

# Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel

## Chapter 51

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## Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams - 51

Chapter 51

Nathan's face went blank as he turned around stiffly, thinking, 'Whit, so who was Landen going to greet?'

"Where is the miracle doctor? Where is he?" Landen asked as he rushed over to the car, his mood dark and ready to blow ever since he found out the Vitalis Pills had been switched.

Landen reached out and yanked open the door of the Maybach, only to be met with a cold, intimidating gaze. Landen was stunned. He slammed the door shut with a bang.

Landen thought he must have opened it wrong. He took a deep breath and, this time, carefully pulled the door open again, but nothing had changed.

Landen was dumbfounded, and he thought, 'Where's the miracle doctor? Why is it just a poker-faced man and a little girl in

the car?'

Landen cleared his throat and finally said, "Mr. Gray?"

Stella was the first to exit the car. She gave Emily a lazy glance, and the color was finally returning to her face after being so pale before.

Her dark, slightly wavy hair fell loosely down her back, making her look like she'd just walked out of a comic book.

Henry was totally unprepared and stared in silence. Emily, dressed in her white coat, looked conflicted as she said to Stella, "You're here."

Nathan and Landen were both stunned, and both of them wondered, 'Wait, did Emily mean she is the miracle doctor?'

Sebastian, sitting in his wheelchair, was pushed out from the other side by John. Emily's expression grew more complicated at the sight. Landen, however, didn't hold back and asked directly, "What brings you here, Mr. Gray?"

Caught in the interplay of light and shadow, Sebastian's face was expressionless, his eyes icy and chilling, as dark and unreadable as the midnight sky.

"I'm her Guardian," he said coldly, declaring his role.

Everyone was left speechless. None of them found that funny at all. 'Guardian? Who is he supposed to be watching over? Is he here to play dad or something?' they all thought.

Stella turned around, raising an eyebrow with a half-smile. She asked, "Guardian?"

The word sounded oddly new to her. 'So, Sebastian is treating me like a kid now?' Stella wondered.

But Sebastian didn't see anything wrong with it. His pale, eerily handsome face made it look like the most natural thing in the world.

Samuel cleared his throat, refocusing everyone. Stella stood in a simple shirt and jeans, her skin revealing blue veins and her wrists and ankles looking incredibly fragile.

And yet, this was the girl who had commanded the lead role in the legendary Lilac Medical Forum, a story still whispered about.

Inside the hospital, Callum had finally taken off his mask and sunglasses. He stared intently at the elevator, his eyes red and swollen. His grandfather had always hoped he would take over the family business, but he went to chase his dreams in showbiz.

'If only I had listened back then... Callum thought as the elevator doors slid open.

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## Chapter 31

He shot to his feet, only to lock eyes with Stella, who strolled over with that lazy, cold, and defend took in her eyes

When Victor saw it was Siella, the weight on his heart finally in Ho Calch, standing next in Victor, momentarily fou

atrul of tus expression

Please go check on Paul first Emily said. She had been the one to call Sicils here, and with all the commotion in the middle of the night, her eyes kept darting around, completely ng the arrogance she had shown track in Annetter's hospital

Stella didn't waste words, she just glanced into the room from doorway and said, "He can be saved?"

Callum looked at her in disbelief and asked, "You haven't even be in, and you're already saying he can be saved?"

Stella's patience was running out. She smirked, all cold and reckless, "Should I leave, then?" Callum was left speechless.

Stella added, "The Vitalis Pills won't do anything for him, and honestly, they're not that special"

Stella didn't need to get any closer to know that Paul's brachial plexus had been torn away. Whoever hurt him was aiming, to ruin both his hands.

Nathan and Landen were both stunned. 'She's really bold. That's ubbing me the wrong way: Landen thought

Feeling the strange vibe in the air, Stella glanced over at Nathand Landen, one hand lazily in her pocket, like something just popped into her head.

"Did you lose your Vitalis Pills or something?" Stella asked, Land's mind raced. He realized she had a knack for hitting exactly where it hurt.

"I'll give you a few in a while," Stella said casually. She thought, 'Back when I was in Dorestan, I made them for fun. No idea why these things are suddenly so popular in Clusia

"Hand it over, or you're nothing but a joke," Landen snapped, laughing in anger, his beard shaking with rage.

"Everyone here is a witness. If you don't give me at least eight or ten pills, I'll hunt you down even if you run to the ends of the earth," Landen declared.

Everyone there fell silent, baffled by how the conversation had taken such a wild turn.

“Sure!” Stella replied, sounding chill as she leaned lazily against the wall. It was no big deal for her. Besides, she knew an eccentric old man who had those so-called extinct herbs in Clusia.

“What did you mean when you said you could save him?” Samuel asked.

Of everyone there, only Samuel was really turning her words over in his mind. He felt like there was something she wasn’t saying outright.

“Basically, you can go with acupuncture to seal the acupoints, or can do surgery and restore his hands. But if you want the surgery, that’ll cost you extra,” Stella said as she tilted her head, her voice flat and emotionless.

She was calmly stating a fact, but to everyone else, she sounded totally insane. Emily felt like she was about to lose it, her mind short-circuiting.

‘Can she stop acting like she’s some miracle worker? Seriously, does she even hear herself? Even her teacher couldn’t pull this off, and she’s saying she can fix Paul’s hands?’ Emily thought

Samuel looked thoughtful and asked, “Do you even know what you’re talking about?”

Stella fired back instantly, “The last person who tried to operate on him went in with a thoracoscope, trying to get at the phrenic nerve right on the heart’s surface to rebuild the damaged nerves in his arm. But he failed.”

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Samuel paused. To reach the phrenic nerve, the approach had to be directly through the chest, with the nerve glued to the beating heart, just a millimeter away.

Avoiding damage to the blood vessels and the heart’s outer layer required a level of precision his hands could no longer

achieve.

That was the reason he had halted the operation. Now she stood at the doorway, glanced inside, and instantly understood it all. Samuel could hardly believe the sheer instinct she displayed

Most of them had no idea what all that surgery talk meant, but seeing Samuel's expression, they all realized she was right. When everyone went quiet again, Stella yawned, looking bored and tired as ever.

“So, is it acupuncture or surgery? Can you make up your mind affeady?” Stella said and thought Lucas was still waiting for her at home.

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Chapter 52

Chapter 52

While everyone was worried about Paul, Sebastian, sitting in his wheelchair, had his eyes fixed on Stella. When he noticed the frayed edges of her shirt, his gaze darkened for a moment.

His flawless face seemed sculpted from ice, exuding a cold, perfect, and untouchable aura.

John,” Sebastian called out, his voice flat and emotionless, though a trace of confusion slipped through.

“Yes, Mr. Gray,” John replied.

“If every last member of the Carter family disappeared from the world, would I be able to become her guardian?” Sebastian asked. John was left speechless. He didn’t know how to answer that at all.

Meanwhile, Callum asked, “What guarantee do you have?” Callum only had Paul left in his family and couldn’t afford to take any risks.

Stella glanced at Callum with icy disdain, let out a sarcastic laugh and walked away without a word. She had long stopped catering to anyone’s whims. Back then, everyone had to beg her for help. It astonished her that anyone would dare challenge

her now.

“Don’t go,” Callum shouted, his voice cracking with panic as he instinctively tried to grab Stella’s wrist.

Stella dodged him with a cold, razor-sharp gaze that froze him in place. Her pale, almost ghostly face radiated pure attitude, silently warning him to back off and not even think about touching her.

“Hands off!” Stella said flatly, her patience clearly shot. “Try that again, and I’ll cut your damn hand off.”

Callum was speechless. As a superstar, he knew this was no act of playing hard to get or trying to drive up the price.

The lethal intensity in her eyes was real. He did not doubt that if he reached out again, she would act without hesitation.

The real shock came when Callum instinctively turned toward the source of that icy, suffocating aura and found himself locked on a pair of chilling, unfathomable eyes.

Callum was struck dumb, a sense of impending doom washing over him. It felt as if an invisible hand had seized his throat, its grip tightening relentlessly.

