

The guy continued, “This poison won't be activated until coffee is consumed. Moreover, the higher the quality of the beans, the quicker its reaction. That is why I had to be rushed to the hospital.”

His words got the reporters to murmur endlessly.

“No wonder they fall ill after they drank up. Turns out, the poison needed coffee to activate. That also means that there is nothing wrong with Soir Coffee's products. Everyone would fall ill no matter which coffee shop they go to.”

“It's not just that there is nothing wrong with Soir Coffee. The fact that the so-called victims became ill before they even exited the shop proves that Soir Coffee uses quality beans.”

“Gah, the more I think about it, the more terrifying this is. If this product ever gets sold, anyone who wants to frame any coffee shop can just lace the products with this poison. It can disrupt the peace in the entire community!”

“It will never be sold. Our country had always banned the use of this type of poison. I can't believe that idiot actually smuggled it in from Manchernius. He is so dead.”

The sound of a squad marching was soon heard.

Everyone turned their attention over and was scared out of their minds when they saw the uniform that the squad had on.

“It's the Specialized Forces!”

Howard instinctively straightened his back and shifted his gaze fearfully when he heard that.

All he saw was the squad marching toward the stage and greeting Vinson politely. After that, they turned to Howard and warned sternly, “Howard Morgan, we have learned about your secret deal with Manchernius' illegal organizations and the illegal importation of products. We hereby arrest you for the crimes you have committed. You have the right to remain silent, but anything you say can and will be used in the court of law.”

After saying his piece, a member of the Specialized Forces took Howard's gag off.

Cough! Cough! Howard coughed a few times. His lips parted like he had something to say, but it only took him a few seconds to change his mind.

The Specialized Forces weren't like regular cops and would only take action after they had indisputable evidence with them. Them showing up meant that things were set in stone, and there was no turning things around.

Howard's heart filled with regret and hopelessness.

He kept everything well hidden, but he was too greedy. His desire to pay less tax prompted him to pay the bribes via his company's bank account and listed them down as expenses that would reduce his tax.

It never crossed his mind that his greed would reveal his sins and made it impossible for him to fight back.

Howard knew that he had utterly lost, so his emotions became uncontrollable. Hence, he decided to vent out all of his frustration.

“Vinson Nightshire, how can you blame me for attacking your company? My daughter, Kelsea, won't be locked up if it weren't for you. I still can't get her out of there, even though so much time had passed. My family won't be ruined if it weren't for you! This is all your fault. All. Your. Fault! I will curse you every day, and I hope you die a terrible death,” roared Howard. His booming voice echoed and inspired fear and pity.

Vinson's gaze slowly shifted to Howard before he turned to the Specialized Forces and said, “You guys heard that, right? He threatened me.”

Vinson had a straight face on, but for some unknown reasons, his voice made others feel like he was weak and helpless...

Yep, weak and helpless... in Vinson's voice...

It didn't seem right, no matter how one looked at it and at which angle.

Vinson probably felt off himself, so he stopped acting altogether after that. He instructed coolly, “Take him away already.”

“Understood, bo... I mean, buddy,” replied a guy. He

Chapter 601

realized that he almost exposed Vinson's identity as his boss, so he was quick to change his words. He later commanded, "Take him away!"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The Specialized Forces took Howard away. Given the crimes committed, Howard would at least be in his eighties before he regained his freedom.

Still, he was dragged away mercilessly.

Jack, the guy with the glasses, and their team of troublemakers were trembling in fear as they prayed that Vinson had forgotten all about them.

Unfortunately, the police came by as soon as the Specialized Forces left.

The police went straight to the point and informed, “Mr. Nightshire, we have apprehended all the troublemakers who accepted the bribes and went after Soir Coffee. We will now cuff the reporters and influencers who took the bribes to defame you and Soir Coffee.”

Fear instantly flashed out of Jack and the others after those words were said.

“No!” blurted one of the more cowardly criminals. He went down on his knees and begged, “Mr. Nightshire, please show mercy and let me go. I didn't know the truth either, and I never spoke up the entire time. Please have mercy.”

Those words started a trend, and the others started begging as well.

“I've learned my lesson, Mr. Nightshire. I have a family to feed, so please don't do this.”

“I know you're a kind leader, so please let me go just this once.”

Jack was going to hold himself together. He wanted to remain dignified, even as he was taken away, but seeing the crowd begging like that broke him. In the end, he caved and went down on his knees.

“Mr. Nightshire, sir, please forgive me. I will never do anything like this again.”

The other reporters on-site scoffed, “Oh, now you're begging for mercy? Where are your righteousness and kindness when others needed it?”

“Hah, pretending to be a soldier for justice despite not knowing sh*t. You're a freaking joke! Is this the world we live in now? Any idiot just can call themselves a reporter. Is that it? A reporter is supposed to be unbiased and investigate thoroughly before sharing the truth with the entire world. Our mission isn't to point and gossip before we get to the bottom of it all!”

“Stop f*cking with me. What kind of a report is this piece of trash? He is nothing but a blogger who profits off of gossips. This man isn't even worth being a D-list internet celebrity.”

Many people were watching the live show online and saw how Jack from Jack's Quest for Truth had gone on his knees. That prompted them to bombard him with insults.

“The brain is a wonderful organ... It's too bad he doesn't

have one.”

“Thank the heavens that I apologized in a timely manner. Mr. Nightshire, please don't come after me. I just bought ten cups of coffee from Soir Coffee as an apology.”

“Huh... In a way, this guy kind of kept his word and sort of committed suicide.”

In addition to the disses and apologies, one netizen also commented, “Am I the only one who noticed how Howard claimed that Kelsea was sent to jail? If I remember correctly, she is a genius in chess, right? When was she imprisoned?”

Unfortunately, that one comment was lost in the sea of insults that filled everybody's screen.

Back on-site.

