

Under the Heiress' Facade

Chapter 516

Meanwhile, Rhett and Frederick were at the CEO's office at Killian Corporation.

"Mr. Rhett, the Everetts have booked a private room at the Imperial Hotel for 7:00 pm. Hera will be there." The secretary, Rachel Davis, reported the latest developments to Rhett.

Rhett checked the time before suddenly getting up. "Get the car ready. We're going to the Imperial Hotel."

"Dad, are we really going to collaborate with her?" Frederick asked, feeling disgruntled. The meeting had just ended, and Chad's final decision was to continue seeking Raven to work together.

The thought of Hera being Raven and possibly the Vulcan as well caused his face to burn.

"Do you have a better candidate in mind?" Rhett peered at him, asking a question of his own instead of answering him.

Frederick immediately turned silent. He never expected that XS Corporation would be willing to spend so much money. In fact, they had secured a collaboration with 90% of the top 100 hackers in the world whom they had invited earlier.

Meanwhile, the remaining 10% of top hackers were rather polarizing choices. There were renowned hackers like the Vulcan, S, and Raven, who were out of their reach, or hackers like Silas, who was looked down on for his poor character.

Rhett put away his things before heading toward the Imperial Hotel. He wasn't willing to cooperate with Hera either and had voiced out his opinion at the meeting.

But Chad had insisted on cooperation. Besides, he was still angry about the foolish things Giselle had done. As the CEO of Killian Corporation, Rhett had no choice but to go along and follow through with the plan for now.

It was 7:00 pm when Wayne parked the car at the Imperial Hotel. Hera helped Catherine out after getting out of the car. As James' car had arrived first, he and the others were waiting for them at the entrance.

Hera looked around and realized that she had not seen any sign of Everly for the whole afternoon. Thus, she asked Catherine about her whereabouts.

"Everly asked to take leave today. She said that she's meeting with a friend," Catherine explained.

Hera nodded, clearly not bothered. But the matter sounded strange to Catherine.

When did Everly have new friends? Ever since coming to Jedburgh, Catherine was always with Wayne and Everly, rarely leaving each other's side.

They would either spend their days together at the clinic or at home. Whenever they wanted to take a break, they would go for a walk in the park. She never heard Everly bring up a new friend.

Seeing how Hera wasn't bothered, Catherine did not bring up her concerns.

After entering the hotel, James informed the waiter of the reserved room number, and the waiter led them to the third floor. The moment they exited the elevator, Hera spotted Rhett walking toward them.

James' eyes lit up upon seeing Rhett. He knew that there was a very high chance of running into the Killians if the family dined at the Imperial Hotel. But he never expected that he could run into Rhett, the CEO of Killian Corporation.

After all, it wasn't easy for anyone to meet with Rhett. Yet he was walking in their direction.

James was thrilled and immediately adjusted his clothes. He then stepped forward and extended his hand with a smile. "Mr. Killian, it's nice to meet you."

However, Rhett did not even look at him. Rachel, who had been following behind him, looked rather disdainful and rudely said to James, "Excuse me. Please step aside."

The complete dismissal of James made him awkwardly withdraw his hand. The Everetts now were nothing

compared to the influential families.

"Ms. Youngworth, a word please?" Rhett asked politely while standing before Hera

Hera casually glanced at them. "I'm not free."

James' heart began to tremble. He knew that Hera had always been unruly, but he never expected that she would be this rude toward Rhett.

Gino's eyes were filled with admiration for Hera. Compared to her, James really seemed inferior earlier.

"I wish to discuss further regarding the collaboration Frederick mentioned the other day," Rhett added, not giving way.

Hera asked her family to head toward the private room first. Thinking that he had succeeded, Rhett said, "This way, please."

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Instead, Hera calmly replied, "Book an appointment with my assistant if you wish to discuss anything."

Her words shocked Rachel as it was her first time hearing anyone speak to Rhett that way. All this while, it would be Rachel who spoke that way to others.

Rhett scowled in displeasure but he quickly put a smile back on. He replied without hesitation, "Alright, let's meet at 2:00 pm on Sunday at the Killian residence. I'm sure there's a lot you still wish to know about Daphne."