The tension in the room was palpable. Suddenly, Caleb’s phone rang, catching him off guard. He glanced at the caller ID and saw it was his assistant.

His assistant would never call at this hour unless it was something urgent. Caleb stepped aside to take the call. Caleb repeated, "What did you say? The Gray family has the Vitalis Pill"

Shock spread across Caleb's face as his voice shot up. Everyone instinctively looked at him. Callum felt a surge of wild relief, realizing that with the Vitalis Pill, his grandfather still had a chance.

"Leave. Now," Callum snapped, regaining his composure as he turned to Stella and pointed toward the door, making it clear he was ordering her out.

"I'll be waiting for you to beg me," Stella shot back, her voice calm and full of swagger. She didn't lose that badass, icy look for a second as she turned and headed straight for Sebastian.

As she passed by Samuel, Stella paused for a moment and turned her head. "Don't use the Vitalis Pill," she said coldly, just a chilly reminder.

Stella was certain they would go for it in the end. Samuel frowned but remained silent. She left without waiting for his response or looking back. Downstairs at the hospital, Stella waited for John to bring the car around.

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## Chapter 32

"Wait!" Emily called out, running up behind her, out of breath.

"What's up?" Stella asked, glancing sideways at her. The movement made her shirt collar slip, showing off a flash of her delicate, almost dazzlingly pale collarbone.

"Sorry, I didn't expect the Gray family to have..." Emily said. She couldn't even look Stella in the eye. The pride she used to have was nowhere to be seen on her pretty face.

Stella gave her an indifferent look. Before Emily could say anything, a black Mercedes-Benz roared into the parking lot. The back door swung open, and out stepped a five-year-old boy named Ryan, dressed to the nines in a tiny black suit and a bow

tic.

He was clutching a small box encrusted with diamonds. That had to be the Vitalis Pill. Stella's eyes grew cold, her gaze sharp and unyielding. Half of her face lost in shadow, she radiated an eerie, almost suffocating intensity.

Next out of the car were Sophia and Richard. They clearly hadn't expected to run into Stella here, and Richard's smug grin was still plastered on his face before he could wipe it away. The moment he saw Stella, his expression turned downright vicious.

you who made the Pierce Group dicly cut all ties with the Gray Group today?"  
Richard spat.

With Sebastian nowhere arouchup him, all his old grudges and fresh hatred boiled over. Richard was dead set on making Stella pay. The Pi

p switching sides and stabbing the Gray family in the back today was the last thing anyone expected.

When they

Gray C

order came straight from Carlos himself, they were floored. Just days ago, the Pierce Group and e deal. Now, Pierce Group would rather cough up a fat breach-of-contract fee than stick with it.

ope finally called and spilled the truth that they realized the whole mess traced back to that little ella. It was a real slap in the face.

been for the Vitalis Pill Sophia had secretly stashed, the Gray Group would've been a total laughingstock today. way over, Richard already had a whole list of demands ready for those people.

ard was convinced that the Pierce family had chosen the wrong side and would soon regret it. With that thought ning in his mind, he charged straight toward Stella, looking ready to tear her apart.

he people who had stepped out of the Gray family's car did not try to stop him. Emily hurried to block Stella's path, but Stella barely moved.

In the blink of an eye, Emily was deftly sidesteppe and found herself standing right back wher

Stella's expression remained masked a flicker of irri down in a heap.

side before she realized what had happened. Emily blinked Find blank with confusion.

her right foot with casual precision, her lashes lowering as she clean kick sent the burly Richard skidding across the pavement, crashing

Emily

tunned, blinking in disbelief as her mind struggled to catch up with what she had at before she could move to help Richard, a dark shadow loomed over her.

at as she looked up, only to lock eyes with Stella, whose chillingly beautiful face was cold to the bone. ped around Sophia's jaw, tilting her head up, and the pain made Sophia yelp.

phia, Ryan yelled, but he didn't dare get any closer. Emily couldn't stand by anymore and was about to tell etit go, but she froze when she heard what Stella said next.

when Annette

the medicine and deliberately let her wait for death?" Stella demanded, her voice cold

ace.

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Chapter at

Sophia was drenched in swear from the pain, her neatly styled silver bun unraveling at the back of her heari

The Vitalis Pill could restore life and regiminh energy. When Annette was on the brink of death, if it hadn't been for Stella's unexpected intervention, she would or teen a goner. Realizing is, Emily's eyes toward Sophia hardened, her whole attitude shifting in an instant

Everyone in town knew all about the Gray family's drama. That Annette could still have Carlos completely hooked at her age was proof that she had some great skills

ch glided to a stop. The window rolled down, and Sebastian's eyes flashed with a dangerous, predatory glint aver Sophia and the others, cold and merciless

ith you?” Sebastian asked, his voice icy and direct. Everyone could tell he was talking to Stella.

stared in disbelief, certain that anyone with functioning eyes could see who the bully was. They were wondering whether Sebastian was blind or just pretending.

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Chapter 53

Stella fell silent for a moment before letting go. “No,” she said, slipping her hand back toward her pocket.

But the lingering, old-fashioned pottery scent on Sophia’s hard cool and a little rough to the touch, made her stop. A disinfectant wipe was handed out from the car window.

Emth watched in silence as Stella took it. her expression finally softening a little.

Take them upstairs Stella said, her hostility fading as she spoke to Emily, returning to her usual nonchalant demeanor as if nothing had happened. Since they were so eager to show off, she wasn’t about to stop them.

Richard struggled to his feet and shot Stella a warning glance. She snorted and flicked her foot lazily, sending him stumbling back into the hospital as if he had no balance at all.

Stella thought it was pathetic. Then, she opened the car door and slid inside, finally noticing Sebastian wearing a Bluetooth carpiece, absorbed in conversation.

With his chin resting on one hand, Sebastian looked a little irritable and cold as he stared out the hospital room window. His side profile was striking, but no one could guess what was running through his mind.

“Yeah. Sebastian replied on the phone, but his attention was caught by the item lying at his feet. It was a black digital watch. like the one Lucas had worn that morning. It must have slipped out of Stella’s pocket at some point.

With his usual monk-like calm and detachment, Sebastian reached down and picked up the watch. He glanced at Stella, but she didn’t notice.

The calm voice on the other end of the line continued, “Weren’t you supposed to pull back and return to Dorestan? What made you change your mind?”

According to the original plan, the Gray Group should have already gone down in flames, and Sebastian should have taken Lucas and Annette back to Dorestan. Something had clearly made him change course.

“Just an accident.” Sebastian replied, his face unreadable as he fiddled with the watch in his hand. For the first time in his empty, lonely life, he had allowed himself to care for someone.

“You really spooked those people from Red Shadow today,” the other man chuckled, giving him a casual warning.

Sebastian answered coolly, “Whatever. I’m hanging up.”

The other person went silent for a moment, then Sebastian ended the call. John didn’t start the car, since he hadn’t received any orders. Truth be told, he was still unsettled by what had happened.

Everyone knew Stella was the real deal. If she said Paul could not take the Vitalis Pill, he shouldn’t. If she promised to fix Paul’s hand, it would get done.

John seemed to have forgotten how careful he had been with Stella when she first appeared. Now he was sulking about it.

“Mr. Gray, are we heading back to the island?” John asked.

“No,” Stella replied, still staring at her phone without looking up.

John instinctively glanced at Sebastian in the rearview mirror, and after getting the nod, he sat there quietly, waiting.

At that moment, Stella’s phone screen was filled with scrambled code. The tacky pink rhinestones that once adorned it were long gone, and her system had been re-encrypted and upgraded again, part of her usual routine. Moments later, she sent a specially encrypted email.

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ning Froes. Perler ampet Dad Annete is afready howling to the hospital with the Vitalis Pill

with the Pres only tranghet, she will te om oppf the world and we are seriously thinking of breaking the

We’re heading

raight for trouble

per & Tyne Infant Pelope ground her teeth in brustration. All that money he had poured in was real cash.

Retslope Annette will lying in the hospital. Don’t get aliad of yourself, Blake sail, rocking a loud floral shirt. He waged in from crude, pulled out a chair, and flopped down next to her.

des, when Annette was at death’s door, that old fag Sophia had the medicine and wouldn’t give it

Now she’s racing to the hospital as if her own life depended on it. That’s exactly the kind of person she is.” he added while a rad varend him a bowl of beef soup.