Vinson had never regarded himself as a merciful man. He requested cruelly, “Please take the criminals away. They should've considered the consequences of their own actions before they commit any sins. We're all adults and should know that we are responsible for our own actions.”

“Understood, Mr. Nightshire,” replied a police officer before waving and instructing, “Take them away.”

One order was all it took to send dozens of police officers in. They coordinated with Rayson and apprehended everyone.

Jack and the man with the glasses were worst off. They were the leaders, so their punishment would be twice as severe.

Grievances filled the place.

One police officer walked to the guy in the wheelchair and told Vinson, “Mr. Nightshire, his actions broke the law as well. Please let us take him away.”

The glow in the guy's eyes turned grim. He knew that he would be punished, and he felt terrible about it. However, he was willing to accept it.

That being said...



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Vinson raised his hand and stopped the police officer.

“Sir,” requested Vinson, “He's not like the others. His physical state is terrible and is inherently ill, so he can't handle the stress. Moreover, he stepped up and confessed his sins, which allowed us to capture Howard. On top of that, he only made the mistake because he was led astray by his own brother, so I am willing to settle the issue in private with him. I will write an official letter to the government and won't be pressing charges on him.”

The officer nodded and replied, “Okay, he is a unique case, and you are willing to let him go, so we can do as you ask. However, his brother accepted the money. That changes things, so we can't let his brother go.”

Vinson murmured a reply before adding, “Okay, then we'll do as you deem right.”

“Alright,” replied the officer before he waved his hand and led his team away.

The truth had been exposed, so there was no need for Vinson to continue staying there. He let Rayson and the others deal with the aftermath and left with Carter and the guy in the wheelchair.

The event continued progressing but fewer people were streaming it live.

It wasn't because they no longer cared about the issue. They simply craved a cup of coffee from Soir Coffee even more.

The words blurted earlier had inadvertently turned the event into an invisible commercial.

Turned out, the coffee served by Soir Coffee was top quality.

It only took a moment for the orders to overwhelm every branch of Soir Coffee. The baristas became so busy that they were getting out of breath and sales had risen exponentially.

No one anticipated it, but not only did the incident fail to destroy Soir Coffee, but it also did the complete opposite. The brand became something everyone trusted.

Even at that moment, it could be predicted that the incident would be written down in Soir Coffee's history books. The story would pass down forever.

Queenie kept staying guard, but she soon realized that the guy she was guarding over was physically fit.

That got her to start questioning life itself.

How is he recovering so well and so quickly? I am no match against this level of medical expertise... Heck, my entire family of medical experts can join forces and our combined skills still won't be a match.

I have got to find this miracle doctor and ask her to teach me!

That thought prompted Queenie to muster her courage

and turn to Vinson, who was in the same car. She asked, "M-Mr. Nightshire, can you introduce me to the miracle doctor who cured this patient?"

Vinson had closed his eyes and was going to pretend to be asleep so that he could ignore Queenie.

However, any praise directed at Arielle worked wonders on him, so he replied, "I'll get in touch with her on your behalf."

Queenie saw how Vinson's lips had curved upwards. She didn't know why he was smiling, but she saw it clearly.

Is he smiling at me?

Queenie's heart got all lovey-dovey again. She quickly nodded and replied, "Thank you, Mr. Nightshire."

"It's nothing," replied Vinson, who was in an incredibly good mood.

They reached the hospital soon later.

Carter and Queenie accompanied the patient into the hospital while Vinson returned to his office to deal with the remaining issues that Soir Coffee might be facing.

He was happy with the sales records reported by the employees in every Soir Coffee branch. Those numbers encouraged him to take advantage of the situation and set up shop in every major city.

A brand had to be well-known across the nation before it could be expanded and become an international brand.

At the hospital.

The guy in the wheelchair was right in front of the door to his mother's hospital room.

He wanted to open the door, but he was hesitant to do so.

At that moment, all he felt was immense regret over the stupid sh*t he had done.

Facing the public and confessing his sins? That was easy. Telling his mother the truth and breaking her heart? That was the true challenge for him.

He gritted his teeth and turned to Carter before saying, “Mr. Morgan, I think it's best if I don't enter the room. I don't want to tell my mom and risk triggering her illness...”

“Don't worry,” replied Carter, “The miracle doctor who cured you also told your mom everything, so the latter is mentally prepared. She won't be triggered.”

“The miracle doctor told her?”

Carter nodded and answered, “Yeah, she planned on hiding the truth for you, but she later realized that things might be bad if your mom's illness was triggered, and she's not around. Hence, she told your mom the truth.

You should also know that your mom was going to follow us along to the event, but she later changed her mind. She said that she will forgive you if you are willing to own up to your mistake despite her not being there to force you.”

“Thank you,” said the man in the wheelchair. His voice was thick with tears as he spoke.

“You don't need to thank me. If there's anyone you should thank, it'd be the miracle doctor.”

The guy nodded before he finally mustered enough courage to enter.

Queenie watched as the guy entered the room. After that, she turned to Carter and asked, “Mr. Morgan, what kind of a person is the miracle doctor? She cured the patient's poison and is so considerate that she even helped them with emotional turmoils. This is... she has got to be the most considerate doctor I have ever seen.”

Carter raised his brow and replied, “That is why she is known as the miracle doctor. The kind of person she is... Hmm... Well, you'll meet her if she is willing to do so. The two of you might end up being friends.”

“Friends?” blurted Queenie before she shook her head with a smile and said, “The miracle doctor has got to be quite old, so I might not be able to be her friends. I do want to be her disciple, though.”

“Old...” muttered Carter as he grinned a little. He knew that Arielle didn't want anyone to know that she was the

miracle doctor, though, so he didn't say much. He simply pointed out, "Well, the matter has finally settled, so you should work on your other cases."

After saying his piece, Carter left the place.

He hadn't gone far before his phone suddenly rang.

