

The Enigmatic Return (Neera and Jean)

Chapter 701-750

It was the first time Jean saw her tears.

There was a pain in his chest. He felt heartbroken for her.

There was so much that he wanted to say to her.

In the end, he could only hug her tightly and comfort her.

Just as he reached out, Neera looked away and wiped her tears.

When she looked back at Jean again, her emotion and tears were gone.

"Lie down and wait for me. I'll be right back." She turned to Osbert and Luigi. "You two, come with me."

Osbert and Luigi looked at each other. None of them knew what was going on.

"Jean, let's listen to what Neera has to say later. This is the first time we've seen her cry. Although we don't know the reason, she must be angry and sad. Just go along with what she says and follow her instructions," Osbert told Jean.

Jean nodded.

After that, they went next door.

Looking at Neera who was silently wiping her tears, Osbert asked cautiously, "Neera, what's going on with you and Jean? Is he not doing well?"

Neera took a deep breath. "His condition is very critical."

She suppressed her anger and told them what happened.

Luigi and Osbert were furious.

"I knew it! Thora stayed because she wanted to create chaos! How could she repeat her mistakes? Jean might get killed by her. How dare she do this?"

"What's done is done. Mr. Beauvort's health is the most important thing right now." Luigi calmed Osbert.

"What do you need us to do?"

"Jean hasn't had a seizure now, but it will happen at some point. I'm going to give him a treatment later so that he won't suffer so much when he relapses."

"Treatment? Have you found a way?" Osbert's eyes brightened.

"It's not really a treatment. I will have to get him to have a small seizure first so he won't suffer during subsequent relapses."

Luigi and Osbert knew that it was a tricky method but they could only trust and support Neera.

"Okay, tell us what we need to do specifically."

"Neera, don't worry. We will try our best to help you!"

Neera quickly told them her plan.

She looked calm on the outside, no one knew that her blood was boiling.

She was angry at the Beauvort family for being so reckless without thinking of Jean's health.

It was not easy for her to stabilize Jean's condition.

She was more angry with Thora. She had been too lenient toward her which led to today's situation.

After the preparations, she immediately went back to the room next door.

Jean had been waiting for her.

When he saw her, he held her hand tightly. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera tried to be as calm as possible.

"I'm going to treat you soon. I'm telling you in advance so you can be prepared. It will be very painful this time but you must endure it. Otherwise, the pain will be unbearable when it relapses in the future. The pain in your heart will be 100 times worse than the rest of your body. You might not be able to endure it and it might even trigger other fatal complications."

Jean listened to her quietly.

He was not bothered by anything else.

He didn't want her to be angry.

"Stop being mad at me, okay?"

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Chapter 702

Neera didn't expect that Jean still cared about her at this moment. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean sighed and kissed her.

"I'm sorry. It was my fault for neglecting my health. I made you worried and sad. I had headaches after being busy for a few days in a row, I thought it was because I didn't rest well. I didn't expect to have a seizure at the Beauvort Manor. They took advantage of it. I will endure the pain during your treatment later. Do whatever you want to me. It's a punishment for me."

Neera was angry again.

"What punishment? Do you know how much it hurts your body every time you have a seizure? I used every top-tier medicine on you and took good care of you. But what have you done? I told you to inform me every time you feel uncomfortable. Why didn't you tell me about your headache?"

She was getting angrier by the moment.

"How could your family do this to you? They harmed you and wasted all my efforts. Why? Why do you have to suffer because of them?"

She questioned Jean angrily and her tears fell again.

Jean quickly hugged her and coaxed her.

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"I'm sorry..."

It was the first time that he felt helpless.

"Don't be angry, Neera. I'm sorry, it's my fault..."

Neera finally hugged him back tightly. "How could I calm down? I can't wait to kill Karl and Thora now!"

Jean knew that Neera had these emotions because she cared about him.

"It's my fault, I shouldn't have neglected myself. I'll never do it again, believe me."

Neera sniffled and pushed him away.

"Don't blame yourself for it."

She pointed to the bed.

"Hurry up and lie down, I'm going to start your treatment."

Neera started to sterilize the needles.

Jean was about to say something, but he paused when he saw Osbert and Luigi.

"Neera, here are the medicines you asked for."

"Put him under anesthesia first."

Osbert took the syringe and injected Jean.

"Jean, this is an anesthetic that will ease your pain. Take the painkillers after the treatment."

Jean nodded and thanked him.

Ten minutes later, Neera began the dry needling session.

Luigi was in charge of assisting Neera.

Jean was still conscious although he was under anesthesia. His eyes never left Neera.

Neera was so focused and serious that she did not even look at him.

It took more than an hour to insert the needles because the meridian points were at dangerous places.

Neera was exhausted.

"Neera, are you alright? Come on, sit here and take a break." Osbert helped her to the side.

"I'm fine," Neera mumbled.

She looked at Jean and said, "The anesthetic will wear off in a while and pain will spread throughout your body. You will have to withstand it and you won't have to suffer so much in the future, otherwise..."

"I can withstand it. Don't worry." Jean cut her off.

Neera looked away. She didn't want to cry anymore in front of him.

"Remove the needles later," Neera instructed Luigi.

"Alright. Take a rest outside. I'll watch over him." He signaled Osbert with his eyes.

Osbert immediately helped Neera out.

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Chapter 703

Neera stood guard at the door.

She knew that Luigi didn't want to let her see Jean suffer.

Ian had been waiting outside. He dared not ask about Jean's condition.

Half an hour later, they could hear Jean moaning and grunting in pain. He was trying hard to suppress it.

Neera was heartbroken to see him in pain.

She knew that he didn't want to worry her, if not he would be screaming in pain by now.

Osbert tried to distract Neera's attention.

"Neera, why don't we go somewhere else first?"

Neera shook her head. She wanted to stay with Jean.

Ian clenched his fists tightly but he couldn't stop his tears from falling.

He was loathing himself for his negligence and indecisiveness which allowed Karl and Thora to take advantage of the situation.

Jean's painful moans died down half an hour later.

Ian wiped his face and asked, "Mrs. Beauvort, has the treatment ended?"

Neera took a deep breath and wanted to go in to take a look.

Osbert stopped her, "Neera, I should go in."

She agreed.

Osbert went in and came out with a bad expression.

"The seizure is not over yet, Jean fainted..."

Upon hearing this, Ian was terrified and he panicked.

"Can he make it through? Can he be cured? This is only temporary, right? The Beauvort Group is in chaos now, the shareholders' meeting is not over yet. If something happens..." Ian said whatever came to his mind.

Osbert frowned. "Why are you still talking about the company now? Would the company collapse without him?"

Neera forced herself to calm down.

"Jean won't be able to manage the company these two days. You have to handle the task that he had given you earlier. Go and look for Mr. Frederic or Mr. Joseph to deal with the company's affairs for the time being. As long as he can make it through today, I will make sure that he'll be able to attend the shareholders' meeting. I won't let anything happen to him!" S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ian was shocked by her calmness and realized that he was in disarray.

"Yes, Mrs. Beauvort. I will handle everything properly."

After waiting for another 2 hours, Luigi walked out tiredly.

"Ms. Garcia, it's over..."

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Chapter 704

Neera went in and saw Jean lying on the bed like he had gone through the gates of hell.

She almost cried again.

"Osbert. Get a bucket of warm water and wipe his body clean."

She was afraid that Jean would get a cold. He was drenched in cold sweat.

After Osbert returned, she went out and made a call, "Richard, please send a clean set of pajamas to the research center."

Richard was confused but he did as he was told. Osbert had finished helping Jean clean up when he arrived.

Neera let him in the room. "Richard, help him change."

Richard was horrified at the sight.

"What's going on? Did Mr. Beauvort had another attack? What happened?"

It was not the time to tell him the truth. Neera only nodded and went to prepare some stuff.

When she returned, she gave Jean a shot and an IV drip.

She was afraid that Jean's body wouldn't be able to hold up after all this.

His immunity would drop and cause a fever. She had to take precautions ahead of time.

"Neera, Jean wouldn't be awake soon. I'll watch over him. Go and take a rest," Osbert said.

Neera shook her head. "No, I still have some things to do. I have to go out. Please watch over him. Call me immediately if anything happens." [search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Neera left and went back to her house.

She rummaged through the medicinal ingredients that Jean had given her.

Jean could only rely on these expensive ingredients to increase his vitality.

She hurried back to the research center after taking them with her.

Jean woke up in the evening.

He stared at the ceiling for a moment before remembering what had happened.

The room was dark and he looked around for Neera.

Neera was next to him with her eyes closed.

Jean sat up with difficulties. He couldn't muster any strength.

Neera was awakened by the movement and rushed to help him. "You're awake."

Jean nodded and leaned back on the bed.

His voice was hoarse.

"I..."

"Drink some water first."

Neera poured him a glass of water.

"How do you feel now?" Neera asked.

Jean answered softly, "I feel weak and dizzy. I can't breathe properly..."

"It's normal for you to feel that. Rest here and don't go anywhere for these two days. There is still the possibility of another seizure, it will be more dangerous than this. Please heal as much as possible," Neera said and prepared Jean's dinner.

"I know you don't have much appetite but you have to eat something to replenish your strength and nutrients." Neera patiently fed him.

Jean showed his weak side for the first time in front of others. He finished his meal and took some medications.

"Go ahead and rest if you're tired. I'm sorry for the trouble that you've gone through for me..."

Jean hugged her tightly.

"It's not your fault. I will do anything for you to get better."

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Chapter 705

Neera leaned against his chest and closed her eyes. We were always together and I didn't realize my true feelings for you until you almost lost your life. Seeing you suffer makes me suffer as well. I'm so angry at those who hurt

you!

She stared at him after a moment of silence.

"I'm still angry, but I don't want to lose my temper. We'll talk about this when you're better." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I know, it's my fault. I will do anything you want as long as you don't break up with me."

Breakup? He was scared that I would leave him?

Neera was just about to say something when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

Ian came in and was excited to see Jean awake.

"Sir, how do you feel? Does it still hurt? Are you still feeling uncomfortable?"

"I'm much better."

"Sir, I was so worried about you! It's all my fault. If I stopped Mr. Karl in time..."

Jean raised his hand to stop him. "Alright, it's all in the past, so don't mention it anymore. How's the situation at the company?"

"Everything is okay. I wanted to tell Mr. Frederic about it but I'm afraid that Mrs. Beauvort won't be able to take it. So, they don't know about your condition yet. Mr. Joseph is in charge of the company now."

Jean nodded, "Don't tell anyone about my condition."

"Yes. There's another thing, Peter has gotten Thora to step in and save his child..."

Jean frowned.

Neera was upset at the mention of Thora's name.

Ian hurriedly shut his mouth when he noticed Neera's expression.

Jean calmed her down by holding her hand. "Don't be angry, it's not worth it for someone like Thora."

Neera was worried about Gerald. He had to suffer in Thora's hand at such a young age.

"Since things had come to this, let Peter see what will happen to his child. Keep an eye on Gerald."

Ian was surprised. "Mrs. Beauvort, are you still planning to cure that child?"

"I wouldn't be bothered about it if it was someone else who hadn't approached me personally. This time I will save that child and help you guys to kick Clarence out of the Beauvort Group!"

Neera was furious and hateful towards Clarence. Jean wouldn't have suffered if it wasn't because of Clarence.

Ian couldn't help but get a little excited. "Great, we will definitely win with your help!"

Neera looked at the time and tucked Jean in.

"Alright, go ahead and rest. You just need to eat and sleep well for now. Don't worry about anything else."

Neera took the medical records that Jean had given her earlier and left to discuss Gerald's condition with Osbert and Luigi.

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Chapter 706

Two hours later, the three of us finally stopped talking.

Neera said, "Thank you so much for your help today. It's late. You should go and rest."

Osbert waved his hand casually and said, "Neera, you're welcome. We're here to help."

Luigi said, "It's the least we can do. You should go check on Mr. Beauvort."

They urged Neera to go since they knew she was worried about Jean.

Neera did not hesitate and packed her things before leaving.

As for Luigi and Osbert, they knew they could not slack off in the current situation, so they found a spot in the office to rest.

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Neera entered the room and saw Jean sitting at the edge of the bed with a pale face.

Neera asked, "Why are you still awake? Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Jean seemed to look better upon hearing Neera's voice. I initially wanted to keep everything on my own, but when Neera talked, I could not hold on anymore...

Jean took a long sigh and said, "I have some pain in my chest."

Neera quickly unbuttoned his collar and pressed on his chest. Then, she asked, "Do you feel pain here?"

Jean grunted and said, "Yes."

After some consideration, Neera's expression turned serious.

Neera said, "It's likely a residual effect. Your body can no longer handle painkillers or similar medications, which would be too burdensome. You'll have to endure it."

Jean gently patted Neera's hand.

Jean said, "It's okay; I can endure it."

Jean said it casually, but the pain was obvious on his face.

Neera could not bear to see him suffer and sat by his bedside. Then she said, "I'll give you a gentle massage."

With that, Neera gently massaged Jean's chest.

Neera asked, "Is there anywhere else that's uncomfortable?"

Jean shook his head and said, "No, just... the pain wasn't consistent."

Neera felt worried but remained calm. She said, "In the next couple of days, you'll experience continuous chest pain. I'll give you a proper massage to relieve your pain as much as possible."

"Alright," Jean leaned back and said.

After a while, Jean seemed to be better.

Neera stopped and saw that his forehead was covered in sweat. She gently wiped it away.

Ian entered at this moment.

"Mrs. Beauvort, Richard had brought some food over. Please have something. You haven't had dinner yet, right? There's a light meal prepared for Mr. Jean, too."

Neera asked Jean, "Would you like to eat some more?"

It had been five or six hours since their last meal in the evening.

Jean was feeling hungry since he had not eaten much in the evening. The pain in my chest is quite draining, too!

Jean nodded and said, "I'll eat if you do."

Neera frowned and said, "Can't you eat without me?"

Jean stared at Neera and said, "You've taken care of me all day. You should get something to eat!"

However, Neera had lost her appetite due to all the stressful events. Additionally, I had no desire to eat anymore when I saw Jean's condition. But I have to eat something to not let Jean be worried.

"Okay, eat this, and I'll eat," Neera said while feeding him.

Jean replied, "It's fine; I feel better now. I could do it by myself."

Neera did not comply and said, "Open your mouth."

Neera seemed to be serious.

Jean had no other choice and complied.

Afterward, Neera also had her meal. Then, she helped Jean lie down to rest and was about to leave.

"You're not sleeping yet?" Jean held her hand and asked.

Neera responded, "I'm going to check Gerald's medical records."

Jean frowned and said, "It's late. You should rest; those things can wait."

"I'd rather not see anything happen to your health. If both of us fall sick, the triplets will be really worried. So, listen to my words and sleep, alright?" Jean said.

"Alright, I'll take a short nap," Neera said. Then, she grabbed a blanket and lay down on the nearby couch.

Jean seemed to be worried. He said, "Don't you have a room to sleep? Go sleep there; it's more comfortable."

Neera declined without hesitation. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"It's fine. I can't sleep well enough to leave you alone in this situation."

With that, Neera urged Jean to sleep. Then, she closed her eyes without saying more. I was utterly exhausted from this day, both physically and mentally. In no time, she fell asleep.

Jean stared at Neera for a while. He seemed to be upset. I felt heartbroken to see how much Neera had suffered for me. But I can't really do much now. Neera is truly a nice person, and I will never let go of her...

After a while, Jean also fell asleep.

Two hours later, Neera woke up and checked on Jean first. Seeing him sleeping peacefully, she felt relieved. Then, Neera headed back to work. Luigi and Osbert were also there.

Neera was surprised and said, "Thanks for the hard work." She seemed to be a bit upset.

Osbert calmly replied, "It's fine. We didn't have anything else to do. Let's continue our work!"

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Chapter 707

Last night, they only analyzed half of the specific details regarding Gerald.

Around 10 in the morning, they thoroughly reviewed Gerald's medical records.

After checking repeatedly, they finally confirmed that Gerald had indeed been poisoned while still in his womb.

Neera suddenly recalled that she had seen a similar situation somewhere before.

Neera said, "Hold on, I remembered that Philbert had encountered such cases while working abroad!"

Osbert excitedly replied. "Really? Then ask Philbert for help!"

Neera pondered momentarily and sent Philbert a message, briefly explaining Gerald's condition and seeking his advice.

Unexpectedly, Philbert quickly called Neera.

"Neera, Gerald's condition is somewhat special, and it's not something I can explain in a few words. Luckily, I'm on vacation these days. Are you still at the research center? If you are, I can come over now and discuss it in detail."

Neera was surprised and said, "I'm here, but Phil, wouldn't that be too much trouble for you?"

On the phone, Philbert laughed and said, "No trouble at all. Indeed, I had gone through a tough time since I knew Neera had a new boyfriend. I had not contacted Neera during this period to escape from reality. But I was not the type of person who would turn mad at not being together with her. Since she had chosen Jean, I could only offer my best wishes.

Soon, Philbert arrived at the research center. With the help of Philbert, they successfully came up with the best treatment method for Gerald.

Neera felt relieved and thanked Philbert repeatedly.

Philbert gently said, "Neera, you're most welcome!"

Then, he offered some advice.

"Gerald has been suffering from this illness for a long time. It will take some time to clear the toxins from his body, and unexpected complications could happen at any time. Be prepared for everything."

Neera nodded in understanding.

At that moment, the door swung open.

Both Neera and Philbert looked surprised. It was Jean. Hearing that Neera had been in the research center all day, he was somehow worried and came to check on her.

Jean was surprised to see Philbert. However, he still greeted him politely, "Good evening." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Philbert stood up and replied, "Mr. Beauvort, good evening."

Philbert noticed Jean's pale face and said, "Mr. Beauvort, what's wrong? You look quite unwell."

Neera kept it simple and replied, "He's experiencing some health issues." She then explained the reason for Philbert's visit to Jean.

Jean said to Philbert, "Thank you for your help."

Both of them behaved courteously, although they both liked Neera.

Philbert smiled and said, "You're most welcome! It's like doing a good deed to help you!"

Afterward, Philbert turned around and left.

Neera walked him to the door and said, "Phil, I owe you one. Let's have dinner together another day."

Philbert glanced at Jean and teasingly said, "Sure, but it'll just be the two of us."

Jean frowned upon hearing their conversation.

Neera stared at Philbert and replied, "Alright. It'll just be the two of us."

Jean seemed to be upset and remained silent until Philbert had left. Then he pinched Neera's cheek and said, "You're not allowed to have dinner alone with him."

Neera smiled and said, "The treatment plan for Gerald is sorted out. You have the shareholders meeting tomorrow, right? Is it okay for me to join the meeting?"

This was the first time Neera had voluntarily offered to join Jean's meeting.

Jean replied, "Alright."

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Chapter 708

Ian was worried and said, "Mrs. Beauvort, will the shareholders meeting go smoothly tomorrow morning?"

Neera spoke confidently. "Don't worry; I've got it covered."

Ian pondered for a while. In the past, these words were always spoken by Mr. Jean. But hearing them now from Mrs. Beauvort strangely made me feel at ease. I could not help but think that they were becoming more alike.

That night, Jean's health was still in bad shape.

Neera said, "You can't leave like this; you'll have to stay here for another night."

Jean replied. "Okay, I'll go with your plan."

Neera said, "The bed here isn't comfortable; let's go to my room. Although we could not leave the research center, the sleeping location could be changed."

Neera held Jean and said, "While it might be comparable to your home, at least it's slightly more comfortable than the hospital bed."

Jean leaned on Neera and said, "No problem. To me, any place with you is comfortable."

Neera was delighted and said, "So, does that mean that you need to stay here for these two days?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Jean chuckled and said, "As long as you're willing, I can stay there as long as you like."

They chatted for a while before reaching the room.

After a shower, Neera called the triplets. I had not been home for a few days; they must be worried!

As expected, the triplets' worried voices came from the other end.

"Mommy, why haven't you come home these past two days? Are you busy?"

"Uncle Jean hasn't come back either!"

"Mommy, did something happen to you two?"

Neera reassured them, "Uncle Jean and I can't return home for a while since we are busy with work outside. Be good and listen to Auntie Zuniga's words."

At first, the triplets did not believe her.

"Really? What about Uncle Jean? Is he with you right now? We really miss Uncle Jean and want to see him!"

Neera chuckled and switched to a video call, showing Jean on the screen.

Jean waved at the camera and said, "I'm here with your mommy; don't worry. Now go to sleep. Follow Auntie Zuniga's instructions, too!"

Seeing him, the triplets finally felt relieved. They had been worried about Jean and Neera for the past two days. Due to the lighting, they didn't notice the unusual pallor on Jean's face.

"We'll miss you! See you two soon!"

The triplets gently said goodbye and ended the call reluctantly.

Their reaction touched Neera. She felt somehow happy.

That night, Neera and Jean slept cuddled together.

The next morning, Neera woke up while Jean was still asleep. She leaned over and gave him a soft kiss in secret.

Then, she got up quietly and went to freshen up.

Jean finally woke up when Ian arrived with breakfast and a suit.

Jean's condition seemed to have improved slightly, but his complexion was still pale.

After sitting up, Jean held Neera and said, "Help me get dressed."

Neera looked somewhat dumbfounded and said, "Are you sure?"

Jean said calmly, "Of course. What's the big deal? We're married."

Neera blushed and retorted, "But we do not have the marriage certificate yet."

Jean nonchalantly said, "We're dating, then. It's perfectly normal for a girlfriend to help her boyfriend get dressed."

Neera fell silent. I don't believe you!

Jean smirked and teased, "Besides, if you want to get the marriage certificate, we can go to the Civil Affairs Bureau right now."

Neera pondered for a while. Is this a proposal? What kind of proposal is this?

Neera stared at Jean and said, "Just shut up."

"Alright." Jean nodded and said, "I'm an injured patient; you should take care of me."

Neera was at a loss for words. Jean was exceptionally good at manipulating me.

Neera had no other choice but to help Jean get dressed. However, she hesitated when she was about to put on his pants.

Neera said, "You can manage that yourself. If not, I'll call Ian in to help you!"

With that, she hurriedly left.

Jean burst into laughter when he saw what had happened.

When Neera returned, Jean had already finished dressing up. Neera even brought a wheelchair with her.

Ian said, "Mrs. Beauvort, why did you bring a wheelchair? You can't possibly expect Mr. Jean to appear at the company like this?"

Neera responded calmly, "Jean is still weak. He might not last through the shareholders meeting."

Scratching his head, Ian said hesitantly, "But showing up at the company like this... I wonder what others will think."

Neera said, "Let them think whatever. Nothing is more important than his health."

Without any complaints, Jean simply sat in the wheelchair.

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

The shareholder voting meeting was in full swing, and all shareholders had arrived. They were just waiting for Jean.

At exactly ten o'clock, Jean arrived in a wheelchair. Everyone in the room buzzed with surprise.

Frederic and Joseph even stood up immediately in shock.

"Jean, what happened? Why do you look so pale?"

Jean replied calmly, "It's nothing. I'm fine."

Seeing that Jean would not offer more details, they turned their attention to Neera. However, Neera remained silent and stared coldly around the room.

Jean said, "Let's start the meeting."

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Chapter 709

Ian stepped forward and pulled out the chair at the head of the table.

Neera pushed Jean over and took the vacant spot. Then she stood silently behind him.

The room fell silent, the tension palpable. Everyone was baffled by the situation.

Jean seemed to have not offered any explanations. He just surveyed the room silently. Even in his visibly weak state, he still had a stern expression. Everyone was stunned by his expression.

"Let's not waste time," Jean said coldly. "Let's begin."

Clarence couldn't hold back any longer. He exclaimed, "Jean, you're acting rather high and mighty, making everyone wait for you. And now you bring an outsider to a shareholder meeting? This isn't some casual gathering! You're going too far!"

Jean said coldly, "Outsider? Are you referring to yourself, Uncle Clarence? Your words somehow made sense, because soon you'll be out of this board."

Clarence seemed angry and stared at Jean. He said, "Jean, a word of advice. Don't overstep. Otherwise, you might just regret it. Today, you're definitely in for a disappointment."

Unfazed, Jean retorted, "Is that so? Let's see who ends up disappointed."

He turned to the board members and said, "Raise your hand if you agree with removing Clarence from the board."

A moment of tension followed, and everyone fell silent.