Xarder, always the picture of refinement, dabbed his mouth with a napkin and said. “Blake, character is one thing, and business is another. You can’t mix the two.”

Why not Blake slurped his soup and shot back. Tve got a gut feeling that something big is about to happen tonight.”

Xander's eyes flashed with a hint of disdain, and he continued, Blake, do you even know what the Vitalis Pill does?" He spoke slowly, every word measured and gentlemanly, contrasting with the reckless playboy across from him even sharper.

Blake rolled his eyes and continued. "Who cares what that so-called Vitalis Pill does? To my knowledge, the only one in all of Jaffina belonged to the Trent family.

I don't know what happened, but something went up in flames over there. Now, Sophia steps forward to offer the pill and puts herself directly in harm's way. How reckless is that?"

Xander was left speechless. For once, Kendrick looked a little impressed with Blake, his usually good-for-nothing grandson. Seeing this, Xander and his mother shared a grim look, and they kept quiet after that.

No one knew that Penelope had secretly invested 15 million in the Gray family's project under her husband's family's name. She was praying harder than anyone for the Gray family to hit it big tonight, so she could cash out big time.

At the hospital, Caleb had a fake smile plastered on his face as he looked at Richard, but he could barely hide his irritation.

Caleb thought, 'Richard comes in demanding prime city land as if it were nothing. If he's that competent, why not go for something bigger? Carlos kicked Sebastian out of the Gray Group over this? Carlos has lost his mind.

Meanwhile, Landen took a whiff of the pill, confirmed it was the Vitalis Pill, and gave the others a nod.

Hurry and save my grandfather!" Callum let out a sigh of relief and shouted, desperate to get the pill into Paul's body. But the other three elders exchanged glances, their expressions complicated.

Do you think that little girl was for real?" Landen muttered under his breath.

Just now, his grandson Nathan had filled him in on what happened at his hospital, and Samuel had mentioned that the same girl was the lead surgeon during the Lilac Medical Forum live stream. Now, he wasn't so sure anymore. No one answered

him.

“Mr. Quinn, Henry, the bodyguard, started, wanting to say something but holding back. He hadn’t interacted with Stella much, but his gut told him he should trust her. Still, he felt uneasy.

Watching Callum walk into the hospital room with the pill, Henry kept his mouth shut. Henry thought, ‘Perhaps it will help. After all, the Vitalis Pill is renowned nationwide for pulling people back from the brink of death.

Inside, Callum didn’t hesitate at all and gave the pill straight to Paul.

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### Chapter 33

All Callum wanted was for his grandfather to survive. The room was dead quiet, just the steady beeping of the machines.

Emily came in behind the elders, and as she watched, Paul’s fat once gray and lifeless, slowly started to look normal again. It seemed like things were turning around. The dark cloud weighing on everyone’s hearts began to fade away

Paul’s eyelids twitched, and for a split second, Callum was over e moon. But then, out of nowhere, thick, blackish-red blood started gushing from Paul’s mouth. Everyone freaked ound called for doctors.

Downstairs in the car, Stella flicked her eyelids open, not a hint emotion on her face.

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## **Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel**

### **Chapter 54**

## Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams - 54

### Chapter 54

“Do you like that plot in the South District?” Stella asked, lazily popping her chin up with one hand, her eyes calm and detached, as if she had no clue how outrageous her words sounded.

John was stunned. He trusted Stella’s skills as a doctor, but asking for a plot of land as payment was another matter altogether. It felt like she was going too far.

This was no ordinary plot of land. It sat in the South District, where every inch was worth its weight in gold. Apartments in the area sold for over a thousand dollars per square foot.

For years, the city government had held on to two prime parcels in the South District, refusing to release them, while every major player in Haliville’s business world watched closely, waiting for an opening. That land was pure gold.

g unconcerned.

“How about I give it to you?” Stella offered as she yawned, her eyes rimmed with sleepiness, looking

Sebastian stayed silent, his gaze cool and distant. His face was deathly pale, almost sickly, but there was something hauntingly attractive about him. No matter the angle, he was flawless.

John was left speechless. He thought, ‘One has the nerve to make the offer, and the other has the nerve to accept it’

Suddenly, Emily burst out of the hospital’s revolving doors and rushed straight to the Maybach. Her once-spotless white coat was now splattered with blood, her face ghostly pale as she pounded on the car window. The window slid down.

“I told you already,” Stella said coldly.

Stella did not move an inch. Emily was left speechless, her face burning with shame. This was not the reminder. Stella had warned them twice already.

Once was a mistake, twice was a warning, and three times was asking for trouble. Emily thought that if she had been in Stella's shoes, she would have been furious as well.

Now, Stella was the one left to clean up their mess. But Paul's condition couldn't be put off any longer.

"Stella, please, save my grandfather," Callum, pale as death, suddenly appeared behind Emily and shouted, his hands and clothes covered in blood. He looked at Stella in the car like she was his last lifeline.

All that earlier confidence, telling her to leave, had vanished. Seeing Stella unmoved, Callum lowered his gaze, lips pressed tight, about to beg her.

But before Callum did that, a foot in a white sneaker lazily blocked his way. Callum looked up in shock, only to see Stella standing outside the car, her gaze icy as she looked down at him.

Out in the hallway, Richard and Sophia, who had been swaggering and haggling with Caleb only moments earlier, were now struck silent, as though their tongues had been cut out.

Through a crack in the door, they had seen Paul coughing up blood, and the sight scared the living daylights out of them.

"Sophia, are we in trouble?" Richard asked. Ever the coward, he already had one foot out the door.

Sophia looked panicked and asked, "Ryan, what should we do?"

She'd gotten used to relying on her genius great-grandson to fix things whenever trouble hit. But no matter how smart Ryan was, he was still just five years old.

As Sophia, Ryan, and Richard, nerves on edge, were being escorted to the lounge, the elevator doors slid open.

Stella stepped out, hands in her pockets, cool and aloof, with Emily and Callum trailing behind her. She pushed open the

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door to the ward with the swagger of a boss.

Paul was still fighting for his life. Blood kept pouring from his mouth, his vitals crashing fast. The doctors crowded around him, helpless, not knowing what to do.

“Move aside,” Stella said coldly behind the doctors. They scrambled out of the way before they even realized it.

Landen’s face lit up with joy the moment he saw Stella walk in.

Samuel wasted no time and kicked everyone out of the room except Emily. Stella strode over to the bed, her eyes cool and sharp as she looked Paul over.

“Hand me the needles,” Stella said, reaching out. No one moved for a moment, so she shot Callum an impatient look.

“Your grandfather’s silver needles,” she said. Callum blinked. If Stella didn’t look so serious, he’d have thought she was throwing shade.

“I see,” Callum muttered.

“I’ve got them,” Samuel said and cleared his throat. He’d brought Paul’s favorite acupuncture needles, never expecting they’d come in handy.

Without even looking at the case, Stella picked up five silver needles. She flicked them lightly, and the needles, so thin that they seemed almost weightless, stood perfectly upright as she placed them down.

The crowd fell silent. Samuel’s jaw dropped. He couldn’t believe there were still young people capable of acupuncture at that

level.

Before anyone could even blink, Stella, stone-faced, inserted all five needles into the top of Paul’s head in one smooth motion. Everyone was stunned.

Everyone knew that part of the body was supposed to be the hardest, yet Stella inserted the needles as if it were nothing.

The shock had not even worn off when she said coolly that she was done. Everyone stared in disbelief, unable to comprehend what she meant.

As if to clear up everyone’s confusion, the medical monitor that had been screaming alarms moments ago suddenly went quiet. All the numbers jumped back to normal, and even the blood that had been pouring from Paul’s mouth stopped cold.

Caleb gawked and said, “Seriously? Just like that?” It hadn’t even taken thirty seconds, which made all that panic completely unnecessary.

Stella shot Callum a half-smirk and added, “Even with all the answers laid out, you still managed to mess it up. That’s just dumb.”

