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Chapter 246

After the battle concluded, Dustin, Natasha, and some members of the Harmon family had supper together. It was midnight when he returned to the medical center, which **was** still brightly lit. He entered the center and immediately saw the stunning Dahlia Nicholson, who was merrily chatting away with Caitlyn Lamer. At that moment, she appeared more easygoing than how she usually presented herself—icy.

“Mr. Rhys, you’re back. Seeing Dustin, Caitlyn stood up and greeted him. “Have a chat with Ms. Nicholson. I’ll serve supper.”

“It’s okay. I had supper before I came **home**.” He smiled and turned his attention to Dahlia. “Why are you here?”

“I’m here to thank you.” She flashed him a rare **smile**. “If you hadn’t saved me yesterday, I would have been screwed. Never in my life would I have thought that Matt Laney was a phony bastard.”

“You’re most welcome. I’d offer the same help to anyone in that situation,” he replied unemotionally.

“Why? Are you still upset?” Her tone softened. “My mom was a little rash. There was a misunderstanding. I’ll apologize to you on her behalf. We’re sorry.”

Dustin **was** rather surprised by her action. In his recollection, Dahlia **was** never one to back down. It was unusual of her to offer an apology. Still, the apology arrived too late.

“There’s no need to apologize. After all, this is not the first time I’m misunderstood. It doesn’t matter to me.” He shrugged, looking unbothered.

“Dustin, I know you were treated unfairly and went through hard times. I promise that I’ll never treat you badly again,” she declared with a serious face.

“What was that? That **was** out of the blue.” He stared at her funny.

She took a deep breath and mustered up her courage to say. “Come home with me. Alright?”

His body froze at the simple suggestion, and complicated emotions clouded his eyes. Had Dahlia asked him earlier, he would have agreed to her suggestion without hesitation. Alas, after experiencing a series of challenging **events**, he was bone-**tired**, scared of being hurt, and had moved on.

Although he still had feelings for her, he refused to experience the past anymore. His life in the past was one of silent suffering.

“I know you’re in a difficult position. You don’t have to give me an answer now.” Dahlia merely beamed at him. “I have thought it through. **From now** on, I will take back what’s mine! Even if I have to fight against Natasha Harmon, I will never back down! You know me well. I never give up until I get what I want!”

He was taken **aback** by the serious expression on her face. “Did you drink tonight?”

Dahlia **was** known to be distant and haughty, never sparing anyone a display of friendliness. It was hard to believe she’d make that remark with a belligerent attitude. What **had** gotten into her?

“I’m not drunk. In fact, I’m very sober. When you’re free, relay my message to **Natasha**—let’s compete fairly. and we shall see who’s the winner!”

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With that, she stood on tiptoe and gave him a sudden peck on the lips. She coolly marched out of the medical

center, but her flushed face betrayed her emotions.

“Uh...” Dustin was frozen on the spot as **he** tasted her sweetness on his lips. Was he ambushed just now?

Since when did Dahlia learn to flirt? He wondered if women were all fickle-minded.

“Mr. Rhys, if it’s inconvenient for you to relay that message to Ms. Harmon, I can help.” Caitlyn, blushing in

embarrassment, twiddled with the hem of her top. After all that was a scene only found in TV shows.

“What nonsense? Go to bed!” He glared at her, to which she responded by sticking out her tongue. She ran into the guest room but soon poked her head out and questioned timidly. “Mr. Rhys, which one of them do you love?”

“You little rascal! Why do you keep running your mouth?” Dustin grabbed a duster and acted as though he

wanted to give her a good whipping, and she quickly disappeared into the room out of fear.

After a quiet night, Dustin woke up early the next morning, stirred by the memory of the kiss from the day before. He had tossed and turned in bed, feeling disturbed by it.

“Oh, Dahlia, why did you show up from nowhere just to mess with me?” he wondered.

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Dustin decided that Dahlia must have had nothing better to do. He tossed his head, washed up, and opened the door to the medical center as usual.

As the door grated and groaned, a blood-soaked figure suddenly collapsed on the floor of the room. The injured man was dressed in white, which was drenched in blood. He carried a broken sword on his back and appeared to have fainted for some time.

Dustin approached the man to check him out, only to realize that it was Maximus Kane!

