooperation with the Marks Group as soon as possible. Hand over those ongoing projects to other branches. End those projects that haven't started yet."

Ian could see that Jean was determined to cut off ties with the Marks family. It was to cut off Kyra's fantasies too. Sir did this because of his love for Ms. Garcia.

Jean did this because of Neera.

"Yes." Ian quickly told the respective departments to execute Jean's order.

Neera couldn't sleep that night.

She tossed and turned in bed but she couldn't calm her heart.

She sat up and made a phone call to Isabella.

Isabella picked up the call drowsily, "Dear Dr. Garcia, it's 3 AM now. You're disturbing my beauty sleep..."

"Jean confessed to me."

Isabella was wide awake immediately. She was excited. "Oh my God! Really? What did he say to you, repeat it word for word!"

Neera was embarrassed and she couldn't say it.

"Don't tease me. I can't sleep now. I'm going to take sleeping pills now!"

"Don't! He's not breaking up with you! Why are you taking those pills? Tell me, how do you feel?"

Neera ruffled her hair in distress. "I don't know."

"What do you mean by you don't know? How did you feel when he confessed to you? Are you happy? If you're happy, just get into a relationship with him! I think Jean is a good man. He is nice to you because of his feelings for you. It's great! I agree with your marriage!"

Neera would laugh at this playful remark but she was filled with concerns now, she couldn't laugh at all.

"It's not that simple. There are too many obstacles between me and him."

"So what? This relationship is between the two of you. Leave those obstacles to Jean. He was already protective of you during your fake marriage, he'll definitely spoil you if you're lovers. He wouldn't let you suffer."

"It's not true..." Neera mumbled.

"What? Ask yourself, is he nice to you and the triplets? Every time you wanted something, did he try his best to help you?"

Neera thought about it and realized that it was true. But...

"It would be difficult to get along with the Beauvort family members. I might run into a lot of trouble if I agree with him out of the blue."

"That's true...but you're marrying Jean, not his family. You and Jean are perfect for each other, okay? I'm sure, sooner or later, his parents will regret what they did to you."

Neera was still indecisive and Isabella went straight to the point.

"What really matters is, do you like him?"

Neera mumbled, "I don't know, I've never been in a relationship..."

Isabella felt helpless.

"I'll tell you what, I'll ask and you answer. Don't think too much and answer with your heart."

Neera agreed.

"Are you worried when Jean is sick?"

"Yes."

"Did your heart skip a beat when you were with him?"

"Yes."

"Are you happy when he was protective of you?"

"Yes."

"Would you feel uncomfortable if you saw him standing beside another woman?"

"Yes."

Isabella concluded. "That's right! You like him secretly!"

Neera spaced out. "Is this considered as liking him?"

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Chapter 581

"Of course. It's not that complicated. You cared about his actions. You will be happy when he cares for you and you will be sad when he neglects you. All of your emotions will be related to him too. Aren't you feeling it now, Neera?"

Neera hung up the phone and she was dumbfounded.

Isabella's words were looping in her mind.

This is how it feels to like someone. I like Jean...I wouldn't think too much about it if I didn't like him. Admit it, you're in love with him.

Neera couldn't sleep anymore after realizing her feelings for Jean. She had never thought that she would be attracted to someone.

Neera woke up late the next day.

She laughed at her dark circles when she looked at herself in the mirror.

After changing her clothes, she went downstairs to look for Zuniga. She was startled to see Jean sitting in the living room.

Neera was embarrassed when she thought about Jean's confession. She asked softly, "What are you doing here?"

Jean looked up at her. "Zuniga dropped off the kids and breakfast is on the table."

"Have you eaten? Do you want to join me?" Neera took the initiative and asked.

"Sure."

They ate quietly. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Jean didn't mention anything about last night.

Neera was nervous at first but she calmed down.

Halfway through the meal, she looked up at him and said, "I've been thinking about it all night and I have an answer."

It was Jean's turn to get nervous. He didn't expect Neera to answer him so soon.

"So, what's your answer?" He forced himself to stay calm. His eyes were locked on her. It was rare for Jean to be so nervous.

Neera managed to see through his facade. She smiled and blushed.

"I agree with you"

Jean didn't expect Neera to be so decisive.

He smiled. "You like me too?"

"Hmm." Neera blushed harder.

Jean laughed softly. "Great, we're officially a couple now."

Neera couldn't help but look at him. She felt glad with her decision. I will never regret it. I'm happy when I'm with him.

After breakfast, Jean asked, "What's your schedule today?"

"I'm going to the research center. I might be late for the next few days."

"Do you have time for dinner?"

"Why?" Neera wondered, "Do you have something planned?"

"It's the first day of us being officially together. We should celebrate it and we have to announce it to the kids too."

Neera laughed. "You like to commemorate everything."

"Ian said that we have to commemorate the first time of everything in a relationship. I don't know much about that, but I can give you everything that I can."

Neera blushed. Is this his first relationship? He knows so much about it.

"Okay, let's have dinner together then."

"Alright, later I'll pick up the kids first. Let's go, I'll drive you there."

Neera didn't want to trouble him but he already held her hand. Their fingers were interlocked.

Jean smiled. "I want to perform well on the first day. Don't refuse me."

Neera couldn't stop smiling.

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Chapter 582

They reached the research center 20 minutes later.

Osbert greeted Jean, "Hello, my dear brother-in-law!"

Jean was surprised and he nodded at him.

Luigi also greeted Jean politely.

As for Thora, she stared at Jean non-stop. Yesterday, she immediately stalked Jean when she returned to her hotel.

When she learned that he was the head of the Beauvort family, she was jealous. How could such a perfect man like Neera? She had 3 kids. Why does Neera have all the nice men?

Thora couldn't control her desire. "We didn't even greet each other properly yesterday. Neera, why don't you introduce us again?"

Neera ignored her and turned to Jean, "You can leave now."

Jean nodded and glanced at Thora in annoyance before he left.

Thora felt unpleasant. Neera noticed her mood but she quickly went upstairs to work.

She was so busy that she barely had time to look at her phone.

In the evening, Jean called her when he arrived. Neera only remembered that she had a dinner date tonight. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Okay, I'll come down in a minute."

"I have a dinner date. I'll be back later," Neera told Osbert and the others after she hung up the phone.

Osbert nodded. "Don't worry, Neera. Enjoy and leave everything to us!"

Thora was unhappy. She threw the papers on the table and made a scene.

"Neera, where's your work ethic? We are still here and you're leaving first?"

Neera retorted, "My efficiency is three times yours. I finished my work by 4 PM and I even helped to deal with your mess. Why don't you use the time to improve yourself rather than find fault with others? Question me when you have the ability as me!"

Thora was pissed off.

Neera got into the car and saw the excited triplets.

They already knew about Neera and Jean being officially together. They wanted to hear her repeat it in person.

"Mommy, are you and Uncle Jean really together? You didn't lie to us, right?"

Neera glanced at Jean. "No, what's the point of lying to you guys? Do you guys agree with our decision?"

The triplets smiled so widely that they couldn't even close their mouths.

"Of course we do! Mommy, we've been looking forward to you and Uncle being together for a long time!"

Sammy was so excited that he blurted, "Unfortunately, Mommy, you are like a piece of wood in the area of love. You've made us wait!"

"It's fine as long as we have a great ending!" Harvey said.

Penny nodded.

Neera was amused.

Ian picked up a bouquet from the passenger seat and handed it to Neera.

"Mrs. Beauvort, sir bought this for you just now."

Neera was surprised at his greetings. She smiled at the roses.

She touched the petals lightly and glanced at Jean flirtatiously. "Mr. Beauvort is romantic, huh?"

Jean smiled, "I'm still learning."

The triplets covered their mouths and laughed cheekily.

"Mommy, Mr. Assistant had called you Mrs. Beauvort, why are you still calling Uncle Jean Mr. Beauvort?"

Neera blushed. "I'm used to calling him that. It's too sudden for me. So let's just leave it like this for the moment."

The triplets were not happy with Neera's explanation.

"That's not how it works! Since you are together now, you should call him more affectionately. Don't you think so, Uncle Jean?"

Jean raises an eyebrow, "Up to her."

Daddy listens to Mommy so much...

"You can call him by his name, it's more intimate."

"Babe is fine too!"

"Since you're married, you can call him Hubby!"

Neera glared at them and tried to look fierce. "Hush! Stop talking nonsense!"

The triplets were not scared of her. They laughed more instead.

"Mommy, you're blushing hard!"

Neera was out of tricks and hid her face in shame and embarrassment. She looked out of the window and ignored them.

Jean smiled at the scene. It was a warm moment for the family.

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Chapter 583

Soon, they arrived at the restaurant.

Jean booked the place. The interior was exquisite.

Their table was surrounded by a quiet bamboo forest.

After the dishes were served, the triplets picked up the juice.

"Cheers to Uncle Jean and Mommy's first day together! Congratulations to you, and us, for having a complete family!"

Neera got a little emotional. They had been looking forward to this day...

Neera and Jean looked at each other and smiled while they tossed their glasses.

This was Neera's and the triplets' happiest moment since they came back from abroad.

After dinner, Jean dropped Neera at the research center.

Neera waved goodbye. "You guys go back first, I'm going up."

"Uncle Jean, you have to take Mommy upstairs, right?"

Jean got out of the car and walked to Neera.

The triplets teased them. "You guys should hold hands!"

Neera turned around and looked at them. "That's enough!"

The triplets quickly sat properly in the car.

Neera shook her head helplessly.

It took a few minutes for them to arrive at the entrance of the research center.

"We've reached. You can leave first," Neera said.

"It won't take long for me to send you upstairs."

Neera couldn't help but laugh, "You don't have to take the kids seriously. They are just fooling around."

"I'm serious with you." Jean held Neera's hand and whispered, "Let's go, girlfriend."

Neera felt butterflies in her stomach. She was blushing madly.

How could I resist him?

When they reached, Jean let go of her hand. "What time do you get off work tonight?"

Neera thought for a moment, "I think it will be ten or eleven, depending on the progress of the work."

"Okay." Jean made a mental reminder.

Neera guessed what he was thinking, and quickly said, "Don't come to pick me up. I can go back by myself. It's too late and you have to take care of your health. Okay?"

"Okay, okay."

After saying her goodbyes, Neera entered her workplace.

Thora rolled her eyes when she saw Neera. What a show-off! Mr. Beauvort is just having a fling with you! Do you think you can go from rags to riches?

Neera went back late that night.

When she reached home, she was surprised to find Jean sitting on her couch waiting for her.

"You're back. The kids are asleep. Are you hungry? I asked Zuniga to leave supper for you."

Jean put the laptop on the coffee table and got up.

Neera spaced out. This feeling is kind of amazing. It was the first time that someone other than the triplets had waited for me to come home.

She felt touched.

"Well, I'm a little hungry. Let's eat together?"

Jean smiled and they went to the dining room.

They sat next to each other and the atmosphere was cozy as they ate.

Neera touched her stomach when she finished eating.

Jean laughed. "Come on, let's go for a walk."

"What time is it now? It's going to be morning soon. People will think that we're crazy."

"You won't be able to sleep if you're too full."

Neera looked at him suspiciously, "Honestly, is this your first relationship?"

"What?"

"You're acting like an experienced boyfriend. You know how to flirt and you're so caring!"

Jean was stunned. "I'm a quick learner!" He paused. "Besides, I've learned a lot more."

Neera understood what he meant and she blushed.

She coughed lightly and changed the topic quickly.

"I'll go back with you and take a look at your injury first. Are you still feeling uncomfortable for these two days?"

"I felt better."

Neera nodded. His complexion is indeed better...

