

Chapter 34

Haven Kramer POV:

After delivering the news about the summit, Silas didn't leave immediately. He hesitated, then did something that surprised me.

He pulled out a large ring of keys and several thick, leather-bound ledgers from his coat. He held them out to me with both hands, bowing slightly.

"Madam Kramer," he said, his voice low. "These are the true master ledgers of the estate, the key to the vault, and the directory of critical assets. What Mrs. Villarreal handed over before were merely keys to the daily supply closets and household expense books. She kept these hidden. I believe it is time they were in the hands of their rightful owner."

I looked at him. The shrewd butler had finally made his choice. He was betting on me. Betting that Demetri would rise again.

"You've made a wise decision, Silas," I said calmly, accepting the books and keys. This was easier than I'd expected.

I didn't go to Demetri. I had Silas stay, and right there in my lab, in front of him, I opened the first ledger.

I needed to grasp the estate's financial situation immediately. It was the foundation of our ability to face the crisis in one month.

Silas stood to the side, watching me as I began to flip through the pages. His expression shifted from calm observation to outright shock.

My fingers flew across the pages, my eyes scanning the dense columns of numbers and entries. In my past life, managing massive research budgets was a basic skill. These estate accounts were like children's drawings to me.

In less than half an hour, I closed the final ledger. I had a clear picture.

"Silas," I asked without looking up, "what is Mrs. Villarreal's 'nursing stipend' per month?"

He blinked, startled by the question. "Five hundred gold coins, madam. It was a rule set by the old Alpha, as she was... the Alpha's wet nurse."

I let out a cold snort. Five hundred gold coins. A normal family couldn't earn that in ten years. And according to the ledgers, her actual monthly spending including luxuries disguised as "estate purchases," was at least three times that amount.

The old parasite had been treating the manor as her personal bank.

I started planning Demetri's next phase of treatment while taking inventory of the new supplies. The summit gave me immense pressure, but also endless motivation.

I had to accelerate the process. I mixed several newly acquired mineral powders in precise ratios, creating a new topical ointment. It would powerfully stimulate nerve regeneration.

For the next few days, I threw myself into the treatment and the estate audit. By day, I was the decisive mistress of the house, reviewing accounts and planning expenses. By night I was the focused doctor, administering a new round of therapy to Demetri.

I used the new ointment to massage his legs. The process required immense patience and stamina.

Demetri endured it all in silence. The ointment caused a sharp, needle-like pain as it stimulated his nerves, but he never made a sound.

He just watched me, his blue eyes filled with an emotion I couldn't decipher.

I knew he was placing all his hope in me.

A week later, one morning I was performing my usual examination.

As I gently scraped a silver needle across the sole of his left foot, I saw it.

His toes curled. Slightly, but unmistakably.

My breath caught in my throat.

"You..." I snapped my head up to look at him, my voice trembling with excitement. "Did you feel that?"

He was staring at me, his own eyes wide with the same, disbelieving shock.

He nodded, his Adam's apple bobbing. His voice was incredibly hoarse. "... Yes. Like... like a feather."

It worked. The nerves were regenerating. This was the breakthrough the leap from zero to one.

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 +120 Points at most

A wave of immense joy and accomplishment washed over me. I couldn't help it. I laughed, a real, radiant smile.

Demetri stared at my smile, stunned. Then, slowly, his own lips curved upward.

It was the first time he had shown a genuine hopeful smile because of his own physical improvement. The oppressive gloom in the room seemed to vanish, burned away by a ray of sunlight.

We looked at each other and smiled, and in that moment, we weren't a doctor and a patient, or allies in a transaction. We were comrades who had just won a difficult battle together.



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