After that, the voting began. There were supporters on both sides.

Soon, those loyal to Frederic and Jean raised their hands without hesitation.

Out of the 23 board members, nine were firmly on Jean's side. Clarence had seven supporters, while the remaining seven were neutral.

After the first nine raised their hands, two neutrals silently raised theirs, siding with Jean, making it eleven for him.

The remaining four hesitated.

After a few more moments, Frederic's face turned gloomy. I knew three of the four were known to be fickle, always trying to please everyone. But Peter should not be on Clarence's side! Why is he also hesitating?

Frederic stood up abruptly and said, "So, by not raising your hands, are you supporting Clarence's stay?"

Upon hearing this, their faces varied in reaction. The three were clearly under pressure, as they did not want to oppose the company leader, but Clarence had some secrets for them; they felt trapped and lost.

Facing Frederic's gloomy face, they said, "Mr. Frederic, we're all in this together, like a family. Why make it so unpleasant?"

"Mr. Clarence has given a lot to the company over the years. Yes, he made mistakes, but he's contributed too. It is not necessary to kick him out!"

"Yes, why not downplay the issue and deal with it internally? [search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

They quickly lowered their eyes and remained silent.

It was clear. They wanted Clarence to stay.

Frederic's face darkened even more. He turned to Peter and asked, "And you? Are you against removing Clarence from the board by not raising your hand?"

Peter looked weighed down and hopeless.

On the other hand, Clarence sat confidently with a smug expression. He seemed to be confident in winning the votes.

Time seemed to crawl. The tension in the room was palpable.

Everyone held their breath, sensing an impending twist.

Finally, Peter took a deep breath and said, "I don't think we should remove Clarence..."

But before Peter could finish his sentence, Jean suddenly began coughing violently. At that moment, all eyes turned to him.

Jean looked pale and was clutching his chest in pain. His body was shaking from the intensity of it. He seemed to be in a lot of pain!

Everyone could feel that something was amiss.

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Chapter 710

This unexpected event astounded everyone present. They had trouble comprehending why Jean was acting this way.

Both Frederic and Joseph were astounded. They darted a couple of steps forward.

"What happened, Jean? Where does it hurt?"

Jean was washed over in pain and struggled to speak.

He bent over in an effort to alleviate the sudden pain.

Karl watched coldly from the side, remained silent, and sat quietly.

Clarence was dissatisfied when Peter's speech was interrupted. He accused in a sarcastic tone, "Now is the crucial voting time. Are you trying to gain sympathy by putting on a show?"

Frederic, fuming with anger, turned around and scolded, "Putting on a show? Are you blind? Can't you see his pallid face? My son is suffering and you made such a callous remark and cast doubt on him. How can you do this as his uncle?"

Clarence snorted coldly, "How am I supposed to know if he's truly in pain? He's fine just now, isn't he? Why did he have to cause a scene at the final vote?"

Frederic knitted his brows and was about to retort, but a cold female voice intervened.

She questioned, "Do you think one gets to choose a good time to die?"

That sharp remark enraged Clarence. He glared fiercely at Neera and warned, "Watch your language!"

Neera ignored him. She calmly crouched down and gently patted Jean's chest.

She patiently guided him, "Relax! Don't cringe your body; lean back against the chair."

As she massaged his chest, she winked at Ian.

The latter gets the message immediately. He quickly took out Jean's medicine and fetched a glass of water.

Neera fed the pills to Jean and helped him sip some water.

Confused, the shareholders exchanged glances with each other.

One of them asked anxiously, "What happened to him? He was perfectly fine just a couple of days ago."

Frederic was incredibly anxious and felt distressed for his son. He wondered, "Jean, what's wrong? Aren't you getting better? Why is this happening to you?"

After he took the pills, Jean felt slightly better, but he still couldn't speak. All he could do was pant heavily.

When he spotted this, Frederic hurriedly blamed Neera, "Why aren't you saying anything? Why is my son in such agony? Did you do something to him?"

With this query, Neera's expression became icy.

She retorted vehemently, "Did I do something to him? You all should reflect on the things you had done to him!"

Her hostile restoration caught Frederic off guard.

Neera's anger had been mounting. At that point, she unleashed it in front of everyone. She gave the entire room a swift glance before bellowing.

"Look at all of you. This is such a great company, yet you have turned it into such a mess. What a disgrace!" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Clarence slapped the table and leaped to his feet. He yelled, "This is the matter of Beauvort Group! How dare an outsider like you speak up here?"

The other shareholders also frowned in response.

Grinning icily, Neera continued to confront him bravely.

She argued, "Outsider? Fine, I'm an outsider. I need an insider like you to answer a question I have. What contributions have you made to the company as an insider over the years?"

"How dare you stay here and ask for help in such a big way when you have committed wrongdoings like a deficit in your accounts and accounting fraud? Your skin must be thicker than the city walls. It's rare to see someone stoop to your level of shamelessness!"

Caught off guard, Clarence was unprepared for her to admonish him in such a humiliating fashion. In a fit of rage, he banged the table repeatedly.

"What did you say? You..."

"What? Did I say something wrong?"

Neera's eyebrows arched sharply. Her delicate face took on an intimidating look.

"As for the rest of you! You all comfortably reap the benefits and live comfortably with the company dividends without lifting a finger to aid Jean in managing the company. When something bad happens, you're all clueless about how to handle the situation!"

"While Jean is battling his sickness and still pushing himself out of bed to run the business, where are you all? Have any of you even expressed your gratitude toward him? When you all gang up against him, don't you think it reflects poorly on you?"

Everyone's face turned horrifying pale when she bombarded them with a series of questions.

Joseph, surprised by her prowess, stepped in hastily to calm her down.

"That's enough, Neera. Stop talking."

Karl had been enjoying the show. When he felt targeted by her words, his amusement turned to displeasure.

He sternly rebuked her, saying, "You might be Jean's wife, but in this context, you remain an outsider. Who are you to cause a disturbance around here? If an outsider saw this, they might mock us. For those who don't know better, you might assume that Federic's family is rude."

Neera remained unfazed. She stood her ground, fearlessly retorting, "You have the nerve to lecture me? Aren't you the one responsible for Jean's sickness?"

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Chapter 711

Karl adopted a stern look and questioned her, "What do you mean? What does Jean's illness have to do with me?"

Emotionless, Neera's demeanor remained cold and aloof. She asked, "Don't you know the vile things you've done to him?"

Vile?

That accusation perplexed everyone present.

Karl scowled, oblivious to the problem.

"Stop making this sound so enigmatic; spill everything you want to say!"

"Since you demand it, I would enlighten you," Neera rebuked unceremoniously. "You had a plot with outsiders to set your own brother up. You sent in a quack physician, endangering his health and leaving him in a terrible situation. How dare you accuse me of making things mysterious!"

Neera's growing rage was fueled by the realization that he was responsible for introducing Thora. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Karl was taken aback. He snapped back angrily, "Neera, stop slandering me!"

Indignant, even Frederic cast an angry glance in her direction. He chided, "Mind your language! What sort of crap are you talking about?"

He clearly didn't have faith in her.

Neera's smile became icier as she showed no regard for this old man.

"Please do not lecture me! Do you think you're qualified to do that? If you both hadn't turned a blind eye and allowed others to mess up with his health, would Jean have ended up in this situation?"

"I know. You've been eager to find a replacement for me, but did you truly vet who Thora really is? Were you genuinely concerned about Jean's well-being? Don't you realize your actions nearly cost him his life?"

Toward the end of her retardation, Frederic lost his balance and almost collapsed to the ground.

"Dad!" Joseph cried out, rushing to his side to support him. "Take it easy!"

He looked over his shoulder and asked urgently, "What are you talking about? Nearly cost Jean his life? We have no knowledge of this."

Ian was astounded to see Neera's formidable combat power and how she lashed out at anyone.

He quickly walked forward and gently tugged on her sleeve, signaling, "Mrs. Beauvort, please calm down. We should focus on the matter at hand."

Rage consumed Neera. Her chest heaved as her fumes continued to flare. She simply said to Ian, "You speak!"

Knowing she was still upset, Ian had to intervene and explain to Frederic.

"Mr. Frederic, she's telling the truth. There's an issue with the physician that Mr. Karl introduced earlier. That individual had covertly researched Mr. Beauvort's health before their consultation.

"Although the doctor's treatment may have temporarily improved his condition, it was actually a harmful short-term fix.

"While momentarily effective, this approach is a ticking time bomb! The relapse would be excruciatingly painful. His recent absence from work and weakened state have been caused by this."

Frederic had greater trust in Ian than he did in Neera.

The gravity of Ian's words made Frederic's face drain color. He seemed completely bewildered as he stared into Jean's eyes.

"What? How could this have happened?"

Karl, however, contorted his face in anger, instantly retorting, "Nonsense!"

Ian, upon seeing Karl, secretly wished he could give Karl a good beating.

He coldly stared at him and clarified, "I speak the truth. The physician had malevolent intentions. And remember, she came under the recommendation of Mr. Clarence."

He paused at a point, then cast a prolonged and meaningful glance at Peter.

"Mr. Peter, if my guess is correct, Your son received treatment from the same physician that Mr. Clarence recommended, correct? Later, she used the same technique to nearly

murder my boss. Can you be sure of your son's safety? Do you still vouch for Mr. Clarence's place in the company?"

The impact of his words caused a commotion throughout the room.

Clarence flew into a thunderous rage.

"Nonsense! You made all these up on your own. Jean has always been frail. The physician I sourced is top-notch and clearly stabilized Jean's health. Jean's own weakness is what led to the sudden outbreak. Why did you twist the facts to make me look bad?"

Neera's gaze was chilling.

Aggression was written all over her lovely face.

"Whether it's a twisted truth or not, I think you should know the best. Your outbursts here won't change reality. No amount of shouting would change the facts."

She shifted her gaze and gave Peter a chilly look.

"Uncle Peter, someone of your stature should have the wisdom to know that long-term illnesses need consistent and prolonged good care to gradually improve. There is no quick fix.

"Even if the legendary genius doctor was alive, he couldn't heal a patient in a single session. I'm sure, over the years, you've sought countless expert opinions regarding your son's health. You should have some ideas."

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Chapter 712

Peter was taken aback, and a bad feeling welled up within him.

Although the boy's condition improved after Thora treated him, he became more energetic as a result, but Peter always has some reservations.

He knew illnesses weren't magically cured overnight. Yet, desperation had driven him to seek any available doctor.

Could Neera be telling the truth when she says Thora used such a heinous method on his son?

Lost in contemplation, Peter's concern was evident.

Meanwhile, Clarence grew increasingly agitated.

Scowled, he reprimanded coldly, "Enough of these baseless accusations! The doctor never promised a one-time cure for the child, but she has her ways!"

"Haha!" A mocking chuckle escapes Neera's lips.

"Thora's methods, huh? It's audacious of you to claim that. Thora has little experience with poisons. Did she not tell you? [SEAR*ch the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"In such a brief period, did she determine which toxin afflicted the child? Did she lay out a detailed treatment strategy? Has she traced the origin or identified the current status of this poison? Has she shared any of this information with you?"

The barrage of questions left everyone breathless.

Clarence began to perspire heavily, finding himself cornered and unable to muster a single answer.

Neera then directed her icy stare at Peter, challenging, "If he's at a loss for words, perhaps you can provide answers. Surely, you're more informed about your own son's condition."

Peter, on the other hand, was unable to give an answer.

Thora made no mention of any of this. She simply assessed the situation and gave Gerald an injection. Soon after, the boy awoke, looking much better than before.

Neera's tolerance for Peter's silence grew as time went on.

She knew Thora's tactics all too well.

"It's totally fine if you don't know the answer to my question. Your son was poisoned, and I know exactly how. He's been carrying this toxin since birth because his mother was poisoned while pregnant with him. The toxin slowly permeates his body, resulting in his current state.

"I had consulted with the cream of the crop in the toxicology field. We dedicated a day and night to thorough analysis and finally devised a comprehensive treatment strategy.

"The treatment will take a long time to work, gradually drawing the poison out of the body. Following that, we may formulate a medication to aid in the cure. This report

contains important information about your son's health, so please take your time reading it.

"Of course, if you don't believe me, you can vote right now. A warning, though, if you choose Clarence and something bad happens to your son, it will be too late to change your mind. I won't assist, even if you beg me to."

She delivered a lengthy speech clearly and calmly. Her tone even carried a hint of decisiveness near the end of her explanation.

And that shook Peter to his core. In the end, he gave in to his natural curiosity and read the report..

Clarence quickly interjected, sensing the gravity of the situation.

"Stop listening to her nonsense! From what I can tell, she's just envious! Thora is her teacher's biological daughter; how can her abilities be considered inferior? This is absolutely hilarious!"

Neera snickered and chose not to respond further.

She had served her purpose for coming today and saw no reason to waste any more time with these idiots.

However, Ian, feeling the need to change the tide of opinion, spoke up sternly.

"Mr. Peter, you need to give this some serious consideration. No matter what you do, don't take any chances with your son's life. Mrs. Beauvort's expertise in medicine is well-known; why would she lie to you about it? However, Thora is virtually unknown within the medical community. You need to give this a lot of thought, or your son could end up in the same situation as my boss.

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Chapter 713

Peter said nothing, his attention still fixed on the report.

The analysis revealed that the poison in his son had spread to his vital organs.

With a knitted brow, he questioned, "If this poison has spread into his vital organs, why didn't the hospital notify me?"

Clarence immediately scoffed, seizing the opportunity to make a fuss.

"Obviously, she made the whole thing up. This grand tale about consulting top doctors is probably fabricated to cover up her incompetence and gain your trust. Think about it. She's never even seen Ged in person. How could she know his precise state and then supposedly spend so much effort diagnosing it? Don't tell me you're actually falling for this?"

He then added, dripping with sarcasm, "Neera, your talent for lying through your teeth is truly unparalleled."

Neera, however, chose to remain silent, fixing Peter with an unwavering gaze.

Clarence's argumentation appeared to have convinced Peter. He began to have doubts about the report that appeared out of nowhere.

While Peter was caught in a moment of indecision, Clarence urged impatiently, "Enough with the stalling. Let's vote. The sooner this is settled, the faster Jean can return home for proper care, isn't that right, Frederic?"

He cast a provocative glance at Frederic, then ignored his glum expression.

Following that, he signaled Peter.

Peter, looking visibly distressed, paused momentarily before saying, "I disagree..."

The atmosphere tensed as Neera's face darkened, and Ian's unease was evident.

Peter, on the other hand, couldn't finish his sentence. A call from the hospital had cut him off.

"Mr. Beauvort, your son has had a sudden episode and has been rushed to the operating room! The doctors attempted resuscitation but failed. We discovered after an examination that the toxins inside him had spread rapidly throughout his body. We've issued the first critical illness notice. You need to come immediately!"

Peter jumped up abruptly from the chair and yelled, "WHAT?!"

His complexion was shockingly pale. He found it hard to believe that Neera's prediction had come true.

In a frantic daze, he brushed everything aside and hurriedly approached Neera, nearly tripping over his own feet in the process. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I...I agree! Clarence needs to go!"

Swallowing hard, this time he spoke eloquently; he pleaded, "Neera, please save my son. He's going to die. A critical illness notice has been issued by the hospital. Please, please save him!"

At the age of fifty, it was heartbreaking to see his eyes turn red.

A sudden turn of events caught everyone off guard.

Clarence, too, was taken aback.

Neera, on the other hand, remained calm. She had foreseen this and had sneaky suspicions while reviewing Ged's medical records.

Philbert had mentioned that the toxin was nearing the core of the vital organs.

Being so young and having received a shot from Thora, the child likely didn't have much time left.

She had calculated the outbreak's timing. Surprisingly, she was dead on, and his episode erupted exactly at this moment.

Since Peter had cast his vote, she wouldn't put on any airs. She recognized the gravity of the situation and promised, "Don't worry, I'll save him."

She then cast a glance at Jean.

He had begun to feel better. His complexion had improved from before.

Understanding her silent query, he gave a soft nod and said, "Go ahead."

Worried about leaving Jean in his state, Neera turned to Ian and said, "Take care of him. I'm heading to the hospital now."

Ian stood upright and replied respectfully, "Rest assured, Mrs. Beauvort. I've got this."

Neera quickly left with Peter.

Upon her arrival at the hospital, the medical team, having been informed in advance, greeted her and ensured she had immediate access to all she needed.

The attending doctors promptly briefed Neera about Gerald's situation as she put on her medical attire.

They were in the operating room within ten minutes.

The drama that had earlier broken out intensified the tension at the shareholder's meeting.

Jean, having gathered himself, sat up straight. His momentum felt even more imposing, suffocating those around him.

His piercing eyes scanned the crowd coldly until his gaze fell on Clarence.

"It appears that the voting result is clear. Uncle Clarence, I would appreciate it if you could return the original shares and refrain from participating in any board matters in the future. The legal department will send you a letter outlining how much you owe the company for your deficits. I expect full reimbursement. Down to the last cent."

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Chapter 714

Clarence's expression suddenly turned incredibly hideous.

His once-proud and assured strategies crumbled in an instant. All traces of his arrogance vanished as if erased by a gust of wind.

He struggled and glanced at the people around him, searching for allies.

Those who once supported him all dipped their heads, avoiding his gaze, afraid to say another word.

In stark contrast, Jean's supporters looked pleased. Every one of their faces showed a sense of finality.

In an instant, Clarence sagged into his chair, his expression so dark and foreboding that it was almost frightening.

Panickedly, Jonas cried out, "Dad!"

He has to come up with a plan, or else we're all doomed.

It was a shame Clarence didn't have any more tricks up his sleeve. Betrayed by Peter at the eleventh hour, the board's decree was irreversible.

He'd been kicked off the board. It was a done deal.

Clarence gave Jean a venomous glare and asked, "So, you've decided to show no mercy?"

Jean responded coolly, "Mercy? The things I've done seem trivial in comparison to what you've accomplished. It's just a standard counterattack."

Recognizing the futility of further argument, Clarence sarcastically repeated, "Well done. He gave a disdainful snort and made his exit.

Jonas, with a defeated expression, trailed behind his father.

The shareholders who had backed Clarence shifted uneasily, their anxiety palpable. As the others began to leave, they took it as their cue to discreetly exit.

Soon, only Frederic and his family remained in the conference room.

Karl appeared disheartened.

Under Frederic's piercing and commanding gaze, he felt uneasy.

He racked his brain and desperately searched for the right words to defend himself.

"I didn't know... I genuinely believed Thora was competent. Uncle Clarence spoke highly of her as the daughter of the renowned Obadiah Hanson. I assumed she would be good. I truly thought I was acting in Jean's best interests when I asked her to treat Jean."

Frederic was infuriated and chose to ignore him. He was more concerned about Jean's well-being.

"Jean, did that woman truly harm you?"

With a cold, distant expression, Jean responded, "I've been rendered immobile. I needed assistance just to be here. Does that seem like a small matter to you?"

Ian also quickly chimed in, saying, "Mr. Frederic, Thora has ulterior motives and harbors ill intentions. She uses questionable methods, completely disregarding the well-being of others!

"Had we not involved Mrs. Beauvort, who sensed the danger and intervened promptly to treat Mr. Beauvort, his condition would have worsened, and he'd be bedridden for weeks!"

Hearing this, Frederic became flustered. His face turned a shade paler. He was dismayed that their hasty decision would have such disastrous consequences.

He looked at Jean's pale face and wanted to say something but couldn't think of anything.

Jean's thoughts were elsewhere. He told Ian, "Take me to the hospital."

Ian nodded and pushed him out of the conference room.

Upon noticing his father's sorrowful demeanor, Joseph took a moment to console him before hastening to join his brother. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Jean, I'll come along with you."

Jean gave him a sidelong glance and did not object.

When Neera got to the hospital, they had already issued a second critical illness notice.

She had been alerted earlier, yet the gravity of the situation truly hit her when she set eyes on the boy in the operating room.

The doctors were in a race against time to save the patient at this critical juncture.

Peter and his wife were anxiously waiting outside the operating room when Jean arrived.

"How is he?" Jean asked.

Peter shook his head. His complexion was pale, even more so than Jean's. He replied, "Ged is still being resuscitated; we don't know the outcome."

Ian, in an attempt to alleviate their worries, reassured them, "With Neera on the case, there's a good chance everything will be okay. She's an exceptional physician."

Peter nodded, too distressed to speak further.

An agonizing four hours went by.

As soon as the operating room's light dimmed, Peter wobbled, almost collapsing to the floor.

His wife quickly came to his aid, tears streaming down her cheeks as she tried to console him. She whispered soothing words, "Stay strong for me, my love. What would I do without you?"

When the operating room doors finally swung open, Neera stepped out and looked weary.

"She had taken care of Jean for two days straight, offering medical care, providing company, and studying Gerald's condition. She hadn't given herself any time to rest. She has now undergone a lengthy surgery. She was completely spent.

When Peter saw her, he braced himself and approached her shakily.

"Neera, how is my son?"

He looked at her, conflicted and fearful of hearing bad news from her.

Fortunately, Neera didn't let him down. Neera offered a comforting response, "He's stable now. We managed to pull him back. His life isn't in danger anymore."

Peter's tears streamed down his cheeks. His wife was overcome with emotion as well, sobbing uncontrollably.

"This is good news," Ian consoled the two. "He has a chance for a full recovery now that he has been saved."

Both nodded repeatedly. They kept expressing their gratitude to Neera.

"Neera, thank you so much. I don't know what to say."

"I owe it to you. I made a huge mistake in the past by trusting others. I appreciate your willingness to help despite our previous misunderstandings. Thank you."

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Chapter 715

"Don't thank me yet," Neera replied, waving her hand.

"A word of caution, there may still be traces of toxins in his system. It is difficult to completely eradicate them. The procedure would be difficult. You can thank me when he's fully recovered."

She wiped the sweat from her brow and exhaled a sigh of relief. She went on, "I will set up a treatment schedule and have Ian let you know about it later." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Soon, Peter found himself in awe of Neera.

In contrast to before, she no longer displayed an aggressive side as she did earlier in the meeting.

He inhaled deeply, looked at her, then at Jean.

"Jean, I was confused before and mistrusted Clarence. I almost got you in big trouble, but you two didn't hold it against me. You even offered to help with my son's treatment. I'll be eternally grateful!"

Jean maintained his usual demeanor, clearly not harboring resentment toward the previous event.

"Uncle Peter, I know you're trying to do what's best for your son, but even if you're desperate, you shouldn't do the impossible or let yourself be fooled. I hope you're able to keep your eyes open."

Peter gave a firm nod.

Neera then reminded the couple of the additional precautions.

"That's all I have for now. I'll remind you later if there's anything else. Gerald has been returned to his ward. You should go see him."

The couple thanked her repeatedly before hurrying to the hospital ward.

When Jean finally had the opportunity to speak with Neera, he asked, "Are you tired? Would you like to take a nap in the office?"

Instead of responding, Neera frowned and inquired, "Why are you always concerned about me and not yourself? Given your condition, you should rest after the meeting. Why are you coming here? Is your chest still aching? Are you out of breath?"

He shook his head and reassured her gently, "I'm fine; I'm not in pain anymore."

He gently squeezed Neera's hand and said, "Thank you for everything. Should we go home if you don't want to rest here?"

"Other people are caring for the child here," Neera said while nodding in agreement. "Let's go. I'm exhausted and want to sleep."

Following a major operation, Jean knew she needed to rest. He directed Ian to go get the car.

Joseph was there to support Jean from the sidelines. He said, "Since everything is settled here, I'll head back to the office."

Jean finally remembered that his brother was with him. He gave a light nod and said, "Thanks, Joseph."

"We're brothers," Joseph grinned as he tapped him on the shoulder. "Don't mention it."

He turned his gaze to Neera with an apologetic expression and said, "We owe it to you. Whether it's Jean's illness or the company's problems, we're lucky to have you."

"I do this for Jean," Neera replied coldly and honestly. "I couldn't give a damn about your company's internal strife."

Understanding that Neera was still upset, Joseph didn't say anything else and quickly left.

Neera and Jean also left the hospital.

She looked out the window and was deafeningly quiet on their way home.

"After I wake up, gather your family around," she said abruptly halfway through the journey. "I'd like to say something."

Jean's heart clenched at the sound of her calm voice. He gave her a thoughtful glance and wanted to say something.