“I did not recall hurting him yesterday. Or did I?” Dustin rubbed his chin in confusion. Although Maximus, ranked sixth on The Hundred Immortals, was not exactly the cream of the crop, he was still one of the best in tiny Swinton. How did he get himself beaten up this badly?

“Consider yourself lucky.” Dustin mumbled and lifted Maximus into the medical center. After all, he couldn’t turn a blind eye to a dying man at the entrance of **the** medical center.

Maximus suffered from multiple external injuries, but those were simple wounds that could be treated with some bandages. However, he suffered huge damage to his nerves, including the energy in his core. Whoever did this to him wanted to cripple him for good. Thankfully, years of extensive martial arts practice resulted in a solid foundation that protected Maximus from being completely crippled by the attack. With Dustin’s medical

skills, he was confident to heal Maximus within a few weeks.

First, Dustin gave Maximus an injection, followed by feeding the patient some medicine. About **half** an hour later, Maximus finally regained consciousness as he slowly opened his eyes.

“Hey, you’re awake. How do you feel?” Dustin casually asked him.

“Did you save me?” Maximus was a little taken aback. Last night, he sustained severe injuries and found a

medical center on the street in between consciousness. Before he had a chance to knock on the door, he

blacked out at the entrance.

“Who else? Do you see anyone around?” Dustin was a tad speechless at the thoughtless question.

“Thank you.” Maximus struggled to get up and bow.

Dustin forced him back onto the bed and chided him, “That’s enough. Stop moving around when you’re badly

injured.”

“He’s on the brink of death, yet he is hung up on manners. What’s wrong with this dude?” Dustin wondered.

“You’re not bad at martial arts. So, how did you end up getting beaten up?” Dustin asked. Maximus clenched

his teeth as he struggled to open **up**. “It’s fine. Don’t tell me if you don’t feel like it. I’m not that curious either.”

Dustin waved at him dismissively and proceeded to leave.

“Wait ...” Maximus **took** a deep breath and finally confessed, “What you said yesterday was right. I had three

fatal flaws in my Illusory Sword Technique.”

“Oh, really? Did you meet a worthy opponent that fast?”

Dustin was quite surprised to learn that his prediction came true after he **dropped** a casual mention of the flawed **moves** during the battle.

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“It wasn’t just any stranger It was my mentor, Luther Williams! Maximus gritted his teeth, his face clouded

by a grim expression.

“Your mentor?” Dustin was astounded. “Why did he hurt you for no good reason?”

“That’s because ... I caught him having an affair with my female mentee!” Maximus said, filled with resentment. “I went home after the defeat, thinking to question Luther Williams about the flaws in the technique he taught me, but instead, I caught him going at it with my young female mentee in the bedroom!”

Maximus continued, “So, I kicked the door open out of anger and confronted him loudly. He was probably humiliated and provoked, and he fought me with his sword, slashing me twice. I had no choice but **to** fight him with my sword. Silly me. I thought that, given my expertise in swordsmanship, I could at least fend off his attacks even if I couldn’t win.”

Then, he hissed, “I realized how naive I was when we started fighting. It wasn’t practice or strength that I lacked he took advantage of my flawed moves! The third, ninth, and twenty-

sixth moves. Whenever I put these moves into action, Luther was able to spot my flaws and destroy me. It was at that moment I found out that Luther, the mentor I was so proud of, had set me up from the very beginning! I am nothing but a tool to him; he has **never** treated me from the heart. When I am upset at

him, he'll exploit my flawed moves to kill me off and save himself from trouble!"

Maximus' eyes reddened and brimmed with tears. He had always regarded his mentor as a father figure. Who would have thought that the kind and generous old man was nothing but a hypocrite?

"Well what can I say, except that you have a scoundrel of a mentor?" Dustin shook his head sympathetically. Maximus' situation was commonplace in the martial arts world. History was full of cases where disciples and mentors of the same guild tore each other apart. The human heart is the most deceitful of all things.

"I'm fine with being taken advantage of. He could have sent me on a dangerous mission, and I would have taken on the task without complaining. But why? Why did he have to sully my female mentee? She's my fiancée!" Maximus bellowed and smashed a hole in the wall out of rage.

Dustin gaped at the confession. He opened his mouth a few times but was unable to speak.

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Justin felt sympathetic as he stared into Maximus' reddened eyes. Not only was the poor chap taken advantage of by his mentor, but he also had his fiancée taken away. How miserable!