"You still have to take your medication." Neera insisted.

"Alright."

After arriving at Jean's place, she applied medicine for him as usual. The bruise on his back had almost faded.

"It is much better. I guess it will be healed soon. Let's have a full body checkup to confirm your current condition. Although you're much better, it could come back any time. It will be painful for you even with my help to suppress it. We have to prepare another treatment if it happens..." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Jean couldn't help but smile as he buttoned up.

"Why are you suddenly being proactive at treating me? Is it because I'm your boyfriend now?"

Neera admitted with a smile. "Of course. Our relationship now is closer than before. I'm that realistic."

Jean was amused by her. "That's great. I didn't suffer any losses."

Neera yawned and she was ready to go back.

Before leaving, Jean suddenly pulled her onto his lap.

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Chapter 584

Neera was startled and hurriedly placed her hand on his shoulder, "What's wrong?"

Jean looked at her slyly, "Since we are in a relationship now..."

Neera didn't understand what Jean was implying. "So?"

Jean's gaze landed on her rosy lips and he pulled Neera toward him.

He lowered his voice. "So...it's time to do something that lovers do."

Jean kissed Neera. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera was stunned and she kissed him back clumsily.

Jean deepened their kiss.

However, it didn't last long.

Jean pulled away. "Go home. Good night."

Neera was on cloud nine and her cheeks were burning as she walked home.

She remembered that they kissed accidentally before but it felt different this time.

Her heart was beating so fast that it almost popped out and she felt satisfied at the same time.

I will have a good sleep tonight.

The next morning, the triplets gathered around Neera when she went downstairs.

"Mommy, Mr. Butler told us to go next door to have breakfast with Daddy!"

"Daddy specially ordered soufflés for us!"

"Mommy, let's go!"

Before Neera could react, she was pushed out of the house by the triplets.

They looked around for Jean as soon as they reached next door.

"Uncle Jean, we're here!"

When they saw him, they rushed toward him.

"Good morning, Uncle Jean! It's a happy day!"

Jean pinched their cheeks.

"Come on, get ready for breakfast."

Jean greeted Neera too. "Morning."

Neera blushed because as soon as she saw him, she remembered their kiss.

"Morning." She greeted him softly.

During the meal, Jean offered, "Come over for breakfast every day. I'll ask someone to make anything you want to eat."

The triplets' eyes brightened. "Sure! Sure! Sure!"

"Uncle Jean is the best!"

"I'm too happy to be able to see Uncle Jean in the morning every day!"

The triplets agreed before Neera could say anything. Since we're in a relationship now, there's nothing wrong with it I guess...

After breakfast, Jean walked them out and went to his office. Ian followed him.

"Sir, I've followed your instructions and arranged the cooperation with the Marks Group. The projects that hadn't begun yet had been called off. Mr. Joseph took over those that were ongoing."

"Got it. Prepare for a C-level meeting."

At 10 AM, after the departments had reported on their work, Karl questioned Jean.

"I heard that you have new arrangements for the projects with Marks Group. You cut off and handed over the projects. Why did you do that? Do you know how much we have to compensate for breaching the contract? You're not only damaging the company's interests but also the company's reputation! The company has already invested a lot of effort in these projects. It's a waste of the employees' dedication! You have to give a reasonable explanation for your actions!"

The atmosphere in the conference room was tense. No one talked.

"I have my reasons for doing that. The company doesn't suffer any loss at all. The reason for cutting the cooperation with the Marks Group is because I've found a better partner. I believe choosing the best company for cooperation maximizes the interests of Beauvort Group. My assistant will send the proposal to everyone later," Jean said calmly.

"Any more questions?"

Karl kept quiet.

"Dismiss."

Joseph followed Jean to his office.

As soon as he sat down, he asked bluntly, "Jean, what's going on? Did the Marks family offend you?"

Jean did not hide the reason from Joseph as they had a good relationship.

"Not really. I don't want them to fantasize about something else..."

"You're really protective of Neera, huh?" Joseph knew what he was talking about.

"Of course, I have to protect my wife."

"I thought that you wouldn't like her since Mom and Dad forced you guys to get married in the first place. It seems like I was wrong."

Jean thought of their first meeting.

"It's true that I don't like to be controlled by someone, especially in marriage. But, she's someone important to me now. There's something that the Marks family wouldn't give up. So, I have to deal with it myself."

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Chapter 585

Joseph sighed at Jean's attitude.

"It's almost like ruining the relationship with the Marks family. If Mom and Dad know about this, you will have a hard time explaining it to them. Are you sure about it?"

"Since I've done it, I won't regret it," Jean said bluntly.

Joseph nodded helplessly.

"I've heard Dad mention something about you and Neera, I thought... Forget it, since you've decided to do so, I will cover you. I will deal with the Marks family."

"Thank you, Joseph."

"You're my brother, you don't have to be polite with me. I'm relieved that you finally had a good relationship with Neera..."

In the afternoon, the Marks Group got the news.

Stetson came back from a business trip abroad and heard about it as soon as he landed.

He went straight to the Beauvort Group.

"Sir, Mr. Marks is here and he wants to see you," Ian reported to Jean.

"He's fast. I'm busy. Tell him to go to Joseph."

"Yes."

Stetson frowned but he couldn't do anything about it.

He went to Joseph.

Joseph greeted him politely.

"How are you, Mr. Marks? Have a drink."

Stetson went straight to the point after some greetings.

"Joseph, our families have always had a good relationship. There's nothing wrong with our cooperation over the years and this year's projects were all confirmed. Why did you suddenly change your mind?" He suppressed his temper and asked in a nice voice. "You can tell us if you have any problem with the Marks Group. We are willing to give in and make it work."

"Mr. Marks, don't be anxious. It's Jean's decision. He had always made the right decisions. The reason some of the projects were cut off is because they haven't started yet. There are better options for us and it is inconvenient for me to go into details. As for the projects that are currently running, we will continue them. You don't have to worry about it."

How could I not worry about it? This was clearly a perfunctory statement. Over the years, we've been able to climb higher because of the friendship and cooperation with the Beauvort family. Now that so many projects were suddenly halted, what would the outside world think of us?

This was a significant blow to the Marks Group.

Stetson felt that there was something fishy going on. He got up. "I'm going to Mr. Beauvort for an explanation."

Joseph blocked him. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mr. Marks, Jean won't be in charge of anything related to the Marks Group. All of the ongoing projects are under me now. It's pointless for you to go to him."

Stetson's face darkened when he heard that. Everything had changed after my business trip. Why did Jean do this?

He returned home furiously after he failed to get an explanation from the Beauvort Group.

Dandy was happy to have her husband back, but she was greeted by his temper.

"What's wrong? Why are you so angry? Who messed with you?"

"It's because of the Beauvort Group! Jean is fully fledged now. He doesn't care about our family relations anymore." Dandy asked for the details.

Soon, she made a phone call to Wrenn to complain.

At 3 PM, Frederic and Wrenn came to the office together.

Ian saw them and rushed forward to greet them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Beauvort..."

Before he could finish his words, Frederic glared at him. "You don't have to report to him."

They entered Jean's office without permission.

"What do you mean by cutting off the cooperation with the Marks family? Do you want to turn against the Marks family for that woman?"

Jean had already expected this.

"I said, don't blame everything on Neera. I made this decision in the interest of the company. Why would I waste manpower and resources to cooperate with Marks group when there is a more profitable alternative?"

"Hmph! Don't you dare to fool me with this explanation. I know what you're thinking about. It's because of me setting you up with Kyra, isn't it? You want the Marks family to suffer, that's why you're doing this!" Wrenn exclaimed.

"Since you've guessed it, you should know my determination. I have already spared some mercy for them. Please don't challenge me if you don't want to completely ruin your relationship with the Marks family," Jean said without any expression.

"You! Are you threatening me?" Wrenn had never heard Jean talk to her like this before.

"It was a piece of advice for you. You didn't give me any options when you and Dad forced me to marry Neera. Now, I only want her. It has to be her. Stop making arrangements for my life."

"Jean!" Frederic shouted.

Jean was not bothered by his parents. He would face the consequences since he made the decision.

"The decisions I made are based on the interest of the company. Please do not question my decisions again."

Frederic suppressed his anger. "It's a bit too much even if you're doing it for the company."

"I don't think there's any problem with it. I can be more ruthless but I'll hold back for now because of the both of you."

Wrenn glared at Jean. This is the first time Jean was out of control.

"I've done everything for you and your future, but it was in vain. Instead of appreciating my efforts, you threaten me! I'm so disappointed with you. Since you can make your own decisions now, I won't bother you anymore! You can marry whoever you like but I won't recognize her as my daughter-in-law! And you, I'm not your mom from now onwards!" Wrenn said harshly and left.

Frederic looked at Jean, pointed at him, and left to chase after Wrenn.

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Chapter 586

After Kyra had finished recording the variety show, she heard the news and lost her temper in the dressing room.

The assistant, visibly shaken, timidly asked "Ms. Marks, what's bothering you..."

In response, the room echoed with the sound of bottles and jars crashing to the floor.

"Get out!"

Kyra propped herself up against the dressing table, her expression dark and almost unbelievable.

The assistant, not daring to provoke further, swiftly exited.

The atmosphere in the dressing room turned incredibly depressing.

Kyra's teeth clenched so tightly they seemed on the verge of shattering, consumed by jealousy.

She never expected that Jean could accomplish something so astonishing!

All for the sake of Neera, ignoring the relationship between the Beauvort and Marks families!

Completely shattering any hope the Marks family had!

She despised Neera to the core and was even more infuriated by Jean's heartlessness!

She had humbled herself to this extent, and yet, why did he still refuse to bat an eye at her?

Her phone was ringing continuously, and it was Stetson calling.

Kyra was so exasperated that she gritted her teeth before finally answering the call.

"What else is there?"

Stetson knew her temper well and warned her.

"Even if you become upset again, you mustn't cause Neera trouble, let alone Jean. Right now, the top priority is to stabilize the project. We can talk about the rest later!" Stetson advised.

Kyra scoffed, "Dad, do you think there's a future? Jean is so heartless, what kind of future is there?"

Stetson frowned, "As long as the Marks family perseveres, you remain the most suitable candidate for the Beauvort family's bride. Listen to me and don't act rashly!"

How could Kyra swallow this indignation?

She had always been proud, and her only downfall had been when Jean fell.

Or was it because of Neera, that insufferable woman?

According to her father, he would not plan a marriage for her and the Beauvort family for the time being.

In that case...

She would have to rely on herself to fight for it!

Neera remained unaware of all this.

The research institute grew busier by the day, with reagents undergoing research and development, and endless data comparisons.

Once her attributes went online, Neera hardly spared a glance at her phone, and she immediately became missing in action.

Around midnight, she took a brief break and found a moment to look at her phone.

There were messages of sympathy from the triplets and a message of concern from Jean.

Standing by the window, the cool night breeze rustled her.

Neera felt a little tired, but her spirit remained remarkably alert.

She read the messages one by one, and her expression softened.

Considering how late it was, she assumed the triplets were probably asleep, so she replied to Jean's message.

Unexpectedly, just a few seconds after sending the message, Jean called.

"Aren't you supposed to be asleep?" Neera sounded surprised.

Jean didn't reply to her question but instead asked, "I should be asking you the same thing. When do you finish work?"

Neera didn't focus on herself but rather expressed her concern, saying, "Why won't you listen to me? Your body needs more rest, and here you are, staying up so late. Don't you care about your health anymore?"

Hearing the hint of annoyance in her voice, Jean lightly grinned while running his fingers through his hair.

"I was already asleep, but I set a notification for your messages. I woke up from a light sleep when it went off."