However, Neera was leaning back, eyes closed, and clearly disinterested in continuing the conversation.

He had a foreboding feeling. He reached for her hand and held it tightly, as if he were desperately trying to clutch at something out of reach.

She was aware of his hold on her, but she didn't open her eyes even as her heart flinched slightly in pain.

In complete silence, the pair parted ways and headed home.

Neera was totally drained. She went straight to bed.

Jean was not in the mood, so he asked Ian, "Did you send someone to look for Thora?"

"Yes, but there's no trace of her," Ian replied, nodding. "Mr. Clarence also dispatched someone to look for her."

While maintaining silence, Jean had a hideous expression.

He was livid that Thora had almost put everything in jeopardy. She sabotaged all of his plans. He was not going to let this go!

Due to his anger, he had mood swings. His chest ached whenever his emotions became agitated.

Resting on the couch, it took him some time before saying, "Call the manor. Ask them to come here tonight. Neera has something to say."

Ian looked grave and seemed worried. "Do you think Mrs. Beauvort wants to..." he hesitated, then carefully continued, "End the marriage?"

Jean's heart sank at the words "end the marriage. His eyes clouded over with an overwhelming feeling.

After a long pause, he quietly replied, "Probably."

His voice had an unusual sense of desolation to it.

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Chapter 716

Anxiously, Ian asked, "What should we do? Sir, why don't you coax Mrs. Beauvort? Talk it out. If you can get things out in the open, everything will be fine."

It would be heartbreaking if someone as wonderful as Mrs. Beauvort left. It would leave Mr. Beauvort in tears, but it would be too late to win her back. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean, however, said nothing.

When Ian thought he wouldn't get a response, he finally spoke quietly, "Let her be."

Ian was dumbfounded, not knowing how to reply.

When he noticed that the usually stern man had a trace of sorrow on his face, he felt a tightness in his chest. In the end, he could only sigh deeply in secret.

...

Meanwhile, no one was at peace at Beauvort Manor.

Wrenn had been informed of everything that had occurred at the shareholder's meeting that morning. Her surprise and outrage were palpable.

At this point, she was furiously reprimanding Karl.

"You were supposed to check to see if Thora is as competent as they claim. What exactly did you look into? You don't know anything about her, but you dare to bring her

home to treat your brother! Have you lost your mind? Jean's life is on the line here; how could you be so reckless?"

Karl's face was horrifyingly pale after his mother scolded him harshly. He cast a glance at Wrenn, refusing to accept full responsibility.

He retorted in an odd tone, "I have good intentions. Who would have anticipated that things would turn out this way? Besides, you both agreed to it."

His rebuke rendered Wrenn speechless.

Her complexion turned ghastly pale; it was quite a scene.

Coincidentally, Ian called at that time, "Madam, Mr. Beauvort requests that you and your family come over to the Imperial Gardens tonight."

Wrenn was worried sick about Jean's health. She quickly inquired, "Where's Jean? Is he there? How is he feeling now? Is he any better?"

"Mr. Beauvort said he's not going to die just yet," Ian replied.

The undertone of that statement was clear, Jean resented his mother.

Wrenn was overcome with guilt and regret as a result of this reproach.

She wished to speak with her son more, but Jean refused to communicate with her.

He simply had Ian give a brief reply before hanging up.

Neera had slept the entire afternoon away.

It was already evening when she awoke.

The triplets had come home from school. They were gathered around her bed, all eyes fixed on her.

They were overjoyed to see her awake and began asking in their childish voices.

"We heard you had a major surgery, Mommy. Are you tired?"

"Poor mommy, you've been so busy lately, but you still have to treat people. I haven't seen you in a few days; you look thinner now."

"Have you been eating well lately? You look pale. I'm very concerned about you."

Neera's gaze swept across each of their adorable faces, and the warmth in her eyes returned. Her heart, which had felt cold for several days, gradually warmed up.

She spent some time with the kids before getting up to shower.

After dinner, she left the triplets to play and intended to check on Jean. Before she left the house, Ian had frantically shown up.

"Mrs. Beauvort! Sir, I had another relapse! It's more than a simple chest pain; it looks like a second severe outbreak! Quick, you have to come with me!"

Neera's expression abruptly changed. She dashed over to the villa next door.

Jean had passed out and was completely unconscious by the time she arrived.

The Beauvorts were in attendance. They were all shocked and alarmed by the situation.

"Move aside!"

Neera wore a gloomy expression, showing unprecedented solemnity.

When they saw her arrive, they overlooked her attitude and quickly made their way to let her pass.

Neera assessed the situation and immediately began treating Jean.

Everyone waited anxiously with each passing second, not daring to make a sound.

Jean, on the other hand, showed no signs of awakening. His face had lost all color.

The situation seemed unfavorable. Neera decisively ordered, "Ian, get the car ready. We need to get him to the research center immediately!"

That facility had all of the treatment equipment she required.

Ian wasted no time and dashed downstairs.

He was back in five minutes.

Jean's condition had been temporarily stabilized by Neera.

When Ian walked in, she raised her voice and said, "Don't just stand there! Everyone, I need help carrying him into the car!"

Joseph was the first to come out of his trance and offer assistance.

Ian also lent a hand.

The group soon made their way to the research facility.

Because they were worried, the triplets followed them outside.

Neera didn't take them along.

Before getting in the car, she crouched down to comfort them, saying, "Don't worry. Uncle Jean will be fine now that I'm here. Stay at home and listen to Aunt Zhang. Please go to bed on time and wait for us to return, okay?"

The triplets were visibly distressed, but they nodded obediently.

"Uh-huh, we'll wait for you at home. We have faith in you. You'll bring Uncle Jean back safely!"

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Chapter 717

Ian and Joseph assisted in carrying Jean into the treatment room when they arrived at the research center.

Neera changed into medical garb, made necessary preparations, and immediately went in to administer emergency treatment.

Jean's health wasn't in the best of shape to begin with. He was still very weak, even though he had been resting for two days. He couldn't handle the sudden outbreak.

Neera continued to administer treatment.

Ten minutes later, Jean regained consciousness.

This, however, was only the beginning. The subsequent procedures were laborious and painful.

Jean had excruciating chest pain that nearly knocked him unconscious. Yet the pain kept him awake.

There were multiple instances where he was barely breathing. His suppressed cries almost faded away.

His condition was critical. Neera had put in a great effort to bring him back time and time again.

Unlike the treatments of the past two days, she did not rely on others for assistance but took matters into her own hands.

She witnessed every agonizing moment Jean endured. She took in everything, and every shriek he let out felt like a sharp blade tormenting him.

There were also other team members present. It was too much for them to bear.

"Neera, why don't you step out? We can handle it too." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Yes, Nancy, allow us to take over."

They couldn't bear watching the scene, let alone her.

However, Neera kept working. She politely declined their offer, saying, "It's fine. I'd like to be by his side this time."

Despite their efforts, she refused to leave the ward.

Jean's outbreak ended after a grueling five-hour battle.

Neera's complexion was pale and devoid of color when she emerged from the ward.

Sweat covered her forehead, dampening her hairline.

She wiped the sweat from her brow, walked shakily, and nearly passed out.

Shocked, Osbert rushed to her aid; worry filled his face. He asked, "Are you okay? Do you want to get some rest?"

Neera took some time to recover. She then brushed him aside and shook her head, saying, "I'm fine; don't worry."

When Frederic and Wrenn witnessed this scene, they felt uneasy.

If they hadn't seen Jean's critical condition and heard his agonizing cries today, they would not have realized the severity of their son's condition.

They had no idea Thora, whom they hired, could cause such harm to their son.

The two wanted to thank Neera and apologize to her, but words escaped them.

They had, after all, always doubted her and even considered replacing her with Thora. They were embarrassed to approach her.

The couple remained silent.

Neera, too, had no desire to converse with them. She gave them a cold glance before going to prepare the medicine.

For the first time in their lives, the elders were helpless as they watched her walk away without saying anything.

Fortunately, Ian was there. He was worried about his boss and wondered, "How is Mr. Beauvort?"

Luigi was courteous to him, but his tone was cold, especially with the two elders present.

"Not good. He might not have made it tonight if Nancy hadn't done the preparations several days ago. He has passed out and will most likely remain in a coma for the next few days."

"Why is this happening to him?" Wrenn uttered it and almost passed out from the shock.

Osbert's temper had flared.

He retorted sarcastically, "Why wouldn't this happen? You're partly to blame for his agony. He wouldn't be suffering if you hadn't gotten involved. Neera would never be this tired! She has been working nonstop for his benefit, barely getting any sleep! Who will take care of Mr. Beauvort if she collapses?"

"I heard you don't think highly of her? Haha, honestly, I'm curious, are you heartless or blind? Can't you see how wonderful she is and how she treated your son? Do you even have hearts? Do you have any idea how many people would do anything to marry Neera? Yet you mistreat and sideline her! Shame on you!"

With that, he stormed off.

Frederic and Wrenn were rendered speechless, and their faces grew even more pale.

"Have they found Thora?" Frederic asked after a while. "She has no regard for human life and endangered my son's life. I'll settle this score with her!"

"We'd sent people to find her, but she had fled," Ian explained.

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Chapter 718

Ian had been preoccupied with Jean's critical illness and company affairs. He couldn't leave and personally tracked down Thora.

When he found out Thora had treated Gerald, he immediately sent someone to find her. However, she appeared to have foreseen trouble and went into hiding. They were unable to locate her.

Ian, frustrated, sent out more people to look for her.

Meanwhile, he tried to come up with other ways to approach the situation.

After some thought, he approached Frederic and Wrenn for assistance.

"Mr. Frederic, Thora was introduced to Mr. Peter by Mr. Clarence," Ian reported.

"I doubt she'd disappear for no apparent reason. Thora doesn't know many people in Kingsview, so I suspect her disappearance has something to do with Mr. Clarence."

After Ian informed him of the situation, Frederic wore a solemn expression. He couldn't let this slide. He needed to deal with this, despite the fact that it involved his own brother.

Decisively, he commanded Ian, "Stay here and keep me updated. If anything happens, give me a call."

Subsequently, he turned around and left.

Wrenn quickly called out to him, "Where are you going?"

"To find Clarence!" He replied sternly without pausing his stride.

"I'm coming with you."

She couldn't sit still when she thought about the kind of agony Jean had to go through and Clarence's involvement in the incident.

The two rushed to Clarence's house and demanded answers from him.

"Where's Thora? Where is she now?"

Clarence was still indignant after they kicked him out of the board of directors. He was upset as he retorted, "Why would you come to me and ask me this?"

Exasperated, Wrenn chided, "She's gone! If we don't come to you, who should we go to?"

"She's gone?" Clarence was stunned. He asked, "What do you mean?"

Wrenn tightened her teeth in rage.

She scolded, "Ged is critically ill because of her. She almost killed Jed too. That woman has gone missing now. You're the one who introduced her, so we're here to demand answers!"

This revelation astounded Clarence.

He was mad at Thora when he learned about her incompetence, but he hadn't expected this quack to cause such harm. The progress of the situation had far exceeded his expectations.

He spotted Frederic's stern expression and felt a pang of fear. If something happened to Jean, he was certain that his brother would kick him out of Beauvort Group permanently. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

When this realization struck him, he quickly confessed to everything.

"...That's the whole story. She had treated me once, and I was impressed with her skills. I only met her a few times. I tried to contact her yesterday, but she never picked up the call."

Noting his sincerity, Frederic's expression became grimmer.

"This is great! Our entire family is being played by Thora!"

In a panic, Clarence quickly came up with something. He exclaimed, "I remember something! Kyra came by to see me when I was sick. She was the one who mentioned that my symptoms were similar to Jean's. She is the one who contacted Thora. Maybe you should ask Kyra; she might know where Thora is."

Wrenn was surprised that Kyra was involved in this, which made her even more worried.

Back in the research center, after Neera readily prepared the medicine, she also asked Ian about Thora's whereabouts.

Apologetically, he bowed his head a little.

"I'm sorry, we haven't found her, but we discovered that she is a close friend of Alistair Gray. I've sent someone to keep an eye on him and deployed more men to track her down. I hope you can be patient."

Neera's gaze turned cold. She deduced, "She should have sensed something went wrong and things would be bad for her. Therefore, she ran away before the consequences caught up with her."

Did she believe she could get away? She made a mistake and now must pay the price for it. I'd tolerated a lot from her in the past, but she wasn't having it this time.

Osbert spat in disgust and chided, "What a scourge! We should have sent her away from the start. How could she have done such heinous things? She's inhumane!"

Luigi was astounded that Thora could cause so much trouble.

"What is she thinking? She is well-versed in all aspects of medical treatment. If only she had spent some time studying the patient's condition and treating them properly. Even if the treatment did not completely heal them, the patients wouldn't end up in such a state.

"Out of so many options, she has to pick sinister methods and disregard their physical tolerance! She's killing them."

The gloom in Neera's eyes deepened as she said, "Someone like her does not qualify to be a doctor; she is not even qualified to be a human."

"You two help me monitor the situation here," she reasoned coldly. "I must to call Mr. Hanson."

This incident had crossed her limit. She would not cover for Thora, and she believed her master deserved to know the truth.

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Chapter 719

When Neera called, Obadiah was in the middle of something. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He was discussing data with his students when he picked up the call. He wondered, "Neera? What's up?"

She took a deep breath and calmly replied, "Mr. Hanson, there are two things I need to inform you. It has something to do with Thora."

Obadiah sensed the grave undertone in her voice. He quickly wrapped up the conversation with his students and stepped out of the lab.

Once in the hallway, he asked, "Okay, you can tell me now. What happened?"

She went straight to the point and detailed all of Thora's wrongdoings.

The more he listened to it, the angrier he got; his complexion darkened due to his anger. He reprimanded, "How could this irresponsible scum do such a thing? How dare she put someone's life in danger!"

He was panting heavily. Apparently, he was exasperated with his daughter's wrongdoing.

"Don't worry. I will try to contact her."

Neera grunted and said, "Thank you, Mr. Hanson."

At this point in the conversation, an awkward silence shrouded the two.

Neera didn't hang up the phone, as if she were waiting for a shoe to drop.

It took Obadiah a few seconds, as he struggled to speak his mind.

He moved his lips a few times before saying, "If I do reach her, I'll make sure she apologizes and makes amends for her mistakes. Please, for the sake of me, could you help me speak up for her?"

With full knowledge of how outrageous Thora's behavior was, he struggled to make this request.

This request did not surprise Neera. She made her position clear.

"I've put up with her for a long time, but only because I have respect for you. This time, however, two lives are at stake. Even if I let her off the hook, the Beauvorts will investigate this further.

"I don't need to tell you what kind of family they are. I still have to clean up her mess and treat the victims right now, so..."

Obadiah sighed after hearing this.

He was neither disappointed nor dissatisfied; he was simply overwhelmed by guilt and helplessness.

My daughter had caused such a mess, but my proudest student had to clean up after her. How ironic!

"I'm sorry, Neera. I shouldn't have asked; because of this, you've had a difficult time and a lot to deal with."

Neera was still upset after their phone call was cut off. Her eyes were clouded with melancholy.

Kyra received a phone call from Wrenn early in the morning.

She was taken aback because she had never expected things to turn out this way.

Thora had confidently promised that she could treat Jean. It turned out that she had made matters worse.

Kyra attempted to defend herself in panic, terrified of losing Wrenn's support.

"I met Thora by chance. I knew she was Obadiah's daughter and trusted her medical abilities, but I only told Uncle Clarence about her. I didn't introduce her to Jean. I wouldn't have let her treat Uncle Clarence if I had known she was so untrustworthy!"

Her voice was filled with resentment and on the verge of tears.

"You've got no idea. Jean has recently developed a strong dislike for me. He's been pressuring me at work. I've tried not to irritate him any further. I dare not approach him for fear of upsetting him further. Why would I allow Thora to harm him? Don't you believe me?"

Wrenn had a rough idea of what had happened after she grasped the situation.

Kyra appears to have introduced Thora to Clarence. Then Clarence leveraged this connection. He contacted Karl and introduced her to Peter to treat his son.

Kyra, from this vantage point, had little to do with it.

Wrenn let out a sigh. She believed Kyra.

"I've misunderstood you. Please don't take it to heart."

"It's okay," Kyra said, relieved. "I understand you're worried about Jean. It's natural to be anxious when he's sick and we can't get hold of the culprit."

She went on to inquire about Jean's health.

Wrenn creased her brows, her face pale from a restless night's sleep.

"It's bad. He had seizures all night and passed out as dawn approached. Neera said he might be in a coma for several days. We're not sure when he'll wake up."

Kyra's heart thumped furiously when she heard Wrenn bring up Neera.

Despite her words of concern, her heart sank.

Does this imply that Jean could die without Neera's care? Is it possible for them to divorce in this case? When was I going to get my chance?

Is Aunt Wrenn even showing signs of acceptance now that she seems to have softened her stance toward Neera? Isn't it becoming more and more unfavorable for me if that's the case?

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Chapter 720

When Kyra finally hung up, resentment crept across her face.

Thora! That despicable b*tch! How dare she trick me and nearly ruin her plans!

Exasperated, she called Thora to settle the score, but Thora had turned off her phone and couldn't be reached.

By the time Frederic and Wrenn returned to the research center, the daylight had fully broken.

The two were worried about their son.

Neera scowled and pulled a long face when she saw them.

Initially, she wanted to ignore them and walk away. In the end, she still halted and spoke coldly.

"We don't have a resting area for visitors in the research center. Jean's condition is prone to recurrence. He won't wake up in a short time. I don't see the need for both of you to stay here."

Frederic and Wrenn sensed her lingering anger and indifference. The two felt awkward for the first time.

"We know," they replied, their voices laden with bitterness. "Even though he's unconscious, we just want to stay with him. It doesn't matter to us that there's no lounging area here. Being with him is all that matters."

The rage that had been building up inside Neera erupted once more. It was scorching hot.

Abruptly, she felt the urge to reprimand them.

Why hadn't you two shown him how much you cared earlier? What else have you two done besides doubting and rejecting me? Do you finally see your mistakes when Jean suffers?

She had a slew of sharp questions ready to fire at them. She did, however, suppress them at the last moment. Perhaps she was afraid of losing her cool and making a scene.

Ultimately, she made her way back to her office with an icy expression.

Osbert had witnessed everything from the side. Naturally, he understood the reason for her being upset.

He brought her breakfast to console her.

"Neera, you've been working all night. You might have a little appetite, but you have to eat something. How else will you have the strength to carry on without food? What would happen to Jean if you fell ill?"

He tried to persuade her and he had a point.

Though she was not in the mood, Neera still forced herself to take a few bites.

"You should take a nap," Osbert persisted. "Me and Luigi would keep an eye on him. If anything happens, we'll notify you right away."

She was tired, and the only thing keeping her going was the last thread of her stubbornness.

Hesitated, but she decided to stop forcing herself and nod in agreement.

Before she entered the on-call room, she remembered Jean's parents waiting in the hallway.

She frowned, stopped walking, and yelled, "Osbert."

Osbert had almost made it to the door when he turned and asked, "Yes?"

She pursed her lips and reluctantly spoke up, "Can you take care of the Beauvorts? They've been up all night, and it might be hard for them to hang on. If they refuse to leave, get a room for them to rest. Bring them breakfast, too. It's up to them whether they want to eat."

With that being said, she went to get a nap.

Osbert was not surprised. He sighed a little. Neera was always sharp-tongued but soft-hearted.

...

Simultaneously, Joseph looked at his parents, unable to bring himself to tell them the truth.

"Daddy and Mommy, I just found out that Jean's condition is almost as bad as it was before Neera treated him. His vitality had been severely damaged, and he was barely hanging on. Neera must be furious and has lost her cool because of this. Don't take it personally."

Not wanting his parents' resentment of Neera to grow, he made an effort to mediate.

Unexpectedly, tears streamed down Wrenn's face.

Frederic was taken aback and inquired, "What's wrong?"

Joseph assumed his mother was concerned about Jean's condition and comforted her right away.

"Mom, don't worry. Neera is here; she won't let anything happen to Jean. He just needs some time to recover."

Yet, Wrenn cried even more ferociously. She sobbed uncontrollably in Frederic's embrace.

After a while, she said with a choked voice, "I think I might have made a grave mistake."

Her words startled Frederic.

"I thought that everything I did was for Jean's benefit. I disliked her and tried to separate them. In the end, I hurt Jean. Everything is my fault. You tried to talk sense into me, but I wouldn't listen. I'm headstrong. If something bad happens to Jean, I don't think I will ever forgive myself for the rest of my life!"

Guilt and regret washed over her, and Wrenn was overwhelmed with her sorrow.

After Frederic listened to her, he sighed deeply and was engulfed in conflicted feelings.

If Neera had not been there, we might have lost our son.

Joseph, observing everything from the side. He stopped offering them consolation. He believed his stubborn parents might finally be ready to change their ways.

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Chapter 721

Neera had a restless sleep.

She awoke three hours later from an awful dream. She was drenched in a cold sweat when she opened her eyes. She sat quietly for a while, gradually relaxing.

At this time, it was almost noon.

She took a quick bath, not even having time to blow her hair dry, and rushed over to check on Jean.

Osbert was watching over Jean in the ward.

He was displeased, when he saw Neera come in with the water still dripping from the end of her hair.

"Why would you wake up so soon? Why didn't you blow-dry your hair? The weather is getting cold now. You might catch a cold."

Not bothered by his remark, Neera brushed her wet hair aside.

She looked at the man lying on the hospital bed, saying, "It's okay. How is he?"

"Still in a coma."

Osbert rose up and earnestly advised her, "I'm watching him. He won't wake up anytime soon. You should go back, dry your hair, and get some rest. If you can't sleep, just lie down. You're awfully pale; getting some rest would be beneficial."

Neera shook her head and reasoned, "I can't sleep or lie down."

She recalled that there was no one in the hallway and wondered, "Where is his family?"

Osbert snorted contemptuously and replied, "I told them to get some rest in the guest room."

Neera nodded and did not say anything.

The research center's employees had already arrived and were busy in the lab. She took some time and checked on their progress.

After lunchtime, Jean had another episode.

He remained unconscious, but the anguish was evident. The pain caused his face to distort, veins on his forehead to bulge, and blood vessels to show. His complexion was pallid, and he sweat profusely all over his body.

Neera immediately intervened and made a great effort to stabilize his condition.

At that precise moment, Peter gave them a call, as if he had timed it.

"Neera, I'm sorry to bother you, but Ged has woken up. I'm sorry for asking you this, but do you think you can come over?"

Neera has been drained for the past few days, constantly on the move. She didn't want to run around and couldn't stop worrying about Jean.

She simply instructed Ian, "I need you to handle the situation and bring Ged here."

The research center was spacious, and the facilities were equipped with multiple examination rooms and hospital wards.

Ian immediately got to it.

An hour later, Ged was brought in.

Neera forcibly pulled herself together and examined Gerald.

The previous treatment had successfully contained the toxin within his body. Its spread had been halted for the time being.

However, the nature of this poison was different from Wrenn's. It was challenging to thoroughly cure innate toxins from birth.

Antidotes combined with needling were the basic treatments she could administer. Subsequently, the boy might need to undergo another major surgery.

Neera barely got a break to take care of the boy.

She restructured the staff and divided them into two groups. One group continued to work on the agent, while the other was tasked with developing an antidote.

They have spent the entire afternoon talking about Gerald's condition.

Meanwhile, the Beauvorts waited in the lounge, worried.

The evening had arrived, and Ian had brought them dinner. It was a meal prepared by the Imperial Gardens' chef. He had prepared some food for Neera too.

Concerned that she would exhaust herself, Ian urged her gently.

"Mrs. Beauvort, you've been putting in a lot of hours lately. You've shed so much weight. Rest and refuel so that you can continue fighting. You can't collapse. Mr. Beauvort would be devastated if he awoke to find you in this condition."

Neera wasn't hungry, but she knew she needed to eat something, despite having to force some food down her throat.

She thanked him, took the meal box, and forced down a few bites.

At first, her head was spinning and she had a slight headache. After she ate, she began to feel nauseous.

Neera frowned and drank some water to wash down the feeling, but to no avail.

Out of the blue, she dropped her fork and ran to the restroom, throwing up everything. Not only had she eaten food, but she had practically emptied her stomach.