Callum was speechless. Honestly, he did feel pretty dumb, as if he’d just been through a nightmare.

“Why couldn’t we use the Vitalis Pill?” Landen blurted out.

Now that he was sure his old friend was out of danger, Landen, the legendary medicine fanatic, couldn’t hold back his curiosity. He was dying to know the answer.

Stella said, “The Vitalis Pill amplifies energy to its peak. Paul was drugged and his hands disabled by some external force. His energy was already surging, like a pressure cooker about to explode.

“Giving him that pill now would be like pouring gasoline on a fire. You might as well have wanted him dead.”

Her words were so cold that everyone in the room felt a chill run down their spines.

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## Chapter 34

“Damn bastard!” Victor shouted as he slammed his hand on the table, furious.

All these years, Paul had doted on his top student like his own son, and now he was betrayed so cruelly that even his life hung by a thread.

Victor wanted to grab that bastard and demand to know what Paul had ever done to him.

“And one more thing.” Stella said, her eyes flashing with a cold glint. Everyone turned to her instinctively, hanging on her every word.

“You’d better track down that missing Vitalis Pill ASAP before it causes more trouble,” Stella warned.

“Wait, are you saying the Gray family...” Caleb blurted out, his voice rising in shock. Stella shot him a look, and Caleb instantly felt a chill run down his spine.

“What Ms. Carter means is that the Vitalis Pill has probably already fallen into the hands of Tongalian. With the International Traditional Medicine Summit coming up in half a month, things could get a whole lot messier,” Nathan said, his tone heavy with concern.

The Trent family had to turn the whole place upside down and get to the bottom of this. If that Vitalis Pill ended up as someone else’s trophy at the International Traditional Medicine Summit in half a month, the Trent family would be disgraced.

“Ms. Carter, you said you could fix his hands with surgery earlier. Is that still on the table?” Samuel asked, his eyes blazing with anticipation as he stared at her.

His question made everyone freeze, holding their breath. After what they’d witnessed, nobody dared doubt her anymore. Stella nodded without missing a beat, her voice lazy and unbothered.

She tilted her head and glanced at Caleb before she said, “I can do the surgery, but the price has doubled.”

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## **Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 55**

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**Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams - 55**

## Chapter 55

Caleb was stunned, unable to understand why Stella was looking at him like that. The room fell silent.

Everyone had expected Stella to make a big demand, but now that the moment had come, even the elders felt uneasy. especially after witnessing Richard's greed moments ago.

They could hardly believe that Richard had asked Caleb to hand over the prime plot in the South District and wondered how he could say such a thing.

Callum said, "What do you want? As long as it's within the Penn family's capabilities, I'll agree."

Stella didn't give Callum a second look. Having seen Sebastian, a face meant to make hearts race left her unmoved.

"I want both of those plots in the South District," Stella said, her tone straightforward. Everyone there was stunned.

They were stunned by her greed. She was greedier than Richard. At least Richard had only asked for one plot, but she was demanding both. The South District was prime real estate, and they couldn't understand how she could even say that.

"You..." Callum started, but before he could finish, Stella brushed him aside without a second thought and locked eyes with Caleb.

"Money is not an issue. Do the paperwork however you see fit," Stella said. Caleb was left speechless, his mind reeling.

"Do you know how much that costs?" Emily leaned in and whispered. She thought that none of the big three families in Haliville, the Gray, Pierce, or Chase families, could pull this off alone and that Stella needed to quit.

"Well, actually..." Caleb cleared his throat and stammered, finally finding his voice.

He had no way to explain that the two prime plots in the South District were not just off limits but literally could not be sold. The authorities had already decided that they would become the new headquarters for Lab 709 when it returned to the

country.

Stella's eyes were clear and cold as she said, "Lab 709, huh?" Her words made everyone's face change. Lab 709 was the largest scientific lab in Monterra.

In just a few years, it had brought together a ton of top scientists from all over the world, rivaling even Monterra's own national labs.

They'd made breakthroughs in quantum information, quantum mechanics, and quantum computing, and had even played a key role in Clusia's military advancements. Clusia's top brass had been trying to lure them back for years, but Lab 709 never gave in.

So those two plots in the South District had been left hanging. Stella casually glanced at her watch, not bothered at all. 'By now, they must've already received that encrypted email, she thought.

"Pick up your phone," Stella said to Caleb.

Caleb blinked. His phone wasn't ringing. At least, not yet. But the very next second, his work phone started ringing, and he couldn't help but stare at Stella in shock.

Even after he finished the call, Caleb was still in a daze. Lab 709 had just agreed to return, and one of their conditions was shocking.

Caleb gave Stella a complicated look. She was still sitting there, cool and indifferent as ever, but from that moment on, he knew he could never afford to underestimate her again.

"Ms. Carter, those two plots in the South District are yours now. I'll make sure everything gets priority handling, and we'll get all the paperwork done as fast as possible. Here's my number Please save it so we can stay in touch," Caleb said.

1/3

Even the clueless could see how catch had changed. Those toime plots in the South District had gone to Stella, just like that

sally can't stand the Cray Group these days? Stella said colliter saving Caleb's number. Anyone with half a brain could read between the imex. The Cray Crump shot up to become one of Haliville's big three families, all thanks to Sebastian's

exx decisiveness

Now that Nebastian was out of the picture, and Carlos was so sure Richard and the others could take the Gray Group to new heights, Stella was going to kick back and see how it all played c

understand, Calebs replied with a nod, getting the message log and clear.

And another thing. Stella said coolly, her voice icy as she laid yet another condition. Everyone was left speechless.

Downstairs, inside the Maybach, Sebastian was in the middle of video call when his phone rang. He fell silent, pausing the meeting. Leaning back in the black leather seat, he radiated a cool, unapproachable presence that made him seem utterly untouchable.

Colten, Sebastian said, his voice flat and unreadable, giving away nothing of what he was thinking.

“What’s the deal with that girl you’re with?” Colten asked. Colten who was usually so composed, sounded rattled. Sebastian didn’t say a word, his face unreadable.

But Colten was used to Sebastian’s cold attitude, so he carried on “Both plots in the South District have already been signed over to her.”

Sebastian’s handsome but pale face remained unreadable, his eyes holding a look that was impossible to decipher. Sebastian said, “Her information must be secured with top-level clearance only.”

“You can count on that. If anything happens, Lab 709 would never agree to it,” Colten replied.

Sebastian asked about Lab 709. His voice was cold and detached as he ended the video call with a swipe. His flawless, almost unfairly handsome face slipped into the shadows, leaving his expression unreadable.

Colten gave him the highlights, and Sebastian listened in silence. John, sitting in the driver’s seat, couldn’t help but notice. that Sebastian seemed to be in surprisingly good spirits.

“And also, she...” Colten started, but cut himself off mid-sentence

‘Sebastian will figure it out in a couple of days anyway. There is no need to ruin the surprise,’ Colten thought.

“What?” Sebastian pressed.

“Nothing. I’ve got to go. Bring Lucas over for a meal sometime. We miss him,” Colten said with a chuckle.

If Colten’s subordinates could see him like this, they would be surprised. The always-stern, iron-faced Colten had a soft side in private.

Sebastian was silent for a moment before he agreed. He thought. It’s probably time I let Lucas have some normal contact

with the outside world.

Sebastian glanced up, his eyes drifting through the car window to the glowing hospital room above. For once, a rare warmth appeared on his flawless, striking face.

In the scrub zone outside the operating room, Stella was scrubbing in while Emily hovered nearby, looking like she wanted to say something but couldn’t get it out.

“You...” Emily began, but she couldn’t find the words. Every time she saw Stella, Stella managed to blow her mind all over again.

2/3

## Chapter 30

Stella glanced at Emily in the mirror, a faint smile tugging at her lips. Stella thought, ‘She’s quite helpful as a surgical

assistant.

“I’d advise you not to fall for Sebastian,” Emily blurted out, thinking about what Stella had said to Caleb. Stella arched a brow, her expression a mix of amusement and intrigue.

“You’ve seen those prayer beads he always wears, right?” Emily added, dropping her voice to a conspiratorial whisper, as if she were sharing juicy gossip with her best friend.

