

Arielle scoffed internally, but she put the perfect smile on her face.

In the past, she saw Henrick as nothing but the sperm donor that allowed her mom to give her life. Arielle also saw the guy as the person who was only her father on paper. However, she had mentally cut Henrick off completely at that moment.

Naturally, Henrick had no one but himself to blame for that.



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She had no choice but to continue staying here until she had completely settled the matters regarding Southall Group and Henrick's family.

Thinking of that, Arielle reluctantly stretched out her hand to hold Henrick's hand and said, "Dad, thank you for letting me stay. I'm really glad. You're my only family member in this world, Dad."

Henrick's eyes reddened.

Such a good kid! Why would I be deceived by Cindy and wanted to kick you out of the house?

He nodded and patted Arielle on her shoulder. "My good girl, it's my fault for letting you down. I assure you that this will never happen again."

Henrick's tone was firm when he said it. However, Arielle knew that Henrick was not one who would keep his promises. He might change his mind in the next second.

Someone who was untrustworthy and selfish like him was undeserving of being called a father.

Michael said that there were no sons in Cindy's life. That also meant that Michael had no sons too.

"Thank you, Dad." Arielle showed him a warm smile, but it was cold in her heart.

The smile on Arielle's face pierced through Cindy's eyes like a sword.

She had not expected that the scheme that she had painstakingly put in place with Malorie did not hurt Arielle even in the slightest. Instead, it had caused Henrick to be mad at her.

She bit her lips in fury.

Vixen! Arielle is indeed a vixen!

Suddenly, Cindy thought about the “baby” in her stomach.

The fake pregnancy would be revealed sooner or later. She might as well use this non-existent child to get Arielle out of the house.

Since the psychic was unreliable, she could only rely on herself now.

Cindy had an idea in her mind. She put on an apologetic smile on her face and said to Arielle, “Sannie, I’m sorry for treating you like that. I had really lost my mind. I was just too afraid that you would not be able to accept the child in my stomach. Please forgive me. I’ll definitely make it up for you in the future.”

Arielle was stunned. “What do you mean by I wouldn’t be able to accept the child in your stomach? Isn’t that you who is unable to accept me?”

Cindy twitched the corner of her mouth slightly and showed an aggrieved look. “Rick, look at her! She always treats me with this attitude. This is why I want her to come back after our son is born. I just don’t want

something like Shandie to happen again...”

Henrick frowned. He wanted to help Cindy to lecture Arielle, but he swallowed his words when he thought of what Michael said that Arielle was “blessed by an angel.” He tried to be a peacemaker and said, “Misunderstanding. It's just a misunderstanding. Misunderstanding will be eliminated eventually if the two of you get along well in the future.”

Cindy was extremely unhappy, but she knew that she could not say anything else at this moment. She was so helpless that she turned her gaze to Malorie for help.

However, when Cindy's gaze fell on Malorie, she saw Malorie sitting on the chair and panting.

Cindy asked in shock. “Mom, what's the matter with you?”

Only then did Henrick notice that there was something wrong with Malorie. He hurried forward and asked, “Mom, are you okay?”

Malorie wanted to say that she was okay. However, once she opened her mouth, her chest hurt so much that she could not say a word.

Seeing the scene, Alfred hurriedly said to Henrick, “Mr. Southall, Mrs. Southall fell down from the stairs earlier today. Not sure if she hurt herself that time?”

“What? Why did you only tell me now? Get a car and go to the hospital now!” Henrick was startled and



scolded Alfred.

“Yes,” answered Alfred and hurried away.

Henrick carefully helped Malorie up and asked Cindy to stay home. With the assistance of the housekeeper, Malorie was carried and put into the car.



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Cindy was worried about Malorie. Malorie's prejudice against Arielle was due to Maureen, and such a prejudice would never disappear. Cindy knew that with the help of Malorie, it would be easier for her to kick Arielle out.

However, when she said she wanted to go to the hospital, she was rejected by Henrick. "Since the psychic has said so, you have to be more careful. You just stay home, and I'll take care of Mom."

Cindy bit her lower lip and said, "Go to Rocher Private Hospital. Queenie is a very famous doctor there. If Mom's situation is not good, you must get her to see Mom."

Henrick nodded and looked at Arielle. "Sannie, you stay at home too. You have class tomorrow. Get some good rest at home."

"Okay, Dad," Arielle replied with a faint smile and sent Henrick off with her gaze.

Right after Henrick left, Cindy's face darkened. She gave a cold glance at Michael and said, "You're just a liar in my eyes, and I'm not going to give you any money. Get out of my house right now!"

The two disciples behind Michael wanted to step forward to argue with Cindy, but they were stopped by Michael. Michael said calmly, "You don't need to get mad even if you don't trust me. Do you know how I can live until this age? That's because my heart is always as settled as still water. I hope you can get the gist of it too.

As for the remuneration for the seance, I'll treat it as a gift for this young lady.”

Michael was referring to Arielle. Cindy's face darkened even more now. She chose to ignore Michael and entered the mansion.

Arielle stepped forward and said politely to Michael, “Thanks for not helping Cindy to harm me today, and also thanks for telling a lie for me. Thanks to your help, my Dad did not kick me out. If you need me for anything in the future, please do not hesitate to let me know. If your body is unwell, you can come to see me too. For the remuneration that Cindy refused to pay you, I'll pay. How much do you want?”

The two disciples behind Michael chortled and said, “Our master never lies. The words that he said about you are also true.”

Michael said lightly, “I never lie. Young lady, you have a very extraordinary life. You don't need to pay me for this time. Just take it as my goodwill.”

Despite the seriousness in his tone, Arielle did not believe it. “Thanks for your words. I don't believe in these, but thank you anyway.”

Michael smiled and shook his head. “I don't blame you for not believing me at such a young age. However, I have a few more words for you. Although your life is extraordinary and you're blessed by an angel, you will encounter many life and death disasters in the future. You need to be careful to have a smooth-sailing life.