Hera glared at him coldly before walking away. Rhett was very satisfied to see her reaction and smiled slyly. "I'll be waiting. Right, the Imperial Hotel will cover the cost of dinner for those in Room 312." Those words were for Rachel to hear.

"No need. I've done nothing." Hera rejected icily before walking past him. After adjusting her demeanor, she walked into the private room.

"Did he do anything to you?" Gideon asked in a low voice when he saw her enter.

Hera shook her head. Her matters with the Killians were her personal matters. She did not want the Everetts to become involved.

"Is everyone here? Let's ask the waiters to serve the food. Everyone, go ahead and eat however much you like. Today's dinner is on me," Nicholas said, who was the last one to enter.

He had intentionally gone home to change into a proper suit before coming over. He even removed his earrings and lip studs, transforming himself into a well-mannered man ready to meet his girlfriend's parents. After sitting next to Hera, he asked her in a low voice, "What do you think of me right now?"

Hera recalled what Rhett was trying to imply and answered Nicholas distractedly, "Whatever."

Nicholas became unhappy. "Can't you look at me first before you give your opinion?"

Hera peered at him. "You look fine." Her words rendered Nicholas speechless.

Everyone happily feasted on dinner. Afterward, Gideon asked his assistant to book a hotel near the clinic.

Once Hera had dropped them off at the hotel and sent Catherine back to her residence, Nicholas insisted on dropping her off at the clinic.

After arriving at the clinic, Hera reached to open the car door but realized that it would not open. She glanced at Nicholas, who suddenly solemnly declared, "The best way to move on is to start a new relationship."

Hera was confused.

Even after he finished speaking in a deliberately serious voice, he did not garner a response from her for a long time. He finally turned to see Hera staring at him, looking puzzled.

Did she not understand a word?

"I noticed how unhappy you were tonight. Since you've broken up with Bernard, you should be with me. I can help you quickly get over him," Nicholas continued.

"You're not my type." After rejecting him, Hera continued without giving him a chance to talk, 'If you still want to be my friend, give up on that idea. Unlock the door!'

Nicholas still wanted to talk about it, but seeing Hera's icy glare made him nervous. He immediately and obediently unlocked the doors.

After watching her leave, he finally came to his senses and realized how useless he had been earlier. Hera returned to the western wing to replenish Tiramisu's food and change its water. Afterward, she finally pushed open the door to her room. A whole day had passed before she was able to enter her room.

The room did not seem any different from before. But Hera suddenly felt rather empty inside when she opened the wardrobe and saw only her clothes remained.

She entered the bathroom to take a shower. Later, she wrapped a towel around herself and came out to change into her pajamas. That was how she discovered that her favorite black silk nightgown was missing

Instead, she found a pair of men's silk pajamas underneath her pillow. The faint smell of Bernard's tobacco still lingered on it. The pajamas came in a couple's set with her nightgown that Bernard had purchased.

"So that I can use it when I miss you." Bernard's words suddenly popped up in her mind. Hera began to feel hot all over when she imagined him holding her nightgown while...

Hera immediately reached for her phone and texted Bernard.

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Bernard was at Skyscraper, handling Astral Nova's matters. He wore a ghost mask while seated at the office.

He slammed the documents on the table. "How could you make mistakes for such trivial matters? Did Astral Nova hire you for fun?"

More than ten managers from various departments stood before the office desk with lowered heads upon being reprimanded. Due to Vulcan's identity being exposed, the Second Elder made a few moves.

Thus, they were summoned to work overtime last night and had not slept at all. After working the whole day today, they had not slept for almost two days.

As they were terribly exhausted, it was inevitable that a few minor mistakes had occurred. These mistakes were considered rather minor, which could be rectified once discovered.

But the managers never expected that Bernard, who had pulled an all-nighter with them, would still be alert and notice these mistakes.

The atmosphere was eerily silent as no one dared to say a word. They might even be fired if they said anything wrong.

At that moment, Bernard's phone on the table emitted a WhatsApp notification. He peered at his phone. It was his personal number which he had intentionally set for it to notify him with a ringtone. Thus, he immediately reached for it.

Hera said, "Quickly return my nightgown to me!"

Seeing that text remarkably eased Bernard's exhaustion from having worked hard for the past two days. He smiled faintly under the ghost mask while typing out a response.