No man could endure the humiliation and resentment of losing his future wife. Heck, not even anyone could **stand** losing a future spouse. It was hard to imagine that the second-in-command of Boulderthorn was, in fact, a wicked and dishonorable man.

"Just focus on your recovery for now. When you're fully recovered, it'll be time to take back what you lost." Dustin gave Maximus an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

To that, Maximus howled with a desolate expression, "I'll never get better again, not after my core was shattered and my nerves damaged! After losing my in

ternal energy, I have nothing left in me to take revenge. I'm trash! I'm a worthless piece of trash!"

He rolled his fists, digging his fingernails deep into the flesh of his palms until blood trickled from between his thumb and index finger. He badly wanted to take his revenge and seek justice, but he had lost the opportunity to do so.

"Who said you're trash? I can heal your injuries," Dustin interjected coolly.

"W—what did you say?" Stunned, Maximus lifted his head almost instantly.

"I said I can heal your injuries and rejuvenate your core," Dustin repeated himself.

"Are you sure? You're not kidding me, right?" Maximus was wide-eyed with a mix of shock and anticipation.

"Your core suffered some damage, but it's not utterly ruined. There's still a chance. Rejuvenating your nerves is even simpler. As long as you stick to my treatment, you'll regain full strength within ten days." Dustin

promised.

Maximus' face lit up with joy upon hearing that. He thanked Dustin profusely. "If you heal me. I shall owe my life to you. Be it scaling mountains or diving into the deep

ocean, I'll do whatever you ask of me without a complaint!" He seemed serious about his promise. As a martial artist and **a geek** for swords, he never had an interest in much else but the pursuit of excellence in swordsmanship. The moment he learned that his core

was destroyed, he fell into deep despair and even contemplated ending his life. However, Dustin's remark

reignited his hope and his will to live.

"Okay, that's enough. I'm not a sadist. Why would I send you to the mountains and the ocean?" Dustin helped him up. "Consider it fate that you fainted right in front of my medical center. It was **God's** will to have **me** rescue you. Get some good rest, and remember not to **harness** your internal energy in these two **days.**"

“Thank you. You’re my savior!” Maximus bowed a few times to Dustin, who said **nothing** more but wrote a prescription for Caitlyn and reminded her to prepare the medicine according to the schedule.

At that moment, they heard a deafening crash from the outside. They jumped in shock and hurried out to check the situation. Two cars—one red and one white—collided on a street not far away. The red BMW, it appeared, had reversed and crashed into a white Honda, causing the latter to flip. Both cars were mangled beyond recognition, with debris scattered all across the **ground**.

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“Help! Please help my daughter!” A bleeding woman clad in white clothing climbed out of the white Honda. Due to the impact of the collision, she looked dizzy and feeble. At the same time, a young girl was in the front passenger seat; she had lost consciousness. The girl **was** no older than eight years old, and she seemed to be in a critical state because her abdomen was pierced by a sharp object.

The woman in white called for help while attempting to save her daughter, but she failed to open the car **door** because it was too misshapen.

“Crap!” Dustin’s face fell, and he jogged toward the Honda. By then, a crowd had formed around the accident, and a few good samaritans offered help. Unfortunately, the collective strength of a few people was insufficient to pull the girl out because the Honda was flipped over, and the car door remained locked.

As the smoke started billowing from the car, the situation became dire. “I’ll give it a try.” Dustin went up and yanked at the door handle. They heard a crack, and the entire car door came detached, much to the surprise of the onlookers.

After Dustin pried the door open, he unfastened the seat belt and quickly lifted the young girl to the side of the road. She suffered from head trauma, multiple fractures across the body, and massive blood **loss** in the abdomen. The situation did not look good at all.

“Quick! Call an ambulance and get her to the hospital!” someone yelled.

“We have no time for that. I’m a doctor. Let me give it a try.” After Dustin announced his identity, he took out a gold needle and immediately applied first aid to the girl.

“Get out of my way! All of you!” Right then, two women exited the red BMW. The mother **was** a plump lady in her fifties, and the daughter was an attractive woman in her twenties. One could tell that they were wealthy from their branded outfits **and** the way they were decked in jewelry, like walking Christmas trees.

“Hey! Do you even know how to drive? Are you blind?” Jane Engleton, the plump lady, pointed a finger at the woman in white and started scolding her.