“Thank you.” Arielle bowed and passed a check to his two disciples. She then sent Michael off.

Just when she was about to return to the manor, a low voice sounded, “Arielle.”

Arielle was shocked. She turned to look at the source of the voice and saw Vinson in a shadowy corner.

“Vinson!” Her voice was filled with joy that she did not even feel.

Vinson stepped out from the shadows and shone under the sun. He approached Arielle step by step. “Has the matter about the psychic been resolved?”

Hearing that, Arielle hesitated for a moment and said, “Did you bribe Michael such that he wouldn't be on Cindy's side?”



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Vinson smiled and shook his head. “You've really underestimated Michael. Although I did call him, he made himself clear on the phone that he would not accept such dirty money. I was afraid that if I went inside, Henrick would suspect that I bribed Michael. So I decided to wait outside.”

Arielle looked at the sun and said, “You should've come in. It's scorching now. You will get a heat stroke.”

Vinson raised his eyebrows. “Can I take your words as a concern about me?”

Arielle's back stiffened, but she made herself look as natural as possible and said lightly, “Of course, we're friends! You're also my backer! Who else should I care about if not you?”

The light in Vinson's eyes vanished, but he put on a smile shortly after. “Sure! Your backer can't collapse. I have to take good care of you.”

Suddenly, Arielle remembered that she had something to deal with. “Backer, I need your help.”

“Say it! Even if you want the stars in the sky, I will get them for you,” said Vinson.

Arielle blushed unconsciously. She glared at Vinson and said, “Can you be more serious? I mean business here!”

“What can I do for you?” said Vinson again in a serious tone this time.

“This.” Arielle took out a transparent plastic bag from her pocket, and it was filled with something dark inside.

“What is this?” Vinson took it over and asked curiously.

Arielle frowned and said, “This is the herb that Matthias let Cindy drink every day when she was hospitalized. I used my relationship with Carter to ask the nurse to help me to get the herb residue and the cup. However, Matthias was very cautious, and he would take away the residue and the cup every time. Luckily, both of them forgot about this on the day when Cindy was discharged. I went to the hospital before I came home just to get this.”

“Cindy was not really sick that time. It was impossible that she needed herbal remedies. Can't you tell what herb this is?”

Arielle shook her head. “I've never seen this before. But I believe this is most probably from Manchernius. Besides, my people also found out that Matthias went to Manchernius a few weeks ago. So, can you help me to find out what herb is this? There are too many poisons in Manchernius, and my people are not familiar with these. I don't want to get my adoptive parents involved too. So... I have no choice but to ask for your help.”

“No problem,” Vinson promised. “Toni and Andy's funeral will be held tomorrow. After the funeral, I'll send Blake and Sasha there to investigate. They've been there many times. I think it is not difficult for them to find out what herb is this.”

“Thank you, my backer.”

Vinson smiled. “I don't accept any verbal gratitude. It would be better if you can buy me dinner.”

“Ravioli?”

Vinson nodded. “Sure. I'll pick you up after school tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

Just then, Vinson's phone rang. It was a call from the Specialized Forces.

“Hold on a minute! I need to take a call.”

Arielle nodded. Vinson did not walk away and just answered the call on the spot.

However, Arielle could only hear Vinson. “I got it. I'll rush over now.”

After Vinson hung up the phone, Arielle spoke up first. “Go ahead. I have nothing else here.”

Vinson nodded. “Alright. It's about Soir Coffee. Do you still remember Kelsea? It was her father, Howard who planned all this. However, the Specialized Forces just found out from Howard that it was Kelsea who came out with the idea.”



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“Kelsea? She's really a tough one!” Arielle was a little surprised.

Vinson raised his eyebrows and said, “I know right? But this time she won't even have the chance to cause trouble anymore. Do you wanna come with me?”

“No. I'm exhausted already. I want to rest at home.” Arielle shook her head.

Vinson nodded and said, “Okay, I'm going now. Rest well, and call me if anything happens.”

He had been repeating this for so many times.

Arielle let out a heartfelt smile. “Okay.”

She used to answer it perfunctorily as she did not want to bother Vinson. However, now she felt that it was not too bad to have a backer after all.

Vinson had arrived at the Special Detention Center of the Specialized Forces.

The prisoners could not be tortured in other places, except by the Specialized Forces. The Specialized Forces was a special squad that was formed outside the system of Chanaea, and it was managed directly by the top people. When necessary, they could torture the prisoners.

The condition at the Special Detention Center was extremely bad.

Vinson could feel the coldness and humidity as soon as he entered the place.

The nearer he was to the cell, the stronger was the bloody smell.

The people of the Specialized Forces dared not bring Vinson to the cell. Thus, they led Howard to the interrogation room instead.

Both his hands and legs were shackled, making it difficult to walk.

He raised his head and saw a familiar person who was sitting in the interrogation room.

The person's face was handsome but cold. Who else could it be if it's not Vinson?

Howard widened his eyes in shock.

“H-How did you get in? This is not a place that you can come and go freely. Get out of here now!”

If it were not for Vinson, his only daughter would not be detained in the cell until now.

He had high hopes for Kelsea. However, even if she was released now, she could never wipe away the fact that she had been imprisoned before. Her life had been ruined.

Vinson raised his eyebrows and said, “I can come anytime as I wish.”

Howard was stunned and horrified.

The Specialized Forces would not do things for money. It was almost impossible for irrelevant people to enter the Special Detention Center.

Before Howard could speak, a member of the Specialized Forces gave a strong kick at his calf. "How dare you talk to our Captain like this?"

Howard was stunned again. It took him some time to finally find his voice. "W-What did you just say? He... He is your Captain?"

It was rumored that the Captain of the Specialized Forces did not exist as he had never shown up.

How did Vinson suddenly become their Captain? The Specialized Forces deal especially with the upper echelons and the mobs. How could someone from the upper echelon be their Captain?

"Captain, do you need me to teach him a lesson?" asked the member.

Vinson waved his hand and said, "Save your energy. Where are the people? Are they arriving soon?"