The call was from his father.

Carter was quick to pick it up and asked, "Dad, why are you calling all of a sudden? Is this because of Howard? He made a grave mistake, so it's only right that he is punished for it. Moreover, the Specialized Forces is the one that apprehended him, so I think it's best if you don't speak up for the guy."

Carter's dad, David, seemed a little annoyed when he replied, "Why would I speak up for that piece of sh*t? I'm calling you to share some news with you. Didn't you say that the miracle doctor, Ms. Moore, is a member of the Southalls? Something might've happened to her home."

Carter raised his brow and asked, "What happened?"

"This is all just a guess, but you know how your mother is superstitious, right? She called a psychic to come to read her aura, but the psychic told her that Cindy called first. Apparently, Cindy is paying the psychic ten times what your mother offered. There is no way anyone would pay so much money unless they have something malicious planned. We all know that her family's situation is complicated and that Cindy is especially

evil. Something feels off about this, so I thought I'd call you and let you know.”

Carter frowned immediately and commented, “That Cindy truly is malicious. She tried to chase Arielle out of the house countless times, and it is likely that she is doing all this again to get Arielle kicked out of the house.”

David couldn't help complaining, “Seriously, what is wrong with that Cindy? Why isn't she appreciating a daughter who is such a skilled doctor? Instead, she is going all out to chase the kid away. The daughter she adopted earlier had passed, right? Geez, why is she trying to chase the only kid of the family out now?”

“You don't understand, dad,” said Carter, “A step-daughter is not a person to Cindy. The latter will only regard the former as a competitor of the family's wealth. Hence, it is only natural that she'd want to kick Arielle out. Also...”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

David asked, "What?"

Carter opened the door to his car and got in before he added, "Cindy is pregnant, so she has to plan for the kid in her womb."

The revelation hit David. He replied, "Ah, no wonder. Well, then you should hurry and share the news with Arielle so that Cindy can't con her. Arielle is such an amazing doctor. It'd be great if you can recruit her to our hospital because she'd give the hospital a competitive edge. Naturally, the best course of action will be for you to get her to be a part of the family. You know, Carter, I never really care about social statuses and will accept any daughters-in-law with any backgrounds."

Carter's expression turned grouchy. He complained, "Dad, what the hell are you talking about?"

It's bad enough that both Vinson and Harvey were into Arielle. Things would be a crazy mess if he got involved in the matter as well.

David stopped messing around and reminded, "Okay, deal with the current issue at hand first."

Carter murmured a reply and got the psychic's contact information from his dad. After that, he hung up and called Vinson to share the information.

Vinson's tone was icy when he replied, "I got it. I'll rush over now."

There were always people who wanted to hurt Arielle, and in the past, he could hold his anger in. Back then, he only saw Arielle as the person who saved his life. Things had since changed.

He had discovered what he truly felt for Arielle, and that made it so that he would not allow anyone to bully her!

On the other side in the Southall residence.

When Arielle returned to the Southall residence, she saw that Cindy was sipping the soup that Henrick had personally cooked for her.

The television in the living room was playing the news about Soir Coffee.

They were watching the rerun, though. At that moment, they were seeing how Jack was interrogating and accusing the manager.

As Cindy sipped the soup, she pretended to be worried and said, "Do you think that Soir Coffee can survive an incident like this? The economy is bad now. If Soir Coffee declares bankruptcy, Nightshire Group will lose its position as the most prominent company in the country."

Henrick waved his hand dismissively and replied, "That probably won't happen. Nightshire Group's main operations doesn't involve food, after all, so they'll be fine. Still, this incident will surely make the share prices fall."

In other words, it wouldn't matter if Soir Coffee went bankrupt. Henrick could still benefit from Nightshire Group so long as Arielle and Vinson were close.

As Henrick spoke, he suddenly recalled and blurted, "Did we leave Sannie behind?"

Cindy wanted to complain about how Arielle was an adult and how Henrick shouldn't worry too much. However, Arielle suddenly spoke up from the door. "I'm home," said Arielle.

Cindy was taken aback. She turned her gaze over.

No one knew what Arielle had endured in the last few hours, but she looked terrible.

That got Cindy ever so delighted.

A small grin crept up on Cindy, but she was quick to put it away and feign being worried. She demanded, "Sannie, where have you been? Your dad and I got worried. Why were you out for so long?"

Arielle didn't reply. Instead, she shifted her gaze to Cindy and paused at the latter's womb.

Cindy shielded her womb guiltily. She didn't know why, but she always felt like Arielle could see through everything.

She cleared her throat a little and complained, "Seriously, Sannie. You're an adult now, so why are you still so naughty? Have you forgotten that you are

supposed to visit Shandie's grave?"

At first, Henrick felt a little guilty about leaving Arielle behind, but Cindy's words redirected his mind. He assumed that Arielle had taken advantage of the situation and snuck away.

That angered him, so he demanded, "Today is the day your baby sister is buried. Why weren't you staying put at home? Where the f*ck were you?"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Arielle felt nothing. She was no longer the same person she was when she first returned to the Southall residence.

Henrick's words could no longer hurt her.

However, she put on a pitiful expression and replied sadly, "You misunderstood. I didn't go out to play or anything. It's just that I didn't see either of you when I exited the hospital, so I thought that you might've left due to some emergency. I assumed that you will return to pick me up once you finished settling the matter. That is why I waited at the hospital's entrance. I waited for hours, but you never came back..."

Henrick was taken aback. He was about to speak up when Cindy beat him to it. She pointed out, "Sannie, kids shouldn't lie in front of their parents. Why didn't you call us if you had been waiting for so long?"

Arielle replied sadly, "My phone ran out of battery. Besides, I never thought that the two of you would just leave and never come back for me."