Neera would have preferred to hear a slight huskiness in his voice, and she believed him.

"I'm sorry for waking you up..."

Jean leaned against the headboard, casting a soft, dissatisfied gaze at the warm bedside lamp.

"You're apologizing to me?"

Neera blinked and smiled, saying, "I just want you to get a good rest."

In the quiet of the night, her gentle words filled his ears, and Jean could almost picture her with a soft expression, her heart in turmoil.

"Are you hungry? Are you tired?"

"I'm quite busy right now, and I'm feeling a bit hungry."

"Do you want to head home and get some rest, or do you plan to continue working?"

"It's not finished yet. There's a batch of data that hasn't been analyzed, so I'll probably be working until dawn."

Jean furrowed his brow upon hearing this. "Every day, I tell you to rest properly. How do you manage to work tirelessly day and night?"

Neera responded with a smile, "I'm fine. I've been used to it for a long time. Isn't this what research is all about? The professor urgently needs this set of reagents, so I have to race against the clock."

Jean understood her dedication to her work and silently supported her, even though he couldn't help but feel a twinge of concern.

"You've worked hard," Jean said softly. "I'll place an order for you later."

Neera's eyes twinkled as she replied sweetly, "Alright."

Later, the meal Jean ordered arrived. It was a late-night feast from a private restaurant, featuring all of Neera's favorite dishes. What was special about it was that it wasn't just for Neera, everyone present got to enjoy it.

Osbert had been hungry for a while, and upon seeing the spread of delicious food, he felt truly blessed.

"This must be ordered by Jean, he's so thoughtful!" Osbert remarked.

Thora, feeling a twinge of jealousy, pretended to be indifferent and scoffed, "It's just a small gesture, what's the big deal!"

Osbert was irritated by her attitude and gave her an unhappy glance. "You always find fault, what's wrong with being nice?"

"What's wrong with me?" Thora raised her eyes, ready to argue. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Neera decided to intervene, breaking her chopsticks with a cool demeanor. "Can't we just enjoy the meal without arguing?"

Thora, losing her temper, huffed and turned away with a disdainful sound.

Neera didn't pay her any mind and invited everyone to dig in.

After the meal, she returned to work. The following morning, everyone looked tired as they hastily packed up and went home.

Neera remained at the research institute until the data was finally processed. Luigi stayed behind to help.

During this time, Jean called twice, but she didn't pick up.

Jean, who was far away in Imperial Gardens, furrowed his brow.

This woman isn't at home, and she's not answering her phone. She's probably still busy with her work at the research institute.

Calculating the time, she hadn't slept for more than twenty-four hours. How much longer could her body endure this?

After waiting impatiently, Jean couldn't sit still any longer. He decided to go to the research center himself to fetch her.

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Chapter 587

When Neera heard that Jean had arrived, she couldn't help but be surprised. She set aside her work and hurriedly left the laboratory.

A tall, composed figure of a man stood quietly just outside the door.

"Why are you here?" She asked, laughter of surprise in her voice, a softness she hadn't realized crept into her tone.

Jean cast a glance at her, and there was a faint hint of deep blue in his eyes.

"I've come to take you home," he said quietly.

The word "take" tickled Neera's sense of humor, and she couldn't help but chuckle.

She pointed to the clock on the wall. "My set of data will be ready soon. Can you wait for me a little longer?"

Jean raised an eyebrow. "How long?"

"Give me ten minutes, I'll finish recording," she assured him.

Reluctantly, Jean agreed, and he waited patiently.

Almost ten minutes later, Neera changed her clothes and came out. Seeing his patient figure waiting for her, her heart warmed.

"Let's go home."

"Yeah."

The two walked side by side and got into the car, where Jean's demeanor suddenly shifted.

"You always say I don't take care of my body, but I think it's you who doesn't take your health seriously."

His expression was stern, his voice slightly deeper, and there was no hint of playfulness.

As Neera gazed into his deep black eyes, she noticed that he was mad.

Just because we've started dating, and I should take better care of myself? Neera blinked, but there was no hint of dissatisfaction in her tone.

The feeling of someone caring for her was heartwarming, so much so that her heart melted, and she couldn't help but smile.

"I told you last night that these reagents are crucial in the early stages of the project. I need to invest a lot of effort now, but it won't be this hectic later on. Don't be upset, okay?" She explained gently, trying to be reassuring.

In a coaxing gesture, she even took the initiative to hold his hand and give it a playful shake.

Jean, his thin lips slightly pursed, couldn't resist her charm and reluctantly forgave her.

"I'll only allow you to do it this time, you shouldn't let this happen again," he warned.

Neera willingly smiled and readily agreed, "Okay!"

Jean started the car and asked, "Are we going home right away?"

"Auntie Zuniga has already taken the children to school. I'll take you out for breakfast first."

After filling their stomachs, Jean drove her back home.

"Get some rest," he suggested.

"Alright." Neera released his hand, "What about you?"

Jean raised an eyebrow and looked at her seriously. "I'm here to keep an eye on you, to ensure you don't overwork."

"Pft..." Neera couldn't help but burst into laughter.

However, she was genuinely tired, so she let him go, took a shower, and fell into a deep sleep.

This time, she slept until the afternoon.

When she woke up, the sun was streaming in perfectly.

Jean was still there, seated on the sofa with the light behind him, his profile both strong and gentle.

Neera's eyes gradually cleared, and when she saw him, she couldn't help but smile.

Unexpectedly, he never left her side, guarding her.

Jean asked Ian to bring some documents, and he was focused on reading when he heard her voice. He looked up at her, setting aside his work.

"Are you awake? Take it easy and relax for a while. I'll have Auntie Zuniga warm up some food."

With those words, he stood up and left the room.

Neera glanced at his retreating figure until he disappeared, then buried her face in the blanket and giggled softly.

...

Jean watched her finish her meal, feeling somewhat satisfied.

"Are you resting at home today, or are you going to the research center?"

Neera hesitated.

Seeing her hesitation, Jean's gentle demeanor turned serious in an instant and furrowed his brows.

"Are you planning to pull an all-nighter tonight? You used to do that often for your research, didn't you?"

"Well, something like that..."

Sensing his concern, Neera quickly reassured him, "But don't worry, I promise not to stay up all night tonight and come home early, okay?"

Jean's expression softened slightly.

Afterward, he drove her back to the research center before heading to his company.

"Neera, I heard from Luigi that you didn't go back until after nine this morning. How much rest did you get? Why are you here so early?" Osbert complained upon seeing her.

Neera smiled and replied, "You're all working hard, so how can I stay behind? Don't worry, I've had some rest."

11

She glanced around and noticed that everyone else was present.

However, only Thora was missing.

"Why isn't she here?" Neera asked casually.

Osbert knew who she was referring to, curled his lips, and shrugged.

"I don't know either. I knocked on her door when I left, but she didn't answer. I'm not sure if she's still sleeping or if she's inside."

A flicker of annoyance crossed Neera's eyes, and she made a call.

However, after calling twice, there was no response.

In the end, she didn't want to waste any more time on that woman.

"Don't wait for her, let's continue."

...

Thora deliberately chose not to show up.

She had no intention of following Neera's work ethic, which involved sacrificing her well-being for research.

She hadn't slept for half the night the previous day, and she was already exhausted.

Upon waking up, she had no desire to face Neera.

After a refreshing sleep, she felt relaxed and went out for a leisurely shopping spree.

In the evening, having made a few satisfying purchases, she found a high-end restaurant and treated herself to a delicious meal.

Meanwhile, Jean finished work and was on his way home when he received a call from Fabio.

"Jean, it's been a while since we sat down together. Are you free this evening? Let's have dinner."

Jean agreed because he thought that Fabio had something important to discuss.

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Chapter 588

Fabio did have something on his mind. He had heard about the recent news between the Beauvort family and the Marks family and invited Jean to discuss it.

"Jean, what's going on with the Marks family? Have they offended you? Are you considering severing ties with them after such a major dispute?"

Jean was calmly slicing his steak, his expression as placid as still water, unruffled by Fabio's questions.

"We don't even have a foundation to break. Whatever is happening is merely an attempt to bring my mother and the Marks family closer together."

Fabio was perplexed. "Then what are you..."

"The Marks family believed that by winning my mother's favor, they could enter our family effortlessly. Their calculations were just too precise, and they lost sight of moderation. I was just giving them a warning."

Jean didn't elaborate further, but Fabio understood him.

"Is this because of Kyra?"

Jean remained noncommittal.

Fabio reclined in his chair and sighed deeply. "This situation is like an incomprehensible drama. Wrenn was a powerful woman in her youth, and her temperament... this could be quite challenging. But, it's not entirely unfathomable. For someone who places such importance on family status, it goes against her principles to admit Neera as a part of the family just to make you happy. Now, with the arrival of the triplets, it's even harder for her to accept."

When he first met Neera and her triplets, Fabio couldn't make sense of it. In his view, Jean deserved the most perfect woman in the world.

Yet, in an unexpected turn of events, it was Neera...

"However, I never thought that you would engage in actions that blur the lines between personal and familial matters. I didn't expect that you'd go to such lengths to resist the elders of the family. It seems you only have Neera in your heart."

Jean's expression remained composed as he responded, "I've always been able to tell the difference between personal and professional matters."

Fabio smiled gracefully and quipped, "Jean, you might be able to say that to others, but do you believe it yourself?"

Jean's gaze shifted slightly, but he remained silent.

After a pause of more than ten seconds, he gently lifted the corners of his lips and casually said, "She's worth it."

Fabio was even more surprised now.

He grew up with Jean, he had never seen him falling in love with any woman. He had even come to believe that Jean might not harbor romantic feelings for anyone.

Furthermore, his health had deteriorated over the years, and it was quite unexpected.

Now it appeared that this seemingly cold man had developed a genuine interest...

"Jean, congratulations. I wish you and Neera a joyful and fulfilling marriage."

Raising his glass, Fabio offered a heartfelt toast.

Jean returned the gesture, clinking glasses with him.

The two continued to talk and share laughter, creating a harmonious atmosphere.

At that moment, a delicate voice chimed in from the side, "What a coincidence, isn't this Mr. Beauvort? I never expected our paths to cross here!"

Jean turned his attention to the source of the voice.

With his excellent memory, he quickly recognized the woman standing before him.

She was a member of Neera's research and development team named Thora.

However, he decided to pretend he didn't know her and asked her indifferently, "Who are you?"

Thora's charming smile, which she believed to be flawless, nearly faltered in an instant. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She was convinced that she had good looks and a nice figure.

Thora possessed a striking face, with a quarter of western ancestry that endowed her with more striking eyebrows, deeper eyes, and a greater potential to seduce people. She had many suitors abroad.

However, Jean seemed to forget about her.

She felt a twinge of embarrassment but gritted her teeth to maintain her composure. She introduced herself while keeping her poise.

"We've met before. My name is Thora. I came to Kingsview to help Neera in developing reagents."

Jean's expression remained stoic, devoid of any emotion, as he asked, "Since you're here to help Neera with the reagent development, why are you here?"

Thora hesitated momentarily before Jean continued.

"If I remember correctly, the research institute has been quite busy lately, and Neera got back to work after a few hours of rest."

Thora felt a tinge of embarrassment at being seemingly called out for slacking off. Nevertheless, she was determined not to let this opportunity slip away and maintained a smile as she spoke, "In the research center, Neera has everything well under control. My father is the one who initiated this reagent research and development. There are certain things I don't need to do."

She then shifted the conversation. "Now that we've run into each other, Mr. Beauvort, would you mind if I join you? I've recently arrived in Kingsview and don't know the area well. Dining alone can be rather dull."

Jean, without a hint of hesitation, declined.