“Do you know how much our car costs? One million dollars! And it’s a new car!” She added, “You have to compensate us after turning our car into scrap metal! If you refuse, I’ll

send your family to prison!”

The woman in white was taken aback by the ferocity of Jane Engleton and apologized profusely. “I—

I’m sorry. I didn’t do it on purpose. I did not see your car just now.”

“Is saying sorry enough? Do you take us as pushovers?” Jane pressed on. “I’m **warning** you now. You’ll pay me what the car’s worth. Add the compensation for

mental damages on that, and you’re looking at at least 800 thousand to a million dollars in compensation to get this settled!”

“I—I don’t have that money!” The woman in white almost cried helplessly from the harassment.

“I don’t care! Sell **your** house or your **organs**. Do what you need to gather the **money**, or I’ll teach you a lesson!”

Jane threatened the poor woman.

Finally, Dustin had had enough and blurted out, “Can you be more shameless? It was you who **reversed** and

crashed into the white car. How dare you demand compensation from the victim?”

The truth immediately **woke** the onlookers up. Upon examining the scene of the accident, it was the BMW that reversed and crashed into the Honda. Therefore, the BMW driver should be held fully accountable for the

collision, but she had instead held the victim responsible.

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“Nonsense! She crashed into my car!” Jane remained unfazed and coercive. “So what if I reversed my car? Her eyes were not focused on the road! Look, the lives of commoners like you **are** not worth much. Even if **they** died in a crash, they totally deserved it!”

The crowd instantly gasped at her outrageous remark.

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“Hey, you’re being unreasonable!”

“Right? How dare she scolds the others when she’s the culprit? I’ve never seen someone as outrageous as her!”

“Talk no more. Let’s report her to the police!”

The crowd was annoyed at Jane’s arrogance and pointed fingers at her.

“Shut up! All of you!” Hands on her waist, **Jane** yelled at them, “Do you know that we’re the Nicholsons from Glenstead? Even your mayor has to show us respect, let alone you worthless plebs! Make more fuss, and I’ll get you arrested!”

The accusatory voices instantly died down. An average citizen would not want to get on the bad side of the famed aristocratic Nicholson family from Glenstead.

“Mom, just ignore those peasants. Look at this. I’m hurt.” The young woman, Dakota Nicholson, suddenly spoke up as she pressed against her wound and winced.

“Are you hurt? Let me take a look!” Jane’s expression crumbled, and she hurriedly checked out Dakota’s injury. “Gosh, it’s bleeding. This is not good. Her face paled, and she scanned the surroundings until her eyes landed on Dustin. “

Hey, you're a doctor, aren't you? Quick, give my daughter a checkup! She's hurt!" Anyone would have thought that Dakota contracted a terminal disease from the worried look on Jane's face.

"She's fine. It's just a scrape on the elbow." Dustin turned around and glanced at Dakota's injury before looking away.

"What do you mean? A scrape?" Jane immediately looked irritated. "My precious daughter has never suffered injuries. But she has a huge wound now. Of course we'll have to treat it with caution. What if an infection happens?"

"If you're worried about wound infection, buy a bandaid at the pharmacy next door. If you keep dilly-dallying, the wound's going to heal by the time you get to it," Dustin mocked her. He had never seen a woman as ridiculous as Jane, who kicked up a fuss over a tiny wound.

"What did you say? How could you ignore my daughter's injury when you're a doctor? Are you even human, you f*ckface?" Jane was truly cross. No one had ever turned **down** her requests ever since she married into the wealthy Nicholson family.

"I have to set my priorities. This girl is fighting for her life. Your daughter's wound is nothing compared to hers!" Dustin chided her.

"How dare you compare that **peasant** to my daughter?" With a glare, Jane rebuked him, "Dakota is the daughter of the Nicholson family—she's important and precious! You cannot compare her to a commoner!"

"Yeah! She's just a nobody. Well, if she dies today, just consider it her wretched fate!" The haughty Dakota towered over them. "Treat my wound **now!** It's an order. If I get a scar from this, I will not let you off the hook!"

"Are you even human? Nobody speaks in that **way.**"

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"That's right. Is a life worth less than your minor scrape?"

The indignant crowd gave their opinions.

“What now? Are you testing me? The audacity to talk back to the Nicholson family! Come here! Which one of

you wants to be the hero?” Jane hissed maliciously as the onlookers held in their rage in silence in the face of her insolence. Indeed, the average citizens were helpless when harassed and bullied by the rich.

