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And Misty... was friends with Bradley?

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Jonathan looked between Sierra and Bradley, surprised. "You two... know each other?"

"She's my sister," Bradley said instinctively. Then, after a pause, he corrected himself, pressing his lips together. "My... other sister."

Jonathan hadn't expected that. He had known Bradley for years and had heard plenty about his sister—but never about another one.

Bradley had no time to explain. His gaze sharpened as he looked at Sierra.

"Are you done yet? I told you no, so now you're trying to get a lab through someone else? What exactly are you trying to do? Destroy it?"



Watching the scene unfold, Sierra felt disgusted.

It was always like this.

Yaron would act all close to her in private, showing concern that went beyond simple friendship. But the moment Denise was around, he would immediately create distance, as if Sierra was some kind of disease.

Sierra had no intention of paying him any attention, but he just had to keep pushing his luck.

Her gaze swept over Yaron and Denise before she curled her lips into a smirk. "You two make a great match."

One was a snake, the other was a phony—perfect couple.

Yaron's eyes widened in shock. He had never expected Sierra—the pushover who was always so easy to manipulate—to say something like that.

Instinctively, he wanted to chase after her, but when he glanced at Denise, he stopped himself.

Denise frowned and looked at Yaron. "Yaron, I've told you before. There's no way we'd ever be together. Sierra likes you, and I would never take something from her. So stop acting like this."

With that, Denise huffed and ran after Sierra, leaving Yaron standing there, his expression dark and frustrated.

Sierra arrived at the lab administration office—her meeting place with Misty. The door was open, but she still knocked lightly.



"Come in," a deep voice responded.

A warmth flickered in Sierra's eyes. She recognized that voice.

Back when she was struggling with a problem, she had reached out to Misty for help. It was this voice that had led her to the answer she needed.

Hearing it again now felt strangely familiar.

She stepped inside and saw a tall figure dressed in a white lab coat.

On most people, a lab coat would look oversized, but on him, it fit perfectly—exuding an effortless sense of refinement.

Long legs, a strong build that even the lab coat couldn't hide.

And his face...

It was the most handsome face she had ever seen. Impossible to describe with words.

His sharp features should have made him look intimidating, but the silver-framed glasses softened the harshness, giving him an air of quiet elegance.

The Xander family had always had good genes.

Bradley had the polished look of a corporate elite. Evan was the cold, untouchable type. Sean was a celebrity, a face that fans called godly, with millions of people chasing after him, calling him their husband.

But compared to the man in front of her, they all lost.



Sierra hesitated for a moment before calling out, "Misty?"

She couldn't connect the person in front of her with the Misty she knew.

She had always assumed Misty was much older. Their conversations had always carried a sense of patience, wisdom, and unwavering confidence.

The man turned to look at her.

"It's me. You're 'Phoenix'?"

As Sierra took him in, he was also studying her.

It had been a long time since he had logged into that forum. After finishing his class, he had noticed a notification about Tano coming online.

But when he entered the forum, he couldn't find Tano anymore.

That was when he happened to see Sierra's post asking for a lab.

He helped her on a whim—just like how he had first met Tano years ago.

He hadn't expected the person he helped to be so young. And beautiful.

More than that, he recognized her.

That morning, he had watched her go head-to-head with someone.



Remembering how sharp her words had been, he chuckled, his voice warm. "The name suits you."

Sierra smiled slightly. She knew he had misunderstood.

She had chosen the name 'Phoenix' because she wanted to rise from the ashes.

But she didn't explain.

"My name is Sierra," she said instead. "Are you a professor here?"

"Just a visiting lecturer. I occasionally teach a class. You can call me Mr. Yeager."

"Mr. Yeager," Sierra said easily. Then, getting straight to the point, she asked, "Are you giving me access to Northwind University's lab?"

Jonathan shook his head with a slight smile. "I don't have that kind of authority. The lab belongs to a friend of mine. His family owns one of the best labs here, and I spoke to him about it."

He continued, "His younger brother also works at the university. I asked you to come so you could meet him. It'll make things easier in the future."

Sierra nodded, appreciating his thoughtfulness.

Jonathan made a call, and they waited for his friend to arrive.

As they waited, he casually asked, "What are you planning to research?"



Since he was acting as the middleman, he needed to ensure Sierra wasn't doing anything illegal.

Sierra didn't hide it. "I want to work on a few medicines, mainly focused on organ regeneration."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. Even experienced specialists wouldn't throw around claims like that so easily.

He was about to ask more when the office door opened, and a voice rang out.

"Mr. Yeager!"

At that sound, Sierra's expression instantly turned cold.

Denise didn't even notice her. Her eyes were locked onto Jonathan, overflowing with admiration. She didn't bother hiding it.

"Mr. Yeager, I'm studying biochemistry now! I'll be able to take your classes soon."

"Ms. Xander." Jonathan nodded politely.

Watching their interaction, Sierra frowned slightly.

Just then, another voice interrupted them.

"Jonathan, I brought my brother over. He's in charge of the lab now, so you can discuss everything with him—"

Bradley's words cut off mid-sentence.

His gaze landed on Sierra, and his expression shifted to pure



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"I already apologized about your grandmother. What else do you want?"

Sierra glanced at the Xander siblings, then at Jonathan. Her voice was cold.

"Mr. Yeager, never mind. I won't bother you."

With that, she turned and left.

If she had known the lab belonged to the Xander family, she wouldn't have come in the first place.

"Sierra—" Bradley started, frustrated. "What's with her attitude?"

Jonathan watched her leave, then turned to Bradley with a neutral expression. "You must have spoiled her too much."

For a brief moment, Jonathan frowned slightly.

Outside the office, Sierra pulled out her phone.

She hesitated, then dialed a number.

When the call connected, she spoke quietly.

"It's me."

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