The member nodded. "I just received a call just now, saying that they will arrive in three minutes. I think they should be at the entrance by now."

Just as he finished speaking, footsteps were heard coming from outside.

Before Howard came back to his senses, he heard Kelsea's screams. "Let me go! I did not do anything serious. Why did you bring me here? Let me go! Please!"

Kelsea knew that if she was detained in an ordinary prison, she would be released one day. However, if it was the Special Detention Center, she would have to spend the rest of her life here.

Howard was in a complete shock to hear Kelsea's voice.

The next second, Kelsea was forcibly escorted in.

Both of them looked at each other, unable to speak a word.



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Kelsea was even more astonished than Howard when she saw him.

She had been in jail this whole time and was hence unaware of all the happenings outside. Moreover, she also did not know about the failure of the plan that she had taught Howard.

The reason Kelsea had been unable to get out of jail was that Vinson refused to relent at all.

It was her plan to use Soir Coffee to cause trouble in Nightshire Group so that Vinson would not have the time nor mental space to look into her matters. By then, she could get out of prison and seek revenge on Arielle.

The last thing she had expected was to see her own father at the Specialized Forces' Special Detention Center.

On top of that, her father's limbs were all chained up, making him look more pathetic than she already did.

Kelsea was instantly stupefied.

Meanwhile, when Howard saw Kelsea, his hatred for Vinson vanished immediately. Only fear and shock were left in his heart.

He was fine with being here. As long as Kelsea could get out of here, he was confident that the Morgans would be able to regain their former glory. But alas, who would have thought that Kelsea would be in here too?

Suddenly, Howard lost all hope and even all will to live.

One's pride and ego would vanish completely at one's most desolate moment.

Suddenly, he recalled that the men addressed someone called "Captain Nightshire." Instantly, he fell to his knees with a thud as he begged Vinson fervently, "Please Mr. Nightshire, I beg of you. Yes, I had overestimated myself. How dare I bring you so much trouble? I know I am wrong. I truly do! I cannot hope for your forgiveness, but my only wish is for you to release my daughter. She is still young, and she can't possibly spend the rest of her life in here!"

It was only then did Kelsea realize that Vinson was here too.

At the same time, she also noticed that the Specialized Forces were very respectful toward Vinson.

What is going on?

She was completely confused.

But before Kelsea could gather her thoughts, Howard crawled toward her and pulled her down to her knees in front of Vinson as well.

Instantly, Kelsea fell to the ground awkwardly next to Howard.

"Dad, you-"

“Come on, beg Mr. Nightshire to release you! Otherwise, you will never get out of here in your lifetime!”

Kelsea came to her senses at once.

No! I can't spend the rest of my life here!

That thought made her abandon all her sense of dignity and any semblance of feelings for Vinson. Kelsea sobbed as she implored, “Mr. Nightshire, I don't want to be locked up here for the rest of my life. I swear that I will never appear in front of you ever again after I get out. For the sake of Carter, please let me go!”

Vinson smirked. “Carter? Apart from me, Carter is the one who hates you the most. You can forget about using him.”

Kelsea was taken aback. How could Carter be so cruel?

Yet soon, she was no longer surprised. If he really cared about our familial relationship, I wouldn't have been locked up for so long!

He'd never even thought about helping me at all!

“I...” Kelsea bit her lip and hung her head low. “I'm sorry, and I will no longer try to scheme against you. Please forgive me this time.”

Vinson was already getting restless, so he merely stood up and spat out coldly, “It's getting late.”

What's the point of an apology now?

Based on Vinson's expression, Kelsea knew very well that there was no way he would release her now.

With hatred coursing through her veins, she stood up and lashed out at Vinson, "I have done nothing wrong at all. My father is in here, so the matter at the coffee shop definitely would not have succeeded. Why are you hell-bent on pushing me to the edge?"



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Kelsea truly did not understand why Vinson had to be so brutal.

Both of their families had been friends for decades. So what if she had done wrong in this matter about Soir Coffee? She did not succeed after all. So why was Vinson so set on watching them fall off the cliff?

“I don't understand this at all. What grudges do you have against me that made you do this to me?” Kelsea sobbed bitterly.

Pausing for a moment, his eyes then flitted across her face and said calmly, “That is because you have offended someone you shouldn't have.”

Kelsea still did not get it. “I know I should not have schemed against you, and I already know my mistake. As long as you release me, I will repay all of your losses. I can even give you half of my family fortune.”

Howard, who was beside Kelsea, nodded profusely, “That's right. In fact, I can give you everything that I have as long as you release my daughter.”

Nonetheless, Vinson chuckled and sniggered, “You're both wrong. It doesn't matter whether you offend me. I don't bear grudges at all.”

Upon that, Kelsea was even more confused.

“Then why are you...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she suddenly

realized something.

Her heart thumped as she recalled someone.

She then continued with hesitation. “You are doing all these because of... Arielle?”

Vinson raised his eyebrow and flashed her a cold yet caring smile.

However, Kelsea knew that that caring smile was not for her.

Vinson said calmly, “I could have forgiven you on the account of the Morgans if I were the one that you had offended. However, when it comes to her, I'm sorry, but you have offended the wrong person. I will never let go of anyone who tried to hurt her!”

His actions against the Morgans were not because of Soir Coffee, but simply because Kelsea had set up a trap for Arielle.

Instantly, Kelsea's face turned a deathly pale.

While her conjecture was accurate, she suddenly felt as if she was drenched in a bucket of icy-cold water. At the same time, she was angry and indignant.

“She doesn't deserve you!” Kelsea cried out loud. No matter how much Howard tried to stop her, she was unwavering and continued shouting, “She is just a country bumpkin. No matter how much you like her, you cannot change the fact that you are out of her

league.”

Vinson's eyes darkened.

However, his voice sounded the same as he said calmly, “So, you are the one who decides whether someone is worthy of me?”

Kelsea nearly bit through her lips.

Ugh! Is this how much Vinson likes Arielle?