Hearing those words stung Henrick's heart. Guilt washed over him as he walked to Arielle and tapped the back of her hand. He apologized and promised, "This is my fault. There is simply too much to do today, and I neglected you. I promise you this, though. It will never happen again."

Arielle had her gaze down as she nodded. She seemed extremely pitiful at the time.

That was the side of Arielle that Cindy hated the most. Henrick has never seen Arielle's true colors before, but I have! This pitiful sh*t is just an act. How shameless of that b*tch.

Cindy was infuriated, but her phone rang at that moment.

It's the psychic I hired!

The psychic was famous and rather good at the job, but Cindy had spent enough money to get the psychic to say whatever was necessary.

A sharp glow flashed past Cindy's eyes, but it only took an instant before it vanished.

She had a smile on her face when she picked up the call and said, "Hi. Oh, you're waiting by the door? Okay, I'll go pick you up now."

After saying her piece, Cindy hung up and told Henrick, "Rick, Mom asked me to hire a psychic for Shandie's funeral. The psychic is here now, so I'll get Mom over."

Henrick was quick to stop Cindy. He sounded heartbroken when he informed, "Have you forgotten that you are pregnant? Why are you still running around like this? Just have the housekeeper call Mom over. Sit and rest well. I will open the door for the psychic."

Cindy grinned and pointed out, "I'm only a few months pregnant, and we can't even hear the heartbeat yet. I feel fine, so it'll be okay."

“Fine? You've been having morning sickness all day! Just sit tight.”

Cindy put on an exasperated expression before she nodded and reminded, “Okay, then remember to be polite when you see the psychic, okay? He is renowned, and it is ridiculously difficult to hire him. Many rich and powerful families hired him to read their palms. The Morgans, in particular, have a weekly reading.”

Henrick couldn't help becoming more stern after hearing about the Morgans.

He was a graduate of Jadeborough University and had scientific knowledge. However, he grew up poor, and like Malorie, he was rather superstitious deep down. He believed that there were invisible forces in play.

Hearing how reputable the guy was got Henrick to become more serious. He promised, “Don't worry, I won't make a mistake. I'll get him over now.”

After Henrick said his piece, he told Alfred to get Malorie over.

She was the one who asked for the psychic to be there, so it was only natural that she would be worried until she saw everything done with her own eyes.

Henrick then turned to Arielle and instructed, “Remember to pay your respect to your sister.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Arielle replied sweetly and obediently. Cindy took that opportunity to fake kindness to Arielle as well. The former said, "Don't worry about Shandie. I'll take Sannie over."

"Okay, then the two of you can head over together. I'll get the psychic over directly."

"Okay," muttered Cindy as she smiled and watched Henrick leave.

The smile on her face faded as soon as he was out of those doors.

She had a poker face on as she headed toward the mausoleum. Arielle followed along.

When they reached the empty corridor, Cindy suddenly paused and turned around to glare at Arielle.

"Arielle, are you really going to visit Shandie's grave? Aren't you worried that her spirit will haunt you and seek revenge?"

Arielle grinned and replied, "Why would I be scared? I wasn't the one who killed her."

Cindy's expression instantly turned evil.

"I can't believe you have the audacity to say that! She was a scaredy-cat and would worry about her physical condition if she were to even catch a cold. Why would someone like that commit suicide? You must've been the one who hurt her!"

“Why would I hurt her?” challenged Arielle.

Cindy scoffed and replied, “Hah, why? Because you are worried that Henrick would play favorites with her and are angry with how her recklessness got you in trouble multiple times!”

“Oh...” said Arielle before she deliberately taunted, “And here I thought you have amnesia and forgot about the vile sh*ts that Shandie had done to me. It seems you remember it well.”

“You...” growled Cindy before she pointed her finger at Arielle's nose and scolded, “You little b*tch! Don't think for a second that I can't chase you out of this house. You are nothing in Jadeborough once you leave the Southalls. Let me tell you something. Don't assume that Vinson actually loves you. He just wants something to play with, and he might be nice to you now, but that won't last forever. Men like him will only treat you like a toy! The Nightshire family won't let him marry you either, and Vinson himself won't be interested in a woman who grew up in a village!”

Cindy felt so much better after she said her piece.

She thought that her words would sting Arielle and hit the bull's eyes. However, when Cindy looked over, she saw that Arielle wasn't affected at all. The latter's smile was brighter, if anything.

That got Cindy to frown right away. She insulted, “Don't bother putting on that fake smile. I know that you are dying inside. Vinson Nightshire will never, ever

marry you, so you can forget about getting him to shield you forever.”

“Oh, is that so? What if I were to tell you that we are already married?” said Arielle with her brows raised.

“Hah! Why would he marry someone like you? Quit dreaming. Are you seriously making such an obvious lie just to upset me?” replied Cindy before she scoffed aloud.

Arielle didn't respond after hearing that speech. She simply stood there and smiled.

Her grin was ever so pure and content, and it reminded others of the full moon hanging on the clearest sky.


Cindy started worrying as she stared at Arielle's smile.


Married... lies... Given Arielle's style, there is no way she'd lie about something that can be easily verified. Could it be... Did they actually get married? How is that even possible? If that really is the case, then how will I ever defeat the wife of Nightshire Group's CEO?

Cindy was already screaming in her heart. She did her best to force herself to stand up straight, but in the end, she had to lean against the wall to support herself.

Gasp! Cindy panted for a while before she managed to ask, “Are you telling the truth?”

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

Cindy's irises had already constricted as much as physically possible, and her eyes were bulging so much that they were on the verge of popping.

Yet, in the very next second, Arielle chuckled and replied, "That was a lie."

Cindy was taken aback. Confusion and suspicion filled her.

She was on the verge of going crazy when she demanded, "What is the truth?"

Arielle put her smile away and calmly replied, "Aunt Cindy, you claimed that Shandie is a scaredy-cat, but it seems that you are too. All I did was make a joke, and you're already so frightened that you almost had a miscarriage. To be honest, you look really funny now."