This scene alarmed everyone. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The Beauvorts rushed over when they heard the commotion. They wanted to show their concern but struggled with words.

Ian was extremely worried. He quickly brought her a glass of warm water.

"Mrs. Beauvort, are you okay?"

Neera took the water and rinsed her mouth. Her face was horrifyingly pale, but she shook her head and uttered, "I'm fine. I'll take some medicine and get some rest. Don't worry."

Everyone was worried about her, but the best they could do was advise her to get some rest.

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Read Chapter 722

Chapter 722

Neera returned to the on-call room and slept for two hours. She slept more peacefully than before.

When she woke up, she looked rejuvenated.

The first thing that crossed her mind when she opened her eyes was Jean's condition.

Osbert entered the room when she was leaving.

"Why did you wake up so quickly?" he asked.

She sighed helplessly, saying, "There's nothing I can do about this. It's difficult to have a sound sleep with so much on my mind, but I do feel a bit better."

Observing her closely, Osbert acknowledged that the rosiness had returned to her cheeks.

Neera immediately grasped the key point and asked, "What brings you here? Has something happened to Jean?"

He gave a reassuring nod, saying, "He had a minor episode earlier. I didn't disturb you since it wasn't serious and it passed swiftly. He's still unconscious, but there's nothing to worry about."

Hearing this, a weight seemed to lift off Neera's shoulders.

Osbert added, "The kids are here."

Stunned, she asked in surprise, "How did they get here?"

Finally cracking a grin, Osbert said, "Auntie Zuniga brought them here. They're outside."

Neera hurriedly left the room. The triplets were standing outside the consultation room, peering through the glass door.

As Neera approached, Auntie Zuniga quickly greeted her and explained, "The kids had been worried about you and Mr. Beauvort. They insisted on making sure you were okay. I had no choice but to bring them here."

After expressing her appreciation, Neera looked at the triplets.

The trio rushed toward her, their faces etched with concern. They were heartbroken to see her pale complexion.

"Mommy, you must have been so tired over the past few days. You have to take good care of yourself!"

"Remember, you can't help others if you're not well yourself. Don't wear yourself out. We would be worried about you."

Neera smiled softly as she looked at them, warmth flooding her heart.

"Alright, I hear you," she said.

The triplets probed, "What about Uncle Jean? How is he doing? Is he getting better?"

They were hesitant to disturb their dad earlier and decided against visiting him in the ward. They could only make out his silhouette when they peered through the glass door, but their hearts ached for him just the same.

Neera gently rubbed each of their heads. She soothed them gently, saying, "He's okay, but you didn't come here at the right time. He's still in a deep sleep."

"Phew, that's a relief!"

The triplets didn't mind; they breathed out a sigh of relief in unison.

"It's alright. We're relieved as long as he's fine. Uncle Jean will surely get better with you looking after him!"

While the four of them were conversing, Wrenn and Frederic happened to exit the guest room.

When the triplets saw them, their expressions subtly changed, but they had no intention to greet them.

They knew their grandparents disliked their mother and always made things difficult for her. Moreover, they were the reason their father suffered from this severe illness. Therefore, the children didn't feel like greeting them at all.

Hmph, forget about manners! This time, we're going to do as we please!

When the couple saw triplets, complicated expressions were displayed on their faces.

Neera's demeanor remained as cold as ever.

She stood up straight, recalled her previous decision, and determined that it was time to discuss something.

"Auntie Zuniga, please take the children home," she quietly instructed.

The kids complied and said their goodbyes.

Subsequently, Neera approached the elderly couple and said indifferently, "Let's talk."

They were astounded. She had treated them as non-existent recently. When she suddenly approached them, they were unsure of what she wanted to discuss.

Ian quickly figured out the situation. He was visibly nervous, as if faced with a tricky predicament.

He silently cursed.

Damn it! Mr. Beauvort is still unconscious. Is Mrs. Beauvort going to annul their marriage at this critical moment?

After that, he quickly stepped forward and tried to talk her out of it. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mrs. Beauvort, my boss, is still in a coma. Don't you think it would be wiser for us to wait for him to regain consciousness before we discuss anything?"

Neera cast a glance at him; her gaze was cold and devoid of any emotion.

"I believe it's time. Some matters can't be put off indefinitely. Whether he's conscious or not, this needs to be addressed. I'll let him know later."

Ian felt a fierce thump in his heart. He grew increasingly anxious as he anticipated the upcoming conversation.

Yet, despite his internal turmoil, he could only observe silently as the trio made their way into the guest room.

They seated themselves on opposite sides.

Frederic was calm. He wondered, "What do you wish to discuss?"

Neera went straight to the point, declaring, "I want to discuss the termination of our marriage."

Her direct statement stunned both Frederic and Wrenn.

Before either could get a chance to respond, Neera firmly voiced her stance.

"I don't see the point in continuing this union. At first, everything started because of you two. Jean and I were coerced into this marriage, neither of us giving our consent. Now, I want to officially declare to both of you. I want to make it official before you two, from this moment onward, the two of us will no longer be in a marital relationship."

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Chapter 723

The atmosphere in the guest room was tense and eerily silent.

Neera sat upright. Her expression remained cold and distant.

Across from her, the pair looked visibly shaken and taken aback. They adopted a blank expression.

Though they had once wished to force the two apart. However, when she suddenly brought it up at this critical time, the couple didn't feel relieved. On the contrary, they were panic-stricken.

Wrenn was unable to sit still. Panickedly, she leaned forward and asked, "Why?"

Neera found the situation amusing. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Why?" she asked again.

"Isn't it obvious? Do you have any idea how we get married? Roxanne was meant to marry into your family. I'm a substitute. This was orchestrated by the Garcias, they forced me to marry into your family. Jean, on the other hand, married out of obligation. Given these circumstances, don't you think our marriage was ill-founded?"

Wrenn's anxiety grew as Neera's words sank in. She objected, "But..."

Neera completely ignored her. She was not interested in listening any further and made her position clear.

"Your family and others have bothered me, as they have Jean. We're both shackled by this marriage. I favor simplicity in everything, including relationships. I don't want to continue because I dislike complicated situations. Isn't that what you've always wanted? Everyone now gets what they want."

What we want...

The pair glanced at each other, but their gazes were devoid of any happiness.

Neera couldn't care less about their feelings. She wanted to stand up and leave, but she recalled something.

She added a few words, "Let me clarify once more. I'm not at all interested in your fortune. Nothing about your family's wealth, status, or reputation is important to me. I don't need it and I don't want it.

"My kids are the same. You don't have to worry about them claiming your family's wealth. We won't touch, desire, or give a single penny of yours."

Neera felt she had said all she needed to after laying out the facts.

She rose gracefully, and proclaimed, "I've made my position clear. Do as you wish."

Despite Neera's repeated assurances, they continued to refuse to believe her in the past.

At this point, they finally realized she meant every word.

Wrenn recognized how ridiculous she looked. Her face went from pale to red.

She couldn't care less about her dignity. Overwhelmed with anxiety, she got up out of her chair and quickly blurted out, "You won't stop treating my son, will you?"

Neera sneered coldly. Her eyes were shrouded in a layer of frost.

"Don't think so lowly of me. My feelings for him have always been genuine. I'm not like you at all. My only wish is for him to get well, and I'm prepared to do whatever it takes to see that he does."

Without further delay, she quickly walked out of the room.

Wrenn stood rooted. Her complexion turned white as a sheet, full of misery.

Frederic was at a loss for words. He had a complicated expression and sighed deeply.

...

After leaving the room, Neera was in a bad mood.

Dispiritedly, she went to the treatment room.

Jean was still in a coma. His breathing was faint, but the sickly paleness was evident on his face.

Seeing this, Neera's heart ached.

"I'm sorry. I unilaterally annulled our marriage without your consent. I broke our pact."

She spoke softly, but the only response she received was the room's silence.

Jean's condition gradually stabilized over the next two days. His body showed signs of recovery, and the frequency of his episodes decreased.

Neera stopped avoiding his parents. Her demeanor was cold, to say the least, but professional.

In the meantime, Ian was overcome by an eruption of conflicting feelings. He was worried he was going to bald from stress.

Mr. Beauvort, when are you going to wake up? Your wife will leave you if you remain in a coma any longer.

...

Later that day, Neera went back to her house.

When the children saw her, they were overjoyed. They hastened to her side and showered her with care.

"Mommy, why are you home? Did Uncle Jean wake up? Is he getting better?"

Neera shook her head gently and touched their faces softly. She said, "Not yet, but he's recovering. Maybe he'll wake up in a couple of days."

"Oh!"

The triplets were a bit disappointed, but their focus subsequently shifted to her.

"Have you eaten yet, Mommy? You've put in a lot of effort recently, and it shows. Why don't we accompany you to eat something before you go to bed? I'll give you a shoulder massage!"

"And I'll massage your legs!"

The calmest of the three was Harvey. The boy gently took her hand and inquired, "Mommy, do you have to return to the research center tonight?"

Neera shook her head and said, "I don't think so. I want to spend the night at home with you and I'm exhausted."

The children were overjoyed and clung to her like glue, constantly following her around.

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Chapter 724

After taking a shower, the triplets changed into their cow-patterned pajamas.

All three climbed into Neera's bed.

Neera had emerged from the bathroom, after blowing her hair dry.

She was overcome with complicated feelings, when she saw the triplets peeking their heads out from the blankets.

"Mommy, let's sleep together!" Sammy said, his eyes gleaming as he stretched out his tiny arms toward Neera.

Penny followed suit. She acted cute, blinked her big and adorable eyes, persuaded, "We haven't slept together for ages. Tonight, we want to do some cuddling."

Harvey was too embarrassed to act cute, but he didn't want to leave either. He simply lifted a corner of the blanket and eagerly stared at her with his dark eyes. He urged, "Mommy, it's late. Let's sleep together."

Neera's heart melted with their adorableness. She agreed, saying, "Alright, let's go to bed."

She grinned and lay down beside them.

The triplets cuddled up to her like kittens, pressing their soft bodies against hers.

Neera inhaled the scent of her children, warmth filling her eyes as she held them tightly, not wanting to let go.

The next morning, she personally dropped the kids off at school.

After she watched them go inside, she went back into her car.

A voice message from Isabella came through.

Neera played her message as she started the car.

Isabella's excited voice filled the vehicle; she wondered, "Neera, have you seen the news today?"

Confused, Neera replied, "No."

She swiftly replied. Her voice was sharp and triumphant, stating, "You need to check it out! There's a big surprise waiting for you!"

Neera grew more confused. She pulled the car over and opened Twitter.

She discovered the top trending search was about the Garcia Group. She clicked on the link.

The news reported that the Garcia Group, unable to fill its financial holes, had declared bankruptcy. Internet users were heatedly discussing the news. All of them are mocking and celebrating.

She went through the comments but did not respond much.

It was perfectly normal for people to push a man down. That company's downfall was natural given its mismanagement.

Moreover, whatever happened to the Garcias was none of her concern anymore.

Isabella, on the other hand, felt quite pleased. She stated, "They deserve this! They reap what they sow!"

Neera chuckled and responded, "You seem more worked out by this than I am."

Isabella grunted and said, "I despised them for how they mistreated you. If I weren't powerless against them, I would have gotten rid of them on your behalf for a long time!"

Neera laughed at Isabella's feistiness.

As the two chatted, Isabella suddenly remembered something. She mentioned, "By the way, when I visited our family's pharmaceutical factory yesterday, I think I saw Mr. Garcia there!"

Neera was stunned. She asked, "What did you just say?"

Isabella repeated.

Unconsciously, Neera straightened her back and asked, "Are you sure? The police have been searching for him for days and have found nothing. Why would he be there?"

Isabella wasn't sure. She explained, "It was a quick glance. That old man resembled him a lot, but I wasn't entirely sure at the time. When I think back now, I'm confident that it's him."

Neera twisted her brows. She wasn't sure whether that old man was Gladeon, but she felt the need to verify. After all, he was Adriana's biological father.

"Alright, let's do it."

Isabella understood what was on her mind. She offered, "If you are interested, I can take you there."

After hanging up the phone, Neera took a detour to pick her up.

The two drove for more than an hour before they reached their destination. It was an area filled with heavy industrial factories. The environment wasn't pleasant. It was filled with a chaotic mix of people coming and going.

Isabella led Neera to a small diner. She explained, "I saw Mr. Garcia there. He was sweeping the floor."

Neera tightened her brows even more. She asked, "Sweeping?"

Nodding, Isabella peered inside and murmured, "But he's not here now."

Neera didn't go into the diner, but observed from outside.

It was visibly cramped and appeared to be limited space, with only a few tables available. The diner was dim and somewhat dirty. Even though it was past mealtime, few patrons appeared to be eating.

They looked around but couldn't see Gladeon, so they went back to the car to wait.

After waiting for some time, the two of them saw no sign of him.

Isabella stuck out her tongue and admitted, "Perhaps I was wrong. It could be someone who looked like him." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Neera considered the possibility.

Gladeon has been living a lavish lifestyle. He has no business here.

When she decided to leave, a man with tattoos on his arm walked into the diner.

Someone bumped into him when he entered the store. He shouted angrily, "Old man, are you blind? Is it your intention to kill me?"

An elderly person's voice resounded, full of panic and fear, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

When she heard this voice, Neera froze and jerked her head around in the direction of that voice.

Days after he disappeared, Gladeon appeared in front of her eyes.

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Chapter 725

Gladeon accidentally spilled some soup onto the man's pants when the two bumped into each other.

He bent down, constantly apologizing to that thug in a very servile manner. He apologized, "I'm so sorry. I'll clean it up for you."

The man looked like a thug. He refused to accept that.

He pointed to his pants in frustration, his eyes widening so much that they looked like they might bulge out.

"Are you blind? What have you done? These are my new pants and shoes, but you destroyed them. Clean it? How are you going to clean it for me?"

Gladeon dared not look up. His demeanor was so humble that he almost knelt on the ground. He quivered all over as he apologized, "I'm sorry..."

That thug spat on the ground. Then he reached out and violently shoved Gladeon.

He roared, "What's the point of keeping telling me you're sorry? Wipe it! Wipe it clean now!"

Gladeon nodded repeatedly. He turned around and intended to get some tissues.

That thug refused to accept this. He shouted, "What's with the tissues? Kneel and lick my pants and shoes for me! Don't even think about getting up before you lick every spot!"

Gladeon froze with the demand. He raised his head and looked at that man, looking helpless.

The diner owner was a kind-hearted man. He hurriedly walked over to mediate and apologized to that thug.

"Mister, I'm truly sorry for our inadequate service and for causing you distress. How about this? You can order anything you'd like today, and it'll be our treat. Does that sound acceptable?"

Unfortunately, this offer couldn't appease that thug. He insisted that Gladeon kneel and lick his shoes clean.

In the car, Isabella sighed, "Why would Mr. Garcia come to such a terrible place to be humiliated? What is he trying to achieve? Why couldn't he stay at home and enjoy his retirement life?"

She turned to the side and asked, "Neera, what should we do?"

Neera wore a cold expression, but she knitted her brows tightly.

Should I help? I have to help. I couldn't stand by.

When Gladeon was being bullied, forced to comply, and about to kneel down, Neera had a stern expression on her face as she got out of the car.

"Get up!" [SEAR*ch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

She quickly approached Gladeon and helped him up.

Gladeon was dumbfounded when he saw her. He never thought Neera would find him here.

He stammered in surprise, "I... why are you here?"

After he asked that question, he lowered his head, clearly embarrassed that she had witnessed this scene.

Neera ignored him and turned her attention to the thug.

She looked at him and asked, "How much did you pay for the pants and shoes? I'll compensate you."

As she spoke, she took out her phone and was ready to pay.

Taken aback, the thug was stunned that he would encounter such a beautiful woman. He examined her from head to toe.

"Wow! You're such a beauty! Who is this old man to you?"

On the verge of losing her patience, Neera radiated a cold aura and repeated her question, "How much?"

The thug laughed in a lewd manner; he waved his hand dismissively and said, "Forget it! Since you're so beautiful, I'll let it go. How about that? That's nice, right?"

He then started to harass her.

Hey, pretty, do you have a boyfriend? If not, how about hanging out with me?"

Neera, sensing the thug, attempted to flirt with her. She squinted her eyes, and her gaze turned increasingly dangerous.

Before she could reply, Gladeon stepped in front of her. This old man was cowardly earlier on, but he seemed to have mustered up his courage.

He lifted his head and confronted that thug, roaring, "This matter has nothing to do with her. Don't even think about it!"

After that, he turned to Neera and urged, "Leave! I'll handle this."

His reaction pissed her off. She blurted out angrily, "How are you going to handle this? Are you going to lick his shoes clean for him?"

Her query rendered the old man speechless.

She took advantage of the opportunity to pull him aside and urged, "Stay put! Stop causing me more trouble!"

Then she glared at the thug. Her impatience was clear in her tone, saying, "I'll ask again, how much money do you want? Watch your language. Otherwise, I won't be this patient."

The thug did not take her words seriously. He laughed broadly and jested, "Oh, pretty! Are you trying to intimidate me? I like your feisty spirit!"

Isabella lost her temper and lashed out, "Feisty? How did you look? Have you ever taken a look at yourself in the mirror before leaving your house? With that ugly face of yours, how dare you flirt with her?"

She lifted her leg and kicked at his lower body.

Unprepared, that man covered his manhood, screamed in pain, and collapsed on the ground.

However, Isabella was not done. She yelled loudly, making a scene and drawing everyone's attention.

"Everyone, gather around! This pervert is harassing women in broad daylight! He's shameless!"

Her loud voice attracted passersby, and people started to gather around.

When they saw them confronted with that thug. The crowd was instantly outraged.

Some pointed fingers at the thugs; some were ready to beat him up; and some even wanted to call the police.

The thug dared not linger around; he quickly climbed up from the ground.

He cursed, "B*tch, you'll regret this!"

His complexion was hideous, and he scurried away in humiliation.

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Chapter 726

Neera watched as that thug limped away.

She narrowed her eyes a little and found the situation somewhat regrettable.

It's a pity that I didn't get to throw the medicinal powder at him. If he gave me that opportunity, I would make him experience the awful sensation where his body slowly rotted away.

She decided to let this slide since this incident had come to an end.

After all, she had more pressing matters to handle.

She turned to Gladeon, wore an indifferent expression as she stated calmly, "Come with me. We need to talk."

Gladeon had a bitter expression on his face, but he gently nodded.

He informed his boss about this, before he slowly followed Neera into the car.

Isabella considered this was their family matter and she should stay out of it. Therefore, she decided to go for a walk.

Inside the car, Neera took the driver's seat.

Gladeon sat in the back. He dipped his head, both hands clenched tightly in anxiety.

"You're truly remarkable! Even at your age, you manage to stir up trouble with this vanishing stunt. The police are searching everywhere for you. Aunt Adriana is worried about you all the time. Do you think she had it easy? Must you always find new ways to distress her? Are you happy now?"

She ridiculed the old man, and every word she uttered was dripping with sarcasm.

Worried of being misinterpreted, Gladeon hurriedly explained himself. He argued, "I didn't... I didn't mean to do that."

"Tell me. What are you trying to do? Neera pressed aggressively.

Gladeon choked on his words, struggling to respond, "I just...I just wanted to support myself with my own two hands. I have a good job, and I like it here."

"You like it here? Neera rebutted angrily.

"Your idea of a good job is being bullied by customers and being forced to lick their shoes.

She abruptly turned around and shot a piercing gaze his way. She locked her eyes on him and asked, "Didn't Aunt Adriana leave you retirement money? Or does she stop caring about you? Do you think she hasn't done enough, so you came up with this ruse to torment her further?"

With each pressing question, Gladeon found himself cornered and struggled to breathe.

Pale-faced and overwhelmed, he struggled to defend himself. He was devastated, and guilt was evident in his eyes.

"No, it's not like that. I didn't mean to do that to her, but the Garcia Group had gone bankrupt. I just... just..."

He fumbled with his words, but Neera got what he was trying to say.

Her mood had already soured from days of frustration, and his explanation only added to her irritation.

Neera's patience had worn thin in the face of a member of the Garcia family, and as expected, her words were sharp.

"You just gave your retirement money to your useless son, right? Incredible! In your eyes, is your daughter just an ATM? Do you think you can just disregard her emotions and exploit her generosity? Are you satisfied when she's upset and worried about you?"

"Listen, the predicament your family is in is entirely of your own doing! Expecting sympathy from others? Think again! Many might even celebrate your downfall."

The elderly man felt even more defeated by her harsh words. Gladeon nervously fiddled with his fingers, murmuring his regret.

"I'm so sorry... I recognize the harm we've caused to both you and Adriana. I never intended for you two to suffer. I just didn't want to add more weight to her shoulders. My family's in ruins, but Alfanso's pride won't let him admit defeat."

His voice was weak, filled with bitterness and sadness.

"I just thought that, since I still have the capability, I could work to support myself. I'm too ashamed to ask Adriana for help. So...so..."

Toward the end, he struggled to finish his words.

Neera took in his dejected demeanor and clenched her teeth. There were many words on the verge of her lips, but she swallowed them back.

After a long silence, she coldly remarked, "Well! Perhaps all Garcias are beyond redemption."

She inhaled deeply, adjusted her posture, and gripped the steering wheel with a solemn look on her face.

"If you wish to work, I won't stop you from supporting yourself. The authorities have been on the lookout for you. Let's head to the police station and sort things out. Afterward, if you're still keen on working, I'll help set something up for you."

She hesitated momentarily before continuing, "Don't misunderstand. I'm doing this for Aunt Adriana. I want her to have some peace of mind, free from this chaos. Let's be clear on something, you need to earn your own living expenses; I won't give you a dime."

Her words were devoid of any emotion, but Gladeon's eyes filled with tears as he took it all in.

I have no idea why, after the way we treated her, this girl is still willing to help me. What's wrong with me? Why did I not defend her and Adriana from others' ill-treatment and put them through all sorts of grievances?

He was drowning in regret and guilt. He nodded vigorously and uttered in a choking voice, "Thank you..."

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Chapter 727

After they had that talk, Neera took the old man to resign from the diner.

The diner owner was easy to talk to. He agreed with a smile.

"I always had a feeling there was something unique about you, but I never expected you to be from a well-off family. Grandpa, don't run away from home again. See how concerned your family has been. Is this your granddaughter? She seems to care deeply for you."

Hearing those words, Gladeon felt a pang of guilt and stole a quick glance at Neera.

Neera wore a poker face. She didn't display any emotion on her face.

Gladeon sighed and expressed his gratitude, "Thank you for taking me in and taking good care of me. Sorry for all the trouble."

The diner owner waved his hand and said, "Don't worry about it. Go home and take good care of yourself."

After that, the trio left the diner.

Neera dropped Isabelle off at the hospital before she took Gladeon to the police station.

When the police learned that Gladeon had been found, they immediately informed his family.

Neera had no intention of meeting with the Garcias. Therefore, she decided to leave before they got to the police station.

Before she left, she sternly warned Gladeon, "Don't you dare to disappear on your own again. In a few days, I'll arrange a job for you. I'll have someone contact you."

Gladeon nodded repeatedly, mumbling to express his gratitude.

Neera's expression remained icy. She claimed, "Don't thank me, but thank your daughter. I wouldn't bother about this if Aunt Adriana wasn't constantly worrying about you."

She left after told him that.

Gladeon's eyes were filled with tears as he watched her silhouette gradually fade from his sight.

One mistake leads to many. His family had made a grave mistake in the past, and they had probably lost the chance to make up for it.

Not long after Neera left, Marnie darted to the police station.

When she saw her husband, she burst into tears and ran over to hug him.

As she shed her tears, she berated him furiously, "You old fool! Where have you been? Did you do this on purpose and want us to worry sick about you? Do you know what state our family is in now? Your disappearance is just adding to our troubles. Are you trying to kill me?"

Gladeon gently patted her back to console her, saying, "That's enough! Don't make a scene here. People will laugh at us."

Alfonso also showed up at the police station and thanked the police profusely.

Yet the officer gestured dismissively and said, "No need for thanks. We weren't the ones who located him."

Surprised, Alfonso asked, "If not the police, then who brought him in?"

The officer responded candidly, "It was his granddaughter."

Alfonso's confusion deepened as he inquired, "Granddaughter? Which one?"

The officer glanced quizzically and remarked, "Who do you think? Neera. She's the one who brought him in and reported the situation."