However, Vinson did not want to spend any more time on these two. He came over here personally just to make sure that they were held in custody.

“Shut them up separately, and don't let them see each other ever again,” he said while he left.

The Specialized Forces said respectfully, “Yes, sir!”

Just as Vinson was about to leave, Kelsea cried out desperately, “There is no way you two can ever be together. Mrs. Nightshire will never agree to this!”

Vinson stopped in his tracks. Finally, he turned his head around, and his dark eyes met Kelsea's. He then said, “You may not know this, but Arielle and I are already married. We will spend the rest of our lives together happily.”

Hearing that, Kelsea widened her eyes, and her lips turned pale.

Chapter 620

“No! That's impossible!” she shrieked as blood dripped from the corner of her eyes. She was indeed a pathetic sight to behold.

However, this time, Vinson did not stop at all and merely walked away quickly.



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At the Southall residence...

Arielle did not know what had happened to Kelsea and Howard, but she knew that Vinson would not let them off easily.

For some reason, she began to feel better.

However, when she was back in the mansion, she saw Cindy looking at her triumphantly as she sneered, "I was wondering what that quack was talking about when he said that you were some blessed woman. Turns out Vinson has been helping you out."

Cindy had turned around unintentionally when she left. At that moment, she saw Vinson walking up to Arielle. However, she did not stop long enough to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Arielle raised her eyebrows. "You can think whatever you want."

"Hoho," Cindy sniggered as she continued, "don't think that you are set for life just because you are with Mr. Nightshire now. Men are all cruel playboys. Let's see who else you can rely on next when this one finally gets bored with you!"

Arielle just wanted to ignore Cindy. As it was still early, she planned to grab some dinner and have an earlier night.

Seeing that Arielle was disregarding her, Cindy stood up in annoyance. "Arielle! I see that you're still so

ignorant, aren't you? A life was lost in Soir Coffee, and it's under the Nightshire Group. There is no way Soir Coffee can continue its operations, and this will definitely affect Nightshire Group's share price. There is also something else that you don't know about. Vinson's late father still has a brother who is the second-largest shareholder of Nightshire Group. Vinson may leave his position as CEO due to this incident.”

As soon as Cindy finished saying that, triumph began to appear on her face once again.

She continued calmly, “Even if he continues to like you for the rest of his life, without his position as the CEO of Nightshire Group coupled with his offensive character, he will not be able to take care of himself, let alone you. I'd say that you should know what's good for you and apologize to me soon. I may be able to forgive you after all.”

Right then, Arielle stopped in her tracks.

Cindy's smile deepened as she continued, “You see, I don't really have to throw you out. As long as you are obedient, I can still... tolerate your presence.”

With Arielle's beauty, she would have no problem trying to persuade the few shareholders from Southall Group.

However, there was a little smile on Arielle's face when she turned around.

Cindy instantly looked frosty.

“Did you not hear me? I am not joking, alright?”

A slow smile appeared on Arielle's face as she said calmly, “Looks like you still haven't quite caught up, Aunt Cindy. The incident at Soir Coffee has already been taken care of. In fact, sales are through the roof, and Vinson is busy handling all the shareholders and also the different Soir Coffee branches that are popping up like mushrooms across the top tier cities in Chanaea.”

Cindy widened her eyes. “What nonsense are you spouting?”

With a firm gaze, Arielle shrugged. “Go and find out more if you don't believe me. Anyway, I'm exhausted, so I'm going to get some rest.”

She had lost all appetite after talking to Cindy. Hence, she was planning to head straight to bed.

Ignoring Cindy, she headed for the staircase and soon disappeared around the corner.

Cindy, on the other hand, was still thinking about Arielle's words, and disbelief was written all over her face.

How could Nightshire Group keep such a huge issue under wraps?

This is impossible!

However, she still fished out her phone and began

searching for Soir Coffee's press conferences.



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Cindy only managed to watch half of the press conference.

However, she could clearly feel that throughout the press conference, both the manager of Soir Coffee and Vinson were thoroughly interrogated by the media.

She did not know what happened after that.

Regardless, Cindy's fingers flew across her keyboard, and she immediately found the video of the Soir Coffee press conference.

This was an edited video that contained only the highlights of the press conference.

In the beginning, the media had interrogated the manager so much that his face turned a horrendous green. However, the recovering customer actually appeared and confessed that he had purposely done this to land Soir Coffee in trouble.

The reporter did not believe him and continued questioning. This time, they brought up Howard.

After that, there was evidence about the fund transfers.

With all the evidence, Howard had no choice but to confess. He was then brought away by the Specialized Forces.

Specialized Forces.

This was enough to scare the rich and famous.

No prominent family was completely clean and innocent. The Specialized Forces were set up to target the prominent families and the gangs and could be said to be their greatest enemy.

The moment the Specialized Forces appeared, nobody dared to question them any further. Finally, the troublemaking crowd and the journalists were all taken away by the police.

This explains everything!

Arielle did not react to my threats at all, simply because the matter with Soir Coffee was already settled!

After watching the video, Cindy was so angry that she turned pale, her knees almost buckling.

Her maid, Larissa, immediately supported her and asked her with feigned concern, "Mrs. Southall, are you alright? Should I call the doctor?"

Since Arielle had asked her to stay by Cindy's side as a spy, she, of course, had to play her role well.

Cindy leaned against Larissa and steadied herself. She let out a huge sigh but could still feel the gloom surrounding her.

"There is no need." She sat on the chair and glanced at Larissa before commanding her, "Give Rick a call and ask him how Mom's doing."

After all, she still needed Malorie's help to get rid of

Arielle.

“Alright.” Larissa nodded and called Henrick.

However, nobody picked up at all.

“Mrs. Southall, Mr. Southall didn't pick up,” Larissa reported.

Cindy nodded in acknowledgement.

She did not think too much as it was but a fall. At the most, it would be a broken bone. There shouldn't be any huge problem. Henrick was probably busy handling the admission process right now.