"You..." Cindy was so upset that she almost vomited blood.

Arielle ignored her and headed over to the mausoleum.

She had been to there a dozen times because that was where she paid respect to her mom.

That was supposed to be a memorial for the Moores, but the Southalls had taken up most of the space.

That was just how shameless the Southalls were. They would steal even a mausoleum.

Cindy glared evilly at Arielle. The former gritted her

teeth so much that it was a miracle that they didn't shatter.

I must chase her out of the Southall residence today!

Arielle grew up in a village, and her social status is lower than average. There is no way Vinson will still be into her if Southall Group kicks her out.

Besides, even if Vinson is into her pretty face, his mother would never let them be together. She is highly sensitive about social statuses.

Marrying Vinson Nightshire? Hah! Not even in her dreams!

Cindy gritted her teeth and followed Arielle along.

On the other side.

Alfred went to the room on the second floor to wake Malorie up.

She was comparatively strong, but she was no longer as agile after the previous "accident". She needed to sleep more hours.

In fact, she would be tired the entire evening if she didn't nap in the afternoon.

At first, Malorie was upset about being woken up, but hearing about how the psychic was there got her excited.

She had already planned everything with Cindy and would use that psychic to chase Arielle out of the house.

B*tches who don't respect their elderlies and are as devious as that Maureen has no place within the Southalls!

An evil glow flashed past Malorie's eyes. She didn't waste any time and was quick to run down the stairs.

Just as she reached the last step, she lost her balance and fell down.

"Mrs. Southall!" blurted Alfred as he hurried over to help her up.

After that, he asked, "Are you hurt? Should we go to the hospital to have you checked up?"

The elderlies had brittle bones, so a fall could be troublesome.

"I'm fine," replied Malorie as she waved her hand.

The truth was that her chest was feeling a little stuffed. However, she didn't think that it was a big deal since she only missed one step. That was why she didn't want to go to the hospital and was rushing to the mausoleum instead.

The most important task at hand is the chase that kid away. Falling and getting injured is a minor issue compared to that!

Alfred didn't see any external injuries on Malorie, so he didn't insist. He simply followed along.

When Malorie arrived at the mausoleum, she saw that Arielle was paying her respect to Shandie.

To Arielle, Shandie was a person of the past. The former would let go of everything after sending those last prayers.

Cindy stood at the side. She didn't want Arielle to show up anywhere near Shandie's grave, but she had to put on a show.

She sighed deeply and turned around. That was when she saw Malorie approaching.

Cindy's eyes glowed, and she went to welcome Malorie.

“Mom, you're up! Rick has gone to open the door for the psychic. They should be here soon.”

Malorie nodded before shifting her gaze to Arielle.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Mrs. Southall's eyes were burning with rage when she looked over. She glared at Arielle like the latter was an annoying fly.

Arielle had her back to Malorie, but she could sense Malorie's hostile glare, anyway.

The former instinctively sensed that something was off, so after saying those last prayers, she walked to Malorie and informed, "I've paid my respect, Grandma, so I will return to my room now. I have class tomorrow and I missed today's classes. I need to study and catch up."

Cindy turned to Malorie and stared nervously.

Arielle can't leave. How are we going to put this show on if she leaves?

Malorie saw the anxiety in Cindy's eyes and knew what the latter was thinking. Hence, the former said, "It won't take up much time to study, so wait until the seance is done."

Malorie's tone and words were firm, and it was obvious that it was a command instead of a discussion.

That got Arielle even more suspicious.

Something is up. She is acting out of the norm. Why would she want me to stay when she never wants me around?

Unfortunately, Malorie had already voiced up, so Arielle couldn't defy her with everyone watching. The

latter had no choice but to nod and reply, "Okay."

It's just a seance, so things shouldn't be too serious.

Even if it's a trap, I can come up with something and deal with it on the spot.

Arielle grinned once more after coming to that conclusion. She replied, "Okay, then let me pour you a glass of water, Grandma."

"There's no need for that," replied Malorie before she waved her hand and added, "Just go kneel in front of Shandie's grave. It's taboo for us to kneel because we're older than her and are of an older generation. You will have to do it for us."

Cindy almost laughed aloud.

It's always great when Malorie is around. I don't even need an excuse to bully Arielle. She can just command Arielle around.

Arielle's expression stiffened for a moment, but she regained her footing quickly. She walked directly to the prayer mat and knelt down.

That being said, her direction was off. She wasn't kneeling in front of Shandie's grave. Instead, she was paying respect to Maureen and the Moores.

Neither Malorie nor Cindy noticed that. They simply felt better upon seeing how Arielle was kneeling.

Just then, a series of footsteps echoed.

Henrick and the psychic had arrived.

“Here we are. Please go ahead,” said Henrick politely as he opened the door for the psychic.

Arielle turned around. All she saw was an elderly man in a bright-colored outfit and a long beard. The guy looked like he was in his nineties, but he still seemed energetic and his eyes were glowing. His figure was also strong. The aura he exuded was borderline holy.

Aura felt something strange. For some unknown reason, Arielle suddenly felt the need to be respectful to the guy.

Arielle wasn't superstitious, but she was feeling compelled. Hence, it was natural that Malorie was even more delighted.

To someone like Malorie, the psychic in question was ranked slightly higher than ordinary psychics.

Malorie stood up right away to welcome the psychic. She said, “Hello, may I know how to address you?”

The psychic replied humbly, “My name is Michael.”

“Ah, Michael,” greeted Malorie with a bright smile on, “Please come in.”

Michael nodded and entered.

Henrick hurried along and said, “Thank you for coming to perform a seance for my daughter. I heard that it is inauspicious for parents and grandparents to be present when the seance is performed in the mausoleum. Is that true?”

Michael shook his head and replied, “That is not true. Everyone can stand at the side. The seance will be done soon.”