"I don't like to eat with I'm not well-acquainted with. You may dine on your own."

Thora's flawless expression froze, and a crack appeared on her perfect facade.

She had never expected to be outright rejected.

In her desperation, she decided to play her cards.

"Mr. Beauvort, we've met before, and it seems rather rude for you to show such coldness. Neera and I attended the same school, and her teacher is my father. Are you sure you want to reject me?"

Jean's impatience was obvious as he responded, "Since you have the time, why don't you head to the research center earlier and help them? That way, others can have a lighter workload."

Thora was taken aback by his bluntness, her composure thoroughly unraveled, and her expression turned sour.

Realizing that Jean showed no inclination to relent, she gritted her teeth in frustration and stormed away angrily.

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Chapter 589

Back at the hotel, Thora's mood was in shambles. She was so furious that she flung all the clothes she bought onto the floor.

For a long time, she couldn't calm down, and she couldn't swallow her anger.

But then, Luigi sent her a message urging her to come over immediately.

She grunted in frustration and waited another half an hour before finally leaving.

Upon her arrival at the research center, her anger only intensified when she saw Neera focused on her work.

After her earlier encounter with Jean, Thora directed all her frustration to Neera.

Evil thoughts sprouted within her, and she pretended to be busy. When no one was watching, she tampered with a set of data on the computer.

Later, she got up from her seat and walked around the experimental bench, biding her time. When the time came, she returned to the computer and pretended to be confused.

"What's wrong with this set of data, Neera? Are you so indifferent to others' work?"

Neera, who knew Thora's sinister intentions, glanced up from her experimental table with an unimpressed expression.

"Thora, if you're looking for trouble on purpose, save your energy. I don't have time to waste on you."

Neera's aloof attitude further irritated Thora. "Who wants to pick a fight with you? Why won't you let someone else point out your mistakes?"

She suddenly raised her voice, her words becoming shrill and piercing.

"If you don't believe me, come take a look for yourself. The medication dosage calculated by this set of data is completely off! What are you doing? You pretend to be all consumed with your work, but your heart is wandering elsewhere, isn't it? Who are you putting on this facade for?!"

She seized the opportunity to vent her frustrations, unleashing a barrage of accusatory words that left little room for anyone to interject.

Neera frowned slightly but chose to ignore Thora, instead choosing to inspect the data herself.

Luigi and Osbert sensed that something was amiss, prompting them to come over.

With a single glance, Neera's eyes narrowed.

This particular set of data had been recorded by her. She prided herself on being meticulous and had an exceptional memory. She had completed the data earlier in the morning and had conducted a thorough review before leaving, ensuring that everything was accurate.

So, there was no room for error.

Moreover, this computer was restricted to only a select few core members due to the sensitive nature of the data it contained.

At that moment, Neera turned to Lewis and Osbert.

"Have either of you accessed this data?"

Both of them shook their heads, and Neera had complete trust in their honesty.

Neera glanced over and glared at Thora.

"Neither of them has accessed the data, yet it has been tampered with. That's strange."

Thora raised her eyebrows and fixed a challenging gaze on Neera.

"What do you mean? It's obviously because of your carelessness, and now you're trying to shift the blame onto others?"

Neera remained calm and spoke in a measured tone.

"I'm sure that I didn't make a mistake."

Thora countered, "Are you sure you didn't make a mistake? The evidence is right here, yet you're still arguing?"

Neera smirked, but her eyes were cold.

"I kept two copies of the data, one as a backup."

With a determined air, Neera retrieved a hard drive from her bag and connected it to the computer. She swiftly accessed all the experimental data from the past two days. A comparison of the two sets revealed no difference except for the particular data set in question.

"Do you still have any doubts?" Neera put away the hard drive and savored Thora's shifting expressions during the brief pause.

Seeing Thora's silence, Neera raised an eyebrow and continued, "Since I'm not under suspicion, it's enough to prove that someone tampered with this data. However, it doesn't matter, I'm an adult and I'm willing to give her another chance. If she were to come forward now and admit it, I'm willing to forgive and forget."

As Neera said this, her gaze remained fixed on Thora.

How could Thora admit to tampering with the data?

She felt her guilt intensify under the unrelenting stare, causing her to break into a cold sweat.

"What do you mean by this? Are you saying that I'm responsible for this?"

Neera frowned, her tone growing colder.

"Whether you did it or not, I can't conclude this matter at this moment. However, I can check the surveillance footage. If I find any evidence, I won't show any mercy!"

With those words, Neera immediately called Katy.

"Get the surveillance footage and find out who accessed this computer from the time I left for a break this morning until now."

Thora's expression grew increasingly tense at Neera's words, and the atmosphere in the room became strained. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Luigi sensed that something was amiss and frowned but didn't intervene. Osbert, on the other hand, stared at Thora with a cold, unwavering gaze.

As Katy prepared to carry out Neera's orders, Thora panicked and hastily called out to her, "Wait!"

Katy paused and regarded Thora with an impassive expression. "What is it?" she inquired dispassionately.

Thora found herself riding a tiger and had no choice but to search for an escape route lamely.

"Perhaps... I might have accidentally pressed the wrong button earlier. I wasn't paying attention, so there's no need to check," Thora stammered.

Neera's expression darkened abruptly.

"Thora, are you saying that we shouldn't investigate this? You avoided participating in the research and development on purpose, and now you're not willing to help, but you choose to sabotage it instead. Do you think I won't investigate it? Do you believe I'm too afraid to do so? Is this your work ethic, making a mockery of everyone's efforts? If that's the case, I think you should leave immediately. I cannot tolerate people like you here."

Neera's words were stern and unyielding, devoid of any semblance of compromise. She pointed towards the door, demanding her to leave.

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Chapter 590

Thora's face contorted with anger, unable to tolerate Neera's condescending demeanor any longer.

She despised Neera's airs of superiority, especially since she was working under her father. In her eyes, Neera had no right to act so haughty.

"Neera, who do you think you are? What gives you the authority to dismiss me?" Thora lashed out, her tone dripping with contempt as she coldly regarded Neera, a hint of domineering arrogance flashing in her eyes.

"The medication you're currently developing was initiated by my father, and he's the principal figure overseeing it. What are you so proud of?"

Neera responded with a slight, scornful smile, the corners of her eyes lifting sharply.

"You're mistaken. It was Mr. Hanson who assigned this project to me."

She emphasized the word "assigned" pointedly.

"If you have any objections, you can call him right now and ask him to stop my research. Let's see if he agrees."

Thora's complexion changed once more, and she realized that she had no ground to stand on.

Everyone knew that Neera was assisting in this project because her father had never been able to make it work.

Neera continued, "Also, when you asked what right I have to dismiss you, you should know that this entire institute belongs to me. So, what qualifications do you think you have? I'm about to dismiss you right now, and I don't even need to provide a reason. What's there to be so furious about?"

Neera had no desire to assert her dominance over others, but since Thora had pushed her to her limits, she saw no reason to hold back her authority.

"Thora, your competence within the team is the lowest, and your unwillingness to improve is quite obvious. I've been tolerating you temporarily out of respect for Mr. Hanson. However, if you continue to hold the team back and become an obstacle, don't blame me for not giving you any face. In this research, it won't make much difference with, or without you."

With her final words, Neera turned and walked away, a heavy sense of disappointment weighing on her.

The entire team was left in stunned silence. They had never witnessed Neera react so strongly to anyone before. It was a shocking display of authority.

They had no idea Thora had pushed Neera to her limits.

As Neera walked away, the team members exchanged bewildered glances. They had never seen Neera lash out in front of anyone before, and it left them speechless.

They couldn't believe how big the situation had become.

Neera shouldn't be messed with.

In this stunned silence, the team's gaze shifted to Thora, their dissatisfaction with her actions was obvious. They had long been disgusted with her behavior.

Destroying research data was unacceptable for a professional researcher and a disgrace to the field.

Thora's complexion turned livid as she struggled to control her emotions, angrily shouting, "What are you all staring at? Get back to work!"

However, everyone ignored her. Instead, someone in the team let out a sarcastic "tch," further fueling her anger.

Thora's face contorted with rage, and she felt like she could bleed from the fury boiling within her.

Meanwhile, Neera returned home in a bad mood. Sensing her distress, the triplets quickly picked up on it and expressed their concern.

"Mommy, what's wrong? You don't look happy. Did you fight with Uncle Jean?"

"Did Uncle Jean do something to upset you? Tell us, and we'll go talk to him!"

Sammy and Penny bombarded her with questions, eager to support their mother.

Just as Neera was about to respond, a familiar voice rang out from the entrance.

"Since when did I bully her?"

Jean swiftly entered the room, his tall figure commanding attention. Sammy and Penny, quick to react, ran over to him, holding his hand and complaining.

"Uncle Jean, Mommy is in a bad mood. Did you do something to upset her? You should go and comfort her. You're a man, you can't argue with Mommy!" they chattered.

Jean's eyes slightly narrowed as he looked at Neera. Her initial distress softened a bit in response to the kids' antics. She smirked, caught somewhere between a laugh and a sigh.

"You're overthinking. He didn't do anything to make me unhappy," he reassured them.

Neera confirmed his words, she looked at Jean with lingering traces of her frustration from earlier. "You're back." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Jean took a few steps closer, settling beside her, and gently tilted her chin up with his slender fingers, not allowing her to evade his gaze. He studied her face intently for a moment until Neera felt a bit self-conscious and patted his hand away, mumbling softly, "What are you doing..."

Jean cut right to the chase, asking directly, "Who made you upset? Tell me the truth."

Neera hesitated for a moment. She didn't want to bring up the situation about Thora, so she kept her response vague.

"It's nothing. Just some work-related issues. It's not a big deal." But Jean wasn't easily convinced.

"Tell me the truth," he insisted.

The triplets listened intently, their expressions mirroring their mother's emotions. Neera eventually decided to share the details.

"It's Thora... she..."

Once she finished, Jean's eyes narrowed with understanding.

"So it's because of her..."

Jean also told Neera about his encounter with Thora and how he drove her away without mercy.

Neera immediately felt a bit relieved.

"I told you! It's no wonder she acted so strangely as soon as she arrived at the center, looking for faults everywhere. It turns out she had a grudge against you!"

As she thought about Thora initiating a conversation with Jean, her complexion soured further.

Neera knew Thora's character all too well. The woman had a peculiar determination when it came to people, things, and objectives. She either claimed them as her own or destroyed them if she couldn't. In the past, Neera hadn't taken her seriously and had paid her no mind. But now, Thora had set her sights on Jean, and that didn't sit well with Neera at all.

The thought of it made her extremely unhappy.

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Chapter 591

Jean felt that she was in a bad mood, so he immediately winked at the kids.

The three little ones received the signal and wisely found a reason to retreat. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mum, uncle, we haven't practiced calligraphy today, we shall go to the study room first! See you later!"

Without waiting for Neera to respond, they went upstairs in a hurry.

Only the two of them were left in the living room.

Jean glanced out the windows, and then suggested, "It's a nice night tonight, let's go for a walk."

After speaking, he got up and stretched out his hand towards the woman.

Neera raised her head and looked at him with blinking eyes, looking a little bored.

However, she still put her hand in his palm.

Jean held her and pulled her out the door.

Everything was quiet all around.

Tonight, the sky was clear, the moonlight was bright, and the street lights were slightly hazy, creating a quiet but warm atmosphere.

At first, neither of them spoke, but walked slowly side by side.

Jean let her indulge in it at first, his mood was slightly depressed, and then he asked, "How is your relationship with Thora? Tell me about it?"

Neera was actually not a person who liked to turn over old scores, nor did she like to gossip about others behind their backs.