After that, Cindy instructed Larissa, “Go to my bedside table and get the herbs from there. Steep the herbs for half an hour. These herbs are to help stabilize my pregnancy. Don't let anyone help, and don't let Arielle touch them.”

“Yes, Mrs. Southall.” Larissa bowed respectfully and prepared to head upstairs.

Right then, Cindy suddenly realized that she was left with just a few people at the manor. Hence, it was imperative that she secure their loyalty.

Hence, she called after Larissa and removed the diamond necklace from her own neck before placing it in Larissa's hands. “This necklace is for you. Sell it and use the money for your child's treatment.”

Larissa looked overjoyed and thanked her profusely after feigning rejection for a while.

“No need,” Cindy spoke in an unusually gentle tone. “You are my subordinate, so your matters are mine too. As long as you are loyal to me, you don't have to worry about your child's illness.”

“Thank you Mrs. Nightshire!” Larissa thanked her and put the necklace away before heading to get the herbs upstairs.

However, instead of going down after taking the herbs, she went to Arielle's room.



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In the room, Arielle had just gotten ready for bed when there was a knock on her door.

Expecting it to be Cindy seeking trouble again, Arielle opened the door impatiently only to find Larissa standing there.

“Larissa?” Arielle immediately looked left and right to make sure that there was nobody around them before she pulled her into the room.

After they closed the door, Arielle said, “Why are you here? Did anyone see you?”

Larissa shook her head and said, “I’ve checked. No one’s around, so I came here.”

She showed Arielle the herbs in her hands. “This is the herbs that Mrs. Southall asked me to process for her. However, she refused to let anyone else take it apart from me. I thought it sounded suspicious, so I brought it here for you to take a look.”

Arielle brought the herbs closer to her nose for a sniff. It smelled like the leftovers that she had taken from the psychiatric hospital.

“Alright.” Arielle returned the pack to Larissa and said, “Go ahead and help her steep the herbs. From now on, remember not to look for me. If you want to contact me, just text me, so you don’t raise Cindy’s suspicions. I placed you undercover, so we must never let her find out.”

Larissa nodded and said, "Yes, I was too careless. Oh yes, and there was this too."

Then, Larissa fished out the necklace and said, "Mrs. Southall gave this to me."

Arielle took a look, and she identified it as a diamond necklace from Bvlgari. It was probably worth about a hundred grand.

She sniggered and played with the necklace for a while before saying, "Who would have expected that Cindy would become so generous in her bid to gather people's loyalty? Go ahead and sell the necklace. After your child recovers, you will still need money for other expenses."

"No, no," Larissa said, "I've already taken enough from you, so how can I still take from Cindy? You are still young, and looking at this current situation, you need the money more than I do."

Arielle stuffed the necklace into Larissa's pocket and said with a smile, "Don't worry, I have a little more money than you think I do. Just go ahead and sell the necklace. Take this opportunity to experience the joy of earning two salaries."

Larissa had no reply for that. After all, this was completely unexpected.

How much money could a young girl like her have?

Of course, she never said all these out loud. All she

knew was that Arielle was a good person, and she had to repay her someday.

Then, Larissa did not dawdle any further and immediately went down to steep the herbs.

Meanwhile, at the Rocher Private Hospital...

Only the rich and famous could afford to visit this hospital, so it wasn't that crowded here compared to other hospitals.

When Henrick arrived at the hospital, two nurses went forward to greet him, "Which department are you heading to?"

"Emergency!" Henrick said anxiously. "My mother says that she could not breathe, and she even fainted once on the way here. She has just regained consciousness and is still in the car. Bring a stretcher over to her!"

When the nurses heard him, one ran off to grab a stretcher while the other immediately informed the doctors in the emergency ward.

When Malorie was lifted onto the stretcher, she was already having breathing difficulties, and things did not look good at all.

The doctor checked her while asking Henrick, "What happened? What caused this?"

"My mother had a fall. The butler said it was just a slip. There weren't any big issues after that, but she began

feeling uncomfortable about one hour after the fall.”

“Alright. Go ahead and pay the fees first while we bring her for a checkup.”

Soon after that, the nurses and the medical staff busied themselves. Henrick could not help with anything, so he went to pay the fees.

It was just a fall, right? How did it turn out this way?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Rocher Private Hospital was very efficient. The moment Henrick finished paying the fees, the examination report was already out.

The doctor said, “The patient does not look good, and surgery is required. However, she is already old, and there is a lot of risk with the surgery. If you agree to it, please sign the responsibility waiver agreement here.”

Hearing that, Henrick was perplexed.

“What do you mean? Why would a fall warrant a surgery? Was there a fracture?”

The doctor shook his head then nodded. “There was a broken bone, but that is just a minor issue. The main thing is that there are ruptured blood vessels in her body. And because she has hypertension, she is already experiencing internal bleeding as we speak.”

Henrick immediately looked solemn.

He really did not expect Malorie's little fall to become so serious. Half an hour ago, she just visited a psychic and now she suddenly had to undergo surgery.

“You're a family member, yes?” the doctor asked, “Do you want her to undergo this surgery? If so, please sign here.”

Henrick gritted his teeth and scrawled his signature on the paper before reminding the doctor, “Please arrange the best surgeon for my mother. I will pay any amount.”

Without her, there was no way he could manage the family business.

Indeed, it made more money than the Southall Group now.

The doctor nodded and arranged for the surgery immediately.

They needed to do more in-depth examinations before the surgery, but the result made the doctor's face fall.

They detected a more serious condition — there were issues with her heart as well.

The nurse took a look at the report and told the doctor, “There is an underlying condition with this patient's heart. When she fell, the ruptured vessel was near to the heart. Hence, this is going to be a very complex surgery.”

The doctor nodded and said, “The heart may not necessarily be able to handle it if we do vascular surgery. She needs a heart transplant first before we can proceed with the surgery. However, if we don't operate now, she may not live to see tomorrow!”

The nurse sighed and said, “Where are we going to find a suitable heart on such short notice?”