Alfonso was taken aback, realizing it was Neera who had stepped in.

Marnie cursed vehemently on the spot.

"That ungrateful girl? What kind of granddaughter acts this way? We faced bankruptcy because of her! Did she find him? Nonsense! She can't possibly be that kind-hearted. She must have some hidden agenda."

The officer, slightly irritated by Marnie's lack of appreciation, chose not to get involved in their internal disputes. He simply shot her a disapproving look and walked away.

...

Meanwhile, in a dimly lit alley not too far from the diner

The thug who made a hasty exit from the diner earlier was now sprawled on the ground, looking beaten and battered.

Two men, dressed in dark clothing, loomed over him, their presence alone exuding an aura of menace.

"How dare you harass Mrs. Beauvort? You have a death wish or something?"

"Pull another stunt like this, and you won't need a burial. I'll send you straight to the underworld!" [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

The thug, eyes puffy and almost swollen shut, forcibly opened his eyes, excruciating pain was felt all over his body.

Quaking in fear, he managed to kneel and start to plead.

Speaking through a mouth missing a couple of teeth, his speech was slurred, "I won't do it again, I swear! I won't do it again. Please, have mercy on me!"

He deeply regretted his actions.

Neera was oblivious to this incident. She returned to the research center after she left the police station.

When she entered the building, Osbert approached her and asked, "Why are you here so late? Did something happen?"

Neera shook her head and explained, "It's nothing. I just need to take care of something."

Then she asked worriedly, "What's the situation with Jean? How is he doing?"

Osbert replied, "I just want to tell you about it. He woke up for a while just now."

Neera was pleasantly surprised. Her eyes lit up as she asked, "Really?"

Osbert nodded and continued, "Yeah, but only for a few minutes before he passed out again."

Neera wasn't disappointed, but overjoyed. She added, "That's normal. It's a good sign. It means his condition is improving."

Unable to contain her excitement, she rushed to Jean's ward.

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Chapter 728

When Neera entered the hospital ward, Jean was still in a coma. However, she sat by his bedside for a long time.

Her thoughts started to run wild when she took in his attractive features.

How would he react when he woke up and found out I had unilaterally ended our marriage? Would he be mad at me?

Lost in her thoughts, she sat there for a long time.

He finally woke up when dusk was approaching.

He was weak, without the strength to sit up. All he could manage was to move his eyes. He scanned around the room, but he didn't see Neera.

Osbert was pouring himself a glass of water. When he turned around, he discovered Jean had awakened.

He exclaimed joyfully, "You're awake! Neera has been accompanying you all day. She just left for the lab. Give me a minute; I'll get her for you!"

He set down the glass and hurriedly rushed to the lab.

At this time, Neera was going through some data. When she learned that Jean had awakened, she immediately put her task aside and rushed over.

She entered the ward and saw his eyes open. All of a sudden, her eyes welled up with tears.

"You're finally awake," she said quietly after taking a deep breath.

Jean had been waiting for her. When he saw her, his gaze clung to her, and he let out a weak smile.

Noticing him moving his lips and attempting to speak, she quickly stopped him.

She said, "You shouldn't talk. You're weak. Save your energy."

Then, she took his hand underneath the blanket and read his pulse.

She gave her diagnosis, "You're improving. It's a good sign for you to wake up. Once you're feeling better, I'll help you nurse your body. Give it some time; you'll recover gradually."

Jean let out a soft grunt, "Hmm."

She poured him a glass of warm water, helped him sit up, and took a sip. After that, she gently laid him back down.

Neera checked the time and wondered, "Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?"

Jean shook his head.

"Do you want to get some sleep?"

Again, Jean shook his head.

He had lost consciousness for a long time; there were a few times where he woke up briefly but hadn't seen her. When he finally saw her, he refused to go back to sleep and held onto her hand tightly.

When his parents got the news, they rushed to the hospital.

Wrenn was overcome with tears of joy when she noticed her son had finally woken up.

Frederic had a hard time holding back his tears. He said, "Son, you're finally awake. We're so worried about you."

Jean looked up. He reassured them weakly, "I'm okay. Don't worry."

His simple response made Wrenn cry even more ferociously.

She started to blame herself and admitted her mistake for the first time, apologizing, "I'm sorry. It's my fault. I almost killed you. I'm to blame for everything."

Frederic couldn't bear to see her crying in such sorrow.

He wrapped his hand around her shoulder and comforted her, saying, "Your mother has been worried sick about you over the past few days. She is scared to lose you and get very emotional when you wake up."

Jean simply replied, "I know."

When they were conversing, he noticed Neera hadn't looked at him once since his parents entered the ward. He keenly sensed something was wrong.

After his parents left, he took hold of Neera's hand and asked, "Did my parents give you a hard time over the past few days?"

Neera gently shook her head as she tucked him in.

"No, they haven't," she replied.

Sensing the calm in her demeanor, Jean exhaled a sigh of relief, saying, "That's a relief."

After consuming a light meal, he soon fell into a peaceful slumber.

Throughout their interactions, Neera deliberately chose not to disclose that she had terminated their marriage.

One reason was Jean's fragile state; he wasn't in a condition to handle intense discussions or additional stress. The other was that she was still figuring out how to bring it up.

So, she kept postponing, waiting for a time when Jean was completely healed to discuss it.

Yet, life had other plans.

The following day, Neera received an unexpected international call.

A stranger's voice greeted her, "Hi, Neera. I'm Chad Gordon, a friend of your Aunt Adriana."

Taken aback, then a wave of realization hit her.

She scowled and quickly deduced that Chad was the man whom Adriana was fond of.

Why is he reaching out? Did something happen to Aunt Adriana?

A bad feeling surged up in her heart. She quickly asked, "Hi, is there something wrong?"

Chad's voice carried a note of sadness, as though he were trying to hold back an emotion. He revealed, "She's sick."

Those words thundered through Neera's mind like a bolt of lightning. It took her some time to collect her thoughts.

She leaped to her feet.

The chair's harsh voice scratched against the floor, but it escaped her attention.

"Aunt Adriana is sick? How serious is her illness?"

Chad's voice was deep as he explained, "She was so upset by your stepmom and stepsister that she fainted. It wasn't until we took her to the emergency room that we discovered what was really happening."

Susan and Roxanne?

Even more so, Neera was taken aback and asked, "How did they end up there? What happened?"

Chad explained, "Alfonso sent his wife and daughter here after Garcia Group went bankrupt to treat Roxanne's illness. A few days ago, they caused a scene at company headquarters."

Neera's expression darkened. She gripped the desk edge more tightly. Her fingertips turned white from the strength she exerted.

"And Aunt Adriana? How is she doing now?"

After a brief pause, Chad said, "Adriana is still in the hospital. After she fainted, they realized there was a problem. If possible, I think you should come here."

Neera grasped the graveness in his voice. Her heart sank.

Is Aunt Adriana very ill? If it's not serious, Chad wouldn't call. [search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She took a deep breath to recall her demeanor. She replied, "Understood. I'll make arrangements to fly there as soon as possible. Mr. Gordon, please look after her before I get there."

Chad exhaled a breath of relief and promised, "I will. You can count on me."

"

After she hung up, anger surged in her heart. She flung the research report into the air and scattered the paper all over the place.

I swear! If anything happens to Aunt Adriana, I'll make Susan and Roxanne pay!

Due to this sudden situation with Aunt Adriana, she had to make a trip abroad.

Hastily, she went home and packed her belongings. After that, she picked up the triplets from school.

Before they headed to the airport, she deliberately went to the research center, hoping to inform Jean.

However, Jean was still deep in his slumber. Therefore, she had no choice but to entrust his care to Osbert and her team.

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Chapter 729

After Neera settled all the matters at the research center, she called Auntie Zuniga and gave her a few instructions.

The triplets were in school. She didn't have time to say goodbye to her friends and hurriedly headed to the airport.

That night, Jean did wake up once.

Instinctively, he looked around the hospital ward and searched for a familiar silhouette. However, she was nowhere to be seen.

Osbert knew he was looking for Neera. He helped Jean up and fed him a few sips of water.

He filled him in on the situation, "Neera's aunt had been hospitalized. She has left the country."

This news surprised Jean.

He asked, "When did this happen? Is Aunt Adriana's condition serious?"

Osbert shook his head and detailed, "She took the flight this afternoon. I'm not sure about her aunt's situation, but judging by her looks, I think it's quite serious."

He sighed a little. His words were laden with his deep concern for Neera.

"Recently, Neera has been going through a rough patch. One thing after another happened to those around her. Between taking care of you, attending to that boy, and now having to travel overseas for her aunt, she's been stretched thin.

"Just watching her makes me tired; I can't imagine how she's holding up. I just hope she manages to keep herself healthy and doesn't break down."

"Oh, before I forget, Neera left a message for you. She wanted to ensure you weren't overly concerned about her. She also emphasized that you should avoid overworking and prioritize your health. She made it clear that she'd be distressed if you neglected yourself."

Jean pressed his lips together and gave a slight nod in acknowledgment.

After a thirteen-hour flight, the plane touched down at Liaford Airport in Essley.

Having been informed of Neera's impending arrival, Adriana dispatched the family's trusted chauffeur, Ulric Walters, to pick her up.

"Ms. Neera, welcome back."

As Neera exited the arrival gate, Ulric quickly identified her amidst the crowd and approached promptly.

Noticing the triplets, he extended his courteous greetings, "Ms. Penny, Mr. Sammy, Mr. Harvey, it's good to see you again after so long."

The triplets, consumed by concern for their Grandaunt, had little patience for small talk and merely acknowledged, "Uncle Ulric."

Neera swiftly handed Ulric her bags and walked briskly out. With urgency in her voice, she instructed, "Drive us to the hospital!"

In less than thirty minutes, they arrived at Liaford's most prestigious medical facility.

Upon entering the ward, Neera was met with the sight of Adriana. She spotted her worn-out face, and she felt as if an invisible hand was tightly gripping her heart.

How could Aunt Adriana change drastically in such a short time?

"Aunt Adriana..." She mumbled and approached her.

Words stuck in her throat, and the overwhelming surge of emotion upset her. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Despite her condition, Adriana's gentle nature remained intact. She looked at her beloved niece and greeted her with a lovely smile. "Why the hurry to come back? It's a minor illness, but all of you are so worried about me."

Tears welled up in Neera's eyes, and she couldn't speak.

The triplets, too, were visibly distraught.

Sammy and Harvey stood on either side, clutching her hands and struggling to hold back their tears.

"Grandaunt, you didn't listen to us! You didn't take good care of yourself. We are upset!"

Penny was a girl, and she failed to hold back her emotions. Tears started rolling down her face, and she urged, "You have to get better. I want you to go out with me for fun outings."

Adriana was heartbroken when she saw her tears.

"Oh dear, why are you crying? Come here, let me wipe them for you."

While they talked, Neera's attention was drawn to a corner of the room.

From the moment she stepped in, she recognized the sophisticated middle-aged man. It was the same individual she had come across previously in Kingsview. This man had to be Chad.

Their eyes locked, and without words, they both understood the need for a private conversation. The two quietly moved out of the room.

"Mr. Gordon, what's wrong with Aunt Adriana?"

A somber expression clouded Chad's face.

He paused before murmuring, "She's been diagnosed with breast cancer. The doctors believe her condition has deteriorated. They're scheduling further tests to determine the severity. If it's advanced, it could be malignant."

Her complexion changed dramatically.

She was in disbelief and stuttered, "How...how could this happen?"

Neera reasoned, "Aunt Adriana has medical checkups every year. She never experienced any of the typical breast cancer warning signs. Why would she develop a tumor all of a sudden?"

Neera was extremely concerned about the well-being of her loved ones. She had personally conducted a medical checkup on her aunt before they boarded the flight home. However, she did not uncover any signs at the time.

Chad tightened his lips and replied, "The doctor mentioned that an emotional outburst could accelerate the growth of breast cancer. This explains why it grew so quickly after that."

Neera was a doctor. She understood what was going on right away.

The problem probably occurred during their time at Kingsview. The Garcias planted the seed of emotional distress in her aunt, which eventually manifested as physical symptoms.

Her condition deteriorated further because she couldn't stop thinking about her father, even after she'd returned to Essley.

Susan and her daughter's disturbances were the final straw that caused her to lose it.

Neera's anger erupted suddenly.

She worked hard to keep her cool and fight off the impulse to confront Susan and Roxanne.

"Right now, there's no indication of malignancy, so things aren't quite as dire. She needs surgery, but as long as her condition doesn't worsen, we should be fine.

"That's what the doctor said," Chad nodded, "but I thought you should know. As a medical professional, you certainly have Adriana's best interests at heart.

Neera nodded. She took a few deep breaths and tried to calm herself down.

"Relax. I will ensure that nothing bad happens to her. I appreciate your timely notice and care for her."

"It's the least I could do," Chad said, shaking his head. "I don't want to miss out on spending the rest of our lives together with her, considering I already missed out on the first half."

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Chapter 730

When Neera was informed about Adriana's health condition, she pulled herself together and returned to the ward.

Adriana, understanding Neera's nature, could immediately discern from her expression that she had been informed about the severity of her illness.

Adriana consoled her, saying, "It'll be alright; don't fret."

Neera sat beside her, gripping her hand, and her eyelashes quivered slightly.

It took her a while before she responded.

It was uncertain if she was reassuring her aunt or herself when she remarked, "I promise, while I'm here, I won't let anything happen to you. You've been through so much lately; now it's time for you to rest. Leave the company affairs to me."

She concluded, emphasizing her resolve, "I'll take care of everything."

Adriana, noticing the worry concealed in Neera's gaze, gently held her hand, caressing the back of it, and uttered, "Hmm, I trust you." [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Both exchanged a glance, feeling the weight of the situation, and shared a moment of silence.

To lighten the mood, despite the sorrow and distress spreading in her heart, Neera forced herself to adopt an upbeat look.

"Mr. Gordon has been good to you, hasn't he?" she teased.

When she brought up Chad, a twinge of warmth flashed through Adriana's eyes. She didn't give her niece a verbal response, but the look on her face said it all.

Neera giggled and expressed, "I feel relieved when I see the bond you two share. Since you have some time, why don't you let Mr. Gordon keep you company?"

Adriana was delighted with her words; she beamed and answered in a light tone, "Alright."

She then briefed Neera about the upcoming plan, saying, "Neil will get in touch with you tomorrow. If you have any inquiries regarding company matters, she's the one to consult."

Neil Shepard had been Adriana's trusted personal assistant for many years, known for his unwavering loyalty.

Neera gave a nod of understanding but then made a face of disapproval. She clarified, "I've already mentioned that you should let me handle the business. Why can't you just relax and stop worrying about it?"

Adriana couldn't help but chuckle, her shoulders gently vibrating from the laughter. She submitted, "Okay, okay, I promise I'll always listen to you."

She then took some time to soothe Neera's concerns, treating her with the tenderness one might show a young child.

Then she checked the time and urged, "You and the kids had traveled a long flight; you must be exhausted. Go home, get some rest, and adjust to the time difference."

Certainly, after the exhausting journey, Neera was drained.

She left the hospital with the triplets. Ulric chauffeured them back to Adriana's opulent residence.

It was a luxury mansion.

As the car made its way through the grand gates, it continued to drive a short distance before being greeted with a sight resembling a historic castle.

Upon learning of Neera's arrival, the household staff gathered in anticipation at the main entrance. Their faces lit up at her sight.

"Miss Garcia, it's so good to see you back!"

"The young ones have grown so much!"

Neera greeted them with a soft smile, warmly embracing the familiar faces.

The triplets, overflowing with enthusiasm, chatted animatedly, expressing their affection and how much they had missed the staff.

After entrusting the kids to the household employees, Neera turned to the butler, inquiring, "Have you seen Susan and Roxanne from Kingsview?"

The butler's demeanor quickly shifted to a more grave tone. He informed her, "Ms. Adriana had helped them settle down in the hospital."

Neera adopted a sinister gaze and mocked, "These two have no shame! How dare they stay at the hospital?"

She summoned Ulric and instructed him, "Drive to the hospital and ensure those two are evicted. Let the hospital know they aren't to be admitted or accommodated under

any name. Given Aunt Adriana's condition, how dare they take advantage of her hospitality?

Ulric, ever compliant, promptly replied, "As you wish, Ms. Neera."

Once Ulric departed, Neera took a moment, pinched her nose, and recalled the matters back in Kingsview.

She was worried about Jean.

She retrieved her phone, only to realize she hadn't turned it on since the flight.

There were several missed calls from Jean, Ian, and Osbert.

Eagerly, she dialed Jean's number, only to be met with silence. Panic surged as she feared he may have passed out again.

Disappointed, she dialed Osbert next.

"Osbert, is everything alright?"

He responded, "Neera, did you land safely? Jean regained consciousness a while ago. He tried contacting you but couldn't get through. After waiting for a bit, he dozed off."

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Chapter 731

Upon hearing Osbert's words, Neera felt a warmth in her heart.

Though they had been apart for merely a day, it felt like ages to her. She yearned for the comfort of Jean's voice, and she saw how he was doing.

Reading her emotions, Osbert offered, "Do you want me to see if Jean can speak with you?"

Neera immediately declined, insisting, "No, let him rest."

"Okay," Osbert replied, his concern evident in his voice. "How are you holding up? How's Aunt Adriana?"

Neera sank into the couch, massaging her temples wearily.

"I'm fine. I already paid her a visit, and she..."

After providing a brief account of the situation, Osbert quickly comforted her, saying, "Stay strong. If it's not malignant, then it means the situation is not that bad. It can be managed."

"Alright."

Neera nodded.

Osbert inquired, "Does this mean you'll be away for a long time?"

Neera sighed, "Yes, I might be preoccupied for some time. Aunt Adriana needs to accept tests and possibly surgery. Someone needs to be at the company headquarters."

As she spoke, an image of Jean flashed across Neera's mind.

"Once Jean is up, let him know that I might be very busy lately and not be available at all times."

Osbert nodded understandingly and said, "Of course, I'll relay the message. Just remember to look after yourself. Jean would be devastated if he learned you were running yourself ragged."

"I'll keep that in mind."

After hanging up, Neera remained still.

Her mind suddenly went blank; her eyes lost their focus, but the figures in her thoughts became more vivid. Despite being apart for just a brief period, she already missed him terribly. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

...

At the hospital, Susan and Roxanne gleefully spoke to Alfonso over the phone.

"We reside in a luxury VIP room! As I thought, Adriana wouldn't turn her back on us. Coming abroad is definitely a wise choice!"

Susan boasted proudly.

Roxanne appeared smug as well; her complexion had improved, and the treatment was efficient.

"Dad, you have no idea how magnificent the ANXIN Group headquarters is. It is ten times the size of our company. We have no idea. How could Aunt Adriana be so cruel as to stand by and watch our family go bankrupt? Humph!"

Her eyes sparkled with envy and greed.

She showed no gratitude for Adriana's help. On the contrary, she was plotting to acquire wealth.

"Don't worry, we'll come out with some tricks. I'm confident we can persuade Aunt Adriana to help us. Our company will rise again!"

Alfonso was overjoyed. His previously depressed emotions improved noticeably.

"Good girl. Once I settle things here, I'll join you and your mom. I eagerly await the good news from you two."

Feeling elated, Roxanne hung up. She started to strategize with Susan on their next moves to make a scene.

A knock on the door, however, interrupted their plotting.

"Come on in."

Roxanne put on airs as if she were a wealthy heiress, trying to look regal. Her tone was one of haughtiness.

A hospital employee entered the room and stated sternly, "Your medical fees have been discontinued. Pack up and leave."

Roxanne's complexion instantly changed.

Susan was astounded as well.

"Impossible! My aunt had certainly paid for the renewal!"

"The payment has been discontinued now," the hospital staff urged heartlessly. "You need to clear out immediately. Pay up or get out!"

Pay? Where are we going to get the money to pay?

Both of them panicked. They immediately changed their previous attitude of smugness to one of courtesy.

"Is there a mistake? My aunt would definitely renew the payment. Let me call her right now!"

Roxanne hurriedly called Adriana, but there was no answer.

The expressions of the mother and daughter turned grimmer.

Desperate, Susan pleaded, "My daughter is very sick. Could you please show us mercy and let us stay? We will contact our family as soon as possible and make the payment. Is that okay?"

The hospital staff was not about to express any compassion.

"Cut the nonsense! Pack your belongings and leave now. Otherwise, we will have to resort to force."

When she said by force, she meant that security would have to physically remove them and their belongings from the building.

Susan and Roxanne were furious.

The hospital staff evicted them that evening.

They had only enough cash for plane tickets on this trip abroad.

The success of their search for Adriana can be attributed to the notoriety of the ANXIN Group. They were given a place to stay when Adriana took them in.

However, with no money to their name and being driven out, They had nowhere to go and ended up on the streets.

Despite repeated attempts, they were unable to reach Adriana via her phone.

They went to a park and sat on a bench. They were desperate, and every second felt like an eternity.

Grinding her teeth with resentment, Susan stated determinedly, "Hang on there! The first thing tomorrow morning, we'll go to ANXIN Group. We'll find Adriana and demand an explanation."

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Chapter 732

When Ulric returned, he informed Neera about the incident.

Neera had just tucked the triplets into bed.

A cold glint covered the depths of her eyes after she listened to it.

Haha! If that mother-daughter duo believed they could just travel overseas, locate ANXIN Group, and have things go their way, they are being naive. Do they actually expect to live without worry after what they did to Aunt Adriana? They're living in a fantasy!

...

Neera had adjusted to the time zone by the next morning. She then went to the ANXIN Group's headquarters.

She called an emergency meeting of the company's upper management that morning.

In front of everyone, she made the announcement.

"The chairman is unwell and cannot oversee company operations for the time being. I'll be filling in for her and personally handling all the work. If you have any questions, please contact Neil or come directly to me.

Even though Adriana wasn't there, everyone at the headquarters admired Neera's abilities. Neil's assistance from the side put everyone at ease.

Neera went back to her office after the meeting ended.

Neil followed her in and reported, "Ms. Neera, that mother-daughter duo is here. They're downstairs, causing a commotion, and insisting on coming up."

Neera arched an eyebrow as she turned on her computer to view the company lobby through a security camera.

As anticipated, Susan and Roxanne stood outside the building, both appearing infuriated.

Her lips curled into a cold grin. She turned off the computer and averted her gaze.

"Let them make a scene. Do what needs to be done."

She had already taken the necessary measures, tightened the security at the company entrance.

When Susan and Roxanne arrived, they immediately felt something was off, but they chose not to pay attention.

They braved the chilly night in the park last night, cold and scared.

Reluctantly, they called Alfonso because they couldn't take it any longer.

Alfonso, predictably, did not care and even reprimanded them.

"Are you fools? You're supposed to appease her. Who told you to make a scene? Is there any chance with Garcia Group now that she's mad at you and ignoring you?"

Susan was filled with grievance. She finally got some money from him and found a shabby motel to stay in after much pleading.

Today, the two were enraged and demanded explanations.

"Get out of the way! We'd like to see Adriana! Susan yelled, attempting to barge in.

The security guard, however, did not comprehend her and stood in her way.

Susan became enraged and began hurling insults, saying, "How dare you stop me? Your chairman and I are family! You're merely a watchdog. What gives you the right to block us? Move!"

All of her efforts were like talking to a brick wall. The security guard couldn't understand a word she said.

Recognizing the situation, Roxanne kept her cool and communicated with him in a foreign language, emphasizing her identity once more.

The security guard continued to ignore her, displaying impatience, and dialed 911.

The cops arrived soon after. Hearing that the two had caused a ruckus here, they took them away without saying anything.

Being abroad was not the same as being at home. They were not used to their surroundings. There was no one to help them once they were arrested, so they had to be held in custody.

Only then did they truly understand what it was like to be without aid.

Throughout it all, Neera remained absent.

She was too busy to deal with these two nuisances. She was overwhelmed by the amount of work that awaited her.

She finished up her shift in the afternoon and went straight to the hospital without catching her breath.

Adriana was scheduled for a second medical exam. Its purpose was to confirm her condition and plan her surgery.

Neera had to be present to ensure that everything ran smoothly. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Back home, in Kingsview.

Osbert informed Jean about Neera's message when she awoke.

He was about to call Neera when Ian burst into the room, looking anxious.