However, Jean's persuasive tone gave her the desire to talk about it.

She briefly talked about some old things in the past.

"...Anyway, she doesn't understand anything I do, she likes to compare herself with me in everything, she speaks harshly, and always finds fault with me... Although, she has never managed to take advantage of me before!"

After listening to Jean, he suddenly understood, "She doesn't like you because she is jealous. You are too good and she is no match for you, so she finds faults repeatedly."

Neera still frowned, "You can comfort me, but I am still annoyed by her! I am busy enough, and she is giving me more trouble."

Jean stopped, turned sideways, and faced her.

Seeing her bored look, he patted her on the head affectionately, and comforted her with a gentle voice.

"It's a waste of your time to argue with an irrational person. The best way is to ignore them. If you don't like her, then kick her out of the project. If she obstructs your work, then fire her from the team. Don't keep her around to annoy yourself."

"That's right!"

Neera heard him and agreed.

She also thought this method was simple and effective.

However, she was still in a bad mood.

After hesitating for a moment, she raised her eyes and said, "You know what, she has a problem. She likes to snatch people around me! My friends and work partners were her targets. Now, she must be after you!"

Jean was stunned for a moment, he was intrigued.

Perhaps he realized that he had never seen this side of her. The man rubbed his chin, and was taking a good look at her expression.

"What are you looking at?"

Neera felt her cheeks burning as he watched her, and asked uncomfortably.

Jean grinned, "Look at you... So you're upset because she is targeting me?"

He hit right in the core, Neera pouted.

She didn't hide it anymore, she gave him a slight glare with her beautiful eyes, "Why? Can't I be upset? Your parents tried to match you and Kyra, the matter was not completely resolved, and here comes Thora... Why are you so prone to affairs like this? We have only been together for a short time, how many obstacles will we face in the long run! I am so busy, how will I have time to keep up with this..."

As she said it, he could smell the jealousy in the air.

Jean liked to see her jealous.

The corners of his eyes and brows were full of indescribable joy.

"The matter with Kyra was because I wasn't decisive enough before, but this time, you can't blame me. Thora was recruited by you."

Neera choked, and was even more depressed when she realized what he said was true.

She asked sullenly, "What about you, do you like that kind of sexy body?"

Jean sized her up and said with certainty, "I do."

Neera's face turned dark, "I dare you to say it again!"

She narrowed her beautiful eyes, and there was annoyance in her eyes.

There was a big, I-dare-you-to-say-it-once-again, and I-shall-make-you-impotent pressure.

She looked like a jumpy cat with all its furs standing on their ends.

Jean smiled, leaned over suddenly, and whispered into her ear.

"I like it. Don't you have a sexy body? I'm very picky, I only like you."

Neera indeed had her curves. Her curves were enchanting. The flesh was where they should be, she was perfectly fine like a model.

However, she didn't expect that this man would be so straightforward, she felt her face burning, and flushed immediately.

She was so embarrassed all of a sudden, she cursed, "Shameless."

She wanted to hide.

How could Jean let her escape?

Slightly exerting force, he tugged her forward, and lowered his head to kiss her.

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Chapter 592

Neera was completely gagged.

Looking at the man's prominent facial silhouette, she froze for a moment, and did not resist.

Following her heart, she slowly moved her hand up and hooked the man's neck.

Her reciprocal was the most alluring catalyst.

The man let out a sexy chuckle from between his lips and teeth, and pressed the back of her head, deepening the long kiss.

Under the dim street lights, the atmosphere was sensual.

After kissing for a long time, Jean endured his emotion and let go of the little woman in front of him.

Neera was leaning against his arms panting, her whole body was limp without any strength.

She couldn't help but recall that when Jean kissed her that night, her mind was blank, she was hooked by him.

Was this guy really in love for the first time?

She couldn't help doubting again.

He was too skilled at kissing...

After some time, Jean calmed down, pressed his chin against her soft hair, and asked in a slightly hoarse voice, "Are you feeling better now?"

Neera buried her face in his chest, his steady and powerful heartbeat could be heard, and his chest was burning hot.

"Much better," she responded.

She realized that her voice was a little hoarse too.

Jean let out a muffled laugh, inserted his fingers into her hair, and stroked it gently.

"That's good, don't worry. In this world, not everyone can casually lure me away, only you have this chance, I will only give you this chance."

It was so comforting to hear.

Neera felt it was heartwarming, and her mood was immediately lifted.

She moved in his arms, her forehead against his chest.

"Remember what you said today. I can't accept betrayal. Since you made a promise today, if you betray me in the future, I won't forgive you."

"Okay." Jean hugged her a little tighter, and responded in a gentle voice.

The two cuddled in silence.

It wasn't until there was a rustling sound from behind that they separated and looked over together.

"Who's there?" Neera asked.

Jean said calmly instead, "Show yourself."

The person not far away seemed to struggle a bit before obediently coming out from behind the bushes.

The three little ones showed themselves cowardly.

Ian patted the leaf off his shoulder guiltily.

Neera was stunned for a moment, but all she asked was, "How can this bush hide so many of you?"

Jean was amused by her and pinched her face.

"Shouldn't you ask them, why are you hiding here?"

Neera then caught herself, "Why are you hiding here..."

The three little pairs of eyes rolled around, and the little faces were flushed.

"We're worried about Mommy, so we followed along to have a look."

"However, don't worry, we didn't see anything just now..."

After Penny finished speaking, she nudged Sammy's arm.

Sammy was anxious, and blurted out, "Yes! We never saw uncle and mommy kiss!"

After finishing speaking, he only realized that he let slip of something, and immediately covered his mouth. He was adorable.

Neera's face immediately became hot, and was red all the way to the back of the ears.

It was too embarrassing for her to be seen kissing by her three little beasts!

Jean obviously didn't bother, and smiled calmly with the corners of his mouth curled up, as if he was quite happy to hear it. [SEAR*ch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Since you are all out, let's walk around together."

The three little ones enjoyed clinging to them, and they immediately beamed with joy.

Half an hour later, the group returned home.

They happened to receive Obadiah's phone call.

Neera and Jean pointed to the mobile phone and went to the side to pick it up.

"Mr. Hanson."

"Nancy, Luigi has already told me about your affairs. Thora is at the wrong. She is not sensible. I apologize to you. Don't take it to heart. Don't worry, I have removed Thora from this project, and it will definitely not cause trouble to you."

Neera could guess his intention, but she did not expect him to be so decisive.

Even though she was surprised, she apologized out of courtesy and respect.

"Mr. Hanson, don't say that. No matter what, I didn't take your feelings into account when I did this. I should say sorry to you."

Obadiah didn't mean to blame her.

He knew better than anyone else of what kind of person his own daughter was.

She was a spoiled kid who was used to messing around, and she never weighed her consequences.

On the contrary, Neera, who had always been sensible and measured, was capable, had a good personality, and was extraordinarily serious about people and things.

This was a well-known fact in the research center.

"You don't need to apologize to me. You must be very busy after you come back. I really appreciate that you managed to find some time to help me with this, and to tolerate Thora until today because of me. I am aware of all of this I am sorry for not thinking it through and letting Thora cause trouble for you."

"Mr. Hanson, you are too polite..."

Neera felt warm, a little touched.

It was because Mr. Hanson and his wife were empathetic people, that was why she tolerated Thora again and again.

If it was someone else, she would have let that person go away long ago!

Chapter 593



The teacher and the student chatted for a while, and soon the conversation came to an end.

"Nancy, please pay more attention to this set of reagents. Consider this as a request from your teacher."

Finally, Obadiah made a solemn request.

Neera said solemnly, "Don't worry, I will do my best."

Just after hanging up the phone, Jean's voice could be heard right behind her.

"What did your teacher say, is he making things difficult for you?"

Neera was startled, turned around quickly, and said angrily, "Why are you walking so silently?"

Jean raised his eyebrows, "It's because you didn't pay attention to me."

Neera was amused, and answered his question just now.

"Don't worry, the teacher is a righteous and fair person. He can clearly distinguish right from wrong, and he will not be biased for his own family. When I was abroad, every time Thora and I had conflicts, the teacher did not show favoritism. Basically every time, it was Thora who suffered."

Jean was very satisfied.

Fortunately, his little woman was not wronged.

He would not be able to bear it.

Soon, it was getting late, so Jean didn't stay any longer.

"You've been tired the past few days, take a good rest tonight."

Neera sent him to the porch, and nodded obediently.

"Well, I will, and you too, good night."

Jean nodded, he took two steps forward, then as if he remembered something, he turned around and walked back.

Neera thought that he had something else to ask, but when she was about to speak, the man's face suddenly magnified in front of her face.

Her soft lips were lightly pecked.

Soon, the man straightened up again, with a smile in his tender eyes, and his voice was deep and pleasant.

"I forgot about that, good night."

Neera immediately blushed.

This man was really...

Good at his games!

...

At the hotel.

Thora received a call from Obadiah and learned that she was kicked out of the Research and Development team. She was so angry that she almost smashed the hotel.

"Dad, am I your daughter, or is Neera your daughter? Why do you always favor her!"

She complained angrily, her voice was so loud that it could lift the roof.

Obadiah frowned and scolded her in a deep voice.

"I'm not biased towards her, I am being sensible. Which of the things you did is right? And you have the audacity to be unconvinced! To tell you the truth, if Nancy didn't consider that you are my daughter, it would not have been as simple as getting you kicked out of the team!"

Thora refused to admit her mistakes.

"Don't you help her to threaten me, I don't believe it, what can she do to me!"

Seeing her making trouble for no reason, Obadiah couldn't help but get angry.

"You tampered with the experimental data, do you really think you are right? She left some rooms for you to make amends because of me, you should be content! If she insists on making a big deal, can you still have a foothold in the academic circle?"

Obadiah deeply felt that it was a mistake for him to send her there, so he made a quick decision, "Okay, I don't want to quarrel with you, you book a plane ticket and get back right now! Don't get in the way of Nancy's affairs over there!"

Thora instantly felt unwilling to be replaced.

"Why? I won't go back!"

"You--"

"Isn't it just not participating in the research and development? What's such a big deal about it!"

As if she was willing to help!

"I've been very tired recently. Even if I had no contribution, I still had my fair share of hard work. You don't even care about it, and you only scold me! Why should I go back? I don't think so. Since I'm here, I'll just take a vacation here! I will go back when I feel like it!"

Obadiah was both angry and disappointed.

Because he was busy and neglected to discipline his daughter, he felt guilty and spoiled her all the time.

Unexpectedly, she grew up to be a spoiled brat.

He felt a sense of powerlessness, he couldn't convince her, so he had to compromise.

"It's up to you, but you'd better behave yourself and come back immediately after the rest!"

He gave his warning, he didn't want to say any more, so he hung up the phone directly. Thora scoffed coldly.

Behave?

She never knew what behaving herself was!

She only believed that in this world, there was no man she could not move!

She had seen too many men with red flags.

Jean must be the same!

Since he was Neera's favorite man, then she would snatch him over!

She just wanted to destroy that woman's happiness and make her feel uncomfortable!

She wanted to tear that smug face into pieces!

Read Chapter 594

Chapter 594

The next day, after Neera went to the research center, she announced that Thora would no longer participate in the research and development.

After hearing this, everyone was quite satisfied.

With that young lady around, there was no peace all day long.

She not only didn't help much, but created a lot of troubles.

Everyone was happy and relaxed without her.

Over the following week, the Research and Development team was still busy.

Fortunately, the reagents development gradually got on the right track, and finally everyone no longer had to stay up late and work overtime.

In the afternoon, Neera wanted to tell Jean about the good news.

Jean replied instantly, "Congratulations, you've worked hard, I'll come to pick you up for dinner tonight, ok?"