The doctor's eyes lit up. “Don't we have the high-tech robotic pacemakers from Sann Group? If the family is willing to spend this amount, it will definitely make the operation easier, and the success rate will be higher

too.”

The nurse smiled bitterly at the doctor, “It's too late. Doctor, before you came in, the robotic pacemakers have already been used.”

The nurse explained briefly the matter with Soir Coffee earlier in the day.

With mixed emotions, the doctor said, “In that case, I can only ask Dr. Ziegler and see if he is willing to take up this surgery.”

“In that case, you should go ahead. We will keep an eye on the patient.”

“Alright.”

The doctor then hurried to Zachary's office. He explained the patient's condition to him while handing the report to him.

Zachary took a close look and frowned. “Even I can't do this surgery. The patient is too old, and it is too risky. If we had Sann Group's robotic pacemakers we might have a chance, but...”

Zachary was getting more frustrated when he suddenly recalled Arielle's words.

She said that as long as she could perform the surgery, she would supply the hospital with ten robotic pacemakers.

At that, Zachary's eyes lit up, and he said, "Wait for me while I make a phone call."

Even if I can't get the robotic pacemakers, I can still take the opportunity to tease that silly girl.

I'll definitely feel better after that.



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Though Zachary did not believe Arielle could secure the robotic pacemakers, he was not worried about the patients either.

The only reason he did that was so that he could vent his frustration.

The surgery report of the customer of Soir Coffee had become a guide for various renowned hospitals, yet his name was not on it.

Instead, the reputation of the other doctors, who had contributed nothing to the surgery, was positively boosted.

He was the only exception because no one knew he had participated in the surgery.

Though he had opted out of the surgery himself back then, he could not help but be regretful and bitter about it. As such, he targeted all of his resentment on Arielle.

As he did not have Arielle's contact number, he resorted to calling Jadeborough Private Hospital's attending doctor back then to ask for her number.

After learning about Zachary's intentions, the attending doctor hesitated before he said, "Let me ask Ms. Moore about it. If she's willing to let you know her number, I'll pass it to you."

"Please hurry then. There's still a patient in need of an operation."

“All right.”

After hanging up the call, the doctor immediately made another call to Arielle.

Meanwhile, Arielle had just fallen asleep when the phone rang. Luckily she woke up rather quickly since she was a light sleeper.

When she saw the call, she accepted the call without hesitation and asked, “Is the patient suffering from after-effects?”

She had left the attending doctor her contact number back then as she was worried that there might be sequelae.

The doctor's voice sounded from the other end of the call. “That's not it. It's about something else, Ms. Moore. Do you happen to remember Dr. Ziegler?”

Hearing that, Arielle sighed in relief. “Yeah, what is it about him?”

“There's an elderly patient admitted into his hospital who needs heart surgery. He mentions that you promised to gift him ten robotic pacemakers as long as he lets you be the chief surgeon of the surgery...”

The doctor's voice gradually turned softer as he could not believe Arielle had that kind of capability.

It's remarkable enough for a young lady like her to have tremendous medical knowledge. How else would she be

capable of purchasing ten of those devices? Besides, Sann Group consists of a bunch of very stubborn people. It'll take more than just mere cash to lay their hands on those devices.

The attending doctor then continued, "I understand you've done it out of concern for the patient back then. If it's not possible, I'll call him back and—"

"There's no need," Arielle muttered. "I won't take back my words since I've given my promise. Send me his address; I'll send it to him now."

Hearing Arielle's voice, the attending doctor did not pay too much attention and replied, "I got it. I'll call him back to reject him. After all, his request is a little too much... Wait... What did you just say?"

Arielle cleared her throat and repeated, "You heard it right. Give me his address. I'll send them to him."

"Oh my gosh!" The doctor was so shocked his voice turned hoarse.

Judging from Arielle's tone, he figured she was not joking and immediately sent her the address before calling Zachary to inform him about it.

On the other side, Zachary was waiting for the opportunity to mock Arielle for her incapability just so that he could vent his annoyance.

Upon receiving an incoming call, he answered it at once. "So what's the verdict? She can't keep her

promise, can she? I think you should pass me her number. I'll talk to her myself.”

“That's not it.” The attending doctor's voice was full of envy. “Dr. Ziegler, you're lucky! Ms. Moore says she'll send ten of those devices to you now!”

“Ten?” Zachary's eyes widened in shock.

Did I hear wrongly? Or is Arielle trying to make fun of me?



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The attending doctor on the other end of the call was still speaking.

“Dr. Ziegler, is it possible for you to send us a few when you receive them? Even one is good. I'm sure our hospital is willing to buy it from you. I'll treat you to a meal after that.”

Nevertheless, Zachary was not listening to what the attending doctor was saying. He was still in a state of shock.

It was only later that he found out that Arielle was the ambassador of Soir Coffee. Could it be that Soir Coffee offers high endorsement fees?

He could not bring himself to believe that Arielle could afford a robotic pacemaker, let alone ten.

Even if Arielle has that much money, does she think she can get them as she wishes? Those are devices from Sann Group! If mere money can do the job, why would we be the only hospital that can get one of it in the entire Chanaea? Who does she think she is? She's not that capable!

It took Zachary a very long time before he recovered from his trance. “A-Are you sure she'll send ten of them to me? Is she trying to make a fool out of me?”

“I don't think so. Ms. Moore isn't that kind of a person. She even asked for your address just now. But it'll take at least one day for them to dispatch the devices from their headquarters. Can that patient wait?”

“I think so.” Zachary, in reality, could not be bothered about the patient. “Then pass this message to her. We will wait for her to get the robotic pacemakers delivered. If they don't arrive before midnight tomorrow, she will have to hold all responsibilities for delaying the patient from receiving adequate treatment!”

The attending doctor went silent for a moment. “Dr. Ziegler, that's a little too much. Those robots are, after all, a gift from Ms. Moore. There's no need for her to give you anything since you don't have any evidence. But now you're trying to push all liabilities to her. Isn't that a little overboard?”