“Okay, sure,” replied Henrick as he nodded. He was considerate and asked, “My wife just learned that she is pregnant. If you're free, would you mind doing a reading for the unborn baby later?”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Cindy felt uncomfortable upon hearing that.

She wasn't worried about Michael actually figuring anything out because she was a firm non-believer. She saw psychics as total conmen.

In fact, she would never spend a penny if she didn't want to put on a show.

Hence, the reason she felt uncomfortable was because she had to make a heinous lie in front of her daughter's grave.

Cindy regained her footing soon after, though.

All this is done to chase Arielle away so that I can get my hands on Southall Group and revenge Shandie's death. I'm sure she won't hate me for lying.

Michael and two of his disciples were quick to set everything up and begin the seance.

He had a bell with him and was chanting a spell.

Michael never paused and spoke fluently, but Arielle caught a few words. She had read many books and some of them were religious books, which helped calm her down.

He is chanting the Reincarno spell which is used to help ghosts get reincarnated.

Arielle watched the seance and waited quietly at the side.

Saving that sick patient hurt her, after all, so she had to sleep early that night. Only then would she have enough energy to go to school as usual and look for clues about the man in her mom's diary.

About thirty minutes later, Michael put the bell down. The seance was done.

Henrick was eager to step up and ask, "Michael, can you do a reading on the unborn child?"

Michael nodded and replied, "Of course. Mrs. Southall, please share your date of birth and the baby's due date with me."

Cindy nodded stiffly before she told Michael her date of birth and the supposed due date.

Michael nodded before he got a few coins out of his pocket and started the reading.

Malorie was concerned about the baby as well since it was her grandchild. She was quick to inch forward.

It didn't take long before Michael paused. His expression was off at the time.

Malorie asked, "What is it? Is the baby going to be a boy? Will he grow up to be a successful man?"

Michael closed his eyes and shook his head.

At first, Arielle planned on sneaking away when no one was looking, but she couldn't help pausing when she

saw Michael shaking his head like that.

When Malorie saw how Michael was shaking his head, she asked in an upset tone, "Does that mean it's a girl?"

She wasn't as excited about having another girl.

The baby was her flesh and blood, after all, so she was still happy, though. If I train her well, she might be able to get an amazing husband and our bloodline will live through her.

However, Michael shook his head once more.

Cindy was instantly nervous.

Did he actually figure something out? No, that is not possible! These people are all conmen. There is no way he can actually learn anything from ghosts! Their so-called abilities are just fairy tales!

Henrick got nervous, too. He couldn't help urging, "Please say something."

Michael finally opened his eyes and slowly informed, "I thought that I might've made a mistake so I redid everything in my head earlier. The results are the same. Mr. Southall... Have you gone to the hospital to get a check-up? Are you sure your wife is pregnant?"

Cindy instantly turned pale. Her hands gripped her pants tightly.

Arielle saw all that and couldn't help grinning.

Huh... I guess this guy might just be the real deal.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

It was the modern era, and mankind's knowledge had expanded exponentially. Heck, just some time ago, someone discovered a habitable planet.

Despite all that progress, there were still some things that science could not explain.

Perhaps magic was real, and there were some ways to foresee someone's future.

There were all kinds of fortune-telling methods all around the world, such as palm reading and tarot cards. Perhaps not everything was a con.

Henrick never noticed how Cindy was acting weird. He simply nodded firmly and added, "Of course we're sure! We just got back from the hospital this afternoon. Why are you asking this?"

Michael tsked and stroked his beard before saying, "Then that is truly strange. Your wife is not destined to have another child."

Henrick frowned right away.

Even Malorie couldn't help asking, "Did the hospital make a mistake?"

Cindy was so scared that she didn't even dare to breathe too loudly. She bit her lips and stopped talking entirely.

She regretted her decision then and there. I should've just hired someone off the streets. Why did I have to hire the famous Michael?

Henrick, however, insisted, "It's not possible! There is no mistake. The pregnancy strip might've been faulty, but the hospital confirmed the pregnancy, so it can't have been wrong. Michael, do you mind doing another reading? I can share my birth date with you as well."

"That's not necessary," replied Michael as he waved his hand and added, "Unborn babies' readings are based on the mother's birth dates. The father's birth date would not help. If the hospital has already confirmed the pregnancy, then perhaps I am just exhausted from the seance and can't get an accurate reading anymore. There is one other possibility, though."

"What could that be?" asked Henrick hurriedly.

"The baby might not survive the pregnancy. That would result in a similar reading."

Cindy sighed a breath of relief immediately and instinctively blurted, "That must be it!"

Henrick and Malorie couldn't help turning to Cindy and staring strangely.

That was when Cindy noticed that her behavior was off. No mother would be so certain and firm when others said that their unborn baby will die in the womb.

Hence, she quickly added, "But it'll all change if I rest well and protect the baby, right?"

Michael nodded and replied, "Perhaps. We'll have to see how fate plays out. For now, you should focus on

resting up.”

Cindy sighed a breath of relief. She felt like paying ten times the regular fee was worth it.

Still... It seems it's a little difficult to control him. I can't afford to waste any more time. I will not pay all that money for naught, and I can't let Arielle stay. If she does, she will eventually discover that my pregnancy is fake!

Thinking about that prompted Cindy to ask, “By the way, what else can you tell us and help us with? Perhaps the geomancy of the place or if there is any bad luck?”

At first, Malorie was worried about how the baby might die in the womb, but hearing those words reminded her of why she had Cindy hire Michael in the first place.

We have to chase that Arielle out of here.

Malorie was quick to chime in, “That's true. You're here anyway, so please help us see if there is anything wrong with the aura in the house. To be honest, two of our young had passed away in the last month. I can't bear to lose another child or grandchild again.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“That's right. Please take a look around. I can pay even more if that is what is needed,” added Cindy. She also winked at Michael from an angle that no one else could see.