"Okay, I'll wait for you." Neera agreed.

Shortly after, Katie talked to her about the company's situation.

"The site of the new research center has been completed, and various medical devices have also been shipped over from abroad. It will be ready to use as soon as next month."

Neera was very satisfied with this progress, and asked about other things.

"Has my aunt started to arrange for the research and development on the patent acquired from Garcia Group?"

Katie said, "It has already been started, and King is personally involved in it."

Neera brightened up as soon as she heard it, "King? That's great, I feel much relieved to hear him being part of it!!"

King was Sammy's mentor.

He was an important name in the IT industry.

His hacking skills were recognized as the best in the world, and with his help, there was nothing that could not be done.

As Sammy's mother, Neera had always had a good relationship with King because of Sammy's achievements. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Even King was involved in this...

She believed that, soon enough, the Garcia Group would regret selling this patent!

In the evening, Jean came to pick Neera up as promised and had dinner together.

After getting into the car, Neera was surprised to find that there were only the two of them.

"I thought you would pick up the little beasts."

Jean held the steering wheel casually with his good-looking hands, and smiled when he heard this.

"I went to pick them up, but they didn't want to come with me, saying they didn't want to disturb our date, so I sent them home first."

Neera didn't know whether to laugh or cry, "Okay, then we will live up to their kindness, where shall we have dinner tonight?"

Jean was in a good mood, and he deliberately created suspense.

"It's all been arranged, you just have to follow me obediently."

Neera couldn't help laughing, and teased him, "Why does it feel like I am being kidnapped by you?"

Jean reacted quickly, and replied in a soft voice, "Not kidnapping and trafficking, but possibly kidnapping you to go home."

She was teased instead, Neera turned red.

During the one-hour drive, the two chatted from time to time, it was trivial and interesting.

In the enclosed space within the car, the atmosphere was particularly warm.

There was a sweetness amidst the peace, and they both enjoyed it.

Soon, the car was far away from the urban area and stopped at a restaurant halfway up the mountain.

After getting out of the car, Neera was a little surprised.

"I did not know that there is such a hidden restaurant in Kingsview. The decoration is quite unique."

Jean threw the car keys to the parking boy and walked up to her.

"Go in and have a look, the inside is even more unique."

Soon, the two walked into the restaurant hand in hand.

Neera took a closer look, and after hearing Jean's introduction, she realized that this restaurant was indeed unique.

This restaurant only accepted ten tables of guests every day.

At first glance, it sounded a bit like the hunger marketing strategy.

However, after looking at the interior decoration of the restaurant, she could understand why.

The restaurant was not small in size.

However, for each table of guests, in addition to an area for dining, there was also an independent courtyard, plus a room for resting after meals.

This way, the entire restaurant could only be divided into ten large spaces.

Guests not only could dine here, but they could also order other services.

Neera's heart skipped a beat, "...What kind of services?"

It could not be that kind of unscrupulous "special" service, could it?

Jean couldn't help chuckling when he saw the obvious suspicion in her eyes.

"The service I'm talking about can be physical therapy, spa and so on. You have worked hard recently, and I brought you here specifically to make you relax."

After finishing speaking, he purposely moved closer to her ear, teasing her with his breathy voice, "What were you thinking, little rascal."

Neera knew she was going down the wrong route, and she blushed suddenly, feeling embarrassed.

However, Jean was not finished yet, so he narrowed his eyes meaningfully, "Also, I never go to that kind of place."

Neera shyly pushed him away, "Jean, I found out that you have changed!"

Jean leaned on the back of the chair and looked at her casually, "Oh? How have I changed?"

Neera blushed and complained, "You were not like this before."

Jean humbly asked, "What was I like before?"

Neera, "..."

This guy, who used to be cold, like a piece of emotionless log, had always been cautious and unapproachable.

Now, he seemed to be a different person, completely different from before!

Jean stared at her shining beautiful eyes, and suddenly raised the corners of his lips.

"Our relationship is different now! It would be bad if I was still the same as before. However, don't worry, only you can see this side of me in this life."

His loving promise was indeed touching.

Neera's heart skipped half a beat, and immediately raced.

She raised her eyes and stared at Jean's eyes. She saw his determination in them, her heart melted instantly.

After a while, the meal was served.

Neera was already hungry, and she dug in without hesitation.

After eating, she was very satisfied.

Jean walked with her around the courtyard for a while.

After digesting their food, a professional physiotherapist came to serve.

Neera was relaxing on the massage bed, enjoying more than two hours of physical therapy, and even did some skin care.

Probably because she was too tired, coupled with the aromatherapy, she was getting drowsy and she almost fell asleep.

After it was over, she stretched herself, feeling comfortable all over.

After changing her clothes, she went out from the lounge and found Jean standing in front of the French window, looking outside.

When she got closer, she then realized that it was raining already.

At this time, the physical therapist kindly reminded them.

"It's raining heavily. It won't stop so soon. The way down the mountain is dangerous and is prone to accidents. You may wait for the rain to stop, or rest here for one night before leaving tomorrow."

"OK, thanks."

Neera thanked her politely.

After the person left, she suddenly realized.

If they could not leave tonight, that meant she would have to spend the night with Jean, wouldn't she?

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Chapter 595

Single man and lady spending the night alone together.

This...

Neera couldn't help but glance at Jean.

It so happened that her eyes met the man's eyes full of interest.

Just this look made Neera suddenly a little nervous.

It was not that they had never spent time alone with each other before, but what happened suddenly?

She pondered for a long time, but in the end it could only be attributed to the fact that the two of them had confirmed their relationship.

The atmosphere became inexplicably different.

She coughed lightly and quickly changed the subject.

"Well, the rain may stop later, let's talk about it later."

Jean nodded, "Then what are you going to do next?"

Neera glanced around, "There is a projector, why don't we watch a movie?"

Jean said, "OK."

So, the two sat side by side on the sofa, picked a recently released movie, and played it. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The movie ended, but the rain outside had no intention of stopping.

"How long will it take..." Neera looked out the window and muttered.

Jean didn't say anything, he just quietly stared at her back, with the corners of his lips slightly drawn.

In a blink of an eye, it was past ten o'clock in the evening.

Neera was rather helpless looking at the incessant rain outside.

"It seems that we really can't go back tonight."

Jean was not surprised and reminded her.

"

"Call the children, they should still be waiting for us."

Neera nodded and quickly called.

Over there, the three kids were quite happy to hear that Mummy and Daddy would not be coming back tonight.

"Okay, okay! Mommy, you don't have to worry about us. We have Auntie Zuniga, you can have fun with Uncle Jean. Enjoy!"

After finishing speaking, they hung up the phone, for fear of saying one more word would shorten the time for Daddy and Mummy to talk about love.

Neera listened to the disconnected tone on the phone, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

These three little ghosts are really... Getting cheekier.

She put away her phone, turned to look at Jean, suddenly feeling a little embarrassed.

"Well, it's getting late, take a shower and rest."

She hesitated for a while, then asked in a low voice, "Will you shower first, or should I shower first?"

Jean said warmly, "You first, we haven't changed our clothes yet. I will go to the front desk to ask for two bathrobes. I'll have Ian deliver our clothes tomorrow."

Neera wanted to stop him, "It's better for me to go tell them about it, don't go out in this kind of weather, it's easy for you to catch a cold."

Jean felt warm that she cared about his physical wellbeing, he nodded and said, "That's fine."

After Jean finished his shower, it was Neera's turn.

Standing under the shower, Neera's face was burning as she felt the heat in the bathroom.

She calmed herself down and told herself not to think about it.

However, only halfway through the shower, the light suddenly went out.

She was startled and couldn't help screaming.

In a completely unfamiliar and dark environment, she subconsciously went to the door, grabbed the doorknob, and asked the people outside.

"Jean, what happened, why did the lights go out?"

Before she finished speaking, Jean's voice came over, very close, right by the door, "Probably a trip... I don't know, wait a minute, I'll go out and have a look."

After finishing speaking, he comforted her in a soft voice, "Don't be afraid, I'll be right back."

Neera held the doorknob, calmed down a bit, and said "hmm" softly.

Jean went out quickly, and as soon as he opened the door, he saw a waiter rushing over with a flashlight and informed them, "Sir, I'm sorry, the electricity tripped due to thunder, please wait patiently, our staff is dealing with it."

Jean nodded indifferently, took the flashlight she handed over, and turned back.

Neera felt a little helpless when she found out.

She knew that it would take some time for it to get fixed.

She had no choice but to feel in the dark, finished her shower in a hurry, and came out with wet hair.

Seeing this, Jean waved to her, "Come here."

Neera followed his instruction obediently, and as soon as she sat down, the towel in her hand was taken by the man.

"Dry your hair first, or you'll catch a cold."

After finishing speaking, he lifted her hair and carefully helped her to wipe it bit by bit.

In the dim light, the two sat very close to each other, and they could clearly smell the same fragrance of shower gel on each other.

Neera's heart fluttered, and couldn't help raising her eyes to look at Jean.

Half of the man's handsome face shone in the dim light, while the other side was hidden in the darkness, the lines appeared tougher and deeper.

Those pitch-black eyes were full of seriousness.

As if aware of her gaze, he suddenly raised his eyelids and stared at her quietly.

The eyes of the two were intertwined, and there was something lingering inexplicably.

After wiping his hair, the man's eyes sparkled with deep meaning, he leaned forward, and kissed those two lips that made him feel anxious.

The closed environment, the dark surroundings, the flickering candlelight, the pattering rain...

These elements were entangled together, like a catalyst, making the atmosphere more ambiguous.

All perception was magnified.

Neera felt her head spinning from being kissed, but she could clearly feel the changes in some parts of the man's body.

She was stunned for a few seconds before she realized that she hurriedly pushed him away, blushing.

Jean's eyes were dim, full of obvious desire, thoughts and emotions.

His voice was hoarse, and he explained solemnly, "This is... A normal reaction for me. Besides, it's not right if I don't have this kind of reaction when facing my girlfriend."

Neera blushed so much that she could almost bleed.

Of course she knew, this was a normal reaction of a man!

However, could he stop saying it out loud so blatantly!

"Shut up, don't talk!"

Shy and embarrassed, she had no choice but to say angrily.

Jean smiled, suppressing the impulse in his body, and leaned back.

His body was relaxed, but it added a bit of sexiness.

"Okay, I won't talk, I will just... Calm down."

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Chapter 596

After a while, the rampage in Jean's body gradually calmed down, and he finally calmed down.

Just then, the lights came on.

Before Neera had time to react, her eyes were covered by a big hand.

"Don't open your eyes yet, get used to it," The man's gentle voice said beside her.

She pursed her red lips slightly, and gave a soft "hmm".

Jean got used to it faster than she did. As soon as he opened his eyelids, he could see the blush on her fair skin, which hadn't faded.

The pink color attracted him, making him want to take a bite.

Obviously this little woman didn't do anything, she didn't even show her eyes, but Jean's body tensed up entirely.

He quickly looked away, afraid that the desire he had finally suppressed would revive again.

He himself was a little surprised.

His self-control had never been weak, he could perfectly restrain it no matter what.

Only in front of this little woman, the calmness and self-restraint that he was once proud of, fell apart again and again.

He realized that this woman was like a drug he couldn't quit.

Once he got close, he would be addicted to it.

"I'm all right."

The woman's soft voice interrupted his thoughts.

He settled down, removed his hand, it shifted to her hair, and stroked it.

"There is still some moisture, let's blow it dry, or you will have a headache," He said.

Neera nodded, got up and went into the bathroom.

When she came out after blowing, it was getting late.

"Let's go to bed."