Jean assumed the documents Ian was holding were related to company business at first glance. Remembering Neera's instructions, he said, "Let Joseph handle it."

"It's not about the company, sir," Ian explained, looking troubled. "It's..."

Ian moved his lips and cast a glance at Osbert. The latter was sensible and excused himself.

"What's the matter?" Jean inquired.

He hesitated before handing over the documents to Jean.

"Mrs. Beauvort asked Auntie Zuniga to give this to you when you were feeling better before she left the country."

Jean looked at the documents. He had a bad feeling about this.

He collected himself and took the document. It was the marriage contract he and Neera had signed before getting married.

His expression changed. He yanked off the IV drops and attempted to get out of bed. He tripped after only a few steps.

His response frightened Ian. He hurriedly rushed over to support him, saying, "Sir, watch out!"

Jean furrowed his brows. He panted erratically as a result of his sudden movements.

His parents entered the ward at this point and were astounded by what they saw.

Wrenn rushed over to help Jean. Her face was filled with concern.

"Why are you getting out of bed? Are you feeling ill?"

Frederic, ever the observer, noticed the fallen document and wondered, "What's this?"

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Chapter 733

Frederic picked it up and saw the title as "contract".

He was stunned and murmured, "What kind of contract is this?"

In puzzlement, he took the liberty to flip through it. Once he went through the contents, he was stupefied.

"You two! The two of you have agreed to a fake marriage from the beginning?"

"Fake their marriage?"

Wrenn was equally dumbfounded. She took the document from her husband to see it for herself.

Jean confessed, pushing down the ache in his heart. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He said with a heavy tone, "Indeed, neither of us wanted this marriage initially. I had her sign the contract and insist it remain confidential.

"Now both of you are aware. Neera has never been interested in our family's riches. She never planned to take anything from us. The circumstances forced her to sign that contract. She no longer has any feelings. Now, she chose to end the agreement without claiming a single dime."

Frederic and Wrenn remained silent after their son revealed the truth, as they were experiencing a flood of emotions.

How did we misinterpret everything so gravely? Our unfounded suspicions, doubts, and criticisms against her now seemed ludicrous.

Despite our harsh words and evident hostility, Neera always kept her promise. She bore all our unfair treatment silently. What have we done?

Wrenn clutched the contract, her face etched with remorse.

Frederic was deeply moved. He apologized, saying, "Jean, we truly didn't expect this."

Jean remained silent throughout.

With a bitter expression, Frederic added, "What plans do you have for the future?"

Aware of his father's implications, Jean responded swiftly and resolutely, "I don't care how we start; my only desire is to be with her now and always."

Hearing his determination, his parents hesitated.

"But... while you were unconscious, Neera had already approached us about ending your marriage. She appears to have made her decision. Do you think the two of you can..."

Mend things?

Jean felt a tightness in her chest upon hearing this, as if an invisible hand was clenching it, causing him unbearable pain.

He had long suspected Neera wanted to end things, but the confirmation still hurt.

After he took a few deep breaths, he swiftly regained his composure.

Jean reflected, "It's probably for the better. She never truly wanted this marriage. This contract has always been a barrier between us; we didn't have a solid foundation. It's better to end it."

Ending the contract doesn't mean giving up their bond. This could be the route to a more genuine connection.

Jean understood her feelings and was firm in his belief in the love they shared. He was determined to win her back and make Neera his rightful wife for the rest of his life.

He stopped halfway through his speech.

His unfinished speech confused Frederic and Wrenn, and they were unsure of his true intentions.

Seeing his unusually calm expression made them grow uneasy.

Wrenn worried he might be upset. She tried to comfort him, saying, "The priority now is for you to recover. We can sort this out when you're stronger, alright?"

Without offering much of a response, Jean simply remarked, "I need to rest. Please leave."

Recognizing the need for him to get some rest, they quickly complied.

Outside, Wrenn's forced expression crumbled; she was devastated, and her eyes had turned red.

"Do you think he resents us? We made so many mistakes. They've played a role in Neera's decision, haven't they?"

Frederic was uncertain, and he could only offer a weary sigh in return.

...

Back in Essley, Adriana's second check-up result was consistent with the first result.

Neera leveraged the fact that ANXIN Group owned a portion of the hospital and promptly consulted with the medical professionals after receiving the test results.

By the end of the day, the surgery plan had been established.

After thorough consultations, Neera went to great lengths to ensure that every possible precaution was taken to minimize risks.

She arrived at the hospital ward by eight at night, exhausted from the day's events.

With Chad's company and the triplets cheering her up, despite her medical condition, Adriana appeared to be in good spirits.

Taking a moment to observe the heartwarming scene from the doorway, Neera then stepped inside.

"Aunt Adriana, how are you feeling today?"

Lifting her gaze, Adriana replied with a heartwarming smile, "I'm doing well; no discomfort whatsoever. Don't worry."

Neera nodded and explained, "The surgery is scheduled in three days. There's minimal risk, and today's results were good. It's just a tumor, nothing worse. Once it's removed, you get some rest. You should bounce back in no time."

Having complete faith in Neera's capabilities, Adriana responded with a hopeful smile, "Alright, I'll be compliant throughout the process. With you by my side, I'm not afraid of anything."

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Chapter 734

In the evening, the triplets were restless when they returned to the mansion.

"Mommy, will Grandaunt be alright? We're worried about her."

Neera looked at the children as they gathered around her. She noticed the worries that filled their faces.

A smile broke out on her face, and she gently caressed their faces.

"Don't you trust me? If I say everything will be alright, it will be. Stop worrying about this."

Naturally, the triplets trusted her. They nodded at the same time.

"I hope Grandaunt can get better soon and overcome her illness!"

"Yes, and Uncle Jean too. I hope he will be alright."

"It feels like we haven't seen Uncle Jean in a long time. We miss him."

Deep in their hearts, they were always thinking about Jean. The children missed him dearly.

Sammy's bright eyes sparkled with anticipation. He took the initiative to ask, "Mommy, can we make a video call with Uncle Jean?"

Neera blinked. Actually, she wanted to see him too.

She agreed right away, saying, "Of course. I'm not sure if he's awake, but we can give it a try."

Luckily, Jean was awake. The video call quickly went through.

His handsome but pale face appeared on the screen almost instantaneously.

The sight of him caught Neera off guard.

When she met his eyes, her heart was overcome with emotion.

The triplets, however, were ecstatic. All three tried their best to squeeze their heads closer to the screen.

"Uncle Jean, are you feeling better?"

Seeing them, Jean smiled faintly at the camera and replied, "I'm better now. Where are you all?"

Perhaps because he was unwell, his usually sharp features had softened considerably, even his gazes appeared more gentle.

Sammy quickly answered, "We're at home. This is our mansion in Essley."

Jean had gotten a hang of the situation. He wondered, "Where's your mom? Can I speak to her alone?"

He missed Neera and yearned to see her. There was so much he wanted to say.

The triplets were very understanding. They gave an adorable nod and agreed, "Okay."

They passed the phone to Neera and obediently went upstairs, not wanting to disturb the two.

"Neera," Jean called out to her, his voice dripping with gentleness.

Neera lifted her hand to adjust the camera to focus on her. She replied with a simple grunted, "Mm-hmm."

After that, a long and awkward silence followed.

The two of them had so much to say. When they saw each other's faces, words seemed to fail them. Only their gazes, which brimming with intense emotions, were intertwined in the air.

After what felt like an eternity, Jean finally broke the silence.

"I received the contract. I went through it and signed."

This was the first thing he said to her after a long silence and his words upset Neera.

That contract was a testament to the way they get involved in the first place. Now that it was destroyed, there was a sudden hollowness in her heart.

A feeling of relief quickly followed this.

Its existence served as a constant reminder that their marriage wasn't genuine. That contract was a shackle for them. It was a good thing for it to be gone.

The two could finally face each other most purely.

She beamed. Her eyes twinkled brightly. She uttered, "Congratulations! We're free."

Her voice was sincere.

When Jean heard this, any gloominess that lingered in his heart vanished.

Influenced by her smile, he too, let out a warm smile.

"Right, there's no reason to hold onto something that isn't genuine. While I've signed the contract, that doesn't mean I'm giving up on you. I simply want nothing weighing us down. From here, we start fresh. One day, I'll transform our fake relationship into a real one."

His declarations were calm and resolute.

Neera's heart quivered with his words.

She looked intently into his eyes, feeling as though they were pulling her into the depth.

His soothing voice continued, "Neera, you are mine. In this lifetime, you're destined to be my wife. Stay safe while you're overseas. Wait for the day I come for you and bring you back into my embrace."

Neera listened in dazed. Her eyes turned red.

Her heart experienced a blend of bitterness and then overwhelming sweetness.

She found herself struggling for words. She simply nodded heavily, letting out a soft murmur.

Her voice quivered, signaling she was on the brink of crying.

It took considerable effort for her to regain her composure and continue speaking to him.

"I'll be here waiting. In the meantime, ensure you take care of yourself. I've trained Osbert the treatment methods, and he'll look after you in my place. You have to cooperate and not let anyone else treat you. Don't make me worry."

There was a warmth in Jean's eyes as he replied, "I promise. You need to take good care of yourself too."

After expressing their feelings, they both felt a sense of relief wash over them.

Jean asked about Adriana's health and let out a sigh of relief upon hearing the update.

"It's comforting to know it's not as bad as we feared. I'm confident she'll get better soon. Don't stress yourself out too much."

While Neera maintained a composed exterior, internally she was a storm of emotions. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The reality was that, while Adriana's health wasn't dire, she was still sick. It was hard not to fear, even for someone with strong mental fortitude.

Jean's reassurance seemed to have a magical effect, calming her restless heart.

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Chapter 735

The two continued to talk for a while.

Jean finally hung up the phone when Neera reminded him that he needed more rest.

Neera slept well that night, something she hadn't done in a long time.

The next day, she felt much more energized and went to work with enthusiasm.

Back in Kingsview, Jean spent an additional two days at the research center.

Ian arranged his meals for him.

Seeing Jean eat with more appetite than before, the weight of worry that Ian had carried for days started to lift.

"It's good that Mrs. Beauvort and Osbert are here to look after you. You seem to be recovering well," Ian commented.

Jean gave a slight nod in agreement, saying, "Yes, I'm feeling much better and stronger. I believe I'll be ready to leave by tomorrow."

However, Ian couldn't shake off all his concerns.

"Are you sure about leaving tomorrow? It's not a decision to take lightly. You should stay here and rest up a bit more. Mrs. Beauvort was adamant that you shouldn't push yourself too hard."

As Jean continued eating his soup, he replied, "Don't worry. Osbert and I have discussed it, and he believes home rest will be sufficient."

Then, he changed the topic, and Jean questioned, "Have there been any updates on Thora's whereabouts?"

Knowing he couldn't dissuade Jean otherwise, Ian decided to give up. He answered honestly, "I've dispatched more men searching for her, but so far, we've found nothing."

Clearly, he was dissatisfied, this wasn't the answer he was hoping for.

"And Alistair? Any progress there?"

"We're coming up empty," Ian admitted. "I sent people to interrogate him, but so far, we've found no connection between him and Thora. He remains adamant that he knows nothing."

"So, she just vanished into thin air?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean cast a sidelong glance at Ian.

Feeling the intensity of that look, Ian felt a shiver run down his spine and a prickling sensation on his scalp.

He offered a regretful apology, saying, "I'm sorry. I failed. She's managed to evade us. I'd turned Kingsview upside down, but I couldn't find her. The only plausible explanation at this point is that she might have left the country before her actions were exposed."

Jean narrowed his eyes. A cold glint passed through his eyes.

"We've let her get ahead of us! Tell our men to keep searching for her. Leave no stone unturned; I want her found!"

Ian stood straight and responded, "Roger that, sir!"

Later in the day, Seren paid a visit to Clarence's residence.

She confronted him, saying, "Jean is set to leave the research center tomorrow. Are you just going to sit idly by and watch?"

Ever since his expulsion from the board of directors, he had lost his influence. Numerous of his powers and profitable ventures had been snatched away.

Anger started to build up inside him. Seren's question made him lose his temper.

He snapped back, "Do you think I want any of this? I'm doing everything in my power to find a way!"

The problem was that he no longer had any influence in the company.

The top-tier executives were previously adept at riding the wave and taking advantage of the situation. They treated him politely before he lost his powers, and everyone distanced themselves from him.

Left isolated and powerless, what options did he really have?

Clarence's vehement outburst made Seren feel wronged.

She reasoned, "Are you the only one who is having a hard time? Don't you think I'm also struggling? I'm here because I care and hope we can find a solution together."

Clarence's followers remained shareholders, but their status and power have diminished greatly.

Instead of benefiting from recent events, they'd encountered many silent losses. Their powers were stripped, and their roles were made redundant. Many of their projects were taken away.

Seren felt increasingly cornered by the circumstances.

Clarence grew even more agitated with her complaint.

"What's Jean's deal? Is kicking me out not enough? He has to keep insulting me. He's just a weakling; when is he going to die? Why doesn't he just die already?"

Seren's eyes widened in disbelief.

She hesitated, then asked, "What...what are you hinting at?"

Clarence sneered coldly. He just glanced at her and said nothing.

That chilling look gave Seren an inexplicable sense of foreboding. She had goosebumps all over.

...

An alarm blared throughout the research center that night as darkness fell, breaking the silence.

Jean was awakened from his sleep. Jean quickly sat upright and asked, "What happened?"

The noise also jolted Ian awake, who was groggy.

He cautiously moved toward the window, trying to discern the cause of the disturbance. He turned around and urged, "Sir, I'll go out and check."

After that, he strode out of the room.

When he reached the corridor, he heard intense fighting noises, and panicked yells reached his ears.

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Chapter 736

Some members of the research team were on duty inside the research center.

It was late at night, and they were certainly startled when intruders barged into the building. Those people were scholars who had no means of self-defense and no fighting skills. All they could do was grasp at any nearby objects for makeshift defense.

Ian quickly assessed the situation.

He noticed that there were quite a few intruders. Those men were skilled fighters; he could tell that they were well-trained at a glance.

His gaze sharpened and he sprang into action. He darted forward a few steps and pulled someone over.

He roared, "All of you, hide inside the room! Don't come out unless I call for you!"

Amidst the chaos, only Luigi and Osbert seemed to maintain calm.

Luigi, with concern evident in his voice, asked, "Who are these intruders? How did they breach the center's security?"

Ian, brow furrowed, responded tersely, "I'm not sure, but there's no time for questions. Get everyone out of here. I'll handle this."

Understanding the gravity of the situation, Osbert and Luigi exchanged glances and complied.

After he ensured everyone had evacuated safely, Ian sprang into action.

Outside, his bodyguards were already locked in combat with the intruders. With Ian joining in the combat, the scene became even more intense.

These intruders were skilled, and they came prepared, armed with weapons like long blades and daggers.

Ian was a seasoned fighter. He quickly identified the leader of the group and charged toward him.

After he exchanged a few moves with him, he was surprised to find that this man's ability was at the level of a professional mercenary.

His expression turned grave.

Ian deduced that the presence of such skilled mercenaries showed up in this place; clearly, they were here with a specific mission, to assassinate his boss.

His complexion darkened, and his eyes filled with homicidal intent. Each move he made was more ruthless than the last.

These fools have sealed their fate! Whoever dares threaten my boss will pay the ultimate price! I don't mind sending them to meet the maker!

Five minutes later, after some effort, he managed to subdue the man in front of him.

To catch bandits, one must first catch the ringleader. Once the leader was captured, the morale of the other assailants waned, making them easier to handle.

About another five minutes passed, and all the mercenaries were neutralized.

The chaotic scene calmed down, and eventually peace returned, but the air still had a hint of menace to it.

Immediately, Ian went to check on the injured.

Fortunately, the research center's two doctors were the only ones hurt. Most of his men were unscathed.

After making sure everyone was okay, he gave the order to his subordinate to clean up the scene. He brought the captured leader to Jean.

Jean sat up in bed and leaned back against the headboard. The noise outside did not bother him at all.

The illness had left his face looking pale, but there was a piercing brightness in his inky black eyes. Like the King of Hell himself, he exuded an air of fearsome menace.

He gazed at the intruder with a blank expression. He coldly asked, "Who sent you?"

The man tightened his lips, refusing to speak.

Ian frowned and kicked him in the knee.

"Still not talking, huh? Speak up. Who sent you to assassinate my boss?"

The agony hit the man hard. He kneeled on the ground. No matter how many questions were directed at him, he remained silent, refusing to respond.

Losing patience, and tried to compel the mercenary to speak by grabbing him by the chin.

The man spewed blood from his mouth out of the blue. His head sagged and collapsed to the ground.

"Hey! You..."

As he fell, Ian's eyes widened in surprise. He quickly put his fingers beneath his nose. His eyes clearly conveyed shock. He slowly pulled his hand away and turned around.

"Sir, he's dead.

Just then, another subordinate rushed into the room. He was sweating profusely and looked horrified. He entered the room bearing similar bad news.

"Sir and Mr. Ian, the rest of the men outside...they secretly bit on poison hidden in their teeth while we weren't looking. They're all dead now!"

Jean's expression turned sinister, and his gaze became menacing.

"Look into this!" He blurted out his command, word by word, "I want to know who they were and where they came from! Find out everything for me."

Ian's complexion was ghastly pale, and he nodded solemnly. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After that, he ordered his men to remove the bodies.

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Chapter 737

The research center was quickly restored to its previous peaceful state.

When Osbert and Luigi realized the threat had passed, they dashed to the ward to check on Jean.

"Are you alright?" Osbert inquired, concerned.

"I'm fine," Jean said as he shook his head. "I'm relieved that none of you were injured."

Fearfully, Osbert patted his chest.

"It scared the hell out of me," he declared. "I had just started conducting an experiment when I heard the noise. I was curious as to what was going on, and I had no idea someone had broken in!"

Luigi scowled and sighed deeply.

"Who are these people?" he wondered. "Why did they target our research facility? Are they attempting to steal our research results?"

They had been in similar situations while they were abroad.

He discarded that thought after pondering it for a while.

"No, they looked like professional hitmen, not people who would steal research," he reasoned. "They appeared to be assassins."

Ian looked surprised. He expected these two to be terrified.

Based on how they analyzed the situation and expressed their thoughts, It appeared that the two were involved in some complicated business.

Jean didn't want to frighten them any further. He didn't say anything.

He simply dismissed it, saying, "Nothing is certain at this point. We'll have to look into it."

Then he changed the subject and said, pleadingly, "Please don't tell Neera about this."

She would be worry sick if she found out. I didn't want to add to her stress by bothering her.

Both Luigi and Osbert instantly agreed with him; they had similar ideas.

Jean continued, "Aside from that, I believe you should close the research center for a few days. You can return to work once we have uncovered something from the investigation."

"We can arrange for Peter's son to be treated at the Beauvort Group's hospital. I'd appreciate it if you two could monitor and help with his treatment there."

"Understood," Osbert said, acknowledging. "Let's do it. Neera has placed the child in my care, so it is my responsibility to look after him."

Luigi was on board with the plan.

As a result, this issue was resolved.

The next morning, Jean left the research center and went home.

The incident had reached his parents' ears. When Jean got home, they immediately came over, clearly distraught over the news.

"Jean, did you get hurt last night? Let me take a look!" Wrenn exclaimed.

Hearing the news made her anxious, and upon first meeting her son, she checked Jean over thoroughly.

"I'm fine," he assured Wrenn calmly. "There were no injuries."

After confirming Jean's safety, Frederic exhaled a sigh of relief, but he still appeared troubled.

This man had weathered many storms in his life. He went right to the heart of the matter, wondering, "What happened? Who were those individuals? Were you the target? Who sent them?"

Jean met his gaze with a calm expression and replied, "Not sure. Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

Frederic exhaled deeply after a brief moment of silence.

"OK, you deal with this. Don't get too caught up in this; you need to take care of yourself. Your health comes first. We'll take care of the business. I'll keep an eye on things with your brother."

Jean agreed with a nod.

After they left, Ian rushed into the room and reported, "Sir, I have figured it out! Those men are mercenaries from another country. Even though I can't be sure of their affiliations, I'd say these guys are C Class mercenaries. They're not from the Mercenaries Guild, but rather from some minor mercenary groups that specialize in illegal activities!"

Jean's eyes narrowed into a line, emitting a dangerous aura from the depths of his eyes. He immediately thought of someone and pointed out, "Look into Clarence."

Clarence was the only person who had the audacity and deep-seated hatred for him recently.

"Yes," Ian nodded, "I've already sent someone to investigate."

...

Far away in Essley, Neera was completely unaware of what was going on.

She had been overburdened with work since taking over the headquarters.

Adriana's surgery was scheduled for today. She rushed to the hospital after finishing her work at the office.

Even though she did not perform the surgery herself, she personally supervised the operating room to be by Adriana's side during this trying period.

She comforted Adriana before the anesthetic was given by holding her hand and saying, "It'll be over soon. Consider it like taking a nap. Everything will be fine when you wake up. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Because of Neera's soothing presence, Adriana was able to relax and teased with a smile, "You're comforting me as if I'm a child."

"You used to comfort me when I was younger," Neera said as she stroked her hair. It's now my turn to console you. Nothing is wrong with that."

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Chapter 738

The operation began ten minutes later.

Adriana remained unconscious throughout the procedure.

Neera reasoned that as long as everything went smoothly, there would be no problems. Things were different, though, because the patient was her beloved Aunt Adriana.

Not being able to calm her worries, she found it difficult to maintain the composure she had shown when dealing with other patients.

The operation took a little over two hours, but thankfully, it was a success.

The triplets jumped out of their chairs and rushed to her as she exited the operating room.

Chad, in particular, seemed extremely concerned and hurriedly made his way forward.

"Was the surgery a success?" he inquired. "How is Adriana doing?"

The triplets were looking at her too. They waited expectantly for an answer from Neera as they gazed at her with teary eyes and expressions of mixed emotions.

Neera took off her mask and breathed a sigh of relief, saying, "Don't worry, the surgery went well. Aunt Adriana is fine."

Chad took a few shaky steps backward, as if he'd lost all his strength, and leaned against the wall for support.

"Are you okay?" Neera inquired, surprised.

Chad, smiling as though he had just escaped a disaster or located a long-lost treasure, said, "I'm fine. Adriana is in good health. That's incredible."

After muttering those words, a mature man like him became visibly emotional, his eyes turning red and attempting to hold back tears.

Adriana woke up in the afternoon.

When she opened her eyes, she noticed that everyone was staring at her, as if they were waiting for her to regain consciousness.

The triplets' eyes twinkled at the same time, and they almost all spoke at the same time.

"Grandaunt, the surgery was a success!"

"I know it! I knew you'd make it! No illness can bring you down!" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You're incredible! You'll be fine soon. And we can all live happily ever after!"

Adriana began to smile as she watched their radiant smiles. "Really?" she asked. That's fantastic news."

She turned to Neera and said, "Neera, thank you for everything."

"Stop saying this kind of stuff," Neera said, pretending to be irritated. "I don't want to hear anything about thanking me. Simply stay healthy. You must stay with me until we are old and gray."

With a sweet grin on her face, Adriana said, "Alright, I promise."

"Rest up," Neera urged. "You just had surgery. I've arranged for you to be cared for by a nurse. Let the nurse take care of things when I'm not around."

"OK," Adriana said softly.

Through it all, Chad never left her side, his eyes never leaving her face.

When she noticed his intense gaze, their eyes locked, and silence seemed to hang in the air between them.

Neera sensed the intimate moment and knew they had something to say.

She removed the triplets and gave them some space.

The arrangement became clear to the triplets when they saw Ulric waiting for them.

"Aren't you coming home with us, Mommy? Do you have to go to work?"

"No, I need to see my master today," Neera replied, shaking her head.

Her "master" was Obadiah.

"Our research in Kingsview has been put on hold since I returned. I need to notify him and check in on him and his wife."

The triplets felt sorry for her.

"Mommy, you've been working so hard. With so much going on, you have to take care of yourself."

"You don't have to worry about us. We'll behave, we promise," they assured her.

Harvey, being the eldest, was very responsible. He added, "Don't worry, Mommy. I'll take care of my siblings."

Moved by their maturity, Neera felt a warmth in her heart, wishing she could love them more.

After letting Ulric take the triplets home, she called Obadiah.

Surprised to hear she was in Essley, he invited her over immediately.