“She's the one going overboard; not me!”

If it wasn't for Arielle, then my name would be on that surgery report?

Zachary did not want to go on harping on the issue with the attending doctor and thus said, “Just let her know it's her fault for causing the death of the patient if I don't receive the pacemakers on time!”

Finishing that, he hung up the call promptly.

The attending doctor had no other choice but to call Arielle again and repeat what Zachary had told him to say.

“Rest assured, he'll receive them on time,” Arielle calmly uttered as her gaze dimmed.

“That's great.” The attending doctor also lamented a bit before hanging up the call.

After receiving two calls consecutively, Arielle had lost all of her sense of sleepiness.

In the end, she gave up on trying to sleep and instead made a call to her subordinate ambushed at the old Southall estate.

Upon getting through the line, she straightforwardly asked, “Have you gathered enough evidence?”

“Almost. But it's still far from what you've requested.”

Arielle frowned. “It's almost half a month. Why aren't you done with it?”

The subordinate immediately explained, “Everybody here is afraid of Mrs. Southall. It's almost as though she has won all of their hearts. They wouldn't budge and are unwilling to cooperate with us. I'm working very hard on convincing them. Give me two more weeks; I promise to complete the mission by then.”

Upon that, Arielle sighed. “Get it done quickly.”

“Yes, I will.”

By the time the call concluded, she felt a little hungry and headed downstairs.

When she got down, she saw Cindy on the couch with the phone in her hand while taking a sip of her steeped

herbs, looking astonished. “Rupture of blood vessels? A surgery? Why did the situation turn so grave? I thought it's just a slight fall?”



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The person on the other end of the call somehow had mentioned something that made Cindy's face fell.

After pondering for a few seconds, she uttered, "Go ahead with the surgery then. Though Mom is old, her body is still healthy and strong. I'm sure she can make it through. Rick, no matter how much we have to spend, we must save Mom! But honestly, don't you think Arielle is a jinx? We haven't had peace ever since she came. And now, something has happened to Mom—"

Before Cindy could finish her words, her face paled again.

Arielle supposed Henrick did not heed Cindy's words and hung up the call straight away.

Indeed, in the next second, she saw Cindy put away her phone while looking grimmer than before.

"Aunt Cindy," Arielle muttered.

Hearing her voice, Cindy instinctively turned around to look, only to coincidentally meet with the former's cold gaze.

A hint of guilt flashed across Cindy's face. She quickly washed her herb tonic tea down with water and passed the glass to Larissa. "Your grandma is undergoing surgery soon. You better pray nothing happens to her. Otherwise, your dad will surely think you're the jinx!"

Arielle did not comment on Cindy's words and merely kept a solemn expression as she instructed the

housekeeper to make her a bowl of pasta.

In fact, Malorie's situation was within her expectations.

Anyone with medical knowledge would know a fall could mean nothing for a young, yet extremely serious for an old.

Seeing the nonchalant Arielle, Cindy was brimming with anger. She appeared like she wanted to say something but ended up returning to her room without saying anything.

Meanwhile, Wendy had been observing the situation of Soir Coffee. She did not believe that Arielle would be able to save someone.

At that, she was conflicted.

She had hoped that the person would not survive, yet on the other hand, she hoped that nothing would happen to Vinson's café.

She had waited so long for classes to end so that she could reach for her phone to search for news regarding Soir Coffee.

A quick search led her to an edited video of Soir Coffee's press conference. Purple with rage as she watched the video, she clenched her fingers on the desk with so much force that marks were left behind.

It turned out that the victim was all well now and even appeared at the press conference as a witness.

Damn it!

“Wendy!” a girl called out to her in the classroom.  
“Shall we head to the cafeteria for a meal together?”

“No.” Wendy's face was grim. “I'll give it a miss. You guys can go ahead.”

“Okay.”

In any case, the girl had no intentions of cottoning up to Wendy. She had only learned that Soir Coffee was framed after watching the news and thus felt ashamed for bad-mouthing Soir Coffee with the others earlier.

Upon hearing Wendy's decline, the girl heaved a sigh of relief and pulled her other friends along to the cafeteria.

As she walked off, she mumbled, “Wendy's temper is so weird. Unlike her, Arielle is much better at her studies and has a good attitude. But then again, why isn't Arielle back?”

Another girl beside her shook her head. “I heard that someone in her family just passed. But I think she'll be back tomorrow.”

Coincidentally, Wendy happened to walk out of the classroom and overheard those words. A wave of resentment and hatred hit her.

Arielle! It's her again! Why is she everywhere? Why can't she get out of my sight?

All she hoped for was for Arielle to disappear from the world.

Her anger only crumbled into nothing when she recalled her mother's words. The thought of Arielle getting her deserved punishment instantly made her feel better.

Late at night, Arielle finished her pasta and did some work for Sann Group. She also gave instructions for the robotic pacemakers to be delivered within twenty hours.

The subordinates began execution upon receiving the command.

The production of Sann Group's robotic pacemakers was in a count of ten devices for every batch each time. They were then packed and delivered to Rocher Private Hospital in Chanaea.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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At Rocher Private Hospital, Queenie had returned after she decided against attending the roundtable meeting.

Many renowned hospitals in Epea had extended their offers to Queenie as she was not only great with modern medicine but had knowledge of ancient Chanaean medicine as well. She had thus considered heading to Epea to continue developing her career there. With how traditional Chanaean medicine was growing more popular, it was no doubt she would have a bright future ahead.

However, having met Vinson again today, she immediately made up her mind.

I'm staying at Chanaea!

As much as having a promising career in Epea's top hospital was an attractive deal, she reckoned that having a chance to get back together with Vinson was equally, or perhaps more, irresistible than the former.

That was even more so as the man she was in love with was Vinson.

After two days of meetings, she was scheduled for a night shift that particular day.

In normal circumstances, she would have asked Zachary to take over her shift so that she could stay home to learn the ropes of ancient Chanaean medicine from her parents. But she planned to perform her night duties by herself from now on.