“Oh,” replied Michael, “The geomancy of the place is actually great, but a malicious aura had engulfed the place these past few months.”

Hearing those words got Henrick's expression to take a sharp change. He quickly asked, “Is there any way to learn the cause of the issue or just solve it directly?”

“There is a way to solve it, and I have already learned the cause. A cursed child had come to your place in the last few months. All you have to do is find the child and chased the person out of here. Everything will be fine after that.”

Cindy grinned but quickly hid it away. She put on an anxious expression before commenting, “So that's why? No wonder my Shandie suddenly did the extreme even though she has been fine all this while.”

Hearing those words allowed Arielle to understand what was going on. No wonder Cindy suddenly hired a psychic despite never being superstitious. So she's coming after me, huh?

Arielle's expression turned grim, but she had already planned ahead and knew what she would do.

At worst, I will just leave the Southall residence. Everything is more or less prepared, anyway, and it's

time Southall Group changes its name.

Henrick frowned so deeply that he could kill a fly with his brows.

He asked, "Can you help us locate that person? Our family has hired many new housekeepers this month, so there has been quite a change."

Cindy tugged at Henrick and reminded, "Rick, you're not listening closely enough. Michael said that the vile aura started engulfing us a few months ago, so it's not about what happened this month. It happened earlier."

Michael responded by nodding and replying, "That's true. The dark aura has been around for a while. By my calculation, it has been around for two months."

Cindy urged Henrick, "Rick, think carefully. Did we hire anyone two months ago? If so, who is it?"

"Two months ago..." murmured Henrick.

He soon came to a conclusion. Arielle came back two months ago, and no one else came to us during that time! Could it be? Is Arielle the source of all this bad luck?

Fear engulfed Henrick.

Many had truly happened since Arielle returned.

First, there was an explosion in Southall Group's building. Then, Shandie killed herself... Did all that

happen because of Arielle?

Henrick couldn't help shifting his gaze to Arielle, who was standing at the side.

She had beautiful eyes, and her figure was stunning. Her aura and facial feature were also perfect.

Beauty like that was extremely rare in Jadeborough, even among the models.

The old fables had always pointed out how evil pixies and malicious ghosts were exceptionally beautiful. It seemed that Arielle was too stunning and borderline unholy.

Goosebumps rose all over Henrick's arm, but he was still hesitant and refused to believe that Arielle was the cause of the bad luck.

No one else was aware of it, but Henrick knew that Arielle and Vinson were already married. That, in effect, meant that Arielle could be a money-making device that generates uncountable profit.

Cindy could tell that Henrick was swaying as well, so she pushed, "Rick, think hard about it. Michael said that I'm not supposed to have another child, but I am undoubtedly pregnant. Maybe Michael's reading is only off because that unlucky person is bringing harm to the baby. Chasing that person away could mean that our son will be born safely!"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The word son hit a bull's eye.

Henrick had spent so much effort overtaking the Moores' immense wealth and chasing the Moores away. It took him so much to have everything.

However, humans were fragile and would die eventually. It didn't matter if Arielle would be the wife of Nightshire Group's CEO. The fact was that Arielle would never take Henrick's surname.

She might help build my wealth, but that money would be meaningless if there was no one to inherit my legacy. I don't want to waste all my effort just to die and have no one visit my grave.

I want an heir!

At the end of the day, daughters simply aren't as important as sons.

Henrick gritted his teeth. He had ripped the bandage off and made his decision then.

He called out, "Sannie."

Arielle could see the change in Henrick's eyes. She grinned and seemed sweet and innocent when she asked, "What is it, Dad?"

Henrick couldn't really speak when he saw the innocence in her eyes.

He loved Arielle, but... it's too bad she's a girl.

Henrick's lips parted and ordered, "You will move out of the house today. I have a condo in Jadeborough, and you can live there for now. Return after you have graduated. That place is closer to the university, so it'd be more convenient for you."

Arielle deliberately put on a surprised and heartbroken expression before she asked, "Dad, why are you making me move? I just found you, and I don't want to leave."

Henrick sighed and replied, "Silly girl, I am only doing all this so that things are more convenient for you. Besides, your Aunt Cindy is pregnant, so it'd be bad if you accidentally scared her. You can return after you graduate, okay?"

At the end of the day, Henrick was reluctant to give up a profit-making machine like Arielle.

Cindy frowned at the side.

She wanted Henrick to disown Arielle entirely instead of just sending her away for a little while.

Hence, Cindy put on a surprised expression and blurted like she was saying it for Arielle's sake. She asked, "Rick, you don't think that the person bringing bad luck into the house is Sannie, do you?"

Henrick looked awkward.

He didn't want to verbalize it, but Cindy had made that impossible.

The latter acted as if she never noticed Henrick's expression and deliberately added, "Now that you mention it, the bad luck had started happening after she came home..."

Malorie was more direct and stated, "I knew it. She is a cursed child! Why bother letting her stay in the condo? Just send her back to the village where she came from!"

"Mom!" complained Henrick hesitantly. He didn't want to do that.

Why would I throw away a profit-making machine?

Cindy could tell that Henrick was swaying, so she decided to give him the final push.

She turned to Michael and asked, "Look, we found the person who brought the bad luck. Tell us, will everything be okay once she moves out? Or... will the family have to disown her completely?"

Cindy might've been asking the question, but her eyes glowed in a way that demanded that Michael get Henrick to disown Arielle.

Michael complied and nodded before saying, "Moving out is not good enough. The effects of bad luck will remain. You must break off all relations with her entirely. Only then will the vile aura dissipate."

Henrick was stunned. His jaw dropped.

That means I have to disown Arielle completely...

Hearing the psychic's words prompted Malorie to demand, "What the hell are you waiting for, Rick? Disown her right now!"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Henrick was swaying earlier and was hesitant to give up on a profit-making machine like Arielle. However, he had made his decision then.