“Rumor has it those prayer beads were a gift from a woman. And seriously, he’s never been seen with any other women all these years. People say he’s been saving himself for his true love Emily continued.

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## **Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 56**

Read Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 56 -

### **Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams - 56**

Chapter 56

Sebastian was unrivaled in Haliville for his looks. His beauty was almost otherworldly, dangerously captivating.

Ever since the incident with the Gray family, rumors had been spreading that painted him as a monster. The Gray family never bothered to set the record straight, letting every wild story run unchecked through the streets. He really was intimidating in person.

Stella just stayed silent, her expression calm as she thought about the black prayer beads Sebastian always kept with him.

She couldn't be bothered to explain her relationship with Sebastian to Emily. Stella was petty, vengeful, and fiercely protective of those she cared about, but she always kept her word

Since Sebastian had signed a contract with her for 30 million dollars, she was determined to protect him and his nephew until the contract ended.

"Let's go in," Stella said lazily.

Outside the operating room, it was already late at night. Landen finally had a moment to deal with the matter of the swapped pills, but as he was about to call home, a blood-curdling scream from the hospital corridor made him jump.

The air was thick with the stench of blood. Henry instantly went on high alert, shielding Victor as he scanned the area warily. The mechanical hum of an electric wheelchair echoed through the hallway, sending a chill down everyone's spine.

Sebastian sat in the wheelchair, dressed head-to-toe in black, a thin black blanket draped over his legs. His eyes were as deep and cold as the night, showing no trace of human emotion.

His face was so strikingly handsome that it was almost unreal, but completely expressionless. The icy aura he gave off was so overwhelming that it turned the hallway into a scene straight out of hell.

Behind him, John dragged a man covered in blood, his face grim. The floor was smeared with blood. With a heavy thud, the blood-soaked man was tossed right in front of Landen. Landen nearly jumped out of his skin.

Landen squinted, barely recognizing the man as his own butler. "Sebastian, you'll pay for this," the butler snapped.

The blood-soaked man lifted his head and let out a bone-chilling scream. His legs, their tendons slashed, had been dragged so long that they were reduced to a mangled, bloody mess. The sight was too gruesome to behold.

Even Richard, Ryan, and Sophia, forgotten in the lounge, were startled by the chaos. Sebastian absentmindedly played with his prayer beads, his gaze cold and indifferent, as if the bloody man was nothing more than a corpse.

Sebastian looked up, locking eyes with Landen. In that instant, his stare was so icy and twisted that it could make anyone's blood run cold.

"Sebastian, you..." Landen stammered. Even at his age, Landen was still overwhelmed by the horror of the scene. The blood on the floor was pooling into a winding stream, and the smell was so overpowering that it nearly knocked him out.

The lounge door creaked open just a crack. Nathan's expression was heavy as he carefully brought out a half-burned, yellowed ancient book.

If it hadn't been for Sebastian, Nathan wouldn't have managed to save this much. The moment Landen laid eyes on the scorched book, his face went pale.

It was the Compendium of Medicinal Plants, an ancient manual of herbal formulas, older than the Standard Guide to Healing Plants. For over a century, it had been the Trent family's most treasured heirloom.

The Compendium of Medicinal Plants was one of a kind. Its contents were encrypted in a secret code by the author, divided 1/3

## Chapter 56

into two volumes, and contained nearly a hundred formulas, each a potential lifesaver.

The Trent family owned only the second volume, and after a century of research, they had managed to decipher seven recipes. Yet even those seven had been enough to keep the family prosperous for generations.

This book had always been locked away in the safe along with the pills, and now it appeared to be ruined. Landen's hand shook as he reached for it, and in that instant, he looked ten years older.

Sebastian's voice was icy as blood pooled at his feet. At his command, John seized the butler by the collar and forced him to face the room. The butler's screams were guttural and tortured.

"They only gave me money and said the book was worthless. They claimed nobody could understand it and that they'd rather see it burned than left in Clusia. I must have been out of my mind," the butler stammered.

Landen clenched his jaw so hard that it felt as if his teeth might rack. He shook with rage, struggling to breathe, his eyes blazing with hatred for the butler.

"Burn it rather than let it remain in Clusia? Those Tongalian bastards! This is a national treasure. If that isn't shameless, then nothing is, Landen cursed inwardly.

Landen held the half-burned ancient book, the words so scorched that they were nearly illegible. He felt as if he had let down generations of his family, his lips trembling so violently that he could not speak. The others watched, their faces heavy with anger.

Landen thought, Those Tongalian had already worked their way into the top families and were causing trouble at every turn. Who knows what else they did right under our noses?’

“Since you betrayed your country, you can forget about keeping your legs. And since you love stealing, you can say goodbye to your hands,” Sebastian sneered coldly.

Without a moment’s hesitation, John swung the knife down, slicing off the butler’s hand right in front of everyone.

Peeking through the crack in the door, Sophia let out a blood-curdling scream. Her eyes rolled back in terror, and she passed out cold, collapsing backward.

As pale as a ghost, Ryan slammed the door shut with a bang. ‘Sebastian is a total psycho, a bloodthirsty maniac!’ he thought.

“Mr. Quinn,” Henry started, wanting to step in, but Landen raised a hand to stop him. Suddenly, the operating room door swung open from the inside. The surgery was already over.

Everyone was still in a daze from the carnage, staring blankly at the door. Then, like he’d gotten some secret signal, John coolly slipped the bloody knife into Nathan’s hand, kept his poker face, and went right back to Sebastian’s side.

Just like that, all the bloodthirsty madness around Sebastian faded away. Nathan was left speechless, totally lost.

Nathan stared at the bloody knife in his hand, then at Stella as she stepped out of the operating room, her expression unreadable. Confusion twisted in his chest. When she caught sight of the mess outside, she paused, her eyes widening for moment.

a

“The surgery was a success,” she said, breaking the silence. She turned to Callum, who was still reeling from the bloodbath, one hand clamped over his mouth as if he was about to puke.

“Stella,” Nathan started, about to warn her about the mess on the floor, but before he could finish, Stella stepped over the bloody, mangled mess without blinking, heading straight for Sebastian.

Everyone watched in stunned silence, unable to believe how unfazed she appeared. Stella reached out and adjusted the thin blanket over Sebastian's legs. Her eyes paused on the prayer beads at his wrist before moving away.

"Why are you here?" she asked, her tone flat and unreadable. Even after finishing an intense, high-precision surgery, Stella

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## **Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 57**

Read Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 57 -

### **Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams - 57**

Chapter 57

veryone with dishchef that Stella knew the Compendion of Medicinal Plants.

Do you know \* anden asked eyes glued to Stella like she was his lifeline.

Stella didn't pause for a second. She sensed instantly that saying yes would be a mistake and shook her head without a second thought.

"No, Ive never heard of it. I don't know what it is," Stella replied everyone stared at her, speechless. If she hadn't just dropped the book's name so confidently earlier, they might've bought her story.

Stella kept sipping her coffee, shooting Callum a cold, badass look. Her eyes carried a rebellious glint.

Calhan blinked, confused. Stella said. "The surgery is done,"

Stella thought. Was I not being clear enough? Those two plots in the South District are the key to her knife work, and she still needs the main payment

Callum said. "Thank you. I was out of line before, and you..."

As Stella's gaze afraid of pi

hint.

her expression turned icy, Callum's voice trailed off. He couldn't figure her out, and he was

with Stella before, he tried to smooth things over, while Henry shot him a subtle gesture.

h a rush that I didn't bring any cash. How about you give me your bank card numbers, and I'll transfer the Callum said, already pulling out his phone.

face darkened, his icy aura making the whole room feel suffocating.

old this, Stella said, not glancing at Sebastian as she handed him her half-finished coffee. Everyone's expression changed instantly. They all knew Sebastian was a total clean freak, let alone holding someone else's used drink.

But in the very next second, everyone was stunned as Sebastian reached out and took it, looking as obedient as could be.

Everyone stared, dumbfounded. Callum's daily transfer limit was 2 million, and he sent the full amount to Stella without a second thought.