Bernard, "Shall I personally deliver it to you now?"

Hera, "Express delivery would do!"

Bernard, "Absolutely not. I won't allow anyone to touch your clothes. If you want your nightgown, I'll send it back to you."

The chat displayed "Hera is typing". After a moment, it stopped. In the end, Bernard received a "Goodbye" sticker. He let out a chuckle, breaking the eerie atmosphere earlier.

But the other managers did not let their guard down and became more terrified than ever. Bernard wasn't a man who liked to joke around. He had a stern demeanor and was known for his ruthless methods.

Once, a waitress accidentally spilled some water on his shirt. The next day, the waitress and her family were never seen again in the country.

Those who made major errors in their work had their memories forcibly erased, and they ended up in vegetative states.

As the department managers, they probably had harsher punishments awaiting them for making such minor mistakes.

"Redo your work. That's all for today," Bernard remarked.

Those words made the managers exchange glances with one another, thinking they must have heard wrong. Were they only required to redo their work?

Samson, standing beside the office desk, saw that no one was leaving and reminded them, 'Are you looking for a punishment?'

The managers finally came to their senses and began to leave. Thinking back, they were rather grateful to Hera for texting Bernard, sparing them from punishment.

Hera tossed and turned for the whole night on the bed, unable to fall asleep. She realized that she had gotten

used to Bernard holding her in his arms while they slept. She suddenly found the bed to be quite empty. The moment dawn broke, Hera still hadn't slept well but did not force herself to continue sleeping. She got out of bed to wash up before heading toward the northern wing to prepare some medication.

As she walked out of the courtyard, she heard the sound of the back door being unlocked and stopped in her tracks.

The back door was pushed open from outside, and Bernard walked in. He was startled to see Hera standing in the courtyard.

She wore a white dress and had let her hair loose, making her seem rather otherworldly. However, a slight scowl on her face suggested that she had not slept well or was still somewhat groggy.

Hera would usually never wake up this early unless something was up.

"Sweetie, you're up so early," Bernard said first, sounding hoarse and tired.

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Bernard's eyes were bloodshot due to his lack of sleep, and he had noticeable dark circles. There was some stubble on his chin as well.

Compared to his usual groomed self, he looked rather sloppy now. However, his handsome features made him seem rather rugged.

Hera was taken aback for a few seconds before coming to her senses. "Why are you back here?"

"You have terrible love interests surrounding you, and I was afraid you'd be taken away. So, I pulled an all- nighter to finish my work and came back early," Bernard explained while shutting the back door.

Hera watched him put the key into his briefcase and scowled. 'Who cares about your work? I'm asking who allowed you to return? Give me back the keys!' While speaking, she extended her hand for the keys.

Bernard naturally would not give the keys to her and pointed to the eastern wing. "My lab is still here." Hera would usually prepare her medication in the northern wing and rarely went to the lab in the eastern wing. Therefore, the laboratory door typically remained shut.

Occasionally, Bernard would go there to run some minor experiments. The lab had many bottles, jars, and chemical instruments. Thus, there were far too many things to move out in one night.

"When will you find a place and move all of these out?' Hera questioned.

"I'm not moving," Bernard replied while opening the door to the eastern wing.

Hera realized that Bernard's suitcase and things from the western wing had been brought over to the eastern wing.

She laughed in exasperation. 'So, was it a lie when you told me that night that the courtyard house belongs to me and you'd move out?

"The courtyard is yours. Here's the property deed," Bernard said earnestly before taking a document from his briefcase.

Hera checked it and discovered that her name and identification number were in order. She suddenly felt rather conflicted.

Bernard took out two rental agreements as well. 'Ms. Youngworth, could you rent this wing of the house to me?

"Many chemical instruments here are not convenient to move. Most importantly, I made a vow with my beloved here. I wish to fulfill our promise after I win her back..."

"Got it, so stop spouting nonsense. The rent will be charged three times the market rate," Hera interrupted, not giving him a chance to continue.

She knew very well that it truly wasn't easy to relocate some of these chemical instruments. Besides, this used to be his place, and she had taken advantage of the situation.

She also remembered the voice recording of them getting back together. She wanted to see how Bernard would try his best to win her over, and she had a good reason now.