Jean was already leaning against the headboard of the bed.

There was only one bed in the room.

Neera took a look. Although her heart was beating like a drum, she was not pretentious. She walked to the other side and lay down on it.

After all, they had slept in the same bed before.

There was nothing to avoid.

However, Jean looked at the distance between the two and was silent for a moment, obviously dissatisfied.

"Our relationship is different now, isn't it? There is no need for us to sleep so far apart together, come here."

Neera was stunned for a moment, and couldn't help but grumble in her mind.

They were not that far apart.

She was a little shy, but when she looked sideways at Jean, she found that there was no desire in his gaze. Only very pure softness.

She blushed and obediently moved over.

In the next second, Jean pulled her into his arms.

At first, she was a little nervous and her heart was beating like thunder. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Feeling her stiffness, Jean whispered in her ear.

"Don't worry, I won't do anything, I just want to hold you, go to sleep, good night."

As he said it, a light kiss, without the slightest bit of lust, landed on her forehead.

Neera unconsciously felt relaxed, and replied, "Good night."

Then, listening to his steady heartbeat, her eyelids became heavier and heavier, and she fell asleep after a while.

...

At three o'clock in the middle of the night, Jean suddenly felt a great pain.

Opening his eyes, the throbbing pain of the nerves in his body almost wiped out his last bit of sanity.

He glanced at the sleeping little woman beside him, and secretly gritted his teeth.

It was really not the right time for this disease to strike!

Jean did not look very good.

He tried his best to endure it, but the severe pain still made him tremble a little.

Neera nestled in his arms, felt something in a daze. She opened her sleepy eyes, and was awakened by the man's suppressed moan.

She lost all sleepiness in an instant, sat up at once, turned on the bedside lamp, and looked at his face.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

After asking, she saw the man's face, and she immediately reacted, "Is this... A disease attack?"

Jean was sweating coldly on his forehead, and his voice was extremely hoarse, but he still comforted her, "It's okay, just a little uncomfortable, don't worry too much."

Neera did not believe it.

"Don't lie to me, your face is so pale, how can you be fine!"

After finishing speaking, she turned over and got out of bed, went to find medicine and silver needles in her bag, and at the same time, calmly analyzed the reason for Jean's sudden attack.

A few days ago, he had symptoms of an attack and was forcibly suppressed.

In the next few days, although he had been taking care of himself and recovering, he had not fully recovered, and they happened to have encountered this terrible weather.

It was probably damp and cold that triggered the condition.

Neera blamed herself for being careless, not paying more attention before going to bed.

After feeling annoyed, she realized something even worse...

Today, the two of them came out too hastily, and they didn't bring the medicine and silver needles with them.

With no cure, her face sank and she called room service immediately.

"Do you have painkillers in your restaurant? Please send some. Also, if you have acupuncture needles, bring them along."

The waiter was quick, but only brought painkillers.

"Sorry, miss, we can only find the medicine, not the needle you asked for."

Neera took a look at the medicine. Jean had taken it a long time ago, and it was ineffective.

Judging by Jean's current state, if he waited until tomorrow morning, he would definitely suffer a lot!

It took great effort for him to have recovered this much recently!

Neera gritted her teeth and immediately made a decision.

"Come on, let's drive home, bear with me."

While talking, she went to help Jean.

Jean's face was pale, but he was still conscious, "No, it's so late, the road is not safe, you, don't drive..."

He was worried.

However, Neera didn't care much, and said decisively, "No, you have to go back!"

She couldn't just sit and watch him endure the pain all night!

She was adamant, and no one could change her mind.

Jean understood, seeing the worry and distress in her eyes, he had no choice but to cooperate with her to get up.

After the two changed their clothes, they went to check out.

Outside, it was still raining.

The front desk staff were worried and kept advising them not to go down the mountain road.

Neera couldn't help but get angry, and scolded the staff with a straight face.

"Your restaurant is located in this kind of place, you should take into account all kinds of unexpected situations, and make proper medical arrangements! Now that the guest is ill, you can't solve it, and if you don't let him go down the mountain, are you expecting your guest to stay until dawn?"

The front desk quickly apologized, "Our restaurant does have imperfections, I'm sorry! However, we are also thinking about the safety of you and this gentleman. Now that the rain is not abating and the mountain road is muddy, it is too dangerous for you to drive down the mountain rashly..."

Neera actually knew that it was wrong for him to lose her temper.

No one expected that such an accident would happen, and the restaurant could not be blamed for it.

However, she was just too worried...

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Chapter 597

Jean barely stood, his face was pale. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He looked at Neera's gloomy face, regardless of the presence of outsiders, he endured the pain, leaned over and kissed her side face.

"Don't worry, let's drive slowly."

Normally, Neera would blush.

However, now, worry and nervousness occupied her, leaving her no time to care about others.

She turned her head to look, met the man's deep trusting eyes, and took a deep breath.

"Sorry, I was short tempered."

She took the initiative to apologize to the front desk, but insisted, "However, now, no matter what, I have to go down the mountain!"

After finishing speaking, she turned around, gathered the suit jacket on Jean's body, put her arms through his arms, and hugged him tightly.

"Let's go to the parking lot, you lean against me and walk."

Jean's eyes, which showed obvious pain, were extremely gloomy.

He was out of breath, and responded softly, "Yes."

Seeing this, the front desk hurried over to help.

It was raining heavily outside.

Neera held the umbrella with one hand, and most of the umbrella was tilted towards the people next to her.

Jean noticed the rain drops on her shoulders and half of her hair that was wet by the rain, and his eyebrows furrowed deeply.

"Don't tilt it towards me, you're all drenched."

He raised his hand, his fingers trembling slightly, trying to push the handle of the umbrella towards her.

Neera insisted, "Leave me alone, your body is the most important thing now, bear with it, let's go faster, we can get in the car right away."

Jean pursed his lips, he really didn't have the strength to fight her, so he could only quicken his pace.

After getting in the car, Neera turned on the heater first.

She found a spare blanket from the back of the car and covered him up.

After that, she slammed the accelerator and drove down the mountain.

The road down the mountain was not as muddy and slippery as imagined.

The bigger obstacle was the increasingly heavy rain and fog, which seriously affected the visibility.

Coupled with the winding mountain road, Neera was more nervous.

She kept telling herself to be calm and steady.

However, she felt all kinds of emotions, which made it difficult for her to calm down, her whole body was tense, and the hands holding the steering wheel were trembling uncontrollably.

Next to her, Jean was leaning weakly on the back of the chair, his sanity was clouded by the severe pain, and his eyes lost their focus several times.

However, he forced himself to stay up and kept observing Neera's situation.

The slight trembling did not escape his eyes.

"Don't worry..."

His voice was low and hoarse, as if there was sand in his throat, he sounded a little rough.

"You drive slowly, I can hold on, and nothing will happen."

His words seemed to have some kind of magical power, and Neera's mood gradually calmed down miraculously.

After a while, she said, "Okay, you hold on, we shall be there soon."

In fact, Jean felt so painful that he almost passed out.

However, afraid that she would be worried, he still held himself together and comforted her gently, "Well, don't worry, I'm not that fragile..."

An hour later, Neera stopped the car.

Instead of going home, she chose a closer research center.

After getting out of the car with an umbrella, she quickly went around the front of the car, went to the passenger seat to open the door, helped Jean out, and took him upstairs.

There was plenty of warm air in the car, but when Jean got out of the car, his hands were still cold.

Neera's heart felt as though it was cut by a knife.

This feeling was only felt whenever her kids or her aunt was sick.

Now, there was one more.

She raised her eyes to look at the man's pale face, her eye sockets were red, and she forced back the mist in her eyes.

After going up, she helped Jean into the consultation room and treated him quickly.

Half an hour later, after the injection, Jean had completely fallen into a coma.

Neera stood by the hospital bed, her heart felt as if it had been pricked by a needle, and the distress was pervasive.

The attack this time was menacing.

She was worried that he would have any other symptoms, so she barely walked away, and did not dare to look away.

Most of her clothes had been soaked by the rain, but she didn't care about it.

She didn't leave even after the injection was finished.

Fearing that Jean would get high fever in the night, she didn't dare to close her eyes the whole night.

Fortunately, in the second half of the night, Jean's condition gradually stabilized, and he did not have any symptoms of fever.

When the dawn was about to break, Neera's heart that had been suspended all the time finally calmed down a little.

She was really tired, and because of the rain, she had a headache, so she lay down beside the bed and fell asleep.

She was awakened by someone when she opened her eyes again.

The time was eight o'clock in the morning.

Osbert and Luigi came to work, and Thora was with them.

Osbert looked concerned, "Neera, why are you sleeping here? I saw the lights in here, and I thought something was wrong, what..."

He looked at Jean on the bed suspiciously, "What happened? What happened to Jean?"

Before Neera could answer, Thora mocked her.

"Bringing outsiders to the research center, Neera, well done!"

Neera finally came back to her senses, frowned and looked at her, "What are you doing here? If I remember correctly, you have already been kicked out of the R&D team, this is not the place for you!"

Thora snorted coldly with a straight face.

"I left something here before, I am here to pick it up, can't I? Do you really think I like to stay in your crappy place!"

Neera would rather be cold-hearted than polite.

"Take it and leave quickly, don't get in the way here!"

"Neera! You"

Seeing that the two were about to quarrel, Luigi was relatively calm, and immediately stepped forward to interrupt Thora.

He looked at Neera and asked politely, "What's wrong with Mr. Beauvort? He looks terrible."

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Chapter 598

Neera nodded, "Something went wrong."

She didn't elaborate.

Seeing that Jean was still asleep, she checked the situation for him first.

The man's complexion was still not good, and there were no signs of blood, but he had stabilized.

As for not waking up, it was most likely because the pain last night consumed a lot of his energy.

After confirming that he was all right, she turned her head and said to Osbert, "It's all right, I'll take care of him here, don't worry, move along, I'll be there in a while."

Osbert saw the tiredness in her eyes, and felt a little worried.

"Neera, don't just take care of Jean, but also take care of yourself. You must have not had a lot of rest last night, right? Luigi and I are watching the lab. There will be no problems. There is nothing much going on now. You should have a rest."

Neera only slept for two hours, so she was really not energetic.

However, she didn't say anything, just nodded casually as a response.

After they left, Neera rather closed the glass door and called Ian.

"Ian, please prepare an easy-to-digest breakfast, as well as a change of clothes for me and Jean, and bring them to the research center altogether." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

When Ian heard this, he asked suspiciously, "Why are you in the research center?"

Neera pinched the center of her eyebrows and told the truth about the situation.

"Last night in the middle of the night, he had a seizure, and the restaurant couldn't treat him, so I took him to the research center."

On the other end of the phone, Ian was so frightened that his expression changed.

"Okay, I see! I'll go there right away!"

After Thora took her things, she dawdled and refused to leave.

She kept peeking into the consulting room.

Osbert happened to see it, and immediately asked, "Haven't you finished taking all your things, why haven't you left yet?"

Thora was taken aback, and turned her head to stare at him, "Who are you? Why do you care?"

Osbert held the test tube rack in one hand and had his other hand in the pocket of his white coat, smiling coldly.

"I am not someone important, but I'm a member of the research and development team! All research and development are confidential, you are sneaking around here, could it be that you want to steal research results?"

Thora suddenly became angry, pointing at his nose and cursing.

"Osbert, why are you picking on me? Are you enjoying being Neera's lackey so much?"

"I'm happy to be one, why do you care?"

Osbert imitated her tone and pushed back.

"What's the noise?"

At this moment, a stern voice said.

Not sure when Neera came out of the consultation room, and she looked at Thora with cold eyes, "You are not leaving, are you waiting for me to call the security to chase you away?"