The moment she was speechless.

her gorgeous face lit up with a satisfied smile. Everyone was left

“M

Ford, and I’ll be there, Callum declared.

It could have charmed anyone, but Stella had already looked away, giving him no further

respite. She turned back from Sebastian and glanced at his wrist, assessing it. She was already planning to pick out a nice dress for the mall tomorrow afternoon. After all, he was her main backer, and she needed to keep him pleased.

He couldn’t shake the feeling that Stella was looking at him like he was a little kid she needed to coax. ‘Nah, I must be gining things, he thought.

As Stella stepped “Seriously, do

Nathan

1/2

accidentally landed her foot in some blood. She shot Nathan a look of utter disdain and said,

“Conscience at all?”

or words. He instinctively glanced over at the real culprit, John, only to see him nodding with a

deadpan face, not a shred of shame, and giving Nathan a look like he was nobody.

Nathan felt their shamelessness keenly. Behind them, Emily assisted Samuel out better than the two of them how flawless the surgery had been.

of the operating room, and no one knew

Even with her usual pride, Emily had to admit that she could never have separated the phrenic nerve from the heart’s surface without any visibility, especially with it lying just one millimeter away.

One millimeter was almost inconceivable, thicker than the very tip of a scalpel. Stella's hands moved with the precision and grace of a master surgeon.

Right now, every cell in Emily's body was buzzing with adrenaline. She'd gladly be Stella's sidekick for life if it meant witnessing skills like that.

Before Emily could speak, Stella arched an eyebrow, as if she had already guessed her thoughts. "As before, I don't want people bothering me over this surgery," she said, her tone calm and commanding.

"Why?" Emily asked, genuinely confused.

Emily thought, "There are 206 bones in the human body, blood vessels long enough to circle the Earth two and a half times, 10,000 taste buds on the tongue, and intestines four to five times a person's height. To me, medicine is absolutely fascinating.

"I'm just too lazy," Stella replied. Right now, all she wanted was to get back to the island and pass out for some real sleep. It was already half past four in the morning in Clusia.

She yawned, turned around, and started pushing Sebastian out of the room.

Suddenly, Landen let out a sob. As Stella was about to leave, he clutched the half-burned Compendium of Medicinal Plants to his chest, slumped back into the shadows, overwhelmed by grief. Stella didn't spare him a glance and kept walking.

"It's all my fault," Landen cried, totally devastated.

Stella kept walking as Landen wailed, "I'll do anything to make amends."

Stella let out a sigh. For some reason, Landen clutching the tattered book made her think of Geezer. A shadow fell over Landen as he looked up at Stella with those pitiful, teary eyes.

Stella was speechless. She thought, 'How do I tell him that look might work on someone as cute as Lucas, yet on a grumpy old man like him, it only makes me want to escape immediately

Stella reached out and took the tattered book from Landen. "This second volume," Stella said, shooting Landen a cryptic look, "is a fake." Everyone there was stunned.

Landen sprang to his feet, eyes blazing. He snapped, “Insult me all you want, but don’t you dare talk trash about my family’s heirloom!”

“Did your family’s hundred-year-old classic seriously get stamped with a cartoon figure?” Stella sneered as she pointed at the bottom right corner of a page.

Landen grabbed the tattered book, and his eyes fell on the bright red cartoon figure stamped in the corner. Its mocking stance felt like a personal jab at him.

‘Who the hell swapped out my treasure?’ Landen fumed inwardly. Stella already had a pretty good idea who the culprit was. That cartoon figure stamp looked like something Geezer would do. He loved jetting around the globe, swiping family heirlooms from the world’s richest families.

Following that logic, the real deal she’d seen before might have come from... Seeing Landen in front of her, fuming and ranting, Stella couldn’t help but feel a rare pang of guilt for once.

2/3

## Chapter 57

If it’s the content you care about, I’ll write it out for you when I get the chance,” Stella offered.

Landen, who had been cursing up a storm, suddenly went silent staring at Stella in utter disbelief. He dug his finger in his ear, as if he couldn’t believe what he’d just heard.

“Victor, did she just say she’s going to copy it for me?” Landen asked, turning to his friend in confusion.

After getting a nod of confirmation, Landen looked back at Stella, still dazed.

“Wait, are you for real?” he asked.

“I’ll copy the entire set for you,” Stella said after a moment of thought. She even seemed aware of how unusually generous

that was.

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## **Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 58**

Read Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 58 -

### **Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams - 58**

Chapter 58

“You’re not trying to pull one over on me, are you?” Landen asked, feeling like he was in a dream.

Stella, whose conscience was barely kicking in, stood there speechless. She turned to leave, but Landen scrambled after her, grabbed her wrist, and plopped down on the floor like a kid throwing a tantrum. “No, you can’t go,” he said.

Stella was speechless. How does a man in his seventies or eighties manage to be this shameless, and so good at it?’ she thought.

She gave Nathan a blank look, and he quickly looked away, feeling a twinge of guilt. After all, some elders were gentle and compliant, while others were utterly unpredictable.

Landen whimpered, contorting his face into a pitiful expression Stella and everyone else were left speechless.

“My heart hurts so much. Am I about to die?” Landen said as he kept looking at Stella with those big, sad eyes, pouting like a child about to cry. Stella was speechless, and so was everyone else.

“Only the Compendium of Medicinal Plants can keep me alive now,” Landen said, sneaking a glance at her from the corner of his eye. Everyone there was left speechless again.

Nathan thought, 'He ate two steaks the other day.'

As Landen was about to pull another stunt, Stella raised her hand to cut him off, "Stop! Give me paper and pen." Landen's eyes lit up. Paper and pen were quickly brought over.

"Which formula do you want to know?" Stella asked.

"The Harmonizing Formula," Landen blurted out without hesitation. This was the eighth formula from the Compendium of Medicinal Plants that the Trent family had been studying for ten years. But after all that time, they'd only managed to figure out a quarter of it.

Stella lifted her hand and began scribbling a few lines, her strokes confident and expressive. Victor, who was obsessed with calligraphy, felt a surge of excitement.

Watching her write with such

As he studied the handwriting, a strange sense of familiarity tugged at him, and he wondered where he had seen it before.

The moment Stella finished, the ink was still wet when Landen snatched the paper, his hands trembling with excitement. It was the Harmonizing Formula.

The first quarter matched his memory perfectly, and he had always assumed that the rest would be lost to his grandchildren after he was gone. He never imagined he would see it in his lifetime.

"You're such a miracle doctor," Landen sobbed, his tears streaming and his expression almost comically desperate. Stella could only stand there, speechless, wishing he would release her leg.

Before Stella could react, a cold, powerful hand gripped her wrist and yanked her into Sebastian's lap. His aura was icy and overwhelming, and the familiar dark, woody scent enveloped her. No one dared approach, and everyone watched in stunned silence.

"She's tired," Sebastian said, his voice deep and intimidating, his eyes glinting with icy warning as he stared down Landen.

His large hand, adorned with glinting prayer beads, rested on the back of Stella's head, fingers threading through her dark, slightly wavy hair. He pulled her onto his lap as if it were the most ordinary thing, unconcerned by the stunned looks around them.

Landen, who had been throwing a tantrum moments ago, rose immediately, silent and cautious. Stella remained still, intending to stand but instead leaning back lazily into Sebastian's arms, letting out a deliberately casual yawn.

1/3

## Chapter 38

That was when everyone remembered Stella had been called in midnight and had finished an intense, high-precision surgery. They all looked a little sheepish

Landen held Stella's arm, reactant to let her go, and asked politely. 'Stella, could you add me on WhatsApp? Have you been busy lately Stella ignored formalities and pulled out her phone adding everyone in the room

If Sebastian hadn't been here keeping things under control, Landen would have stayed a little longer to soak up Stella's

presence

"I will be busy? Stella replied. She really wasn't making excuses.

Busy with what?" Landen pressed.

I'm about to start at Edenbury Academy, Stella replied. Everyone was left speechless, completely stunned that she was still a

student.

On the way back in the Maybach. Stella quickly fell asleep, her head resting against the window. Loose strands of hair partially framed her delicate face, and she still held her unfinished coffee, exhaustion clear in every line of her posture.

