

Chapter 2

At the same time, Jean Beauvort woke up in another suite in the same hotel. He sat up from the bed, though he still looked lethargic. His face was slightly pale, and the occasional coughing fits made him seem weak. However, the sickliness did not diminish his noble elegance. ** Ian Morrison, his assistant, noticed that he was awake. He brought him a glass of warm water and said, "You should drink something, Sire." Jean took a sip from the glass and asked, "What time is it?" "Three o'clock," Ian replied. Jean frowned slightly. He had slept for six hours, but he did not feel refreshed at all. His body was deteriorating! Ian said worriedly, "You've been overworking yourself for the past week, and you haven't had the chance to take a good rest. Maybe you should take it easy for a bit? I've already delegated your tasks in the company." Jean stood up and carelessly straightened his shirt collar. "I'm not going to feel any better no matter how much I rest. I know what my body is like." Ian had no reply to that. Indeed, his employer had a weak constitution. Despite hiring many famous doctors over the past few years, his condition never once improved. Fortunately for Jean, Ian managed to find a miracle doctor from abroad. Ian reported to Jean, "We've finally received a reply from the wonder doctor we've been looking for. They've agreed to tend to your condition. Aren't you glad, Sire?" Jean did not seem too happy when he heard the news. "So what? They can't guarantee they can cure my illness. If none of the world's best doctors can do anything about it, why should I place any hope in an anonymous doctor with a dubious claim?" "You won't know unless you try!" Ian said. "Also... your father seems to have found a bride for you. He says the marriage is for good luck." Jean frowned when he heard that. Why is Father doing so many unnecessary things? "Who is it this time?" he said unhappily. Ian hesitated for a while before answering, "Roxanne Garcia, from the Garcia family." Jean frowned even harder. "Find an excuse to say no!" he said candidly. Ian seemed hesitant. "I think you might need to talk to your father yourself..." Frederic Beauvort, Jean's grandfather, was the sole voice of authority in the family. If Jean could not convince his grandfather to change his mind, what could Ian possibly do? Jean narrowed his gaze and began to cough violently. Ian was worried that his condition might worsen. He patted Jean's back and changed the conversation topic. "You shouldn't be emotionally agitated. Why don't you lie on your bed, and I'll order some food for you?" Jean waved his hand. "No... I'll go downstairs to eat and get some fresh air. In the other suite, Neera eventually fell asleep from exhaustion. Harvey discreetly climbed off the bed and told his younger siblings, "Mommy is asleep. Keep your voices down so you don't wake her up." Sammy and Penny nodded. They tiptoed out of the room. Chapter 2 Meeting Dabby Once outside, Penny tugged Harvey's sleeve and said, "I'm hungry, Harvey. I want to eat something." "I'm also hungry! Before our flight, I'd already found out that the restaurant here is manned by a renowned chef! Shall we go downstairs and eat?" Sammy looked at his elder brother eagerly. Harvey crossed his arms and thought for a while before nodding. "Sure. Let's also get some food for Mommy. I'm sure she'll be hungry when she wakes up." Sammy and Penny cheered softly. The three children took the access card and went downstairs. The restaurant was on the first floor of the hotel. Even though it was already past lunchtime, the restaurant remained packed with customers. The triplets could not find any vacant seats. A waiter noticed the triplets and went over to them. "Good afternoon, children. Why are you standing here? Are you looking for your daddy and mommy?" Harvey shook his head. "No, we came down here by ourselves. Mommy is napping, and we're hungry. But... we can't find any seats." The waiter noticed that Harvey was holding the access card of a presidential suite, which made the children honored guests. He suggested, "Wait for me for a bit. I'll help you find some seats. Don't go anywhere in case you get lost." Harvey was about to nod when Sammy, who had been looking around, suddenly tugged his hand. "Harvey, do you see that guy over there? Is he... that person from the Beauvort family?" Harvey looked in the direction Sammy was pointing and noticed Jean sitting at a table next to the window. His eyes widened with delight. "That's him!" That was the person they suspected was their father! They did not expect to meet him here. What a lucky coincidence! Harvey immediately called the waiter and said, "Sir... I don't think you can find an empty table now. Can we share a table with someone? Over there, there are only two people at that table. Can you help us ask if we can join them?" The waiter was not going to refuse. Soon, he arrived in front of Jean and Ian and asked them, "Excuse me, sirs. It's the peak hour now, and three children are looking for seats. Do you mind if they join your table?" Jean frowned when he heard that. He noticed the triplets some distance away.