“Madam, my daughter is in a critical state. Can you kindly allow her to get the treatment? **Just** think of this as my plea!” The woman in white plopped onto the ground with teary eyes.

“Hmph! Knock it off! I don’t care! My daughter has to be treated first!” Jane refused to budge.

“Are you deal? Do you hear what my mom said?” Dakota kicked Dustin but was infuriated when the man showed no response. “So, you’re refusing to treat my wound. Great! Don’t bother saving anyone today!” With

that, she went up to the young girl and pulled out the gold needle.

With the gold needle removed, the young girl started bleeding profusely again, and her face grew paler

because of that.

“Hm?” Dustin frowned and spun around with a deadly stare in his **eyes**. “Do you know what you’re doing? You might kill someone by pulling out the needle without thought!”

“So what? You can’t save any life without my permission.” Dakota crossed her arms on her chest, looking bold and arrogant.

Jane chimed in with the same attitude. “That’s right! If you don’t treat my daughter’s wound, you won’t get to

save that useless commoner!”

“Please Please show mercy and stop making things difficult for the doctor. I beg of you!” The woman in

white kneeled and pleaded to the Nicholsons, all while hitting her head on the ground. She knew she could not

afford to get on the bad side of the wealthy; her only wish was to keep her daughter safe.

“Try messing around again, and I won’t go easy on you next time!” Dustin warned Dakota.

She scoffed. “Oh! You got **the** guts, don’t you? Do you know who I am? How dare you speak to me in that way? Did **you** tell me not to touch anything? Well, I’m going to do it anyway!” While speaking, she moved to remove the needle again.

“Get lost!” Fuming. Dustin gave her a slap across the face. She yelped as she was flung ten feet away, even rolling on the ground after landing. Her fair skin was red and swollen. She even **lost** a few of her dental

laminates.

“Shit! That doctor is mad! How dare he slap a Nicholson?”

“Being hot-blooded is one thing; offending the Nicholsons is another. He might suffer because of it.”

The crowd murmured and cast sympathetic glances at Dustin.

“How dare you hit me?” Dakota got up from the ground, still a little dizzy and utterly baffled by Dustin’s move. From a young age, she **was treated** like a princess wherever she went. She had never been slapped, not to mention being slapped in public.

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“So what? Don’t you deserve the slap for being rude?” Dustin wore a hostile expression on his face.

“How dare you hit my daughter? I’m going to fight you!” After the initial shock, Jane recovered and, her blood

boiling, she launched an attack on Dustin. He merely slapped her, and she collapsed from the impact. The

mother and daughter both fell flat onto the ground.

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“Mom! Are you alright?” Dakota’s expression crumbled as she quickly helped her mother up. She was both alarmed and enraged.

“Ouch! My teeth!” Jane wailed while pressing a hand against her face, feeling the stinging sensation. Her mouth was throbbing after it almost went out of shape from the slap.

“How dare you hit us? You’re dead! Your entire family is damned! Be a man and stay where you are! I’ll teach you a lesson!” An incensed Dakota started making calls and requesting backup, but Dustin had no time for her as he continued applying first aid to the poor young girl. Thanks to the magical needle, the young girl’s condition stabilized soon. At that time, the ambulance arrived at the scene.

“Your daughter is fine now, but her wound needs bandaging and careful care to heal.” Dustin placed the young girl onto the stretcher. Seeing that, the woman in white thanked him profusely before leaving in the ambulance.

“You enjoy being the hero, don’t you? Just wait and see. You’ll get flamed.” Jane and Dakota fixed their keen eyes on him, looking as though they wouldn’t let it slip.

Dustin scanned them from head to toe and commented mildly, “Rather than wasting time on me, you should really get checked at the hospital. From the looks of it, you’re suffering from blood stasis. You don’t have much internal energy, and your eyes are those of dead fish. I’m afraid your days are numbered.”

“Nonsense! You’re the one who’s dying! I’m fine!” Jane glared at him.

He raised a brow, looking amused, “Oh, you don’t believe me? Have you been feeling dizzy and weak these few days? And do you suffer from nosebleeds now and then?”

“How did you know?” Her expression crumbled a little. Indeed, she had been feeling sick, and the symptoms

matched his descriptions. However, she went for a checkup at the hospital and found no issues. Hence, she had put it to the back of her mind.