Hera did not fully trust him, but she knew that he was rather capable.

Seeing how quickly she agreed, Bernard couldn't help but tease her despite benefiting more than she did from the situation.

"The rent amount is up to you. After all, my money is your money from now on."

"Shut up. If you spout nonsense again, I won't rent the place to you anymore," Hera warned, making Bernard immediately shut his mouth.

"I need you to do something for me," Hera requested.

"I'm always at your service 24 hours a day." Bernard looked at her seriously, looking as obedient as a wolf that

was wagging its tail.

Hera noticed how tired he was and waved her hand for him to quickly leave. "Whatever. Go sleep first. We can talk later."

Bernard straightened his posture. "As you say, Ms. Youngworth. But I'll be sleeping here."

Hera frowned slightly. "There's no bed here. Where will you even sleep?"

"I can sleep on the floor," Bernard answered.

Hera folded her arms across her chest and nodded as if she was about to see something interesting. "Alright, go ahead."

This lab had a changing room and bathroom facilities, which were used while changing for the experiments. But no beds were available here.

Hera wanted to see what tricks Bernard had up his sleeve. She watched him open his luggage and take a few tailor-made clothes before placing them on the floor one by one, leaving her speechless.

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"We had it worse whenever we had missions. Everyone had to sleep on the ground in the wild, so it's not bad here," reminisced Bernard.

Hera wordlessly watched him spread his formal coat on the ground like a mat. In fact, it was handmade by a famous Lumorian designer. The designer might faint if he saw this.

After spreading it only big enough for himself to lay down, Bernard looked at her earnestly. "Would you like to share it with me?"

"Goodbye."

When Hera was about to leave, she noticed something under the suitcase. It was the black silky nightgown she couldn't find last night!

Alarmed, she quickly reached for it, but Bernard noticed her intention and grabbed it first. He hid it behind him.

"Give it back to me!" She glared at him.

"I bought it, so I guess it belongs to me, right?" Bernard pointed it out on purpose.

She pounced at him to snatch the garment back. Then, she took her phone out to transfer ten grand to him. "I bet this nightgown and the courtyard house are worth only this much. I don't owe you anything anymore!" "That's cruel of you, sweetie. Can't you at least give me something for remembrance?" He put on a pitiful face. She scoffed. "Is this the day you finally realize that I'm cruel?" She got up and patted the dust away before leaving with the nightgown and the property deed.

After taking two steps, she suddenly stopped in her tracks. "Don't spend the night here"

His face brightened. He knew that she wouldn't be this cruel to him! "Will you provide a bed? I can warm your bed for free."

"In your dreams! Get out and turn left. Choose any hotel to your liking." She then returned to the western wing. Bernard became speechless.

How cruel of her

But he deserved it. Although she didn't show him mercy, he had to think of a way to please her.

He was exhausted. Before this, he could spend several sleepless nights without a problem even if he was sick. However, after spending the last six months with quality sleep, spending a white night might affect his health.

Instead of sleeping on his formal coat, he left the place.

Hera returned to her study to delete the online comments that were targeting Catherine.

When she was certain that Bernard had left, she headed to the northern wing to make some medication. While she was focusing on the medication, someone called her from behind.

"Herie."

She looked back, but her hands didn't stop. 'Grandma, what are you doing here?'

"What are you doing? Need help?" Catherine changed her shoes and walked into the room.

"I want to develop a refined special medication. The Eclipse Stone is hard to come by, so I want to find if there are other alternative ingredients to replace it,' explained Hera before gladly accepting the offer. 'Would you like to join me? Let's see if these ingredients work or not."

"Sure." Catherine washed her hands and wore gloves before helping her out.

After a while, Catherine suddenly apologized, "Herie, I'm sorry for the trouble last night. I didn't expect Giselle to go to that length just to make me leave Youngworth Miracle Clinic."

She wanted to say it yesterday, but it was untimely to do so because the Everett family was around. "That's nothing. She even used your name to borrow money from loan sharks. Don't be such a stranger. You raised me. The trouble I gave you when I was little was way more cumbersome than this." Hera's hand didn't stop fumbling around the herbal medicines.

Catherine sighed. "Why don't I just return to the mountains? If she could do such a thing, no one knows what she might do next."

The Novel will be updated on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!