With every bump in the road. Stella's head knocked against the glass again. Sebastian, who'd been watching her the whole time, shot John a frosty look.

The car slowed. Sebastian reached out, slid his elegant fingers between Stella's head and the window, and gently shifted her so she was resting against his shoulder.

John could hardly find words, stunned by Sebastian's behavior. He could not reconcile this with Sebastian's usual obsession with cleanliness

At Sandridge Island, the car had barely stopped at the manor's gate when Lucas, the small, soft boy who had been resting his chin on his hands, ran over with a pitiful expression. He was still wearing his favorite blue shark pajamas.

Lucas's cheeks puffed up in annoyance as he watched Sebastian carry the sleeping Stella. He planted his hands on his hips, standing resolutely in front of the wheelchair, daring anyone to make him move.

"Move." Sebastian said, his voice calm and laid-back, without his usual icy edge.

Lucas huffed and stamped his foot, not moving. Sebastian's eyes remained blank, his usual icy expression even more unreadable.

Sebastian lifted his wrist and, expression unreadable, gave Lucas a small shake. Lucas froze, staring blankly, unsure of what had happened.

Sebastian kept his face expressionless as he raised his wrist to reveal a matching black digital watch, identical to Lucas's. On him, even a simple digital watch appeared luxurious.

Lucas was frozen, as if he'd turned to stone. His whole world collapsed. Seeing the effect, Sebastian rolled his wheelchair right past Lucas and into the house. A faint, indifferent smirk curled on Sebastian's lips. He left Lucas standing there, totally shattered.

Upstairs, Allan, who'd watched the whole thing unfold, couldn't help but click his tongue. He leaned against the white sheer curtains, arms crossed.

Allan thought, 'Some people may look nice, but their hearts are small and petty. Lucas will have to learn slowly, letting each lesson sink in. Smiling, Allan pulled down his sleep mask, drew the curtains, and fell asleep again.

At half past nine in the morning, Haliville's elite received shocking news. The two prime plots in the South District, long the most sought-after properties in the city, had finally been made public.

News had already spread across Haliville about the Gray family delivering the pill the previous night. Though envy simmered among onlookers, they could not deny that with the Gray family now joining forces with the Penn family, they would rise to the very top.

The Gray family had been determined to secure the two South District plots, but the official results stunned everyone. One of the plots was listed under Sebastian's name, his name standing out in bold letters for all to see.

After being publicly disowned and expelled from Gray Group by Carlos, Sebastian made a dramatic return that no one could ignore.

Gray Group's stock price plummeted, hitting the limit down almost instantly. At Gray Manor, Carlos clenched his fists, his face red with fury. "What on earth is going on here?" Carlos asked.

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## **Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 59**

Read Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 59 -

### **Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams - 59**

## Chapter 59

Carlos had no idea about their hospital run last night until a call came through today.

“Where did you get that medicine?” Carlos asked in disbelief. It was the Vitalis Pill, the only one in all of Clusia, possessed solely by the Trent family.

Sophia rested her head on her hand, exuding a serene, almost ethereal aura. Her tailored dress emphasized her elegance. and her tear-filled eyes met Carlos’s, softening the fire in his heart.

“Richard spent a fortune buying the pill from the Shadow Alliance,” Sophia said gently. “He had been keeping it in reserve, in case it was ever needed to save your life.”

The Shadow Alliance was the world’s largest underground syndicate, a name no one dared speak aloud. With enough money, anything could be bought there.

Carlos went silent, aware that everyone was watching him make a fool of himself, and he didn’t know where to hide his embarrassment.

“Sebastian is still your grandson,” Sophia said, her tone gentle. “He’s not very mobile these days, and letting the South District property sit idle is wasteful. Perhaps you should invite him over for dinner and have a proper talk.”

She masked her disgust with a calm demeanor, though she still couldn’t stomach food after what she had witnessed in the hospital hallway. Carlos looked thoughtful, weighing her words carefully.

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Stella woke on her own, and the first thing she saw was Lucas sitting at the edge of the bed, his small brows furrowed and lips pressed into a pout, a faint shadow of frustration lingering over him.

The moment Stella opened her eyes, Lucas reached for her hand and tugged her off the bed. She stared at him in confusion, unsure what was happening. Before she could react, Lucas had bounced toward the door and led her out, straight into Sebastian’s room.

Stella had a feeling something was off, but before she could react Lucas bounced over, opened the door, and pulled her along into Sebastian's walk-in closet.

It was Stella's first time inside. The cool-toned decoration felt rigid and imposing, and every corner radiated lavish elegance.

On the left, rows of high-end, custom suits and shirts were neatly arranged, all in shades of black, white, and gray, as if Sebastian knew no other colors. On the right, shelves were lined with shoes, ties, belts, and every imaginable accessory.

Lucas waddled over, giggling quietly as he pulled open each drawer one by one, stacking them to form a makeshift ladder. He climbed up and reached the glass case that displayed Sebastian's watches.

Stella could only stare. Every luxury watch brand, including Richard Mille, Patek Philippe, and Rolex, seemed to be there, turning the case into a miniature high-end watch museum.

Pointing at the collection, Lucas chuckled, "Uncle Sebastian has all the watches." Stella had no words. A knock at the door drew her attention, and she looked up to meet Sebastian's gaze.

"What are you doing in here?" Sebastian asked. His expression was frosty and unreadable, and the dark circles under his eyes from a sleepless night made him look even more dangerous.

"Nothing," Stella replied, her voice lazy and slightly hoarse as she scooped Lucas into her arms.

Her gaze lingered on Sebastian's wrist. The cheap digital watch, worth less than the spare change from any of the luxury watches in the closet, somehow looked surprisingly refined on him. Lucas's cheeks puffed up in visible annoyance,

1/3

## Chapter 59

Sebastian's face remained cold and indifferent. He glanced at Stella, who had just woken up, her long silky hair tousled behind her, the collar of her shirt slightly open, revealing a small mole on her pale collarbone.

"I was actually planning to get you a watch that suits you better, Stella said.

Compared to Richard Mille from yesterday, the cheap digital watch was hardly in the same league. Sebastian flexed his wrist and said, 'I'll have Jake drive you this afternoon.'

Lucas suddenly remembered that Stella was heading out alone later. His small face crumpled, and all his energy seemed to drain away.

Sebastian rolled his wheelchair closer to Stella, opened a nearby drawer, and pulled out a black sleeve garter. Stella watched as his long, elegant fingers slid it onto his arm, his refined, chiseled face calm and composed. Every motion was precise and effortlessly striking.

Then Sebastian paused and looked up at her. "Help me," he said. Stella froze for a moment, caught off guard. For some reason, there was an almost magnetic, quietly seductive edge to his tone.

Sebastian shot Lucas, who was cradled in Stella's arms, with a cool, indifferent glance. Lucas, already puffed up, felt a surge

of frustration.

He thought furiously, 'Uncle Sebastian was doing this on purpose. He was trying to prevent Stella from holding me and choosing the trickiest sleeve garter.'

A faint, almost imperceptible smile tugged at Sebastian's lips as he watched Stella set Lucas down and reach for the sleeve garter. Her soft hair brushed against his face, carrying a subtle, sweet scent.

When Stella reached to tuck a stray strand behind her ear, Sebastian's large hand gently anticipated her movement.

"Thanks," Stella said casually, not bothering to look up.

"I've got the plots in the South District," Sebastian said, reclining slightly, his expression calm and unreadable. He had received a call from Caleb.

"I'm handing the other plot over for a partnership," Stella said, naming someone without much thought, her tone calm and unbothered.

"Alright," Sebastian said with a faint shrug, showing neither agreement nor objection. Stella had mastered the art of hitting hard and then instantly sweetening the blow.

Stella said, "I upgraded the chips in both your watch and Lucas's. They're now connected to every smart device in the manor. They can be voice-activated or touch-activated."

"Wherever you are on the island, if Lucas presses this button, Big Ben will find him instantly, and you can check on him at once," Stella explained. She suddenly remembered something, grabbed Sebastian's wrist, and tapped the watch screen to demonstrate the shortcut function.