“It’s no cause for concern. Just a terminal illness,” he added nonchalantly.

“T–terminal illness?” The color drained from Jane’s face. She was stunned by the diagnosis. How was a

terminal illness not a cause for concern?

“Mom, don’t listen to his nonsense. He’s obviously scaring you because he worries we’ll get back at him!” Dakota suddenly jumped in to assuage her. “You take supplements all the time. Why would you fall sick? And no sick person would be full of energy like you!”

“That’s right... I do not suffer from any illness! I’m in the pink of health!” Jane nodded furiously and jeered, “You bastard! I’m warning you– you’d better quit all that nonsense!”

*Judging from the progression, you’ll face a life–threatening situation in three days. On the first day, you’ll lose consciousness, followed by coughing up blood on the second day. You’ll be paralyzed on the third day. Three days later, you will be staring at death,” he remarked quietly.

It made Jane feel oddly anxious, and her heart skipped a beat. Still, she bit the bullet and bellowed at him, “Do you think I’m a coward? Tell you what– you can’t bluff your way out of this!”

“Believe it or not, it’s up to you. Take care.” He was uninterested in engaging further with the Nicholsons and

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left.

“Hey! Stand there! I didn’t tell you to leave!” Dakota was frustrated and went up to stop him, but his glare immediately put her in her place. She promptly stopped in her tracks out of consideration for her safety.

knowing that Dustin was a madman.

“Let him leave. He won’t run far. When our backup arrives, we’ll double down on him.” Jane had a hostile look

on her face.

During their conversation, they noticed a few black SUVs stopping by the intersection. The door slid open to reveal Florence and James. The two marched toward Jane and Dakota.

“Gosh! Jane! Dakota! What happened?” Florence, acting humbly, immediately started with pleasantries. Henry Nicholson’s family was a branch of the Nicholsons of Glenstead. However, due to Henry’s protest against an arranged marriage, he eloped to Swinton with his lover. The two families were not in frequent contact. After the demise of the Glenstead patriarch, Edgar Nicholson, the family in Glenstead sent two representatives- Jane and Dakota—to meet with Henry in Swinton, mainly to fulfill Edgar’s wish. Edgar’s last wish was for

Henry, the second son, to return to Glenstead.

“Hmph! How dare you ask us?” Jane was ashen-faced. “We came all the way to this tiny town of yours. Not only did you not host us well, but you also made us go through humiliation! It looks like your family doesn’t

want to reunite with us at Glenstead!”

Florence, James, and their companions almost peed themselves after hearing that. They were well aware of the perks of reuniting with the Nicholsons of Glenstead. The move would elevate the status of the Nicholson

family of Swinton, and they would never let the opportunity slip.

“Jane, please calm down. Let us know if you need anything else. I promise I’ll take care of it for you!” Florence hurriedly put on an apologetic smile.

James echoed her with confidence. “That’s right! We’ll take action on that rascal who hits you no matter who

he is!”

“What’s the use of saying that? He’s gone!” Dakota pouted crossly. If her grandfather hadn’t ordered them to get the task done, she wouldn’t have visited a small town like Swinton with her status.

“It’s okay! There’s a surveillance camera by the intersection. I will get someone to check on it right away and catch the culprit tomorrow to ensure justice is served!” Florence promised.

“Hmph! That’s more like it.” Dakota’s features softened, and she added. “Oh, and get the best doctor for me.”

“Dakota, are you hurt?” James looked shocked. He stole a few glances at her but did not see any tears on her outfit or any visible wounds.

“That’s nonsense! Didn’t you see that I’m bleeding from my elbow? Are you blind?” She scoffed while showing everyone the graze on her elbow. When they took a better look at it, they were baffled at what she described as an injury, for that was a wound that only required a bandaid.

“Why are you standing there? Get the car and send Dakota to the hospital! I’ll give you a whopping if you miss

the golden hour!”

Florence was quick to slap James on the back of his head. Jane Engleton and Dakota Nicholson had the final say on whether or not Florence’s family could rejoin their Glenstead relatives. Therefore, she would treat the

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two women with the utmost respect.

“Okay” James dared not object. Along with a few other relatives, he helped Jane and Dakota into the SUVs

like they were royalties. Then, they rushed the two women to the hospital.