Upon her arrival at the research center, many were thrilled to see her.

"Nancy! You're back! We missed you!"

"I haven't seen you in a while; you look even more beautiful than before!"

"Nancy, I've been using the skincare product you developed. It's so good! I feel like you're getting more impressive!"

Neera chatted briefly with her colleagues before entering Obadiah's office.

"Mr. Hanson, I've brought you some famous Kingsview tea. I hope you enjoy it," she said respectfully when she met Obadiah.

"It's good you've returned," he said, delighted to see her. "Come on over here and take a seat!"

He abandoned the formalities. He opened the tea Neera gave him and brewed some tea for themselves.

"Hmm, this tea smells so good. Not bad!" After taking a sip, he praised the tea satisfactorily.

"You didn't give a heads up when you returned; why did you suddenly come back?" he inquired. "Has anything happened here?"

Neera didn't hide anything from him. She briefly mentioned Aunt Adriana's predicament.

When he found out Adriana was sick, he consoled her with a few words.

"You can put the research work on hold for the time being. Don't be worried; take care of your family matters; I'm not in a hurry."

Neera smiled and said, "Thank you for your understanding."

They talked for a while.

She abruptly changed the subject, asking, "Mr. Hanson, may I ask, has Thora returned?"

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Chapter 739

"She didn't," Obadiah explained, sighing. "I've made numerous phone calls and asked friends to keep an eye out for her, but I can't reach or locate her."

"I'm sorry, Neera," he said, wearing an apologetic expression.

"Thora has gone too far. I understand that words cannot compensate for her actions. I wanted her to apologize to you in person, but I have no idea where she has gone."

A bitter grin crossed his face as he spoke. His eyes were filled with remorse and guilt.

"At the end of the day, I'm to blame. She acted recklessly and made such a mess because I didn't raise her well."

Neera shook her head. She didn't hold it against him.

Thora wasn't a three-year-old. She was an adult who knew what was right and wrong. Her own malicious intent was what led her astray.

However, she did not express these feelings in front of him. She simply nodded and did not pursue the subject further.

She got up and left after they talked for a while longer.

Her gentle expression turned cold once she was in the car. Her eyes squinted slightly.

Thora was nowhere to be found in Kingsview. She had nowhere else to go and should have returned home. Her father stated that he had not seen her. There are only two possibilities. Mr. Hanson was either hiding something or Thora was too afraid to come home.

She had faith in Mr. Hanson's character.

After some thought, she believes the latter was more likely.

When she returned to the office, she summoned Neil.

"Is there a way to send someone to find out where Thora is hiding?" she wondered.

Neil responded quickly, "No problem, I'll send someone to check."

...

Kingsview.

Jean's health had significantly improved. The next day, he went to work.

When he returned to the office, he restructured the entire organization.

He took swift and decisive action, showing no signs of favoritism. Almost all of the shareholders who had any connection to Clarence were thoroughly purged.

In just one morning, the Beauvort Group's whole situation changed in a big way. Fearing for their own positions, everyone kept their opinions to themselves.

Jean went home in the afternoon after dealing with pressing matters.

He recalled Neera's advice, where he needed to rest more and worry less until he recovered completely. She would be furious if he disobeyed.

The coldness in his brows melted away as he remembered her delicate face.

When he reached his villa, he paused at the front door and looked over at the house next to it. Feelings of longing tugged at his heart.

He abruptly changed directions and proceeded to the neighboring house.

His longing for Neera and the kids was like a series of crashing tides, even though they had been apart for only a few days.

Auntie Zuniga was doing some housekeeping inside the villa.

When she saw him, she smiled and asked, "Mr. Beauvort, would you like some tea?"

"Don't mind me," Jean said, shaking his head. "I'm just looking around; you don't have to entertain me."

Auntie Zuniga understood and went to work in the kitchen.

Jean stood alone in the living room after Auntie Zuniga had left, scanning the surroundings.

The home had the same vibe as before Neera left, but since she had left, there had been a subtle change.

Jean remained in the living room for a while, before quietly ascending the stairs to Neera's room and sitting down. He could still smell her distinctive perfume, which seemed to be lingering in the air.

He closed his eyes and experienced a soothing tenderness. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Then, he went to study.

He couldn't resist the urge to enter the triplets' room as he passed by it.

The space had been thoughtfully designed with kid-friendly elements.

By the window were a sizable desk and three frog chairs. The drawings of the triplets were spread across the desk. A nearby cabinet housed a variety of toys and figurines.

Jean couldn't contain his glee at the sight of such childish trinkets.

He reached out to touch a particularly adorable robot on the cabinet.

To his surprise, the robot came to life, waving its tiny arms and exclaiming in a childish tone, "Don't touch me, audacious human! I am Pluto's King. I will punish you in the name of my people!"

Jean was surprised that it made a sound.

He was taken aback for a moment, then burst out laughing.

This procedure was specifically designed. It must be Sammy's doing.

The little guy was sneaky and clever. That boy was skilled at putting these small robots together.

The image of the quirky child tinkering with these toys warmed his heart.

When he noticed a button on the robot, he assumed it was the power button. He picked up the robot, intending to turn it off.

The robot began to become more animated. He roared, "You stupid human, don't touch me! I am the keeper of the universe's greatest secret."

Jean, amused, was about to turn it off. He pressed the button.

To his surprise, the robot let out a painful cry. With a snapping noise, it snapped in half, exposing a folded note inside.

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Chapter 740

Jean was astounded by what she saw.

He hadn't expected this little robot to be able to conceal something. It holds a lot more than meets the eye.

It was a sheet of paper that folded into a tiny square. Was this the biggest secret the robot alluded to?

Jean couldn't help but burst out laughing.

This little guy, Sammy, was both interesting and cute.

He wasn't one to pry into other people's private lives. However, he deduced that this was most likely just something the triplets thought was amusing and stored it in the robot. He pulled it out without much thought.

It never occurred to him that the piece of paper would catch him off guard the way it did.

What he thought was a childish note turned out to be a DNA paternity test! Even more unexpected was the fact that the test was for both him and the triplets.

When he saw the results, which were nearly a perfect match, his pupils shrank sharply, rendered speechless by the revelation.

Even though he understood what those figures meant, he couldn't quite believe it at first.

How is this possible? Where did this report come from? Did the triplets conduct this test? Why would they do such a thing? I've never had anything to do with Neera. How could we have children all of a sudden? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The paper in his hand was crumpled, and his expression was incomprehensible.

Many emotions and questions flooded his mind. He closed his eyes tightly for a while, but he couldn't calm down.

Could this DNA test be a forgery? This explanation appeared to be the most plausible.

He froze, however, when he saw the hospital's stamp on the report.

Grace Hospital! Everyone is aware that all reports issued by Grace Hospital are definitely true. How is this possible? This is ridiculous! And, if it's true, why didn't Neera tell me?

Auntie Zuniga came in to clean the room when Jean was overcome with shock.

Noticing Jean's unnatural expression, she asked, "Mr. Beauvort, what's wrong?"

Jean's fingertips whitened. He struggled to find the right words for a second.

His response baffled Auntie Zuniga. Her expression immediately changed when she caught sight of the report.

Jean narrowed his eyes and asked, "You know about this?"

"What? No, no, I don't know!"

Auntie Zuniga's heart skipped a beat as she denied knowing anything about it.

Her hasty denial, on the other hand, made Jean even more suspicious.

"You're lying," he concluded confidently, his face solemn. "Tell me, this report is real, right?"

Auntie Zuniga looked at the paper. Her emotions were evidently conflicted.

The triplets had told her not to reveal anything, but Jean had found out. He was questioning her sternly, and she couldn't play dumb.

After some internal debate, she said, "The kids did mention that you might be their biological father, but I didn't know about this DNA report."

Jean's heart beat wildly and quickly when he heard the confirmation.

Apple's Adam bobbled. He articulated his words clearly, but his emotions were challenging to interpret. He wondered aloud, "So, everyone is aware of this except for me?"

Auntie Zuniga hastily shook her head, refuting this claim.

"No, no, only the kids knew. I've never even seen this paper. Ms. Garcia is also unaware of it!"

Jean's scowl deepened as he locked his gaze on her. "What's going on?" he inquired.

Auntie Zuniga was stressed out and evidently torn, but she didn't know the whole story. She could only grimace in helplessness and frustration.

"I'm telling the truth, Mr. Beauvort. I don't know anything about it besides what the kids told me once, and they asked me to keep it a secret even from their mother. If you're curious, why don't you wait for Ms. Garcia and the kids to return and ask them?"

Seeing his solemn expression, she quickly added, "But judging from this report, you truly are the children's father!"

Jean remained silent, his lips tightening.

The revelation happened far too suddenly. He hadn't planned for this and hadn't even considered it. For a brief moment, he found it difficult to process and accept.

He was initially skeptical, but after considering the report and Auntie Zuniga's words, he realized the report and her words were the truth.

Jean took the report and hurried off, which was out of character for him. He walked briskly, hurriedly making his way next door, not going home but getting into his car.

The car sped away in an instant.

Outside, Ian was waiting. When he saw Jean's distressed expression, he knew something was wrong. Quickly, he grabbed a vehicle from the garage and followed him.

Like an arrow, Jean's car took off and headed straight for Grace Hospital.

When he arrived, he stormed into Isabella's office without even knocking.

Isabella was going over a patient's file. The unexpected intrusion startled her.

She raised her head, surprised to see him. "Mr. Beauvort?" What has brought you here? Is there anything?"

Jean smacked the DNA report onto her desk with a "slap" before she could finish.

"Explain this. What's going on?"

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Chapter 741

Isabella's mind began to "buzz" when she saw the paternity report. She was taken aback.

"Where... where did you get this from?" She stammered as if she had been struck by lightning.

Jean became even more certain after witnessing her reaction.

"I found it in the triplets' room. You must be aware of this. Can you tell me what's going on?"

His hawk-like eyes locked onto her face, and his words came out clearly and sternly.

Isabella shivered from the neck down. She hadn't expected Jean to find out.

Why didn't the kids do a better job of concealing it? They got me into trouble!

She was certain that if she lied, this man would murder her. She mustered the courage to strike first.

"Yes, I carried out a paternity test for them, and you are their biological father. So what? What do you want to say?"

Jean was taken aback. Despite receiving the confirmation, he was still in disbelief.

"How is this possible?" he mused.

Isabella's bravery grew.

She laughed sarcastically and mocked, "How is it not possible? Don't you remember what you did a few years ago? Do you realize that you're responsible for disgracing Neera's name?"

Her rage grew as she recalled previous grievances.

"How come the triplets are so close to you? They were looking for their father! Why do you think they insisted on Neera rescuing you? It's because you're their biological father! If they don't, who knows if you'd be alive right now?"

Isabella's words had an aggressive and confrontational tone to them.

Jean remained silent. His expression indicated that he was in a trance.

In his mind, scenes from the past appeared one by one, like movie frames.

He had come to realize, somewhat belatedly, that not only were the triplets very affectionate towards him, but he himself also had an indescribable fondness and affection for them.

It turns out that their shared bloodline was the invisible thread that bound them together.

He initially thought the identification results were absurd and unbelievable. But now that the truth had been proven, he realized he could accept it with ease. On the contrary, he was overjoyed to learn the truth.

Their relationship may have begun chaotically, but fate was gracious in bringing them back into his life.

Outside, Ian, who had arrived later, stood motionless, his eyes almost popping out.

What was that I just heard? What kind of shocking revelation is this? How did my boss become a father, and to three children at that? What the hell is going on?

The truth shocked him, and he was at a loss for words.

Jean needed some time to process the information inside. He finally spoke after a long silence. "Ms. Lopez, thank you."

Isabella raised an eyebrow and looked at the man in front of her.

This guy appeared to have accepted the truth and did not appear to be resentful of it. Good, he's accountable!

Her resentment had dissipated slightly. Jean turned around to leave just as she was about to say something.

"Hey? Where are you going?" she was stunned and then exclaimed, attempting to stop him.

Jean paused for a moment but continued walking, saying quietly, "I'm going to Essley to find her."

Isabella frowned when she heard this. She was aware of Adriana's predicament; she knew Neera was away and too preoccupied to handle everything.

"Are you sure you want to bother her when she's already worried about her aunt?"

Jean hesitated at her words.

She persisted in talking him out of it. "You're not planning on spilling the beans when you see her, are you? My recommendation is that you abandon that thought."

Jean was taken aback. He frowned and turned to look at her.

"Why?" SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Isabella crossed her arms, unimpressed.

"Mr. Beauvort, you seem smart. How did your mind become clouded and confused? Do you really need to know why? You may not have known how miserable Neera was as a result of her pregnancy, but you must have heard about it, right?"

"She almost died when she gave birth. She considers herself extremely fortunate that both she and the children are now safe and sound. She had no knowledge of the situation or the man she had slept with.

"Neera has finally lived a peaceful life. Have you considered her feelings before bringing this up? Based on what I know about her, she will most likely cut ties with you right away!"

"What's more, the kids knew who you were, but after being back in the country for so long, they've never brought it up. Do you understand why? They want you and Neera to become inseparable before they reveal your blood relation. Don't let a moment of impulsiveness destroy their good intentions."

Jean furrowed his brows deeply when he heard this. He hadn't anticipated something like this happening back then.

His heart ached thinking about a young woman going through such a dangerous childbirth without him by her side.

However, hiding such a significant matter from her, wouldn't it be even worse if she found out later?

He found himself in a difficult situation. He considered telling the truth but was afraid of doing so.

Their marriage contract no longer existed. If she found out the truth and, in an outburst of anger, decided not to return, how could he keep her by his side?

Isabella clicked her tongue in annoyance as he hesitated.

"Why are you still hesitating? Just take my advice on this. I didn't want to help you at first, but seeing the children without a father is heartbreaking. That is why, despite my reservations, I agreed to their request."

She waved her hand dismissively and said, "Anyway, I've said my piece. Whatever course of action you decide to take, give it some serious thought.

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Chapter 742

Ian had been following Jean out of the office like a faithful shadow.

He lifted his gaze several times, watching Jean's expression. He couldn't stop himself after a while of hesitating.

Ian wondered, "Sir, are the triplets your biological children?"

Jean gave him a sidelong glance but remained silent.

Unsure about Jean's current thoughts, Ian swallowed and asked again, "If you have doubts, why don't you get a retest?"

"Not necessarily. They are my kids."

Jean responded firmly, devoid of any hesitation or doubt.

He realized what was going on, but he was perplexed. He stumbled over his words, "But you...you have never been with a woman... You know..."

After he posted this question, Ian was awkward.

With that question, Jean remained silent.

He briefly closed his eyes.

Memories that had been long buried began to surface.

Many details about that night, which occurred six years ago, were hazy.

He only remembered that he had fallen sick that evening. There were some aftereffects from the medication he took, though they were relatively minor, leading to certain events.

Jean had difficulty recalling it clearly at the time. When everything became clear, memories began to resurface. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

That night, he may have made a mistake.

His eyelashes fluttered. As soon as he opened his eyes again, he issued a command in a low voice, "Look into the circumstances surrounding that scandal and the incident from back then."

Ian nodded solemnly.

He immediately went to investigate the matter after dropping Jean off at the villa.

Later, he returned with a slew of information.

"Mrs. Beauvort's innocence was lost at Roxanne's party. My guess is that she was set up. The media sensationalized the situation. Roxanne most likely had a hand in it. Zachary must have also been involved."

"Zachary?"

"Yes, my investigation shows that Zachary was secretly involved with Roxanne. They both showed up at the time and placed the blame on Mrs. Beauvort for the incident."

"Humph!" Jean let out a cold snort.

He narrowed his eyes. His body exuded a menacing aura. "What about the news?" he wondered. "Which media outlets covered this?"

Ian paused briefly before pulling up some news articles.

"All the involved media outlets are here. Some were bought by Roxanne, while others may have simply wanted to ride the wave."

Jean scanned them coldly, his expression growing more repulsive by the second.

The scandal was widely covered in the media at the time. The slanderous words cut deep into Jean's soul despite the absence of visual evidence.

Low life, debauchery, shamelessness... each word pricked his nerves.

As he struggled to breathe, it never occurred to him that he was the source of Neera's prolonged pain.

He could picture the struggles Neera had faced.

She suffered abuse at the hands of her stepmother and stepsister, and her biological father would have disowned her. When she became pregnant, she went back to the country in the hopes of finding shelter, but her foster parents rejected her.

If Neera wasn't taken away by Aunt Adriana out of compassion. It was unknown whether she would survive to this day.

Even though he hadn't experienced the pain himself, it cut through him just as deeply as if it had. The pain was amplified a thousand times for him.

He couldn't help but remember the little ones' expressions when they saw him. It was filled with happiness. Evidently, they'd been pining for a reunion with him for some time.

The children must have been overjoyed when they used the excuse of a school event to call him 'Daddy' back then.

He wishes he could fly to them right now, see Neera, and hug the kids, but he knows he can't.

To begin, as Isabella suggested, he should give Neera some time to adjust. He must not undermine the children's efforts.

Second, those who bullied Neera had gone unpunished.

Someone must have tipped off the reporters back then, as there were a large number of them waiting outside the hotel room. In fact, the culprit's identity was immediately apparent.

Zachary and Roxanne, you two are quite something.

The man's eyes went cold, and a murderous look crossed his eyes.

This is great! If those two had the nerve to pull this stunt, then they have only themselves to blame for my ruthlessness. I would not let a single person who bullied my wife go free.

Once everything is in order, I'll fly abroad to see them and bring them home.

He collected himself and said, "Check out what's going on with Fains right now."

When Ian heard this, he knew he wasn't going to let Fains off the hook easily.

Conveniently, he had been keeping tabs on Garcias. So, he also knew what was going on with Fains.

He reported it without further investigation.

"Fains have had a rough time lately. They had previously severed ties with Garcias for their own protection, but they were still subject to some consequences. Several of their

projects were significantly downsized, resulting in massive losses. Their stock prices have also dropped.

"Recently, they've been attempting to expand their business to get out of this situation. They've pulled some strings to connect with a wealthy family in Kingsview, the Burkes.

"The Burkes' wealth and status far outweigh Fains. In the beginning, they disapproved of Fains. Zachary, however, being the playboy that he is, has managed to woo the Burkes' heiress to the point where she demands to marry him

"So it looks like there will be a wedding between the two families.

"Given that the Burke heiress is an only child and her family are of higher social standing than the Garcias, they have made a demand. If the two are to marry, then the Burkes must be given a son from the union. Given Fains' current state of weakness and urgent need for assistance, they have agreed."

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Chapter 743

Jean sneered, "Give them a son? Zachary's ability to father a child remains to be seen!"

What Neera had done to him remained etched in his mind.

"Alright, I will entrust you with this matter," he said coldly, not wanting to waste any more time on that trash. You already know what to do."

"Don't worry, sir; leave it to me!" Ian said as he patted his chest.

How am I going to deal with this? Of course, I'm going to give him a taste of his own medicine! At the time, Zachary and Roxanne had ruined Mrs. Beauvort's reputation. It was now time for them to go through the same thing.

Ian immediately called Larry after leaving the study.

"Mr. Ian, how may I be of service to you?"

With a casual tone, Ian began, "I have a task for you..."

The next morning, word of Zachary's impotence quickly spread across the internet.

This shocking revelation amused internet users as it spread like wildfire across the web. People began to speculate about the cause of his impotence, and they came up with some plausible explanations.

"Zachary is a notorious womanizer. He is constantly surrounded by models. Is it true that he's impotent? Hahaha, this will be the joke of the year!"

"I'm speechless. I wonder what kind of stunt he pulled to mess himself up like this?"

"How much fun did he have, exactly, when he ran out of fluid?"

When Zachary saw these remarks, he became enraged and wanted to vomit blood.

His parents were equally distressed. They immediately confronted him with the truth.

What exactly is going on? How could I possibly know? Who leaked this? Is it Neera?

Qaylah was concerned as she observed his clenched teeth and continued silence.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" she inquired. "Is this true?"

The butler entered the room unexpectedly and announced, "Mr. Burke is here."

When Manfred Burke entered, he yelled angrily at Zachary, "Is the news on the internet true?"

Zachary became even angrier as he was interrogated by everyone.

He dared not let his temper flare in the face of the Burkes, nor did he deny it.

"Of course not! Mr. Manfred, please don't believe the nonsense online!"

"Then why is there such news?" Manfred inquired, still skeptical.

Zachary quickly devised an excuse. He concluded, "Someone must be out to get me or my family. They deliberately spread false information to harm my reputation."

Manfred reluctantly believed him because he was confident in his words.

Nonetheless, he was dissatisfied. After all, they were planning to tie the knot and bring their families together. How could the Burkes be associated with such a scandal?

"Regardless of the reason," he commanded angrily. "Immediately have this news wiped from the internet. What a disgrace!"

Fains felt the same way.

Zachary, in particular, was furious. He directed that all related news be suppressed.

Yet, in contrast to his anticipations, not only was the news not stifled, but a chain of evidence emerged.

His medical records from major hospitals were made public online.

While hospitals in his own country took precautions to protect his privacy by only disclosing his visits and not the details of his illness, his medical records from abroad were made public.

He became a laughing stock online and was mockingly dubbed "Mr. Impotence."

His folks took his word for it at first, but after looking at the evidence, they couldn't hold back any longer.

"Zach, what the hell is going on? Should we trust these medical records?"

"You recently traveled abroad quite a bit. Is there a health reason for this?"

He realized he had to stop lying to his parents when they confronted him. "It's all because of that b*tch! I'm not sure what drug Neera gave me!"

Qaylah was so enraged after hearing his story that she nearly passed out. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Harley, even angrier, slammed his hand on the table. He roared, "Outrageous! This is ridiculous! Why didn't you bring this up earlier?"

Zachary became agitated and replied rudely, "How am I to know she wouldn't give me the antidote? She knows something about medicine; that b*tch can leverage on that and do whatever she wants to me!"

"That's enough! What has been done is done! Most importantly, we need to resolve this problem as soon as possible!"

Harley roared, urging him to act.

"What are you doing standing there? Go to Neera! Get the antidote from her by any means necessary! This scandal is most likely her fault; you must find a way to stifle it. We've finally struck up an alliance with the Burkes. We can't let this sever their bond with us!"

Zachary clenched his teeth, burning with rage, as he headed straight for Startales.

However, upon arriving, he learned Neera had already left for Essley.

...

Meanwhile, Neera was completely unaware of what was going on at home. She had no time to think about anything else because of her workload.

When she did take a break, it was around 10 o'clock, and she intended to go home.

She picked up her phone and saw that she had received several messages from Jean, all of which expressed concern for her.

The most recent message, sent about 30 minutes ago, simply stated, "I miss you."

These words warmed Neera's heart.

She returned Jean's call after accounting for the time difference.

"I miss you too," she said as soon as the phone call was connected.

With a light chuckle, Jean asked, "Just finished work?"

"Yes, there's so much to do."

Neera leaned back in her chair, gazing out the windows into the night. Her tone was a blend of subdued complaint and pity.

Jean's heart melted as he listened to her.

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Chapter 744

He patiently coaxed her, "You've worked very hard. If you're exhausted, take a break. Don't overdo it, all right?" [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera complied by saying, "Mhm, I know."

Truth be told, she just wanted to hear his voice. Now that she had, she could finally unwind and feel much happier.

After that, she inquired, "How are you? Are you feeling better now?"

Jean chuckled and answered, "I'm almost fully recovered now; don't worry."

Neera was still worried about him and urged, "Even if you are recovered, remember to take your medicine on time. Osbert can help with the treatment. He may lack advanced technique, but he can suppress it effectively. Once I'm done with my tasks and finish up here, I'll continue treating you."

It would still be a while before Aunt Adriana fully recovered.

Despite this, Jean found great comfort in her words, and his heart began to warm.

"Where are the kids?"

Suppressing the overwhelming emotions, he feigned calmness and asked, "Are they there?"

"No, I'm still at the office. I didn't bring them with me. The kids should have gone to bed by now."

"I see," Jean gently exhaled and urged. "When you are free, I would like to have a video call with them."

Neera grinned and wondered, "Miss them already?"

"Yes, I do," Jean admitted in a low voice.

Neera didn't think too much; she cheerfully promised, "No problem."

After chatting for a while, they ended the call.

Jean, who was present in Kingsview, looked out at the sun that shone brightly outside the window. His heart was filled with tenderness.