Thora's expression did not look good.

She knew that Neera would do what she said.

She didn't want to embarrass herself, so she gritted her teeth bitterly, "This crappy place, I am ashamed to stay here for one more minute!"

She turned and left.

After she came out of the research center, the more she thought about it, the angrier she became, and she made a phone call with a dark face.

"It's me, do you have time to come out and meet?"

Her tone was a little stiff, but the other party was very happy.

"Thora? You're in town! Why didn't you tell me, so I could welcome you..."

"I just got back a few days ago."

Thora impatiently said, "Do you have time today?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

The man didn't mind, he was even very eager, "Always available for you."

Thora replied, "Okay, see you at Maple Cafe at two in the afternoon."

Half an hour later, Ian hurried to the research center.

When he arrived, he asked about the situation last night in detail.

The more he listened, the more frightened he became, and cold sweat broke out.

Fortunately, Jean was fine...

"Mrs. Beauvort, if something happens in the future, please call me directly, and I will be there for you!"

Neera nodded.

She glanced at the time, then at the person who was still sleeping on the bed.

"Please stay here and watch, I'll go to the laboratory."

Ian nodded repeatedly, and persuaded, "You can eat something first, I brought a double portion."

Neera was silent for a while, and agreed.

After filling her empty stomach, she changed her clothes and entered the laboratory.

At around half past nine, Jean finally woke up.

He was still weak.

Ian was a little nervous, and immediately stepped forward to inquire about his health.

"Mr. Beauvort, are you awake? How do you feel now? Are you still uncomfortable? Is there any discomfort?"

Jean shook his head, but asked, "Where is Neera?"

"The young lady entered the laboratory half an hour ago, I'll call her now!"

Neera heard the news, so she immediately took off her gloves and came to check.

"How are you feeling? Does it still hurt?"

Jean leaned against the headboard of the bed, showed his first smile after waking up, his eyes were full of comfort.

"I am much better, but still a little weak."

Neera nodded slightly, "It's normal! You go to the restroom in my office to wash up first. Ian brought breakfast. After eating, I'll give you a comprehensive examination."

Jean actually wanted to say that there was no need to rush.

However, seeing the worry deep in her eyes, he quickly did it.

After he had breakfast, Neera got to work and checked his physical indicators.

Osbert finished his work and came over to help.

During the period, he took the opportunity to get close to Jean and muttered a few words in a low voice.

"Jean, Neera stayed by the hospital bed all night last night for you. When we were abroad, except for her three little kids and her aunt, I have never seen her be so nervous about anyone! It can be seen that she cares about you very much already!"

"Neera is really kind to you, you have to treat her well, don't disappoint her..."

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Chapter 599

Neera changed the equipment and came over. Hearing this, she was amused, "Have you finished your work? You seem to be free to be chit chatting here. You are my younger brother, not my parent!"

Osbert was not afraid, he was already heard by her, so he simply said out loud.

"However, I'm from Neera's side. What I said just now is from the bottom of my heart. Don't be shy!"

Neera did not know to laugh or to cry.

Jean responded, "Well, don't worry, I won't let her be disappointed."

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Neera was even more amused, and didn't bother to pay attention to them.

The full-body examination lasted for more than two hours before it was over.

Neera rubbed her shoulders and called Ian in.

"There's nothing else to do at the moment, you can send him back to rest first."

Just as Ian was about to agree, Jean asked, "What about you? Won't you go back with me?"

Neera wanted to shake her head, "No, I'll wait here until all the test results come out, talk to you later."

Jean immediately frowned, "Didn't you stay up all night, are you going to continue to stay up?"

"I slept for a while in the morning, and I'm still not sleepy..."

Neera knew that he was worried about her.

However, she would not be relieved as long as the results were not out, and she didn't want to rest.

At that moment, she held his hand gently, and said softly, "Be obedient, follow the doctor's advice, go back and have a good rest, don't worry about me, and don't make me worry."

Jean put on a serious face, "You are worried about me, do you think I am not worried about you? You have been so busy lately, and you haven't recovered yet. Last night, you tossed around all night. Do you think you are made of steel?"

After finishing speaking, he simply said, "Since you are not going back, I won't go back either, so I'll wait for you here."

Neera was rather amused, "Are you going to argue with me? I am the doctor, there is a reason for me to stay here. You are a patient, so you should rest well."

Jean's eyes were dark, "My reason is to watch you take a good rest! Otherwise, once I leave, you will definitely not eat, drink or sleep again."

The two couldn't stop arguing, but the people around them were forced to watch their lovey dovey interactions.

Osbert followed Jean to persuade, "Neera, I think Jean is right, you really should take a rest!"

"Yes, Mrs. Beauvort, please rest, don't let Mr. Beauvort follow you around. If his condition worsens, won't it be you who feel distressed?"

Ian followed suit.

Neera was helpless and finally compromised.

About an hour later, all the test results came back.

Neera read carefully, and started to formulate a treatment plan for Jean based on various data and indicators.

Jean was sitting opposite her desk, quietly accompanying her.

Soon, it was noon, and she still hadn't stopped.

Ian packed a nutritious lunch and came back.

The smell of food soon filled the air in the office.

Neera didn't even raise her head, she was busy.

Jean pursed his lips lightly, urging him in a warm voice.

"Eat first, then continue after eating."

Neera kept her eyes on the screen, and said, "No hurry, you can eat first."

Jean frowned suddenly.

He found that this little woman had nothing but computers and data in her eyes all morning. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Although she worked so hard, it was for himself.

However, he was still dissatisfied.

On weekdays, when he was not around, she must be behaving this way when it came to meals!

He frowned and wanted to say something, but he couldn't bear it, so he simply pulled up a chair and sat beside Neera, then took the delicate food box, and said, "Then I'll feed you."

"Um."

Neera was occupied with reports and data, so she didn't realize anything was wrong.

It wasn't until Jean fed a spoonful of rice into her mouth, she chewed and chewed, that she realized, "Ah... I will eat it myself? Don't..."

However, Jean insisted, "It's okay, I'll feed you, you are busy with your work."

As he spoke, he picked up another dish and said, "Open your mouth."

Neera blushed immediately.

She wanted to refuse, but Jean insisted.

In the end, she could only obey him obediently and finished her lunch in silence.

Ian consciously got out when Jean fed her the first bite.

It was really... Scary whenever his Mr. Beauvort was in love!

...

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Neera finally finished everything.

After printing out the treatment plan, she went over it.

"Done!"

Jean raised his eyebrows, "Can you go back with me now, have you taken a rest?"

Neera looked outside hesitantly, "I still have a lot of things to do for the research..."

She was a little emboldened and muttered softly.

The corners of Jean's mouth pressed down again, his tone became threatening, "Go back with me obediently, or do you want me to carry you?"

Neera complained in a low voice, "...Are you threatening me?"

Jean said frankly, "Good that you know about it."

Neera, "..."

She struggled for a while, and finally gave up struggling and chose to compromise.

"I won't go back, I will just rest here, okay?"

Seeing her cowardly look, Jean didn't force her.

As long as she was willing to rest.

"Okay, I'll accompany you."

Neera knew that he was afraid that she lied to him about resting, so she obediently went to sleep.

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Chapter 600

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Maple Cafe.

Thora and the man on the phone met as scheduled.

The man's name was Alistair, whom Thora met in college.

The two were from different departments, but Alistair had pursued Thora for a long time.

Although he was repeatedly rejected, he never gave up.

At this time, when he saw Thora, his eyes were full of undisguised surprise and enthusiasm, "Long time no see, Thora, you have become more beautiful! Why didn't you tell me in advance when you returned home this time? I would have picked you up."

Although Thora had no feelings for him, her vanity was still satisfied.

She responded, "I also had something to do urgently, so I came back."

"Is it because of work?"

Alistair asked, "How long will you be around this time?"

"It should be a while."

Thora took advantage of the situation to get to the point, "To tell you the truth, I came to you this time because I have something to ask for your help. I remember... When you graduated, you said you wanted to start a detective company when you came home. How are you doing now?"

"It's very successful. The income has been good in the past few years, and because of special reasons, I had made connections with a lot of people in the upper class. After all, this industry, you know..."

Alistair couldn't help but be a little proud.

Thora actually didn't care at all about how his business was doing, but she still complimented him patiently, "That's cool."

"I am thankful for it, but compared to you, I am nothing."

Alistair pretended to be modest, and then asked, "By the way, you just said to ask me for help, what is it?"

Thora said, "There is something I want to entrust you to investigate... You are so capable now, I think this matter is not difficult for you."

Alistair was taken aback by what she said, "That's right, there is nothing I can't find out in Kingsview, you've come to the right person. Tell me, what do you want me to find out?"

Thora smiled slightly, "Do you know about the Beauvort Group? I want to know the specific condition of Jean."

Alistair was very surprised.

With his current status, even if he could get in touch with the upper class in Kingsview, he still had no chance to establish a relationship with Beauvort Group.

He was a little embarrassed and didn't know how to reject it.

Thora continued to flatter him calmly, "At the beginning, I didn't know whether I should look for you, after all, Jean's status is too high to be accessible to ordinary people, but I heard that you are doing well now, and you have built your reputation, so I thought, apart from you, no one else can help me..."

Having said all this, how could Alistair reject it? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Not to mention, Thora was someone he liked.

In order not to show timidity in front of her, he agreed without hesitation.

"Okay! It's a trivial matter, leave it to me!"

Thora smiled with satisfaction, her eyes were full of calculations...

...

Neera napped until the evening.

She was in a daze after she woke up, and only after a while that she remembered where she was.

She subconsciously looked for Jean in the room.

He wasn't there.

She got up quickly and went outside to find someone.

Jean was nowhere to be seen, but she saw the three little ones.

She asked in surprise, "Why are you here?"

The three little guys immediately gathered around, their faces full of concern.

"Mr. Assistant picked us up from school. We heard that Uncle Jean had an attack last night. We were so worried, so we asked Mr. Assistant to send us here."

"Mum, have you had a good rest? Are you still tired?"

Neera smiled softly, "I'm good, Mommy is not tired."

After answering, she asked again, "Where's Uncle Jean?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Jean walked over from the corner, holding a glass of steaming water in his hand.

"You're awake."

Seeing her, the man raised his eyebrows slightly, "I reckoned you would be up, so I went to pour you a glass of water, right, you can drink now."

Neera's heart warmed up, she received the glass he handed over, and took a couple of sips.

Then she asked the man, "How do you feel now? Are you still tired?"

Jean shook his head, "Much better."

Neera took a look at his expression, and was completely relieved when she saw that there was nothing unusual about him.

After dinner, Neera called Ian again.

"Send Mr. Beauvort and the children away, I shall stay here, I still have things to deal with."

When Jean heard this, his eyebrows furrowed again.

Neera knew what he was going to say at once, "Don't worry, I won't work till late or stay up all night. I can go back at about nine o'clock tonight. You have to get treatment tonight, so I won't stay here too Long."

Jean was a little skeptical, "Are you sure?"

Neera nodded, "Sure, I am absolutely sure!"

The three kids suppressed a smile, wanting to remind her.

Mommy, you are so cowardly!

Your husband is so strict!

Satisfied, Jean picked up the three little ones and took them away.

After that, Neera went back to the lab to work again.

At nine o'clock in the evening, she returned home on time as agreed.

Jean was sitting in the living room, and Ian was also there, seeming to be reporting something.

Seeing that Neera was back, Ian greeted her immediately.

"Mrs. Beauvort, you are back."

Neera nodded, she saw Jean's long face and asked, "What's the matter?"

Jean hesitated, and told her, "Roxanne is released early."

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