Wealth is nothing compared to having a son. I have to have an heir to inherit everything and carry on my legacy.

Henrick turned to Arielle and looked deeply into her eyes before saying, "You heard what he said, Sannie. I have no choice. You are a good daughter, and I am sure you understand, right?"

Arielle didn't bother putting on an act anymore. An icy aura exuded from her as she asked, "Dad, are you disowning me just because a psychic said to do so?"

Henrick's expression stiffened, but he eventually nodded and claimed, "I have wronged you, Sannie, but don't worry. I will give you a sizeable sum so that you can graduate from your university without facing any problems. You will also be able to find a great job with that university's qualification. It's just... You will have to deal with everything on your own after that."

Arielle was quiet for a moment.

She truly didn't anticipate that to happen.

I haven't finished what I came here to do or exact my revenge. Yet, he is chasing me out of the house.

Cindy was ecstatic when she saw the look on Arielle's face.

Once Arielle is cut off from Henrick and leaves the Southall residence, I will get Matthias to send someone to finish her off completely. She will not draw another breath after that. Finally, I can avenge Shandie's death! I am so stupid. Why didn't I think of this earlier?

Still, the timing is perfect this time. Malorie is on my side, and my fake pregnancy is pushing Henrick to disown Arielle entirely.

Cindy didn't bother hiding anymore. She was borderline gloating when she said, "You can pack your things and leave now. You are not allowed to take anything out of the house, but you can have a few outfits. That way, you will at least have some clothes to wear."

Malorie was even crueler. She growled, "What clothes? She can leave in the outfit she has on right now. You cursed child. Get out of this house right away!"

Just before Arielle spoke up, Michael said, "Mrs. Southall, I have said everything you asked me to say. When can I expect to receive the payment you promised?"

Cindy was stunned. She stared at Michael in disbelief.

Arielle was surprised as well.

I-isn't he on Cindy's side? Why is he saying all this now?

Henrick was quiet for a few moments. He frowned in confusion before he asked, "Michael, what do you

mean? What did Cindy ask you to say?”

Cindy panicked and replied, “I will pay you now. Let's talk outside, Michael.”

Unfortunately for her, Henrick grabbed her arm and stopped her before she could get Michael out of the place.

Henrick insisted, “Please clarify everything you said earlier, Michael.”

Michael stroked his beard and replied calmly, “Your wife promised to pay me ten times my usual fee if I were to say that someone is bringing bad luck to your house. She also said to claim that the person came to the place two months ago. I have done everything as requested. Please pay up.”

Cindy was stunned, and Malorie's expression was just as terrible.

Malorie never knew that Cindy asked the psychic to say all that. The former truly thought that Arielle was the source of all bad luck. Hearing all that got surprised to don her aging face as well.

“Cindy Moore!” growled Henrick angrily as he glared at Cindy, “So you are the one who asked Michael to say all that bullsh*t!”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Henrick's fury was beyond words and description.

Arielle was the perfect profit-making machine, and Henrick would never have chased her away if the psychic never said anything about her bringing bad luck.

“Rick...”

Cindy could see how angry Henrick was, and she got so scared that she almost fell.

Fortunately, Malorie was there to stop her from falling. The former reminded, “Cindy, be careful.”

Malorie glared angrily over before reprimanding, “Rick, why are you being so harsh to Cindy? Have you forgotten that she is pregnant with my grandson?”

Henrick was about to swing over and slap Cindy across her face, but hearing those words stopped him.

If Cindy wasn't pregnant with Henrick's son, he might've just divorced her on the spot.

Henrick bit down and thought about Arielle. He reached out to hold her hand before apologizing, “This is all my fault, Sannie. I bought your Aunt Cindy's lie. I would never have chased you out otherwise.”

Henrick changed his stance faster than a fish could die in the desert. What's worse was that he didn't think he was wrong at all.

Malorie, however, panicked.

“Rick, you can't let her stay. I don't like her, so you must chase her away!”

“Mom! You don't understand anything, so please stop butting in on this matter,” complained Henrick in frustration.

“Oh, I'm the one who doesn't understand anything? Hah! There is definitely something bad about her. You have never spoken to me in that disrespectful tone before she comes around. Besides, I believe that she brings bad luck, even though Michael only said all that after Cindy paid him.”

Malorie's words reminded Henrick of something important.

I can ask him to read Arielle's fortune for real.

“Michael,” said Henrick as he let go of Arielle's hand and turned to the psychic. Henrick asked, “Can you do a real reading for my daughter? I will pay you ten times what was offered.”

Arielle's gaze shifted to Michael.

She couldn't deny that she had a good feeling about the guy, and it wasn't just because he didn't do as Cindy asked. He also had a clean, holy aura around him.

Hence, Arielle stepped forward and offered, “Okay, please read my fortune.”

Michael was quiet for a few seconds before he nodded and said, "I like your aura, so I will do it for free."

Michael asked for Arielle's date of birth and had her show him her palm.

About ten minutes later, Michael shifted his gaze to Arielle and stared in astonishment. He asked, "W-who are you?"

Arielle was confused and asked, "What are you talking about?"

Michael checked the reading again and replied, "I can't see your future because it's all a blank to me, but the readings are clear as day. You are blessed by an angel, and your future is infinitely bright!"

Arielle didn't believe in what Michael was saying and assumed that he was just helping her out.

Hence, she grinned appreciatively and replied, "I hope that's true, then."

Henrick's eyes bulged in surprise when he heard everything from the side.

Blessed by an angel! That means that she will definitely become the wife of Nightshire Group's CEO. Thank the heavens I didn't chase her out.

Henrick held Arielle's hand and said, "Ah, my precious daughter. I promise I will treat you well and will never leave you again. I won't let anyone hurt you either."