Various reasons had held him back; otherwise, he would've wished to fly to them immediately.

He wanted to hug her after not seeing her for days. Even though they didn't do anything, being by her side was enough.

However, many matters at home required his attention. Helplessly, he was compelled to suppress his longing.

Ian came knocking on the door not long after.

After he was given permission to enter, he stepped into the office.

He cut to the chase and reported sternly, "Sir, I have news on Mr. Clarence!"

Jean hid his emotions, which were visible in his eyes. He turned to face Ian and said, "Go on."

"While Clarence is fixing the eight billion deficit, he is also secretly transferring assets. I've been watching him for two days and discovered he's getting ready to relocate abroad. It appears that he intends to transfer assets overseas and then vanish."

When he heard this, Jean twitched his brows, and his expression became colder.

"Trying to skip town?" He sneered, "Have you found out? Was he involved in the assassination attempt the other day?"

Ian replied, "Aside from transferring assets and preparing travel documents, he hasn't made any other moves in the last few days. However, Storm and Cloud traveled abroad and destroyed that mercenary group's main stronghold."

Given the unfavorable circumstances, the leader readily provided us with information to save himself.

"It has been confirmed that someone close to Clarence paid to have you killed. Clarence is extremely cautious. We didn't realize that the one who hired the mercenaries wasn't one of his trusted minions until now."

Jean snorted disdainfully as he sat down.

"Trying to kill me with a bunch of low-tier mercenaries?"

Ian couldn't help but complain, "I don't know what he was thinking. If he's arrogant, at least he knows how to engage mercenaries. But if you consider him intelligent, he merely recruits Level C. He should've dispatched a top-notch mercenary from the Mercenaries Guild or a Level 3S assassin from the Hades Ranking. Instead, he merely dispatched a Level C. Is he looking down on us?"

Jean's eyes lacked warmth and were cold as ice.

"I considered not being too harsh and giving him a way out. As long as he filled the eighty billions dollar gap, I didn't intend to pursue it any further. I'm surprised that my uncle is quite ruthless. If he wants to rot in prison, I will grant his wish."

He then gave Ian a cold look.

"Got it," Ian said immediately. "I'll take care of it!"

He could tell Jean had been provoked.

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Chapter 745

Clarence and his family packed their belongings and rushed to the airport two days later, in the wee hours of the morning.

Almost all of their assets in the country have been drained in the last few days. However, it fell far short of making up for the 8 billion shortfall.

Knowing Jean, their fate would have been sealed if they stayed any longer. They considered fleeing.

They may be able to make a comeback if they can transfer their money overseas, particularly to Huspela.

With this in mind, they acted covertly, convinced that their plan was flawless.

That night, they chartered a plane in the hopes of getting away from Jean before he found out.

Unfortunately, police had been hiding in the shadows in the main hall and ambushed them as soon as they entered the lobby.

This episode took Clarence by surprise.

"You..."

Two officers grabbed him before he could ask what was going on. His face contorted in pain as his arm was twisted behind his back.

Both Jonas and Vanessa froze in fear.

As soon as Clarence realized what was happening, he became enraged, struggling, and yelling, "What are you doing? What gives you the right to just pick people off at random in broad daylight?"

"Let me go! Do you know who I am? How dare you touch me? Let me go!"

He acted and talked arrogantly, as though he were above everyone else.

The cops remained unmoved.

Jean took a step forward at this time. He wore a custom-made suit that accentuated his tall stature and noble demeanor. He exuded a regal aura, as if he were a king.

He walked straight to Clarence and stopped in front of him with an indifferent look.

Indifferently, he looked at him and said, "Uncle Clarence, we haven't seen each other for a few days. I hope everything is going well for you."

Clarence was stunned and then enraged.

"What are you trying to accomplish? I'm your uncle, and I'm warning you. Do you not worry that people will judge you harshly if you do this to me?"

He glared menacingly at him, his face contorted with rage. He threatened, "You're so ruthless to your own kin. Do you think you can hold onto your position?"

His accusations made no difference to Jean at all.

"You don't need to be worried about that. Consider how you'll spend your golden years behind bars instead of worrying about what I did. Think about the type of coffin you'd like to be buried in. I promise to do everything in my power to grant your final wishes because we are family."

Jean's tone was calm but cold, chilling to the bone.

Clarence was completely dumbfounded.

At that precise instant, he felt a cold creeping up from his feet, and goose bumps quickly spread across his entire body. The man in front of him appeared to be the very embodiment of the King of Hell, a true devil.

Jonas, too, was taken aback, trembling with fear.

He nervously rubbed his hands, trying to plead, "Jean..."

"We messed up, but despite what my dad may have said, he's still your relative. Can you spare him for the sake of us being family?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Vanessa shivered all over. Her eyes had turned bright red.

"Yes, that's right. After all, he is your elder. It's quite unsightly to make such a big fuss, involving the police and all. What will people think of our family if word gets out? Your uncle screwed up, and he is aware of his mistake. Could you please let this go?"

As he listened to their pleading, Jean's expression grew colder by the second.

"Family? We're family, and you just realized it? Isn't it ironic that you mention this now? I did give him a chance, but he didn't appreciate it. He has gone to the extreme of wishing for my death. That leaves me no choice but to strike back."

Having said that, he lost interest in continuing to talk to them and left.

Clarence fought hard but was unable to break free.

As he saw Jean get further away, he yelled, "Jean! Come back here! You can't do this to me; I'm your uncle! Our family won't agree with this! Let me go now! Do you hear me?"

Jean didn't even bother to turn around.

Clarence's yells were in vain, no matter how loud they were.

...

The Beauvorts quickly learned of Clarence's arrest.

The following morning, Frederic and Wrenn, along with the two elders, hurried to Imperial Gardens.

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Chapter 746

Jean was dressed in loungewear and had a leisurely breakfast when they got there.

He didn't bat an eye when a large group of people unexpectedly showed up at his house and went straight to the dining room.

As if nothing had happened, he greeted them casually, "Good day, everyone. Take a seat. Have you had your breakfast yet? If you haven't already, I'll have it prepared."

Everyone frowned at his reaction. Nobody sat.

"We won't eat," one of the elders took the initiative to ask. "You know the exact reason why we are here."

"Why is that?" Jean inquired, slightly raising his voice.

His complexion turned gloomy as he patiently talked with Jean.

"You don't have to play dumb with us. What you did last night is no secret to us. Your uncle had indeed done something inappropriate, but you'd punished him and kicked him out of the board of directors. Isn't that enough?"

Right after he began to persuade Jean, other relatives joined in.

"That's right; we should be merciful when we can. He's still family, your blood."

"I know you're mad, but a heavier punishment should suffice. Why embarrass our family by turning him over to the cops? What will people think of you if word gets out?"

"You have to safeguard your reputation. You must not allow others to label you as ruthless and heartless."

Jean listened quietly and didn't say anything.

He drank the last of his milk before saying, "He's the heartless one, not me."

Puzzled, everyone looked at each other.

Frederic had a sneaky suspicion. He asked, "What do you mean? Did Clarence..."

Jean cast a glance at his father.

His expression was icy as he continued, "I gave him a chance, but he didn't want to take it, and he couldn't blame me for being heartless. When I was sick, he hired someone to kill me; did any of you know about this?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

This revelation exploded like a bomb, stunning everyone.

"Is...is this true? How could Clarence do something like that?"

Frederic and Wrenn were both taken aback.

"Are you certain Clarence carried out that assassination attempt?"

Jean shot back coldly, "When have I ever lied? Is there a need?"

"It's true," Ian said, taking a step forward.

"I looked into it myself. We have gathered all the evidence. Mr. Clarence brought in foreign professional mercenaries. My boss might not be alive if I hadn't strengthened up security at the lab that night."

Everyone was stunned, with cold chills running down their spines.

The elders wore a solemn expression.

Amid the silence, Jean slowly clarified his stance, "I haven't sent him to his death because I consider us family. Or would you prefer I expedite that process for him? If that's the case, I'd be happy to oblige."

Nobody could think of anything to say.

"Do any of you want to plead on his behalf?" Jean asked again.

The room was silent, with everyone's faces flushed with embarrassment and awkwardness. Even the elders were deafeningly quiet.

Clarence had brought this on himself, and everyone understood. Jean's decision was just.

Jean went straight to his office after everyone else had left.

Given the weight of the evidence against him, Clarence had been arrested and was currently awaiting his sentence.

Jean showed no mercy to Jonas, who had followed his father's bad example and caused a lot of trouble. He informed his staff via email that he had demoted Jonas from the board of directors and relocated him to Ceflium. This act was the equivalent of exiling him to the frontier.

Jean's promptness surprised the Beauvort Group employees.

Everyone was on their toes. Nobody dared to cause any trouble.

The research facility resumed normal operations after the assassination attempt had been thoroughly investigated and dealt with.

Jean had ordered that damaged equipment be replaced and that the center be redecorated.

Following his completion of work for the day, Jean promptly showed up for his evening appointment.

Osbert was expecting him.

When he saw Jean, he smiled and said, "Great, you're here. Lie down, and we'll begin treatment."

Jean nodded and lay on the bed.

He wasn't one to say much and was more silent than usual, as he had a lot on his mind.

Osbert had picked up on his mood. He kept his attention on his treatment without saying anything.

After what seemed like an eternity, Jean finally said, "Can you tell me about Neera's situation when she was abroad?"

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Chapter 747

Naturally, Osbert agreed. He began to recount as he applied the needle.

"I first met Neera at Mr. Hanson's research center. I was a newcomer at the time, whereas Neera had already been trusted and highly valued by Mr. Hanson as his right-hand person.

"At the time, I was perplexed. She was a year my senior, but she had accomplished so much.

"I later discovered that Neera was a medical student in her home country. She became even more ambitious after moving abroad, mastering all her knowledge in two years.

"Mr. Hanson saw her potential and abilities. He made an exception and hired her at the research center to help him with experiments. She was involved in everything, from minor to major projects.

"Neera made the most of every opportunity. She is a hard worker, gifted, and a quick learner. She had many unique insights and could find alternative solutions to many difficult problems.

"Everyone said she was born for this job. She was highly sought after by numerous professors, but out of gratitude for Mr. Hanson's mentorship, she declined other offers and stayed at the research center."

Osbert spoke with admiration in every word.

"On top of that, she makes time every day to spend with her kids and study business management. I'm afraid she'll tire herself out." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jean listened silently, feeling both proud and concerned.

He was always aware of how good she was. It took a lot of work to achieve that level of excellence.

And he recognized her dedication as a result of her pride and desire not to be overshadowed.

On the other hand, she desired to carve her own path and provide stable support for her children. For this reason, she went above and beyond what was expected of her.

After a brief pause, he inquired softly, "Has she... had any difficulties over the years?"

Osbert nodded and replied, "Yes, I remember..."

He told many tales about Neera during their sessions together.

Jean's heart was slowly but surely etched with all the memories he had missed.

After a while, Osbert took the needles out.

Jean thanked him and waited for his sweat to dry before he left.

After getting home, he showered and tried to go to sleep, but he couldn't fall asleep.

Osbert's words kept playing in his head.

Even though he hadn't been present at the time, he could relive those events in his head as though he were watching a movie.

His arm went up to cover his eyes after a while. His longing for her only grew stronger.

Neera felt the same way.

Every day, she thought about him, but she was so busy.

She had a lot on her plate every day, and it wasn't just worrying about Adriana's health.

After taking over Adriana's role, she realized just how difficult the previous years had been and how much her aunt had protected her from.

Her workload at Startales paled in comparison to her new position.

She took some time off in the afternoon to go to the hospital. Adriana had her first post-surgery checkup today, and Neera wouldn't miss it for the world.

Fortunately, the results of the examination were very positive.

The doctor assured her, "She'll be fine as long as no new issue arises, but she needs to continue to take her medication and come for regular check-ups."

Neera nodded in agreement, relieved. She felt as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Fortunately, things didn't turn out as badly as they could have. Aunt Adriana is so kind; how could she bear such suffering? It must be God's grace.

"Stay in the hospital for another week for observation," the doctor advised. "She can go home once we confirm she is stable."

In response, Neera simply nodded and said, "Okay, thank you very much."

She later went to Adriana's ward. They talked for some time. Neera was ready to leave after reminding her aunt to get some rest.

"I wanted to stay with you longer, but the company has so much going on. I must deal with it. I need to handle it. Rest well. When I'm finished, I'll come over and spend more time with you."

Adriana's condition appeared to be much better, despite her pale appearance.

She gently squeezed Neera's hand and advised her not to overwork.

"You've lost so much weight recently. You seem completely spent. Look at your dark eye circle. Don't overdo it. Leave the company's problems to the employees. There is nothing more valuable than your health.

"Listen to me. After you're done with work, don't come to the hospital. Get home, rest up, and hang out with the kids. Uncle Chad is here, so you don't have to worry about me."

Neera agreed, understanding her concern.

Neil arrived unexpectedly at this time. After greeting Adriana, he asked, "Chairman, how are you feeling now? Better?"

Adriana said with a smile, "Much better."

She then asked Neil, "Anything?"

Instead of responding right away, Neil looked at Neera.

"Speak up," Neera advised. "There's nothing Aunt Adriana shouldn't know."

Neil nodded and immediately reported, "We've just received news about Thora."

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Chapter 748

Almost instantly, Neera's visage became grave. She asked coldly, "Where is she?"

"Thora has returned to Essley but has not returned home. She's been going to the Midnight Bar a lot lately, hanging out with her shady pal lately."

Neera's eyes narrowed, and her expression became as cold as ice.

Thora's friends were from questionable backgrounds, and she knew they weren't good company. She wouldn't let Thora flee, no matter how shady things were.

She made a quick decision and commanded, "Make the necessary arrangements. I'll go there myself tonight and get her."

Adriana was perplexed. When she noticed Neera's darkened complexion, she asked quickly, "What had she done?"

Neera tightened her lips and told her everything. She gave a rough account of Thora's activities in the country.

"How dare she ruin her father's good name as a renowned professor?"

Adriana frowned, surprised that Thora had done such things.

"How is Jean now?"

"He has fully recovered and is no longer in danger."

"That's good to hear," Adriana said, sighing with relief and apologizing slightly.

"I had no idea there had been so much going on. You've been rushing around without rest, especially for me."

Neera was aware of her concerns. She took the initiative to comfort her by holding her hand.

"Don't worry, Aunt Adriana. How can I relax knowing you're sick here? In addition, I had completed all of Jean's critical treatments. My junior will take care of the rest. He's also a medical expert."

Adriana sighed, recalling Neera's earlier decision.

Anxiously, she hurriedly stopped her.

"You can't do this, Neera. That bar is notoriously chaotic. That bar is notorious for being chaotic. Those who visit are not good people. I'd rather Neil hire someone to find her."

"Thora is very cunning," Neera reasoned as she shook her head. "If she gets away this time, it will be even more difficult to catch her the next time."

Adriana became increasingly concerned.

"If you must go," Chad said abruptly, "take my assistant with you."

Neera looked at him, a little surprised.

"My assistant has some combat training. There's no reason he can't deal with it. Most importantly, you can completely rely on him."

Considering this, Neera didn't decline. She said, "Thank you, Uncle Chad."

Previously, she had addressed him as "Mr. Gordon". She recently felt closer to him after witnessing his care and support for Aunt Adriana.

It took Chad a second to adjust to Neera's new form of address. He then laughed, clearly pleased and gratified.

"Alright, I'll get it arranged right away."

He then quickly exited the room.

Adriana sighed. "You're so stubborn. Nobody can change your mind once you've made up your mind. If you insist on going, just be careful, okay?"

Neera smiled and nodded.

A young man entered the room about ten minutes later. He was attractive, but he had a blank expression, like ice.

"This is Zephyr," Chad said, "My most trusted assistant."

"This is Neera, Adriana's niece," he told Zephyr. "You may address her as Ms. Garcia. You will now follow and protect her. Her orders are my orders."

His tone was soothing and calm, but Neera detected a sense of dominance in it. He had the demeanor of those in power, which was very familiar to her.

She felt compelled to look at Chad closely.

Neera was aware that he had businesses and assets back home. He held a significant position and exuded a sense of grandeur. Even though she was unfamiliar with his background, she assumed it was impressive.

Only a remarkable man could have kept Aunt Adriana's heart set on him all these years.

Zephyr greeted her respectfully, "Ms. Garcia." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera drew back her wandering thoughts. She acknowledged him with a nod, saying, "Hello, I'll be needing your assistance for a while."

She left after a brief conversation with Aunt Adriana.

Chad couldn't help but smile as he watched her walk away.

He sat beside Adriana and gently held her hand. "Did you hear? Neera referred to me as 'Uncle Chad.'"

Guffawing, Adriana asked, "You're so happy over being called 'Uncle Chad'?"

"Of course, it means she's slowly accepting me," Chad replied matter-of-factly. "She might even call me her uncle-in-law soon."

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Chapter 749

Neera returned to the office in the afternoon.

Zephyr, having received orders from Chad, naturally trailed behind her to make sure she was always secure.

He did not leave or sit down after Neera entered the office; instead, he stood stiffly by the door. He was tall and stoic, exuding an indefinable aura. Like a guard at the gate, he did nothing but stood there.

Neil had entered and exited the office several times. That man was increasingly odd in her eyes.

"Doesn't this man seem out of the ordinary, Ms. Garcia?" Neil muttered quietly as he handed over some documents.

Neera shared her thoughts.

She did, however, believe that after working with Chad for so long, he must have been through a lot.

Neera didn't dwell on it because it could just be his personality.

After she wrapped up for the day, she called her kids.

"Mommy isn't going to be home for dinner tonight. You three should behave at home, eat properly, and listen to the butler."

"OK," the triplets sensibly replied.

They were aware that their mother had been preoccupied recently and that Grand aunt and Daddy had not fully recovered. They were quite obedient, trying not to bother their mother.

Neera, Zephyr, and Neil went to the Midnight Bar at night.

The bar was bustling at this hour of the night.

There were few lights on, the music was loud, and many people were swaying their bodies on the dance floor. They all wore skimpy outfits, shook their heads, and twisted their waists wildly.

The booths were packed with people from all walks of life.

Neera felt a little out of place because she rarely visited such places. She frowned slightly.

Neil noticed this. He chose a VIP booth on the second floor. They could see everything below from here, and it was a little quieter.

Neera sat down and then turned to face Zephyr.

That man stood motionless beside her, like a statue.

"Zephyr, please have a seat," Neera said, feeling a little awkward. "You don't need to keep standing."

Zephyr, who was very rigid, shook his head firmly in refusal, saying, "No need. My responsibility is to keep you safe. Standing allows me to stay alert and see everything." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Neera couldn't think of anything to say.

Neil also attempted to persuade him, but to no avail. He shrugged helplessly at Neera.

Helplessly, Neera had to accept the situation and stop insisting.

Given the diverse crowd here, even if he stood out, it wouldn't be out of place, and no one would notice.

Soon, drinks and some snacks were served. Neera doesn't drink; she just eats a little to fill her stomach.

As time passed, after eight o'clock, a group of youngsters entered the bar. The women had hourglass figures, while the men were handsome. They immediately occupied the largest booth downstairs.

Neil swept a glance over them, and his eyes lit up. He said, "They're here!"

Hearing this, Neera squinted her eyes. She swiftly scanned the crowd and, sure enough, spotted Thora.

This woman, after committing so many sins, still shamelessly came here to indulge. She's heartless!

Neera had been searching for her for a long time, and she was eager to apprehend her now that she had finally found her. She immediately stood up and commanded, "Let's go!"

Neil and Zephyr quickly caught up with her.

Neera quickly made her way to Thora's booth.

The group was having a good time, laughing and joking around. They even made dirty jokes; it was a very lively atmosphere.

When three strangers appeared out of nowhere, they all stopped and looked up.

Thora's face changed dramatically when she saw Neera, a flash of panic flashing through her eyes.

Why is she here?

Thora stared at Neera, and she stared right back.

"You dare to be here, drinking and having fun?" she asked.

Flustered, Thora's voice became shrill and harsh to the ears. She asked, "How did you find me here?!"

Neera answered with cold stares, "Of course I had someone run some investigations." Come with me now!"

With that, she grabbed Thora and attempted to pull her up.

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Chapter 750

Before Thora could even realize it, she was already dragged off her feet.

Her knee cap had hit the corner of the table, it was so painful that she couldn't stop wailing in pain.

Only then did she react, as she started to fidget like a bean in a hot frying pan.

"Let go of me! You have no right to do this to me, Neera! How dare you! Let me go this instant!"

Neera was incredibly strong though, there was no chance for Thora to escape.

Thora was furious, she looked around her in hopes to get the men around to help her and yelled at them.

"What are you doing just standing there, John! Help me now! Get this b*tch away from me!"

A young man named John then rushed two steps forward, and grabbed onto Thora's wrist.

Naturally, he was much stronger than Neera. He started pulling Thora in his direction, just like a game of tug of war.

However, Neera was unwilling to budge. She had no intention of letting go.

The two of them were at a stalemate.

John did not act up in anger though, instead he tried to communicate with Neera in English as politely as he could.

"Hey there beautiful, who are you to Thora? If you're a friend, why don't we grab a seat and a drink? If there were any misunderstandings, I'm sure we can take the opportunity to settle it peacefully, right?"

Yet, Neera held her ground. She was not going to back down.

"This is a private matter between me and her. It has nothing to do with you. If you want to play with her or something, I couldn't be bothered about what the both of you want to do. But today, I need to take her somewhere else!" S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Her delicate eyebrows were laced with a layer of the thickest frost. The sound of her voice and the choice of words were loud and firm.

Everyone was stunned.

There was a flash of surprise in John's eyes. He then turned to look at Thora with a face full of amusement.

"Your friend here is quite feisty, isn't she? I never thought that you would come to know such interesting people."

The men who were watching from the sides also laughed along slyly.

"Exactly! Why didn't you introduce such a spicy girl to us earlier?"

"Hey sexy, since you're already here, what's the rush to leave? Stay and have some fun with us!"

Thora saw the lust in the men's eyes, then said with her quick wit: "Help me stop her, guys! Then you can have whatever fun you want with her tonight!"

Neil's brows furrowed as soon as he heard such words, and seemed like he was about to step forward.

But Neera stopped him in his tracks without any expressions on her face. She didn't even look at anyone else. She fixed her gaze on Thora and Thora only.

"Whatever fun you want? Sure, I'll have some fun with you then!"

She repeated Thora's words with no hesitation, leaped forward and yanked on Thora's hair.

"You are going to follow me back to the Hanson house. Whatever "fun" you want, I will gladly cooperate!" Neera gritted her teeth and exclaimed as Thora yelled out in pain from the yanking of her hair.

Everyone didn't expect Neera to be as bossy as she was. They were all dumbfounded. It took them a few seconds to come to their senses to stop her.

Seeing the men rush up to her, Neil stood in front of Neera to protect her.

He looked around coldly and said: "This is a personal matter between our young lady Ms. Garcia and Thora Hanson. I will advise you all now to stop interfering. You don't want to bring trouble to yourselves."

The men heard his words and started laughing maniacally.

"Your lady? Who exactly are you to her, bro?"

"Her assistant? Her butler? You want to be a hero and save the damsel in distress?"

"We'll have to see if you're actually qualified for that!"

When the foreign men stopped talking, they suddenly became violent. They picked up the beer bottles and smashed them on the edge of the table. They then pointed the remaining half of the broken bottles at Neil.

This attracted the attention of the other guests in the bar.

Those who were present that night didn't mind the commotion at all. They gathered around to watch and started cheering, hoping to witness a live bar fight.

Neera's face turned sour as she saw the broken bottles being pointed at Neil.

Thora, on the other hand, put on a cheeky, sly face and started to shout domineeringly.

"B*tch, if you don't let me go right now, you'll be going to hell way sooner than you think! I'm telling you, John's father has a very dark background. He could kill you here in an instant if he wanted to!"

Neera paid her no mind. She only looked at the men with a sullen face.

She knew that if she let Thora go now, she would definitely go into hiding.

By then, it would not be easy to look for her!

Just when she was in hesitation, the men were also looking back at her.

No one had noticed that Zephyr, who was standing quietly behind them like a ghost, suddenly cracked his neck left and right.

Then, before anyone could react, he rushed forward with a flying kick!

In the next second, John was sent flying out!

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