"I see," Sebastian murmured, idly brushing her hair aside, his thoughts elsewhere.

"All done," Stella said, stepping back. Her silky hair slipped from his fingers, leaving behind a fleeting emptiness. Something flickered in his eyes for a brief moment, unnoticed by anyone but Lucas.

Lucas bristled, his small face flushed with suppressed fury. Stella met Sebastian's cold, piercing gaze with calm composure, pausing deliberately before moving.

"Is there anything you want to ask me?" Stella asked, hands tucked in her pockets as she regarded Sebastian. She never bothered hiding anything from the man footing the bill, and he must have realized she was different from the others.

If he ever changed his mind and wanted her off the island, she would pack up and leave without question.

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Sebastian held her gaze, his eyes lingering in her deep amber eyes before he finally said, "Will you come back every time you leave the island

Stella was already running through possible answers in her mind when Sebastian's low voice, unlike his usual icy indifference, echoed through the chilly walk-in closet and caught her off guard.

She froze for a moment. Even Lucas's small face fell when he heard that, his big, soft eyes looking up at Stella with extra pitiful pleading, as if his whole world depended on her answer.

With both Sebastian and Lucas staring at her, Stella suddenly felt the pressure double. Lucas whimpered and tugged at her hand, begging.

3/3

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## **Paid To Care, Destined To Conquer Novel Chapter 60**

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### **Echoes Of Forgotten Dreams – 60**

Chapter 60

Sebastian's cold, soul-chilling eyes swept over Stella's ankle. With every second of her silence, he became more fixated on what kind of shackle would look best on her.

It was platinum, unbreakable, and encrusted with sparkling diamonds. If she dared to refuse returning, he would keep her trapped on the island, ensuring there was no way for her to escape.

Sebastian lowered his eyes, his presence radiating icy menace. The air in the walk-in closet seemed to grow heavier with each breath.

"I will." Stella said, her voice calm as she reached out to ruffle Lucas's hair gently. "I will come back every time. I promise."

Those simple words brought instant relief. Lucas, delighted by the gesture, let out a soft, contented sound and beamed. The room seemed to brighten with his joy.

He even raised a tiny hand in a playful victory sign toward Sebastian, giggling. Sebastian turned his gaze away, his expression unreadable, thinking to himself that Lucas was childish.

Down in the yard, Allan stood with his arms crossed, clad in a black silk robe. Big Ben mirrored his stance, equally imposing.

Not far away, Snowball was coiled in a tree, fixated on Big Ben, tongue flicking as it drooled. Snowball suddenly blurted out, “It looks so tasty.”

Allan yanked his collar tight, scanning the surroundings as if guarding against intruders. “Who’s there? Who’s peeping at me?” he said.

The wind rustled the treetops, but no one answered. Allan frowned, uncertain if he had imagined it.

“So huge,” came the robotic voice again. Allan instinctively shielded himself. The voice said again, “I want it so bad.”

“All right, this place is haunted,” Allan shouted, his voice echoing across the yard. He stared at the empty yard, utterly bewildered, thinking that the ghost seemed to have a peculiar interest in handsome young men.

Stella stayed calm and expressionless as she approached the tree and reached out toward Snowball. Snowball, eyes fixed on Big Ben, began to slither down.

Snowball continued, “It’s so adorable, but I can’t eat it.” Allan froze, unable to believe his eyes, and wondered if the python was really talking.

Allan remained frozen, utterly dumbfounded, as Snowball slithered lazily behind Stella. When Snowball passed by, it slowly lifted its head, locking eyes with Allan in the most awkward silent stare-down.

Snowball suddenly said, “You’re so ugly.”

Allan’s jaw dropped. ‘Could he be getting insulted by a python? Did that python call me ugly?’ he demanded.

“Stella, I swear my ears must be full of wax. Did that thing say I’m ugly?” Allan asked as he clutched his chest, gritting his teeth.

Stella gave a faint, knowing smile and replied, “Yes, it did.”

Allan’s face flushed with rage. He imagined ripping the python to shreds on the spot.

Snowball said, “Gorgeous, wait up for me.”

Before Allan could even lunge, Snowball had already turned to Big Ben and pressed its massive head against Big Ben, nuzzling with evident delight. Allan could only stand there, utterly defeated, feeling humiliated.

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## Chapter 60

Later in the dining room, Allan lounged over the table, examining the pet translator. The device itself was simple, but the chip inside was extraordinary. It could sense emotions, read thoughts, and track movements.

It was a level of technology far beyond anything available commercially. This kind of tech belonged in military labs, not in a gadget for communicating with pets.

Allan shot Stella a thoughtful glance and muttered, “What a waste

“By the way, Sebastian, what the hell is growing in your yard?” Allan asked, resting his chin on one hand, unimpressed.

Allan grumbled inwardly, Who the heck plants carrots, potatoes, and tomatoes in their yard anyway? What happened to all those precious flowers I had shipped in from abroad?’

“I had them planted. Got a problem with that?” Stella said, lifting her eyelids, her pretty eyes flashing with a hint of mischief as she arched an eyebrow.

Lucas tapped his watch. “Carrots are yummy,” Big Ben replied. Another tap. “Potatoes are yummy.” A third tap. “Tomatoes are yummy.”

“All right!” Allan exclaimed in disbelief, glancing at Sebastian, who had set down his fork and was watching Lucas with a calm expression.

Allan’s mind raced: “The old Big Ben had never had this feature. Now it was perfectly synchronized with Lucas, their brainwaves aligned. Even if the digital watch still acted as a bridge, the technology was nothing short of next-level.’

“I’m heading out,” Stella said, glancing at her watch. It was about time. Even though she couldn’t stand her cousin Lila, she was always punctual.

Lucas's soft, squishy little face immediately fell. He gave Stella a pitiful look and tapped his watch repeatedly. Big Ben echoed his sentiment, letting out mournful whimpers as if joining in the plea.

"Where are you off to, Stella?" Allan asked casually.

"Nova Mall," Stella replied, expression blank. She didn't notice Allan's subtle change of expression at the name. She stood up and left.

Once she was out of sight, Allan cocked his head at Sebastian and asked, his voice thick with mockery, "Well, isn't that perfect timing? What are the odds?"

Sebastian picked up his napkin and dabbed at the corner of his mouth, his face unreadable.

Allan shot a sideways glance at Sebastian and added, "Stella's been wearing the same few outfits repeatedly, They're starting to fray from all the washes." Lucas's eyes widened with worry.

"I wonder if anyone's going to pick on Stella," Allan muttered. Lucas whipped his head around, full of anxiety.

Come to think of it, I haven't checked on my own business in Haliville since I got here," Allan muttered. He stretched lazily, only to feel someone tugging at his shirt.

Lucas tapped his watch, and Big Ben added, as if echoing, "Protect Stella! Protect Stella!"

"Enough," Sebastian snapped, shooting Allan a piercing glare. His presence was so menacing that it seemed he could swallow Allan alive in an instant. The room fell into heavy silence.

At half past three in the afternoon, outside Nova Mall, Lila stepped out of the car in a pale yellow Chanel suit, flanked by her friends Wendy and Hazel. Lila said, "Hazel, don't worry. I'll make sure you and your mother get even."

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Lila let out a cold snort. They were supposed to meet at three, but she had purposely told the driver to arrive half an hour late.

With Stella's predictable patience, Lila was sure she would be standing at the entrance like a fool, baking in the heat, before Lila showed up. A cruel smile tugged at her lips.

"Lila, she's still your-" Hazel started as she pretended to hesitate faking concern.

"I don't have a cousin who hangs out with lowlifes. It's humiliating," Lila sneered, her face twisted in disgust.

"Hazel, don't go soft on her," Wendy interjected quickly. Wendy had helped Lila mess with Stella plenty of times before. Stella never fought back, and a sly grin crept onto Wendy's face.

As they chatted, the group reached the revolving doors of Nova Mall. A crowd of men in suits was gathered at the entrance, all looking nervous, as if waiting for someone important.

"Where the hell is Stella?" Lila snapped.

3/3

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