That decision was a derivation of her meticulous planning. Since Rocher Private Hospital belongs to Carter, and he's close friends with Vinson, perhaps I'll be able to run into Vinson again?

Returning to her office, she coincidentally overheard the conversation between several nurses at the nurse's desk.

“Ten? Really? Mr. Morgan has to pull many strings before he managed to secure one back then!”

“This couldn't be fake. Dr. Ziegler said it himself. They'll be delivered before evening tomorrow.”

Curious, Queenie walked up and asked, “What are you guys talking about?”

The nurses at the hospital had immense admiration for Queenie and thus did not hesitate to answer her question. “We're talking about the robotic pacemakers. It's a device that helps to treat heart conditions.”

Another nurse smiled. “Why do you have to explain? I'm sure Dr. Mill knows it better than you. She has done a lot of research about this device.”

Queenie stood in silence for a slight moment before she asked in surprise, “How many of those devices did Mr. Morgan manage to secure for our hospital?”

She was full of regrets ever since she missed out on the opportunity to use the robotic pacemaker back then.

Ten of those devices for our hospital? Is Lady Luck

smiling at me recently?

The nurse shook her head and replied, "Mr. Morgan isn't the one who secured them."

"Then who is it?"

"Do you know the ambassador of Soir Coffee? Her name is Arielle Moore."

Queenie furrowed her brows at the mention of that name. Nonetheless, that did not last for too long before she politely asked, "What has it got to do with a lady from the entertainment industry?"

She had never paid attention to the entertainment industry and thus reasoned that Arielle could be the ambassador as she was a celebrity.

The nurse hurriedly explained, "I'm not trying to change the topic. But she's the one who donated ten robotic pacemakers to our hospital!"

Bam!

The nurse's explanation was like a bolt out of the blue, leaving Queenie's face drained of all colors.

Being oblivious to the atmosphere, the nurse continued, "I remembered Mr. Morgan meandered around and tried to pull strings to secure the first robotic pacemaker from Sann Group. I can't believe Ms. Moore is so capable and secures ten of those devices at one go!"

Queenie felt her head buzzing and had to take a few deep breaths while supporting herself on the nurse's desk to calm herself down.

Yet, the nurse went on. "I heard the devices are Ms. Moore's gift to Dr. Ziegler. I'm guessing Cupid is smiling at him recently!"

The other nurse smiled and chimed in, "I don't know if it has got to do with his luck with ladies, but I'm sure he'll get his due recognition at work for securing ten pacemakers. Mr. Morgan will surely reward him for that."



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“I'm so envious of Dr. Ziegler. How could he know someone so capable like Ms. Moore?”

Hearing that, Queenie's scowl only deepened.

It was known to the entire hospital about Zachary's persistent pursuit of her. Yet, she did not know that he had been flirting with another woman. What made it worse was that woman turned out to be the person she thought was a celebrity!

“I know, right?” The other nurse echoed in agreement. “If Ms. Moore ever becomes a celebrity, I swear I'll be her first fan!”

At that, Queenie was shocked. “She's not from the entertainment industry?”

“Nope!” Admiration was glistening in the nurse's eyes. “Ms. Moore is the top student of Jadeborough University. I searched online and found that she's talented at playing the piano too! Have you heard of the world-renowned pianist Steven Parker? He has even openly requested for Ms. Moore to rope him in as her disciple!”

Of course, as a socialite and someone who had learned to play the piano before, it was no wonder that Queenie would have heard of Steven.

He's someone that I look up to. Yet he wants to be the disciple of that woman?

She was traumatized after getting hit by a series of

shocking revelations.

Using duty as an excuse, she spared herself from the conversation with the nurses and strode back to her office.

After settling down on her chair, she could not help but turn to her computer to find out more about Arielle.

There was barely any information about her, except for a clip with a million views.

Curiosity brought Queenie to click on the clip, which turned out to be a video of Arielle playing the piano. With one glance, Queenie seemed to recognize something. The Goddess of Hunting! The most precious piano in the world!

What further rendered her speechless was the piano piece Arielle was performing.

At the end of the clip was the scene of Steven and two other prominent pianists kneeling and begging for Arielle to rope them in as her disciples.

Queenie shut her eyes and slammed her phone against the ground in frustration.

Thump.

Just then, Zachary pushed open Queenie's office door. Coincidentally, the phone landed right in front of his feet.

Taken aback, Zachary asked in concern, “Queenie, what's wrong with you?”

Yet Queenie's face only grew grimmer when she saw him. “What are you here for?”

Zachary was confused. “Queenie, have I done anything to upset you?”

She scoffed, “Gossips regarding you and Arielle have been spreading around the whole hospital. Don't you think now is not the right time for you to appear in my office?”

“Gossips?” A look of disgust formed on his face. “Who are the gossipmongers spreading such rumors? I'll confront them right now!”

Queenie paused for a brief second before she questioned, “What kind of relationship do you exactly have with Arielle? Why would she gift you ten robotic pacemakers all of a sudden?”

As soon as she said that, Zachary gave a detailed account of the whole matter right away.

Only then did she feel slightly better.

It was at that point that realization hit Zachary. He figured Queenie's bad temper toward him was most likely due to the rumor about himself and Arielle.

His eyes glowed in jubilation as he asked, “Queenie, are you jealous?”

Disgust swirled inside Queenie that instance.

Despite having no feelings for Zachary, it had irked her so much after hearing rumors about Arielle and him solely because of her life perspective - she would never allow others to have it even if she did not want it.

Seeing the lack of responses from Queenie, Zachary took it as a silent acquiescence.

Delighted, he said, “Don't worry, Queenie. I only have my eyes for you. As for those ten robotic pacemakers, I'm sure that wretch is only bragging. She surely isn't that capable. She'll be indirectly causing the death of a patient when we don't receive those pacemakers before evening tomorrow. By then, I'll report it to the cops and get her arrested!”



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